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ANNIVERSARY NUMBER

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

NOVEMBER
1919

The Anniversary of Peace

closes an eventful year of untold blessings, and ushers in an era of extraordinary promise to this land of boundless opportunities which has Exceptional Cause for Rejoicing

and Thanksgiving

Uncle Sam the Biggest Ship-Builder

American Factories all busy

Thanksgiving without Hooverizing

After serving humanity in the war which was forced upon us, America has emerged from the conflict the Mightiest of World Powers.

We possess a third part of the world's stock of gold and have become a creditor nation to the extent of over ten billion dollars loaned to Europe — America Dominates the Finances of the World.

America leads the world in food-production because Farming Is Our Most Important Industry.

With the products of our farms, mines and factories the largest in the world, and our Merchant marine second only to that of Great Britian and gaining on that, we can Rule the World Markets.

To supply the enormous foreign demand due to the world shortage of everything, will Work Our Industries to Full Capacity.

One and a half million soldiers discharged from service and returned to civil employments have Swelled the Nation's Productive and Purchasing Powers.

With more money in circulation than ever before, with a paying job for everyone willing to work, with an active demand at profitable prices for all products, Business is Bound to Boom.



Uncle Sam the World's Banker

The (American) Watch on the Rhine

Mindful that but for the heroic deeds of our Soldiers and Sailors there would be little cause for rejoicing, let us be thankful that this prosperity enables us, as a nation, to show due gratitude in substantial form to those who have suffered loss of health or limb, and to the dependents of those who made the supreme sacrifice.

America's Largest Industry

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Stop Fighting, Stop Rioting, Stop Striking and Go to Work Is the Basic Remedy for Present Troubles

THE anniversary of the armistice, which ended the world war, finds the world far from peaceful. The more frightful horrors of civil war have succeeded those of international war throughout the greater part of Asia and eastern Europe, the half-dozen republics that have sprung from the partition of the former German and Austrian empires are fighting one another, the people of Russia, that great agricultural nation whose surplus food products helped feed western Europe ere the tyranny of Bolshevism gained sway, are starving. Nor are the peace councils of the Allies free from discord over the division of the spoils of victory. Dissatisfied with their respective allotments of new territory, Greece is demanding a further extension of her boundaries, Roumania is trespassing on Hungarian soil despite the commands of the Great Powers, while the "poet soldier," Captain D'Annunzio, who with his little band of filibusters recently seized Fiume, an important city on the Dalmatian coast, is holding it for annexation to Italy in defiance of the Peace Conference which had awarded this seaport, much coveted by Italy, to the new republic of Jugo Slavia. This amazing exploit has made him the popular hero of Italy, but as the Italian government has disavowed his acts he has boldly declared himself at war with Jugo Slavia and that he will fight the world, if necessary, to hold Fiume for Italy. The Allies, including the United States, are subjecting the city to the miseries of a blockade as a means of starving him to surrender.

Rather Fight Than Eat

IN reason it was to have been expected that the people of these enemy countries, after four and a quarter years of war that had reduced them to the verge of starvation, would have welcomed peace as an opportunity to turn their energies to the production of food and other necessaries for which they were suffering. Such was their dire distress that on President Wilson's request cabled from Paris last winter Congress appropriated a hundred million dollars to send food to them, and Mr. Hoover went over and distributed it. This was to tide them over until they could plant and harvest a crop to provide for their own needs. But apparently these turbulent peoples of Asia and eastern Europe would rather fight than eat, for, as stated, they are still fighting among themselves and consequently are facing a shortage of food and other necessaries. Again they are calling on America for help, but so long as we continue to feed them they will keep on fighting. Let them be given to understand that they must stop fighting and go to work.

Let Europe Go to Work

EVEN in western Europe, Great Britain, France, Belgium and Italy, where there has been no fighting since the armistice, the industrial situation is far from satisfactory. Italy has been disturbed by food riots the past summer and such is the condition of unrest among the people that the Italian government does not dare to proceed with the general demobilization of the army at present. As a result of unprecedented high wages, due to the war, money is plenty as never before, but the people complain that it has little purchasing value because of high prices, and as to food the scarcity is such that everybody, rich and poor alike, is strictly allowanced and none can buy more than his ration card calls for. It is reported that in France and Belgium idleness is too prevalent, due to the demoralizing effect of government and other assistance necessarily given during the war to those driven from their homes or remaining in the devastated sections of those countries during occupation by the enemy. Dependence on government aid and charity rather than on their own resources has become a habit with many of them. A part of Ireland is in the throes of revolution. Since the armistice England, Scotland and Wales have been kept in continual turmoil by a succession of strikes and labor troubles culminating in the recent nation-wide strike of railway employees which, though ended in nine days by compromise settlement, not only paralyzed all industries but was fast bringing on a famine by tying up the distribution of food and fuel.

All Europe is on scant food allowance and it now develops that because of idleness and strikes of the miners in the coal producing countries of Europe the people of that entire continent face an acute shortage of fuel this coming winter. Europe is asking America to send a hundred million tons of coal to supply the deficiency in part. It is impossible to send Europe any large quantity of coal because we have neither the coal to spare nor available ships to transport it. Steamships loaded with coal for the Italian railroads arrived at Genoa, Italy, several weeks ago, and at the present writing are still tied up at the docks unable to unload because of the strike of the dock laborers. There is an abundance of coal in European mines. Let Europe quit fighting, quit loafing, quit striking and go to work not only to supply her own needs but to produce something with which to begin paying her foreign debts and reestablish her credit.

World-Wide Scarcity of Everything Except Money

BECAUSE for the past five years human energies have been largely diverted from productive industry to the destructive pursuits of war there is a scarcity of every kind of product. In other words the world has not produced enough of anything to supply its needs. Of some things—for instance sugar—there is a greater shortage than of others. Shortage or scarcity simply means that there is not enough to supply everybody's wants and so we have to go without certain luxuries that are, extremely scarce, economize in the use of others and go on short allowance of certain necessaries such as sugar at the present time. It ought to be sufficiently obvious that for this troublesome condition the only possible remedy is to increase production—increase it to the point at which the supply will equal the demand, or in other words enough for everybody's needs. It is clear to any sane mind, despite the absurd assertions of certain professional labor agitators to the contrary, that strikes, idleness and lessening the hours of labor necessarily result in decreased production and more distressing shortage of products.

Large Wages and High Prices

THESE same labor agitators also say that raising wages does not raise prices—a prominent one so stated to a committee of the Senate—and apparently they have made many of their followers believe it, although the experience of the past few years has driven this illusion out of the heads of some of them. The rank falsity of such a claim is apparent to those who stop to consider the fact that in nearly all industries labor is the largest item of cost of manufacture. It is manifest that an increase of wages raises the cost of production. The manufacturer, of course, will not stand the loss but will add the increased cost to the price of the product and thus pass it on to the consumer. Wage earners have complained that as wages were raised prices of food, clothing, shoes and other necessaries kept pace, and they have accused the farmers of profiteering by high prices of farm produce. But how can the farmer, who has to pay his hired help double or treble the wages demanded before the war, and a like increase in price for everything he buys, come out whole without raising the prices of his products in proportion? It is beginning to dawn on the more sensible laborers that shorter work hours with frequent strikes and raises of wages result in continually rising prices and increasing scarcity of everything except money of lower purchasing value, and some of their organizations are demanding a halt of this merry-go-round that gets them nowhere.

"An Honest Day's Work for an Honest Day's Pay"

EUROPE has been devastated, impoverished, worn out and demoralized by the long war and it will take a long time for the people over there to find themselves and settle down to peaceful pursuits. But in our country there is no excuse for the rioting, turmoil and industrial and social strife that has become rampant here of late. Our troubles are all of our own making and grow out of selfishness, greed and the disposition of a certain lawless element, largely of foreign extraction, to create here a condition of anarchy, such as has wrecked Russia, in order that in the confusion attendant on the overthrow of law they may profit by an opportunity for robbing and plundering. Prices are high and there is a scarcity of the commodities in daily use, but that is the result of the war and will be of short duration here if our people choose to make it so by settling down to work, attending to their own business and setting their faces sternly against all attempts at lawlessness. The dangerous element of our population is concentrated in the cities, but can be handled by people of the better class there backed, as they will be if trouble comes, by the farmers who are always law-abiding, conservative and patriotic.

That the farmers understand the situation and have ranged themselves on the right side is shown by the action of the delegates to the International Farm Congress at Kansas City, Mo., September 28, in adopting resolutions protesting that organized labor is "demanding more production of the farmers, while demanding of its members less production." The resolutions deplore strikes, except in "grave emergency," and condemn "the growing tendency toward idleness among all classes of people." They also oppose the unionizing of police and other peace officers, declare against government ownership of railroads, and demand legislative action to lower the difference in prices between producer and consumer.

In the same line is the advice of Charles M. Schwab, founder of the Bethlehem Steel Company and recognized the world over as one of the foremost authorities on industrial problems. At a recent meeting of mining engineers in Chicago Mr. Schwab said: "The basis of the so-called German efficiency is founded upon an honest day's work for an honest day's pay, and when that theory is applied here, then will the high cost of living disappear, for there is but one way to secure that—economy and industrial efficiency."

America on the Threshold of an Era of Extraordinary Promise

THE United States has emerged from the war the wealthiest and most powerful nation on earth, and for the first time in its history is in a position to take the lead in commerce and manufactures and to dominate the finances of the world if our people will only avail themselves of the exceptional opportunity which Fortune is knocking at the door to offer them. Even before the war our country led all others in agricultural products and was second to none in manufactures, but lagged far behind in foreign commerce, while London did the greater part of the world's banking. Europe owes more than ten billion dollars to America, and New York has become the financial center of the world. For foreign commerce we have a merchant marine second only to that of Great Britain. The industries of Europe, which formerly supplied the world's markets, are demoralized and the foreign customers who used to trade in Europe are ordering American made goods, but the greater part of their orders cannot be filled because of the paralyzing effect of labor troubles. Let us stop rioting, striking and loafing, the only obstacles in our path to unprecedented prosperity.

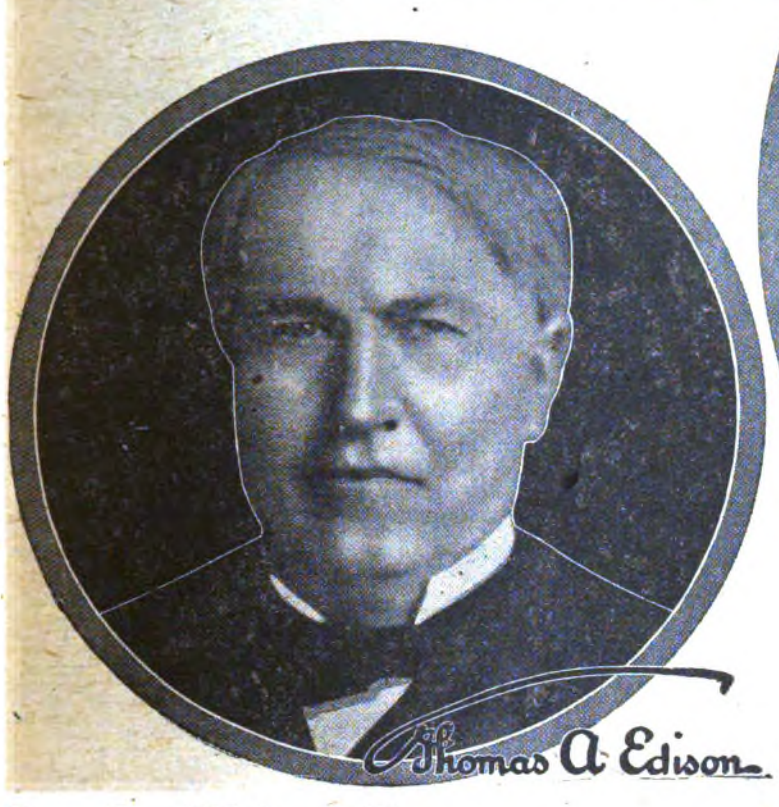
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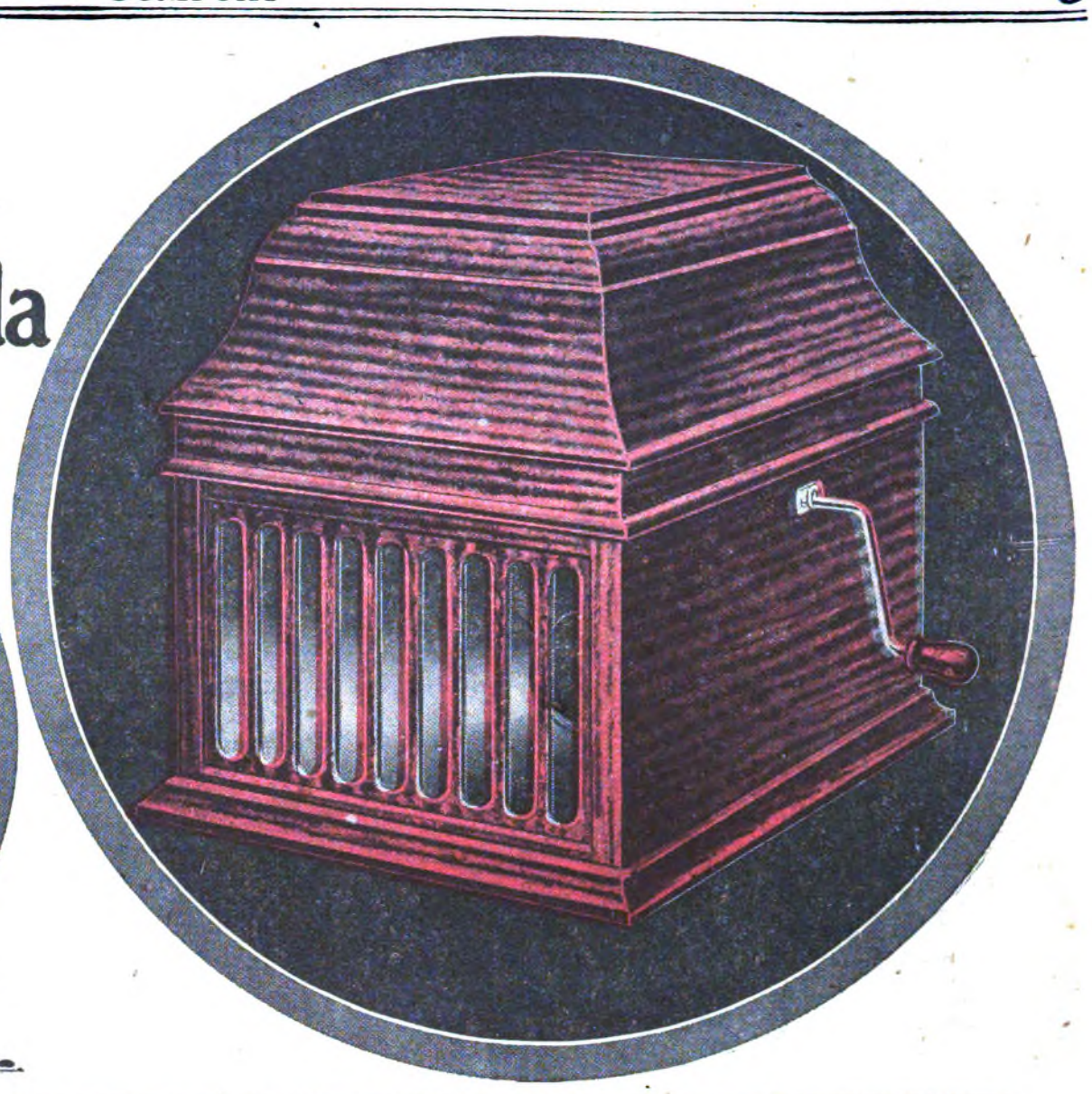
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His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



Here she struck a match and lighted a candle, which she took from her pocket.



A low shuddering cry of terror burst from her lips as she suddenly lost her balance;



Presently the cars came thundering along, and soon she was on the train for Nice.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

On a car, going up a steep hill, leading to the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, is Violet Draper Huntington. Opposite her sits Wallace Richardson. Nearly at the top of the hill, something beneath the car breaks. Wallace seizes Violet's hands and locking them behind his neck commands her to cling. The car crashes down, burying all the passengers beneath the ruins. They are the only two alive and hurried to Wallace Richardson's home, are cared for by his mother. Mrs. Mencke, Violet's sister provides a nurse and leaves orders for Violet to see no one. The nurse out for a walk, Violet goes to the adjoining room to meet Wallace and thank him for the life saved. As they become more friendly, Wallace realizes his danger and Violet is hopelessly in love. Violet asks Wallace to come with his mother to see her. Mrs. Mencke takes Violet to Saratoga for two months, then to Cincinnati, and home. The following day, picking up a paper, Violet reads of Mrs. Richardson's death. She goes to the Richardsons' house and expresses her sympathy to Wallace, who unconsciously calls her my darling, and asks her forgiveness. As she whispers, "I am glad," he knows she is all his own. Returning home, her sister demands where she has been, and learning it was at Mrs. Richardson's funeral, that she rides in the carriage with Wallace and Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Mencke denounces it as questionable and that she must drop him for all time. Wallace, calling upon Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke return and she introduces him and admits he is her promised husband. She overhears Belle's and her husband's scheme to place her in a convent. Mrs. Mencke, proposing a trip to Montreal, Violet refuses to go, and Mrs. Mencke takes Mrs. Hawley, who is to sail for Europe and chaperone Nellie Bailey, into her confidence and requests her to induce Violet to join them. Violet makes ready for the proposed trip and Wallace is at the steamer to say good by. Vane Cameron and Ralph Henderson join Mr. and Mrs. Hawley's party and before the voyage is over Vane Cameron surrenders his heart to Violet. Mrs. Mencke schemes that no letters pass between Violet and Wallace and later, joining the party in Europe, gives her permission for Vane to win Violet. Failing to get Violet's consent, she produces a notice of Wallace Richardson's death, which throws Violet into a severe sickness, leaving her sad and heartbroken. Vane Cameron, receiving an encouraging letter from Mrs. Mencke, appears, and tells Violet the wish nearest his heart is to make her his wife. Violet confesses to Vane her love for Wallace Richardson, her sister's opposition, concealing nothing. Knowing she is unhappy from causes other than Wallace's death, Vane urges her to allow him to give her his name, to shield her from sorrow and care. Violet, afraid to yield, and hesitating, faints. Ringing a bell, Mrs. Mencke enters. Recovering consciousness, Violet questions did she promise, and being assured by her sister that she has, she faints again. Mrs. Mencke informs Lord Cameron that Violet acknowledges the engagement, and later she consents to what he thinks best, but with many misgivings. Mrs. Mencke, entering Violet's room, finds the bed made and the room in order and no trace discovered of her. Four weeks later, Lord Cameron, returning from a fruitless search, sees a group near a cliff and the body of a woman upon the beach, clad in dark grey suit with bands of blue silk. Believing it is Violet, Lord Cameron selects a spot near the sea. The next day a stranger appears and requests to meet the woman reported to have married Lord Cameron. Being questioned by the Menckes his right, his answer thrills all—"the most sacred right in the world, for—she is my wife!" Wilhelm Mencke doubting the marriage, Wallace produces the marriage certificate and Vane Cameron confirms it by Violet's admission of it to him. Then he relates her loyalty to Wallace, her unhappiness, the treatment received, her disappearance and later the finding of her body by drowning and the burial. Wallace falls unconscious and Lady Cameron and Vane remain with Wallace through a severe illness. Riding through the crowded streets, Wallace catches the glimpse of a face, looking from a coach window, which unmans him. Vane consoles him with what he knows. Wallace returns to New York, building up a fine business. In the meanwhile, Wilhelm Mencke squanders all at the gaming table and Mrs. Mencke returns to Cincinnati from which place she suddenly disappears.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RETROSPECTIVE GLANCE.

IT was on the fourteenth of May, nearly a year and a half previous to the sudden downfall and disappearance of Wilhelm Mencke and his wife, that a curious incident occurred which has a most important bearing upon our story.

At the foot of one of the mountains which skirt the Gulf of Genoa just a few miles east of the line which separates France and Italy, there stood at that time the dwelling of a well-to-do Italian peasant.

That the man was above the majority of his class, his neat homestead, his thrifty fields and vineyards, and the general air of comfort which pervaded his dwelling plainly betokened.

But he was a stern, harsh man, bestowing little affection upon his family, yet exacting unquestioning obedience and diligent toil from every member, to help him maintain the thrift for which he was noted and to fill his pockets with money.

On a dark and starless night, long after Tasso Simone and most of his family were wrapped in slumber, the door of his dwelling was softly opened, whereupon a slight, girlish figure stole forth and sped noiselessly across the vineyard of olive trees, toward the highway which skirted the gulf.

Upon reaching the road, the flying fugitive moderated her pace, but walked on with a firm, elastic step toward Mentone, which was the nearest town over the French line.

For an hour she walked steadily on, appearing to be perfectly familiar with the way, even in that intense darkness, until finally she paused before a low, rude building, or shed, which had been constructed out of rough boards to protect fishermen from the hot rays of the sun, while cleaning their fish for market.

She sat down to rest just outside upon a rude bench, which she seemed to know was there, and opening a parcel which she carried in her hands, she began to eat of its contents.

Suddenly she paused and listened, for a slight movement behind her, within the shed, had attracted her attention.

A sigh that was almost a moan had greeted her ears.

She did not move for several moments, but waited for the sound to be repeated.

Soon she heard it again, a long-drawn, sobbing sigh like some one deeply grieved or in distress.

The girl arose, and, without a trace of fear in her manner, made her way within the shed, showing by her quick, decisive movements that she was as familiar with the ground as with her own home.

Here she struck a match and lighted a piece of candle, which she took from her pocket, when she saw, with evident amazement, a beautiful girl lying asleep upon a shawl which had been spread over a pile of seaweed in one corner of the place.

The light also revealed the fugitive, whom we have followed thus far, to be a slight, graceful form, straight as an arrow, and having a wiry energy and resolution in her every movement which betrayed unusual self-reliance in one so young.

She was very light in complexion, having yellow hair, black eyes, and bright, rosy cheeks, a somewhat unusual combination in one who was a native of that Southern clime.

She was dressed in the costume of the country, and with a neatness and trimness that made her seem almost dainty in the homely dress, while on her head she wore a large, coarse straw hat, over which a bright handkerchief had been thrown, and was tied under her pretty, rounded chin.

She softly approached and leaned over the sleeper, astonishment depicted upon every feature of her young face; and well she might look surprised, for the lovely girl who lay upon that wretched bed of seaweed was richly and tastefully clad, and bespoke the petted child of luxury and fortune.

She knelt beside her, and, laying her hand lightly upon her shoulder, said, in low, musical Italian:

"Wake, signorina."

The touch aroused the fair sleeper, and she started up affrighted; but, upon seeing the kindly face of a young girl about her own age bending above her, her expression of terror changed to one equally surprised with that of her companion.

"Why is the signorina sleeping here in this miserable place?" the peasant girl asked.

But her companion could not understand or speak Italian, and she shook her head, intimating that she did not know what she had said.

To her surprise the girl then addressed her in broken French, repeating her question, and then the fair stranger, appearing to think it best to confide in her, answered, though with some embarrassment:

"I am in great trouble, and I am running away from it. I have walked a long distance, but became so faint and weak I could go no farther, and stumbled in here to rest, and must have fallen asleep from weariness."

A look of pity and sympathy swept over the peasant girl's face.

Mademoiselle is hungry, perhaps?" she remarked.

"Yes; I had no supper. I could not eat and am faint. I have been ill and am far from strong."

The girl stuck her candle upon a rock and then, going outside the shed, brought in her own lunch which she had left lying upon the bench. It consisted of some coarse bread and cheese, some cakes fried in olive oil, with a few dried figs, and all wrapped in a clean linen cloth.

"Eat, mademoiselle," she said, as she placed it upon her companion's lap.

The beautiful stranger seized a fig and quickly disposed of it with evident relish; then she suddenly paused and asked:

"But do you not need this yourself? I must not rob you."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and shook her head.

"Eat, signorina, eat," she said, mixing her French and Italian; and the other, without waiting to be urged further, and apparently ravenously hungry, quickly disposed of everything save the cheese.

"You are very good," she said, gratefully, when the last fig was eaten. "I thank you very much." Then, with sudden curiosity, she inquired: "But how do you also happen to be abroad alone at this hour of the night?"

Again the peasant girl shrugged her shoulders, and a dark look of passion swept over her face.

"I, too, am running away," she said. "I do not like my home; I have a stepfather; he is cruel, harsh, and wants to marry me to a man I do not love."

"How strange," murmured her companion, a look of wonder coming into her beautiful eyes, while an expression of sympathy crept over her lovely face.

"My father owes him for a pair of fine mules, just bought," the girl resumed, a look of scorn gleaming in her eyes, "and Beppo will call the debt square if I marry him. I will not be exchanged for brutes—I will not be sold like a slave, and to one I hate and loathe, and I fly from him," she concluded, indignantly, the rich blood mounting to her forehead.

"Where are you going?" questioned the other, eagerly.

"To Monaco, to find service in some family, as maid or nurse, until I can earn money to go to some school to learn to study," was the earnest reply.

"You are not an Italian?" the fair stranger said, inquiringly.

The girl shook her head, a sneer curling her red lips.

Evidently to be an Italian was not very desirable in her estimation.

"My mother is Swiss, my own father was French," she briefly answered.

"Ah! That is how you happen to be so light and to speak the French language. Will you tell me your name?"

"You will not betray me? You will not set them on my track, if I tell you?" said the peasant girl, apparently longing to confide in the beautiful maiden, but secretly questioning the wisdom of so doing.

"Surely not. Am I not flying from trouble also? Besides, I am going to another country," was the reassuring reply.

"I am Lisette Vermilet," the girl then said. "I am eighteen years old. I have worked from sunrise till sunset every day for seven long years, in the field, in the vineyard, or the dairy, ever since my poor, foolish mother married her tyrant husband. I do it no more. I take care of myself and be no man's slave, and I marry whom I will, when the right one and the right time come. But first," she continued, eagerly, her face lighting with intense longing, "I study; I learn about the world and other things, like some lovely French girls I saw at Mentone last year, who told me all about the flowers, the birds, the earth, and the sea. Oh, I weep when I think of much there is to know, and I have lost it all—all!" And her voice grew tremulous with repressed feeling as she concluded.

"Poor child! You surely ought to have an education if you want it so much," said her sympathetic listener, in a kindly tone, while she regarded the girl's eager face almost affectionately. "But are you not afraid that your cruel stepfather will go after you and bring you back?"

"Tasso Simone would beat me black and blue if he should catch me," she said, with a shiver, as if she recalled some experience of the kind. "Ah! if I had but a disguise he would not know me—I get away better."

A bright idea seemed suddenly to strike her companion, for her face lighted eagerly.

"Let us exchange clothing," she exclaimed, "then no one will recognize either of us."

"Ah! but the signorina has such beautiful clothes, while mine are so poor," sighed Lisette, in a deprecatory tone, but with a wistful glance over the daintily made traveling suit, at the tasteful hat, and expensive boots which her companion wore.

"Never mind; yours are neat and whole, and no one would ever think of looking for me in them, while you will be much more likely to succeed in eluding your cruel father in mine," the young stranger persisted.

"The signorina is very kind," Lisette said, gratefully, as, with an impulsive movement, she bent forward and kissed the fair white hand that lay within her reach, while it seemed to her simple heart that she should feel like a princess in that lovely dark-gray cloth dress, with its daintily stitched bands of blue silk.

Alas! She did not dream that it was to become her shroud.

Yes, as has doubtless been surmised, it was Violet whom Lisette Vermilet had found lying asleep upon the pile of seaweed in the fisherman's shed.

After refusing to admit her sister to her room on the night previous to the day appointed for her wedding, she had continued her occupation of writing for some time. When she was through she read over what she had written and then deliberately tore it into atoms.

"No, I will not tell them anything," she muttered, with a frown; "I will just go and leave no trace behind me. It may seem unkind to Lord Cameron, but some time I will explain it all."

She then arose and dressed herself in her traveling suit, tied a dark-blue veil about her face, and brought a thick shawl from her closet. She then began to lay out a change of clothing and her toilet articles, but suddenly stopped in the midst of her work.

"No, I will not burden myself with anything," she murmured, thoughtfully. "I am not strong, and I need all the strength I have to get myself away; besides, I can easily buy what I need in any town."

She hastily drew on her gloves, without observing that the rings, which she usually wore and which she prized very highly, were still lying upon her cushion where she had left them before taking her bath. She did not even think to take her watch, which she sadly missed and regretted afterward; her only thought was to get away as quickly as possible from the doom awaiting her on the morrow—to flee from all danger of violating her conscience and of wronging a noble and generous man.

She then put out her light and sat alone in the darkness, waiting for the house to become quiet so that she could steal forth unobserved.

Two hours passed, all in the house seemed to be at rest, and she noiselessly crept out of a window upon the piazza, made her way swiftly around the house to where a flight of stairs led to the ground, and then sped away in the darkness, with no definite idea whither she was going.

She took the highway leading away from Mentone, because she dreaded lest some one should meet and accost her in the town. She had a dim idea that if she could get to San Remo, which was about twelve miles east of Mentone, she could take a train going north without being discovered, and accordingly she bent her footsteps in this direction.

Her way led along the cliffs overhanging the sea before mentioned, and how she, to whom the way was entirely strange, should have escaped the fate which every one afterward supposed to have been hers was wonderful. But escape it she did, and after safely passing this perilous point she descended the hill, and then the road closely followed the beach for some distance.

Here she came upon the rude hut, or shelter, which has been described, and, being footsore and weary with her long walk, she spread her shawl upon a mass of seaweed which she found in one corner, and throwing herself upon it soon fell into a profound slumber, from which she was awakened by the light touch of Lisette Vermilet.

With this brief explanation of Violet's flight, we will return to the two girls who were discussing a change of apparel.

Violet was much strengthened by the food which she had eaten and greatly refreshed by her nap, while she was encouraged by the presence of the young girl, who was also, strangely enough, flying from a fate similar to her own.

She overcame the scruples of Lisette, and insisting upon the plan she had proposed, the two girls, under cover of that rude shed, made the exchange, Violet declaring that every article be transferred in order to make the disguise more complete. She only reserved her shawl, as, in traveling, she knew she would need it.

"Now" she said, when their task was completed, "can you tell me the best way to get north? I am going to England, and from there to America, and I want to get away from this region as soon as possible."

"Mademoiselle would do well to come with me to Mentone and take a train from there," Lisette replied.

"Oh, I could not do that," Violet cried. "I have just come from Mentone, and would not go back there for anything."

It will be observed that she had refrained from saying much about herself thus far, for she did not wish even this simple girl to know the circumstances which had caused her flight.

Lisette thought a minute, then she told her to go on to a village about a mile distant, where, in a couple of hours, a train would make a brief stop at a crossing.

This, she said, would bear her back in the same direction she had come, but she could go on to Nice, where she could take an express direct for Paris.

Violet, much as she dreaded passing through Mentone again, saw that this would be the wisest course to pursue, and decided that she would follow the girl's advice.

"You will not betray that you have met me, if any one should question you, and you will keep out of sight of people in Mentone as much as possible?" Violet pleaded.

"Surely I will not betray you, signorina, and I will not show myself by daylight in Mentone," Lisette said, earnestly, "and you will get away without any trouble, for a peasant girl can go about alone in this country where an English lady could not. Take courage, signorina; nothing will harm you, and may the Holy Virgin go with you."

"I feel anxious about your passing through Mentone," Violet said. "If you should be seen there tomorrow you would surely be stopped, for my clothing would instantly be recognized by those who will search for me; they would compel you to tell where and how you met me, and then they would telegraph ahead and have me stopped."

"Do not fear, signorina," Lisette responded. "I shall pass through Mentone before light, for I am a rapid walker. I go straight to Monaco, and seek service in some French family going to Paris."

Violet looked relieved at this.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

ONE of the sisters, whose letter follows, says, in speaking of her home town, "We live in a progressive community and have splendid neighbors, with a good school, church and singing class." That is what we should think, and if we don't it may be that we, as individuals, haven't done our level best to make the place we live in all that it should be.

Read the poem quoted below and then ask yourself if you are doing your duty by your town. —Ed.

It Isn't Your Town—It's You

"If you want to live in the kind of a town
That's the kind of a town you like,
You needn't slip your clothes in a grip
And start on a long, long hike.

You'll find elsewhere what you've left behind,
For there's nothing that's really new.
It's a knock at yourself when you knock your town;
It isn't your town—it's you.

Real towns are not made by men afraid
Lest somebody else gets ahead;
When everyone works and nobody shirks
You can raise a town from the dead.

And if while you make your personal stake
Your neighbor can make one too,
Your town will be what you want to see;
It isn't your town—it's you."

WINFIELD, ALA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is a great help to me and I never pick up the paper but what I get some good advice from it.



ANNIE LAURIE MAYS, TEN MONTHS OLD.

I always try the recipes and find them all good. Most of all I enjoy the letters from the sisters, telling how to bring up children. I have one little daughter, ten months old. She has just begun to stand alone and I think it is time to begin to teach her. My husband named her Annie Laurie. I am sending her picture and if you have space for it in dear old COMFORT I should like to see it there.

We live in a progressive community and have splendid neighbors with a good school, church and singing class. We are one mile from the railroad.

My husband's mother lives with us and we get along splendidly and when she went away for a few days we missed her very much. She takes care of the baby for me while I do the housework as I do all of it besides putting up lots of fruit.

My husband is one of the good men we read about. We have been married three years and he is just as kind and loving as at first. Sisters, it is the way you start that makes them what they are.

Love to all.

VIDA MAYS.

PALMER, KANSAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have read the letter written by Grey Ashes and love her because she loves her little adopted child and hope she clings to it till death parts them—and I know of what I speak for death took my little darling last winter. I adopted him when he was three months old, to be a companion and grow up with my little girl (also adopted). We loved her and felt that a child alone would miss much of life's happiness and he grew to be such a dear little fellow, so strong and big and such a happy child. We were proud of him and loved him. I was never too busy to rock him to sleep and play with him. But, mothers, how can I tell you this? One afternoon when he was about two years old I left the room for a few minutes and came back to find him standing in his high chair (which he had dragged from another room) with a patent fly killer in his hands and about to drink the awful poison. I threw it down but found he had his mouth full of the wicks he had chewed up. I got them out and we did all we could for him but he died in a few hours in convulsions. Such dreadful

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

IT seems rather unfair to credit November with "melancholy days" when it is the month that brings us Thanksgiving Day, even if it does add a few clouds and cold, grey weather just for contrast. And if our Thanksgiving table is not graced with the customary turkey there are so many other good things to eat that no one should be melancholy for long. The sisters have sent in some of their favorite recipes for your Thanksgiving dinner.—Ed.

BREADED SAUSAGES.—Wipe the sausages dry. Dip them in beaten egg and bread-crumbs. Put them in the frying-basket and plunge into boiling fat. Cook ten minutes. Serve with a garnish of toasted bread and parsley.

CRANBERRY PIE.—One and one half cups of cranberries cut in halves, and mixed with one cup of seeded raisins. Cream together one cup of sugar and two tablespoons of butter, or butter substitute, and then stir in two tablespoons of flour, and add the cranberries and raisins. Have ready a pie plate lined with pastry; fill, and bake in a moderate oven. When done, cover with a meringue made by beating the whites of



CRANBERRY PIE.

two eggs stiff and dry, and then stirring in two tablespoons of sugar. Return to oven and bake until the meringue rises and browns, watching carefully. Cool the pie where there is no draft. Best eaten fresh.

BAKED HAM.—Cover ham with cold water, and simmer gently just long enough to loosen the skin. This will probably be from two to three hours, according to the size of ham. When skinned, put in a dripping pan in the oven, pour over it one cup of vinegar and one of hot water, in which to dissolve a teaspoon of mustard, bake slowly, basting with the liquid, for two hours. Then cover the ham all over to the depth of one inch with coarse brown sugar, press it down firmly, and do not baste again until the sugar has formed a thick crust, which it will soon do in a very slow oven. Let it remain a full hour in oven, after covering with the sugar, until it becomes a rich golden brown. When done, drain from the liquor in the pan and put on a dish to cool. When it is cool, but not cold, press by turning another flat dish on top, with a weight over it. The pressing makes it cut firmly for sandwiches or slicing.

DRIED BEEF.—The most common way of serving dried or smoked beef is to shave it into thin slices or chips, raw; but a more savory relish may be made of it with little trouble. Put the slices of uncooked beef into a frying pan with just enough boiling water to cover them; set them over the fire for ten minutes, drain off all the water, and cut the meat into small bits. Return to the pan, which should be hot, with one tablespoon of butter and a little pepper. Have ready some well-beaten eggs, allowing four to a half pound of beef; stir them into the pan with the minced meat, and toss and stir the mixture for about two minutes. Send to table in a covered dish.

CODFISH CAKES.—First boil soaked cod, then chop it fine, put to it an equal quantity of potatoes boiled and mashed; moisten it with beaten eggs or milk, and a bit of butter and a little pepper; form it in small, round cakes, rather more than half an inch thick; flour the outside, and fry in hot lard or beef drippings until they are a delicate brown; like fish, these must be fried gently, the lard being boiling hot when they are put in; when one side is done turn the other.

BOILED SALMON.—The middle slice of salmon is the best. Sew up in a mosquito-net bag, and boil a quarter of an hour to the pound in hot, salted water. When done, unwrap with care, and lay upon a hot dish, taking care not to break it. Have ready one large cup of drawn butter, very rich, in which has been stirred one tablespoon of minced parsley and the juice of a lemon. Pour half upon the salmon, and serve the rest in a boat. Garnish with parsley and sliced eggs.

CELERY SALAD.—One boiled egg, one raw egg, one tablespoon salad oil, one teaspoon white sugar, one saltspoon of salt, one saltspoon of pepper, four tablespoons of vinegar, one teaspoon made mustard. Prepare the dressing as for tomato salad; cut the celery into bits half an inch long, and season. Eat at once, before the vinegar injures the crispness of the vegetable.—IDA M. B., Portland, Me.

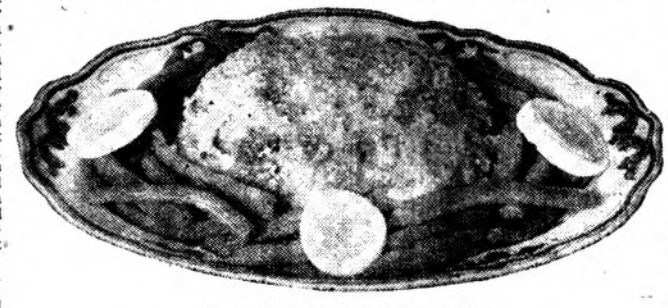
CHEESE OMELET.—Separate yolks and whites of four eggs. Beat yolks well, add four tablespoons hot water, salt and pepper. Beat whites until stiff and fold into the yolks. Have pan well buttered or greased, heat and pour mixture into it. Let cook for two minutes and then place in oven to finish cooking the top. Fold and serve on heated platter. Just before folding sprinkle grated cheese over top. Jelly may be used in place of cheese.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Turn nearly all the juice off from a can of tomatoes. Salt and pepper this, and put aside in a cool place for some other day's soup. Put a layer of bread-crumbs in the bottom of a buttered dish; on them one of tomatoes; sprinkle with salt, pepper, and some bits of butter, also a little sugar. Another layer of crumbs, another of tomatoes —seasoned—then a top layer of very fine, dry crumbs. Bake covered until bubbling hot, and brown quickly.

SALMON CROQUETTES.—One can of salmon, crushed, one cup of milk, one half cup of water, one egg, one teaspoon salt, one tablespoon melted butter and one half cup cracker-crumbs and flour to make medium stiff batter. Drop by spoonfuls into melted butter (or any shortening that has been salted) and fry until brown. Serve hot with lettuce, using salad dressing if so desired.

COLD CREAMED SALMON.—Pick into pieces one can of salmon, and salt and pepper to taste. Whip a cup of cream (either sweet or sour) and flavor with salt and sugar to taste. Serve on lettuce leaves. Tuna fish may be served this way.—MARGARET SULLIVAN, Duke Center, Pa.

SCRAPPLE SAUSAGE WITH RICE.—Clean a hog's head by thorough scraping; split and remove brains and eyes. Put into a baking dish or kettle that can be tightly covered, cover with cold water, and put into a slow oven for five hours. Drain in colander. Set liquor to cool. Remove bones from meat and chop fine. When the fat has cooled and hardened, remove, and put the chopped meat into the liquor. Season with salt, pepper and ground sage. Bring to a boil, and stir in corn-meal wet with cold water until, when cooked, it is about the consistency of mush. When cold, cut into thick slices, and then into strips, and fry in the fat removed from liquor.



SCRAPPLE SAUSAGE WITH RICE.

PLAIN RICE.—To three cups of boiling salted water, add half a teaspoon of salt and one half cup of washed rice. Boil hard for fifteen minutes, stirring frequently. Set on back of stove to steam, and when rice is soft, drain, and beat with fork to dry out. Put into buttered dish and set in oven to reheat. Turn out on platter, surround with sausage and garnish with slices of hard boiled egg.

SALMON LOAF.—One can of salmon, two cups of cracker-crumbs, three tablespoons of butter, one tablespoon of flour, two cups of milk or water, two eggs, one cup sweet cream and salt and pepper to season. Mix salmon and crumbs. Heat butter and add flour, let cook until brown; add water or milk, season and let boil a few minutes. Then pour over salmon and crackers, add eggs and cream. Put into buttered baking dish and bake half an hour.—MISS BERNICE RUMMER, Lowell, Ohio.

PEPPER HASH.—Eighteen green sweet peppers, eighteen ripe sweet peppers, eighteen small onions. Grind all together and salt to taste. Let stand half an hour then add two cups of sugar, one teaspoon of white mustard seed, one teaspoon of celery seed, and one quart of vinegar. Boil all together for five minutes. Put in glass jars and seal. This is delicious with sandwiches.—MRS. BLANCHE JEFFERS, Shelbyville, Ky.

BANANA FRITTERS.—One cup flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one tablespoon powdered sugar, one fourth teaspoon salt, one fourth cup milk, one egg, one tablespoon lemon juice, three bananas. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Beat egg until light, add milk and combine mixtures. Add flavoring. Slice fruit into batter. Stir well and drop by spoonfuls into lard hot enough to brown a crumb of bread in one minute. Any fruit may be used instead of bananas.

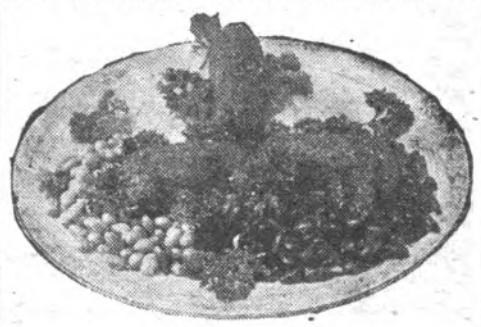
WALDORF SALAD.—Wash apple, remove slice from top, remove center, leaving the shell intact. Cut center into dice, mixed with one third as much celery, diced. Blend with cream salad dressing and refill the shell. Garnish with lettuce leaves and chopped walnut meats.

GINGERBREAD.—One half cup sugar, one egg, one half cup molasses, one half cup milk, one and one third cup flour, one fourth cup shortening, one teaspoon salt, two teaspoons powdered ginger, one teaspoon powdered cinnamon, one half teaspoon powdered cloves, two teaspoons baking powder. Cream shortening and sugar together, add egg well beaten, molasses, milk, baking powder, flour, salt and spices. Mix and turn into buttered tin, and bake in a moderate oven forty minutes. —MRS. HARRISON, Boston, Mass.

APPLE RICE PUDDING.—One and one third cups rice, three teaspoons sugar, four teaspoons corn syrup, three apples. Wash the rice thoroughly and cook until tender in boiling salted water. Drain and add the syrup and sugar. Pare and slice the apples. In a greased baking dish put alternate layers of the rice and apples; cover and bake in a moderate oven until the apples are soft. Remove the cover to brown. Serve with or without sauce.

BAKED APPLE WITH BANANAS.—Six large apples, one cup corn syrup, one tablespoon butter substitute, one and one half banana, six marshmallows. Wipe, pare and core the apples. Place in pan and add the syrup and butter substitute. Simmer slowly, turning frequently until they are tender yet hold their shape. Remove to a casserole and insert one quarter of a banana in each apple. Place a marshmallow on top of each apple. Pour the syrup around them and bake until the marshmallows are puffy and brown. Serve at once.

MACARONI CROQUETTES.—Break macaroni into four-inch pieces and plunge into a kettle of boiling salted water, boiling twenty minutes uncovered. Drain in a colander and then plunge colander with macaroni into a pan of cold water to prevent it from sticking. Cut



MACARONI CROQUETTES.

into small pieces, mix with a little thick white sauce and heat. To every two cups, add the beaten yolk of one egg, three tablespoons of grated cheese, salt and pepper. When cool, shape, roll in crumbs, then in beaten egg and crumbs again, and fry in deep fat until brown. Serve with vegetables.

RICE CORN BREAD.—One and one half cups cooked rice, one and one half cups corn meal, four teaspoons baking powder, one cup milk, three fourths teaspoon salt, one egg, one tablespoon fat. Mix as ordinary corn bread. Bake in a loaf. Corn flour may be used in place of corn meal.

APPLE ROLL.—Two cups corn flour, one half teaspoon salt, two tablespoons fat, four teaspoons baking powder, two thirds cup milk, two cups chopped apple, one fourth cup honey, cinnamon or nutmeg. Mix and sift salt, baking powder and flour; cut in the fat; add milk to make a dough stiff enough to roll. Roll into an oblong one half inch thick and spread it with the chopped apples, honey and spice. Roll the dough up like jelly roll, pressing the ends firmly to keep it in shape. Cut into slices one inch thick and place in pan far enough apart to allow them to swell in baking. Bake in a quick oven.—U. S. DEPT. AGRICULTURE.

BOILED INDIAN PUDDING.—Warm a pint of molasses and pint of milk, stir well together, beat four eggs, and stir gradually into molasses and milk; add a pound beef suet chopped fine, and Indian meal sufficient to make a thick batter; add one teaspoon pulverized cinnamon, nutmeg and a little grated lemon-peel, and stir all together thoroughly; dip cloth into boiling water, shake, flour a little, turn in the mixture, tie up, leaving room for the pudding to swell, and boil three hours; serve hot with sauce made of drawn butter and nutmeg.

SWEET MILK GEMS.—Beat one egg well, add a pint new milk, a little salt, and Graham flour until it will drop off the spoon nicely; heat and butter the gem-pans before dropping in the dough; bake in a hot oven twenty minutes.—MRS. HARRISON, Boston, Mass.

COCOANUT PUDDING.—Beat two eggs with one cup of milk; add one quarter of a pound of grated cocoanut; mix with it three tablespoons each of grated bread and powdered sugar, two ounces of melted butter, five ounces of raisins, and one teaspoon of grated lemon-peel; beat the whole well together; pour the mixture into a buttered dish, and bake in a slow oven; turn it out, dust sugar over it, and serve. This pudding may be either boiled or baked.

EGGLESS CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup corn syrup, one cup sour milk, two tablespoons cocoa, one teaspoon vanilla, one teaspoon lemon, one fourth teaspoon grated nutmeg, one half cup vegetable oil, one half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, one and one half cups barley flour, one half cup cornstarch, one half cup mashed potato. Combine the corn syrup, milk and extracts and stir in the vegetable oil. Sift together the cocoa, nutmeg and remaining dry ingredients. Add the mashed potato to the first mixture. Beat well, and then beat in the dry ingredients. Pour into a brick-shaped or tube pan which has been well oiled, sprinkle the top with a little cocoanut and some chopped candied fruit or nuts and bake forty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

FRENCH FRIED SWEET POTATOES.—Prepare and fry the same as the white potatoes. Or they can first be boiled half an hour and then pared, cut and fried as directed. The latter is the better way to cook them, as they are liable to be a little hard if fried when raw.



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Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



"Then sing the song we loved, love, Love, just that one sweet song.



The woman held aloft a small vial, and Beryl gazed with horrified eyes.



A second more and the scoundrel might have accomplished his purpose.

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CHAPTER I.

TWO MEN.

"I HAVE set my heart on the girl, and whenever Nicholas Berdyne sets his heart on any object, woe to him who would stand in the way!"

Two men were motoring through the beautiful Santa Clara valley in the late afternoon of a day that was well-nigh perfect.

Nicholas Berdyne, whose low-spoken but determined words have just been heard, was a somewhat stout, darkly handsome man, well on to middle age. His face, in spite of its strength and comeliness, was marred by lines of dissipation and fast living. Among his coterie of intimates he was known as "Prince Nick"—a title that, in some ways, was most appropriate.

His companion, some years younger, and far from being so well dressed, carried himself toward Berdyne with a cringing deference that was most noticeable. About him, too, there was the same abandon, suggesting unsteady character and a reckless life.

"Of course, the girl is pretty?" observed the younger man.

"Of course, Hartley!" said Berdyne, as though annoyed that the other should think it necessary to put the question. "She was the prettiest girl in Denver."

"But a working girl, Berdyne! It seems strange that a man like you should choose a wife from the working class."

"Why is it the prettiest girls are often to be found among the toilers? Beauty and poverty seem to go hand in hand."

"The very fact that they do," said Hartley Trenwyck, with thinly veiled significance, "gives wealthy men like you their opportunity."

Berdyne indulged in a crafty smile.

"There are no such opportunities where girls like my peerless Beryl are concerned," answered Berdyne, a dreamy light suffusing his sloe-black eyes; "she is my lady of the driven snows, more difficult to win than a princess of the blood. To clasp her in my arms, to feel the rapture of knowing she is mine, will be more than a sufficient reward for all my scheming. If you ever love as I do, Trenwyck, you will understand how such love justifies whatever a man may do to win the object of it."

Trenwyck gave a careless laugh.

"So far as I am concerned, Berdyne," said he, "whatever you do is all right. I stand or fall accordingly as I am high in your favor, or out of it. You have money and I have not; whenever I help you, you are always liberal—so you may count on my aid, at any stage of the game, for anything. You have found that I can keep my own counsel, have you not?"

"Otherwise," said Berdyne grimly, "you would not be here."

"Very good. I think you will serve your own interests best by being perfectly frank with me."

"I intend to be."

"And will you allow me to be equally frank with you?"

"Certainly."

"Have you thought of what Irma will do when she learns you have married Beryl Grayson?"

Berdyne's brow darkened. "Irma has no hold upon me," he returned; "she will have to make the best of it."

"She will be jealous, and a jealous woman is to be dreaded."

Berdyne shrugged his shoulders and dismissed the subject with a contemptuous laugh.

"Then," pursued Trenwyck, "there is Neil Preston, the man——"

Again the scowl came to Berdyne's eyes.

"Beryl has forgotten Preston," he interjected.

"She was engaged to him, and, if she is the sort of girl you say she is, I do not think she would so soon forget."

"Preston went to the Klondike," proceeded Berdyne irritably, "and met his death in the Copper River country a year ago."

"Did he meet his death?" asked Trenwyck.

"The man, Dave Gorsline, came back from Alaska and reported Preston's death to Beryl Grayson."

"Gorsline is one of the worst characters from the Barbary Coast, Frisco, and you had a talk with him before he saw Beryl Grayson."

"I am willing to be frank with you, Trenwyck," said Berdyne, "but I do not care to pursue this subject any further."

"Beryl is an orphan, but if what I can hear is true, she has not always been penniless. Her father was a wealthy mine owner; you and he had some business dealings before he died; and when Beryl was left alone, you had Grayson's mine and she had—nothing."

"Confound it, Trenwyck," cried Berdyne, "what are you digging all this up for?"

"Because I think it necessary for your interests that I should know." Never once did Trenwyck's air of cringing deference forsake him, although his words at times were at variance with his manner. "I have a knowledge of law—enough so that I have been admitted to the bar and have several times given you sound advice. I am seeking to be of help to you now, Berdyne."

"I have a trunk full of papers at my room in a San Francisco hotel," said Berdyne, after a few moments' thought. "Beryl and I will visit the city during our honeymoon, and you shall meet me there, and we will soon go over the papers together. I have long wanted to do something of the kind, and to destroy every document that is in any way incriminating. My man, Hargreaves, has charge of the room and the trunk. Does that satisfy you, Hartley?"

"Entirely, Nick."

"When we reach Sunset Ranch, you will please remember that the girl looks upon me as her benefactor, that in her eyes I am the good knight, *sans peur et sans reproche;* my goodness to her she is rewarding with her hand, and does not pretend to be giving me her heart. I am content to take her on any terms, and feel sure that in time I shall awaken her love."

"Few women can withstand you, Berdyne, when you choose to make yourself agreeable. And if Neil Preston should put in an untimely ap——"

"If Gorsline were wrong," interrupted Berdyne, with a fierce look, "and if Preston should prove to be alive, never would I suffer him to snatch the prize out of my grasp. Let him who would stand in my path beware!"

"Returning to Irma once more: Where is she now?"

"In Denver, I suppose."

"You came directly to San Jose from San Francisco?"

"Yes."

"How do you know that Irma has not followed you? How do you know she is not doing everything she can to thwart your plans?"

"Because, my dear Trenwyck, I have kept my plans to myself. You are the only person on earth whom I have honored with my confidence."

From that time on, Berdyne and Trenwyck relapsed into thoughtful silence.

The month of April was well advanced, and the rainy season—which corresponds with the California winter—was so nearly over that fair skies had all but become the rule. The air was balmy, and the avenues of pine and eucalyptus, the orchards and vineyards, were in almost tropical luxuriance after the rains.

The road which the two men were traveling led out to picturesque San Jose, winding upward by an easy ascent past rock, glen and rivulet to heights that seemed even fairer than those below. And over all was the brooding shadow of Mount Hamilton, sinister, silent, and, as it were, portentous of the evil days to come.

CHAPTER II.

SUNSET RANCH.

"Then sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song;
For life is none too long, love;
Ah, love is none too long.

"And when above my grave, love,
Some day the grass grows strong,
Then sing the song we loved, love;
Love, just that one sweet song.

"Ah, darling, I have made you sad! Indeed, I should not have sung it, but it came into my mind as I sat here, and you know that whenever anything comes into your Tonita's mind it is as good as out at the lips. There, there, dear; dry your bonny eyes, or I vow I shall never sing another song as long as I live!"

A lovely Mexican girl had been sitting in a hammock, her slim, brown fingers gliding over the strings of a guitar, and her voice drifting away in dreamy song. Near her, on the broad, low rail of the veranda, sat another—a girl whose wondrous beauty would have won instant attention anywhere.

Tonita, the Mexicana, was dark, with great liquid eyes, glossy blue-black hair, and rounded cheeks of the clearest olive; Beryl, on the other hand, had hair like the lily, and a form so perfect and full of grace it was at once the delight and despair of the artist.

The Mexicana, gazing off across the prune orchards to the misty blue of the mountains, had begun a sad little ballad. In the midst of it a stifled sob broke on her ears. Ceasing abruptly, she put away the guitar, went over to her friend, and put her arms around her neck.

"It is nothing, dear," said Beryl, turning her tear-dimmed eyes upon her friend's face. "The song awoke memories of one whom I loved better than life, and whom I shall continue to love as long as life shall last."

Tonita's head dropped lower, and her lips brushed tenderly against Beryl's blue-veined forehead.

"You are thinking of Neil," she murmured.

"Always, always," sighed Beryl. "Ah, why, why was he taken from me? It is a year, now, since I learned of his death, but I am no more reconciled to it than I have ever been. Time does not heal the wound."

"Does Senor Berdyne know this?"

A shiver ran through Beryl's slender form.

"Mr. Berdyne has been so good to me, Tonita. He has spent hundreds of dollars trying to learn my darling's fate. It was he, you know, who sent the man Gorsline to Alaska, and so discovered the dread truth. He has a noble heart, and worries so over my grief. Of course, I do not love him; how could I, when my love is all in that dreary Northland?"

"You would marry Senor Berdyne, *querida,* feeling toward him as you do?"

"Oh," cried Beryl, with a burst of tears, "I do not know what I should do! Was ever a poor, forlorn girl so woefully beset? Mr. Berdyne was a friend of my father's, and he was constantly looking after my welfare while I was in Denver. He would have done more for me had I allowed him."

"Did Neil know of Senor Berdyne, Beryl?"

An expression of pain crossed Beryl's face.

"Neil never liked Mr. Berdyne," said she. "In one who was always so generous with others this was something I could never understand. When Neil left to go to Alaska, to look after some of poor, dear papa's mining properties, he warned me against Mr. Berdyne. I wish Neil could have known him as I have come to know him during the past year."

"Perhaps," suggested Tonita, archly, "Neil was jealous?"

"He had no cause to be, dearest," said Beryl hastily, "not the least."

"Of course, he had not!" exclaimed the Mexicana; "but sometimes men are quite unreasonable when they love devotedly. It is their way, dear. Mr. Jackman, the owner of Sunset Ranch, was also a good friend of your padre's?"

"I had never heard of Mr. Jackman until he wrote to me at Denver, saying he had long owed papa a debt, and that he wanted to repay it through me. That was just after I learned of Neil's sad fate, dearest, and I was very sad, and very lonely. So I came here, to this beautiful valley, as you know, and the sweetest part of it all is that I gained you for a friend!"

The two girls by a mutual impulse, threw their arms about each other.

"I could not love you more, dear," breathed the lovely Mexicana, "if you were my own sister. But, come! I must be going home. You will walk a way with me, as you always do?"

They set out together, arm in arm, along a path that led away from the great ranch house, lost itself among trees and vines and roses, and eventually halted at Tonita's door. These hours of companionship were very sweet to Beryl, and they loitered along the path. When they had reached a great red bowlder, about midway between Sunset Ranch and Tonita's home, they seated themselves upon it for a little time, as was their wont. Tonita's witching face had become quite serious.

"Would you be advised by me, dear?" she asked.

"What have you to say, dearest?" Beryl returned, taking one of the Mexicana's little brown hands in both her own.

"Do not allow any mistaken idea of gratitude toward Senor Berdyne to influence you in doing something you might live to regret," said Tonita, her voice throbbing with earnestness. "If you cannot give him your heart, then do not give him your hand."

"I have not promised——"

"Then do not! Be guided by me."

"But——"

Tonita, having eased her mind, withdrew her hand softly and arose.

"Think of what I have told you, *querida,*" she interrupted, flitting down the path. "I will see you in the morning; and, until then, adios!"

Tonita vanished, and Beryl continued to remain where her friend had left her, thinking as she had never thought before.

Mr. Berdyne was so true of heart, and so devoted to her welfare, that he desired only that he might give her the luxury of his wealth, the protection of his close companionship.

As these reflections drifted through Beryl's mind, again she shivered. Once more the tears veiled her violet eyes, and she bowed her face in her hands. In the midst of her sorrow, she felt a rough grasp on her arm, and sprang erect like a startled fawn.

A woman in a rich traveling dress stood beside her, and was just lifting a veil and revealing a face that might be described as coarsely beautiful. Just now the face was as hard as flint, and the eyes burned with cruel intensity.

"So you, with your baby face, are the one who would take Nicholas Berdyne away from me! Away from me, to whom he rightfully belongs!"

The woman's voice rang out with cutting clearness, and poor Beryl drew back in fear and wonder.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "Whence do you come?"

"My name is Irma Lee," was the calm response, "and I have come from San Francisco, to tear the mask from a man who is seeking to deceive you!"

The two stared at each other for a few moments, and then the elder woman came a step nearer.

CHAPTER III.

A WOMAN SCORNED.

Through Beryl's mind ran a host of surmises aroused by the woman's strange words. A baleful light smoldered in Irma Lee's gray eyes, always relentless, but varying in intensity under press of her wayward temper. In one breath she accused Beryl of taking Nicholas Berdyne away from her, and in the next she accused Berdyne of deceit. Beryl hardly knew how to take the woman.

"I do not know you," said Beryl, straightening her lithe form and gazing steadily into Irma Lee's face, "and I do not recognize your right to come to me with such a subject as the one you have mentioned."

A bitter laugh greeted the words.

"I have the right of a woman whose love has been won, then trampled upon and cast aside," said the stranger; "the right to interfere, and save another from the same fate. Look at me, Beryl Grayson! I am no longer young, but I was no older than you when this man came into my life; now there are threads of gray in my hair, and my face is marred by sorrow. I have paid for the right to step between you and Berdyne with all that has made life worth living. Is it not enough? Would you ask more?"

Beryl listened in stunned bewilderment. Could Mr. Berdyne be such a man as this woman was picturing him? The girl would not have it so. This terrible woman must have some base design of her own to serve by thus traducing his character.

"I will not listen to you," said Beryl, and sought to turn and retrace her way to the ranch house. Before she could take two steps the other once more had her by the arm.

"You shall listen!" breathed Irma Lee's voice, with hateful insistence. "Hiding in the bushes beside the path, I overheard something of what passed between you and your friend. You are lovely, Beryl Grayson, but if you had said one word to your friend that would have led me to think you really cared for Berdyne, at this moment you would be hideously disfigured, and your loveliness a thing of the past. See? I had come prepared."

The woman held aloft a small vial, and Beryl gazed with horrified eyes.

"Enough of this," continued Irma Lee, replacing the vial in the bosom of her dress. "You do not know Berdyne's hypocrisy, you have not sounded the depths of his malignant nature. You regard him as a noble gentleman, who, out of friendship for your father, has endeavored to advance your welfare. But I declare to you he has been serving his own selfish purposes."

Poor Beryl, ever loyal to those whom she considered her friends, felt that she should not remain and listen to Irma Lee's words. At the same time, notwithstanding Irma's remorseless jealousy, there was something about her that rang true, and influenced Beryl in spite of herself.

"A man came to you in Denver," proceeded Irma, noting with satisfaction the impression she had made on the girl, "a man named Gorsline. This was a year ago. Gorsline told you that, with his own eyes, he had seen your lover meet his death in the Copper River country, in far-away Alaska."

A moaning sigh burst instinctively from Beryl's lips, and she averted her face. Irma came to her side.

"What Gorsline told you," Irma went on, her voice full of throbbing earnestness, "was false! He had never seen your lover, he had never even been in Alaska! He was a San Francisco gunman, hired by Berdyne to go to you with a lie! Letters sent to you from the far North, and addressed to Denver, have been intercepted; not one has been allowed to reach your hands."

These amazing statements poured from Irma Lee's lips in a torrent. Beryl appeared as one in a dream, fairly astounded by the weight of the revelations. Her wide, wondering eyes were fixed upon the face of the elder woman, and her red lips moved, but no words came.

"It is true," proceeded Irma. "Your good and noble friend"—her lip curled, and a fierce irony rang in her tones—"wanted you to believe that your lover was dead, so that he could encompass his own base designs. Nicholas Berdyne would inveigle you into marrying him—he is even now on his way to Sunset Ranch with this object in view—and he would accomplish this before your lover returns from Alaska."

"Oh, what are you telling me?" cried Beryl, passionately, springing forward and clutching one of Irma's hands in a convulsive clasp. "My darling, after I have mourned him these many months as dead, is still alive? For the love of Heaven, for the love of all that you hold dear on earth, do not deceive me!"

The next moment she had dropped Irma's hand, and pressed both her own hands to her throbbing temples. She reeled as though about to fall, and the elder woman caught her about the waist and supported her.

"Courage, Beryl Grayson," whispered Irma; "joy cannot kill! If what I have told you has gladdened your heart, what supreme happiness is yet in store for you—nay, on the way to you at this very minute."

Beryl's arms clasped themselves about Irma's neck.

"Truly," Beryl whispered, in a transport of joy, "you are my good angel! You have brought a gleam of sunlight into my darkened life, and I pray that God may bless and reward you!"

A look of pain crossed Irma's face.

"I have not come here out of any kindly feeling for you, Miss Grayson," said she sharply, "but simply to foil Berdyne; to keep him from entangling himself with another when he rightfully belongs to me. I am a selfish and revengeful woman, and have no desire to be regarded as an angel of mercy. Compose yourself, now,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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THANKSGIVING RECIPES TEN TESTED WAYS TO USE APPLES

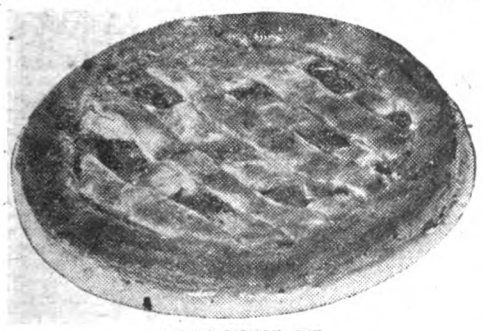


By Violet Marsh

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WE who live in the country are familiar with the sight of good apples going to waste on the ground. Those who happen to belong to the class who must buy this valuable fruit will wonder and ask themselves if it is neglect or lack of appreciation; or why the word is not passed along that the fallen fruit may be had for the picking up, or that it may be bought at a nominal price. I intend this as a suggestion, hoping in many cases it may prove a happy one, for in all the fruit families we have no better friend than the apple, which contains water, sugar, cellulose, mineral matter and vitamines all vitally important as body regulators.

Apples assist in neutralizing the excess acid produced in the body by too much protein, and the apple juices stimulate the flow of digestive secretions. Many find that eating one raw apple, skin and all, each morning before breakfast is very beneficial. To the invalid it should be served baked, on account of the starch and cellulose content.



MOCK MINCE PIE.

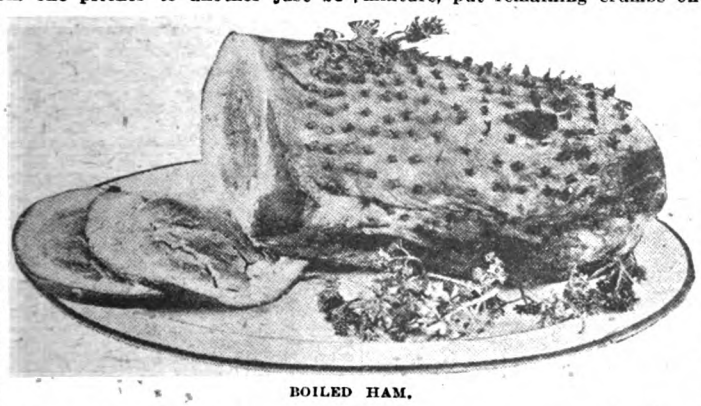
Apples stored for winter use should be put in a dry place, and where it is very cold, but not freezing. Choice ones reserved to eat raw will retain their flavor and original freshness longer if each apple is wrapped in paper and put in boxes.

There are so many uses for apples, and the dishes prepared from them are so varied, that they may be served almost daily without the family tiring of them. Before apples are put in storage, the imperfect ones should be sorted out and made into butter, marmalade, pickle, jelly or boiled or bottled cider.

Apple Recipes

APPLE CIDER.—Press the juice from the apples, let it set twenty-four hours, and then bottle, or put into glass jars. If in bottles, use new cork stoppers and put them in lightly; if in jars, partially seal as in cold pack process, and put into cold water bath with water three inches from the top. Heat to 180 degrees, or the simmering point, and hold it there 45 minutes. Finish sealing the jars. Drive the corks hard into the bottles, cut off even with the tops, and when cold cover with hot paraffin or sealing wax.

A small portion of grape, currant or blackberry juice added to canned apple cider when it is served restores its pungency. Pouring it back and forth from one pitcher to another just before serving, so it can absorb air to take the place of that driven out by heating, also brightens its flavor.



BOILED HAM.

PICKLED APPLES.—Select three pounds of tart apples that are firm and sound; pare, quarter and core them. Cover the cores and parings with cold water and boil hard ten minutes; strain and boil the liquid down to one third of a cupful. Put the apples in a saucepan with one cup of vinegar; cover and very slowly cook one hour. Add the juice from cores and parings, three and one half cups of sugar, one teaspoon of powdered cinnamon, and one half teaspoon each of powdered cloves and nutmeg, boil ten minutes longer and seal in sterilized jars.

APPLE BUTTER.—Overripe apples are not desirable, but if they must be used, add a little vinegar to give some snap to the butter. Use only sweet cider. It usually takes about equal quantities of sweet cider and peeled and sliced apples to make butter of the right consistency. A convenient process is to boil five gallons of sweet cider down to two and one half gallons, and then add five gallons of peeled and sliced apples which have first been cooked into applesauce. Cook very slowly from five to six hours, with frequent stirrings. Sugar to suit the taste may be added when the cider and apples have cooked together about three and one half hours. One pound to a gallon of butter is the usual rule. When the butter is done cooking, add half a teaspoon each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice for each gallon. Put boiling hot into sterilized jars.



THANKSGIVING CAKE.

APPLE MARMALADE.—Cut whole tart apples, peel and all, into small pieces, add a little water to prevent scorching and cook to a pulp, strain and measure. To two quarts of pulp add two cups of brown sugar, two cups of corn syrup, and six inches of stick cinnamon and two dessertspoons of whole cloves, tied in a bag. Cook about one hour, very slowly, stirring frequently. Remove bag of spices, add one half cup of good apple vinegar and cook ten minutes longer.

APPLE SAUCE.—This dish must be made according to the kind of apples to be used. The early apples are very juicy and require the addition of little water and quick cooking. Stewed apples may be varied by the use of different flavorings, such as a piece of stick cinnamon, dried orange peel, a little shredded cocoanut, or a little lemon juice, which is especially "tasty" with late winter apples that have lost their flavor. Apples cut into quarters and slowly cooked in a light syrup made from brown sugar will remain whole and have a delicious flavor. Apple sauce is also varied by baking.

BAKED APPLES.—Good-sized tart apples are cored, put into an agate or earthen dish with a little water, and the cavities filled with sugar and a pinch of cinnamon and nutmeg if desired. A few raisins or dates may be stuffed into the cavities. Bake in a quick oven.

STEAMED APPLES.—Pare and core large tart apples. Fill the cavities with nuts and raisins, add a little water, a small piece of butter to each apple and sprinkle the whole generously with brown sugar. Cover tightly and set on the stove where they will steam cook for several hours. Serve with cream.

APPLE MERINGUE.—Core and pare six mildly tart apples, place on a plate and bake till soft. Bring to a scald one pint of milk and pour it over three egg yolks, five tablespoons of sugar and a pinch of salt that have all been beaten well together. Beat the milk and egg mixture and then pour it over the baked apples. Bake until it is firm, and test by inserting a knife-blade. Care should be taken that it does not bake too long. Beat the whites of three eggs until foamy, but not stiff; gradually add three tablespoons of powdered sugar and a few drops of lemon extract and beat until stiff. Spread over custard and apples, return to oven and brown. It is well to set the dish on an inverted pan in the oven to prevent direct heat to the custard.

APPLE OMELET.—Peel and core and steam what will make two cups of tart apples and then mash smooth. Beat three egg yolks, add one cup of sugar, the juice of half a lemon, and beat all together, and then add the well-beaten whites. In a saucepan put one tablespoon of butter, and in it lightly brown one cup of soft fine bread-crumbs. Butter a shallow baking dish and sprinkle over sides and bottom all the crumbs that will adhere; fill with the apple mixture, put remaining crumbs on top and bake twenty minutes in a moderately hot oven.

APPLE JOHNNY CAKE.—Mix together two cups of fine corn meal (white preferred), two level tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, one half teaspoon of soda, and one half teaspoon of salt. Mix fairly soft with sweet milk and lastly stir in three apples that have been pared and sliced. Bake well in a hot oven in a thin sheet.

The Thanksgiving Dinner

The delicious spareribs roast and boiled ham will undoubtedly replace to no small extent the Thanksgiving turkeys and ducks which have advanced in price until we have tried to forget all about them. However, we are going to tell how to cook the proud turkey, just the same, for the benefit of those who are fortunate enough to have raised their own flock, or can "draw" from their neighbors.

But back to the pork products: There is nothing more delicious than well roasted spareribs with the accepted accompaniment of apple sauce, or the home cured, boiled ham served with apple jelly; so with a homy atmosphere and grateful attitude of mind, we shall not miss the turkey.

ROAST TURKEY.—Cock turkeys are usually better eating than hen turkeys, unless a hen turkey is young, small and plump. Draw and clean. Use enough stuffing to fill the skin, that the bird may look plump when served. When cracker stuffing is used, allowance must be made for swelling, otherwise the skin will crack when cooked. Lay turkey in roasting pan and rub entire surface with salt, brush with soft butter and dredge with flour. Place in hot oven, and, when lightly browned, reduce the heat. Baste with fat in pan, and add one pint of boiling

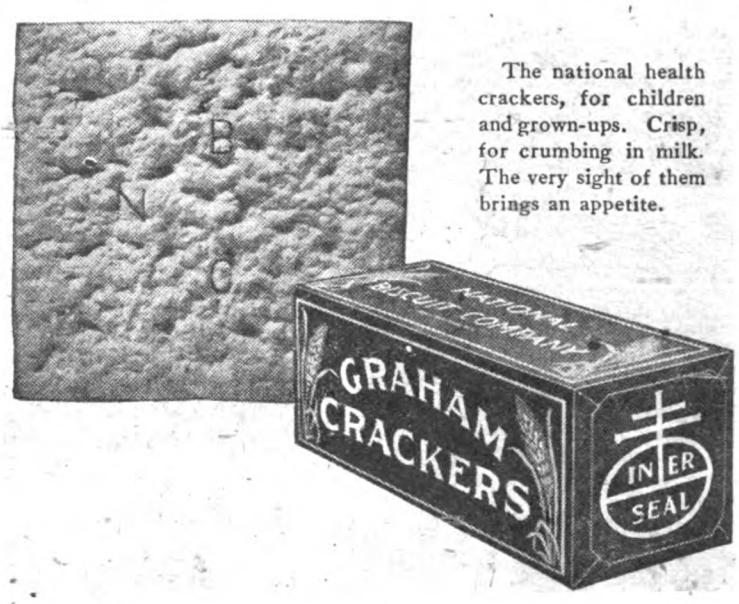
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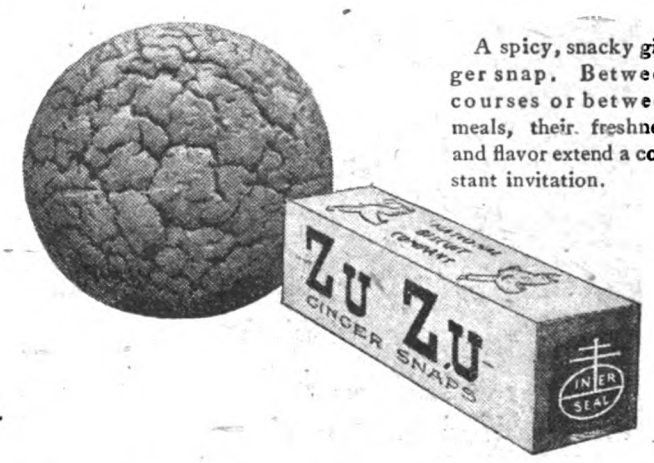
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IN ER SEAL

Cubby Bear Hears of a Landslide

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"CUBBY," said Grandma Bear one morning, when she had rested from her journey, "I want you to invite your friends to call on me this afternoon. They were so friendly, being here to welcome me when I came, that I should like to see them all again. Perhaps I might tell them a story. I have lived many years, and could tell strange and interesting tales of the past."

"Yes, indeed, I will ask them," promised Cubby Bear, "and I know they will be glad to come. They will want to see you, and we all like to listen to stories."

There was a great splashing of water, and washing of fur and preening of feathers among Cubby Bear's friends when the invitations had been given, for all were anxious to look their neatest when they called upon old Grandma Bear.

That afternoon they met at Bunny Rabbit's house, and all came to Mamma Bruin's together, in orderly procession.

Shinyblack Crow tapped at the door. It was opened by Cubby Bear, and Shinyblack Crow bowed in his best manner, and said in a polite voice:

"How do you do?" We, inhabitants of the Pleasant Forest, have come to pay our respects to Grandma Bear, if she will graciously receive us."

Cubby Bear stared without speaking. Not that he meant to be impolite, but Shinyblack Crow was looking very distant, as though he did not know his friend Cubby at all. It was plain to be seen that the callers meant to be very formal indeed.

"Tell them to come in," called Grandma Bear. "Now," she said to them, as they solemnly walked in, "do not be so prim and so still. I want to see you have a good time. And do not be afraid. I may be an old bear, but I am not a cross one, and I do not mean to bite any of you."

"It is a fine day," said Shinyblack Crow.

"It is!" agreed Grandma Bear. "*All* days are fine days, if you will only make yourself think so. Who wants to hear a story?"

Everyone did, of course.

"Then settle yourselves comfortably, to listen," said Grandma Bear. "Now, the best story-tellers are (or should be) those who have lived longest, and I am very old. Today I shall tell you about something that happened to me when I was very small—much smaller than Cubby here—not much more than a baby bear. Cubby, Shinyblack Crow, and perhaps some of the rest of you, have seen the house I have just come from, on the other side of the mountain. That was my second home, where I have spent almost all my life, and this story tells you why, and how, I moved away from the place where I was born.

"My first home was on the mountain side, too, but further north. If you went there now, you would see just a long stretch of bare, gray rock, and you would wonder why anybody should want to live there. But long ago, that rocky space was covered over with good soil, and plants and bushes and big trees grew there. My father and mother had built a house in a pleasant spot. There were three of us little bears, and I was the youngest.

"One summer morning, my sister and brother and I were out at play together. They were larger than I, and their play was rather rough for me. They hurt me, though without meaning to, I dare say, and after a while I went off to play by myself. Not far from home, I found a hollow log, with room enough inside it for me to crawl in and stretch myself out. I thought the others might hunt for me, so kept very quiet, for I was tired and did not want to play. How long ago it was! And yet, I remember it so plainly!



MY MOTHER TOOK HER TWO LITTLE BEARS AND RAN OUT OF THE WAY OF THE SLIDE.

"By and by I fell asleep, and slept very soundly indeed, as you will agree with me when you have heard all the story. My mother told me many times what happened afterward, so I know as well as if I had stayed awake.

"You have all seen dark clouds gathering in the sky when a thunderstorm is coming, until the whole sky is covered and the sky hidden from sight. Well, that morning, great, dark clouds came rolling up in the sky from two *opposite directions*, so that the east and west were darkened while overhead the sky was bright. When my mother saw the bright space growing smaller and smaller, and darkness from the oncoming storm settling down, she was frightened, and began hunting around for her three little bears.

"My father had gone away that morning, down to the river a few miles from home. My mother found my sister and brother without trouble, but, as you know, *I* was hidden from sight in a hollow log. Only a narrow strip of sky was left in sight, and over that little ragged scraps of cloud were straggling.

"Then the two great, dark cloud-banks rushed together, blotting out the last bit of sky, and a terrible downpour of water followed—what is known as a cloudburst. Great gullies were washed out in the ground in no time, down which muddy, foamy water dashed.

"Then a louder sound was added to the roar of the storm. Up near the top of the mountain the cloudburst had loosened some dirt and rocks, and these, rolling down the steep slope, carried along with them more dirt, more rocks—more and more gathering all the way until bushes were torn up, then great trees, and, finally, all the layer of soil over the solid rock was loose, and tumbling, sliding down the mountain side.

"My mother took her two little bears and ran out of the way of the slide, but I was in the log, hidden away, and still asleep.

"Oh, Grandma Bear, were you *killed* in the awful land slide?" cried Cubby Bear in distress. Then, seeing what a foolish question he had asked, poor Cubby Bear stepped behind Grandma Bear's chair, and covered his face with his paws. No one laughed at him. They were all too excited and interested.

"This is better than Wise Owl's stories!" breathed Mollie Muskrat,

"Oh, keep still, so Grandma Bear can tell the rest!" said Busy Beaver.

"They were only just in time," went on Grandma Bear. "The land slide went tearing past them, carrying away our house, the log I was in—everything—leaving only a slope of bare rock behind. At the foot of the mountain the great mass spread out over the level ground, and stopped.

"Well, my mother and father found each other after the awful rain had stopped, and together they looked over the great rough piles of dirt and rocks and broken trees. I can remember the rest of it myself. It was along in the afternoon when I woke, feeling hungry after my long nap. My log seemed to be standing up on end instead of lying down as it had been when I crawled into it. I squirmed and struggled and at last got to the top of it. The lower end was stuck in a great pile of dirt.

"Looking out, I saw at a little distance my mother and father. I called to them, and they hurried to where I was. I was frightened, and thought I could never get down, but my father stood down below me and told me to jump. I landed on his back, and was not hurt.

"And that," ended Grandma Bear, looking around with a smile, "was how I first went down the mountain, and why I moved into a new home."

"I would not want to risk one of my Bunny Babies in a wild ride like that!" shivered Bunny Rabbit.

"Nor I, one of my children!" echoed Betty Badger.

"I would like to have such a ride!" declared the oldest little Badger. "I would not be afraid, and I would stay awake, so not to miss the fun!"

They thanked Grandma Bear for her story, and she promised that some day she would tell them another one.

Crumbs of Comfort

Fear is faithlessness.

Even genius must have labor.

A man's heart is older than his head.

We make our fortunes and we call them fate.

The greatest of faults is to be conscious of none.

We must not expect our friends to be above humanity.

Other men are lenses through which we read our own minds.

Many men are like stone jugs and can be carried away by their ears.

All men would be masters of others and yet no man is lord of himself.

No genius has ever yet had the smallest success in explaining existence.

There are great helpers in the world who encourage others to do their best.

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All Subscriptions Cut Off At Expiration

All subscriptions will be cut short off on date of expiration, unless the subscription is renewed and paid for. Not even one copy can be sent, after expiration, until the subscription is renewed. If the number over your name on the wrapper on this paper is 373, or any less number, it means that this is the last copy of COMFORT you will receive until you renew. Renew today.

DECEMBER COMFORT

our Christmas Number, will be uncommonly bright and interesting. Beginning with the inspiring front cover pictures of sacred scenes of the first Christmas and illustrating one of our short stories, this December number will be full of the cheer that rejoices the heart and is good for the soul. The following are some of the

Special Features for December

"The Brigand that Followed the King" A wonderful story of the first Christmas, strong in religious sentiment and fervor that strengthens one's faith; the subject of front cover illustrations.

"How to Decorate for Christmas" Illustrated article telling and showing how to make pretty Christmas decorations for home and Christmas tree.

"Dorothy's Christmas Soldier" A charming Christmas love story connected with the great war.

"What a Ten-Cent Basket Will Do For Christmas" An illustrated article describing how pretty Christmas gifts can be made at small expense.

"The Real Santa Claus" A beautiful Christmas story that will do you good to read.

"The Christmas Dinner" Tells how to cook and serve a delicious Christmas dinner, and decorate the table.

"A Home that Demonstrates Friendliness" Tells about a Y. W. C. A. mission home that radiates the Christmas spirit every day in the year.

"Cubby Bear Hears Wise Owl's Story" Wise Owl tells an Indian story that will please the children.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 373 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive December COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE, is now 50 cents a year, and likely to be raised, but for the present we will accept two-year renewals at 75 cents. Save a quarter by sending 75 cents today for a two-year renewal and extension of your subscription. Use coupon below.

Please send silver carefully wrapped in paper and securely sealed, or one-cent stamps. DON'T send THREE-CENT stamps.

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I enclose ..... cents for renewal and extension of my subscription ..... full years from date of expiration.

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November, 1919.

Every generation laughs at the old fashions, but follows religiously the new.

A man cannot be said to succeed in this life who does not satisfy one friend.

Flowers are an assertion that a ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world.

Take away ambition and vanity and you remove many that the world has called great.

The fate of a nation has often depended upon the good or bad digestion of a prime minister.

Nothing stands between us and starvation but the words "seedtime and harvest shall not fail."

Husbandry is more sure than the treasures of the great, because Nature is exhaustlessly reproductive.

Reproof is a medicine like mercury or opium: if it be wrongly administered it will work harm intead of good.

A grave is a very small hillock, but we can see farther, when standing upon it, than from the highest mountain in the world.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT AUGUSTA, MAINE, FOR OCTOBER 1, 1919.

State of Maine,..... } ss.
County of Kennebec,... }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Guy P. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Assistant Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (inc.), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Assist. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett Publisher (Incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.—Stockholders:—W. H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Sadie H. Gannett estate, Augusta, Maine; Guy P. Gannett, Augusta, Maine.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) No outstanding bonds, mortgages or other securities.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona-fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GUY P. GANNETT,
Assistant Business Mgr.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of September, 1919.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) HOWARD E. WEBBER,
Notary Public

(My commission expires July 17, 1925.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap as I want to discuss with you something that deeply concerns the health and welfare of our nation. Directly I mention the subject, thousands of you will throw fits, which only shows that those who have a fit are unfit and need attention.

The health of a nation and its physical well-being should be the first consideration of those who are charged with its care and welfare. When the men drafted for the late war were examined by the surgeons, the authorities and all who knew what a terrific task we had before us were not only shocked but at times horrified at the physical condition in which they found vast numbers of those on whom the life of the nation depended. One out of three of those who ought to have been in robust health was unfit to bear arms. What was the use of boasting about the enormous fighting material we had to draw upon when practically one third of it could not shoulder a rifle? Now throw out the alien population, the cowardly conscienceless objectors, the draft dodgers, and those who must make guns, munitions and raise food for those in the field, and you will see the huge reserve of fighting material on which we could draw in case of war was no larger than that of Germany; though the German, with his horse, dog and sausage diet had nothing like the opportunity, as far as food was concerned, to build up a healthy body as we had. However, for fifty years, he had at the most vitally important period of his life, been given a thorough bodily overhauling and then subjected to a physical and military training that put every organ in his body in splendid condition. He came to the barracks a hayseed and a boob with one shoulder knocking against the other, and he left for home so smart, erect and alert, his own mother could scarcely recognize him.

Dr. Eugene L. Fiske of the Life Extension Institute says: "We are wont to be proud of the health of the nation; our men were held up as examples of clean strength and proper living. In the boards investigated in Detroit, Brooklyn and New York, I found that out of the total number of 7,611 examined, the number rejected for physical reasons was 2,232, a rejection rate of 29 per cent. The rejection in the cantonments of those passed by the local boards has varied between two and 11 per cent. It is safe to say, then, that the total rejection rate for physical reasons would lie between 30 and 40 per cent, and this is the most favorable age group."

Dr. Fiske's figures show that even among our best fighting material one third would be thrown out on account of physical disability. Now there is only one remedy for these appalling conditions and that is to take our youths of 19 and give them at least six months' physical training for a year or two, with good nourishment and plenty of fresh air and exercise. During this period a certain amount of time should be given to military training, just enough to make a man physically capable of quickly developing into an efficient soldier should the need arise. The rest of the time could be given to building up both body and mind, to bridge building, road making, etc., and time should be given to acquiring a trade, technical training and education. This is not a scheme to make cannon fodder but an education in the school of good citizenship, an education that will make for character, and convert selfish, indifferent youth into the flower of American manhood. All those who have seen our boys come home from Europe in their smart uniforms have noticed with pride the wonderful transformation that has taken place in the appearance of these young men, who in pre-war days just hung around like a bag of meal with their chins scratching their chests and with a general air of slouchiness and slobbiness which made them look as though they were trying to give an imitation of a sick dog.

The physical condition of the girls is probably worse even than that of the boys. While a man wants good, substantial food and lots of it, if a girl can fill herself up with candy, cake and soda water abominations, she is perfectly happy. Also, she does not give her internal organs a chance, for instead of sticking out her chest and pulling in her stomach and throwing her shoulders back, she gives a fine imitation of a flour sack that is full in the middle and empty at both ends. Our girlies, too must give the nation a few months of their lives, both for their own sakes and for the good of the race. Then they can learn to attend to their bodies, have their teeth fixed, adenoids removed and the paint scrubbed off their faces. They should also be taught nursing, so as to be able to care for the babies that may be theirs in after life; study hygiene, domestic science, the chemistry of foods, etc., and leave Uncle Sam's national university, worthy mates for the men, who, too, have been transformed from slobs into gods and who will journey hand in hand with them along the pathway of life, perfectly equipped with the essentials for right living and right thinking; enlightened of mind, exalted of spirit, with a heart for any fate, and with a body and soul prepared to tackle any problem. The world is full of broken bodies, undeveloped minds and withered souls. Ignorance, stupidity, credulity, criminality and every form of depravity abound, and Death swings his scythe and gathers in men, women, boys, girls and helpless babes, just because nobody cared or knew just what to do at the vital moment when a little knowledge, skill, care, judgment and initiative were all that was needed to save the situation. This waste of life must stop.

At least a good third, or even more of our population, has not become Americanized, and talking will not Americanize them. Each racial group herds by itself and makes faces at other racial groups who all make faces at one another. We look like a happy family on the surface but when you probe beneath our national skin you find conditions that are appalling. The sons or daughters of people who have been here three or even four generations, people who had hardly a shirt on their backs or a shoe on their feet when they came here, and now have a different car for every day in the week, write me the most villainous letters of hate if I dare to hit their fatherlands or motherlands or remind them of their duties as citizens. Their bodies are here grabbing the dollars but their hearts and souls are over in Europe. They tolerate Uncle Sam and wave the flag but in their hearts it is a Kaiser, a king or a spiritual head of some all-powerful religious sect or denomination, that deep down in their souls they worship and bow down to and are ready to battle for when they feel strong enough to grab the reins of government.

We have in this country today racial groups that can by combining their votes (and they probably will combine them) control Congress and run this country in the interests of their homelands. They would reverse the policies of this government and involve us in wars that would make vain all the sacrifices of this late terrible conflict and involve the whole world in universal ruin. We drove Germany over the Rhine but in spite of defeat, Germany will in all probability win the peace which is tantamount to saying she has won the war. We will not keep watch and guard over Germany, and as England, France and Italy are weakened economically and financially, have lost the cream of their man-power and are torn with labor upheavals, Germany will, as sure as fate, arm again quickly and promptly, sweep aside the frail barrier of impoverished Poland, join hands with Russia, and make an alliance with Japan for the control of Asia. As we have twisted Japan's tail almost as often as we have twisted the British Lion's, such a combination is not unlikely, and then we should have our troubles, for in the next war there will not be a hole or corner as big as a pin point in which men can find protection. The whole earth will be swept by airplanes, dropping bombs that will poison people not by the hundred but by the tens of thousands. The indifferent Northwest will not be able to snooze in security as it did in the late war while we on the Atlantic coast lived in daily dread of shell fire and gas bombs. I'm not an alarmist but the results of this war show that the human leopard has not changed his spots and partizan politicians are not likely to help change them to any great extent.

Only an awakened national consciousness, only the drawing together of the flower of our youth and educating them in the highest ideals of citizenship, only the threat to deport those alien parents and grandparents who insist on keeping their children American haters and fanatical worshipers of the lands of their ancestors, will give us a nation instead of a polyglot foreign boarding house. Citizenship implies responsibility, and if one refuses to fight, some other mother's son must protect the cowardly hide of the miserable parasite who won't fight. We have got to give the youth of our land healthy bodies and a training that will make them neither pro-German, pro-Irish or pro-Italian or pro-anything, but pro 100 per cent American. This is not militarism. It is common sense. It is the preparedness that makes for peace, puts sound minds into patriotic bodies, and eliminates the menace of the unabsorbed alien, makes the melting pot do its work and links all racial elements into one indissoluble bond of good fellowship and genuine Americanism. General Leonard Wood has already got this scheme going and Congress will do the rest. It will cost money to do this job but it will cost us our national life if it isn't done.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

KENOSHA, 751 N. Sheridan Road, WIS.
(Home Address.)

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

It was in April, 1918, I paid you that memorable visit previous to embarking for France, where I've been ever since. I have never missed a single copy of COMFORT since I have been there. I let the boys read what that bootlicking, Kaiser-lover, "Uster Be Reader," wrote, and they say she should be deported to Germany without delay. Our boys know all about the Huns as they have seen too many evidences of their terrible crimes. A man stabbed by one of their saw bayonets, which no other nation used, is doomed. They set traps filled with explosives in their retreat, and left behind them imitation pencils which exploded, killing and maiming numbers of innocent little children who handled them. The Huns broke the terms of the armistice three times within 48 hours. While their delegates were signing the peace treaty, other Germans sunk six battleships in the Kiel Canal and sunk their fleet which they had surrendered to the Allies as part of the terms of the armistice. These were acts of war and all typically German. There was a foreign legion of Czecho-Slovaks, about 140,000 men, fighting with the Allies. It was they who deserted Austria, their enemy, and went over to the Russians, who after the latter went Bolshevik, tried to hand the Czechs over to the Germans. These Czechs, quick to note the menace of Bolshevism, have been the mainstay of Kolchak's army, fighting on the Siberian front to keep these vermin from overrunning Asia. My brother brought home an English bride from Liverpool and 27 men of Co. F, 162nd Inf., also brought English brides to the States. I am coming back alone. The Red Cross and other organizations did noble work for our soldier boys.

With best wishes to you, Maria and the Goat,
Your nephew, JOHN STREJCEK (HAPPY JACK),
Field Hospital No. 7, 3rd Division.

Delighted to hear from you, Jack, and to know that you kept your eyes open while in France and have familiarized yourself with some of the vital facts of Hun deviltries and world conditions. The war has taught the Hun nothing, and if we don't develop a national spirit, and labor in this and Allied countries does not work more and strike less and quit allowing radical extremists and agitators to lead it by the nose, we'll be headed for ruin, and then little old Germany, planning and plotting, while the rest of us are fooling, will grab us by the throat and finish the job she started in 1914. We cannot trust either the German government or its people, for honor and sincerity are virtues they do not possess. By the terms of peace they were to have an army of 100,000 men, but they have already gotten together half a million soldiers camouflaged as semi-policemen or home guards, veteran warriors. They were to get out of the Baltic provinces but instead of going they have stripped the country of every movable thing, digging up even the caskets in the cemeteries and ripping off the metal ornaments. Before me is a picture of a French child with half its face blown off by a Hun explosive pencil. And then we are asked to buy their blood-stained toys! Ye gods, why can't humans be humans! Now note what is happening in the U. S. "Reading, Pa., May 28. William Burns, the first American citizen, not of German birth or origin ever elected president of this city's oldest and wealthiest social club with 1,000 members, today announced that he has resigned the presidency and that he will also give up his membership. Mr. Burns said he found the German flag flying from the staff when the Reading soldiers of the Rainbow Division came home and that he tore it down, putting up the only American flag in the house." Mr. Burns is quoted as saying that he was misinformed as to the real character of the club and the courts ought to close the place in view of what has happened in the past. Here is another: "Michigan City, Ind., May 28. Several hundred soldiers, sailors and marines last night unanimously adopted resolutions opposing official participation in July 4 honors for them, by Mayor Fred O. Miller, German born,— the Mayor received his naturalization papers ten days ago. The soldiers declared he did not show the proper spirit toward them when they left for the war; that he embarrassed them during the war; and that the City Government displayed no kind of welcome when they returned." "Stamford, Conn., Nov. 21. The county commissioners denied today the application for a club license filed by the Arbeiter Maennerchor, a workman's singing society.....The organization gave as part of its purpose: 'the perpetuation of German songs, the German language, customs and sociability.'" A big organization to replace the treasonable German-American Alliance is now being formed. The Hun is at his old tricks and if not closely watched all the sacrifices of our blood and treasure will have been in vain.

FRANSTOWN, TEXAS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Billy the Goat is a mighty pretty goat. I think she is about the sweetest little girl I ever saw. Uncle, what do you think about dreams? Of course I know there is nothing to these nightmare dreams only that one has eaten too much supper or is sick in some way. But it seems to me some dreams have a purpose. Please don't think that I am superstitious. I just want to know what you think. Prospects certainly seem brighter than at this time last year, don't they? I hoped last year that things would be better this year, but didn't expect such a great improvement. Brother is still in the navy. Some of you folks write me. We may move this winter and I'd like to hear from different places.

As ever your niece, NELLIE MCLANE, No. 42864.

Nellie, if you want to know what the wise guys of science have to say about dreams, you'd better buy an encyclopedia. We dream because the suspension of mental activity is not complete, in fact, some authorities think that sleep is never so profound as to be dreamless, but this theory cannot be proved. For five months in 1918, Nellie, I did not dream at all and for very good reasons. During that time I don't think I slept more than ten and a half minutes. I am, however, a good dreamer, a practical one while awake and the usual kind of fool dreamer while asleep. Don't attach any importance to a dream as some superstitious idiots do. During the war, while the German subs were raiding our coasts and airplanes by the score were darting hither and thither in the skies overhead, I dreamed that the Kaiser was dropping bombs on my cocoanut. I could not only see Bill throwing them down by the ton but I could feel them. Finally when I awoke I found that a heavy rainstorm was raging and the water had leaked through the roof and was dropping in a torrent on my bald spot. On another occasion I fell asleep and had a most delicious dream. The daughter of the mighty potentate of some Oriental country, gorgeous and beautiful, was pressing her luscious lips to mine. Ah, me, those beautiful dreams never last long, but when I awoke I found the dog, owing to the high cost of living, was making a meal off my mustache. Don't worry about the night dreamers, but keep your eye on the day dreamers. They are the ones that need watching. The Kaiser dreamed of world domination, now he is sawing wood. Every good German dreamed of floating round in a sea of beer, now they have to suck loganberry juice through a straw or go thirsty. Bela Kun, the Jew Bolshevik fanatic, dreamed of a Bolshevist Hungary, now he and his brother revolutionary Jew profiteers are in jail or hiding in the tall grass. A lot of dreamers have been put to sleep and a lot more to work and they have been put where their dreams will no longer be harmful either to themselves or humanity. Sorry to say, Nellie, that I don't think the world is better today than it was this time last year. There are still about two or three hundred wars going on and three or four million strikes. Heroism, patriotism and self-sacrifice, which seemed to lift us and other nations out of the rut of selfishness during the war and which ennobled us while we were fighting a common enemy, seem to have entirely disappeared, and we are all now engaged in a contemptible struggle to see who can drag the last possible penny out of the other fellow's pockets. If all humanity could only have an ice bag put on its head and be put to sleep for a couple of years until war hysteria and the grab mania have worn off, we could all wake up in a beautiful, happy, peaceful, contented world, a world in which we would find the lion lying down with the lamb without having the lamb inside him.

CENTER, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have read many letters from the cousins that are good, and many others, which I suppose were written by outsiders who were exasperated because you dare to reveal in their true light what the enemies of our country are doing, and these made my blood boil. It is no wonder that the Germans and Bolsheviks vent their spleen on you. It is because they know that you tell them the truth and it is always the truth that cuts deep and hurts the guilty person. If there were a few more people like you in the world it would be a place worth living in. I wish someone would come to this section of the country and try and bring home to the people here what kind of lives they are leading. They regard Sunday the same as any other day and they go from five to twenty-five miles away from home to dances, but will not go one mile to church or Sunday school. I can't get used to that sort of thing. I have lived on a farm all my life in the western country and love it. Can see the mountains around us stretching toward the skies with snow-white clouds floating about; it is so beautiful and the green fields, too, stretch as far as my eye can see. Am five feet, ten inches tall, have light brown hair and gray eyes and fair complexion, live on a farm and can do most any kind of work that is put before me. Am fifteen years young, strong and healthy.

Lovingly yours, ALICE A. HUGHES.

Alice, your letter was a tonic. Thank God there and there scattered throughout the land there are a few girls who have sound common sense and character, and respect the Sabbath and are endowed with a goodly share of those Christian virtues which, alas, in this pleasure-loving, dollar-chasing age of frivolity, insincerity and camou

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)


Our Model 50

You'll say they're Great!

AMBEROL Records Are Only 60c! In U. S.


Thomas A. Edison

EDISON
AMBEROL RECORDS
For NOVEMBER, 1919

THERE is music on this new November List for you and your whole family. Music for your wife and children; music for your help and your friends. Music to cheer you up; to make you laugh; to drive dull care away. Just look at the splendid new music! Play No. 3849, "Kilauea"—Hawaiian Patrol—a wonderful Hawaiian piece played by that world-famous Conway Band. Then hear No. 3851, in which the Rev. Morgan reads the beautiful "Twenty-third Psalm," followed by the Calvary Choir singing that favorite old hymn, "He Leadeth Me"—all on the same record. Then have a big laugh with "Uncle Josh," No. 3845, or play one of the biggest dance hits of the year, No. 3850—"The Vamp," a toe-tickling selection that will make you sit up and take notice. These are records that you will never tire of. Look over the rest of the list.

No.	TITLE	TALENT
29038	Melodie—Violin	Kathleen Parlow
29039	Smilin' Through—Baritone	Thomas Chalmers
3843	Foot Warmer—Fox Trot—for Dancing	Louisiana Five
3844	Col. Stuart March	Conway's Band
3845	Uncle Josh In a Cafeteria—Rural Story	Cal Stewart
3846	Sipping Cider Thru a Straw	Collins & Harlan
3847	You're Making a Miser of Me—Soprano	Rachael Grant
3848	Song That Reached My Heart "Home, Sweet Home"—Tenor	Lewis James
3849	Kilauea—Hawaiian Patrol	Conway's Band
3850	The Vamp—One-Step	Green Bros. Orchestra
3851	Twenty Third Psalm and "He Leadeth Me"—Scripture Lesson with Hymn	Rev. W. H. Morgan, D. D. and Calvary Choir
3852	Today, Tomorrow and Forever—Baritone	Edward Allen
3853	Peter Gink—One-Step	Tuxedo Dance Orchestra
3854	Shake, Rattle and Roll	Al Bernard
3855	I'm True to Them All—Baritone	Arthur Fields
3856	Auld Lang Syne—Mixed Voices	Old Home Singers
3857	Race for a Wife—a Racetrack Sketch	Ada Jones & Len Spencer
3858	I'm Sorry I Ain't Got It, You Could Have It If I Had It—Blues	Vernon Dalhart
3859	Echo—Flute and Cornet	Moor & Capodiferro
3860	Wooing Hour—Serenade	Peerless Orchestra

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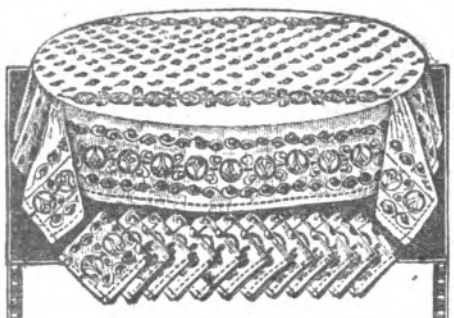
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A Silhouette Party

By Ella Gordon

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Silhouette Making



AN OLD SILHOUETTE PORTRAIT.

HOW many of us can recall with what wonderment and curiosity we gazed for the first time on a silhouette and asked if it really was anyone's picture and why it was all in black. And how we were told that it did represent a real person and that it must have been a great-great-somebody, for the fashion dated back many years ago, and that these old silhouettes are highly prized by collectors of curios.

And now that the making of silhouettes has been revived for amusement's sake, and at a time when the world calls for studied economy, the story of the silhouettes takes on new interest and is well worth the telling.

It appears that the name comes from Etienne de Silhouette, French minister of finance in 1759. At this time France was in a state of great exhaustion due to a war which had just terminated. To correct the evils of the situation, Silhouette established the most rigid economies, which lasted nine months, when he was obliged to resign his office. To economize cloth, coats were made without folds, plain wooden snuff-boxes took the place of those made from the choicer materials, and among all forms and kinds of restrictions, the making of painted portraits was prohibited for a time, and in their place outlines only were drawn in profile. All these fashions were called "a la Silhouette" at that time but soon passed into oblivion except that



OLD SILHOUETTE—ILLUSTRATION OF STORY FOR CHILDREN.

the profile shadow portraits still bear his name. We find a parallel at the present time in our newly coined word "Hooverizing."

The ease with which the Silhouette was produced recommended it to public favor before the discovery of photography had provided an inexpensive method of portrait making. The Silhouette soon became popular in England and America, where it continued in vogue even up to the time of our great-grandfathers.

The usual way of making a silhouette is to have the subject stand or sit so as to throw a clear, well-defined shadow on a sheet of paper fastened to the wall; then with pencil or crayon the artist traces the outline of the shadow,



A MODERN SILHOUETTE.

and following the tracing cuts it out with the scissors. The outer part can be used as a mat pasted on black paper. The skilled silhouette artist of old usually reduced the size, frequently to that of a modern post-card photo. Moving silhouettes are a new and popular feature at the motion picture theaters.

Silhouette Game

Any one in search of a lively evening's entertainment will do well to try this game, for it furnishes boundless merriment and matches up the skill of the participants.

An equal number of ladies and gentlemen should be invited. The name of each lady is to be written on a card and placed in a box from which each gentleman is to draw, and the lady whose name he draws becomes his partner. At the sound of a bell, it is announced that each lady in turn will pose so as to cast her shadow that her partner may draw her silhouette. Right here a great opportunity presents itself for fun-making, for a slight variation in position may cast a shadow not at all flattering to the one whose silhouette is being drawn, and suggestions for improvement by the guests are likely to provoke much wit and merriment.

A given time is allowed for the drawing. When the ladies' portraits have all been drawn, the gentlemen pose in turn to have their silhouettes drawn by their respective partners. Each silhouette is cut out and the mat is pinned on a black cloth curtain hung on the wall.

In regular order the guests are asked to name the person whose likeness each silhouette is supposed to represent, and the one giving the largest number of correct answers receives a prize. A prize is also given for the most perfect likeness.

Another element of fun may be introduced by having the ladies' silhouettes cut and passed upon before the gentlemen's are drawn, for in case of neglect to make pronounced any special point of beauty, the ladies have a chance to "get even" with their partners when drawing the gentlemen's silhouettes.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

agony I cannot describe. At first he was in a stupor and I watched the pink fade from his cheeks and lips, and his eyes fade until the light went out and he grew weaker and weaker. My every breath was a prayer, "O God, save my baby," but a little later, when the spasms came on, he grew cold in my arms. No one knows what I suffered but when we laid him away in his little white casket I knew only his precious body was there, while his soul was safe in the Home where no harm can touch him and yet my cry was and is yet, "I want my little son." God has given me another baby. She was only three weeks old when I found her and her sweet ways and lovely self have been a great comfort to me and her care has kept me busy but I still think of that terrible time and wish I had been more careful or else not had the dreadful stuff around the house. I thought it was out of his reach and that I was careful enough but I wasn't and my boy paid the penalty with his life.

Please forgive me for writing this, but if I can save one little child, keep one bright-eyed baby alive, by telling my Billy's story, I shall be glad.

MRS. JOSIE LEE.

Mrs. Lee.—A story as sad as yours must necessarily be depressing; your plea is too strong to be ignored and if your letter will make other mothers more careful it shall have a place in our corner. I am so very sorry for you. Every household should have a medicine closet and in it the necessary antidotes, with directions for using, for the common poisons.—Ed.

GOD'S COUNTRY—THE GOLDEN WEST.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have been reading COMFORT and listening to the sisters' letters, some of happiness and some of heartaches, I want to say a few words in defense of the husbands. I have not been married very long, but I have the kindest, most considerate husband in the wide, wide world. For years before my marriage I gazed upon men with horror, almost. Why, you ask? Because of the tragic stories related to me by unhappy wives,—some blaming the men for unfaithfulness, some for being (excuse the slang) tightwads, and the thousand and one things that women find fault with and for which blame the men. Then I began a search—the hearts of my neglected friends, and to my surprise found at least three quarters of the sad-hearted ones—with unfaithful husbands, to blame for their own trouble. The world goes round at a rapid pace, times change, as do the ways of the world with every season, but I have never yet met the man that will stand true to a woman who will encourage the attentions of other men. You who have trouble and always compare your husband's faults with other men's virtues, search out your own heart and see if you do not need to set a good example before the erring one. And you, dear sisters, who have stingy husbands, were you saving with the weekly wages? Did you offer any encouragement to the hard-working man or did frippery and finery, and the many things that delight the heart of a woman, take the bulk of the pay envelope? I always loved pretty clothes, etc., but my dear father died while I was in school. I worked, earned fair wages, but never saw the time when I could spend my money for foolish, girlish knickknacks. No one hindered, but I had a poor, tired little mother that I felt it my duty to share with and now that I am hundreds of miles away from her, I can thank God that I did what I could for her while I was in the old home. The way taught me to be a partner with my husband. The weekly pay is brought to me, not at my request but because he trusts me and knows I will care for it. We have a lovely little home, and to "Sally Ann" of Illinois, I will say that "the little grey home" is all that I dreamed it would be, of every comfort, plenty to eat and something laid by for a rainy day. I am happier than I ever thought it possible to be and there is only one regret and that is that when hubby is at work during the day I cannot have a little chat with mother and loved ones at home, for I do miss them all. I am doing what I can to help those around me that are in distress and think, "What if it were little mother." God grant that someone will stand by her while I am away.

We have started life together, Hubby and I, and we mean to live and devote our lives and time to God and each other and when night falls, and before we retire, we kneel with arms around each other and thank God that we are together and for the faith and trust we have in each other. No matter what misfortune comes, so long as you breathe the Holy name of Jesus and keep Him by you, you can conquer the most dangerous foe.

I will bring this to a close by saying, sisters, for your own and your husbands' sakes, lead a pure, true life and let the world know that so far as men are concerned, there is only one to be loved and interested in and that is your husband. For, after all, men are just big babies, and a loving word and a caress, a kiss of greeting, will go a long way toward keeping hubby home evenings. Try it and see, and please pardon me if I have offended any.

With love and best wishes, MRS. C. A. M.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you please print my letter in the Sisters' Corner? So much good advice is given to those, who ask for it, that I am writing hoping you and the sisters will help me. My letter may seem silly and insignificant, but really, the answers I get will mean much to me and I hope Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters will give me their views.

When I was fifteen years old, my mother was sick and I overheard some ladies talking, and they said that her life was in great danger; I was so frightened I thought my mother would surely die. I prayed to God to let her live, that if He would save her, I would never get married, but stay at home and care for her always. My mother got well, and is living now; that was eight years ago. I think I have kept my promise. So far I have given up all the good times a girl likes, and have stayed at home and done nearly all the work that is to be done where there is a large family. I never had any friends, neither girls nor boys. I never went to a party or talked to a boy five minutes in my life. I want friends, and I cannot make them at all. It is seldom I see any young people with whom to make friends, as I never go where they are. The only time I meet any one is some of my younger sister's friends and that is very seldom. I am getting away off my subject. I would like to talk to you all and ask so much. I make it a habit to ask my mother what I want to know, but there are some things I can't ask her and this letter deals with one of them. One thing I am most anxious to know about is this: Do you think that the Lord would hold me to that promise? I have prayed to be forgiven for it, but I do not know whether I am or not. I try to be a Christian but I guess I am not good enough to know if my prayer is answered. Won't the sisters tell me what they think?

Do you think it silly to want young men and women friends? No one seems to think I want to go with young people. I have been at home so long, I really feel backward and bashful. When I do happen to get with a person I am miserable. I am not pretty, neither so ugly that I am repulsive. I try to do the right thing but I cannot make friends. No one wants my friendship and I want theirs so much. I have never been able to dress pretty because I did not have it to dress with. I do not mind doing the work at home for I think it every girl's place to help. I do most of the work, besides caring for the children as if they were my own. My parents are good to me, in a way; papa doesn't think I want to go anywhere and mamma tells me to go with my sister sometimes (I never tell her how much I want to go but I guess she just knows). My sister treats me as though I were ten and crazy at that; she is eighteen and I am twenty-four. She is the pet of the town. I am not jealous of her. I would rather she would have the friends than I, but I do not think she should treat me so and especially in company. Can you give me any suggestions so I can get out of the rut and over being so sensitive?

Please answer my letter through COMFORT. Although I would enjoy receiving letters, I would rather not because I do not wish any one to know that I have written it. No one knows I ever made such a promise as I have never told it and no one knows how lonely I am for friends.

Won't C. A. M. of Nebraska, who wrote in answer to A Motherless Girl, give me her views? I enjoyed her letter.

I will greatly appreciate any advice given, more than I can tell. MILLY.

ORANGEBURG, N. Y.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been reading how you visited Uncle Charlie and Miss Fischer. And I envy you. It would be pleasant to visit Uncle for I live scarcely twenty-five miles away and possess a couple of letters that came from "Maria" several years ago. But I know it is a tax on his feeble strength to see so many people and I'm cursed with a silent tongue in most strange places, especially in a sick room.

Some time ago my name appeared under letters in the Corner and the C. L. O. C. and I wish to thank everyone for their kindness even if some of the letters had to go unanswered. Since then I've lost a dear "mother-comrade" and changed my residence from Rose Cottage to the beautiful old stone house next door to where mother was born. It came to my sister and me after mother's death and we knew she would be glad. The house was built in 1752 and for seven generations it has come from father to son or to daughter and now from cousin to cousins but always into hands of a descendant of the original Dutch farmer. This is historic country where Major Andre was executed and history made so long ago. So, even if the once big farm is cut and sold, there's a touch one can't quite forget in the old homestead. It has been changed very little except as to comforts of running water and a telephone. The latter was my addition for grandmother is old and my work takes me out several hours a day. My sister lives in the next town with her uncle to be near her work.

I wish, Mrs. Wilkinson, you could have come out here, too. Better luck next time. Perhaps editorial

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Alone with Her Conscience

By Isabel Gordon Curtis

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Text—I know of the future judgment,
How dreadful soe'er it be,
That to sit alone with my conscience
Will be judgment enough for me.
—*Clifford Lanier.*

A HUSBAND and wife walked home together one afternoon from a church wedding where the daughter of an old friend had been the bride. It was not a pretentious wedding. The girl's father was a kindly, upright, old business man, who had more friends than money. While he gazed down at the beautiful girl clinging to his arm, his face had glowed with love and pride. She was as fair, as sweet, as beloved a bride as the sun ever shone on. His eyes had turned from her to smile in happy confidence at the tall young bridegroom who waited at the altar. He was deserving of the girl, who had grown up in the old town from babyhood to a gentle, generous womanhood, which gladdened hearts and won love wherever she went.

On their way home the elderly couple gossiped as wedding guests do of the lovely bride, of her stalwart young husband and of what the future held for them. Suddenly the wife asked:

"Did you notice a woman there who seemed shaken by grief? She was not among the guests, she wore deep mourning and sat in a far-away corner under the gallery."

"How did she look?" asked the husband, curiously.

"I never saw such sorrow in a human face, such longing, such starvation for love, or such loneliness as filled the dark, sad eyes. She sat gazing at the bridal party as if there was no one else in the church. Then she caught my eye, dropped her veil and bowed her head in her hands."

"It was the bride's mother," said the man slowly.

"The bride's mother, William; why, she died when Miriam was an infant!"

"She did not die." The old lawyer spoke slowly. "Long before I met you, when I lived in California, her family and ours were close friends. It was my eyes she met, when she dropped her veil. She recognized me. She was one of the most beautiful girls I ever knew. I was a guest at her wedding, she and David were poor in those days. They went straight to a little home he had furnished with much love and pride. A year later came a baby, the girl who was married today. One night, when Miriam was five months old, David went home, to find a note lying on the table beside the sleeping infant. His wife did not try to exculpate herself, she did not ask forgiveness or throw herself on his mercy, she merely said that after a terrible battle between her heart and her conscience, she had gone away with a man, whom she loved devotedly. David came to me heartbroken. I adjusted affairs for him before I came East. Later he moved here and started life all over again. We let the child and the world, when it chose to ask questions, think that the mother was dead. I am the only one here, who knows what happened twenty-six years ago."

"Who is the woman?" asked his wife.

"You do not recognize her from pictures you have seen?"

"She is the widow of Broughton, the millionaire who died a few months ago."

"Oh," she cried, for back to her memory thronged a pageant of a funeral, a magnificent place on the Hudson, and a mansion on Fifth Avenue, which held one of the finest picture galleries in America. They all belonged to one woman, a lonely, childish woman, who had loved her husband so, the papers told, that she was grieving herself to death in her vast, splendid homes. She was a woman of large charities but with few friends, and the wealth, which seemed to pile up before her as by a miracle, failed to bring happiness."

"Can you imagine," asked the lawyer's wife slowly, "what the woman's thoughts were today, as she sat among curious-eyed strangers, not even an invited guest at the wedding of her own child?"

"I cannot," answered the man gravely. "It seemed to me, while I watched her, that nobody could fathom those thoughts except—God and her own conscience."

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

More About Our Hair

NEXT to putting on pounds where pounds are needed, and taking off pounds where pounds are too plentiful, it seems to me that my girls, big and little, old and young, maidens and brides and "old married folks," are most interested in the hair. So let's talk about it a little once more.

You all know how I believe you should shampoo your hair—with a liquid shampoo made by shaving half a bar of white soap into a quart of boiling water, thoroughly dissolving over the fire, then cooling. And you are fully aware that I believe you should shampoo your hair, if naturally oily, once in two weeks, and if dry once in three or four weeks. Because your scalp must be kept clean, if your hair is to be healthy.

Massaging the scalp is one other method good for all hair alike, for it keeps the scalp loose on the skull, allows the blood to circulate and stimulates the little hair cells.



PASS YOUR BRUSH ACROSS IT A COUPLE OF TIMES.

But, with all this, you have to do more. You have, first of all, to feed your body well, see that all impurities are carried away daily, that the skin is kept clean, the pores open, that you are rested and mentally undisturbed. Seems funny, doesn't it, that all these things affect the hair? But not funny, either, when one realizes that hair is a part of the body, and we are all willing to admit that we can't confine the ills of the body to definite localities; if we have anything the matter with us, the whole body suffers.

Pretty hair is a real beauty, and all that we can do to make it glossy, lustrous, healthy, abundant, is well worth doing. Each month I tell you in my "Answers to Questions" different ways to secure all these things. But besides the things which have to do with the health of the hair, there are lots of little "tricks of the toilet" well worth practicing, because they lend some little added attraction.

For instance none of us uses strong perfumes, because we have been taught that this is not in good taste: but we do like a faint fragrance to cling round us. How to obtain it, is the question. Sachet pads laid among our clothes leave fragrance behind, but here is something else we can do to advantage. Get from our druggist a tiny bit of oil of geranium or some other perfume in oil form—which means in the most condensed and strongest form. You need not get more than half an ounce—or even less if the druggist will sell it. Keep it in a little vial on your dressing table, and every time you dress your hair, after you have brushed out the dust, and combed out the snarls, and it is all ready to put up, put just a drop of the perfume in the palm of your hand and pass your spotlessly clean brush across it, back and forth, a couple of times. Then brush your hair with it. There's your fragrance, girls!

By the way, in brushing your hair, do you brush back from the ears, I wonder? Don't do it any more. By brushing back from the forehead or from the ears, you wear away the hairs and make your forehead higher. Brush down, not back, from the part, on each side. That will mean brushing down over your ears instead of back away from them. It helps!

Answers to Questions

WILLORD.—Yes, you weigh altogether too little for your height; you are forty or fifty pounds below weight, and that is why your hair is brittle and scanty—it isn't nourished enough. And your skin is sallow for the same reason. You must get to work and build yourself up to 140 or 150 pounds. Read last month's COMFORT and see what I said to "Working Girl" about the kinds of food that would make her gain in weight, and the way she ought to live. Follow these directions, and see that you drink plenty of water and have enough sleep at night—eight or nine hours. Choosing foods that make fat will build up your weight; and letting alone those which are not easily digestible—such as pork, veal, pastries, greasy foods, fried foods—will do even still more. Good luck!

A BRUNETTE.—Don't use soap on your face, nor hot water—that is the first thing you need to keep in mind, if your skin is rough and the pores large. When I say don't use soap, I mean do not rub soap on the skin, and do not even use it in the water more than once a day. At night wash the face with warm soapy water, then rinse many times in warm water, and finally in cool, and last in cold. This will close the pores. A good cream can be rubbed well into the face, after it is thoroughly dry. Do not use much cream—just a little, but massage it in. In the morning wash the face with tepid water, and dash cold water on it at last. Do this at any other time in the day that it needs freshening up, but don't wash just for the sake of washing. You should take an all-over bath every day of your life. Stand on a folded bathtowel if you have no tub, and briskly cleanse one portion of the body at a time, rinse and dry. Do this before you go to bed at night, and, as a matter of fact, it would be a fine thing for your skin, if, besides, on rising in the morning, you would sponge off the body quickly with a cloth wet in cold water. It only takes a minute and you start the day fresh and clean. When you are not feeling well, you should not use cold water.

TOUGH HANDS.—Try the hand lotion and other directions I gave in the last issue of COMFORT. There is no liquid I can recommend to "peel off" the skin of the hands, as you suggest, but it will soften and whiten under proper treatment. See what I said to "A. G. M." in last issue. About the "crow's-feet" and the verticle wrinkles on the forehead. It is possible there is something wrong with your eyes and that you therefore frown in an attempt to focus them. Massage will not keep away wrinkles if the habit of frowning is continued. If it is merely a habit with no reason, then you must train yourself to keep your brow calm. To massage these wrinkles, dip the fingers lightly in cold cream, then with the two forefingers, one just above the other, massage *across* the verticle wrinkles. Start at the top of the wrinkle, and massaging in this way come all the way down; then repeat. A rotary motion with the tips of the fingers is the correct one to use on the temples and for crow's-feet. Any good massage or face cream will do. I am sorry I cannot recommend any in these columns, as that is against the rules.

ELK.—At sixteen, I shouldn't use face powder, or, if I did, only a very tiny bit on the end of my nose or wherever else I happened to be really shiny. You still have "the bloom of youth" and ought not to cover it up. You should weigh more; one hundred pounds for five feet two is too little. See my answer to "Willord." Your hands, which you say are too large compared with the size of your arms, are probably in perfect proportion only your arms are a little too thin because you are below weight. Whatever you do to build yourself up will take care of this question, too. If your hands are "always red," the reason is probably either that you are wearing clothes that are too tight—corsets, shoes, waistbands, collars, sleeves—and so your circulation is interfered with; or else you use too much soap too frequently on them and roughen and redden the skin. I gave some good advice to "A. G. M." in last month's COMFORT. Read and follow it, won't you? I shouldn't use a hair tonic at present on my hair, but build up my weight. Hair will fall out if it is not receiving proper nourishment, and since you are below weight it can't be properly nourished. So get to work and add those necessary pounds!

IOWA.—I wonder if you read last month's Pretty Girls' Club? One young girl was very disconsolate indeed because her bust was so slim, and now here you come with a bust too large. It *is* a little too large, my dear, but I am inclined to think it will reduce as you get older, and that by the time you are eighteen it will be at least two inches smaller and perhaps more. Along about sixteen, the figure is not normal; there are many changes taking place in the body, and in many girls the bust is one of the parts of the body to feel the changes most. Don't rub the bust in an attempt to reduce it—indeed, handle it as little as possible. Splashing cold water on the bust and chest has a firming effect but not a reducing one. Wearing a strip of rubber cloth bound about the bust and fastened with adhesive tape that it may be firm and tight, induces perspiration and therefore is apt to break down some of the fat; but it is quite uncomfortable, and for what I believe is only a temporary condition with you, I hardly think it worth while to bear the discomfort. Lead a sensible life—with much outdoor exercise—avoid too many love stories and too much thought of that side of life, for, strange as it may seem, the various parts of the body are pretty closely connected and a feverish sort of mental attitude might have a good deal to do with making a large bust. Funny, isn't it? Do you play tennis? Do you swim? If you have any opportunity for either of these sports, take it, for both require exercise with the arms, and arm exercises will help to reduce your large bust, just as it helps to develop a thin bust. I gave a good arm exercise in last month's COMFORT.

SHERIDAN.—You do not give me the size of your bust, but first let me say that you are a little over weight, in any case, for your height. Why not cut down on your diet a little? Go a little slow on potatoes and sweet things, for instance, and be sure not to eat between meals, and perhaps eat just a little less at every meal. Try it. About your bust, I quite appreciate the trouble of wearing a brassiere when it must be worn so tight. One good way of keeping a large bust firm, without wearing the kind of brassiere which has straps over the shoulder and so cuts into the flesh, is to have a corset-cover made of heavy drilling, very tight. The arm size goes over the shoulder, and there is no strap, though the front of the corset-cover can be cut as low as one desires. Buttoned up the front, it holds the bust perfectly firm, and while it is as warm as one more article of clothing naturally would be, it doesn't tire the shoulders. Remember, it must be heavy, firm material. Now, about reducing: I suggest you try the rubber band I mention in answering "Iowa" above. It is uncomfortable, but it helps. It should be cut wide enough to extend above and below the bust, and should be wrapped firmly about the body below the arms, and held in place with strips of adhesive tape. Keep it on and perspire! Another thing which might help is to dissolve Epsom salts in cool water and bathe the breast with the solution. It is astringent in quality. I am sorry there is no short cut to reduction of the bust.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.



BRUSH DOWN, NOT BACK, FROM THE PART, ON EACH SIDE.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Advt.



Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

Be Careful What You Wash Your Hair With

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using **Stillman's Freckle Cream.** Prepared for one purpose only—*clearing the skin.* If you have freckles, write us today for our **Free Booklet** "*Wouldst Thou Be Fair?*" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you.
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My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.
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FREE Send today for a trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a lock of hair. Compare the results, and the pleasure of using, with the old way.
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YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE
But Your Nose?



IN THIS DAY AND AGE attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible, for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "*looks*," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times.

Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new *Nose-Shaper*, "TRADOS" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation, quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct ill-shaped noses without cost if not satisfactory.
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Rose-Glo Complexion Cream leaves a wonderful rose glow upon the cheeks.

Rose-Glo is an entirely new scientific vanishing cream which nourishes, protects and beautifies the skin—prevents unsightly blotches, blackheads, chapping and keeps the dust from the pores.

It takes but a moment to apply leaving the skin soft and velvety and produces a wonderfully healthy pink glow upon the cheeks.

The face can be easily powdered after using Rose-Glo as it holds powder firmly until washed off.

Beware of cheap creams for the face as they may ruin your complexion.

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HISCOX BROS. CO., Dept. C, Patchogue, N. Y.
Makers of Lloyd's Cocoa Butter Cream.

Ferns, Palms and Pines to Brighten Your Home

By H. G. Wentworth

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ALL ferns are not easy to grow. The Boston and other sword ferns can be managed by the average housewife without difficulty however, the glossy holly fern thriving with ordinary care. Maidenhair ferns are also popular, but the kind which the florist usually displays is not the kind for the amateur to choose. The hardy Farkeyense is the variety to select for house culture, and it is most important that it should never be allowed to dry out. If this should happen, the plant may as well be retired for the season. Fern balls from the Orient are highly decorative when suspended from the ceiling or the top of a window, provided they are well-grown specimens. The fern balls often seen are far from ornamental, but usually because the owners do not know how to care for them.

Fern balls should not be exposed to the rays of the sun, a point overlooked by most housekeepers who try to grow them. When the ball is to be started into growth, it should be soaked for several hours, being completely covered with water and afterward hung in a warm room. This treatment must be continued every second day until the plant begins to grow, and after that it must be watered often. The best way to give water until the plant becomes too large is to put it into a pail or tub of lukewarm water. It takes from one to four weeks to get a fern ball well established.



RUBBER PLANT.

Most ferns do not thrive in low temperatures, so that it is not advisable to attempt growing them unless the temperature of the room can be kept up to fifty-five degrees at night. Ordinary living-room heat is right for the daytime. A light window which receives little direct sunlight satisfies ferns better than any other situation. A rather light soil is preferred. Over-watering is a common mistake, and yet the soil must never be allowed to dry out. Some people seem to know by instinct just how much water to give plants while others must learn by experience.

If the room is dry and warm, as those heated by steam or furnace are likely to be, it is well to set the pot in a large jardiniere and pack moss around it. If the red spider gives trouble—and he is a most common pest—the leaves may be sprayed with water by means of an atomizer, care being taken to drive the water against the under side of the leaves with considerable force.

Of the palms, the two most safely recommended are the curly and the thatched-leaf, both being known as Kentia palms. Although very much alike, the former is more erect in form, the thatch-leaf variety having a drooping habit. These palms are highly decorative and very easily grown. A north window satisfies them and they will thrive in the conditions to be found in the average living-room—conditions not at all conducive to the health of plants in general, on account of gas and lack of ventilation. Although requiring only a moderate amount of water, they must not be neglected and it is advisable to sponge off the leaves once a week to remove the dust which is sure to accumulate there.

The India rubber plant is found everywhere. While possibly less ornamental than the graceful ferns and palms, it makes a fine show and thrives where many other plants would not survive a month. It needs good soil to start with and plenty of water, for it takes up moisture very rapidly, especially if the plant is a large one.

In spite of the rubber plant's possibilities, many specimens are not decorative to any degree, simply through lack of training. Left to itself, a plant is likely to become "leggy," to use a florist's phrase, and top heavy. If taken in hand when small, and the terminals pinched off as necessary, the plant may be grown into a very attractive specimen.

If a rubber plant gets too much water, some of the leaves will turn yellow and drop off. Much less water is needed when the plant is resting than when it is making vigorous and rapid growth. If the growth seems to be unsatisfactory, the application of manure water about the color of weak tea once a week will help to start it growing.

Being very large, the leaves of the rubber plant need to be sponged off frequently. The dustless dustcloth, which most housekeepers use nowadays, is excellent for this purpose, but the use of milk or oil is a mistake. These things may make the leaves shine like polished furniture at first, but the grease adhering to the leaves causes them to catch more dirt and dust than before, the pores becoming clogged.

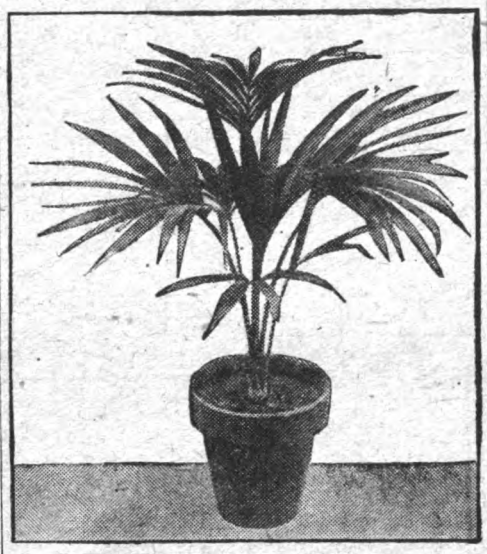
Rubber plants grow rather rapidly, often becoming so large within a few years as to be little less than a nuisance. This condition is easily remedied, however. The plant may be cut off two feet above the pot, after which it will throw out side shoots and soon assume the appearance of quite a different plant.

To divide the plant so as to have too small specimens instead of a single large one is easily done. First secure some spagnum moss of the florist around the corner. Then select a point on the stem of the plant some distance from the top, having in mind that the portion cut off will make another plant. Then make a slanting cut in the stem at this point, slip a sliver of wood into the opening and tie some damp moss around it. The moss must be kept moist but not wet for two or three weeks, or until roots are seen coming through the moss. Continue for a few days longer until a mass of roots has been formed. Then cut the stem off below the new roots and pot the new plant, putting the moss into the soil with the roots, as it cannot be easily disentangled. This is a very simple way of securing a new rubber plant.

If it is ever necessary to cut out a branch which is in the way, or if a leaf is knocked off and bleeding follows, it is a good plan to cut a small potato in halves, scoop out a little of one half and bind the hollowed part over the wound.

The Norfolk Island pine resembles a perfect little evergreen transplanted from the woodland and is highly decorative. It is very easy to grow, provided it is not given an over-abundance of dry heat. The soil should be kept moist but by no means wet, and frequent showering or spraying must not be overlooked. Some people fail to realize that the red spider attacks this as well as other household favorites and so neglect their pines until this pest has been at work for some time. When summer comes it is advisable to sink the potted plant in the garden in a shaded place. Frequent applications of water must not be forgotten if the season is dry.

Probably the aspidistra is the easiest of all decorative house plants to grow. If something which will endure neglect and flourish in spite of adverse conditions is wanted, the aspidistra is by all means the plant to choose. If a plant is needed for a window into which the sun never shines, or for a room in which there are wide variations in temperature, let the aspidistra be selected.



KENTIA PALM—CURLY.

Unlike most plants, the aspidistra has no stem, the leaves—blade-like in shape—springing directly from the root stalk. Often these leaves are two feet long and several inches wide. In some varieties they are green, in others variegated. Perhaps the variegated sorts are the most pleasing.

The strong, rapid growth of the aspidistra is a source of satisfaction to the plant lover, but when the plant becomes too large it can be divided with the greatest ease, it being necessary only to divide the root ball with a sharp knife. Probably February is the best time to make this separation, for then the plant will be making but little growth.

Another good decorative plant is the screw pine, which finds favor particularly with people who like variegated foliage. The graceful green leaves have wide white stripes lengthwise and are set with spines. New plants are secured by the simple method of potting the suckers, which appear in considerable numbers.



ASPHIDISTRA.

Although smaller than the plants mentioned, the Rex Begonia should surely have a place among the decorative plants for the house. There are several varieties and the broad, heart-shaped leaves are richly ornamental. Given plenty of rich soil they are very easily grown.

Decorative plants for the dining-table must needs be small and dainty. A simple centerpiece consisting of asparagus plumosus, with a few low-growing ferns grouped around it, is distinctly ornamental if the plants are kept in good condition. In fact, the asparagus fern grown alone is highly pleasing, for the delicate, feather-like foliage is very beautiful. The plant is thrifty and not hard to grow.

The tiny partridge berry grown in a finger bowl, with another bowl inverted over it, makes a table ornament not to be despised. Rich soil, preferably with a little leaf mold added, is needed, but water will not be required oftener than once a week so long as the plant is kept covered.

If plants for the dining-table are purchased of the florist in winter, he should be asked to harden them off for a week or ten days before they are taken home. Then they will be much more likely to live. Moving delicate ferns from the humid atmosphere of a greenhouse to the dry, hot air of the ordinary dining-room is a pretty severe shock.

The dish for these plants should always be at least two and a half inches deep, with straight sides. If the florist fills it, he will use the right kind of soil, as a matter of course, otherwise it is well to buy a few cents' worth of potting soil. If this is not feasible, a good substitute may be found by digging up a few sods and scraping off the turfy substance found on the bottom, mixing it with good garden soil.

The dining-table ferns seldom get sufficient light if allowed to remain on the table all the time. A better practise is to move them to a window between meals, without exposing them to a great amount of strong sunlight, and occasionally the foliage should be taken to the bathroom and given a thorough spraying.

As a rule, the decorative plants named require less attention than a window full of flowering plants, and are recommended to housekeepers who have but little time to give plants and yet love them.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

vacations, like railroad vacations, are merely aggravations—so brief. Mine at any rate are a minus quantity.

It will not do to talk much longer. I'm only twenty-three, not much for size and it's hard to say which is the worst,—to see me or hear me. There's no comment to be made on all the nice letters, only I don't see why Helen Rasmussen doesn't speak out loud once.

Sincerely, (MISS) EDNA COUTANT.

Edna.—You aren't half as sorry as I am that I couldn't visit you for aside from the pleasure of knowing you I'd have enjoyed your home so much. I can almost see it now as I love interesting old places. Come again.—Ed.

TOMPKINS, BOX 149, SASK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you allow a sister from far-off Saskatchewan a little room in your corner?

"COMFORT" was a welcome guest in my father's home when I was a little child. Many years have passed since then but upon renewing my acquaintance with it lately, I find it still true to its name. The "Sisters' Corner" is splendid and I love to think of the good done by the League Shut-in and Mercy Work Department.

If this should meet the eyes of any sister (or brother) who knew Wm. M. Dail of Ozawkee, Kansas, I would be much pleased to hear from them. We left there when I was but nine years of age, but the memories of my childhood's home and the little playmates I had, are pleasant ones.

Are any of the sisters familiar with the "Decker Educational Cards?" They are very instructive for young and old and I would like to know where they can be obtained. If any one knows and would send me the address I would be grateful.

If we can be improving our minds at the same time that we are amusing ourselves, it seems to me it is much better than spending hours in pleasures which leave us no richer in knowledge, and, what is worse, they may leave an influence, which, in the cases of some, will lead only to ruin. What a wonderfully solemn thing is this thought of influence!

"The smallest bark on life's tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track behind forevermore;
The lightest wave of influence set in motion
Strengthens and widens to the eternal shore."

And:

"We change by beholding the lives that are fair,
By Providence sometimes thrown round us;
We love them the more because they are rare,
Like the perfume of flowers that has found us."

Dear sisters, shall we not seek to live, by God's help, in such a way that any one who is morally lost may not be able to point at us and say, "It is because of your influence that I am here."

With love and best wishes from

Your Northwestern Sister,
ALPHA D. ARMENEAU.

WALHALLA, N. DAK.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

I always think of you, Mrs. Wilkinson, as one of the sisters, so I need not address you separately. Although I have read COMFORT for nearly as long as I can remember, this is my first letter to the sisters. As so many of them describe themselves, I will do likewise: I weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, five feet, four inches tall, with dark brown hair and eyes and am twenty-one years of age. I am a farmer's wife and am endeavoring to raise our little son, Cecil Raymond, to be as healthy and happy as lots of fresh air and exercise can make him. He is now a year and eight months old.

Before going any further I want to ask the sisters if they have ever tried making dust caps for their children, to keep their hair from becoming sunburned? They are very simple to make—just a round piece of cloth (I use percale) and drawn in with a string or elastic. They are no trouble and I consider them indispensable. My boy never thinks of going out of doors without asking for his cap.

Many of the letters give advice as to the care of children. This is very hard to give as hardly two children have the same disposition. I do not believe in harsh punishment, although I think some parents are too indulgent. I like, above all else, to see obedience in children. The best way to accomplish this is to study the character and temperament of the child, and find out the right way of going about it. One fault so many have is being strict to start with and in the end letting the child have his own way. If you say one thing stick to it and soon the child will learn that you mean what you say; then there will be no misunderstanding. I agree with Mrs. Farley when she says children should be taught to save. My little boy has a savings bank but as yet he is too young to know the value of money.

The Sisters' Corner was always interesting but I think you will all agree with me when I say that it is more so since the gentlemen have called on us. Even though Bachelor Bill is very sarcastic, he has some good ideas. We all know it is very disagreeable, not to say embarrassing, to have to ask our husbands for money when we need it. I do not complain, however, because my husband and I take turns handling the purse.

I am sure we are pleased to have you come in for a chat, Mr. Garrison, and we will be glad to have you call again if you will. Your letter was so full of truth and sympathy, and surely Bertha Curtis, as well as some of the rest of us will be able to take Life and her queer capers more cheerfully.

Bonnie Bovell, I quite agree with you on the subject of discussing our husband's faults. We would not like to have the tables turned, and I must say that some husbands have the most provocation.

I hope some of the sisters will write me.

My love to you all, MRS. W. R. FITZSIMONDS.

ADRIAN, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy COMFORT very much and have taken it over twenty years, and I especially enjoy the sisters' letters that tell of their homes and children. The brothers' letters are interesting also.

I sympathize with all who have lost little ones as after being married seven years a dear little son came to our home but he stayed only a few short hours. That was three years ago and last April another dear little son came to gladden our home. He is a fresh



TAKEN WHEN HE WAS TWO MONTHS OLD.

air and water baby and weighed seven pounds at birth and 14 pounds at four months. He is very good natured and has never been sick or had the colic. Am sending his photograph, taken the day he was two months old.

I've never seen a letter written from Adrian, although I know it comes to a great many homes here. Adrian is a factory town of about 14,000 inhabitants.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Don't Send a Cent

You will say that this is absolutely the biggest shoe bargain you ever heard of. So sure are we of this that we will send you these wonderfully comfortable and good wearing shoes without a single cent in advance. Just send the coupon stating style, size and width wanted. Your shoes will be sent by return prepaid mail. Try them on. Examine them. Compare them with higher priced models. Then decide if you wish to keep them at our bargain price. **You take no risk.** If you don't agree that this is the most remarkable shoe offer ever made, return shoes at our expense. Isn't that fair? Not a single cent of expense to you

Durable Work Shoe

Made in dark brown only of selected materials on the U. S. Army Munson last, adopted by the Government because it proved so comfortable for our boys "over there." Only solid leather is used throughout. Made to give comfort. Needs no breaking in. We have named this shoe our Roomy Toe Last because it is so comfortable; made of solid leather which is especially treated so as to stand all kinds of hard wear. Dirt and dust-proof bellows tongue, blucher style. Solid oak leather soles and heels which are sure to wear well. Reinforced shank, broad heel, sizes 6 to 12. Widths—Medium, Wide, Extra Wide. Pay $3.85 on arrival. Order by style number. But you must use coupon now.

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Remember you don't send a single cent in advance. We won't let you take a bit of risk. We take it all. Send coupon at once and enjoy real comfort at our bargain price.

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Sign and send coupon at once. Don't send a cent with it. In a few days you will receive the shoes. If you are not entirely pleased with them don't keep them. We will cheerfully refund your money—every cent of it, including return postage. Be sure to state size and width. Send now before the coupon gets away from you and you miss this wonderful bargain.

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SEND NO MONEY



Just your name and we will ship direct from our factory at our expense on your approval this stunning **SERGE SKIRT**, made of the finest mixed **WOOL**. Pay only **$3.49** on arrival. This skirt is of the latest style. Just notice the belt lined with sateen and the beautiful patch pockets trimmed with buttons and silk fringe.

The skirt is cut full and is gracefully gathered with double row of shirring, so as to make the hips extra full. Colors: Navy Blue and Black. Sizes: 22 to 40 in. waist, 33 to 42 in. in length. Extra sizes in waist 32 to 40, 35 cents extra. Return this skirt at our expense if you are not convinced that you have saved big money through buying direct from us.

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Simply send your size and these Growing Girl's and Woman's Genuine Indian Elk **Storm Shoes** will come to your home ON APPROVAL. You will be delighted with their wonderful quality and beautiful style. That is why we send them to you, **no money in advance.** Real oak leather soles. Comfortable military heel. Genuine elk leather uppers in rich dark tan. Soft, durable, beautiful! As nearly waterproof as shoes can be. Just the thing for storms and bad weather. Snug, trim and neat fitting. Prepaid on approval to you from the Oldest and Largest House selling Direct from the Shoe Market of the World. That is why the price is only **$4.85** on arrival. Send NO money — simply mail coupon — order at our risk!



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STRIPES

By Augustin W. Breeden

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PART ONE.

ROY Hodge was a very ordinary young man till he met Theo. True, he held a diploma from the State University and a license to practice law; yet he was a young man without a path in life, without a landmark or a goal-post. Old Hodge, who was only a cotton farmer, had put up the money for Roy's education as he had for his other sons, but when Roy was once out of school he had refused to advance another cent. So Roy had returned here to Pecan, had taken over a little vacant store and hung out a tin sign, *Roy Hodge, Attorney At Law.* But Roy had by day just three occupations. He played checkers, he read popular fiction, and he fished. By night his occupations were said to be more shady. More than one poker club in Centralia knew him for a successful player; and it was told of him that he was not above sitting on the pine straw by a pitch pine fire and throwing dice with negroes and poor whites. Sorry? Yes, that is the word that described Roy in those days—he was sorry. And soon he lost the sense of pride even in his dress. His hat went to seed; his best suit became threadbare, and his collars and cuffs sadly frayed.

Then to our town came Theodosia Byrrell—you pronounce it with the accent on the last syllable. No one who saw Miss Byrrell would have thought of putting it on the first. Theo came to our school as the music teacher, and on Thursday night before the school was to open she gave a little concert in the school auditorium. I shall never forget how the girl looked. She was beautiful with a sort of Celtic beauty,—the blackest of raven black hair, deep, liquid eyes, and such a neck and head, such shoulders and such a poise! Please do not think she was of the Spanish or Italian type. She was Irish with a dash of French; but she was more than that—she was one of those rare stars that rise in an American community once in every two or three generations. She came here from a little college town in Mississippi, and her family were—well, we have a saying here in the South that people are "folks" or they are not "folks." Her people were certainly "folks."

She played the violin for us that night; and she wore a dress with pointed sleeves that opened just below the elbow, and to the bottom point of each sleeve hung a bangle. As she moved the bow to the music those bangles swayed and glittered in the lamplight. Also she wore upon her forehead a little affair like the lavaliers that ladies wear at the throat, and as she moved her head to music the central brilliant of that brow piece gleamed and flashed. We are simple country people here in Pecan, and I am sure she seemed to every one in the audience almost like a creature from another world.

And then she was so gracious. You know graciousness is the true precipitate of a good family and a clean heart.

I had come home and gone to bed and was just dozing off to the sound of Schubert's Serenade, which still rang in my ears, when I heard a knock at the door.

"Dr. Elgin, are you in bed?" called a voice. It was the voice of Roy Hodge.

"Yes, I've just lain down; but come in, Roy," I answered. . .

My medicine shop was just next to Roy's office, and we were rather good friends. I had seen the boy grow from the knee breeches age, and my heart went out to him in spite of his sorriness. I got up and lighted a lamp and he came on into my bachelor quarters and flung himself into a chair. As he lighted a cigarette his hand trembled as if he had been drinking heavily.

"Dr. Elgin," he said. "I've decided to leave Pecan for good and I want you to do something for me,—lend me fifty dollars."

"What's up, Roy?" I asked. "Are you in trouble?" I knew that playing dice with the negroes was a dangerous pastime, and I had not seen Roy at the concert that night.

"No, I'm not in trouble," he said slowly; "I'm going to Centralia to make good. I need fifty dollars to get me some decent clothes. If I should go to Dad for it he'd think I was just going over there to gamble—Doctor, if you'll let me have this money I'll give you my word of honor I'll not touch another dice, card or drink of liquor this year."

I wrote him a check and laid it upon the table between us.

"Now what is your plan?" I asked.

"I'm going to Mrs. Manley's to board."

"Good."

"I'm going to try to get a Monday job collecting weekly bills."

"Good."

"I'm going to try to get two or three fire insurance agencies."

"Fine."

"And later I'm going to try to get a desk in Judge Hanby's law office."

"That's fine—does the smell of liquor bother you?"

"Yes."

"Well, stay off Broussard Street except when you absolutely have to go there, and then go on business and come away at once. And listen, when you get to feeling that you just can't get over the hours from supper to bedtime, hop on a train and run out here, and I'll play checkers with you till time for the ten-thirty back to Centralia. If the feeling is still too strong for you I'll let you bunk with me and go back to town in the morning."

"Thank you, Doctor," said Roy, with tears in his eyes. His cigarette had gone out just after he lighted it, and he threw it into a corner without relighting it. "I must go home and pack," he said; "I'll be off early in the morning."

As he reached the door it occurred to me that he had been to the concert after all.

"Were you at the concert tonight, Roy?" I asked.

"Yes," he answered shortly and disappeared into the darkness.

A month later a well-dressed young man stepped off the afternoon train from Centralia. There was no droop to this person's shoulders and no slouch to his gait. His complexion was good and his eye clear. I should not have recognized him at any distance as Roy Hodge. He came directly to my office and sat down for a talk.

"How are you making it?" I queried.

"Just squeezed through this month. I have paid my board and have a return ticket to Centralia, and it's only three days till Monday and collections."

"That's fine!" I said. "And the dice and cards?"

"Don't touch 'em."

"And the drink?"

"Don't touch it either."

"Well, listen then, I'm going to take you into the swamp after bears next week. You're about due to have some excitement or you'll blow off a cap. Do the lights and movement bother you much at night?"

"God!" he said, and bit his under lip. Then he added: "There's a damned jazz band, and a good one, too, at Looney's beer garden. I can hear it every night and I can see the heads of the people when they stand up or walk about."

"You'll have to move your boarding place," I advised. "But come on now and take supper with me at Mrs. Hargreave's. Three of the teachers are boarding there."

I could see the young man start with eagerness.

"Who are the three?" he asked in a low voice.

"Two of them are Miss Hecklar and Miss Rose—you know those two; and the other is the new music teacher, Miss Byrrell."

At supper that night two of the teachers feigned headaches. As we sat down to table I heard Miss Hecklar say to Mrs. Hargreave: "You know what he is—what an awful reputation he has!" and I could see poor Hodge turn pale and look as though he could fly from the spot.

But Theo was graciousness itself, as I knew beforehand she would be. And the two talked interestingly. The talk ran on Tennyson and the music of Tennyson's verse. Roy said he did not see why some one had not set more of Tennyson to music, and then he quoted:

"The torrent brooks of hallowed Israel
Through craggy hollows pouring late and soon,
Sound all night long in pouring through the dell,
Far heard beneath the moon—far heard beneath the moon!"

And Miss Byrrell, acting upon an impulse, got up and took her violin and began to play. She played a little introduction that as like water falling over craggy cliffs, and then nodded brightly to Roy, and in a clear baritone, following the lead of the violin, he sang. I saw at once that here were met two kindred souls; and of a sudden I suffered a pang of regret for my lost youth. There are moments when a bachelor of middle age would commit murder to gain his young manhood back again.

The next morning there was an acrimonious discussion at our breakfast table. Miss Hecklar, who spent her days expounding the three methods of eliminating Y from an algebraic equation and her nights dreaming of a time when she should be principal of our school, was of the opinion that Roy Hodge was a loafer and a scalawag; and the fact that he could sing a little was nothing in his favor—she didn't think much of music anyway. Miss Rose elevated her chin and tossed her blond head and said she had nothing to say against the young man, because she knew that tastes differed.

When every one else had had a rather lengthy say, Theo added cryptically: "A *one* is just a unit; but write some other figure after it, and you have a number, even though the number be thirteen."

That afternoon she said to me with tears in her pretty eyes: "If I had to spend many moons with just those two and with some of the others like them over there at school, I should want to put on scarlet tights and walk a slack rope over Niagara, or drink a dozen cocktails or do something equally desperate."

During the winter Roy came out once or twice a month; and when he came he always brought headaches for Misses Rose and Hecklar, but he often brought candy or roses for Miss Byrrell. Even an old bachelor like myself could see that the friendship between them was rapidly ripening into something more intimate. And the people of Pecan, with that ready charity that is so willing to boost any one who is trying to get on, began to say that there was a good deal more to young Hodge than they had ever supposed. They knew very little of his success except from hearsay, but never spoke of him except in praise; and so Miss Byrrell heard on the whole a good report of him.

At Christmas she went home for a visit and he called upon her in her home town. In March he told me that his law practice and other activities were bringing him more than a hundred dollars a month. Then one Sunday in April he came out to Pecan, and as I was returning from a call and passed Parson Mabrey's, the two came running out to me hand-in-hand. I saw by the girl's face what had taken place, and I think I said a little prayer in my heart. The two were married.

"Congratulate us, Doctor!" cried the girl.

But I didn't. I was choking with rage at Roy for marrying her before he was absolutely sure of himself.

"Boy!" I said, looking at him straight in the eye, "if you ever give this girl cause to be sorry she married you, I'll—punch your face for you if it is the last thing I ever do! Giddap!" This last, to the horses, was accented with a sharp blow of the whip.

I locked myself in my room that night and held a lengthy session with myself. I had never dreamed of making this girl my wife,—I was too old and staid for that, I knew,—but I had planned and dreamed vaguely of a great future for her, in which I might have some humble part,—and she had done this thing so suddenly. It gave me an ague to think of that glorious creature reduced to actual want or with her pride broken. She was a song bird that could never live except in the sunshine and open air,—this I knew, and I knew that Roy Hodge was by no means over the divide to safety.

The new Mrs. Hodge resigned from our school the next day and took a private class in Centralia before the month was out. I heard in June from Roy's father that the two of them were making a hundred and sixty dollars a month between them. I visited them that month. They were boarding at a very handsome house on Hirondelle Avenue, and I must say I have never visited two young people who seemed happier in one another's society.

There is just one name for Roy Hodge's attitude toward his wife at that time. He worshiped her. She never ceased to be a creature of beauty and wonder to him. She never became credible to him. He walked about with his good fortune on tiptoe, as it were, as if he thought he were dreaming and might wake himself up. He loaded Theo with costly presents. He bought her bonbons and flowers and jewels; and I began to fear that he might be making debts that he could never pay.

In the fall I asked Judge Hanby how the boy was doing, and he told me of one case from which he had got six hundred dollars as a fee. He said the boy's knowledge of law was uncanny and that if nothing happened to him he would be the foremost lawyer in Centralia before two years.

That winter he and Theo bought a two thousand dollar touring car and took apartments for light housekeeping. They had brought her piano from her home in Mississippi and had bought other furniture. One notable object was a thousand-dollar cabinet graphophone. But the girl's clothing and jewels were what struck me most. She got herself talked about by dressing more elegantly than some of the richest young women in Centralia.

But she loved these things. Beautiful objects belonged with that child as perfume belongs with a rose. Had she been my wife I feel sure I should have bankrupt myself in a year buying her pretties. Still I felt afraid for the two of them, and one day I went to Roy and protested.

He only laughed and said: "Why, Doc., I'm making plenty of money. Last month I made an even nine hundred dollars. I tried to tell him the fable of the ant and the grasshopper, but he would not listen to me, although once or twice his face went dead serious as I talked.

On another occasion I was present when he brought his wife a diamond-encrusted bracelet. I have no idea how much it cost, but I am sure it was worth a great deal.

"Roy," she chided, while her eyes crept from his face in spite of her to devour the bracelet, "you ought not buy these costly things for me. It's *you* behind the gift that I care for. If you bring me some simple thing like a box of candy or two or three roses I'd care just as much for it."

"Listen, dearie," he said, laughing. "The other day I was standing inside Leob's Jewelry Store when you passed by, and I saw you looking at this and saw the expression on your face through the glass. Here, put it on. Ah, your wrist adds beauty to the bracelet." Roy was a genuine lover. I have never seen one like him.

It was the succeeding November, on a dreary midnight following the dreariest of days, that I heard a feminine step on my front veranda and a timid tap at my door. I thought it must be that Mrs. Lane was dying and that one of her big girls had come for me. I had left the woman at ten o'clock and told her husband that if she took a turn for the worse he could send for me. But I was not prepared for the shock I received when I opened the door. A mud-draggled, tragic creature stood before me in the rain, and so wild was her expression and so haggard her features that I did not at first recognize Theodosia Hodge.

She spoke first: "Get your car, Doctor; I have come to you for help!"

I hurried out and cranked my newly purchased Ford and ran it round to the front gate. My mind pictured an auto accident with Roy Hodge lying unconscious or dead beside the road, for I knew how both he and Theo loved speed. By the girl's appearance she had walked for some distance.

"Shall I need my surgical instruments?" I asked, as I picked up my medicine bags.

"No, nor that either," panted the girl.

"What then," I began.

"It's Roy," she answered hardly above a whisper. "He's done something—taken money that didn't—didn't belong to him, and he's done—disappeared completely."

I choked back an oath.

"Where do we go?" I asked.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Buffalo's Hump Brings Beef Type

By Carol C. Crain

C. A. GOODNIGHT, the grand old man of Texas and the owner of the largest group of buffalo in the United States, says that the longhorn must go. According to his viewpoint, ranchmen of the West and South are losing money as long as they stick to the time-honored type of the plains.

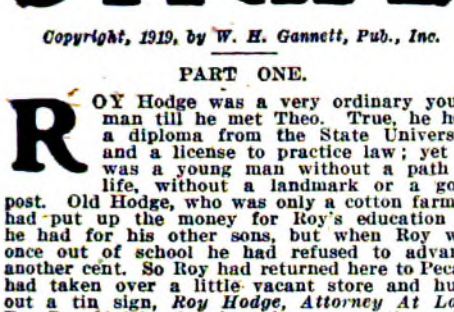
A few years ago Goodnight started a series of experiments in cattle breeding. Stock with plenty of blue blood seemed to be too soft for the range and a hardier stock was needed. He started out to develop the stock by crossing buffalo with Herefords and the sacred cattle of India with Black Poled Angus.

What Goodnight wanted was a better beef type. He believed that the cross of buffalo with Herefords would produce a blocky, solid animal with plenty of bone. He wanted to gain the advantage of the buffalo's big forward hump and to overcome the handicap of his narrower hind-quarters. "Catlo" is the name of the new breed.

The crossing of the sacred animals of India with the Black Polled Angus was a disappointment, for they are wild as antelopes and cannot be tamed. Although Goodnight has had them on his ranch for some years, they will not fit in with their environment.

The longhorn is destined to vanish from his haunts if the "Catlo" catches the fancy of the Texas landowner and the ranchmen of the West. There are many points in favor of the new breed, but the fact that the "Catlo" is a fourth larger than the Hereford commands attention. If the breed could be substituted throughout the world for the present prevailing types, the total annual beef production would show an increase of twenty-five per cent.

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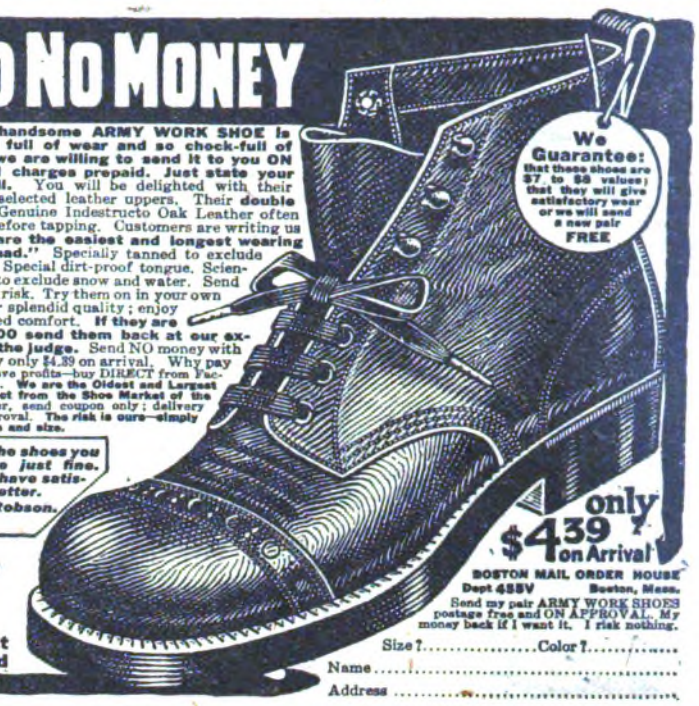


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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"Have you money?" she asked.

"I have forty francs, signorina. I have saved for eighteen months every sou I could get."

Eighteen months saving eight dollars!

Violet regarded the girl with sorrowful astonishment.

"That is very little; let me give you you some more," she cried, and eagerly opening her well-filled purse, counted out some gold-pieces amounting to fifty francs more.

"No, signorina, not a sou," Lisette returned, firmly, as she waved back Violet's extended hand. "My heart is heavy now with all you have done for me—giving me these beautiful clothes in exchange for a poor peasant's dress. I cannot take your money."

"Please," persisted Violet. "I have plenty, and can easily spare you this."

But the girl made a proud gesture of dissent.

"The signorina must go; and I must get on, also," she said, gravely. "Keep to the straight road until you come to the track in the village. You can get no ticket, but the guard will charge you a couple of francs for your fare. Adieu, signorina."

She was about turning away, when Violet stopped her.

"Lisette," she said, holding out her hand, "good by. You have been very kind to me, and I shall always remember you kindly. I hope we shall meet again some time."

Tears were in Lisette's eyes as she responded in a similar strain, and then led Violet from the shed.

"That way, go; adieu!" she said, pointing eastward; then raising the hand she held, she pressed her lips impulsively to it and dropped it.

With a softly breathed farewell in response, Violet turned and walked quickly away, while Lisette went back into the shed, put out her candle, and threw the end away, after which she turned in the opposite direction and began to climb the steep hills or cliffs, along which the highway led to Mentone.

Violet went on her way in the darkness, her heart beating rapidly with fear lest she should encounter some rude fisherman or peasant who would stop and question her.

She was footsore and weary long before she came in sight of the village, for a mile was a long distance to her unaccustomed muscles, while Lisette's heavy shoes hurt her tender feet sorely.

But, guided by the lights along the railroad track, she found her way to the crossing the girl had told her about, and, sinking down upon a pile of sleepers by the road-bed, she uttered a sigh of relief that she had reached the end of her long walk.

She did not have a great while to wait, for presently the cars came thundering along, and soon she was on the train for Nice, whence she took an express for Paris. Now she felt safe from pursuit, as she was being whirled northward at the rate of forty miles an hour.

CHAPTER XX.

VIOLET RETURNS TO AMERICA.

Meanwhile the kind-hearted peasant girl, Lisette, feeling as if she had been suddenly changed into another being by some good fairy—and she certainly looked like a different person, clad as she was like a lady—was walking at a swinging pace toward Mentone, and—her doom.

She intended to walk until the day began to dawn, and then beg a ride to Monaco in one of the market-carts which made daily trips from the country to that city.

It was still very dark, and the road, which lay up a steep hill, was very narrow, and ran dangerously near the cliffs which overhung the sea.

The girl had worked very hard the previous day, while she had slept none that night, for she had been too much excited, over the thought of leaving her home, to rest, and she now began to experience a feeling of weariness and languor stealing over her. It was the reaction coming on, while added to that was a feeling of dread and loneliness over the uncertainty of the future.

More than this, she found the boots, which Violet had insisted must go with the rest of her costume, were too tight to be comfortable, and this greatly impeded her progress.

She climbed to the top of the cliffs and there sat down by the roadside upon a huge bowlder, where she had rested many a time before, to recover herself a little before going on.

The stone was an irregular one, with a projection which formed a support for her back, and leaning against this, she was overcome by weariness before she knew it and fell into a sound sleep.

It did not seem as if ten minutes had elapsed since she sat down, though in reality it was more than half an hour, when the sound of a galloping horse aroused her.

She started to her feet, a cry of terror and dismay breaking from her. It was still so dark that she could see nothing any distance away, but the sound of that swiftly advancing horse made her heart beat with fearful throbs.

Was it some pursuer coming in search of her? Had her flight been discovered at home, and was her tyrannical stepfather coming to force her back into wearisome servitude? Or, worse yet, to sell her to another man equally brutal and unkind?

She started to flee, but, not being able to clearly distinguish the road, while she was sadly bewildered by having been so suddenly aroused from her sleep, she turned in the wrong direction and made straight for the edge of the cliff.

It was very strange—as familiar as she was with every inch of the ground between her home and Mentone—that she should have become so confused and lost as to her location, and it was only when she caught the ominous sound of the washing of the waves against the rocks below that she became conscious of her danger.

But she was rushing at such headlong speed she could not save herself; a low shuddering cry of terror burst from her lips as she suddenly lost her balance; there was a short interval of silence, followed by a heavy splash in the waters below, then the waves closed over the unfortunate girl, and the ocean held the secret of her fate, as well as of Violet's mysterious disappearance.

The cliff was very high at that point, and projected considerably over the sea, which was very deep just there.

The girl sank at once to the bottom, and, her clothing probably becoming entangled among the rocks, her body was held there for some weeks, and only disturbed and washed far below to the point where the fishermen had found it after a storm of considerable violence.

It was, of course, unrecognizable, but every article which she wore tended to prove that she was Vane Cameron's lost bride-elect. As such he claimed her, without a doubt as to her identity, and, as we already know, laid her to rest beneath the shadow of the venerable beech in one corner of the churchyard at Mentone.

Lisette's parents never once suspected what her fate had been.

Upon discovering that she had fled, her iron-hearted master had started in search of her, vowing that she should pay dearly for daring to run away from him, and the future that he had planned for her.

He learned that a peasant girl, answering to her description, had boarded the westward-bound train at the village, in the early morning, and had left it again at Nice.

He hastened hither at once, and was told that such a girl had been seen in the waiting-room of the station; but further than that he could get no trace of her, and was finally obliged to return to his home, where, upon the other members of his family, he vented his disappointment and anger over the loss of such valuable help.

The mother, who was far superior to her husband in every way, grieved long and bitterly over the loss of her first-born, but it was many months before she learned the truth regarding her untimely end.

* * * * * * *

Violet's journey to Paris was accomplished with very little weariness and nothing of incident. Her first business upon reaching the French metropolis was to go to a lady's furnishing house, where she purchased a simple but comfortable outfit, after which she proceeded to a respectable *pension*, which she had heard highly recommended by some Americans whom she had met in London.

It was fortunate that she had a liberal supply of money in her possession. She had never been stinted, for it was supposed that she was the heir to a large fortune, and a certain income was paid to her quarterly. Since she had been joined by her sister and her husband she had not had occasion to use much money, as Mr. Mencke had settled all her bills, and she had several hundred dollars in her possession at the time of her flight.

This fact, together with the discovery that she could find a very safe and pleasant home for a time in the *pension*, where she was stopping, somewhat changed her original plan of returning directly to America, and she resolved to remain in Paris a while for the purpose of perfecting herself more fully in French, and also to take a few finishing lessons in music, for she had determined to make use of these branches in supporting herself in the future.

She threw her whole heart into her work, and few people would have recognized in this grave, studious girl, the bright, laughing, care-free Violet who had been such a favorite among her friends in Cincinnati the year previous.

She put herself under the best of teachers, and made the most of her time and opportunities; thus nearly four months slipped by, and then she resolved to go home to America.

It was the last of September when she left Paris for London, where she remained several days to make preparations for the voyage, before proceeding to Glasgow to take the steamer, she having decided to sail from there, because she could obtain a comfortable passage at cheaper rates on the Anchor Line, and it was now becoming necessary for her to husband her funds a little.

It was the fifth of October when she left London for Glasgow, and it was her face that Wallace had seen looking from the carriage window as he was detained for a few minutes by a blockade in the street.

Violet, however, was wholly unconscious of her proximity to her lover—or her husband, as we now know him to be. She was deeply absorbed in her own thoughts, and was gazing at nothing in particular; therefore, the carriage that she was in had passed Lord Cameron's without her having a suspicion that she had attracted the attention of anyone.

She was driven on to the Midland Grand station, where she took a train for Glasgow, and that evening boarded the Circassia for New York, where she arrived eleven days later—three days after the return of Wallace, who had sailed on a faster vessel.

One can imagine something of the loneliness and desolation which this young and delicately reared girl experienced upon finding herself adrift and an utter stranger in that great city and with but little money in her purse.

She longed to learn the circumstances of Wallace's supposed death, her grief over which had been newly aroused on returning to her native land.

She had known before leaving for Europe that he had received an offer of partnership with some New York architect; but he had not mentioned the name of the gentleman before she left, and, not having received any of his letters, she did not know whether he had closed with the offer, and, therefore, did not know where to go to make any inquiries relative to his movements after her departure.

She dare not go to Cincinnati to ascertain—she dare not write to ask anything about him, for she was determined that her sister should not know where she was. She had become entirely alienated by her unkindness, and felt that she would much prefer to toil for her daily bread than to go back to her and be subject to her arbitrary control again.

"There are hundreds of girls as young as I, even younger, who have to support themselves, and I believe I am just as capable of earning my own living," she mused, considering her future. "At any rate, I am determined to make the trial, and if I find I cannot earn a living there will be time enough then to appeal to the court to appoint a different guardian for me, and demand my money from Wilhelm."

The poor child had yet to learn that there was no money to demand.

She found a quiet, respectable boarding place a few days after her arrival in New York, and then took time by the forelock, by inserting the following advertisement in two of the daily papers:

A LADY, JUST RETURNED FROM EUROPE, and fitted to teach music and French, would like a few pupils. Address H., at this office.

Two days thereafter Violet received a single letter in answer to her advertisement, and it read thus:

"If H. will call at No. — Fifth Avenue, she may learn something to her advantage."

Violet was greatly disappointed to receive only one response; but she argued that one pupil might open the way for others; so she dressed herself with great care; took her music-roll under her arm, and made her way to the address mentioned.

"No. — Fifth Avenue" proved to be a palatial residence, with the name Lawrence gleaming in silver letters upon the door, and Violet's heart sank a little as she mounted the marble steps, for she feared that she might not be competent to teach in an aristocratic family such as doubtless inhabited this elegant mansion.

Her ring was answered by a colored servant, in livery, to whom she stated her errand, giving him her card, whereupon she was ushered into a reception-room upon the right of a magnificent hall.

Everything about her bespoke unlimited wealth, while the most perfect taste was displayed in the harmonizing tints of everything, the costly pictures, statuettes, bric-a-brac, and curios.

Ten minutes elapsed. It seemed an age to anxious Violet; then the rich draperies of the archway leading into the hall were swept aside, and a tall, finely proportioned man of perhaps fifty years entered her presence.

He was distinguished-looking, with clear-cut features, an intelligent, expressive eye, and a grandly-shaped head; but there was a worn look on his brow, a sad and anxious expression on his face that bespoke care and sorrow.

"Miss Huntington, I presume," he remarked, bowing gravely yet courteously to her, as he glanced at the card which she had sent him by the servant.

"Yes, sir," Violet replied, and taking the letter, which she had received that morning, from her hand-bag, she passed it to him, while she added: "I have come to inquire if I am to find a pupil here. I judged that such must be the fact, since the letter was in response to my advertisement."

Mr. Lawrence did not reply immediately; he seemed to be studying the beautiful girl before him—the sad though lovely face, which was crowned with such a mass of gleaming gold; the graceful figure, in its simple but tasteful costume, while the small hand, so neatly encased in its perfectly fitting glove, and the little foot, in its natty walking-boot, did not escape his observation.

It was easy to perceive that he was favorably impressed by his fair visitor, for when he did speak he was even more kind and courteous than before.

"I was impressed, Miss Huntington, when I read your advertisement, that you were a young lady in search of employment," he said; "and as I am also looking for some young lady to fill a vacancy, it occurred to me that, although you had advertised for 'pupils,' you might be persuaded—if we should be mutually pleased with each other—to devote yourself to one, provided the remuneration were sufficient."

"Ah, you are looking for a governess," Violet remarked, with a quiet smile, and in no wise displeased by the proposition.

"Not a governess, according to the common acceptation of the term," the gentleman returned, in a sad tone. "But let me tell you exactly how I am situated, and what I desire; then you can decide as to the desirability of the position. I have a daughter," Mr. Lawrence resumed, after a moment of thought, "who is in her twelfth year. She is blind——"

"Blind!" repeated Violet, in such a tender, sympathetic tone, and with such a compassionate glance that her companion's face lighted with a grateful smile.

"Yes," he answered, "she was born totally blind. It is a peculiar case, and I have been told there is only one other on record like it. It is called cataract of the lens; but when my child was nine months old, a noted oculist, whom we consulted, thought that an operation might be performed which would at least give her a portion of her sight. Of course, I was willing to consent to anything that would mitigate, even to the smallest extent, her heavy affliction. The cataracts were punctured through the pupils, and she saw, very faintly at first, but, as time elapsed and the cataracts began to be absorbed, her sight strengthened somewhat. Her sight is very limited, however; she can see to get about the house, and distinguishes objects of any size with the aid of glasses, but not well enough to read, and whatever she learns is taught by reading aloud to her. She has a remarkable memory, as most blind people have, I believe, and she is extremely fond of music, both vocal and instrumental. Do you sing, Miss Huntington?" Mr. Lawrence asked, suddenly breaking in upon his account of his little daughter's condition.

"Yes, sir, I have spent more time upon vocal culture than upon instrumental music," Violet responded, and this assurance drew forth a smile of approbation from her host.

"I have had many governesses for her," the gentleman resumed, "and she has spent two years in an institution for the blind, though for the last six months I have been obliged myself to teach her all that she has learned. And now I come to the most trying portion of my story," he added, a slight flush tinging his face. "I feel it is only right that I should be perfectly frank with you in the matter, and so feel obliged to tell you that Bertha possesses a very strong, an almost indomitable will, and there are times when she becomes sullen and unmanageable. She will not study, she will not practice, or do anything which she imagines is required of her; and thus, for a time, the whole household is in a most uncomfortable state; for, while she refuses obedience to others, she is equally insistent upon requiring instant compliance with all her demands. When the fit passes, she is again gentle, merry and lovable. Now, my object in sending for you, Miss Huntington, was, providing I was favorably impressed with you, to ask if you would consent to devote all your time to one pupil instead of several. The position will require a steady, persistent, even temperament—one of mingled gentleness and firmness—and I believe I see lines of decision in your face; you have a strong will, have you not?"

"I have been told that I have," Violet replied, smiling, "but"—growing very grave again "whether I possess firmness sufficient to cope with the will you have described, I cannot say. I have never had any experience in the government of children; but I should say that tact would prove more effective in the management of your daughter than an obstinate insistence regarding obedience."

Mr. Lawrence's face lighted at this remark.

"That is the wisest observation that I have ever heard any governess make regarding the control of Bertha," he said. "Miss Huntington, will you make a trial of it for a while?"

Still Violet looked grave. She felt that the responsibility would be a great one, and she trembled for the result.

Yet her sympathies were enlisted both for this careworn, perplexed father, and for his afflicted child, while, too, the idea of a permanent, pleasant home was an attractive feature to her.

"Money would be no object," Mr. Lawrence continued, as she did not reply, "if the right person could be obtained, and if you could but achieve a strong influence over the child and sway her by tact, or by any other method, I would gladly give you any price you choose to name. Somehow I feel impelled to urge you to come to us—the very fact that you hesitate to accept the position assures me that you are wise in the consideration of all projects."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Better Than Turkey

by W. W. Hatfield



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TURKEY and Thanksgiving, like liver and onions, Mutt and Jeff, and Capital and Labor, have become inseparable in our minds. The annual feast of the gobbler is an institution as old, almost, as the Plymouth Rock itself. Most restaurant turkeys are older. For upwards of three centuries, now, the habit has grown upon us, until, at length, we have learned to take an inventory of our castor oil and dyspepsia tablets on the Wednesday before the last Thursday in November. Thus far have we wandered from the truth, which is, dear friends, that thanksgiving is an expression of the heart and not a depression of the stomach. Only dogs and little children—as you shall see—understand this.

There was sorrow in the heart of Jake Smith, gloom, black gloom, upon his brow, and in his hands an evening paper, whose bold headlines carried the annual information that the President had set aside the morrow for a Day of Thanksgiving, in commemoration of a custom inaugurated by somebody or other who had landed on a rock or something in 1620. Jake had landed on many rocks. There were words of bitterness on his tongue and seventeen cents in his pocket. Seventeen cents to buy turkey and cranberry sauce!

"Huh!" grunted Jake, with surreptitious glances at Mrs. Jake and the boy. "Fat chance!"

Mrs. Smith was washing the supper dishes in grim silence and a tin dishpan. She was built on the angular plan, and suggested gauntness and starvation. Much work had roughened her hands, while its twin sister, worry, had wrinkled her face. Just now one of her cheeks was wet. She was looking at Buster.

Buster, being five, and blissfully ignorant of the great hiatus between seventeen cents and a turkey, was the only happy member of the family, except Fuzzy.

Fuzzy had been in the family three days. He had adopted Buster. Indescribably dirty, towsled, frowsy as to his long, mud-matted hair, ludicrously ugly as to his little, wrinkled, black face, there was, nevertheless, something about Fuzzy's great, pleading eyes, his superlative gravity of demeanor, his joyous bark and the wag of his bushy tail, that went straight to your heart.

"'Peak for it, Fuzzy, 'peak for it," gurgled Buster, holding up an imaginary wing of tomorrow's turkey.

Fuzzy balanced himself on his hind legs and barked.

Gloom settled more heavily on Jake.

"That's the worst of it," he told himself, "disappointin' the kid. 'Tain't so bad for ma and me—we can understand—but it's gonna be dang hard to make Buster see why he's got to eat bread and molasses tomorrow, when——"

He gritted his teeth and went to the window. Twilight and a light snow were falling. Lights gleamed murkily from the huddled hundreds of cabins and shacks in the valley. A mile away, to the left, the stack of a great smelter reared itself four hundred feet into the air, belching its foul smoke in a far-flung stream that threatened to engulf the purity of the distant, snow-capped mountains. Beneath the stack sprawled the smelter itself, a monstrous machine, of which Jake was a cog—a vast, indiscriminate crusher of ores and men's lives, a soulless producer of wealth, wealth that, in utter defiance of the law of gravity, poured up the hillside on the right, where, as the eye traveled upward, it saw the houses grow finer and the lights grow brighter, until, arriving at the very summit, it rested on the mansion of Adolphus Bartlett, owner of the smelter.

"Dang him!" muttered Jake. They ain't no sufferin' in his house."

Jake was wrong. At that very moment, there was suffering in the great house on the hill. There was grief, deep grief, in the heart of Mrs. Adolphus Bartlett, and gloom, black gloom, upon her brow. Sobs shook her plump body. Plump is the aristocratic substitute for the plebian word fat. Tears and rouge stained her cheeks. Her Algernon was gone. Childless, she grieved sorely. For three days the search had been in vain. None came to claim the reward she had offered.

Wearily, Jake had resumed his chair and his evening paper. Listlessly, he turned the pages, until, at length, there came to his eye this boldly captioned item:

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS' REWARD,

and no questions asked, for the return of the Pomeranian puppy, lost, strayed or stolen from the Bartlett grounds, November 24. Wears silver collar engraved with his name, Algernon. MRS. ADOLPHUS BARTLETT.

Jake threw down the paper in disgust, to the exuberant delight of Fuzzy, who immediately seized upon it as raw material for the manufacture of ribbons and confetti. Smith placed a gentle hand on the dog's neck to restrain his devastating proclivities, and encountered a hard, circular object that had hitherto remained hidden in Fuzzy's mud-matted mane. Thus did the secret come out. Fuzzy, the tramp, was not Fuzzy, the tramp. He was an aristocrat in disguise, a scion of nobility incognito. The hard, circular object was a silver collar, and it was engraved with the name, Algernon.

Gathering the dog in one arm and the paper in the other, Jake executed three steps of a Choctaw war dance.

"Lookit, ma, lookit!" he whooped.

Ma looked.

"A hunner' dollars!" she breathed, faintly.

A wet saucer slipped from her fingers and shivered into a thousand pieces on the floor. She sank limply into a chair.

"A hunner' dollars!" she whispered. "My Gawd, it can't be!"

But Jake was gone. Through the window she could see him plunging up the hill, the dog in his arms. Fuzzy was struggling furiously to be free, pouring out his dog heart in yelping rebellion against being thus heartlessly torn away from the master he had adopted. Mingled with his wails were the sobs of Buster, who rolled upon the floor in ecstasy of grief and a puddle of dishwater.

On up the hill Jake trudged, through the gathering storm and darkness, mindful of nothing but the hundred dollars which was to bring peace and plenty and Thanksgiving to the Smith cabin. The yelps of Fuzzy sounded in his ears as something far, far distant. To his feet, the thirty minutes of strenuous climb up the hill were but as many seconds in the winged slippers of Mercury.

A perspiring plebian, he rang the doorbell of the mansion on the hill. The pompous menial upon whom devolved the duty of opening the door eyed him with doubt and disfavor, and, but for the mud-stained letter of introduction which barked and wriggled in his arms, would have turned him away. As it was, Jake was admitted to a great hall, a vast, high-ceilinged, tomb-like cavern, dimly magnificent with a soft glow from hidden lights. The pompous menial left him there. Then came Mrs. Bartlett, gowned with so gorgeous a scantiness that Jake blushed, studiously fixed his eyes on an imaginary point in the floor, and wondered what kept her from catching cold. Algernon, dirt-encrusted as he was, was gathered into the plump, bare arms and bosom of his ecstatic mistress. A polished secretary drifted in on noiseless pumps, counted into Jake's hand ten ten-dollar bills, inclined one eye meaningly toward the door, and vanished. The pompous menial opened the door, fixed his own commanding optic on Jake, and swept him out into the night as one flecks a crawling beetle from a white tablecloth.

There were turkey and cranberry sauce galore in the home of Jake Smith on the morrow. There was joy in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Jake, smiles on their faces, and a feeling of great fullness and satisfaction in their stomachs.

But in the heart of Buster was a sadness no turkey could dispel, a vacancy no cranberry sauce could fill. Joy, appetite and Fuzzy had gone out of his life together.

There was happiness in the heart of Mrs. Adolphus Bartlett, also. Smiles wreathed her face. Algernon, once more white and beautiful, was cuddled to her bosom.

"'Oo's 'ittle ootsum-toodlums is 'oo?" she cooed.

Algernon growled. There was sorrow, deep sorrow, in his heart, and gloom, dark gloom, sat upon his little, black countenance. No longer did he find delight in these sweet, inane nothings murmured to him by his ecstatic mistress. The perfume in his nostrils strangled him. The pulverized meat which he was fed from a dainty plate at the table nauseated him. The pink ribbon tied in a bow on his bushy tail irritated him. He wanted to roll in the dirt, to sit at the feet of Buster and bark for the bones of the turkey, to drag the bones out and bury them in secluded corners, to chase cats down alleys and bark at automobiles. He moped and sulked, hung his head, and refused to eat.

"'Oos 'ittle ootsy-tootsy-widdlums-squiddlums is 'oo?" gurgled Mrs. Bartlett, kissing him on the nose.

Algernon growled again and snapped viciously at his mistress. Alarmed, she dropped him to the floor. Then, cautiously, she removed his silver collar, put him to bed and sent for a doctor.

The doctor came. Not being a dog doctor, he scratched his head in perplexity when he saw his patient; but he was equal to the occasion. He took Algernon's temperature, gave him a harmless pill—which was refused—talked learnedly for five minutes on the subject of rabies—the only dog disease he knew of besides mange—rendered a bill for ten dollars, and went his way.

Algernon still sulked. His mistress, after a while, began to wonder if there could be anything in this talk about rabies. She examined Algernon's jaws for signs of froth, and found none. Still, there was a slight, morose redness about his eyes that might savor of approaching madness. So she consigned him to the care of a maid and hied herself to safer quarters.

Now, the maid, having an inherited distaste for dogs, especially mad dogs, was not overstrict in her attentions; so it chanced that Algernon, after a while, wriggled unobserved from his bed to wander about the house. He was hungry, though not for worlds would he have accepted food from the hand of Mrs. Bartlett. In the bathroom he found a cake of soap. Being young and ignorant, as well as hungry, he helped himself to a large mouthful. The result was electrifying. Nauseated, with soap suds slavering from his jaws, yelping with indignation and disgust, he tore down the hall, down the stairs, dashed in and out of doors, searching frantically for somebody, anybody, from whom he might expect solace and alleviation of misery.

In the library he encountered his mistress. Straight for her he headed, loosing, as he ran, howl upon agonized howl.

Mrs. Adolphus Bartlett took one look at his foaming jaws and mounted a table. Gathering her skirts about her, she lifted her voice in a long-drawn, terror-stricken, rat-like scream that drowned the howls of Algernon as a steam calliope drowns the sound of a jew's-harp. Servants came running in from all quarters.

"Help! Mad dog!" she screamed.

Like snowflakes touched by boiling water, the servants melted away as the words fell upon them.

All the while, Algernon was leaping for the table, falling short, and leaping again, his dismal yelps increasing in volume at each failure.

Again the shrill, soul-congealing screams of Mrs. Adolphus Bartlett filled the house.

"Help! Mad dog!"

Armed with a revolver and a riding-crop, there entered the room the imposing menial who had opened the door to Jake Smith on the previous evening. Cautiously, he circled about the yelping, leaping Algernon.

At sight of the revolver, whose muzzle pointed in divers directions and shifted its viewpoint erratically, Mrs. Bartlett's terror broke out afresh.

"Don't shoot!" she squeaked. "Don't shoot!"

Thus adjured, the menial aimed a careful blow with the riding-crop. The lash caught Algernon on the tip of the tail, a tender spot with well-bred dogs. Pouring out the remnant of his soul in one protracted howl, he dashed for the door. Fortunately, it was open. All the doors in the house were open. Those who had gone through them had sacrificed all things needless to haste. It was no time for closing doors.

When Algernon emerged from the kitchen door, a streak of white mingling with the falling snowflakes and the shades of evening, flapping skirts and coat tails were disappearing towards all points of the compass. But for the pink ribbon, which had come untied, and now floated behind him in two long streamers, his own speed would have rendered him indistinguishable. In lumbering, undignified, yet rapid pursuit came the pompous menial, firing wildly at the twin streamers. At each successive shot, the screams of the freshly-affrighted, fleeing men- and maid-servants broke out anew. No one had any confidence in the butler's shooting abilities.

One hundred yards behind the house bubbled a giant spring, feeding a creek which coursed down the hillside. At the brink of this creek Algernon paused, still yelping. It was too wide to leap. Besides, he had been reared in the sheltered life, and the water was cold. Growling, he turned upon his pursuer. He was only a little dog, but, brought to bay, his *alter ego*, that part of him which his fat, perfumed mistress had sought vainly to squelch with coddling and cuddling and fond, inane pet names, asserted itself. Indignation swelled him into bigness and bravery. Had he not, day before yesterday, made one of those big, lumbering automobiles run for its life while he barked at its rubber heels?

The butler, thoroughly frightened, stopped, ten feet away, and dropped his riding-crop. There were still two shots left in his revolver. Grasping the weapon in both hands, and swallowing a bewildering succession of Adam's apples, he took careful aim. The gun roared. Algernon rose to his hind legs and staggered, yelping with pain. Again the butler fired. Algernon swayed, wildly, for a moment, then tumbled backward into the creek. The swirling, icy waters closed over his head.

Cautiously, the menial approached the bank. He saw a little pool of blood where Algernon had made his last stand, and a fleck of foam where the suds had dripped from his jaws. But of Algernon, though his assassin waited, with reloaded revolver for five minutes, nothing further was to be seen. Not caring to delve into the chilly creek for the remains of a mad dog in whom life might not yet be totally extinct, he returned to the house and reported to Mrs. Bartlett that he had slain the beast with his trusty revolver. Whereupon, Mrs. Bartlett rewarded him, literally, with gold, and, figuratively, with a hero's crown; after which she dried her eyes and bade the secretary bring her the dog catalog, that she might pick out another child to console her in her bereavement.

Thirty yards down the creek, Algernon came to the surface and scrambled out upon the bank. The pink ribbon was gone. So were three inches

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



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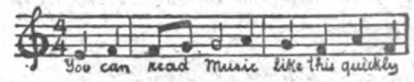
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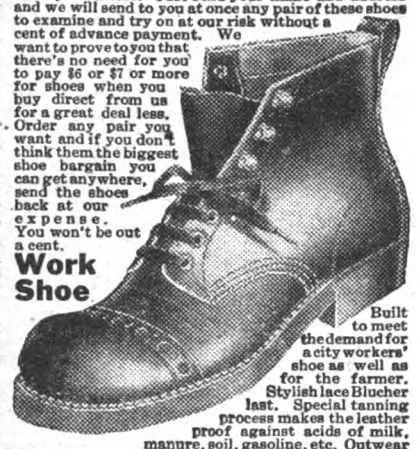
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Thanksgiving Recipes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

water. Baste every twenty minutes until turkey is cooked, which will require about three hours for an eight-pound turkey. While cooking, the turkey should be turned frequently.

GRAVY.—Pour liquid from pan, and return to pan about five tablespoons of the turkey fat, and into this work five tablespoons of dry flour and stir as it bubbles and browns. To this add the cooked giblets chopped fine and the water they were cooked in, which should measure about three cups; also return to pan the turkey drippings. Stir and cook ten minutes. Season with salt and pepper.

STUFFING.—Use soft bread-crumbs or cracker-crumbs highly seasoned with sifted sage, thyme, salt and pepper; or use prepared poultry dressing. Moisten with half a cup of melted butter and enough of boiling water slowly added to make quite moist. Add one beaten egg.

ROAST DUCK.—Pick and singe thoroughly to remove down. Draw, wash and wipe dry. Prepare the same as turkey and roast in hot oven about thirty minutes, then reduce heat and cook half an hour longer. Baste and turn frequently.

STUFFING.—Soft bread-crumbs, finely chopped celery and tart apple in equal quantities gives the finest flavor to duck. Add a little hot water and one beaten egg. Flavor with melted butter, pepper and salt.

ROAST SPARERIBS.—Rub well with salt, finely ground sage, a little pepper and flour. Keep a very little water in the pan—just enough for basting, which should be done frequently. Have a slow baking oven, and cook twenty minutes for each pound of pork.

BOILED HAM.—Scrub well and soak three hours in cold water if very salt. Trim off any hard black parts, cover with cold water and simmer slowly, allowing half an hour to the pound. Remove kettle from the stove, but let the ham remain in the water until nearly cold, then remove the thick skin and sprinkle with brown sugar and grated bread-crumbs, and put into hot oven to brown. While hot stick whole cloves into the fat.

THANKSGIVING CAKE.—Beat together one half cup of molasses, one half cup of sugar, and three tablespoons of butter. Add one half teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of cinnamon, and one fourth teaspoon each of cloves and nutmeg and beat again. Add one well-beaten egg. Dissolve one half teaspoon of soda in one tablespoon of water and stir it into one half cup of thick sour milk, and beat this into the other ingredients. Add one and one half cup of sifted flour and beat hard; then one cup of seeded and chopped raisins which are lightly stirred in. If it is desired to make a more decorative cake, cut good-sized thin slices of citron and nearly line a round buttered cake tin with them, pour in the batter and on top put slices of the citron as shown in picture. Bake in a moderate oven one hour. In frosting do not fully cover the citron.

MOCK MINCE PIES.—Roll six crackers fine and pour over them one cup of cold water; stir and let it stand fifteen minutes, and then add one cup of molasses and one half cup of brown sugar and stir well together. Soak one cup of seeded raisins and one half cup of currants in one half cup of cider and add to other ingredients with five chopped tart apples, one half teaspoon of cinnamon, a pinch each of cloves and nutmeg, one half cup of melted butter and two eggs. Bake with under and upper crust, or with under and strips of crust across the top. Bake about an hour in moderate oven.

THANKSGIVING PLUM PUDDING.—Three cups of soft, grated bread, two cups of chopped suet, one cup of cleaned currants, two cups of seeded raisins and two thirds of a cup of citron shaved thin, one cup of sugar mixed with three even tablespoons of flour, half a teaspoon of salt and half a teaspoon of grated nutmeg and a little cinnamon. Mix together and add six well-beaten eggs and half a cup of milk. Put into buttered mould, cover and steam four hours, then remove from mould and bake half an hour in moderately hot oven. Serve warm with hard sauce.



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Things We Didn't Know About The Great War

By Felix J. Koch

WHAT SOLDIER SAM SAW OF THE FARM-LIFE OF FRANCE.

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MADAME.

MANY and, indeed, varied the experiences the veterans of World-War have for relating; not alone now, when the war is not such long time over, but, chances are, all the rest of their years; none, however, more entertaining—particularly to the husbandman and those interested in farm life otherwise—than the stories of what Sam saw of farm-life in France!

Soldier Sam, overseas—that's to say, in many cases—was *billeted* squarely in the homes of the *habitants;* and where, as so very frequently, these *habitants* were real French farmers, they saw to it that Sam had no few peeps at their farm lands besides.

The better to get the real savor of those days of *billeting* in the French Republic, one needs resort to letters Sam wrote of it at the time.

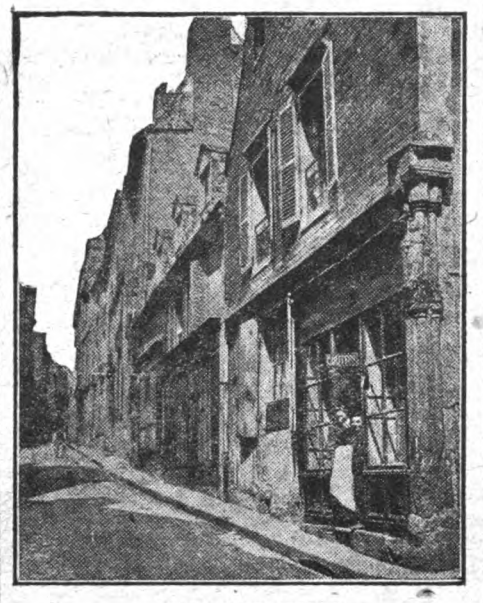
Thus, for one, an interesting bit of correspondence from a young corporal with a supply company at St. Gervais, Sarthe, France.

"Fall," he wrote, "has been arriving and has been making its coming known by the smells arising from the hemp.

"All the stagnant little pools we had noted all about on the farms,—reminding one of the quiet ponds within the rock-wall closures of the farms of our own Kentucky,—are now filled with the sheaves of hemp. This is put here to soak and decay, and then, smelling as unto heaven, it is laid out in the fields to dry!

"Being away out in the country, so to say, with the nearest city, Le Mans, quite so far away that one can visit only when on a pass of some period, the only new event of real interest, aside from actual soldiering, is our contriving with the farmers hereabouts for the acquisition of a pig,—a really, beautiful, French pig!

"With Thanksgiving beginning to loom on the horizon, the company,—that's to say, has induced a farmer to part with a pig, for a consideration; said porker to be fattened for that festive day. French pigs, somehow, are cleaner,—or at least look cleaner, than ours do; and, again, have abnormally long ears. The little stranger is now housed in our corral and is already being very generally regarded as a friend with whom one shares *all* he can.



THE VILLAGE STREET.

"By the same post I am sending some of the charming embroidery that peasant women do, off-hours, in their homes,—a sort of doily (or it could be used for pillow cover), which is typical and yet so very different from the quiltings and other forms of home needlework we find in our own farms at home!"

It is just a vignette,—a peep into Sam's own especial form of country-life, far overseas there, but it interests, none the less.

Even more so is the picture of French farm-life,—farmer life from within,—which Sam sends from the same town in a shortly-subsequent note.

".....It has turned colder with October," he writes, "and it is almost like winter here.

"Last night, with the cold wind blowing in, we were in fact, decidedly glad that the Demenceau family,—our *billetors,*—had moved out the house-proper (removing to their beloved Compiegne, from which the Allies have expelled the Boche) and that we might move into the real farm dwelling-rooms in a day or two ourselves!



THE EMBROIDERY.

"Today I rode out to the Bousard farm and got the key to the residence, and this afternoon several of our 'fusiliers,' as they're called, were busy cleaning it out; so that I hope by tomorrow, at least, we will be able to ensconce ourselves in a real high-grade French farm-home. I don't know for how long this luxury will be mine, however, for from the present look of things, I may move up here, at town-heart, to Battalion Headquarters, where I shall be a little nearer my work.

"It seems a little odd without the Demenceaus in the *billet!* The children were usually playing around,—typical little French country lads,—and Madame was ubiquitous. By this time, I presume, they are safely back in their 'dear Compiegne,' and Madame is walking her thirteen kilometers a day, delivering the letters to French soldiers located in the country, and who, according to her statement, oft'-repeated, are *"pas bonne"* (not nice) to a lady under the circumstances.

"Meanwhile, the meek Gustave is doubtless riding his bicycle and also executing rural delivery in such wise.

"We shall also miss Madame Julliet,—or 'Bangs,' as the men called her, for the way she wore her hair,—who was a regular visitor to the *billet.* The good French country-folk, you know, have not been slow in making 'first calls' on their American guests. She was one of the few good-looking women of the locality, and did not look at all like the mother of the two impish children that were generally tagging at her skirts.

Madame has a husband, tucked away somewhere in Paris; which doesn't bother her much. He appears about once a month or so,—a rat-like little man, who looks like an Apache.



THE COUNTRY LASS.

"In fact, as a rule, the 'chicness' of the French women, if it is to be judged by the country folk, is not all that it is 'cracked up to be!' Perhaps it exists in the big cities; but back here in the country the peasant lasses do not at all come up to the standard that romantic fiction has set for them. Dainty, certainly, they are *not.*

"Most of the farmers' daughters are sturdy female Hercules, who work in the fields all day and live in the upstairs of cow-stables, for a very very large part;—and who really look the part! They appear to be much older than they actually are and seem to mature much earlier than do the women at home. A girl of fifteen here seems far older, indeed, than would an American young woman of twenty.

They walk to field with a stiff, swinging, masculine stride, and would, at times, seem almost ludicrous, were they not so uniquely astonishing. Their sense of proprieties, as well as their moral code, is French, in all that the word implies. I would call them largely unmoral (if one wished to go so far) rather than immoral. They will talk to you, in the most matter-of-fact way, and in fullest details, of things that would never be mentioned at home. Yet, on the other hand, they will consider little things that we deem perfectly proper as not so at all.

"Almost all are most careful of appearances, especially when in the town proper.

"I remember one moonlight night of the past summer, when one of these sturdy young ladies, with whom I was promenading, told me that the town was very straight-laced, and that, if once gossip got started, it might ruin her chance of securing a husband for ever! She discussed securing a husband in much the same manner as American girls would 'buzz' over the purchase of a new winter hat.

"They certainly differ a lot from the 'goose-girls' and the peasant maids of France of the novels and the motion pictures.

"They certainly aren't romantic,—at least not in the scenario-writer's way!

"In a story, on the stage, or on the 'movie'-screen, if a French country lass saw you coming, and wished to attract your notice, she would perhaps *accidentally* drop a rose. One of these Amazons, wanting a word with you, will pick up a rock, or a clod of mud, the size of your head, and playfully whale it at you! It takes not alone a sense of humor but good ability to dodge, often to escape their friendliness unscathed!



FRENCH PIGS.

".....Have been riding about, on my work, on the bicycle I have here.

"It is quite cozy tonight, in the *billet;* for we have a crackling wood-fire in the old French grate, with its head of Napoleon at center of the arch, and its irons. The orderlies have left, with their various reports, for the night; and Sergeant-Major O——— and I have the place to ourselves.

News of "things doing," out here in the country, and so matters to talk of, are slight and, really, rare.

Today, though, there was another peasant's funeral in the little country town, and through my window I could see the simple little funeral cortege enter the church, with the priest, chanting prayers, at front; the women,—dressed in black, and wearing the small, white Puritan caps,—behind; each woman bearing a taper; and then the casket and immediate mourners behind."

Such, then, some of Soldier Sam's impressions of the day's work and play,—the pleasures and sorrows,—of our good Gallic Allies of the country.

They're not the stories of battles, victories, truces, things of that sort, very true; but Soldier Sam, now he's home and his trials over, if not forgot, is apt to revert to them with every bit as keen zest as he does the most thrilling, dangerous, or soul-stirring phases of his particular part in the war!

To do your work because you must, to do your work as slavery, and then, having got it done as speedily and as easily as possible, to look somewhere else for enjoyment, that makes a very dreary life.—*Phillips Brooks.*



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The Talcott Treasure

By Anne McQueen

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Colonel Talcott, before the beginning of the Civil War, converts his securities into eagles and double eagles. Trusting his overseer, who is also a soldier, and confiding the secret to his wife, the men leave the town for the plantation, where he intends to secrete the treasure. Both men are killed in a skirmish and no trace of the money is discovered. Fifty years later, Eleanor Talcott and Nancy Dare, working in New York for the same firm and discussing the possibilities of the future and longing for a home, are surprised by Eleanor receiving a letter. Her father's great Aunt Talcott, whom she has never seen, leaves a plantation to her great nephew or his heirs and assigns. Nancy, who is practical and engaged to John Carr, realizes the expense of keeping the plantation up. Eleanor, with memories of sunshine, flowers and mocking birds, is anxious to go, provided Nancy will make it her home. Both girls go to Georgia, where they are driven from the station to the plantation ten miles distant, by an antebellum negro, who announces their arrival to the old negro servants, Brer Silas, Daphne, and Bahama, her husband. Going into the old house, whose doors swing on rusty hinges, Nancy wonders if Eleanor will live in this forsaken place. Daphne takes them to a chamber, from whose walls the paper hangs and the ceiling showing bare laths, then hurries to prepare supper. The next morning Bahama shows the girls the premises, which are sadly neglected, and repeats the desire of the half strainers, who own a beautiful plantation adjoining, to buy old Miss' land. Eleanor realizes the need of general repairs but cannot consent to part with the Talcott heirlooms. Writing to Mr. Warner, her lawyer, and father's old-time friend, Eleanor goes down the road to mail the letter and, pausing beside a wire fence, attempts to pull down a branch twined with a vine, upon which grow luscious grapes. She is surprised by a friendly voice and the offer to reach the grapes for her. Retaining a picture of the stranger, she queries whom he can be. Eleanor finally decides upon repairing the roof where it is absolutely necessary, buying an incubator and a mule. After going all over the house and seeing the rare old china and silver and wondering will she ever use them, she packs them carefully away, seeing only the face of the young man who gives the grapes. Mr. Warner, Eleanor's attorney, calls and wants to know what they intend to do. He gives his advice freely—better think twice and go back North. From the incubator set with two hundred eggs, fifty chicks come forth and with the New Year a norther which freezes them. While Eleanor and Bahama strew leaves over their bodies, a man in livery and on horseback appears with a bag filled with quail and mallards from the lake, presenting them with Mr. Muir's compliments. Eleanor refuses the gift—not knowing Mr. Muir, and later she sees through a tangled hedge a man pass on horseback. It is Mr. Muir, whose picture is printed on her heart.

CHAPTER IV.

YOUNG Mr. Muir sent no more gifts of game for a while. Nancy thought Eleanor's frigid reception of the friendly bag of birds had put a stop to any more attempts at friendship. Possibly such would have been the case if David Muir had not met his new neighbor—of whose identity he was quite unaware—one day on the road, and immediately recognized her as the girl for whom he had gathered the wild grapes in the autumn.

In an instant a beautiful smile flashed over the young man's frank face; his hand went at once to his cap, and his sunny blue eyes sought his new neighbor's appealingly.

The delicate coloring of Eleanor's fair face deepened into a most becoming rose, and her eyes, brown, glinted with gold like star-dust, looked from their delicate, deep-fringed lids straight into the blue ones that looked down so eagerly; straight into them, and *through* them, as if she saw, not the man on horseback, but the woods and fields beyond him!

Straight on she walked, without turning her head, without sign or token of possible recognition—the stubborn pride of her race, bitter from supposed humiliation, refused to know the alien who had come among them to flaunt his fortune in the faces of the poverty-stricken owners of the land.

Young David Muir—a simple soul, without a hint of snobbery in his wholesome nature, looked wistfully at the graceful, erect figure as it moved, with the mein of a princess of the blood royal, down the road and out of his sight behind a bend of overhanging trees.

"Well, I'll be darned!" ejaculated the "rich Yankee," with a little whistle of subdued amazement. "She *is* a beauty, all right—and proud as Lucifer, evidently. I've seen that face in my dreams ever since that day I picked those grapes—thought she was some city girl that I'd never see again. And then she looked so—so *different*, somehow. By George! If I could just see that charming, altogether adorable smile she gave me when I broke those sour little fox-grapes! And *she's* the heiress of that old rat-trap—and she sent back my game—too proud to accept favors, of course. Well, we'll see!"

And he rode on, whistling a lilting little tune that was very joyous and hopeful—characteristic of the nature of David Muir of Green Lands, which was the happily named estate of the "half-strainer."

It was not long after this before the entire household of the big place came down from the North in a hurry, heralding the arrival of the mistress and the guests she usually brought with her. And, shortly after her arrival, accompanied by the usual retinue of the rich, Nancy had some exciting news to write her John, who, from a perverse change of territory, found that he could not work his way up to the Talcott plantation till later; Nancy found much consolation in writing to her sweetheart a full account of everything that took place—it took her mind away from brooding over her surroundings, she declared to him as an excuse for her voluminous missives.

"John o' my heart" (wrote Nancy), "we've sure had happenings, or, to speak correctly, *a* happening, since I last wrote you (having nothing else in the world to do, and being deadly tired of the monotony). The Lady of Green Lands has called upon us—or, properly speaking, upon Eleanor, the Chatelaine of Castle Talcott.

"She came in style—*of course*, stupid, I mean Mrs. Muir, the lady who lives upon her mammoth estate next door, so to speak, and *not* Eleanor, poor child! In a limousine which, I am credibly informed by Mr. Jake Louder, who was himself credibly informed by the chauffeur, cost, f. o. b. Paris (*of course* in France!), twenty thousand dollars, and some odd ones that Mr. Louder frankly acknowledged he couldn't recollect.

"It had rained and rained and then rained some more. Everything was sopping, and in the big old drawing-room there were tubs and buckets set galore to catch the drippings—it would have been plumb (note the word, please) suicidal to take guests in such a place, and our only fire was in the bedroom we occupy—a big, sunny—when there is sun—room, fairly cheerful even when the skies have been weeping for weeks.

"We were engaged in mending and darning our tablecloth—only one we have for possible company—which never comes—we eat on some powerful (note) pretty crocheted mats, ourselves, when Aunt Daphne, who floats when she moves, being positively buoyed up by fat like a cork—came drifting in and informed us that the rich Yankees' big car was right at the door and Mrs. Muir and young Mr. Muir getting out! And where in name o' sense was Daphne to take 'em, seeing that the dro'in-room was sopping, and nary spark o' fire in the dining-room.

"Then my Eleanor, palely beautiful, her queenly head erect, spoke calmly—positively calmly, though *I* was all of a flurry, I'll frankly admit. 'Aunt Daphne, bring them in here,' she said, in that sweet voice of hers that is a most excellent thing in a woman, as Shakespeare and I both agree.

"'Eleanor!' I gasped, *'right in our bedroom!'* 'Certainly,' said Eleanor, smooth as silk, 'where else are we to take them, Nancy? It is not hospitable to let people freeze—we must give them the best we have—since they have come!'

"Aunt Daphne ushered them in, both rather bewildered, but Eleanor received them like a young princess in her throne-room—she positively did, Johnboy! The lady—a middle-aged, rather nice looking person, dressed quietly but, oh, *so* richly!—graciously introduced herself and her son, who is a dandy looking fellow, and a good pal, I know; he and I grew quite chummy while his mother was trying to be gracious to Eleanor and finding the tables turned, for it was Eleanor who was gracious to her, in that same young-princess-in-her-ancestral-halls manner with which she greeted her guests.

"Mrs. Muir was cold, one could see at a glance, and she held out her hands with a grateful little shiver toward the blaze. Eleanor poked the fire and calmly reached for a big log in the wood-box, quite as a matter-of-course, but young Muir sprang like an arrow from a bow and forestalled her; the Suzeraine of the Chateau allowed him, as she would have allowed Uncle Bahama, and thanked him just as she would have thanked our ancient servitor—she didn't so much as smile the teeniest, weeniest smile, though he looked at her as if he quite expected it. Indeed, she looked right *through* him all the time of the visit, which was *not* prolonged beyond the requirements of etiquette.

"Mrs. Muir's eyes roved covetously towards our big, ten-acre bed, and our high-backed chairs, and our chest of drawers and our fine old brass fender, and the things that are worth good money to the rich, but nothing, alas, to us!

"She did so in a quiet, unostentatious manner, while talking smoothly about how glad she was to have young neighbors, and how pleased she and her son would be to have us visit them, and how if there was anything she could do, to please let her know. And wouldn't we come over, just at any time, and take pot-luck with them?

"She said that in the way I use *my* Southern words (if *that's* one I never heard it), as if she wanted to be thought to the manner born, though she did originally come from the great Empire State of the Union, and ought to have been proud of the fact. "Just in the delightfully unconventional manner of Southerners, you know," she smiled at Eleanor, who gravely and with simple dignity thanked her. Just thanked her, and nothing more! I knew in my mind, alas! that we'd never, never go and take pot-luck at that bountiful table, and taste once more before we die real, red meat, and real hothouse fruits, and real, wild-wood's game, and other things too numerous to mention—maybe including real ice cream!

"They went out and got back in their luxurious limousine and purred softly down the avenue of ragweeds, and out on to the road, while we, dazed and overcome with the mere atmosphere of their vanished presence—at least I was overcome—sat and stared into the fire, and looked at each other to see if were dreaming or awake.

"'They're *nice*,' I finally uttered, emphatically. 'I don't know what you think, Eleanor, but they are nice people, those two. And we ought to be friendly with them.'

"The poor little thing looked at me with such anguish in her eyes that my heart ached. 'Nancy, oh, Nancy, can't you see how it is?' she kind of moaned, 'if it was like the old days—if we had a decent, well-kept house, and plenty of food, we could afford to be friendly—even with *them*. But I can't—bare self-respect prevents me accepting their favors, and returning their visits. They don't care for us—it is all just condescension—they don't think we are their equals. Nancy, honey, I just *can't* be patronized by anybody. As things are now, we and the Muirs can never be friends and neighbors in the real sense of the word. They'll just live near us—we can't help that—but we won't see any more of them, I hope!' And John-dear, she positively sighed in the most heartbreaking way when she said it. I believe in my soul she'd be *glad* to know 'em, if she wasn't so—excuse the word—*darned* proud!

"Well, in a day or two after this visit there came more offerings—game, fruit from the hothouses, early vegetables, crisp and melting—my mouth just watered at the bare sight of them, for my prophetic soul told me that I'd never, no never, taste one of the strawberries, or a leaf of the lettuce, or a melting mouthful of red, ripe tomato, or a bite of delicious duck, or a—a *quid* of quail, or anything else alluring or alliterative in the line of gifts.

"She sent them back! So she did, every blessed one of 'em, with a pale little smile of renunciation that showed how much she suffered in doing so—not for herself, but for me, and Uncle Bahama, and Aunt Daphne, whose souls, she knows, hunger after fleshpots (if you dare to send me a box of eats I'll murder you on sight!)

"'I can't accept gifts when I have nothing in kind to return,' she said, with such an imploring, please-forgive-me look in her eyes, that I hugged her on the spot, and we went in to our lunch of young greens—our garden patch is great on greens, which is about all that Uncle Bahama seems able to raise in the way of truck—hoe-cake, sweet potatoes and boiled middling. Oh, Lord—when I think of those ducks and quail!

"But something tells me—I think I inherited the gift of second-sight from some unknown Scotch forebear—that we shall see more of that young man, Mr. David Muir, Millionaire. He has a wishful look in his eyes, and they were turned Eleanorward, my jo-John, if you have any doubts as to the direction of their gaze. Yes; I certainly feel that we shall know more of him.

"Your hint of a raise in view does not tempt me, John, darling, one little bit—I'm not going to leave Eleanor till I know there is no chance of persuading her to give up this life and go back with us to the city, where we belong. Still, I don't mind telling you, before I forget it, that I'm wearying for a sight of a certain roly-poly (somewhat) jolly, big-hearted, altogether adorable drummer-man by the name of John Douglas Carr, and that if the aforesaid J. D. C. ever comes up this way the latch is on the string of the temporary abode of

"His own, forever and always,
"NANCY DARE."

Nancy's prophetic soul had told her truly—she saw David Muir upon the very day that she went down the road to the mail-box to drop in her letter to John Carr.

He was walking leisurely along the tangled wire-grass that bordered the roadside, his hands in his pockets, a stubby black pipe in his mouth, and rather a dolorous expression upon his handsome face.

"Good morning," greeted Nancy, with the "come hither" smile in her eyes that was irresistible to both sexes—men and women naturally fell in love with Nancy at first sight; to both she was "a jolly good fellow."

"I hate these 'misty, moisty mornings,' don't you?" she queried, as the young man, visibly brightening, approached. "I want sunshine—though Uncle Bahama does say it's good to get

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

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(You may order two, three, or all four of these toys if you wish. Enclose $1.00 for each toy you choose. For 1 enclose $1; for 2, $2; for 3, $3; for 4, $4; with coupon below).



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Boy's Real Farm Wagon

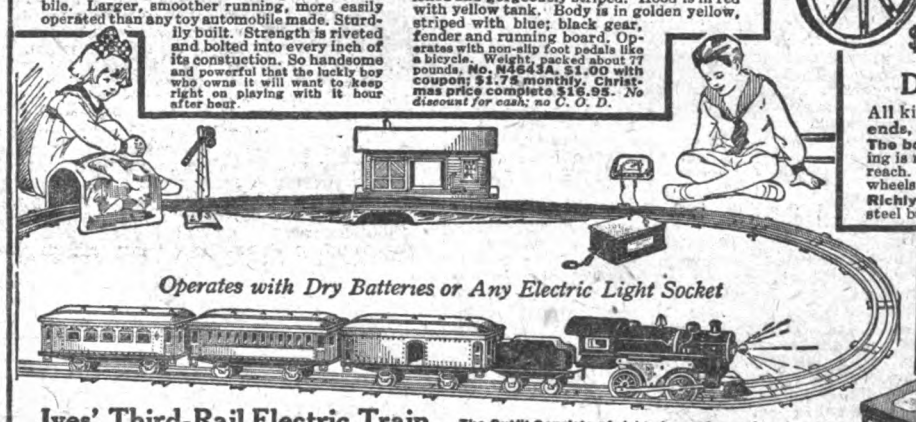
$1.00 Down

Gee, Fellows, isn't it a dandy? A fine, big wagon made just like a regular farm wagon. All kinds of fun! Can be used in many ways as seat, ends, sides and bottom are removable.

The body is 18x36 inches over all; hardwood frame. The gearing is made like a farm wagon, with bent hounds and adjustable reach. All parts are ironed and well braced. Diamater, front wheels, 14 inches; rear wheels, 20 inches.

Richly Finished. Half-inch rims; pressed steel hub caps and steel bushing inside hub; heavy welded tires, shrunk on and riveted; heavy steel axles. Stake fitted with rings and trimmed with band iron. Attractivly painted in bright colors, gear in red with black stripings and box in dark green with yellow stripings.

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[Batteries and transformer not included in this outfit]. Shipping weight, packed, about 11 pounds.

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☐ Ives' Electric Railroad, N5210A, $1.00 with coupon; $1.25 monthly, Price $10.90.
☐ Transformer, N5211A, $1.00 with coupon; 50 cents monthly, Price $4.35.

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A Reason for Thanksgiving

By C. L. Chapman

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FOR what we are about to receive this Thanksgiving Day let us be truly thankful. Let us remember all the reasons we have for being thankful and forget all the reasons for being anything else.

A large part of the world is in a period of gloom, but we in America have much to be thankful for. An unprecedented era of prosperity is dawning on this country and will burst upon us as soon as our people settle down to business and accept the wonderful opportunity that is knocking at the Nation's door.

In the year 1799 America was taking a very gloomy view of itself. Times were hard, money scarce, some people could not earn a living, and as our own philosopher and economist, Benjamin Franklin wrote: "Be quiet and thankful."

What we need now is to stop industrial strife, be thankful and go to work, producing instead of striking.

Thanksgiving has ceased to be the day of solemn religious ceremony observed by the Pilgrims. If, with its ceremony, it has lost the old spirit and has become merely an occasion for feasting in pleasant company, then it is a change to be deplored. If, on the other hand it has become a day not only to count one's own blessings but to give a few to those less favored, we need not feel ashamed of the modern method of celebrating Thanksgiving.

It is the day for the most generous hospitality, the day not only for delightful family reunions, but for gathering in a few lonesome souls who no longer have families or who are stranded too far from home to make the journey a possible one.

To those who add to the hospitality of their own tables by sending baskets groaning with the good things to families who might find it difficult to discover a cause for gratitude otherwise, should express their prayers of thanksgiving in terms fraught with blessings to themselves as well as to others and have fully earned the privilege of enjoying their family dinners with their loved ones about them.

The origin of Thanksgiving may be traced back through the ages to the land of the Canaanites, for they gathered in the harvest and celebrated it by eating and drinking.

The same festival was celebrated by the Hebrews, they calling it the Feast of the Tabernacle, it being the principal celebration of the Jewish year.

The harvest festival of ancient Greece was much like the Jewish Feast of the Tabernacle and was celebrated by women only.

The Romans worshiped their harvest deity Ceres.

In England the autumnal festival was called Harvest Home, which has been traced back to the time of the early Saxons. In addition to the fixed autumnal festivals, extraordinary festivals were proclaimed in England upon special occasions such as the defeat of the Spanish Armada, the discovery of the Guy Fawkes "gunpowder plot," and the recovery of George III from his fit of insanity. In fact, the days of thanksgiving grew so numerous and so hilarious as to interfere with the more serious affairs of life.

"There is a tradition, that in the planting of New England," wrote Benjamin Franklin, "the first settlers met with many hardships, many difficulties, as is generally the case when a civilized people attempt establishing themselves in a wilderness country. Being piously disposed, they sought relief from Heaven, in laying their wants and distresses before the Lord, in frequent set days of fasting and prayer. Constant meditation and discourse on these subjects kept their minds gloomy and discontented, and, like the children of Israel, there were many disposed to return to that Egypt which persecution had induced them to abandon. At length, it was proposed in the assembly to proclaim another fast, when a farmer of plain sense rose and remarked that the inconveniences they suffered and concerning which they had so often wearied Heaven with their complaints, were not so great as they might have expected, and were diminishing every day as the colony strengthened, that the earth began to reward their labor and furnish liberally for their subsistence; that the seas and rivers were full of fish, the air sweet, the climate healthy, and, above all, that they were there in the full enjoyment of liberty, civil and religious. He, therefore, thought that reflecting and conversing on these subjects would be more comfortable as tending more to make them contented with their situation, and that it would be more becoming the gratitude they owed the Divine Being if, instead of a fast, they should proclaim a Thanksgiving.

"His advice was taken, and from that day to this they have in every year observed circumstances of felicity sufficient to furnish employment of a Thanksgiving Day, which is therefore constantly ordered and religiously observed."

The same spirit should animate our people today, and they have far greater reason for it, for the only troubles that face them now are of their own making. The world markets are calling for our products and every industry is prospering except those that are tied up by strikes.

The Talcott Treasure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

the ground's face washed before you put in the corn."

"Fine weather for birds," replied young Mr. Muir, with a critical glance at the sky. "I say, Miss Dare," he continued, with frank abruptness, "why does Miss Talcott treat us poor Yankees with so much frigidity? Why does she scorn us as neighbors, who'd be neighborly, if she'd let us; and flout us as friends, when we're trying to carry out the Apostle Paul's precepts to show ourselves friendly. Can you tell me?"

"Why—er—" hesitated Nancy, stumbling for an answer to this impetuous demand, but he interrupted her.

"Do you know when I first saw Miss Talcott? It was away last fall, when I had run down to the place for a day before leaving for the West. See that vine hanging down—measley little fox-grapes? Well, she was trying her best to reach 'em; I saw, and—naturally—stopped and broke off a handful of bunches for her. And, Miss Dare, I swear to you, it doesn't seem possible, after the 'splendidly null' face with which she greeted mother and me, but she smiled like—the sun. She was radiant, and beautiful, and altogether adorable looking. I'd give a good bit to see that look on her face once more. Reckon I can ever make it come back?"

"For pity's sake!" cried Nancy, "did you see her last fall? Why, she didn't say a word about you—not a word!"

"Didn't make enough impression for her to remember me," gloomily observed David Muir. "But I remembered her, all right! Thought she was some city girl—you could see she was a city girl by her manner, and the graceful cut of her clothes, you know; and I didn't think I'd ever see her again. But I tell you I've thought of her a—a—"

"A right smart?" dimpled Nancy, with a twinkle in her eyes—the eyes that looked like his own. "That's what Uncle Bahama or Aunt Daphne would say, when doubtful about a choice of words to express what you evidently want to say. You know, we Yankees—I'm sure that my appearance must suggest baked beans, Boston and culture to everybody—we Yankees, when we come down South, are mighty apt to pick up the darkies' sayings as belonging to the F. F.'s—the Fust Families."

"Yes; I may say I've thought about that face a right smart," nodded David Muir, with an answering twinkle. "And the sight of *you* suggests a very lovely young lady, who is also a mighty good pal to the friends she chooses."

"Thanks," acknowledged Nancy, gravely. There was not a hint of the coquetry of which Eleanor accused her in eyes or voice, "I like for you to say that!"

"And I'd like—oh, immensely, to be honored with your friendship," continued David Muir, eagerly. "Even though Miss Talcott will have none of me," he added, wistfully.

"All right," agreed Nancy, holding out a friendly hand which he grasped heartily, "I'll promise to be—an ally? Is that what you want?" And she smiled understandingly. "But I don't know that I can be of much use, in that way. You know, as old Bahama says, 'We quality-folks is powerful poor, but we's powerful proud!' I find that the same applies to 'quality-folks' of a different complexion."

"I won't dare come a-visiting again," smiled the other, "and I won't dare send gifts—to Miss Talcott, that is, but mayn't I to you?"

"No—mercy me, no!" cried Nancy, in dismay. "Because, you know, it would just break poor Eleanor's heart to know how much I'd enjoy 'em."

"Then, maybe I could come to see—you?" hesitated David Muir, but Nancy promptly and decisively shook her head.

"You can't do that," she said, "greatly as I'd like it. For I don't mind telling you that I'm engaged to a man in the hardware business, who's merely waiting for a raise—a drummer, in other words, and the dearest fellow on this terrestrial ball. If you were to come—ostensibly—to see me, Eleanor'd never forgive me—she'd think I was false to poor John, and utterly unworthy of his heart! But I'll meet you clandestinely, Mr. Muir, whenever I can, so long as it is on the public road and in the broad daylight;" and Nancy laughed at the thought of such meetings being termed clandestine.

"I think that drummer-man is to be greatly envied," said Mr. Muir, with a smile of congratulation. "I wish I knew him—and I wish I were in the hardware business, so that I could give him the necessary raise. And I sincerely appreciate the 'clandestine' meetings you're to allow me!"

Lifting his hat with rather a rueful smile, David Muir passed on to where his groom awaited with horse and gun, and Nancy, sighing a bit for the flesh-pots of her neighbor, slipped John's letter in the rural delivery box, stuck up the flag, and went back to the pleasant fire which Daphne, the light-footed, managed to keep glowing brightly and warmly, with the twigs and rotten branches of the old trees in the grove. Daphne was a treasure for which Eleanor and Nancy gave daily thanks.

Mrs. Muir, as a matter of course, called no more during her brief stay at Green Lands, for Eleanor did not return her visit. The mistress of the big place returned, with her retinue of servants and her houseful of guests, in a few weeks, to her home in the North. David Muir stayed on till the hunting season was over, in the early spring.

Many times he and Nancy met "clandestinely," holding pleasant converse in friendly fashion about many topics of common interest, and always ending by discussing Eleanor, and her stubborn pride which was, declared Nancy, ruefully, getting stronger all the time.

"I wonder," wistfully pondered David Muir, "how long it will be before she'll meet me as an equal? Just now I feel immeasurably her inferior—and I think she so considers me."

"Don't you believe it," declared Nancy, "she'd be only too glad to meet you as an equal—to have you and your mother for friends, if she could do so without realizing her poverty. If she were as rich as her folks were in the old days—my sakes! we'd surely have good times, for Eleanor is the soul of hospitality. But you know, my dear child, that one naturally doesn't want to dine with Lucullus on mallard and quail, and invite him to a feast of rabbit and corn-bread."

"She needn't invite me to dinner, if you consider *me* a Lucullus—all I want is to see her and talk to her—evenings would be fine. And, now that the mater's gone home, of course *I* can't invite her to dine, you know."

"Oh, you literal young simpleton!" sighed Nancy, with an affectionate pat on his coat-sleeve. "I like you a heap, boy, but I can't give you any encouragement in the matter of Eleanor—not unless a miracle were to happen."

"Well, I'm obliged to go home tomorrow," the young man replied, soberly. "But I'll come back—and I'm thinking maybe I won't wait for the shooting in the fall. Maybe something'll happen to soften the princess—I'm a great believer in the old adage: 'If at first you don't succeed, try, try again!' I learned it at school, when I was six, and it's the only poetry I can remember—I try to live up to it, too."

So David Muir went back to the North, and the days passed uneventfully on the Talcott plantation. But at last something happened that was, Nancy declared, the very last straw—the camel's back was smashed to smithereens!

Neddy, the mule, feeling the springtime in his veins, leaped friskily over the frail fence that confined him, one beautiful night when the moon was bright, and wandered abroad to seek new forage, finding it in the greenly growing fields beloning to the Muir estate!

When Bahama went to his stall next morning, he found Neddy in the throes of acute indigestion from the unaccustomed diet of the night.

Bahama trotted to the house as fast as his old legs would carry him, to tell the woeful tidings to Eleanor. "Dat muel is done eat sump'n didn't 'gree wid him, Miss Eleanor, and he powerful bad off wid de colic," panted Bahama. "Don' you reckon I better run down to Mr. Jake Louder's store and ax him for some pain-killer?"

The two girls were at breakfast; Daphne, drifting in with a plate of delicious corn-meal batter-cakes, promptly responded.

"Mr. Louder don't know what to do for mules no more'n me," quoth Daphne, the capable. "I'll go fix up a drench right now—red-pepper tea, gunpowder and bakin'-soda. Ain't you got no sense, Bahama, dat you done forgot how we-all used to doctor our stock—when we *had* stock on de plantation?"

"Been so long I done forgot," declared the relieved Bahama. "But you better hurry up, ole 'oman, for dat muel is powerful bad off."

"You kin rub him id a rail whiles I makin' de drench," calmly informed his spouse, as she glided lightly away in the direction of the kitchen.

"Nancy, oh, Nancy, do you reckon Neddy will die?" whispered Eleanor, with tragic eyes. "*What* would we do if he were to die right in the beginning of the season?"

"Well, seeing that he's only making corn for his own forage, I don't know that it would matter greatly," said Nancy, with what Eleanor considered unkind flippancy. "It might prove to be a blessing in disguise, honey!"

But Neddy did not die, though he came pretty close to the danger line, Bahama—who tried osteopathy upon him with a rail—declared. Daphne's drench was so horrible that Neddy—after his head was tied up with a rope, and the bottle containing the drench forced between his teeth by Daphne, who had to stand in the feed-trough to reach him—forgot his stomach-ache in the greater pain of the awful dose.

"He's all right now," declared Daphne, as she climbed warily down from her perch in the feed-trough. "He'll be as good as new in about an hour or so."

"Thank heaven!" breathed Eleanor, relievedly. She and Nancy had stood near, watching the administering of the dose with fearful interest, but powerless to aid. "But what in the world gave him the colic, Uncle Bahama?"

"Dis here fence is done smashed in where he jumped over," decided Daphne, critically viewing the demolished rails that had kept Neddy within bounds. "I reckon he done got in somebody's fiel' and eat too much green stuff."

Bahama scratched his head thoughtfully. "De Lord knows I hope he ain't got into none o' dat Yankee white man's patches," he exclaimed, with fervor. "I ain't got no use for a poor-white Yankee like dat air overseer what Mr. Muir got, dat I ain't! I hope Neddy done gone on down to Mr. Jake Louder's, caze he won't be apt to charge for de corn, or whatsomever he eat up."

"I'll certainly pay damages," declared Eleanor, and Nancy averred that if such were the case, it would be the first time Mr. Louder didn't charge!

But alas! as Neddy already knew, and Bahama's guess proved true; it was not in the patch of Mr. Louder but in the highly-tilled fields belonging to the Muir plantation that the damage was wrought, as Eleanor was soon to know.

The manager of Green Lands rode over as soon as he had visited his fields and found out the extent of Neddy's depredations. He was not a gentleman, by birth, breeding or instinct, this "poor-white Yankee," but he was a most excellent employee, and he looked well after the ways of the plantation, and the interests of his employer.

Eleanor, watching the languid Neddy convalescing in his lot, beheld the approach of the overseer, Bahama trailing at his heels, with secret dismay, though her delicate face betrayed no token of her feelings. The dainty head held its usual proud poise, the velvet-brown eyes looked calmly upon the irate overseer, who briefly informed her that he came to say the damage her mule had done to the young crops amounted to at least a hundred dollars!

"The old rascal got in the garden," explained the manager, "and has devoured young vegetables that can't be replaced—too late to replant. We raise them early to ship North, to Mrs. Muir. Lettuce, young peas, carrots—everything in ruins, for what he couldn't eat he trampled on, so that they are crushed and useless. What are you going to do about it, ma'am?"

"She certainly is not going to take *your* appraisal," flashed Nancy, fire in her eyes and wrath in her heart, which fluttered with fear at the thought that perhaps Eleanor would take the man's valuation of his crops, after all—Eleanor had such quixotic ideas of right and wrong! "Somebody else will have to set a value on the things, of course."

And then Eleanor did just what Nancy, in her secret heart, feared she would do!

"I take it for granted that you speak the truth," she said, in calm, icy tones," and that you have set a just value on your vegetables. Wait here, and I will write you a check for the amount."

And, just as though she had a fortune in the bank, Eleanor walked calmly into the house, wrote the check, and—oblivious of Nancy's pitiful protests, handed it to the man with the air of a royal princess who bestows a favor upon a subject!

The manager received it in much the manner a subject would have done, for he, amazed at the sight of the check—which he had not the slightest idea of receiving—felt that this graciously proud lady who gave checks so readily, must be masquerading—she must have money, even though she chose to live in such a forsaken hole as the old Talcott house!

But Eleanor, knowing the pitiful balance left when the hundred dollar check should be cashed, knew that the end was in sight—sooner or later she must tell Nancy to go away to her John, and her work in the big city, and leave her alone—

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

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32x4	11.95	3.10	35x5	16.50	4.28
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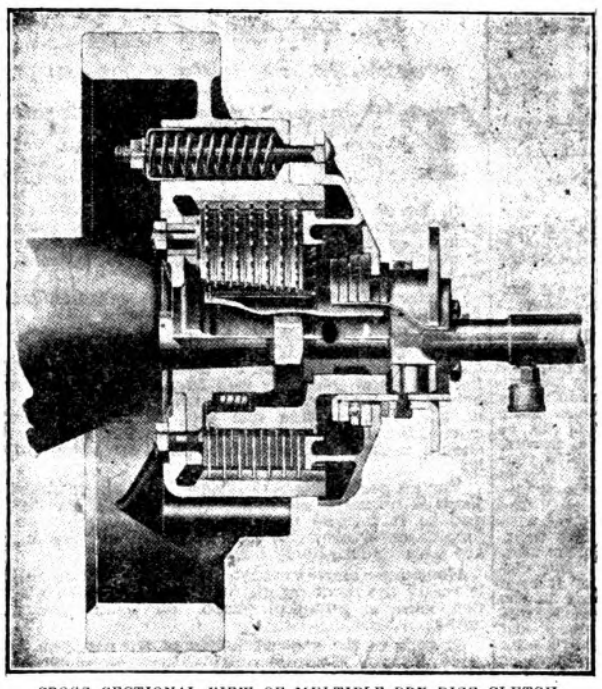
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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Types of Clutches

BECAUSE the power must be applied gradually, friction type of clutches are generally used in connection with the gasolene internal combustion motor. A few types of magnetic clutches have also appeared on some makes of cars. However, this type might be considered as in its experimental stage and, therefore, will not be taken into consideration at this time. The friction clutch may be found in various forms. The type is considered ideal as it permits a certain amount of slipping before taking hold, thereby applying the power or drive gradually. On the other hand, if the clutch did not yield to a certain extent and applied the load immediately, the result would be hard on the entire driving mechanism and objectionable to the occupants of the car. The effect obtained with this type of clutch could be compared to the bucking of a bronco. The cone clutch is the simplest of the friction series. It consists of a large cup, sometimes formed in the flywheel, and a cone to register with the cup. The cup is referred to as the female member and is always attached to the engine. The cone is referred to as the male member and is coupled to drive the transmission. Usually the cone is fitted with a leather facing which is treated to insure gradual engagement with the cup. When the clutch is in the driving position, the two members (cup and cone) are held together by spring tension. When the clutch pedal is depressed the linkage moves the cone away from the cup, thereby allowing the engine to turn over without transmitting the power through the gear set to the rear wheels. The disc type of friction clutch is the one most generally adopted by automobile engineers. This type usually consists of two sets of discs, one set having a facing on each side of the disc and the other set without facings. When assembling, the plain discs are placed between the lined ones. The first is a lined disc, the second plain, the third lined, and so on. The lined discs usually have teeth cut on their periphery and fit into guides cut in the flywheel. In other words, whenever the engine turns over, the lined discs must revolve. The plain or unlined discs are attached to a driven member which in turn is coupled to the transmission. When the clutch is in the driving position the lined and plain discs are pressed against each other by spring tension. It will be appreciated that the friction created in this manner will be sufficient to communicate the drive to the gear-set. By depressing the clutch pedal, the spring tension is released, and naturally the plain discs fall away from the lined ones. In this manner it is possible for the engine to revolve without load. Some disc clutches use but three plates while others incorporate several. There are two types of disc clutches; the wet and the dry. The term "dry multiple disc clutch" is descriptive in itself. The wet disc clutch differs from the dry in that the discs run in a bath of oil. The advantage claimed for this arrangement is that the act of squeezing out the film of oil on the plates when they are engaging causes a certain amount of slipping and insures gradual engagement. The types of clutches described have been in use for years and are very efficient.



CROSS SECTIONAL VIEW OF MULTIPLE DRY DISC CLUTCH.

Some Useful Pointers

Retreading Tires

When the soles of your shoes are worn thin, do you throw the shoes away? Unless you are extravagant you do not. Instead, you send the shoes to a repairer and have new soles put on. The same principle should hold good as regards the tires on the car. The rubber tread on the outside of the tire is the only part which touches the road and therefore is more susceptible to wear than any other part of the tire. Many owners are of the opinion that when the tread is gone it is time to buy new tires. The supposition is correct, providing the owner has not taken care of the tire during the period of use. The only purpose of the rubber tread is to take the wear of the road and in no way assists in withstanding the air pressure. The pressure is taken by the fabric or cords under the tread. If the fabric and cords are in good condition, what argument can there be against putting on a new tread, and, thereby, lengthening materially the life of a tire. However, if there are sand blisters on the tire or cuts which expose the fabric, the chances are that the fabric has started to deteriorate at those particular points and the condition may not warrant the expense of a new tread. The fabric must be preserved and this is accomplished by vulcanizing any cuts in the tread, maintaining a proper air pressure and not overloading the car. If these precautions have been taken, do not throw the tire away because the tread is worn, but have it inspected by a tire expert as a new tread may mean several thousands of miles additional service. There are also several inner liners on the market which have been time tried and found to give excellent results. The fabric liner is cemented inside the old shoe and with this arrangement it is possible to use the tire until its fabric is worn through. In most instances the liner may be removed and cemented into another casing. It is also claimed that due to the extra thickness of fabric a tire equipped with an inner liner is almost immune from punctures.

Loss of Power

When loss of power is noticed, any of the following may be the cause: brakes set, improper carburetor adjustment, carbonization of the cylinders, excessive heat, lack of oil, flooded carburetor or lack of compression.

Engine Overheating

Should the engine have a tendency to overheat, any of the following might be the cause: fan belt loose or broken, driving with retarded spark, ignition incorrectly timed, valves incorrectly timed, carburetor out of adjustment, sediment in radiator, water pump impellor broken, obstructions in front of radiator, lack of oil, dragging brakes, slipping clutch or racing engine on low gear. To determine whether the water is circulating, remove the radiator cap and while the motor is running, see whether there is a good delivery into the upper tank of the radiator.

Ammeter Troubles

In case the ammeter should show a flow of current (the indicator finger is not at zero) when all the switches are turned off, it is always advisable to determine first if the ammeter is at fault. This is accomplished by disconnecting all wires attaching to the ammeter and noting whether the reading continues the same or if the finger returns to zero. If, when the instrument is taken out of the electrical circuit, the reading is not changed, the trouble lies in the instrument and should receive expert attention. If, on the other hand, the finger returns to zero, the trouble does not lie in the ammeter and the car wiring should be examined thoroughly for short circuits.

Should the ammeter ever show a discharge reading when it should be showing a charge reading—that is, the reading is discharged when the generator is running and charge when it is idle—the indication is that the connections somewhere in the circuit have been switched. It may be that the wires were not attached to the proper terminals at the ammeter. Although such a condition can do no harm, to avoid confusion it is better to locate the switched wires and correct the difficulty.

Stubborn Valve Cap

Many times a valve cap which has not been disturbed for a long time will resist all efforts to dislodge it. One of the easiest methods for handling a stubborn valve cap is to run the motor until it is thoroughly warmed up and then pour cold water in the cup portion of the cap. The water causes the contraction of the cap and if a wrench be applied immediately the cap can be turned out.

Magnetized Tools

Even the small boy knows that a piece of steel or iron will stick to the end of the horseshoe magnet. It therefore will not require much thought on the part of the motorist to understand that if certain tools be magnetized much time and temper can be saved when doing certain work on the automobile. For example: rub a strong horseshoe magnet over the end of a long screw-driver, which will instantly become magnetized. Small screws difficult to handle with the fingers will adhere to the end of the screw-driver, also small metal parts dropped in the underpan can readily be extracted without waste of time or soiling the workman's clothing.

Questions Answered

I am troubled by the water boiling in the radiator of my 1916 model Chevriolet car. Is it caused by imperfect circulation? If I should install a new radiator would it remedy the difficulty?

G. D. C., Denver, Ill.

There are several probable causes for the overheating of your motor. Perhaps the most common is due to the distributor being timed late. The distributor should be timed so that the breaker points open at the exact time the piston reaches its uppermost position on the compression stroke. The fault is sometimes found due to the carburetor being adjusted for too rich a mixture. However, if the motor operates properly, the chances are that the trouble is not due to the carburetor. Make certain that the fan belt is tight. It might be advisable to bend the fan blades a trifle so as to cause more cool air to pass through the radiator. Care must be exercised, however, not to bend the blades to the extent which will allow them to strike the radiator. It might be to your advantage to remove the pet cock at the bottom of the water connection and after the water is all drained out to thoroughly flush the radiator and water jacket in the motor with pressure from a garden hose. This would remove all sediment which might collect in the radiator. After this is done, the pet cock should be replaced and the radiator filled with water. Start motor and allow it to run until water at top of radiator becomes hot. If the water does not circulate properly it would remain cold at the bottom of radiator for a long time. In case the water does not circulate through the radiator, the radiator should be removed and sent to the manufacturer for repair. The manufacturer's name is stamped on the metal plate on the back of radiator.



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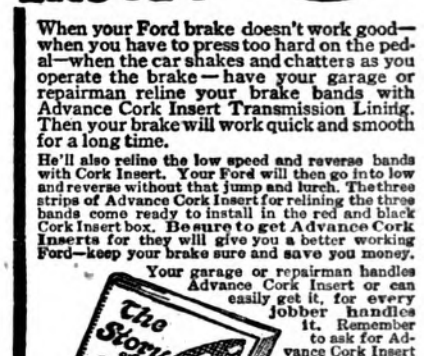
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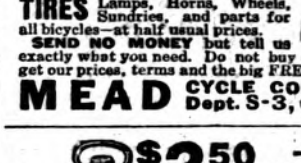
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

There are factories where they make fences, furniture, screen doors, baskets, suspenders, gloves and knitting mills.

Wishing good luck to all of COMFORT'S readers,
MRS. WM. FIDDLER.

WALKER, ARIZONA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

May I come in and talk with you for there are many things I want to say.

I should like to discuss the beauties of nature with Busy Girl for I love nature in all her moods. When a child in the east (New York) I, too, loved the old orchard. I live now in the mountains of Arizona with a creek singing its song just below my house—which I am building myself. Busy Girl, if you live up to your letter your life should be filled with happiness.

The request in March COMFORT from the editor: "What did you with little money do to make your home more beautiful?" I got a hammer and saw and went to work. Were you ever in a mining camp? Do you know the kind of cabins most of the families live in? Have you seen the countless thousands of tin cans thrown in most of the back yards? If so, then you know what I mean when I say I went to work. One of our richest blessings is home and we can't do too much to improve and beautify it. Our homes show our personalities, the outside even more than the inside is seen by many and they get their impressions from it. If you own your home you can work wonders at small cost. Look the house over and see where you can build a porch or screened living-room for there is nothing which appeals to me more than a cozy, open living-room, free from flies, with a few comfortable rockers, an easy couch and a table for books and papers. If you have no fireplace, build a big chimney of rocks on the outside of the house and use rocks inside if you are where rocks "grow." Make a driveway at one side and a side entrance with a little porch over it. Look the outside of your home over and see where the shape of the rooms can be improved upon; where a partition can be taken out between sitting-room and parlor, making a big living-room. Build a fireplace with a seat at one side large enough to lie down upon and rest. At the other side build in a writing desk and bookcase. Don't forget the little things so much needed at a desk, a penknife that will sharpen pencils, paper cutter, ruler, ink eraser, mucilage, calendar, pens and ink, and a waste-basket. Have a library table for the reading lamp and magazines and comfortable chairs or rockers for each member of the family. Have handy a little sewing table for your work. If your husband smokes, as mine does, have beside his chair a small cabinet for his tobacco and matches, with a place for his book. Have plenty of windows, the more the better. Brown is a beautiful color for a living-room but the room must be well lighted or the effect will be dingy and unpleasant. A rug in brown, light tan, old rose and blue looks well in a room with the side walls, two shades of brown with portieres and window draperies of plain or figured material to match light colors in rug. Have a few good pictures. The kitchen needs special planning so that it won't be necessary to take too many steps in doing the work. Your work table and dish closets should be in one place and a built-in cabinet by the stove so your tea, coffee and breakfast foods are where you use them and it makes a place to set things while cooking.

When fixing up your guest room don't forget a small writing desk for as a rule the guest wants to write home and tell the folks she arrived safely and is having the loveliest time.

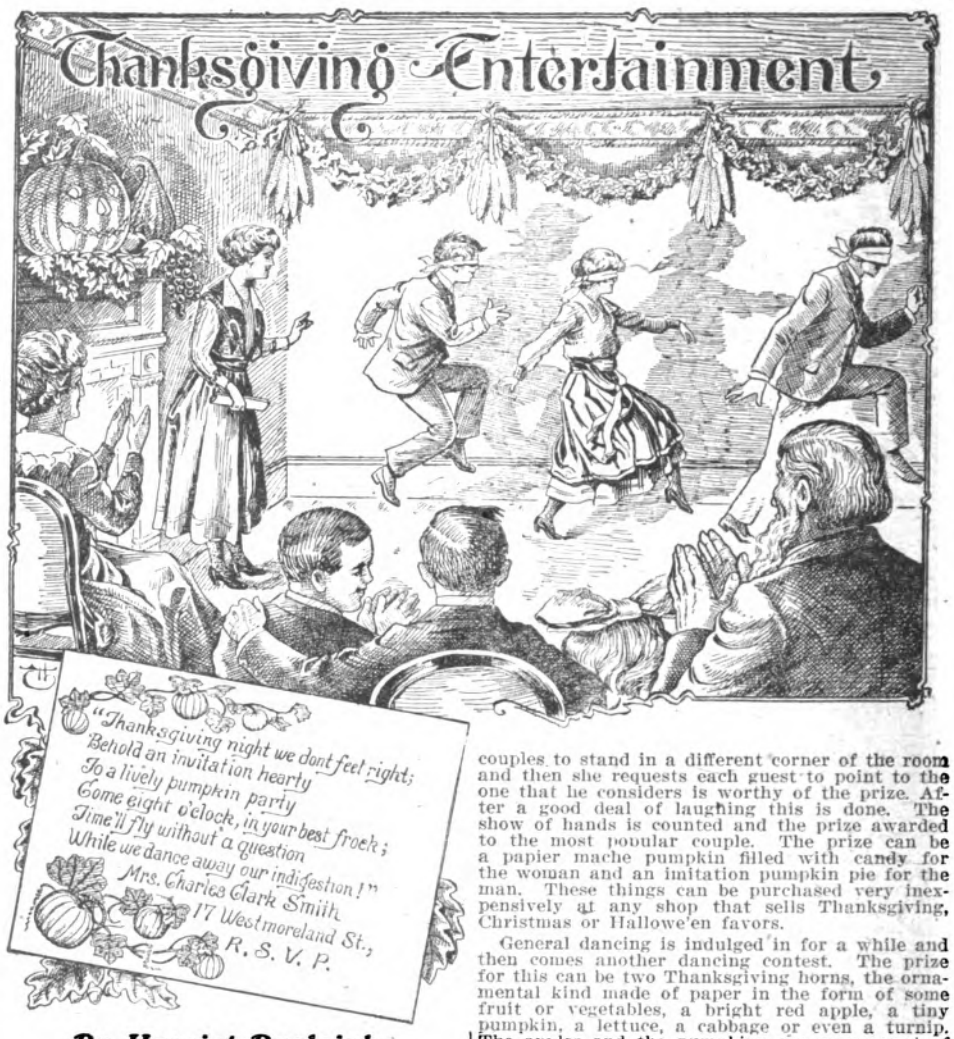
All these things may sound expensive but they are not. If you or any member of the family are handy with tools you can make many pieces of furniture that are useful and good looking. Because it requires work is the reason so many homes go unbeautified but if you get started it won't be long before the rest of the family will get interested.

There are places where you can send your old carpets and clothing and have made them into good-looking and long-wearing rugs at a small cost.

If you don't understand exactly what will be suitable, get a bungalow book and study the most attractive designs. Have lots of windows. Does the house need paint? So many don't seem to realize that to keep their buildings well painted is business and makes the buildings last much longer. Improvements make your property worth more and more salable. To be beautiful everything must be well kept, lawn, flowers, vines and trees. Don't have unsightly places in your back yard, a wood pile, tin cans or ashes. If you have an outside earth toilet, use your ashes in it and keep it spread thickly so flies can't breed there. The lye in the ashes kills the germs. Dig a deep pit with smooth sides, bank the outside well and keep tight. Make covers for seats and keep covered. Safety first. Protect your family from the terribly contagious diseases that come from such places, particularly through fly season, which is most of the year around in the West. Millions of these filthy insects breed in this filth and then go directly to your dining-room and kitchen and track over your food, into the baby's milk and over its face while on their feet are millions of deadly germs. Uncle Sam is working hard to improve the health standard so it's up to each one of us to help him. The heart of the world is health, happiness, home and beauty.

I have lived in different mining towns for the last five years and at one mine they gave us a tent house, twelve by fourteen feet, to live in and it was nearly ready to fall to pieces from age and neglect. I stood it three weeks and then I got a saw and a hammer and went to work. Don't laugh, but they all did. It was boarded up four feet and the rest was canvas in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



By Harriet Burleigh

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THE average state of mind on Thanksgiving Day is not unlike that of the hired man Kate Douglas Wiggin tells about in one of her early stories. This individual had a pronounced objection to getting up in the morning and, at last, he so exhausted the patience of even the good-natured "help" that she went to his room, banged on the door and said reprovingly, "Hiram, I should think you'd be ashamed to lay abed so late."

Whereat Hiram remarked, "I be ashamed but I'd ruther be ashamed than git up."

Now "the beatings of this observation stays in the application on it" as another famous writer once observed. We are all ashamed of over-eating and know perfectly well that such indulgence brings on indigestion, rheumatism and all sorts of ills, but on this one day in all the year everything tastes so good that we feel as if we should rather "be ashamed" than eat moderately.

For all sorts of table indiscretions, big or little, there is no more efficacious remedy than exercise and so it follows that the most thoroughly enjoyable entertainments for Thanksgiving evening are more or less lively ones.

Nowadays almost everybody dances and as this is really the most delightful way to exercise why not give a pumpkin dance on Thanksgiving night?

It adds to the general jollity of the occasion to send out very informal sorts of invitations. These are white cards embellished, top and bottom with big yellow pumpkins cut out of yellow paper and pasted on. Between the decorations is the following doggerel:

"Thanksgiving night we don't feel right;
Behold an invitation hearty
To a lively pumpkin party.
Come eight o'clock, in your best frock;
Time'll fly without a question
While we dance away our indigestion!"

Mrs. Charles Clark Smith,
17 Westmoreland St.,
R. S. V. P.

After reading such an invitation even the most conventional of guests feels that he must leave his stiffness at home and prepare for "high jinks" and this, naturally adds to the joy of the occasion.

Remove the rugs and most of the furniture from the living-room or whichever room in the house has the largest floor space but leave a few chairs ranged along the walls for the spectators. The floor should be waxed to make it suitable for dancing. The walls should be decorated like a harvest home festival with festoons of autumn leaves and ears of yellow corn arranged in effective groups between. On the center of the mantel stands a huge pumpkin hollowed out to form a grinning Jack-o'-lantern and on each side of this are banked egg plants, smaller pumpkins, crook necks, red apples, big bunches of Concord grapes and other fruits and vegetables of late autumn.

When the guests are all assembled let them have a preliminary dance to "break the ice" and then announce that during the first five minutes of the next music all the guests will kindly remain in their seats and admire the dancing of Miss Jones with Mr. Green, Mrs. White with Mr. West, etc., naming four couples, and that a prize will be given to the couple whose dancing is the most interesting to the company.

While the couples mentioned are gasping with surprise and beginning to murmur objections they were in complete ignorance of the ordeal in store for them—the hostess glibly continues that she hopes the first of the martyrs will come forward quickly as everyone in the room is to be called upon before the evening is over and therefore the first to suffer should congratulate themselves and remember that "he laughs best who laughs last."

If they enter properly into the spirit of the thing the dancers will try to interpolate a few fancy steps into the one step, the tango or whatever the first dance may be. A one-step is usually the best music to start with as this is such a simple dance it lends itself readily to variations.

At the end of five minutes a bell is rung and the hostess asks each of the four contesting couples to stand in a different corner of the room and then she requests each guest to point to the one that he considers is worthy of the prize. After a good deal of laughing this is done. The show of hands is counted and the prize awarded to the most popular couple. The prize can be a papier mache pumpkin filled with candy for the woman and an imitation pumpkin pie for the man. These things can be purchased very inexpensively at any shop that sells Thanksgiving, Christmas or Hallowe'en favors.

General dancing is indulged in for a while and then comes another dancing contest. The prize for this can be two Thanksgiving horns, the ornamental kind made of paper in the form of some fruit or vegetables, a bright red apple, a tiny pumpkin, a lettuce, a cabbage or even a turnip. The apples and the pumpkins are on account of their gay colors, by far the prettiest. There is a whistle in the mouth end of each of these horns and some of them emit an ear-splitting scream while others make a noise not unlike a very melancholy motor horn.

Let the contests continue until everybody in the room has taken part but do not let them get tiresome, run them in between the general dancing.

A very amusing Thanksgiving enterainment can be given for people who do not dance by using the same invitation card but substituting the word "laugh" for the word "dance" in the last line of the doggerel.

The first game after the guests have assembled is a pumpkin race, six or eight players can take part according to the size of the room. Procure the same number of very small yellow pumpkins—squashes will do, nobody but a farmer knows the difference or buy some tiny artificial pumpkins. Pin a long piece of tape on the floor for the race course of each pumpkin. The "stunt" is to see which of the contestants can chase the pumpkin along a line with the fewest strokes of a cane. Small prizes are given the successful contestant in each group and a grand prize is awarded to the persons who excels all others in the performance of this task. If preferred only this last prize can be given but it usually adds to the interest to give some little trifle at the completion of each contest.

Another very hilarious version of the pumpkin race is to have two players only race at a time instead of six or eight. Each is given a long-handled wooden spoon and a tiny pumpkin and then both have their eyes bandaged. The object of the contest is to see which of the two can roll the pumpkin across the floor first. As neither player can see where he or she is going the result is always very diverting to the spectators. A woman is matched against a man in this game until all have had a turn. The sex with most points to its credit then draws lots for the prize.

Stringing pumpkin seeds and colored beads together in necklaces is the next contest. A prize is awarded to the person who can make the most artistic necklace in a given time and the necklaces are kept by each contestant as a souvenir.

Then there is a left-handed contest and last of all an obstacle race. The first mentioned is very simple but none the less difficult for all that. Pencil and paper are given to each guest and each is asked to write a short message to the host or hostess with his left hand. A prize is given for the most legible writing. If any naturally left-handed people are present they must in all fairness be barred from this contest.

The obstacle race can end the evening with a hearty laugh at the expense of a few who certainly will not mind it. The hostess asks for volunteers for an obstacle race. A hassock, a rolled up rug, a low stool, a shirt-waist box, etc., are placed at uneven intervals along one side of the room. This makes the course and the idea, so the contestants are made to think, is to go around or jump over these things and see which one gets to the end of the room in the shortest space of time while he or she is blindfolded. After the course is all arranged each contestant is brought in before the bandage is adjusted over his eyes and allowed to see exactly what he is going to be up against. The wise contestant usually makes a mental picture of all the obstacles in the way and often he even paces them off to make sure of their exact locations when he is blindfolded. When everybody who is to take part has had this chance, the contestants are all sent into another room and their eyes blindfolded. In the meantime every hassock, rug, box or other obstacle has been removed from the course and there is nothing there. The contestants are admitted two or three at a time and give their word of honor not to cheat by looking under their bandages. They proceed cautiously, making long detours where the highest obstacles were and often jumping over the lowest ones. As these obstacles are by this time entirely imaginary the effect of all this is very funny. When they reach the end of the course the bandages are removed and the expression of bewilderment on each contestant's face when he sees the condition of affairs is very ludicrous.

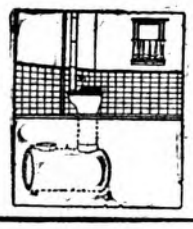
For obvious reasons all refreshments served at Thanksgiving night festivities should be simple. Tiny individual pumpkin pies baked in patty pans should make the first course and the second can be ice-cream and cake with black coffee or lemonade. If orange ice, chocolate and vanilla cream is frozen in tiny pumpkin shapes it carries out the pumpkin idea delightfully, but this is really not at all necessary.

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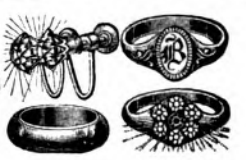
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Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

and hear the rest of what I have to tell you."

Beryl was like a person transformed. Her lovely face was aglow, her eyes were like stars, and she was trembling in an ecstasy of suddenly awakened hope.

"You have given Mr. Berdyne reason to hope that you would yield to his entreaties and consent to marry him," continued Irma Lee. "If you still love Neil Preston, to do such a thing even out of pity and gratitude would be to wrong both him and yourself; aye, and Berdyne and me. Mr. Preston, at this very moment, is on his way to Sunset Ranch——"

"Neil—coming here?" murmured Beryl, scarcely believing her ears.

"Yes."

"But he does not know where I am!"

"He does know, for I met him in San Francisco last evening and told him. Berdyne, as I have already informed you, is also coming. You must settle this matter with him, once and for all, before the man you love appears on the scene."

Beryl, blinded by the happy tears that suffused her eyes, sank to her knees. Often, in the bitterness of despair, her heart had rebelled against the cruel fate which seemed to have taken her darling from her; now, at last, she was brought to know how unnecessary had been her sorrow, how unjust her repining.

"You have suffered," said Irma Lee, bending over her, "needlessly suffered, and all because of the machinations of Nicholas Berdyne. Do not forget this in your coming interview with him; and do not fail, at that time, to conceal the source of your information. If you desire proof of what I have told you concerning Mr. Preston, you will find it in this paper."

Simultaneously with the last words a folded newspaper was pressed into Beryl's hand; and when her sight cleared, she saw that Irma Lee had vanished as suddenly as she had come. The paper proved to be a San Francisco daily. On the first page was a marked article containing an account of the recent arrival from Skaguay, Alaska of the steamer *Argonaut*. Among the list of returning passengers was the name of Neil Preston!

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETURN.

"Beryl! My little sweetheart!"

It was Berdyne's voice. He was mounting the veranda steps, his face aglow with eagerness, his hands outstretched toward Beryl, who had just risen from the hammock. The girl had expected him the evening before, but he had arrived late. He, and a man who had come with him, had had a midnight supper with Mr. Jackman. All three had retired in the wee small hours.

Beryl, through the open windows of her room on the second floor, had heard the voices of the three in low conversation. Mr. Berdyne had been at the ranch several times since Beryl had been the guest of the ranchman and his wife: and Beryl had imagined that these visits measured the length of Berdyne's acquaintance with Mr. Jackman. She was a little surprised, therefore, at the prolonged talk which the three men had had in the dining-room.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackman and Beryl, served by the Chinese cook had had their breakfast long before Mr. Berdyne and his companion were astir. Following the meal, Beryl had been waiting and nerving herself for the interview which she knew could not be much longer postponed. Now it was at hand, and it found her ready.

"Wait, Mr. Berdyne," said Beryl fluttering her hand with a restraining gesture.

Clad in a simple white gown, with a pale rose at her breast, Beryl had never looked more entrancingly lovely than she did at that moment. Her beauty was a lure to the man, beckoning him on even as her imperious manner repelled him.

Berdyne was abashed and bewildered. He stood for a time as her words had left him, one foot on the edge of the veranda, and the other on the step below.

"Why," he returned, "what do you mean, Beryl? What sort of greeting is this for your affianced husband?"

"Not that!" she cried vehemently.

"But you promised me—"

"I promised you nothing, Mr. Berdyne. Search your memory, and you will not find that, by word or deed have I ever given you the least encouragement."

Berdyne was like one stunned. Suddenly he dismissed his wonder with a shrug, mounted the last step, and seated himself on the veranda rail.

"By jove!" he muttered. "What sort of a tangent have you gone off on now, Miss Grayson? Will you go so far as to say there was no understanding between us? In pursuance of that understanding I have come from Denver to make you my wife. Your treatment of me, I must say, is decidedly cool. What has happened? If I read the signs aright, some one has been setting you against me."

"There was no understanding, Mr. Berdyne," persisted Beryl, quite calmly, "but I think it is high time we had one now."

"I grant you that, my dear," said he easily.

A flush of hot indignation swept through her rounded cheeks.

"Those terms of affection," she said, "are out of place—even were you the loyal friend of my father which you have led me to believe. I cannot listen to any more of them."

He gave a low whistle, and settled back against the veranda post. His narrowing eyes were filled with a bold, gloating insolence that aroused her loathing. She wondered, then, why she had needed those words of Irma Lee's to show her the true nature of this man. Ah, she had been blind, blind!

"I was grateful to you, Mr. Berdyne," Beryl went on, "for what I supposed was kindness extended to me on m father's account. You took for granted very much more than you had any warrant to do. You knew, at the time Mr. Preston went to Alaska, that—that I was engaged to him; and I have told you again and again that all my heart is his."

"Neil Preston has passed from the scene," said he. "I saw an account of his demise in a Skaguay paper, and the man Gorsline verified it."

"The man Gorsline," she said, drawing herself to her full height, "did not tell the truth. I believe, Mr. Berdyne, that he never went to Alaska at all, and that he brought me that wretched story at your instigation."

A muttered anathema fell from Berdyne's lips. Another moment and he had sprung to his feet.

"Who says that?" he roughly demanded. "Who has been talking to you?"

"That is beside the question." Beryl's nerves were tingling with excitement, but her resolution did not waver. She pointed to a newspaper lying in the hammock. "That paper," she continued, "gives an account of the arrival at San Francisco of the steamer *Argonaut*, and Neil's name is among the list of returning passengers."

He breathed a malediction under his breath.

"The time has come, Mr. Berdyne, when we must be perfectly frank with each other. I cannot be your wife. If I never stated this before as emphatically as I should have done, it was because I thought you had been good to me, and I hesitated to wound your feelings."

At that, his anger got the better of him.

"By Heaven," he cried fiercely, "you shall marry me! I am not the man to be trifled with by a chit of a girl. I love you; you are the one woman in all the world I want for my own. No power can take you from me!"

More and more was Berdyne revealing the nature which he had up to then kept studiously in the background. Beryl was horrified at the hideous treachery his words suggested.

"When I was ill in Denver," she continued, in a low tone, "just after the man Gorsline had come to me with his terrible falsehood, you had me removed from the miserable place where abject poverty had forced me to live, secured the best medical attention, and had a trained nurse come to take care of me. You did this, you said, because you and my father had been like brothers, and you could not bear to see Leroy Grayson's daughter sick and in want."

He laughed, and it was a laugh that gave the lie to his former pretensions.

"When I grew well enough to return to work," she resumed, "you would not listen to my returning to the grinding toil of the book bindery, with its mere pittance of wages, but sought to persuade me to live for a few weeks on your bounty. This I would not do, and I thank Heaven from the bottom of my heart that I was strong enough not to let myself be beguiled. Then you secured me a place as cloak model in the great establishment of Stein & Fetterman. At that time I believed you ever thoughtful, ever kind; and it was simply the fear of what people might think that led me to leave Denver and come to Sunset Ranch when Mr. Jackman offered me a home. You were doing too much for me, and I felt that I could not wound you by telling you so."

"You fancied that by coming here you could get away from me, eh?" The words were a taunt, and half concealed a sneer.

"I fancied that your generosity was carrying you into deep waters," she answered, resting one little hand over her wildly beating heart, "and I had hoped that when I came to Sunset Ranch you would understand my position and be generous enough to respect it."

"I was not to be shaken off so easily," said he, with a triumphant leer. "I have loved you, my little beauty, from the moment I first saw you running that stitching machine in the bindery; and I vowed then that, in spite of fate, you should one day be mine. Nor have I spent so much time and money on you merely to be turned aside by your sudden caprice."

"Am I to understand, then, that what you did was less for my father's sake than for the purpose of forwarding your own base designs?"

"You are to understand what you please," he brutally replied, "providing you do not overlook the fact that you are in my power, and that I am here to make you my wife!"

He took a step toward her, and she retreated before him.

"I am not in your power!" she cried. "I have but to raise my voice and Mr. Jackman will come to my aid. Do not touch me! Do not dare lay your hands upon me! Oh, I know what you are now, and I shall not rest until you have been paid back every penny you have spent upon me!"

Berdyne, his dark face full of passion, advanced rapidly toward her. She evaded him with a quick movement, and called loudly for Mr. Jackman.

"You may call till you are hoarse, my pretty termagant," said Berdyne mockingly, "but little good it will do you. I shall take you in my arms and snatch my first tribute from your red lips,"

A second more and the scoundrel might have accomplished his purpose; but there came a cry of anger, a stalwart form darted around the corner, leaped up the veranda steps, caught Berdyne by the shoulders, and flung him at full length on the boards.

"Beryl, my darling!"

She stared, her eyes wide with joy and stunned surprise, her small hands fluttering about her throat.

"Neil," she whispered, sinking into the outstretched arms that were waiting for her, "at last, at last!"

It was indeed Neil Preston, fortunately come at the very moment Beryl needed him most. Supporting his sweetheart with one arm, Neil shook a clenched fist over the scowling face of Berdyne.

"You scoundrel," he cried; "unless you wish further punishment, begone! I have returned from the North in time to foil your villainous plans, but have a care lest you tempt me too far. Out of my sight, you cur!"

Berdyne picked himself up slowly, and backed down the steps of the porch. His face was fairly livid with rage and hate.

"When I mark out my trail, Neil Preston," said he fiercely, "I follow it to the bitter end! For the moment, luck is with you; but my opportunity will come!"

"Go!" ordered Neil Preston, and Nicholas Berdyne turned on his heel and hastily strode away.

CHAPTER V.

THE PLOTTERS.

Berdyne, in spite of his despicable private character, was no coward; but he was at all times a man of discretion. He had not retaliated upon Neil Preston with force, choosing rather to bide his time and gain his revenge in another and more terrible way.

"My plans have gone awry," he muttered, in a fury of baffled hate, "just when they seemed near to consummation. I feared Preston would come, for I saw the notice about his arrival on the *Argonaut* before I left San Francisco. I have been precipitate, and queered everything! But I am not beaten yet. I will have the girl in spite of Preston, if I have to tear her from his arms at the very altar!"

While thus communing with himself, Berdyne's rapid pace carried him beyond the house, and into the tree-lined road that led downward into the valley and off toward San Jose. Here he encountered Hartley Trenwyck.

"What has gone wrong, Berdyne?" asked Trenwyck. "Your face is like a thundercloud."

"Everything has gone wrong!" growled Berdyne. "While I was talking with the girl, Preston showed up. He is with her now," he added, with a savage backward glance, "on the veranda at the other side of the house."

"By Jove!" muttered Trenwyck, with a worried look. "He'll have the girl now, in spite of you!"

Berdyne turned such a look of furious determination on the lawyer that he shivered, and would have given much to recall his words.

"I tell you again," said Berdyne, "that I have set my heart on the girl. Just now Preston seems to hold the trump card; but—mark my words, Trenwyck—my time will come! I shall make that proud beauty crawl on her knees before me, and Preston himself shall live to curse the day he ever crossed my path!"

There followed a brief silence.

"Your persistence, Nick," said the lawyer, finally, "is what I have always admired about you. I have something at stake in this affair no less than yourself, as you know very well. The day Beryl Grayson becomes your wife, Neil Preston's brother tenders me a check for five thousand dollars."

"I well understand to what I am indebted for your aid, Trenwyck," was Berdyne's sarcastic comment. "Morley Preston and his aristocratic parents have cut off Neil's allowance, and have threatened to disinherit him if he persists in his avowed purpose of marrying a working girl."

"Exactly," said the lawyer, with a snakelike smile. "None of the Denver Prestons believed for a moment that Neil was dead; they rather thought, I believe, that Neil spread the report himself in order to throw dust in their eyes. "But," and here Trenwyck's voice sank into an earnest, confidential tone, "leaving that honorarium of five thousand entirely out of the question, you could have counted upon my aid just the same. I owe you too much, Berdyne, not to put my shoulder to the wheel and help your case along."

"In order to make you more zealous in my cause," said Berdyne, "I will match Morley Preston's offer, and hand you another five thousand the moment Beryl Grayson is in my power."

"That is liberal, certainly," murmured Trenwyck. He was the lesser villain of the two mainly because he had not the means for extensive operations. "The question just now is: What are you going to do?"

Berdyne's tumultuous feelings were gradually settling down and his acute mind becoming more active. Silently he tendered the lawyer a cigar, and lighted one himself. After smoking for a few moments, he observed:

"The girl has unlimited trust in Jackman, the owner of the ranch here."

"She is the sort of person to make friends," commented Trenwyck, "and she has been here for some time."

"As it happens," pursued Berdyne, "I hold a heavy mortgage on this estate; it is now long overdue, and Jackman is virtually under my thumb."

Trenwyck gave a start, and his crafty eyes narrowed with comprehension.

"Then the letter Jackman wrote the girl, offering her a home at Sunset Ranch was inspired by you?"

"That's the way of it, Trenwyck. Jackman never knew the girl's father."

"By Jove, but you're a sly one!" muttered Trenwyck, with a look of open admiration. "And the girl is unaware of this?"

"She is entirely in the dark. If we can strive to heighten still further the girl's confidence by having Jackman order me away because of what took place here this morning, perhaps Beryl will continue to remain here for some little time."

"But Preston may remain, too."

"I think not. He will come back again, of course, with the intention of taking Beryl away with him; and during his absence, and while Beryl is still at the ranch house, we must contrive to encompass our designs."

"I see, I see," mused Trenwyck. "If you are ordered away, will you leave?"

"Certainly; I will leave, but you must stay to watch and give Jackman whatever assistance he needs."

"Where will you go?"

"To San Jose. My other motor car, the *Red Flyer*, will come down from San Francisco this afternoon. I had intended," he added, with a scowl, "to take my bride north in the car, but——" He suddenly broke off as his sinister face lighted up with a sudden idea. "I have it!" he exclaimed, striking his hands together exultantly.

"You have a plan?" queried Trenwyck, furtively.

"A happy thought, Trenwyck! Come, let us find Jackman."

They started off together, plotters of evil who would hesitate at nothing to gain their ends.

CHAPTER VI.

LOVE'S GOLDEN HOUR.

"Ah, dearest, the long, long months that have passed since I looked into your bonny eyes! It seems like an eternity. And for a whole year not one answer to the many letters that I sent, not one word from my little Princess Beryl! The suspense was almost more than I could bear; at times I feared that I should go mad."

Neil's dark-brown eyes were aflame with love; his handsome head, with its dark, curling hair, was bowed over the spun-gold tresses, and he clasped to his breast his sweetheart. Beryl was all atremble from sheer happiness as she turned her swimming eyes to his.

"My heart's idol!" she murmured. "The past seems like an evil dream; but again I am awake, and you are with me! You must never leave me again, darling, never! I could not bear to be parted from you again!"

"You shall not be!" he fondly answered. "I have tasted to the full the bitterness of separation, and I would rather die than go through it again."

"I wrote you often, dear," Beryl went on, nestling her head on his shoulder, "and how I waited and watched for some reply—but none came."

"My letters were intercepted," said Neil darkly. "Irma Lee told me of that when I saw her in San Francisco. As for your letters, they must have gone to the wrong address while I was lying in the hospital at Dawson City."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

DONT SEND A PENNY

You must see this beautiful, modish skirt to really believe that you can get a garment of such splendid quality and style at our price. That is why we send it on approval—not a penny for you to send now. (And if you act at once—there's a free petticoat in the bargain.) Just the coupon—that's all, and we send this wonderful, latest style skirt for your examination and try-on. Send it back if you are not satisfied. (See coupon.)

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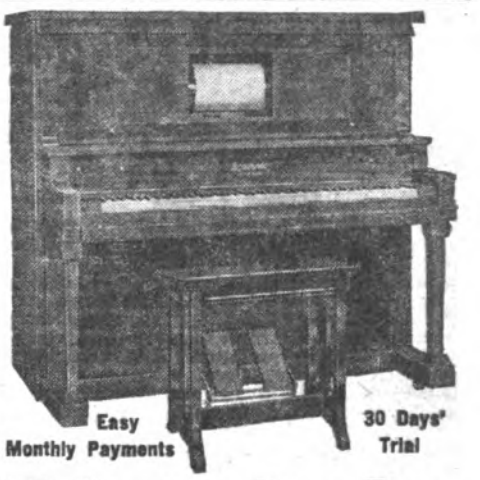
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Send the Serge Skirt No. B15041 and the free taffetine petticoat. When they arrive I will pay $5.65 for the skirt; nothing for the petticoat. If not satisfied after examination, will return both and you will refund my money.

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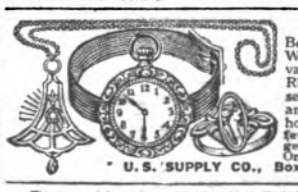
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Attractive Gifts for the Christmas Cheer

"Sing, oh, sing! of the Christmas holly,
Bounteous cheer and all that's jolly;
Sing of the chimes and the falling snow,
And sing, oh, sing, of the mistletoe!"

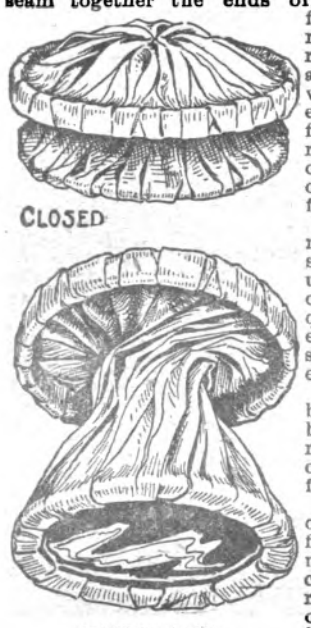
CHRISTMAS again and as each day draws nearer, we of the COMFORT circle who delight in fashioning dainty and useful gifts must once again make our plans and begin to get busy.

For those who like to crochet we are including in our collection this month a beautiful Butterfly yoke pattern which was awarded a special prize. This would certainly be a welcome addition to any woman's wardrobe and especially to one who is filling a hope chest.

Vanity Case

This collapsible little case which can be made of a half yard of ribbon on a small piece of pretty silk is most complete as a toilet accessory when partly filled with powder and a small puff, as the bottom is a tiny mirror.

This and a small wooden hoop the size of the mirror are necessary. To make the bag French seam together the ends of three-inch soft finished satin ribbon. Put in a running thread along both selvages. On the edge which is to fit over the mirror, run in a second thread about one half inch from the edge.



VANITY CASE.

To fasten to mirror, draw up selvage thread until one has a circle from one quarter to three-eighths of an inch smaller than the edge of the glass.

Place this ribbon edge on the back of the mirror tie thread securely arranging fullness evenly.

Draw up second thread and fit over face of mirror fasten securely, then turn ribbon up and over edge. See illustration.

Sew the other edge over the wooden hoop. To close twist and the hoop will rest on edge of the mirror.

Doll's Trunk

Every little girl who enjoys dolls, is sure to be pleased with furniture of any sort for her dolly.

A home manufactured article which can be easily made of pasteboard is a little trunk.

This can be of any size, but before actually cutting the pasteboard or material for covering it will be best to experiment a little and make a satisfactory paper pattern.

Our diagram will give one an idea of the correct shape of the body and also a tray, if one wishes to include it.

The small piece with one curved side shows shape of end pieces of the trunk cover. After cutting all parts of pasteboard, plan the outside covering and lining. If the trunk is small, paste can be used largely in covering, but otherwise all edges should be turned in and the edges overcast together. Then the corners of the trunk overcast together with strong linen or cotton thread.

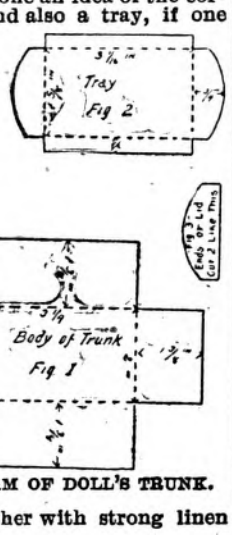


DIAGRAM OF DOLL'S TRUNK.

Suggestions for Making Christmas Gifts

A girl who was making a Christmas waist for a friend but was not able to finish it in time, sent a card on which was a sample of the cloth, and the message: GARMENT WILL FOLLOW.

With a laundry bag for baby's wee things send a card on which is:

"For baby's little duds
Before they go into the suds"

If you give cigars, do not buy them, but twist up a bill and put it through a cigar band, then let the man select the brand he likes.

An apron may have a bill pinned in the pocket, and the kindly wish expressed on a card:

May your pocket never be empty.

With a darning bag:
Heigh ho! a hole in the toe,
How I do wish that stockings would grow;
A cotton sock vine, or a stocking tree
What a refreshing sight 'twould be.

And with a work basket, Henry Ward Beecher's saying:

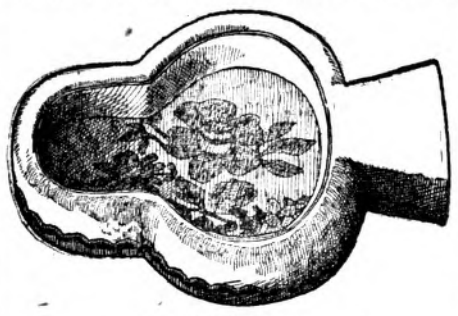
"Industry can do anything which genius can do, and very many things which it cannot."

The Suspended Basket

Suspend from a good strong chandelier a fancy basket of sufficient size to hold the gifts, and tilt it sharply. To each gift tie a long ribbon, to the loose end of which the name card of the recipient should be attached. Place gifts in basket slightly tangling the ribbons so they will not separate too easily. At a given signal all take hold of the extreme end of the ribbon and pull gently thus causing the entire basketful to come tumbling to the table beneath the chandelier.

Much fun will be caused by the untangling of the ribbons and the showing of gifts when they are separated.

Appropriate jingles always add to the fun, as the reading of each creates much merriment.



A JEWEL TRAY.

A Jewel Tray

This little tray which is designed for one's bureau or dressing table, has a corrugated pasteboard foundation, bound together with adhesive tape, or the different parts can be sewed together.

A very attractive little gift can be made in this way by using odd bits of silk or velvet for covering. The tray shown is of plush decorated on the bottom with a spray of roses in oil colors. The lower outside edge is bound with a dull gold braid.

Butterfly Nightgown Yoke

Materials No. 40 white mercerized crochet cotton, No. 12 steel crochet hook.

The work is begun in the front with a ch. of 46 sts., turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook ch. 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat making 13 sps in all, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 sp, 4 blks of 4 d c, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

3rd row,—2 sps, 2 blks (7 d c), 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5 turn.

5th row.—1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 43, turn, on opposite end of this row ch 37 with thread from a second ball. Break thread.

8th row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook on end with ch 46, 11 more sps on ch, then 1 sp, 11 blks, 1 sp and 12 sps on ch 40, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—3 sps, 9 blks, 2 sps, 9 blks, 2 sps, 9 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—3 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—2 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps.

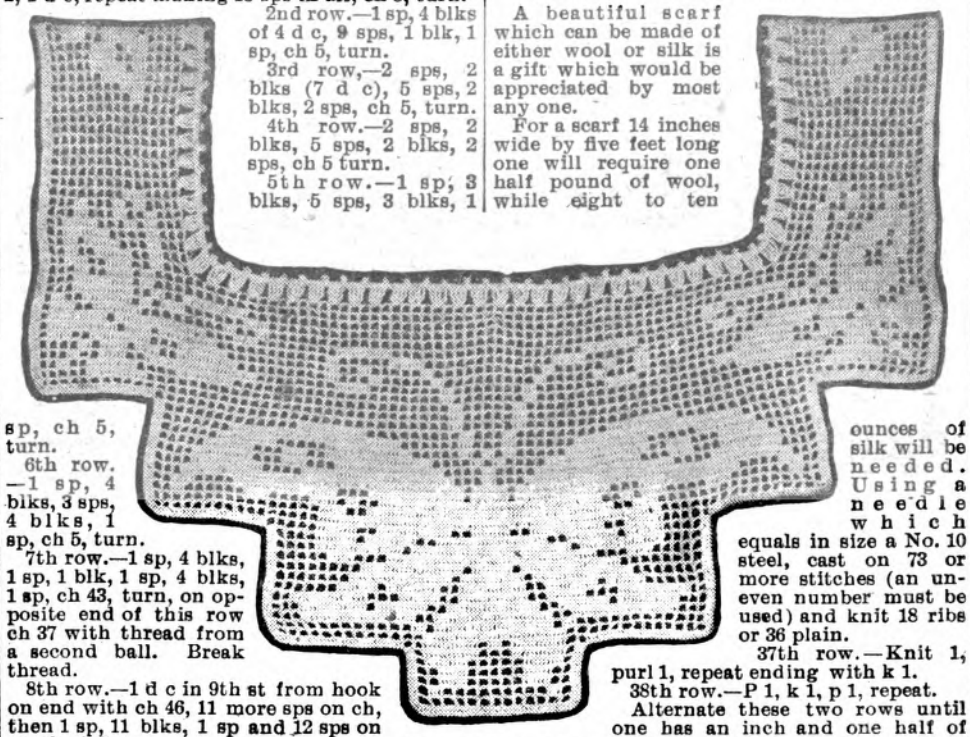
13th row.—6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps.

14th row.—7 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 7 sps.

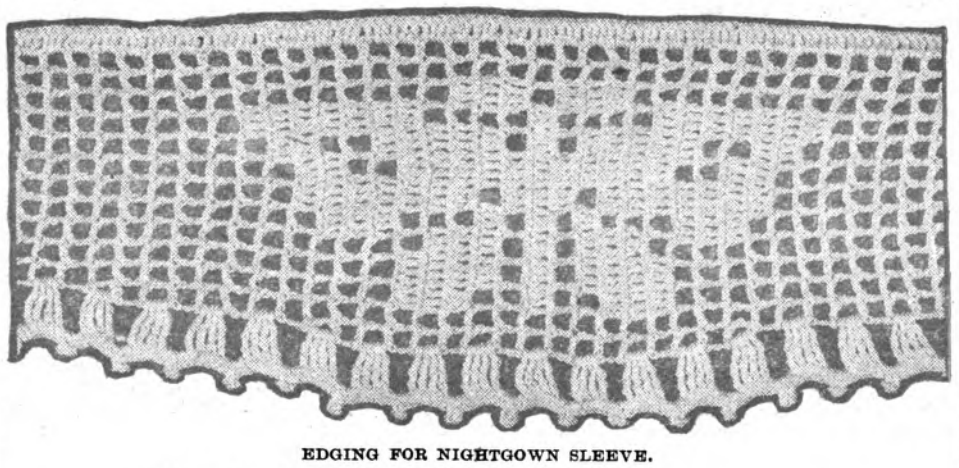
15th row.—8 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

One works four more rows on this width and then enlarges again as shown in our illustration for which a complete working chart can be obtained. After completeing the front complete the strap over each shoulder working the same small butterfly which appears in the center of the edging for the sleeves on each shoulder.

For back work a strip 14 sps wide and 55 rows long join to the shoulder straps on either side, afterwards making one row of double crochet all around the lower edge of the yoke working two doubles in each sp and one double on each double or in the end of the row. In corner sps 7 doubles.



NIGHTGOWN YOKE WITH BUTTERFLY DESIGN IN FILET CROCHET.



EDGING FOR NIGHTGOWN SLEEVE.

Edging for Neck

Shell of four d, tr c in every other sp all around finishing with 1 s c in each st with picot over each shell.

Edging for sleeves is made as shown, and finished with this same shell.

Embroidered Stockings

Hand-embroidered stockings are expensive, but not beyond the reach of the girls with nimble fingers. As gifts they are sure of a welcome, for a girl who does not love fine hosiery is indeed rare.

At present clocks are all the fad. These can be of self color, or black or white as preferred.

The work should begin at the ankle two and one-half inches from the center back of the seam, and run in a vertical for six and one-half inches, following the warp of the stocking, which will carry the clocks straight and further from the seam at the top, than at the ankle.

The work should be in satin stitch, which is simply an over and over stitch worked very closely together. At the ankle the main line of the clock should separate into two lighter lines which can either be of satin or seed stitch. The shorter one to the back follows the heel section keeping parallel with the vertical threads. The longer line runs parallel with and one such from the sole section.

The work can be accomplished more easily if the stocking is held in a very small embroidery hoop. The seed stitch consists of two tiny stitches, one upon the other, to give a raised effect.

Maline Evening Cap

For evening wear, instead of a scarf, young people enjoy a dainty cap which cannot fail to add to one's attractiveness if made up in a becoming shade. A half yard of waterproof maline and one and one quarter yards of inch-wide velvet ribbon, will be needed.

These ingenious little contrivances are very useful to keep one's hair from blowing about, and are most simple in construction.

Gather the edges of the maline and sew to the ribbon leaving about a six-inch space to be tucked in when the ribbon is tied around the head.

Knitted Apple-seed Stitch Scarf

A beautiful scarf which can be made of either wool or silk is a gift which would be appreciated by most any one.

For a scarf 14 inches wide by five feet long one will require one half pound of wool, while eight to ten ounces of silk will be needed. Using a needle which equals in size a No. 10 steel, cast on 73 or more stitches (an uneven number must be used) and knit 18 ribs or 36 plain.

37th row.—Knit 1, purl 1, repeat ending with k 1.

38th row.—P 1, k 1, p 1, repeat.

Alternate these two rows until one has an inch and one half of apple-seed stitch. Follow with 9 ribs plain knitting. Then apple-seed stitch until scarf is length desired allowing for bordering the other end in the same way.

Knit of black and white silk one has a most dressy and attractive scarf. For every-day wear one of blue and green mixed wool would satisfy the most fastidious taste.

Crochet Boudoir Cap

For an easily made cap of any two shades preferred, begin with ch 10 join in ring.

1st round.—Ch 5, 29 tr c in ring, join, ch 5.

2nd round.—5 trs, over trs * ch 5, 5 trs, repeat making 6 clusters in all, ch 5, join to first ch, ch 5.

3rd round.—2 tr c, * ch 5, 1 tr c under ch 5, ch 5, 3 tr c, repeat from * ending with two ch 5, join to first cluster ch 13.

4th round.—1 tr c under ch 5, ch 8, 1 tr c under ch 5, ch 8, 1 tr c over 3 trs, repeat around joining last ch to ch 13, slip st over 3 sts.

5th round.—* ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 p, ch 12, slip st in 10th ch to form ring, 15 s c, in ring, 1 picot ch, slip st under ch 8, repeat from * all around joining last picot ch, to first ch, slip st back of picot first ch and up to top of ring.

6th round.—* 1 picot ch, ch 12 form ring, 15 s c in ring, 1 picot ch, slip st in top of ring in last round, repeat from * all around, join as in last round and slip st to top of ring.

7th round.—* ch 15, 1 s c in top of next ring, repeat from *.

8th round.—19 s c under each ch 15 join thread and break.

9th round.—Starting with second color, * make two picot chs, slip st in 8th s c, repeat all around.

10th, 11th, 12th and 13th rounds.—Same as 9th round.

14th round.—Same as 5th round.

15th round.—Same as 6th round.

16th round.—Same as 7th round.

17th round.—Same as 8th round. Join thread and break.

18th round.—With first color used copy design from ninth round. With second color make three rows of double knot stitch.

A Novel Needlecase

An original idea for a needlecase is next shown. This tiny parasol is of two, three and one-half inch circles of silk, edge with an inch frill of white lace.

In the exact center of the silk punch a small hole and around it. Through ivory crochet hook, parasol handle. The even distances edge, with their center. These form points on the edge buttonholed bars under which a narrow ribbon is run for drawing up and tying when the case is not in use.



NEEDLECASE.

buttonhole stitch this slip a small which serves as the needles are run in, apart on the outside points towards the the ribs, and at these are placed silk but-

Collar Protector

Any particular person will appreciate and enjoy this becoming and useful little scarf.

It is made of one yard of fine white blond or washable net and can be finished as shown with white crocheted roses or a tassel.

To make, fold the net lengthwise and seam up, turn inside out, gather the ends and finish as suggested.

Crocheted Roses

Using No. 80 cotton and fine hook ch 6, join.

1st round.—12 s c in ring.

2nd round.—Ch 6, skip 1 s c, 1 d c, ch 3, skip 1 s c, 1 d c in next, repeat until there are 6 spaces joining last ch 3 to 3rd st of ch 6.

3rd round.—Under each ch 3 make 1 s c, 5 d c, 1 s c.

4th round.—Ch 5, fasten between petals, repeat around.

5th round.—Under each ch 5, make 1 s c, 8 d c, 1 s c.

6th round.—Same as 4th only making chs 7.

7th round.—Same as 5th, 1 s c, 9 d c, 1 s c under chains.

The fringe is made of chains of varying lengths with groups of 5 doubles worked in here and there.

A Home-Made Handkerchief

Use a square of fine linen, lawn or even fine checked dimity and edge it by crocheting all around with a very fine mercerized thread of either white or colors.

To insure the handkerchief being true, threads should be drawn before the squares are cut, and then at least one thread should be drawn about three-eighths of an inch in from the edge, roll the edges and work over them, crocheting into the drawn space. This will give an even line to the stitches and also an appearance of hem-stitching.



COLLAR PROTECTOR.

The work should be done with a fine steel crochet hook and the stitches taken close together.

Begin working on a corner, make 1 single crochet, ch 3 for picot, 1 single crochet, 1 picot, measure work to next corner and fold until spaces are about one-half inch, then crease. Over each of these creases make 1 picot, on each corner 3 picots with a s c between each, finishing the last corner with 1 picot.

An initial in cross-stitch or a small wreath in lazy-daisy stitch can be added if desired.

Notice

As space does not allow of our giving complete directions for the Butterfly Nightgown Yoke, a working chart, showing the pattern full size, and which will show design in detail, has been prepared and will be promptly mailed upon receipt of 10 cents. COMFORT Fancy Work Department, Augusta, Maine.

Original Designs in Filet Crocheting

A Comfort Case

VERY attractive little cases can be made of bits of bright ribbon or silk. The one shown is of a particularly good shape, made up of figured and plain materials and bound with a narrow ribbon.

On the inside is a pocket fitted with small lengths of different shades of silk, black and white cotton, a few hooks, eyes and snaps; opposite this are leaves of pinked flannel filled with pins, needles and safety pins. With such a case as this one is well equipped to meet most any accident to their wearing apparel.

Baby Shoes in Irish Crochet

BY ANNIE ROBB.

Materials; White Mercerized Crochet Cotton No. 40, No. 12 steel Crochet Hook and 1 yard of No. 2 wash ribbon.

Directions for roses on toes, ch 4, join in ring, ch 5, 1 d c in ring, ch 2, 1 d c in ring, repeat 3 times, ch 2, join to first ch of 5.

2nd round.—4 d c, 1 s c all under ch 5, 1 s c, 4 d c, 1 s c, in each of the 5 sps.

3rd round.—Ch 4, 1 s c, under next d c in center ring, repeat making 6 chs in all.

4th round.—1 s c, 6 d c, 1 s c, under each ch of 4.

5th round.—6 chs of 7 fastened as before just back of the 4th round.

6th round.—1 s c, 8 d c, 1 s c, under each ch of 6.

7th round.—Slip st over 1 s c, 1 d c, in last round, ch 5, 1 s c in 2nd st to form picot, ch 5, 1 picot, ch 2, 1 s c, in 8 d c, of same petal, 1 two picot chain join to first s c in next petal, 1 two picot ch, 1 s c, in 8th d c in same petal, repeat around joining to last ch to first and break thread.



COMFORT CASE CLOSED.

Sole of shoe, ch 33 sts, turn.

1st round.—Skip first 3 sts, 1 d c in 30 sts, 6 d c in last st, 30 d c on opposite side, 4 d c in last st, 1 s c under ch 3, ch 3.

2nd round.—1 d c in each d c, 2 d c 3 times in every other d c at ends, join to first, ch 3.

In making soles always work under both loops of each stitch.

3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th rounds.—Same as 2nd round.

7th, 8th and 9th rounds.—1 d c in each d c, join, ch 3.

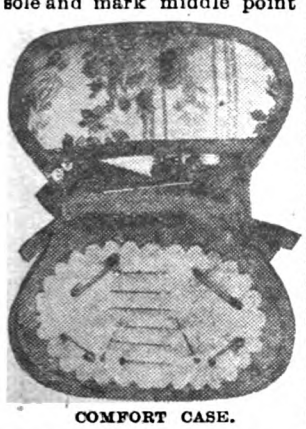
10th round.—Ch 7, slip st in 5th st from hook for picot, ch 4, 1 p, ch 2, 1 slip st in 7th d c, repeat making 22 picot loops, placing 1 s c in center of toe and heel. Fasten at beginning of 1st loop, slip st to center of loop.

11th round.—Same as 10th round, fastening each picot loop in center of loop of last row.

12th round.—Slip st to center of 1st picot, ch 4, 1 s c in next picot, repeat all around fasten to first picot.

13th round.—Ch 3, 4 d c under each ch 4, fasten at top of ch 3.

14th round.—Fold slipper through center of sole and mark middle point of toe and heel from the center of the back make 2 picot chs as in 10th row until one reaches a point over or near the 9th group of 4 d c in the last row, folding rose in center place above the toe of the work at this point, make ch of 7, 1 picot ch 2, join to center of second picot chain from the top of the rose as folded, complete picot ch, 1 s c between next two groups of 4 d c, 4 picot chs joining to next 4 picot chs of rose, 3 picot chs joining all to the next picot ch of rose this gives the fullness needed at the toe of the shoe, 4 p, chs, joined to rose as on opposite side and continue with chs to starting point. Turn and slip st back to center of last picot ch, turn.



COMFORT CASE.

15th round.—1 p ch joined to the center of each p ch working across picot ch of rose in the same way and around to starting point, slip st to first picot.

16th round.—Ch 5, 1 s c in next p, ch 5, 1 s c, in first picot of next ch, ch 5, 1 s c in next picot, repeat around joining to first picot.

17th round.—Slip st to next p, ch 5, sk next ch 5, 1 d tr c under next ch 5, ch 2, 1 d tr c, repeat making group of 5 d tr c in all ch 2, 1 s c, over next picot, ch 5, skip ch 5, group of 5 d tr under next ch 5, repeat all around join to first st, ch 2, 1 s c between first 2 trebles, ch 2, 1 s c, between next two trebles, repeat around each scallop. Run the ribbon just below scallops through picot chs.

Maiden's Head in Filet Crochet

Of coarse cotton this pattern makes a nice square for sofa pillow cover, or worked of No. 80 Crochet Cotton can be used as inserts or for pincushion cover.

Begin with ch 146 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c, in 9th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2 (1 sp), repeat making 46 more sps. Next 3 rows each 47 sps.

5th row.—25 sps, 6 blks, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—13 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 23 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—21 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 8 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—10 sps, 12 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 19 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—18 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, 10 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—8 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, ch 5, turn.

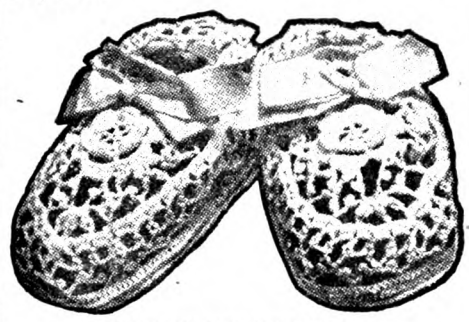
11th row.—17 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—6 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 9 blks, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—16 sps, 11 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—5 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—13 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.



SHOES IN IRISH CROCHET.

16th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 s c, 6 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—11 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

19th row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

20th row.—7 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

21st row.—10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 12 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 13 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

23rd row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

24th row.—10 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 15 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

25th row.—11 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 22 blks, 10 sps.

26th row.—10 sps, 24 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

27th row.—12 sps, 25 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

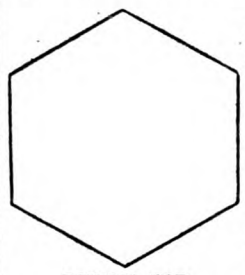
28th row.—10 sps, 15 blks, 1 sp, 12 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

29th row.—4 sps, 17 blks, 1 sp, 12 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

30th row.—13 sps, 10 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 15 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

31st row.—5 sps, 14 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.

32nd row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 14 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.



DESIGN FOR BACHELOR'S FRIEND.

33rd row.—6 sps, 12 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 17 sps, ch 5, turn.

34th row.—26 sps, 15 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

35th row.—6 sps, 11 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 26 sps, ch 5, turn.

36th row.—26 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 11 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

37th row.—7 sps, 14 blks, 26 sps, ch 5, turn.

38th row.—26 sps, 12 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

39th row.—9 sps, 13 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

40th row.—25 sps, 12 blks, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

41st row.—11 sps, 11 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

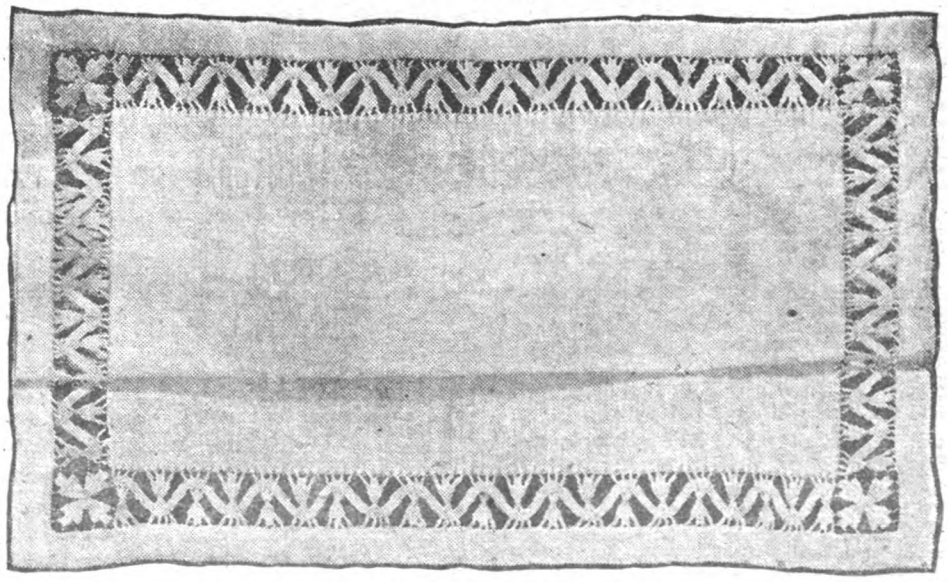
42nd row.—25 sps, 9 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

43rd row.—16 sps, 6 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn. Follow with 2 rows all sps. Edge; ch 3, 5 d c, in corner sp, sk 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 10 d c in each corner sp.

Drawnwork Handkerchief

BY LAURA L. MILLER.

This effective pattern can be used quite as well on coarser linen for scarfs, centerpieces etc. For a handkerchief take a 12-inch square of fine linen, leave one inch for hem, draw three-fourths of an inch, buttonholing the corners neatly. Knot the thread into strands of six threads on both sides of drawn space. Knot the strands in groups of four each. Knot each of the four strands one-eighth inch from edge, pass up across space to one-eighth inch above center of next group and knot across then down, knot 3rd like 1st knot two threads above this, the 3rd one-eighth in above 1st. Weave back and forth on these threads from 1st to 2nd groups, then weave back and forth on fourth strands of second group below center one-eighth inch, then on two one-sixteenth inch put needle down through woven work back to center. Fill corner in same way starting in center, where threads are knotted together weave around a few times to make the center then on four threads to make each of the four petals of the flower.

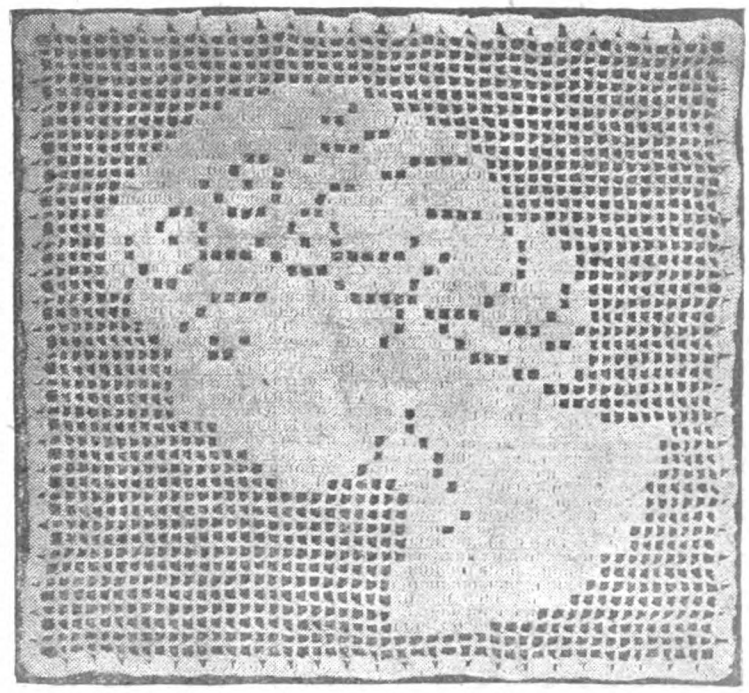


HANDKERCHIEF WITH BORDER IN DRAWNWORK.

A Friend of the Bachelor Man or Maid

Cut out this figure, and using it as a pattern, cut sixteen pieces from used postcards. Lay two of these pieces together back to back, and buttonhole stitch all around with silkateen. There will be eight of these. Overhand two together on two sides, catching through the buttonholing only. There will be a point sticking out, join another to one of these, and so on until there are six in the row, then join the ends. This makes the sides of the box. Overhand the bottom in place. Fasten the cover on one edge only and make a little loop on the front edge to lift it by. Cover a little wad of wool batting with silk, and glue it to the top for a needle cushion. Take a yard of narrow ribbon and cut it into six equal pieces. Fold each piece so one end is twice as long as the other. Sew on this fold to one of the points on the side of the box. String a spool on the long end and tie in a bow to the short end on the next point. Have four spools of darning cotton—black, white, brown and gray and two of button thread—black—black and white. The inside is for buttons, thimble and scissors.

Many pretty color combinations may be made. The box illustrated is made of Christmas cards with red trimmings. Mrs. J. B. Silliman.



MAIDEN'S HEAD IN FILET CROCHET. BY MRS. B. F. THOMAS.

Scroll Filet Insertion

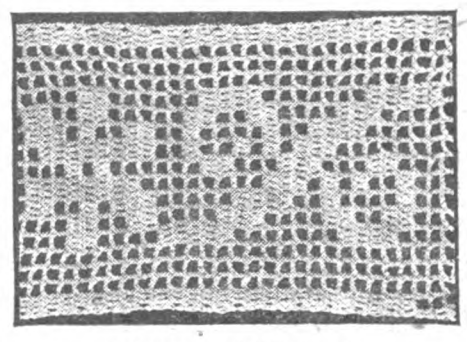
This pattern may be copied in either fine or coarse cotton according to the purpose for which one intends to use it.

Ch 53, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in each of 4th, 5th and 6th sts, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat, making 10 more sps, 1 blk of 4 d c, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.



SCROLL FILET INSERTION.

4th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

6th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

7th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

8th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

9th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

10th row.—1 blk, 7 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

11th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, turn.

12th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

13th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

14th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

15th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

16th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

17th row—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

18th row.—1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

19th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, turn.

20th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

21st row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

22nd row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

23rd row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

24th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

25th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

26th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

27th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

28th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

Repeat from first row.

Imitation Stained Glass Plaques

Handsome little gifts can be made of colored tissues very easily. These are imitation colored glass plaques to hang in windows.

The first step in making one is to join a good-sized black hat wire to form a circle seven or nine inches in diameter. Over this stretch a piece of white lawn.

Select a picture one would like to copy, place the lawn over it and with a pencil draw in the sky line, clouds, trees, fences, a stream or other objects. Complexed scenes, however, are not effective and should be avoided.

After making the tracings of the various parts, cut the sky clouds, trees and other objects from paper of the right color. Finally paste the various parts in their proper places on the background, covering both sides.



LAWN TEA APRON.

As little paste as possible should be used and several thicknesses of tissue will be needed to give the desired color. When the different parts are all in place, each side should be covered with transparent waxed paper.

Then cover the joinings of the various parts with cords of tinseled black crepe paper to represent the leads used to hold the pieces of glass together.

Finish the edge with several rounds of the black, after which put the whole under a weight until thoroughly dry and set.

Squares and oblongs can also be made, and if the work is neat, most effective transparencies will result from this method.

Useful Aprons

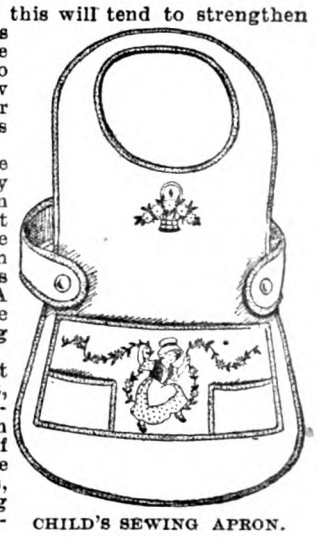
An apron of some sort is apt to be first choice with numberless people when wishing to choose a useful gift. The small one which we illustrate, while not a new idea in any way, is both practical and dainty.

As shown it is made up of lawn with fine Hamburg ruffle and pocket.

Child's Sewing Apron

Such a gift as this will tend to strengthen any little maid's ambition and be an incentive to learn how to sew and embroider and make one's clothes.

The shape of the apron is clearly shown, its length in the front should come about to the hem of the child's dress skirt. A belt crosses the back, buttoning on either side.



CHILD'S SEWING APRON.

Across the front is a large pocket, prettily decorated, and in either corner of this pocket are two smaller ones, thus providing space for needle-book, thread, scissors, while the larger pocket holds one's work and all working materials.

White linen shoestrings are one and one half inches wide, with tiny machine hemmed edges and hemstitched ends.

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Name.....

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Occupation.....

Fortunes Founded Through Luck

HENRY POMEROY DAVISON.

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A BOY of coolness and courage who also is honest and loyal to his employer is sure to get on in the world—is bound to rise. Such a boy was Harry Davison of Troy, Pa., now the head of the American National Red Cross and a partner in the great banking house of J. P. Morgan & Co.

Once the village schoolmaster in his native place, after two years he got tired of it, so



Copyright by G. V. Buck

HENRY POMEROY DAVISON.

his uncle gave him a chance in his bank. After he had been clerking in this small country financial institution for four years, came along his first streak of luck—an offer from a Bridgeport, Conn., bank.

The boy was wild with delight. "Uncle," he burst out, "the Pequannock Bank of Bridgeport wants me as a bookkeeper. It's my chance—and I'd like to go right away!"

But his wise old Uncle Eleazer was not quite so sanguine. "Remember, Harry," he warned, "'a rolling stone gathers no moss.' Now you've got a home and family here, a place in a bank that'll never turn you off—and you may be president if you stay on!"

All this made a deep impression on the embryo financier, and he pondered long and deeply, for he had the habit of caution. Nevertheless, the great world of Opportunity attracted him like a powerful magnet—he could not resist its call to broader duties and larger chances.

His services proved as satisfactory in Bridgeport as back home. He studied the job higher up, endeavoring to prepare himself for a step higher. Such good use did he make of his opportunities that in four years he was ready to take the position of paying-teller in the old Astor Place Bank. Here he followed the same plan of learning all he could about jobs higher up, and, in addition, he studied law at night, for he felt the need of a little legal knowledge.

Now came the crucial test of his ability, and the greatest piece of luck of his life. Looking up suddenly from some money he was counting one morning, his hair almost stood on end as he glanced along the shining barrel of a six-shooter poking its nose through his grille! And behind the weapon he encountered the maniacal glare of two burning eyes. The madman thrust a check at him, and it read:

"Pay one thousand dollars to the order of Almighty God."

Davison always had his wits about him. He was clear-headed and a quick thinker. He sized the matter up correctly and instantaneously.

"You'll have to be identified," he shouted in unusually loud tones; "haven't you a friend in the bank?"

The bank detective heard the young teller, and coming noiselessly behind the crank seized him and he was soon in Bellevue Hospital.

The story of the teller's presence of mind and nerve spread like wildfire in banking circles, and it was not long before Davison was called higher up. In 1894 he was asked to become assistant cashier at the Liberty National. Soon he was cashier, then vice-president and finally president. Then, in 1902, he was elected vice-president of the First National Bank, one of the biggest financial institutions in the world.

This seemed to be the "top of the tree," but he did better still, becoming a member of the Morgan firm.

Mr. Davison has now been in the banking business more than a quarter of a century, and his field of study these days is the world—Europe, South America and China. Once he had to consider loans of one hundred or one thousand dollars. Now he handles loans far up in the millions—even billions!

The boy Henry Davison was not asleep when luck came his way. Not only was he wide awake, but he had gumption enough to make the most of his lucky chances—to seize them quickly.

Today Henry Pomeroy Davison (Knight of the Order of the Crown of Italy) is one of the big guns in the house of Morgan, and known the world over as a great financier.

But if he had held on to his comfortable little job at home, or shown cowardice when the pistol was stuck in his face—what then?

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

strings with a red iron roof. I took the boards all off and put them on up and down, leaving openings for windows which I screened and had canvas flaps to raise up or shut down tight. I covered all this with canvas tacked on smooth and tight. I made the interior into a three-room bungalow, with a living-room seven by 12 feet and dining-room and kitchen each six by seven feet, with a built-in writing desk, bookcase and dressing table. I covered the walls with tan canvas and had rag carpets. My husband made a library table. It was rough and unstained but with a tan linen scarf it looked good. A wide shelf in the dining-room made a "buffet" for a few pieces of cut glass and china. I covered the walls with some calico I happened to have and made rag rugs for the floor. I had a built-in work table in the kitchen with shelves over it and under it and cabinet at end of stove. I covered the kitchen walls with oil cloth and made curtains from old lace ones. With bits of linen and a few balls of cotton I made doilies and buffet scarf for dining-room. A little flag of red, white and blue floated from my living-room window. People called it the Doll House, but it was pretty and comfortable and I worked hard to make it so. Then the mine closed but I left it far better than when I found it and that is not a bad mark to leave. And the comfort we got from it was greater than my work.

We bought a tiny cabin in the mountains and also an old house where we worked every night last fall until dark, wrecking it. We took the shingles off, one by one, to save them and the nails and with what help my husband can give me we are building this little cabin into a house of five rooms and bath with a fine large screened living porch with most of the furniture hand made and you would be surprised to see how convenient it is. It shows what one can do if they but try. If we can't have the things we like and which many of us are accustomed to, the only thing to do is make the best we can from what we have to do with. The less we have the harder we must work. The essential thing is "will." Give will freedom; a strong will is master of the body. The right will is lord of the mind's several faculties. The perfect will is high priest of the moral self. Where there is a will to do these things and a persisting energy you cannot help but gain but when your will fails the battle is lost.

If I can help anyone rebuild or improve their home I shall be glad to do it but give me a floor plan of your house, showing where doors and windows come so that I will have something upon which to work.

I hope I have said something that will help someone. What can be accomplished depends upon the person.

Wishing you all the very best in life,

Very truly yours, MRS. RAY DRAIN.

Mrs. Drain.—Your letter was the first response (and a generous one it was) to my query as to what the sisters had done, with little money, to make the home attractive. I don't understand it for I feel sure that is the aim and ambition of the majority of the sisters. Perhaps they are too busy to tell us about it and I can understand that side of it.—Ed.

PONCE DE LEON, FLA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy COMFORT and have gotten much help from it and now I come for more. A year ago I read a remedy for goitre in one of the sister's letters. It was white iodine. I have tried hard to get it but have failed. Will that sister or anyone who can help me, write to me. My goitre isn't large but I want to stop the growth.

I enjoy Nelle Fischer's letters. Have always wanted to travel but I guess I am rooted to this spot. But I have plenty to keep me busy as I have four children and a husband.

How many of the readers remember Oleta Littleheart who used to write for COMFORT? I have a little girl named for her, also one named Wenona. I do all my own work and have picked and canned nearly one hundred quarts of berries and made some jelly. I find time to go fishing once in a while, too.

Wishing all every success,

MRS. ANNIE STANDLEY.

MISSOURI

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for ten years and think it is the best paper ever published for the price.

I am a young mother, not quite twenty-three years of age, and my pathway of life hasn't been strewn with roses all along the way but now I have a good kind husband and two sweet children, a little girl of four and a boy of one. Only you who are mothers can understand my love for my little ones. How carefully we should watch over our darlings. We should, in their early years, teach their little lips to pray. I shall try and rear my children the way the Father in Heaven intends me to. I am truthful with them and never deceive them about anything. I do not teach them about Santa Claus because I do not think it is right. To me there is no greater mission on earth than to be a good mother, and we should always try to keep our children in good company if we want them to become noble men and women. Why is it that when a girl goes wrong nearly every other mother is unwilling to have her daughter associate with her in any way, though she may lead a good life afterwards, while the man who led her into sin is welcomed into their parlors and even made welcome as a member of the family. This is particularly true if he owns a car and a fat pocketbook. Oh, the short sightedness of people in the world today! God intended man to be just as pure and clean as He intended woman to be. My heart will ache as much in future years if I know that my boy is impure, as though it were my girl.

I want to comment upon a few subjects and the first one is how can mothers take the lives of their unborn babies? I certainly agree with Billy Sunday when he says that one doesn't have to go to the penitentiaries to find murderers. He says that women who take the lives of their unborn are murderesses and are as guilty of crime as those behind prison bars, and yet we see this going on around us all the time. I would not feel any more guilty to take the lives of my children now than to have murdered them unborn. Let us hear what more of the sisters have to say on the subject.

And I wonder how a woman can throw herself away. To me there is nothing so beautiful in the world as a pure, virtuous girl or woman, one whose name is unstained. Truly she is worth a price far above rubies. A man, no matter how low he may become in vice and wickedness, cannot fail to treat a pure woman with respect.

How can mothers expect their daughters to become noble women when they willingly let them dance in the wicked, shameful dance halls where they dance the indecent dances of today?

I have been a member of the Christian Church since I was fifteen years of age and I have tried to live up to and obey my Savior's teachings. True, I have made many mistakes but have had a few victories over sin and hope to have many more.

Evangeline Dobe, let us hear from you again.

I wonder why there is not more kindness shown in the world? It costs nothing and even a smile with a pleasant "Good Morning" serves as a balm to some aching heart that is starving for love. Let's give our roses to our loved ones now. If anyone has a flower for me I'd rather have it while I am alive than after I'm dead.

Closed eyes cannot see the bright roses,
Cold hands cannot hold them, you know.
Breath that is still cannot gather
The odors that sweet from them flow.
Death with a price beyond dreaming
Its children of earth doth endow;
Life is the time to help others,
Give them the roses now.

My heart is full of the deepest sympathy for all who come to our corner with their troubles. May they soon see brighter days, is my prayer.

If I haven't stayed too long this time I'll come again. May God bless you all.

A LOVER OF COMFORT.

WESTERNPORT, MD.

GOOD MORNING, DEAR SISTERS:

May I come in this bright morning? Isn't God good to give us life and this beautiful world in which to live?

Lonely, and others, when you feel like this:

"And my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear——"

try singing this favorite hymn of mine:

"Ask what thou wilt, believing heart,
The answering time will come;
Pray and believe, that is thy part,
The answering time will come;
Though dark the way, still trust and pray,
The answering time will come."

Mrs. Metroe Andrews, I think the husband should try to hold his wife's affections; still, we are stronger to resist temptation, more able to bear physical pain and sorrow than they so let us pity them and always forgive and forget.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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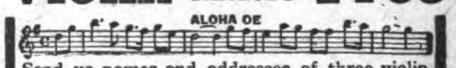
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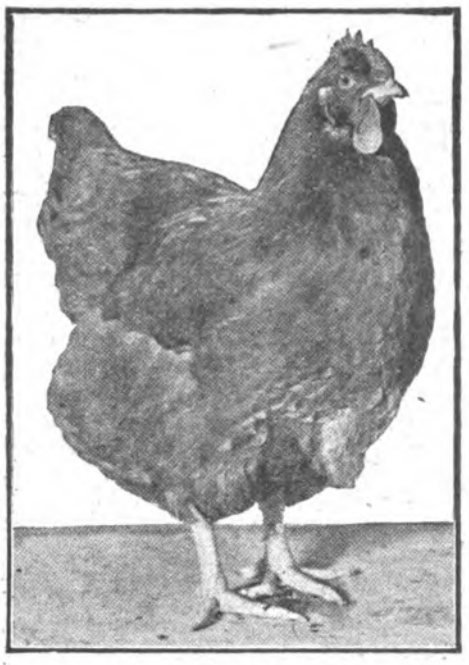
Prospect of Large Profits from Eggs and Poultry

I AM feeling so elated that I must pass along the good news. At a Farm Bureau meeting in Fairfield County, Connecticut, last month, a large grain dealer, who is, of course, in close touch with the general trend of affairs in the grain business, offered to bet a dairyman fifty to one that feed would be down to a dollar a bag by the end of the year. Is not that something to rejoice over? The home folks who have kept their small flocks going in spite of the high price of grain, are going to reap a rich reward this coming year. So many of the smaller commercial poultrymen went out of business during the war that the cold storage supply is extremely short, added to which, imports of eggs must necessarily be low, with Belgium and France in their present devastated condition. Just consider, during the three years before the war, we received from those countries 1,573,394 dozen of eggs. You can readily understand what an extra demand there will be on the home flocks, and why the market price is sure to keep up all over the country. In the vicinity of New York, Boston and Philadelphia, it has not dropped below 75 cents a dozen all through the summer, so even if grain prices don't drop, the farmers' hens must be the most profitable stock on the place this year, because the farmer hasn't got to buy everything his hens eat. There are always waste apples, vegetables, clover or alfalfa on the farm, and such by-products are fully one half the materials necessary to produce a good egg supply.

Many of our COMFORT subscribers have asked me about the origin and development of Rhode Island Reds. I have, after some trouble, succeeded in getting what I think is authentic information. Two men, John Macomber and William Tripp, of a small town in Massachusetts, which was called Westport about fifty years ago but which has been rechristened and is now known as Central Village, made a business of buying up fowl through the country for the New Bedford market, and as the supply was not always satisfactory, they determined to try breeding something better than the average bird they could pick up. They wanted a breed of good size and quick growth. They did a whole lot of crossing with all sorts of birds, without any regard for beauty, shape or plumage, for both men were busy, and only cared for market qualities, and probably it was just the fact that size and health was selected in all the ancestral matings that has made the breed so strong and vigorous. According to the data collected by the Agricultural Station at Kingston, Rhode Island, in 1900, Mr. Tripp was the one who eventually carried out the idea of establishing a new breed on strictly general purpose lines. Judging from several accounts given by neighbors, and Mr. Tripp's son and daughter, the original crosses made by Mr. Tripp and Mr. Macomber were between the old Red Shanghai and Cochin China birds, though at some subsequent time Malay and Brahma blood was introduced, and Mr. Tripp's son, in a letter written several years ago to the Agricultural Station, mentions the fact that one time his father tried introducing both Brahma and Wyandotte blood, but did not like the result nearly as well as the old breeds, and so dropped it, and built up a new flock by selecting the best hens from his own old matings, and the best cockerels from Mr. Macomber's stocks. Both of the gentlemen having passed away before any real investigation started, we have to depend on others for information.

A letter from Doctor Aldrich furnishes such explanatory history that I give it in full:

"In 1890 I could not obtain any history of the Rhode Island Reds outside of the territory bounded by the Seaconnet River, the Atlantic Ocean, the East Branch of Westport River, and the Massachusetts line. The great poultry farmers on the south shore,—Sisson, Tripp, Seabury, Manchester, Beebe, Brown, Wilbour, etc., all bred Rhode Island Reds in 1890, and fine flocks they were. At Miss Tripp's, north of the south shore (one mile from Levi Sisson's), I obtained the history of her flock that dated back forty years (now sixty-four years). She remembered her father bringing the red rooster home, and they have bred the fowls ever since. They were rose and single comb fowls—I should say more rose than single. At Tiverton Four Corners, in 1891, I obtained as fine a specimen of rose-combed Rhode Island red cock as I ever saw in my life; red to the skin, and today his blood is undoubtedly to be found in some of the best strains of Buff Wyandottes as well as in some good strains of Rhode Island Reds. The first Reds on the Island of Rhode Island were at Bateman's Point, Newport, from my eggs. Later they were found in the neighborhood of Portsmouth. In 1891 or 1892 I found practically no Rhode Island Reds on the Island, or east of Hick's Bridge, so-called, except one flock on the road to Horseneck. Between Westport River and New Bedford there were no Reds in the early nineties. Tolman's Reds (Bay View House, Tiverton) were raised from eggs obtained from Mr. Cottrell in 1892 or 1893. Mr. Cottrell's Reds were called Red Malays. They were all single comb (not a rose comb in the flock), and some of the best Buff Rock strains date back to these single comb Reds of Mr. Cottrell's. In the Tiverton country the Reds were not rose combs, but single, and were called Malays more often than they were called Rhode Island Reds. These Reds had no suggestion of Leghorn blood in them. The Rose Comb Rhode Island Reds now in Tiverton were obtained in Little Compton. At Westport (head of river) the Reds looked 'leghorny.' There was no doubt some rose comb Leghorn blood was in some of the flocks. At Central Village the Rhode Island Reds were both rose and single comb, and were bred in large numbers by Mr. Booth and Mr. Kirby (both of whom are now dead) and others between Central Village, Hick's Bridge and Westport Point. At Little Compton there were rose



RHODE ISLAND RED HEN.

and single Rhode Island Reds. I have no doubt the rose comb came from the rose comb Shanghai cock rather than from any rose comb Leghorn or Wyandotte blood, although the Leghorn could occasionally be seen quite plainly. Very little Wyandotte blood could be found. Occasionally some White Wyandotte blood could be found, introduced from cockerels raised by Fred Bowen of Fall River, but the rose comb, I am sure, antedated any introduction of Wyandotte or Leghorn blood, that is, in the neighborhood of Little Compton."

A study has been made of the fowls of succeeding generations, and the endeavor has been to correct the standard to correspond as nearly as might be with the characteristics of the best specimens obtained in the process.

The Standard in use at the Rhode Island Experiment Station is herewith submitted, in response to numerous requests for the same from poultrymen interested in the advancement of this valuable variety of fowls:

Rhode Island Reds, Male

Weights: Cock, eight pounds; cockerels, seven pounds.

Comb: Pea, of medium size, having the appearance of three single combs joined together at the base, the center divison being straight from front to rear, evenly serrated into not less than five points, highest in the center, the side divisions slightly curved with not less than four serrations, and merging into the central division at front and rear; bright red in color.

Defects: Comb, when too large and inclined to one side, or having insufficient "channels" between divisions, or excessively large, cut one half to even two points according to degree. Combs other than pea, or so loose as to fall from side to side, refuse score card record.

Head: Medium in length, skull wide, the crown slightly overhanging the eyes. Face bright red, showing free of feathers well above the eyes; eyes bright bay. Ear lobes and wattles fine in texture, well developed, clearly defined and bright red in color. Beak stout at base and well curved to point, yellow or horn color shading to yellow, and may have a dark stripe down the upper mandible.

Defects: When depressed in front of eye, wattles too small and rudimentary, beak slightly turned to one side, cut one half to one and one half according to degree. When beaks are crossed or wattles absent in males, refuse score card.

Neck: Medium in length, nicely curved; hackle abundant and flowing well over the shoulders and cape. Color bright ferruginous, free from color other than as described.

Defects: Hackle too short, or failing to cover shoulder and cape; black appearing in a stripe, white in undercolor; cut one half to one and one half according to degree.

Back: Medium long, back proper mahogany bay in color, shading from back proper to a rich ferruginous saddle, hangers falling well down over the points of the wing bay.

Defects: Narrow or pinched in saddle; oval or roached back; white in undercolor or black in surface color; cut one half or one and one half according to degree. Pass as unworthy when the shell bone is crooked or one or both hips are slipped.

Breast: Full and round from shoulder to shoulder and from throat to keel bone, making the quarters prominent, color rich ferruginous red, shading into a lighter hue of the same shade in the undercolor.

Defects: Wedge shaped from quarters to keel; white in undercolor; surface too light in shade; cut one half to one point for each.

Body and Fluff: Keel bone straight; well supplied with muscles from front to rear, color same as that of breast, shading lighter to the fluff.

Defects: Crooked keel; keel muscles shrunken; drab color in the surface or white in the undercolor; cut one half to one and one half according to degree.

Wings: Medium in size, with points well covered with saddle hangers. Color of wingbow, mahogany bay; of coverts, rich ferruginous, forming wing bar; of primaries, black and rich ferruginous, black predominating; lower edge of lower web laced with rich ferruginous; of secondaries, lower portion of lower web rich ferruginous sufficient to create wing-bay of this shade, the same color going about the point of the feather, lacing the upper portion of the upper web, this upper lacing growing wider as the secondaries upwards, the five feathers between secondaries proper and back taking on a surface color to match that of back and cape.

Defects: Loosely folded primaries; twisted feathers in primaries or secondaries; white or gray appearing in any part; cut one half to one and one half according to degree. Pass as unworthy twenty per cent of white or gray, or primaries folded outside of secondaries.

Tail: Carried tolerably upright, spread laterally, extended at an angle as seen in the capital letter A, not too closely combed; sickles, lesser sickles and coverts black; lesser coverts black with a rich green sheen.

Defects: White or gray in any part; too small or pinched; sickles straight; cut one half to one and one half. For carriage between thirty-five degrees and full squirrel position, cut one half to one and one half points. When carried positively to one side pass the specimen as unworthy.

Legs: Thighs medium in length with heavy muscles; color of plumage rich ferruginous. Shanks and feet yellow or reddish yellow, smooth in scale, and free from feathers or down.

Defects: Thighs too long; knees slightly turned inward; hock failing to show in profile below body line; cut out half to one and one half according to degree. Shanks too light in color, cut one half to one and one half, according to degree. Single crooked toes cut one point. Pass as unworthy generally deformed feet; positive knocked knees, and any other color than the shades of yellow.

Undercolor: Shafts (quills) of feathers matching surface color, fiber of lighter shade of same or mixed with gray.

Defects: White or black or any other color than described.

Rhode Island Reds, Female

Weights: Hen, six and a half pounds; pullet, five and one half pounds.

Comb: Pea, like that of the male, only smaller in proportion to weight of fowl.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Head: Medium long, skull medium wide, the crown slightly overhanging the eyes, face deep, the red showing well above the eyes. Eyes bright bay. Ear lobes and wattles fine in texture, small, but distinct and bright red in color. Beak medium stout at base, well curved to point, yellow or horn color shading to yellow, and may have a dark stripe shading down to mandible.

Defects: Same as for male except as indicated.

Neck: Medium in length and slightly arched, rich ferruginous color, free from black or any other color than described. Hackle sufficiently long to cover cape and shoulders.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Back: Medium long, cape medium broad and flat over small of back, which with back proper to hips makes a slightly inclined plane, the saddle taking a concave sweep to tail, plumage fairly abundant and of a rich ferruginous color.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Breast: Round and full, quarters prominent, muscles heavy, shoulder muscles rounding to keel bone, color ferruginous.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Body and Fluff: Keel bone straight with full keel muscles, color matching the breast and shading lighter to fluff, which is medium in development.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Wings: Bow well rounded, and in color rich ferruginous to match saddle proper, the coverts rich in a lighter shade of same color. Primaries, rich ferruginous and black, the former predominating; secondaries, rich ferruginous, in lower web of sufficient width to secure the wing bay of that color and turning the point and lacing or penciling the upper web of the secondaries in the same color, the balance of each feather may be black, the five feathers between secondaries and black matching the back and saddle in surface color.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Tail: Tail carried tolerably upright, spread laterally, extending at an angle as seen in the capital letter A, not too closely combed. Tail coverts moderately developed and showing the tips of the tail proper to the rear of the same. Tail proper, dark chestnut in color, which may shade into black at tips of feathers, coverts a rich ferruginous color.

Defects: Same as described for male except as to sickles.

Legs: Thighs medium in length with heavy muscles, feathered in a rich ferruginous color. Shanks and feet smooth in scale, yellow or may become straw colored with age.

Defects: Same as described for male.

Undercolor: Shalts (quills) if feathers matching surface color, fiber of lighter shade of same or mixed with gray.

Defects: Same as described for male.

The weights are heavy enough to insure a reasonably heavy carcass when dressed for market, and yet light enough to retain the excellent egg producing quality of the breed. The breeder with late hatched chick also has a chance at these weights at the fall shows.

The surface color of plumage should show red all over the fowl without striking contrasts in shades except for the black of wing and tail feathers. The surface color should not be endangered by excessive attention to undercolor. If the dark grey or slate undercolor is necessary to retain a sufficiently deep surface color or if it is correlated with the vigor and virility of the breed, it should not be sacrificed.

Strength of color in the young fowl is desirable, since the color is liable to fade with age, especially in females.

Breeders of single and rose comb Rhode Island Reds will very lightly insist that these varieties be allowed. The pea comb has the advantage of being very well adapted to the cold and variable climate of Rhode Island and the states of like latitude. It does not bring the breed into close competition with the buff varieties of Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks. Several prominent members of the American Poultry Association have expressed the opinion that the pea comb Rhode Island Red would be readily recognized and admitted as a breed by the said association. Whether it is best to subject the breed to the somewhat artificial conditions entailed by the rules and regulations of the above mentioned association is a question to be settled by the breeders.

The aim has been to breed to a standard which would allow typical fowls of both sexes to be produced from "single matings." It is to be hoped that breeders of Rhode Island Reds will continue steadfast in the purpose to perfect this breed according to a standard which will not necessitate resorting to the unnatural scheme of "double matings" (so-called). It is also very desirable to so manage the breed that it shall retain its qualities of utility while gaining in uniformity, symmetry and beauty.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

E. S.—You don't say how much grain and bran you fed the young ducks, but I fear you have been feeding too heavily. Use ground oats instead of corn meal, and add a tablespoonful of bone or beef meal to each quart of feed. One quart morning and evening is enough for fifteen young ducks when they are on free range. Young ducks should be shut up at night and not let out in the morning until the dew is off the grass. Ducks must have dry sleeping quarters. Crossing them with another variety would only spoil your present stock. Better get a good young Pekin drake before next spring, and feed your old ducks carefully through the winter. Breeding ducks should be in good condition, but not fat, for if there are ducklings hatched from their eggs they are sure to be weak and unprofitable. Give them a mash of equal parts of chopped clover or alfalfa hay, bran and stock feed (round corn and oats).

C. A. P.—Please read answer to E. S.

J. W.—In the poultry department of the September COMFORT you will find the information you ask for.

A. B. M.—We have no pigeons or squab for sale.

A. E. B.—The young turkeys have what is called blackhead. The symptoms and the condition you found on examining the intestines of those which died, are unmistakable. As you are a subscriber to COMFORT, you will have had the October number. Read that carefully. It deals with those diseases in turkeys, and suggests methods of treating the old birds during the winter.

A. R. R.—Please read answer to A. E. B. and refer to the October issue of COMFORT.

A SUBSCRIBER.—I cannot recommend breeders in this column. Yes, it most certainly pays to raise squab if you are near a large city or a through railway so that you can ship easily.

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A MESSAGE TO THE WOMAN ON THE FARM

DEAR MADAM—

As the woman on the farm, the care of the chickens is in your hands. Friend husband does not pay much attention to the poultry end. He is concerned with his hogs, his cattle and his crops. He leaves the chickens to you, and the amount of money you make out of your flock is solely up to you.

Now, ask yourself, do you look after your poultry-raising as well as your husband looks after his interest? Are you as up-to-date in caring for your chickens as you husband is in caring for his hogs, cattle and fields? Or are you still pursuing the old-fashioned method of letting the chickens shift for themselves.

When your husband wants a new threshing machine, he buys it. When he finds it advisable to trade in his old automobile for a new one, he doesn't hesitate. When he wants a new hog pen, a new cattle barn or silo, he goes right ahead and gives his orders.

When he hears of a stock food that is good for cattle he gives it a trial. When he learns of a new tonic for hogs, he is eager to see what it will do for his herd. In other words, he is alway alive to every opportunity to secure better results and make more money.

You and Your Chickens

Now let us see what you do.

Looking over your favorite farm paper of an evening you see an advertisement that arouses your interest. You turn to friend husband and say: "John I see an egg tonic advertised which seems to do fine work according to the letters printed here. I think we should try it for our chickens. We're feeding them a lot of high priced corn and we're not getting anywhere near as many eggs as I think we should. I believe I'll just send for some of this tonic and give it a trial."

"Oh bosh," says John. "Sounds too good to be true. Don't pay any attention to it."

And as usual, you abide by your husband's judgment, and continue to plod along in the old-fashioned way.

John forgets that he uses stock foods and tonics for his cattle and hogs. He forgets that it is to new discoveries and new improvements that he owes much of his success as a farmer. He forgets that you, as the caretaker of the chickens, have just as much right to try for better results as he has in his work.

Of course, it is not that your husband is opposed to your making more money out of your flock. He is simply too busy with other matters to give serious consideration to chicken tonic. But is this quite fair to you?

Probably you depend on your chickens for your pin money, as many a woman does. And you surely have the right to try to make as much as you can.

Egg Tonic Has Come to Stay

There is no doubt about it, but a good egg tonic means more eggs. This has been proven over and over again. As a result, egg tonic will soon be used as universally as stock foods and hog tonics. The time is here when poultry raisers have to recognize this fact. They should not be misled by "wise" friends and neighbors who don't believe doing things any way but the old-fasnioned way.

We know what "TWO for ONE" will do for you. That is why we want you to try it. We don't make any money on a trial $1.00 and $2.00 box. The first order sold to a customer is sold at a loss. It is on the repeat orders that we make a profit. We are willing to stand a loss on the first order simply to get poultry raisers to try "TWO for ONE." We know that once it is tried, the flock-owner will buy more and more.

Ask yourself—could we for one minute think of selling the first order of "TWO for ONE" at a loss if there was a question as to the merit of this egg tonic. No indeed! We know the success of "TWO for ONE" and that is why we depend on future orders for our profit.

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"TWO for ONE" is the marvel of all egg tonics. It is the most remarkable producer of eggs ever known to the poultry world. "TWO for ONE" is making records every day in egg production that were never before believed possible. Flock owners all over the country are amazed with the results. The most experienced poultry experts say they have never seen the like of it.

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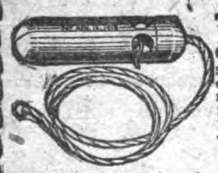
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Traps and Thrills on an Iowa Trail

By George J. Thiessen

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CHAPTER III.

TRAP MYSTERY SOLVED. BOYS LEARN TRICKS FROM OLD TRAPPER.

THE old pelt hunter was more than angry. Not only did he tell my father and Mr. Lehrman but everyone else in the village as well. Few believed we disturbed his sets, and yet "boys will be boys," as one of the shoe-shop loafers expressed his opinion on the subject. But Fred and I knew he was prejudiced. He had the best apple orchard in town and remembered that he had chased us away from it a number of times. Naturally, our companions taunted us as did some of the men about the village. All in all, life hardly seemed worth living.

Jim's foot began to get better. The nail-wound had healed and he could hobble about. Really, if there had been no school, the boy would have been out and around sooner, but, as it was, he remained indoors. When he joined us again, we hoped to solve the mystery of the missing traps.

Then we got a clue. A neighbor lad of ten came home and claimed to have met a civet that showed fight. Diligent questioning, however, by the mother brought out the fact that he, with some other boys, had an encounter with the animal caught in a trap down near an old abandoned house. We investigated and found our missing property, together with St. John's. Some of the traps were hidden in a cave the boys had dug that summer in a clay-bank and the others were set in ground-hog dens.

At first we wondered how one or even two boys could have carried all the traps. We learned afterward that the leader with six others, had followed Fred and me on the trail and pulled the sets as fast as we made them. Then, returning, they picked up traps as they traveled. The gang was inspired by a reading of "Tom Sawyer," "The Leather Stocking Tales," and some lurid literature, so naturally, the boye decided to be pirates and hunters. They hid the traps and set a few later. Of course, we hurried to tell St. John the news, and straightway won his forgiveness. Naturally, he was sorry he had unjustly accused us and glad he had not got hold of us to give us the "hiding" he threatened.

As things had straightened themselves out, all concerned were happy and we felt it our duty to scare the younger boys who had been responsible for our trouble. Accordingly, we did so and felt satisfied. Of course, the people of Stanwood soon learned the truth and the parents of the pirate gang undoubtedly took steps to see that their sons got all their foolish notions out of their heads at once. The lads, led by an older one, had kept their secret much as Mark Twain's two heroes of fiction.

That afternoon I went down to see 'Gene Curran and his son. 'Gene, the father, was just home from his work. The son, Dave, was unusually industrious about the barn, hoping, perhaps, that the father had not heard that he belonged to the "outlaws." But the old gentleman was not in ignorance of the late news. Even though the boy did not have a hand in the theft, he was going to teach him some sense. From a nearby plum tree he cut a branch.

"What you doing?" I yelled, when I saw him. "It's too late to trim trees——"

"But not mischief-makers," he remarked, dryly. "Here, Dave, you come to the barn. I'm going to give you the worst licking you ever got."

And with that he set his dinner pail on the porch and took off his coat.

"But, listen," I exclaimed. "Dave didn't have anything to do with it at all. Now just wait a minute and I'll tell you all about what happened."

Not completely satisfied, he laid the switch upon the table within easy reach and started to wash his hands. The boy lingered near enough to hear, but yet just out of the father's reach.

"He ought to know better," Curran insisted, from time to time. "I tell you, he has been up to too many things lately not to get a lesson on what is right and wrong. A little 'dressing down' would do him good and——"

"Supper's ready," sang the wife.

Just to see that Dave did not get punished, I had to stay and help eat spareribs and sour-kraut, which was something I liked next to licorice candy. Anyway, the lad promised to be much better, and that ended the entire affair.

But the fact remained that we had much to do. The three of us did not dare play hookey from school and make our sets. Of course, we worked hard and put out as many traps as we could but it required most of the following Saturday to get the traps where we wanted them. And, best of all, we had good luck. Each morning we caught a number of muskrats, and once in a while a mink. St. John, possibly because he wanted to make up for his treatment toward us when we were under suspicion, helped with suggestions all he could. And the result of this was apparent. Daily we were adding to our catch.

One thing I particularly remember, and that was the old pelt hunter's suggestion about bait.

"Most beginners imagine," he said, "that all they need is a piece of meat by their sets to get the game. But this is not the truth. It requires a knowledge of wild life; their habits and the arrangement of the proper decoy in the right way. For instance, the other day I noticed a crow you had shot, placed near a mink slide. In the first place, such birds—and I include jays and similar—are worse than nothing at all. And bait of any kind placed too near a runway or den has a tendency to excite the suspicions of the cunning animals you have been trying to take."

"But we get mink once in a while," Fred ventured.

"True," he agreed, "only not with that kind of a crude set. Now if you had arranged the trap at the foot of the slide in water at that place, undoubtedly you would have caught several animals."

And, strange to say, when we followed the advice, it came true. At the spot between the roots of a tree which overhung the water, several pelts were added to our lot. After that, St. John never visited the shoe shop that we did not ask him something about taking fur. And when you consider that this was the hangout for practically all of Stanwood who had any time up-town, the frequency of our questions produced results. Next to Daniel Boone himself, the boys began to believe St. John the greatest pelt hunter in the world.

To add to our popularity, McKerron, Sr., got interested, too. He insisted on going along with us the following day. With no school to bother us, we did not rise early. Our traps were in good locations, arranged as best we knew. So that the man could get back to his work sooner, we paired off. Jim and Fred followed one route; the trail along Rock Creek. To myself and the guest were left the skunk traps we had just put out. By following the course as outlined, all confidently expected to reach home within five hours, at the latest. Our meeting place was at a railroad bridge about two miles from town, near what was known as Tipton Tank. Here, years ago, the old wood-burning locomotives used on that branch, stopped at a deep hole along a stream and got water.



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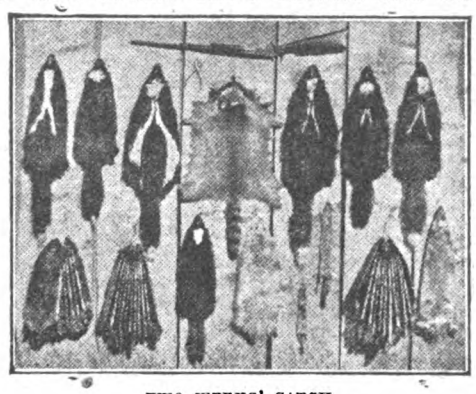
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More Letters and Photographs from COMFORT Trappers

$121.75 in Six Weeks

I have three dozen traps, with which I caught 53 muskrats, 2 raccoon, 1 mink, 10 skunks, 2 weasels and 3 opossum, which brought me $121.75. These furs were caught in six weeks' trapping. I was sick through December, so only got two traps two weeks in November and through January.

I sold first two weeks' catch December 21st for $85.75. I am sending picture of my furs.



TWO WEEKS' CATCH.

I sold my second two weeks' catch, consisting of six muskrats, 1 mink, 1 opossum and 2 skunks, January 18, for $26.00, and my last two weeks' catch, of 6 muskrats, January 30, for $10.00. For muskrats I seldom bait traps but set at slides, runways and feed beds. Hardly ever set traps at dens, as sometimes when one is caught it scares the others and causes them to leave. For skunk and opossum I use mostly bait pens and rabbit for bait, although any decayed meat is good. The best bird bait I have ever found for skunk is yellow hammer.

I think I did very well.

ELMER F. SNYDER, Ohio.

Got $300.00 for His Seventy-two Skins from a Fur House Which Advertised in COMFORT.

To be successful in trapping, one cannot just set his traps out in any old place at any old time and trust to luck, as most fur bearing animals are wily creatures.

Most failures in trapping are due to the fact that the trappers themselves overlook important minor details in this pursuit. This is not so much true of the first class or professional trapper as it is of the amateur or farmer boys who trap mainly for pleasure.

The principal fur bearing animals of this neighborhood are coyotes, lynx cats, weasel, civit cats, muskrats and badger. The coyotes are the most plentiful and I spend most of my time trapping them. They are very sly animals and are hard to catch, and one has to be very careful how he sets his traps.

The best time to trap them is in the fall. I start about November 1st, before the ground freezes up. Go to a place where the coyotes frequent and find a bare spot of ground. Drive a hardwood stake about two inches below the surface, then dig a place for two traps on opposite sides of the stake to which the chains should be attached. When this is done, arrange the traps in the trench and cover the jaws with a piece of paper, then cover everything over with dirt and take a bush and brush away all tracks and signs. Your tracks should be placed under about two and one half inches of dirt, as it will destroy the iron scent. I have used bait and scent with this set with equal success but scent is better where magpies are numerous.

For catching weasel I go out after a light snowfall, when they are easily tracked, and when I come to a place where they frequent I set a No. 1 Victor and cover with fine grass, bark, etc. Then I hang a piece of bloody meat or a bird six inches above it on a bush and in the morning you are pretty sure to have him.

Muskrat are not plentiful here and not many are caught. Bait does not work well here as they have too much to eat. Scent is the best in the springtime. I trap most of them at the foot of their slides and eating places where they dig for the roots of rushes.

So far this season I have caught 23 coyotes, 4 lynx cats, 5 weasels and 40 muskrats, in three dozen Victor traps. The main thing to do when you catch the animals is to skin and stretch them properly, also when ready clean all fat and grease off as it heats and affects the fur.

I have shipped all these furs and realized $300.00 for them. L. S. STUTZ, Idaho.

COMFORT'S Fur Forum

So many questions have been asked by trappers who have read the trapping articles in COMFORT and the free trapping books which we distribute and who rightfully regard COMFORT as a leading authority on trapping questions, that we have inaugurated a trapping questions-answered department, conducted by a recognized trapping authority of America. We shall be pleased to answer, free, any questions about trapping or marketing furs. All questions must be signed with the writer's full name, which will not be published if the writer so requests. Address Trapping Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Questions Answered

Q.—How can one prevent the many muskrats escaping from twisting out of traps?

A.—When ordinary styles are used, stake in deep water so the animals drown.

Q.—Are birds good bait?

A.—Some are; others should be avoided. Crows, hawks and owls seem worthless even when plucked.

Q.—What way is best to be a professional trapper?

A.—There are many things that must be observed before you become an expert. Perhaps the most important is a study of the fur bearers. Know where they may be found, how they live, what they eat, etc. Time spent in doing this pays well. Send for COMFORT's free trapping book.

Q.—Is there any sure way to know if a skunk den is inhabited or not?

A.—Generally speaking, no. On the other hand, signs such as tracks, etc., can be relied upon quite accurately. Again, if there are long black, white, or black and white hairs, one may make sets with good chances of success. These are generally to be seen clinging to the sides of the burrows. A good flashlight will be of value in discovering.

Q.—Are there two kinds of muskrats; those that build houses and those that have burrows?

A.—No. Where there is little or no current, the animals usually have houses. Where water is deep and the current fast, dens are to be found. However, there are exceptions and houses can be seen in streams and dens along the banks of lakes.

Q.—Can one tan his furs?

A.—Yes—but it doesn't pay. There are too many chances of spoiling the pelts. Let a tanner do this for you.

Q.—Does it pay to hold furs for higher prices?

A.—No. The pelt hunter cannot afford to speculate with the skins he takes.

Q.—Would a fur farm pay?

A.—Most of the money in fur farming has been made, with the possible exception of the large fox ranches and the leased muskrat swamps—if the latter could be termed a fur farm—in the sale of stock in companies and animals for breeding purposes.

Q.—What is the most valuable of all furs?

A.—Black fox brings most.

Q.—Where can I find out about trapping laws?

A.—Consult your local game warden or write to your state capitol, Game and Fish Dept., for a copy of the statutes.

Q.—Do mink den up in cold weather?

A.—No. They travel in all kinds of weather. However, warm, rainy nights are best for taking them.

Q.—What is meant by a "blind" set?

A.—This is a concealed set without bait or decoy. However, some pelt hunters use the term to designate traps used with bait nearby although the first explanation is the one most generally accepted.

Q.—Should raccoon be cut down the belly?

A.—Fur dealers prefer them stretched this way although in some sections most of the hides are cased.

Q.—What are the advantages of steel stretchers?

A.—Uniformity of shape in the skins; ease by which furs may be handled; quick drying, etc.

Q.—Are there any wolverine in Nebraska where there are lots of wolves?

A.—Wolves and wolverine are two different species. The latter inhabits the cold climates and not the plains.

Q.—What is a brown weasel?

A.—This is an unprime—a name given by fur dealers to skins of animals taken too early or too late. When prime, the weasel is pure white with the exception of the tip of the tail. This is black. Buyers usually designate prime weasels as "ermine."

Q.—Can rabbit skins be sold?

A.—Yes, write the dealers who advertise in COMFORT. They offer a market.

Q.—Should I tan my furs before shipping?

A.—By all means no. Simply stretch and dry in a cool place and then they are ready for market. It takes from four to ten days, depending upon climatic conditions, for skins to cure.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

Watch it grow in 1919.

This is the way wise shippers have been getting money for Raw Furs from the house of Pfaelzer during the last five years

1914 ■■■■

1915 ■■■■■■

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Famous Victor Traps, best in the world; all sizes No. 0 to No. 4. Every trap guaranteed perfect. Sure to go; sure to hold. With chains. Lowest prices. No. 1 Victor Trap, for Muskrat, etc., single spring, jaw spread 4-in. Price per doz. **$1.98.** Postage extra. Wt. 7¼ lbs. Other sizes priced equally low; see catalog.

Funsten Perfect Smoker



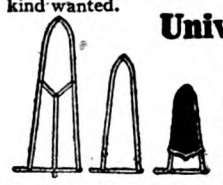
Gets every animal out of the den. Saves digging. Allows you to kill only *full-furred* males and let kits, females, etc., escape. Pays for itself on first den you visit. Price **$2.00.** Parcel Post 150 miles from St. Louis **8c** extra; elsewhere **30c.** Canada **40c.**

Funsten Animal Baits



Increase your catch *100 to 500 per cent.* Irresistible. Draws animals long distances. A few drops for each set; bottle lasts whole season. Satisfaction guaranteed. **$1.00** per can or 6 cans for **$5.00.** State kind wanted.

Universal Fur Stretcher



Stretches pelts just right. Improves skins, quickens drying. Adjustable. Made of strong steel and very durable. All sizes. See catalog for prices.



Water Sets Glow Fish coated with luminous substance. Shines in dark. "Sure-Ketch" Fish, highly polished, reflects rays of sun or moon. Draws coons and other animals. Glow Fish, each **10c**, doz. **$1.00** postpd. "Sure-Ketch" doz. **35c**, 3 doz, **$1.00** postpd.

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Eradicating Tuberculosis of Animals

THE Bureau of Animal Industry, of the Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., now is actively associating itself with livestock sanitary boards of practically every stock breeding state in the eradication of tuberculosis in cattle and hogs. This new activity in the campaign against tuberculosis has become necessary in view of the fact that the disease has been increasing despite all that has been done against it in past years. To illustrate this it may be mentioned here that during the month of May, 1919, the last month for which complete figures are available, 4.2 per cent of the cattle tested in 45 states were found to be affected with the disease and showed some of its symptoms. Government figures also show that nearly 10 per cent of the swine killed where Federal inspection is maintained, had the disease. In 1916 it was 9 per cent and in 1917 about 10 per cent. Indications are that the disease is spreading, it therefore behooves every interested person to do his part in eradicating the disease.

Cause and Nature of Tuberculosis

The disease is the counterpart of consumption of man and is caused by a microscopic germ or bacillus. It affects principally cattle and swine, but under favoring circumstances may also affect almost all other animals. In a different form it affects poultry, and indeed is very common among them. Bird, or "avian" tuberculosis as it is called, is not communicable to man, but tuberculosis of cattle and hogs is. The disease is communicated to man, chiefly infants, by raw milk, or by insufficiently cooked meat of an affected animal. The disease causes formation of nodules or tubercles in the glands and tissues and these so impair function that the animal in time becomes weakened, emaciated and poisoned so that it succumbs. After death one finds gritty yellow, cheesy deposits in the affected parts.

How the Disease Is Contracted

The germs may enter by way of the nostrils when affected animals "nose" one another; but more commonly it is contracted by way of the digestive organs. Calves and pigs take it from milk of affected cows, or from diseased udders. Skim-milk, whey or buttermilk from creameries and cheese factories carries the disease to the animals on farms unless pasteurized. Hogs also take the disease from feeding after affected cattle. The germs are passed with the manure and contaminate corn eaten by the swine. Cattle may become infected when shipped on the railroad, penned with diseased stock in markets or at fairs and sale stables, or when pastured or driven over fields and roads where diseased cattle have been. Usually it is brought onto a farm in feed or with new bought animals.

Symptoms of Tuberculosis

Often the disease has been present a long time before its effects become manifest. Then emaciation, weakness, coarse, staring hair and hidebound skin, sunken, swimming eyes and chronic cough with more or less discharge from the nostrils indicate its presence. Those are the symptoms when the lungs are badly affected. It may cause swellings of the glands under the jaws or below the ears and these give rise to loud or labored breathing. If the gullet is pressed upon by enlarged glands, chronic bloating is caused. When the udder is invaded, hard, painless lumps form and often a large one is seen in the gland high above the back of the udder. Hogs fail to thrive when affected with tuberculosis and the tubercles invade all of the tissues, including the meat. That is rare in cattle. After death, yellow nodules are found on lungs, liver, spleen, kidneys, etc., and may also invade the brain, heart, bones and generative organs. No part is exempt. In poultry the liver most commonly is attacked, but other organs also show characteristic yellow tubercles.

Detecting Tuberculosis

One may suspect tuberculosis when any of the above mentioned symptoms are seen. It always should be suspected also if an animal has any mysterious sickness which does not respond to treatment and which gradually causes emaciation and ill-thrift. Suspect it when a cow has unexplained attacks of garget which come and go, or has difficulty in rising and is stiff or sore or has swollen joints. Always consider it likely that tuberculosis is the cause when a cow has a chronic cough and especially if she grunts or otherwise evinces pain when the fingers are thrust hard into the spaces between the ribs just behind the elbows. The elbows often are turned outward in such cases, for the lungs then are badly affected with tuberculosis. Testing with tuberculin is, however, the only sure and reliable way of determining the presence of tuberculosis.

How the Tuberculin Test Is Made

Tuberculin is a broth in which the germs of tuberculosis have been cultivated until no more will grow. They are then killed and the liquid then contains an element which irritates a tuberculous animal when injected under the skin. Tuberculin contains no live germs and so cannot possibly cause the disease, nor can it in any way injure an unaffected animal. The irritation it causes is indicated by a rise in temperature which goes up gradually for a time and as gradually returns to normal. This is termed the "rainbow curve," and if absent the rise in temperature scarcely indicates the presence of tuberculosis. Before testing, cattle are housed and accustomed to the stable if they have been on pasture. Testing in very hot weather is unwise. The temperature is taken morning, noon and night of one day to determine the normal temperature, which in health is from 101 to 102½ degrees Fahrenheit. At 9 or 10 o'clock P. M. of the same day tuberculin is injected under the skin of the neck or behind the shoulder. Starting at 5 or 6 o'clock the next morning the temperature is taken every two hours. If the temperature then rises two or more degrees, is sustained at that for some time and then gradually falls, the animal is considered tuberculous and has to be disposed of according to Federal and state law. Often the temperature runs to 105 or 106. In some cases we have seen it reach 107 degrees and the reacting animal usually is off feed, sick and may scour. The veterinarian regulates the dose of tuberculin according to the age and size of the animal, or her condition. At least one cubic centimeter, or 15 drops, is injected for each 500 pounds of body weight. The average dose has been about two cubic centimeters in the past, but under new rules larger doses are used and may in some instances run to seven cubic centimeters, as in the case of a 2,000-pound bull. The veterinarian is fully instructed as to the correct dose to use and how to interpret the effects of the injection. Only a trained expert is qualified to apply the test and tests by owners are not officially recognized nor do they entitle the owner to reimbursement for animals condemned on account of the disease. The Government allows not to exceed $25 for a grade cow or $50 for a pure-bred cow; but the owner also is allowed 80 per cent of the proceeds when the meat is marketed as fit for that purpose. Various states have similar reimbursement laws and the state veterinarian will be glad to inform owners as to all such matters on application in writing.

Controlling the Disease

When testing has proved a herd to be clean, it may be kept clean by testing all new-bought animals twice a year and keeping the clean animals away from strange cattle, public highways, fairs and markets, unless for slaughter. Show animals have to be quarantined on their home farm and tested twice a year. All milk brought in from outside has to be pasteurized by heating to at least 145 degrees F. for at least 20 minutes before feeding to calves or pigs.

If a case is discovered, the animal has to be disposed of according to law, then the stable must be cleansed, disinfected and whitewashed under direction of a veterinarian, and the cattle tested at least twice a year. Under certain conditions, affected cows may be used for breeding purposes, according to the Bang method, but the calves must not take any milk from an affected cow or remain with her after birth. Arrangements may be made to have herds tested free by Government and state veterinarians, and herds that pass two tests without a reaction, at intervals not exceeding six months, may be put on the "accredited" list by the state livestock sanitary board.

Team Work in Farming

So scarce and expensive is hired help getting to be in many parts of the country and so high is the price of farm machinery that new methods of working are coming into vogue to meet the situation. Small farmers cannot afford to own tractors or engines powerful enough to fill silos or operate threshing machines. But many a small farmer finds it impossible to get his silo filled in time, or to get the thresher to come to him for a few stacks, or to have his corn shredding done promptly when other big jobs in the district attract the professional thresherman, who also operates silo cutters and fillers, shredders or clover hullers, etc. These facts are leading men in farming districts to combine and cooperate for the ownership and operation of needed engines, separators, hullers, shredders and silage cutters. Tractors, in some instances, also are being bought for community work, and where men can agree properly and take their fair and legal share of the working time and capacity of the engine or combination of machines, the plan works well for all concerned. In some instances we know of several brothers who have so combined and they usually take in with them other relations farming in the same district. By team work they get their grain threshed out of the shock to save expensive stacking, have their silos filled on time, when corn is just right, although other men in the district may be busy with tobacco harvest which often interferes with silo filling. By sharing the expense the burden is not too great for one individual and the work really is done at less expense than otherwise would be the case.

In many districts our readers might make such combinations for team work and would then find their farm work much less difficult to plan for and accomplish on time and to the best advantage.

Sow Ergot Free Rye

Our readers have been instructed several times that rye infested with ergot, often erroneously termed "smut," is dangerous to livestock. It may cause abortion in cows and swine and in horses cause paralysis of the throat. Other less severe results may show in animals fed ergot in varying quantities. During winter when young cattle are wading in snow and slush, ergot impairs circulation of blood in the extremities and sores or sloughing may occur about the feet and pasterns. Tails, feet and horns have been known to slough off.

Rye becomes ergot infested from spores due to the ergot crop of the previous year and to spurs of ergot sown with the rye seed in fall or spring. For this reason rye seed should be perfectly cleaned to free it of ergot before it is used. Here is the way to do it, as discovered and taught by plant pathologists of the Wisconsin Agricultural Experiment Station: Make a salt brine of about 20 per cent strength by dissolving 40 pounds of common salt in 25 gallons of water. Have this solution in a tub, barrel or other suitable receptacle. When the salt is well dissolved, pour in the rye slowly and stir vigorously at the same time. It takes two persons to do this. The ergot and light seeds will rise to the surface and the sound kernels will sink to the bottom. Skim off the ergot or add rye until the solution rises and runs over the side of the tub, carrying the ergot with it. If the ergot does not float, the solution should be made stronger by the addition of more salt. The dryness of the grain makes a difference in the strength of solution necessary. The solution should be poured off as the ergot is removed and the grain washed with fresh water and dried. Otherwise the grain will dry slowly and its germinating qualities be injured. The wet grain should be spread thinly on a clean floor or canvas and shoveled over a few times.

Utilizing Cheap Horses

So great and extensive has been the drought in Montana and some other western states that cattle, sheep and horses have starved in some localities and throughout the dry areas have suffered fearfully from lack of feed. For this reason sheep and cattle are being shipped out of the drought-stricken districts to those in which cheap grazing is available. Minnesota and Wisconsin offer such grazing grounds and are being widely utilized while northern Michian is taking some surplus stock. But what to do with the cheap, light horses that are consuming feed that might better be given to cattle and sheep is a problem. It does not pay to ship the horses to market, or to distant grazing grounds. The consequence is that we hear of sales of horses around $5.00 a head, while in some districts sales cannot be made at any price.

Under the circumstances it is being proposed that the meat of these cheap, light horses should be used for human consumption. To that end it is suggested that canning of horse flesh should be started on a considerable scale, for such meat would be welcomed in Europe, where it has long been used. In Paris and cities of Belgium horse meat markets have long been patronized and some of our returning soldiers report that they have eaten horse meat and found it "not so bad." It is much darker in color than beef and in some cases is almost black, besides being coarser in grain and having a somewhat unpleasant odor. This meat also is sweet in taste as it contains glycogen; but people come to like it and there is no question as to its value as a nutrient. Recognizing the horse slaughtering industry as one that is to grow, the Federal Bureau of Animal Industry now is inspecting all horses intended for slaughter for meat, as none that have certain diseases are fit for that purpose and must be carefully discarded. Then, too, the slaughtering places must be run on a sanitary basis and everything done in the best possible manner as regards handling of the meat products. Sausage is one of the products most used in the market, as it keeps and ships well. Horse hides also are valuable and needed. All horse flesh offered for human food must be plainly labeled just what it is so the people will not be imposed upon if they do not care to buy such meat.

The Cement Stave Silo

The cement stave silo is growing very rapidly in popularity. Why? Because it combines the advantages of the solid concrete silo with those of the wooden stave. What are some of these advantages?

CONCRETE FIREPROOF AND PERMANENT.—The strong talking point for the solid concrete silo is that it is fireproof and permanent. Winds do not blow it down. It never rots or needs painting. It needs no repairs. All these things are claimed for the cement stave. If the hoops rust, which they may in time, they can be quickly and cheaply covered with paint.

STAVE SILO QUICKLY BUILT.—It takes time to build a solid concrete silo. One of staves may be built in a day. It takes but little more time to build one of cement staves. A solid foundation which must be laid for all types of silo is put down and as soon as it is ready the staves are set up. They are short, easily handled and go up rapidly.

CEMENT STAVES MAY BE ADDED TO.—One often wants to build higher after the silo is up. An additional five, ten or twenty feet may be easily added to the cement stave silo the next year or at any time after building.

There are now a good many concerns making cement staves for silos, so that it should not be a difficult matter to purchase them in any locality.

Silage from Dry Corn

Can silage be made from dry corn late in the fall or early winter? Yes. Though not quite so good or so greatly relished by cattle, a very good silage can be made from corn that has stood for a month or two in the shock.

In making silage from dry corn it should be remembered that this corn has lost a great deal of moisture while standing in the shock. This

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

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WATERPROOF
WEATHER STRIP

Will keep out the cold and save tons of coal.

Made of heavy, compact brown felt with tough, waterproof paper back.

Will not stretch while applying; snow and rain can't cause it to sag between tacks and let in the wind, as ordinary flimsy strips do. Will stay smooth and tight all winter.

A distinct innovation in flexible weather strips, not only in the exceptional quality of the Burlington Strip itself, but in this fact—

Proper Size and Shaped Tacks and Thumb Guard for Pushing in Tacks included —no hammer needed FREE

No hunting for right kind of tacks or using too large or too small sizes that will split the wood or not hold.

We give you large head, sharp, tapering, thin shank tacks that won't split the wood.

The Thumb Guard protects thumb while you push the tacks into the hardest wood — easily — No Hammer Needed.

Tacks and thumb guard in each 75 foot carton

10-ft. roll 10c

Larger rolls up to 75 ft.

If your dealer can't supply you order of us and give us his name

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One Man Saws 25 Cords a Day

The Ottawa Log Saw does the work of ten men. Makes wood sawing easy and profitable. When not sawing wood use for pumping, feed grinding, etc. Simple, economical, durable. Thousands in use. Fully guaranteed; 30 days trial. Write at once for Free book and low price.
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Write this minute for price-slashing catalog "FEATHER FACTS and BEDDING BARGAINS," sent FREE. Every page crammed with DIRECT FACTORY OFFERS underselling all middlemen. We sell C. O. D. and give ironclad MONEYBACK GUARANTEE backed by four banks. BEFORE you write elsewhere, SEND FOR THIS PURITY BOOK. P. B. C.
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Get a Feather Bed

Beds 25-lb. $9.95; 30-lb. $10.95; 35-lb. $11.95; 40-lb. $12.95; two 3-lb. pillows $1.75. All new feathers, best ticking. We have $1,000 cash deposit in bank to guarantee satisfaction or money back. Mail order today or write for catalog which also contains bargains in Rugs, Curtains, Counterpanes, Blankets, Comforts, etc.
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New Feather Pillow $2.15 per pair. New Feathers, best ticking. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for new Catalog.
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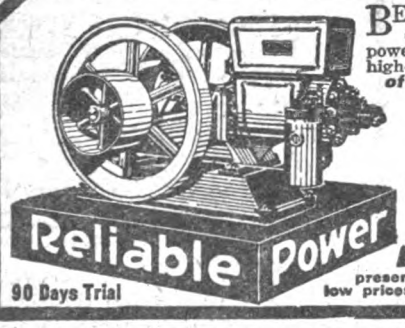


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419 EGGS FROM 20 HENS IN 30 DAYS

Mr. Dougherty Got This Result in October. Plan is Easily Tried.

"I tried Don Sung and the results were far past any expectations. I got 419 eggs in 30 days from 20 hens while moulting. I think this is wonderful, as they hardly laid at all before while moulting."—Frank Dougherty, 5940 E. 11th St., Indianapolis.

Mr. Dougherty bought $1 worth of Don Sung tablets in October and wrote the above letter in November. Figure his profit on 35 dozen eggs from hens that formerly laid little or nothing.

This may sound too good to be true, but it costs nothing to find out. We'll make you the same offer we made him.

Give your hens Don Sung and watch results for one month. If you don't find that it pays for itself and pays you a good profit besides, simply tell us and your money will be promptly refunded.

Don Sung (Chinese for egg-laying) works directly on the egg-laying organs, and is also a splendid tonic. It is easily given in the feed, improves the hen's health, makes her stronger and more active in any weather, and starts her laying.

Try Don Sung for 30 days and if it doesn't get you the eggs, no matter how cold or wet the weather, your money will be refunded by return mail. Get Don Sung from your druggist or poultry remedy dealer or send 50 cents for a package by mail prepaid. Burrell-Dugger Co., 445 Columbia Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.



Stop Foolish Trapping

Many a novice in the trapping game, and sometimes a wind-bitten old timer will trap breeding females and take the pelts, and each feels that he has done no harm. One is carried away, perhaps, by his enthusiasm, another by the fear that some other fellow may get ahead of him.

But under whatever delusion they may labor, they are committing the penny wise but pound foolish axiom of the outdoors.

Trapping during breeding seasons does not pay, and the man who traps them not only robs himself once but does so twice. First, he kills an animal that should be allowed to live and propagate its kind, which, of course, means more money for the trapper eventually, since there will be more animals to trap.

The sportsman or professional trapper who realizes these two facts—both mean money to him if heeded—has made a great step toward the conservation of our fur-bearing animal resources.

Boys just starting out with their first traps should realize this and follow it. Indeed, the taking of furs during the breeding season brings so little in return that it is scarcely worth one's time or trouble to trap for them.

Of course, a knowledge of when to trap and how to trap is essential if this conservation idea of furs only is to be carried out.

Write to any of the big fur houses. They will send you the game laws of the different states and the laws are usually made to fit local conditions. So, if you follow the game laws, you can't go far wrong.

BOY NETS NINETY-SIX DOLLARS WITH FOUR TRAPS

Yes! Lambert Bailey of Volga, Ia., writes that he trapped 24 skunks last season with only four traps and received $96.00 for his catch. And the remarkable part of it is, he trapped only during his spare time. Get busy, boys! Fur prices are going sky high. Write Becker Bros. today for their FREE trapping guide and price list. For more than 34 years they have established a policy of grading furs right up to the limit, which has assured thousands of shippers 100 cents on every dollar's worth of furs shipped. sit right down now and write Becker Bros. Address them Dept. 2538, 416 N. Dearborn St., Chicago; Dept. 2538, 129 W. 29th St., New York City, Dept. 2538, 200 Decatur St., New Orleans.





The High Dollar Fur House

You cannot afford to sell a single fur without our Free Price List and Market Letter on Furs "Write to-day". We want your entire catch this year and will pay prices to get it. We stand on our merits of honest and liberal grading, prompt returns, and always guarantee satisfaction. We charge no commission, and hold goods separate subject to approval. Play safe and ship your furs to the old reliable—HARDER FUR CO., Direct Handlers of Furs, 4th Street, Catawissa, Pa.

Letters and Photographs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Got $135.00 for Season's Catch

I began to trap in November, 1918, and caught 9 civets, 4 muskrats, 50 skunks, 2 badgers, 2 coyotes. I used Jack Rabbit bait for civet and skunks.



ONE NIGHT'S CATCH.

A good way to catch a muskrat: Take two No. 1 Victor traps, make a mound of mud along a creek bank or in shallow water. On top of the mound of mud put an apple or an ear of corn on a stick about nine inches high. Fasten the traps to iron or stone and stake in the water beside the mound.

I made altogether about $135. I shipped my last furs March 15, 1919.

I am sending one of my pictures of myself and rifle, 1 coyote and two skunks. It was a two nights' catch. I am fifteen years old.

ARTHUR CROSS, Nebraska.

It Pays to Read About Trapping

Having had no experience in trapping or no trapper to learn from, I began to study all I found in the papers about trapping. I got many helpful hints on trapping in COMFORT.

Early in the fall of 1918 I began to look for signs of fur bearing animals. After having spent a great deal of my spare time looking for signs I picked out a trap line. It was short enough that I could go to it every day.

I set traps for the animals as their fur became prime. I had twenty traps and took eleven skunks, 2 raccoons, 5 opossum, 3 mink and 1 fox. I sold them to a regular dealer and received $62.75. This paid for a Liberty Bond which I had bought and $12.75 to help pay for my traps. The traps will last several years, so will have all I earn next year clear.

I found that it paid to read all you could about trapping. A friend of mine said he knew as much as the papers did about trapping. So he didn't waste his time reading them. He bought 24 traps and when he sold his fur he had to borrow $3.70 from his father to finish paying for his traps.

Yours truly,
MARSHALL MCKEAND, Indiana.

Good Catch for Twelve Traps

The picture does not show my catch quite complete. It shows 23 muskrats, 2 minks and 3 moles. After that I caught 1 skunk, 2 muskrats and 1 mole. I had 12 traps set and all of the furs were salable. I sold them to two of the fur dealers whose ads I saw in COMFORT.

GOOD TRAPPING OUTFIT.

LYLE HITCHCOCK, Illinois.



COMFORT'S Fur Forum

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Q.—Are ground-hog furs good?
A.—These have no market value.

Q.—Where are civets found?
A.—This fur bearer inhabits the Middle West. But few are taken east of the Mississippi River. The animals are very numerous in Iowa, Nebraska, Missouri and similar sections.

Q.—Where are the best mink taken?
A.—Generally speaking, the animals of the North are all of fine quality and it would be hard to designate just where the best skins come from. Undoubtedly those from the northern New England states rank among the best, both for color and quality.

Q.—What is the easiest fur bearer to trap?
A.—Skunk and civet do not require much skill, neither do muskrat with water sets. The marten is not hard to take, either, often springing naked traps.

Q.—Will rotten eggs draw fox?
A.—Some trappers use them as a lure for the animals and get good results. However, some of the other attractors will be found better.

Q.—Do animals die when they gnaw off a foot?
A.—In many cases, yes. This is particularly true of muskrats. Where they are numerous and trapped to any great extent, carcasses will be found with the foot amputated. On the other hand, however, many survive. They are frequently caught again and the hides go to make up beautiful garments.

Q.—Can I tan mink at home?
A.—It may be done, only it is best to get a tanner to do this. Too many skins are spoiled when attempted by the amateur.

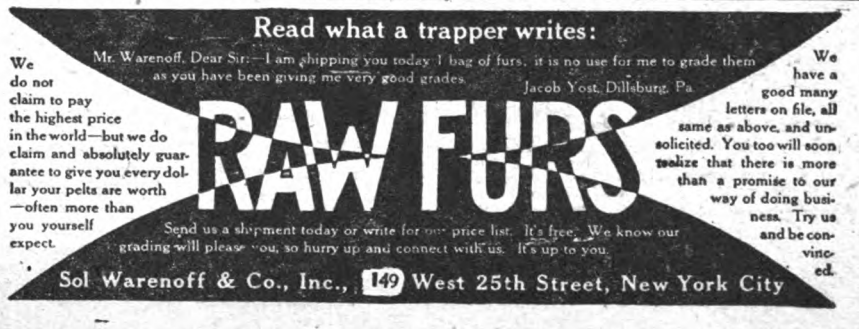
Q.—Can one raise skunks after trapping them?
A.—Skunks are one of the easiest of all animals to keep in captivity.

Q.—Will ferrits drive out mink?
A.—Only a few of the larger males can be depended upon to do this.

Q.—What is a dead-fall?
A.—Generally speaking, it is a heavy weight supported by a stick or something similar and arranged so that when the bait is disturbed the object falls, crushing the animal underneath.

Q.—How many skunks live in a den?
A.—Often ten or twelve.









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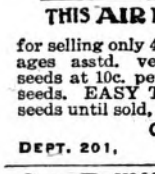
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Be independent of wages and salary—get ahead of high living costs. The Lange Plan offers you the opportunity for a business of your own with big, steady income. You can sell Lange quality products—teas, coffees, spices, extracts, medicines, toilet preparations and grocery specialties—at less than store prices—and make big profits. Healthful and enjoyable work—well-known goods—sales get better every trip. Experience unnecessary. You furnish horse or auto, we supply rest of outfit on easy terms and you do business on our capital. Our contract beats all others three ways. Let us tell you how. Exclusive territory now open but going fast. Write quick.



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Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

GIRLS, girls, how time does fly! Only a short time ago I was cautioning you against sunburn and freckles and now it is time for you to put on your winter "undies." To those who live in a cold climate, don't make the mistake of thinking you can wear summer-weight underwear throughout the winter and get away with it successfully. Sooner or later you will pay the penalty by years of ill health. Most of us are given strong, healthy bodies and it is our duty to show our appreciation to the Giver of all Good by taking intelligent care of ourselves.

Run along and help Mother get the Thanksgiving dinner ready and I'll see what tangles we have to unravel this month.

MRS. A. A. M., N. Mex.—Typewritten manuscript is preferred by all publishers and the only kind considered by certain ones, so have yours neatly typewritten, one side of paper only; fold, do not roll, and then unless you have every reason to believe your work is reasonably good, do not send it. Thus you will save postage, Uncle Sam's time, and gain the thanks of some tired editor whose brain is in a whirl from reading letters beginning: "I have wrote a storie for your paper. Cousin Susie says it is the best storie she ever read and if you will publish my storie she will subscribe for your paper." Don't give up if you possess talent but be sure you do possess it.

WILD CANARY, Montana.—If dances are the only form of entertainment your town affords, I haven't the heart to tell you not to go, for youth must have some pleasures and you will be properly chaperoned if both your father and older sister accompany you. What's the matter with the mothers of A————? Why don't they get together and devise ways and means of keeping their young people suitably entertained? (2) Have the material you mention made up in separate waist and skirt or combined (if suitable) in a one-piece dress.

LEORA, Okla.—Ask the Sisters, from whom you take music lessons, if they consider you capable of teaching beginners. Personally, I think it unwise both for you and the beginners but I'm not an authority.

TWO NEBRASKA MAIDS, Nebraska.—The girl in a small town, or city for that matter, is placed in rather an awkward position, for if she accepts the attentions of several men she is regarded as a flirt and talked about accordingly, or else she is obliged to keep "steady company" with one whom, perhaps, she doesn't care about, but finally marries more from habit than love. It requires skill and tact to know where to draw the dividing line. (2) I prefer not to enter into religious discussions; sometimes such marriages turn out happily and again they do not. Talk it over frankly and seriously with him.

B.—If you have good health and a thorough knowledge of household duties, and are twenty-one years of age, it would seem that your parents shouldn't object to your marriage on the grounds that you are too young to undertake the responsibilities of married life, particularly when your fiance is in every way desirable. Try to win their consent if possible, even if it means waiting a while longer.

MILDRED, Florida.—Destroying the roots of the hair by use of the electric needle is the only sure cure for superfluous hair. It should be done by a skilled practitioner.

BLUE EYES, Tenn.—If you think that life without the "rough boy that drinks whiskey" (wonder where he gets it now?) would be "something awful," just marry him and see how much worse it will be. Don't run away with him but tell him if he is willing to reform and make good for your sake you will wait for him. Don't marry the other fellow just because your parents want you to. That wouldn't be fair to him or to yourself.

MAMMA'S BABY DOLL, Texas.—Don't fool yourself, dearie, in thinking that country people are "backward and silly," and that you can't be happy until you go back to town to stay. When girls of sixteen spell as outrageously as you do they aren't so far from being in the "backward" class themselves. If you realize that you have the "best old homely mother in the world" (your mother should be beautiful in your eyes), don't you think you had better stay with her and try to show your love and appreciation while you have the opportunity? So many girls do not realize until too late that they have the best mother in the world. Stay home two or three years longer, anyway, and fit yourself for something besides work as waitress.

SIMPLICITY, Montana.—H'm, maybe not so much so, after all. Sure, go ahead and propose to the "wealthy gentleman of seventy-one" or send me his name and address and I'll do it, though I sadly realize that I can't hope to compete with your seventeen-year-old charms. The older they are the younger they like 'em. So you think the marriage you mention would place you in a "higher sphere" than "juggling prunes." Nursing is considered one of the noblest professions. I do think that "juggling prunes" is a much more ladylike and refined expression than "slinging hash," and I'll remember it and use it on every possible occasion. (2) The man who gets down on his knees and sweetly warbles: "I have tried all in vain many times to propose," is wasting his talents on you. He should be on the stage. Maybe that constitutes a real proposal, but I'd prefer the plain, honest, will-you-marry-me kind. (3) No, I wouldn't marry a man who had been married twice before. Whatever in the world made you think I would?

MRS. C., Arkansas.—If the relative you mention is not actually dependent upon your husband for support, it would seem unnecessary for your home to be spoiled by his presence, and your husband should consider your wishes and happiness. There are good schools he could attend so why not compromise and have him spend vacations with you? He has got to go to school anyway and perhaps in time you can feel differently toward him.

FIGHTING TOMMY, Oklahoma.—If your chum's brother annoys you so much every time you go there, don't go. That's easy, isn't it? And if you "hate like everything" to dance with him, why do you do it? Avoid him.

PRETTY THING, Indian Valley.—Eleven o'clock is too late for a fourteen-year-old girl to be out riding with a boy; in fact, she shouldn't be out anyway, and certainly not so late as that. Of course if you had tire trouble or a breakdown it couldn't be helped. You were on horseback? 'Scuse me, dear, 'scuse me. Very careless of me but it wasn't proper whatever way you went.

PEGGY, San Antonio, Texas.—Some boys at twenty-one are as mature as the average young man of twenty-five, and if the one you mention belongs in that class I don't think the fact that you are one year older than he is should prevent your marriage. Anyway, I'd take a chance if I wanted him.

FERN, Illinois.—Cedar chests make the best hope boxes but they may be made of anything—ordinary boxes covered with pretty cretonne make nice ones. They should contain everything you will need in the way of linen for your home, from the finest embroidered articles to dish towels.

ALMA, Missouri.—If you are nineteen and your lover is sixteen I do not think it proper for you to be married, but if he is twenty-five and you are twenty-eight it would be all right. Don't ever get careless about your personal appearance, though. This applies with equal force to wives that are younger than their husbands.

LAURA, La.—There isn't enough difference between your two callers for me to tell which would be better for you to select for a sweetheart but I think you'd better take the other one. You might try saying "Eeny, meeny, miney, mo."

AN ORPHAN, N. C.—When boys of sixteen marry it isn't at all surprising that a divorce follows, and unless there was something particularly disgraceful connected with the case it doesn't seem that you should hold it against him now. Marry him if you love him and he loves you and tell your step-relatives to go chase themselves. That isn't polite but neither are they.

A. AND A, Missouri.—Thee is about the right difference between your ages. (2) A diamond is the usual thing for an engagement ring but the proper thing is just what your fiance can afford. Don't let him buy it on the installment plan. Lots of nice folks don't have engagement rings at all while others use their birthstone instead of a diamond. I think that is a pretty idea. (3) Don't say "Most properest." It isn't.

Now we are even. You have your respective dinners ready and I have your respective troubles and questions taken care of and can sit me down to my own table with a clear conscience.

Hoping you are the same,

COUSIN MARION.

Better Than Turkey

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

inches of his tail and one ear—shot away. Otherwise he was unhurt and still far from being a dead dog. The driving snow wrapped him in a mantle of invisibility. Unseen, unheard, he shook the icy water from him and turned his nose toward the valley. The dip in the creek had washed the last taste of the soap from his mouth, but the memory of this day's persecutions would stay with him forever. Forever, then, he turned his back upon the Bartlett grounds, and vanished in a dog trot and the gathering darkness.

Buster Smith sat at the supper table. In his heart there was sorrow, deep sorrow, and gloom, black gloom, sat upon his chubby little face. The white napkin about his neck was unspotted with grease. His hands, too, were clean, and on his cheeks was a total absence of those smears which accumulate when little boys eat turkey. A huge drumstick lay untouched upon his plate.

At noon it had been the same way. The Jake Smiths were beginning to be worried.

"Where you sick, son?" grunted Jake, solicitously, with his mouth full of cranberry sauce.

Buster's lower lip quivered. He gravely placed one hand on the approximate region of his heart.

"Wonder what Fuzzy's doin' now?" he reflected, jamming a knuckle of the other hand into his eye.

There was a scratch at the door, and a whine.

Buster slipped from his seat. There is a telepathic affinity between dogs and small boys that laughs at doors. He turned the knob. The door opened, and over the threshold, with a whirl of snowflakes, tumbled Fuzzy, dirty, bedraggled, half-frozen, maimed almost beyond recognition, but leaping and bounding with sheer, exuberant joy.

An ear-splitting whoop, thirteen steps of a Choctaw war dance, and Buster was back upon his chair. The drumstick was demolished. Grease and gravy and mashed potatoes soon smeared his face and napkin as copiously as any mother could desire.

Mrs. Smith turned her back for a moment, and, dexterously, a wing was snaked off the platter.

"'Peak for it, Fuzzy," gurgled Buster, holding the wing at arm's length. "'Peak for it."

In the heart of Fuzzy, as he rose to his hind legs and barked, there was a great Thanksgiving. Never again would he be Algernon, the prize Pomeranian. Gone was his silver collar, gone his flawless beauty, gone his very identity—shot away. He was only a dirty, frowsy, ugly, one-eared, plebian pup, and that which he wagged so joyously was only the pitiful stump of a tail.

But who cared for that? Who cared—who cared?



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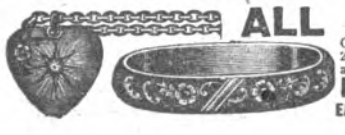
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

Sister, when there is so much praise given mother, doesn't father deserve a little praise, too? I think so, but then, my father is the best ever.

Will some of the sisters, or brothers (I am so glad they came) living near the ranches or on ranches, please write, especially young people as I am not so very old myself. Like Marion Baier I envy you the golden west.

To those whom I sent the widow's mite last December, I received grateful letters from all but lost the address of some. Appreciated your thanks though.

I'll leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson and then go.

God be with you, every one.

RAINY DAY.

Rainy Day.—Pardon me, but you are nothing of the sort—you are a beautiful sunshiny day with a blue sky and flowers. That's what you are. And we think your poem, "The Answering Time Will Come," a very helpful and encouraging one.—Ed.

TENNESSEE.

"Oh! Tennessee! Thou poet's fount of joy!
I love thy pleasant fields, thy rugged hills,
And oh! may naught thy beauty e'er destroy—
Not e'en so much as mar thy feeblest rills.
Here shall my harp fore'er responsive be
And sing thy praise, mine own, my Tennessee."

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Do you not think the above words by Robert L. Jarmon quite beautiful? I am sure the Tennessee sisters think so. I often wonder why there are so few letters from this state. We Tennesseans extend and like to receive a warm welcome, so perhaps other sisters like myself, are afraid the Editor's door will be closed and not be opened when they knock. But I am going to put on a brave front and push forward, hoping others will do likewise.

Yesterday while looking through some back numbers of COMFORT, I read a letter from Motherless Girl that I had failed to notice before. I am afraid I am not really competent to advise anyone but I wish very much to say a few words to this dear girl who has such a desire to accomplish so much good in the world and who cannot tell whether she loves a man well enough to marry him or not. Then listen, Motherless Girl. Never, never marry any man until you know, for if you really truly love you will surely know it. "True love is a force so great, so sweet, we cannot help but feel it. To us it is what the sunshine is to the flower, what the compass is to the vessel; it stimulates us to action, it sharpens the senses and refreshes the soul." This is only a part of John S. Rosa's beautiful reply to the question, What is love? If you have never read this before I believe it will help you to understand. But again, there are women married to men who never show them any affection, consideration or tenderness, but whose love endures to the end in spite of starvation and neglect. Suppose this home-loving man you speak of should love his home better than his wife? Suppose you marry him and have children of your own and after a few years awake to the horrible reality that he married you only that he might have someone to "mend his frock and bake his bread." Men are selfish creatures, dear, that is, most of them are, and think only of themselves and they expect a woman to go steadily on and never falter or complain. They either do not think or care anything about the trials and heartaches their wives may have. They always have something more important on their minds, the fishing trip for tomorrow or something of that sort. Suppose you should bring children into the world and after a short time pass into Eternity, leaving behind the babes, for which you gave your life, to fall into the hands of a stepmother who might not be kind to them. Then where would be the good that you had so painfully accomplished? There are already too many orphans that must fight the bitter fight alone. Marriage is a leap

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

M. AND C. B., Bay City, Mich.—You need not discard the ring of your dead fiance. It is permissible for you to wear it on some other finger than the engagement one. (2) It is expected that a girl has been introduced to a gentleman with whom she is dancing.

R. J., Hinton, Okla.—It would be perfectly proper for you to call upon the parents of this girl who is ill and for you to ask them concerning her condition. If they think best for you to see her, they will offer you the opportunity.

G. C. S., Cornstalk, W. Va.—The engagement ring is worn upon the third finger of the left hand. The index finger is always reckoned as the first and the place of the engagement symbol is thus next to the little finger.

BLACK, BLUE AND BROWN, St. Croix, Ind.—If the boy with whom you are "keeping company" was not at this entertainment, it was permissible for you to allow some other boy to escort you home. But you most certainly should not have kissed him—or any other boy. If you read this column you should know this. Your kisses must be signs of affection reserved for the man to whom you may become engaged. (2) If your partner holds you too tightly while dancing, simply tell him that you do not like to dance in that manner. (3) You should not sit outside your home for an hour with the young man who has taken you back from a dance.

A. B. C., Menomonie, Wis.—When the brother of the girl you were visiting took both his sister and you to the theater, it was a natural form of courtesy in an endeavor to make your stay enjoyable. No formal thanks are therefore necessary, although it would be pleasant for you to say, after the performance, how much you had enjoyed it. (2) No expression of thanks is needed after a visit to an ice cream parlor.

IGNORANT, Missouri.—You were indeed more than indiscreet to smoke a cigarette and we admire the young man who told you that you had acted wrongly. We think you would be justified in endeavoring to regain his good opinion by telling him that you were thoroughly ashamed of your foolish performance. May this be a lesson to you in exhibiting what the right sort of young men really think of certain actions on the part of young girls. As you are but sixteen, you have plenty of time to learn what is good sense and good form and what is merely silly and wicked. (2) You acted in exactly the right manner regarding the young man who pinched your arm.

TWO ALABAMA GIRLS, Verbena, Ala.—A man is supposed to be capable of holding his own hat—at the theater or any other place. However, there was nothing incorrect in your holding it if you wished. (2) In escorting a girl home, a man may assist by offering his arm if darkness or bad walking conditions causes difficulties. It is generally best to say good night at the door of your home. (3) A lady may offer her hand or not when meeting a man whom she knows. (4) Yes, we would regard 142 pounds as being even more than plump for a girl but five feet tall.

G. C., St. John, Wash.—A girl of fourteen or fifteen is but a schoolgirl and a child. She must not "go" with a boy, and cannot, with propriety, attend any dances or parties except those of her school friends. (2) It would be correct for the boy to rise and open the door for you to pass out. (3) Yes, you weigh too much for your age and height. Eat less and exercise more.

ANXIOUSLY WAITING, Detroit, Mich.—The reason your mother has "never said anything" about your corresponding with boys is probably because she has never thought that a girl not yet out of the eighth grade would be thinking of anything so foolish. We advise your "waiting anxiously" until you are through with high school before you neglect books for boys. Ask your mother what she really thinks about this.

WHITE ROSE, Harriman, Tenn.—A schoolgirl of sixteen should not be "keeping company" with anything but the books and lessons which can make her sensible and wise. (2) It is the custom that a man walking with a lady takes the side which is nearest to the curb or street—the principle being that he will thus be able to protect her from traffic, dust, etc. In following this form, you will see that he must sometimes walk on the right of the lady and sometimes on the left.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD FAYE, Clovis, New Mex.—Most assuredly it is better for you to be considered "old fashioned" than for you to accept as friends the kind of girls who allow themselves to be kissed by every boy they meet.

WORRIED GIRLS, Hoolyan, Tex.—We cannot see how any girl with self-respect can bother her head thinking about one of the "off and on" suitors that you have described. The next time he appears in your vicinity, tell him that if he wants this other girl he must stick to her and that you have no use yourself for one of his slippery-hearted type. (2) It is to be expected and wished for that you should be intimate with the sister of the man you love, but this does not mean that you should "tell her everything." We think her brother might justly object to such overcandidness on your part.

PERPLEXED, Thomaston, Ga.—As, according to the laws of Georgia, you cannot marry more than one man, it will be best not to become engaged to more than one at once. This will also avoid various unpleasant affrays between the several Thomaston swains who may think they have valid claims to your affections. And after you are safely engaged to one—and one only—do not "go" with others. (2) A girl should accept nothing but the most simple gifts from a man to whom she is not engaged.

AN ANXIOUS GIRL, South Dakota.—A girl of fifteen may attend the "movies" with her brothers, if she goes and returns under their escort. She should not go, however, if her mother objects. (2) It was permissible for you to write simple, friendly letters of neighborhood news to a boy you knew who joined the Marine Corps.

Adventure of a Rhymer

It was a pitiful mistake, an error sad and grim. I waited for the railway train. It came at last, and from a car there stepped a dainty dame, and, looking up and down the place, she straight unto me came.

"Oh, Jack!" she cried. "Oh, dear old Jack!" and kissed me as she spake, then looked again and, frightened cried: "Oh, what a bad mistake!"

I said: "Forgive me, madam fair, for I am not your Jack, and as regards the kiss you gave, I'll straightway give it back."

And since that night I've often stood upon the platform dim, but only once in a man's whole life do such things come to him.—*Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.*

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Here is a home-made syrup which millions of people have found to be the most dependable means of breaking up stubborn coughs. It is cheap and simple, but very prompt in action. Under its healing, soothing influence, chest soreness goes, phlegm loosens, breathing becomes easier, tickling in the throat stops and you get a good night's restful sleep. The usual throat and chest colds are conquered by it in 24 hours or less. Nothing better for bronchitis, hoarseness, croup, throat tickle, bronchial asthma or winter coughs.

To make this splendid cough syrup, pour 2½ ounces of Pinex into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup and shake throughly. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you get a full pint—a family supply—of much better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Keeps perfectly and children love its pleasant taste.

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Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

J. C. P., South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention belongs to the father of your deceased wife, you have no interest whatever in same; it would have been necessary for your wife to survive her father before acquiring an intestacy interest in his property.

MRS. L. D., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the relatives of the deceased wife, of the wealthy man you mention, will have no interest in his estate unless some provision is made for them by will.

MRS. J. I. E., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your husband has no interest in your separate real property, except that if he survives you he cannot be barred from a life estate in one third of same, but during your lifetime it is not subject to his debts nor does he have any interest in it. We think a will made by a man of unsound mind could be upset by a contest of same, provided, of course, his mind was affected at the time of the making of the will. We think that real estate held under a deed to the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety, upon the death of one becomes the sole property of the survivor.

MRS. M. E. B., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention stood in your mother's name and she died without a will, your father would be entitled to a life estate in the real property and one half of the personal property absolutely, the balance of her estate going to her children in equal shares, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share; we think your father, during his lifetime, can let your brother use such of the real estate as he may see fit.

E. M. S., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, the whole of his estate to the amount of seven thousand, five hundred dollars ($7,500.00), after the payment of debts and expenses of administration, and one half of all the estate in excess of said amount, shall go to the surviving widow, and the other half of said excess shall go to his parents.

E. A. W., Florida.—If your fiance refuses to carry out his promise to marry you, without any just reason for such refusal, we think you can recover such damages from him as you have suffered by reason thereof, in the proper action brought for that purpose; we do not think it necessary for you to wait until he has married some one else.

MISS E. E., Wisconsin.—The marriage laws of the states you mention differ in some respects; we think the consent of the parents is necessary to the marriage of males under 21 years of age in Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, Alabama and Wisconsin; we do not think there is any statutory limitation as to age, with the parents' consent, in Missouri; in Alabama we think it is 17 years, and we think it is 18 years in Illinois and Wisconsin, and 16 years in Iowa; as to females, without parents' consent, we think it is eighteen years in Alabama, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri and Wisconsin, with parents' consent, no statutory limitation in Missouri, 14 years in Alabama, 16 years in Illinois, 14 years in Iowa, and 15 years in Wisconsin. Marriage licenses are required in all these states.

MRS. M. D. O'S., Ohio.—Under the laws of Illinois, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your father, leaving no will, his widow would receive certain allowances of household goods and one third of the balance of the personal property, absolutely, and dower of a one third interest for life in his real estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share.

A. N., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, if married since April 20, 1877, her husband would receive one third of her estate, both real and personal, absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to her children.

MISS E. C. R., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that where an inheritance passes by intestacy to the collateral kindred of an intestate, if part of such collateral relatives be of the whole blood and the other part of the half blood only, of the intestate, those of the half blood shall inherit only half so much as those of the whole blood, but if all be of the half blood, they shall have whole portions.

J. P. B., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in case of the separation of the parents, the custody of the children is in the discretion of the court, taking in consideration the best interest of the children in making the award.

MRS. L. B. T., New Mexico.—Under the laws of Texas, we are of the opinion that, upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow would receive, from his separate property, one third of the personal estate, absolutely, and a life estate in one third of his separate real estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children, regardless of whether they were the children of the surviving widow or by a former marriage. Community rights between husband and wife exist in Texas as to property purchased or acquired by onerous title during marriage and such property, upon the death of either the husband or wife, is subject to a different method of division than the manner set forth above, which applies only to the separate property of the husband.

H. P. S., Montana.—We can form no opinion as to the rights of the parties under the contract, a part of which you submit, without an examination of a complete copy of the contract and full particulars as to all of the facts in connection therewith; if however, the contract provides, without qualification, for the purchase of the property mentioned at a stated sum payable in installments, we think the seller can, at his option, bring suit against the purchaser for the recovery of the amount of any overdue installment payments and interest, and upon recovery of judgment against the purchaser, enforce payment of same from any property the purchaser may own, not exempt by law, from levy under execution, instead of enforcing any forfeiture rights provided by later clauses in the contract.

MRS. C. L., North Dakota.—Upon your statements, we think you would be very foolish to transfer any interest in your property to your new husband. We think you should notify the Creamery Co. to pay your cream checks direct to yourself and deposit same in the bank in your own name; we see no reason why you should turn your property over to your husband, and receive from him only such small sums as he sees fit to give you.

MRS. E. C. R., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, upon your death without a will, the children of your deceased half-sister would have rights to your property, prior to the rights of your cousins.

W. G., California.—If your debtor refuses to pay you the amount of your claim against him, we think you should bring action against him to enforce the payment of same.

MRS. G. G., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in case of the separation of the parents, the custody of the children becomes a question for the court to decide after taking evidence as to what would be for the best interest for the children; we think that if you are compelled to leave your husband, on account of his refusal to provide for yourself and child, you should take your own property with you.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

flage, are becoming more and more rare. Heaven knows I want the young people to have a good time and enjoy the fleeting days of golden youth which, alas, pass so soon away, but it is in youth that character, personality, honor, truth and goodness, the foundations which make for personal happiness and national greatness, are laid. As the twig is bent so the tree will grow. Disregard of the Sabbath, and Saturday night dances with discordant jazz music, wild hilarious joy rides and a Sunday morning headache, mean bending the twig of youth in the wrong direction and though not all who drink deep of the cup of pleasure and indulgence and who open the floodgates of their wildest emotions, and who, at public dances, accept the attentions and make the acquaintance of men of whose character and reputation they know nothing and who too often are libertines—lounge lizards we call them in the city, hunting for prey—are contaminated by mixing in at these free-and-easy affairs, too many, alas, are deprived of the bloom of modesty and sweetness and take risks and chances which too often lead them far on the road to destruction. The war has upset the world's mental equilibrium, if it ever had one. Sober living and sober thinking have gone by the board. It is a jazz world full of discordant sounds, greedy, grasping hands, intolerant, selfish, and in big spots barbarous, cruel and ruthless. The world war gave us a chance to gather a wonderful harvest, but we are trampling on the golden grain of opportunity or tearing it up by the roots and sowing the seeds of lust, selfishness and hatred, greed and stupidity, and bringing to naught all our sacrifice, effort and endeavor. Yes, my dear, it is the truth that hurts and I've enough of it on hand to make trouble makers and traitors run into their holes like whipped dogs. Of course this is a punk country and Uncle Sam is no good, but I notice all the foreigners that are rushing to Europe by the thousands have an average of three thousand dollars tucked away in their jeans. One Greek shoeblack had twenty-five thousand dollars, a goodly part of it in gold, sewed into his clothing and tucked around his body in leather belts. Whole streets of Eastern Europe have been built up by U. S. money. Of course none of these emigrants are coming back, but wait until the money begins to run low and you'll see them all headed for this vile old United States to get another haul. Here's my love to you, Alice, and God bless you.

NEW ALBANY, 2306 Shelby St., IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Two of my friends wrote to you and they got so many nice letters and cards that I thought I would write and see if someone would not write to me. I would answer all I could. Uncle, do you or any of your nieces or nephews know a remedy for stubbornness? I am so stubborn I would not do anything anybody wants me to. I can play the violin and knit and make fancy work and as we have chickens I can and have to feed them. I am four feet nine inches tall and weigh ninety-seven pounds. Have light brown hair and blue eyes, fair complexion and rosy cheeks. I hope the people who read COMFORT will write to me.

JULIA ASHABRANNER.

So, Julia, you want me to prescribe a cure for stubbornness. Now if you were seven feet tall and weighed three hundred pounds, it might be difficult to handle your case, but a young lady of your diminutive proportions ought to be easily handled. I take it for granted that moral suasion, that lectures and wheedling and coddling have all been used in your case and used in vain. I also take it for granted (that is, unless you have no parents or your parents lack moral fiber and determination and love their little baby girlie so much that they are afraid to hurt her) that you have already come in contact with the big stick. If you haven't, that is evidently what you are in need of. Billy the Goat is sharpening his horns and says if you will pay carfare he will come to New Albany and will guarantee a perfect cure in five minutes. As a matter of fact, the cure for you, my dear, lies within and not without. You have let the bad that is within your nature conquer the good. Instead of being a nice, sweet, lovable little girlie—pliable, dutiful, considerate and kind, you are trying to give a first-class imitation of a mule. As Haliburton says, "Mules and human jackasses are proverbially stubborn." The stubbornness that upholds righteousness, that fights to the death against wrong, that battles for a principle, is a glorious virtue, but, alas, generally men and little girls are stubborn just in proportion as they are ignorant, wrong, self-willed, stupid and mulish. Yours is a case in which a little Christian Science would do a whole lot of good. You might repeat to yourself a hundred times every day, "I want to be lovable, kind, thoughtful, considerate, helpful and do what my parents tell me, for I know they love me and would not tell me to do anything that was not for their benefit and my own." We are interested to know that you can as well as feed chickens. There ought to be a lot of money in the chicken canning industry. It takes quite a lot of money to feed chickens these days. A friend of mine took a chicken to a swell restaurant in New York and she got hungry and had to be fed and it cost just eleven dollars to feed that chicken. If it cost as much as that to feed all the chickens they would soon go into the can and stay there. Now, Julia, just remember that there was a stubborn gentleman over in Europe, Kaiser Wilhelm sawwood Hohenzollern. His stubbornness has sent millions to their graves and blasted the lives of untold millions more, and has practically plunged the world in universal chaos and ruin. Now don't you do what he did or you'll be liable to get what he is going to get. He is going to find himself one of these days a canned rooster and I think I know a young lady who is going to be a canned chicken if she does not look out and quit being stubborn.

FORT SCOTT, East Wall St., KANS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am writing to you for help. I want you to please print this letter for me. I am advertising for a husband. I have not got any home and would like to settle down with some good man with a good disposition between 23 and 35 years of age. I am 21 years old have dark hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, am 4 ft. 11 in. tall and weigh 100 pounds. I have talents for singing. I have a fair education, am a graduate from the graded school and would make a good wife. I am also a good cook. Now, Uncle Charlie, do you think this is a good world to live in? It seems dark to me sometimes, but I have tried to be as cheerful as I can. Now please do not throw this in the waste-basket. HELEN ————.

Helen, nothing would please me better than to bring all the lonely girls and still more lonely fellows together and start them on the path of matrimonial happiness; but matrimony is a lottery, a great gamble. I might pick you a winner, and again I might not; and if, after a few months' experience, you found that marriage was not all it is cracked up to be and that your male ideal, who had every movie idol backed off the screen, turned out on closer acquaintance to be just an ordinary hunk of human clay, who made a noise like a cyclone when he ate his soup, who wiped his mustache on the tablecloth, thought more of his pipe, his dog and his horse than of you; went to bed with his shoes on and only took a bath when he was caught outdoors in a thunder shower, you would sue me for damages and try to remove the one hair I possess. It is rather risky, too, to make a match for a young lady who has vocal ability. Nothing will break up a family quicker than a man who cares only for ragtime and a wife whose musical tastes run solely to gospel hymns or grand uproar. I want to congratulate you on being a good cook, but I've heard so many people say that they were good cooks, only to discover later on, alas, that they knew no more about cooking than a Milwaukee socialist knows about patriotism, or a Bolshevik knows about soap. When I had the audacity to take one of these grub spoilers to task one day she said that anyone would know she was a *good* cook as she always went to church on Sunday. In the musical line the only thing that makes a hit with the average man is a steak sizzling in the pan, the kettle warbling its cheerful song and the pleasant rattle of the knives and forks as they are arranged on the table. If you want to escape the divorce courts, however, and live a cheerful married life, get a Maxim silencer or sit on the baby every time it gives an imitation of Caruso with the colic, especially if it starts in just as hubby has settled down for his second beauty sleep. When you ask for a man with a good disposition between the ages of 23 and 35, which is 12 long years, you are looking for the impossible. If you can find a man who can boast of having a good disposition after he has been married for two minutes, let alone 12 years, you are a lucky girl. Don't get lonely, Helen, and don't advertise for a husband. It is a dangerous business as you would realize if you were to read of the terrible things that frequently happen to those who are lured to their doom by matrimonial sharks, some of whom have private burial grounds. Be patient and Mr. Right will come along, and as you are 4 ft. 11 in., he will probably be 6 ft. 6 in. tall, and he will look like a quarter to twelve every time he stoops to kiss you. If he does not behave himself we will buy you an airship so you can go up into the clouds when he is a naughty boy and get busy with his wool. You ask if this is a good world to live in. I've tried several worlds, Helen, and this is the best I've found so far. Don't kick if the world is dark, as a dark world is an excellent place to spoon in, and if there was no spooning there would be no wedding bells.

PHARSALIA, N. Y.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

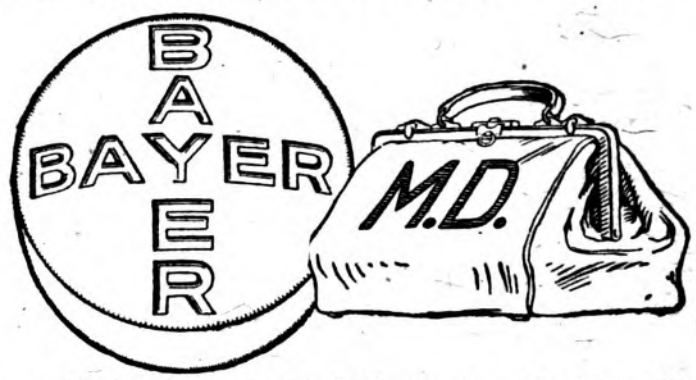
I an a girl twelve years old, four feet eleven inches tall. I have dark brown hair and grey eyes. I live on a farm of 240 acres. We have twenty-nine cows, three horses and two colts the names of one of which is Nigger and the other is Colonel. We have twelve hens and forty-two little chickens. We have som plum trees and som apple trees. I have three sisters. One is older than me and the other two are younger. This is the first time I have wrote. MYRTLE HOLCOMB.

Myrtle, you may be an excellent farmerette and doubtless are, but if you were to take part in a spelling bee I think you would be badly stung, and if you ever boarded the good ship Penmanship, I'm afraid both you and it would soon be at the bottom of the ocean. You say,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

moisture must be put back into it, otherwise the silage will mold and will not keep.

A device is fixed so that a small stream of water runs onto the silage when it is cut and is carried up into the silo with it. Since the moisture dried out of the corn is about half its weight, an amount of water nearly equal to the corn in weight should be added. This is the mistake most people make in making silage from dry corn. They do not add enough water. There is little danger of adding too much.

Coating Silo Interiors

Those who have built concrete silos, of the solid or block styles, will have noticed that silage juice sometimes seeps through the walls and shows upon the outside. That saturation of walls with juice has been found injurious in the long run and should be prevented, so far as that proves possible.

Owners dread the painting of a silo interior as scaffolding has to be built to make the work safe. This fear need no longer keep them from the work, for a simple plan is now in vogue. It is to postpone the coating act until the silo is being filled; then the silage can be used instead of a scaffold, the operator using the whitewash brush as high as he can reach in advance of the filling process. In this way the work progresses gradually as the silo is filled and is completed when the top is reached.

It has been usual to use for such work a thin wash of lime and cement and to put it on with a whitewash brush, or spray pump with suitable nozzle. A new plan and one that strikes us as a good one is to use melted paraffin for the purpose. One man reports that he has tried this and has found it perfectly satisfactory. The coating of paraffin is said to be durable so that it shows no damage after a season in place, other than scratches from the pitchforks used in spreading the silage.

It certainly is well to keep the inside of a silo clean and smooth and a coating that will seal it against saturation with silage juice also protects the cement and makes it last longer. It also makes freezing a little less likely to injure the silage.

Quarantine New Bought Animals

Several times we have given this good advice and we want to repeat it and make it more impressive, for we find that it is not being heeded as generally as it deserves. It is an absolutely necessary precaution if farm animals are to be kept free from dangerous diseases.

To clinch what we have said, it may be reported that recently a man took some hogs to a fair, won prizes with them and on return home turned the show animals in with his home herd. The result was that he infected the entire herd with cholera and although vaccinating and isolation was instantly tried it was too late to save some of the animals and the loss exceeded $1,000. Two dairymen bought a cow apiece at an auction sale and turned them in with the home cattle, despite advice to the contrary, with the result that inside of four days all of the cattle came down with "pink eye" and the loss was severe from shrink in milk flow. These cattle might easily have been detected as affected at the time of purchase, for they had ulcerated eyeballs. They had passed the acute stage of the disease but still were able to transmit it to other cattle. The ulcerated condition often ends in perforation of the cornea (front chamber of the eye) and permanent blindness. The disease, however, is easily remedied if taken in time, the treatment consisting in isolation in a darkened stable, the placing of a pea-sized bit of one per cent yellow oxide of mercury ointment between the eyelids and then massaging to get it over the eyeballs. The treatment is repeated daily if found necessary.

In the same way new-bought cows carry tuberculosis or contagious infection of the infective form of udder disease into a herd, unless quarantined and proved to be sound and healthy before being allowed to associate with the home cattle. Stockers and feeders bought in the big city markets and shipped in cars that too often are inadequately disinfected and whitewashed, or possibly untreated in that respect, often bring in fatal hemorrhagic septicemia, and sheep carry scab. Evidently, then, it is a wise precaution to quarantine all new-bought animals until fit to mix with the home stock.

Molasses for Stock Feeding

It would be well for every reader of COMFORT who lives in a state or district where sugar cane (black-strap) molasses is readily available, to price this useful article of nutrition and employ it freely this winter in the maintenance of animals if the price is not prohibitive.

Black-strap is a splendid plumper of thin horses. For that purpose it was first largely used in Porto-Rico at the time of the Spanish-American war. Cavalry and artillery horses and those of the transport service often became galled and thin. This required their retirement from work, and as sugar-cane molasses was plentiful and cheap it was tried as a quickly assimilable feed and worked wonders in restoring the run-down beasts to service. So remarkable was its plumping and polishing effects that it is reported that the previous drivers of the horses failed to recognize them when sent back to work in fine condition.

One quart of molasses stirred up with three quarts of hot water and fed night and morning mixed with cut hay, wheat bran and cornmeal, will suffice for the plumping of a thin horse, whole oats being fed at noon and long hay at night. Much more than that can be fed without causing colic scours. On the sugar plantations molasses is a favorite and valued feed for work mules and horses and gives fine satisfaction.

Molasses also may be fed with advantage to cattle. Use it to make palatable hay and straw that otherwise might not be relished, and it may also form a part of the dairy cow's ration, is an adjunct to mashes of mixed meals, or to incorporate with cut hay, straw or corn stover. It is best to start in lightly with molasses until the animals take to it with relish, and at first it may be necessary to starve a horse to eat molassed feed. Soon, however, it is taken with relish and the good effect quickly appears. Every bit of feed should be carefully handled this winter, so dear is it in the market and so scarce in some districts of the country. Molasses utilized as we have suggested will make it possible to lessen the daily ration of dearer feed and to make feed of poor quality palatable and nutritious.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

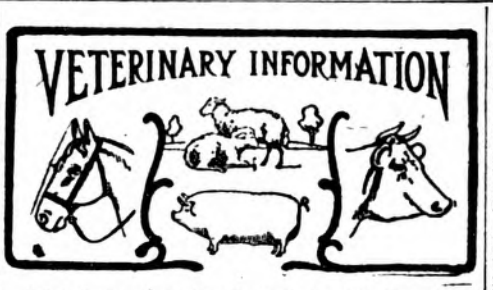
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Questions and Answers

PEACH ROT AND PEAR TREE BLIGHT.—Please give me some idea of what to do to prevent the rotting of my peaches. The tree looks healthy but the fruit rots before ripening. My pear trees have the blight. Do you know of any way to prevent it?

MRS. A. M. E., Chase City, Va.

A.—Fire blight in pears cannot be cured. The only remedy is to cut and burn affected branches. Peach rot can be controlled by use of Bordeaux spray if taken in time. Advise you to send samples of decayed fruit and blighted branches with a full description of same to your Agricultural College at Blacksburg, Virginia. Doubtless they can help you much.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Heaves or Broken Wind

THE disease known as heaves or broken wind, technically as emphysema of the lungs, generally is caused during the winter months. Then the work horse is given more coarse, dry, bulky feed than during summer, when grass is available and beneficial on account of its laxative properties. Distension of the digestive organs with bulky feed, and working the horse when so distended are the common causes of heaves. Dusty hay, weathered corn stover and threshed timothy or clover, are most likely to induce the disease, and there can be no question that horses born with a gluttonous appetite are especially susceptible to the ailment.

Heaves starts in the stomach. Chronic indigestion is caused by overeating, bolting of feed or imperfect mastication, and it is indicated by expulsion of gas during spells of coughing. The pneumogastric nerve of the stomach becomes affected, and its branch to the lungs soon suffers in the same way. Then the walls of myriads of tiny air cells or chambers of the lungs break down, and thus weakened are unable to perfectly expel air. This necessitates the help of the abdominal muscles, and so one notices a double, bellows-like action at the flanks, as the affected horse expels air.

No medicine possibly can restore the normal condition of the lungs. Broken-down cell walls cannot be rebuilt. Heaves, therefore, is incurable when established. Prevention is of paramount importance. Palliative treatment, however, is possible when a horse becomes affected.

To prevent heaves, work or exercise a horse every day; keep the bowels active; give no bulky feed at noon when the animal has to work hard, and do not work him when distended with hay. Avoid dusty roughage of any kind, and any feed that is damaged or moldy.

Treat heaves by wetting all feed, preferably with limewater, feeding oat straw or oat sheaves in winter and grass in summer in preference to hay; adding roots or a little silage or bran to regulate the bowels, and never working the horse immediately after a full meal. If medicine is necessary, after such management has been practiced for some time, give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning until the distress is relieved; then gradually discontinue the medicine, taking at least two days to the process.

DIABETES.—I bought a mule late in the spring and he appeared perfectly sound. About a month ago his kidneys began to act too freely. The urine is clear. He has urinated as many as nineteen times in one day. It doesn't seem to hurt him, only he is falling off in flesh. I feed him oats and sweet mixed mule feed and for a week have been giving him green corn tops and some green grass. He does not go in the pasture and has done very little work for nearly two months.

A.—Moldy or otherwise damaged hay or grain is the common cause of this form of diabetes. Stop giving such feed and substitute sound feed, or turn the mule out on grass. He should work or take exercise every day. Twice daily mix a teaspoonful of dried sulphate of iron in the feed. If that does not suffice, give two teaspoonfuls of syrup of iodide of iron in water three times a day and increase the dose as found necessary.

CHARCOAL FOR SOWS.—I am told not to feed a breeding sow any wood charcoal. Is there any harm in it? I have taken COMFORT for years and could not be without it. M. H.

A.—Not only is there no harm in it but it is highly beneficial as a corrective of acidity and tendency to indigestion. Also allow free access to wood ashes and slaked lime and let her have alfalfa or clover hay in addition to other feed.

DARK URINE.—I am anxious to know a treatment for my cow that has freshened three times. Her urine is always of a dark color and it has not been clear for a long time. What is the cause and what treatment will cure her? MRS. I. N.

A.—Congestion of the kidneys may be the cause; but we sometimes see such urine when a cow is eating irritating feed, especially when on a wild pasture or in wood land. Damaged feed also may be a cause. Try to give sound feed that does not contain irritants. Give her a handful of glauber salts in water two or three times a week until her bowels respond freely.

GARGET.—I have a cow and her calf is over a year old. In milking her I found one of the teats was swollen. It looked as though it had been bitten or stung by something. About once every month the milk from that teat is clotted and stringy. It lasts one day. M. P.

A.—At times of attack, milk clean every two hours, massaging the udder well each time. and at night rub in thoroughly a mixture of one part each of turpentine and fluid extract of poke root and belladonna and eight parts of lard or sweet oil. Give internally, in feed or drinking water night and morning, a tablespoonful each of powdered saltpeter and poke root until the milk becomes normal.

CRIBBING.—I have a horse, three years old, which has recently formed the habit of cribbing. I have tried tying straps around the neck. Is there a remedy to stop the habit? D. B.

A.—When not eating feed, keep a small rope or cord tied in place as follows: Tie one end to the ring on one side of the halter then pass the free end under the upper lip, pull fairly tight and tie to the other ring. This sometimes stops cribbing and windsucking; but the vice is incurable when confirmed. Also keep the colt in a box-stall containing nothing upon which the teeth can be set or the chin rested to practice the habit.

INDIGESTION.—Will you tell me what is wrong with my calf. He was getting along fine until he was three months old, then he became poor and his hair seemed to stand on end. He eats good and hearty but has no life. I still feed him milk and he has a good pasture. He doesn't grow any and now is five months old. MRS. M. M.

A.—Keep the calf off grass and allow it a large, clean, well ventilated pen in the stable and exercise in a shaded yard. Give it a physic of castor oil in milk and then let it help itself to whole oats, wheat bran and flaxseed meal from a self-feeder. Continue to feed milk two or three times a day, also clover or alfalfa hay. If its stomach is not blocked with hairballs, it should improve if so treated.

WORMS IN LAMBS.—My lambs are swollen under the lower jaw and the mouth and head of each is feverish. Their eyes turn white, they become stupid, lie around and grit their jaws. The older sheep have never taken it and appear to do fine. Nearly all the lambs that have been affected have died. L. E. L.

A.—Stomach worms are sapping the blood of these lambs as you would learn by making a post-mortem examination. After withholding feed and water for 24 hours, unless in case of a weak lamb, give a dose of solution of sulphate of copper (bluestone) by means of a syringe or nozzle, rubber tube and glass funnel. Make the solution by dissolving one ounce of finely powdered pure sulphate of copper in two quarts of hot water. The dose is three fourths ounce for a lamb, one ounce for a yearling, two for a two-year-old, and three for an adult sheep. Withhold drinking water for at least six hours after dosing. Repeat the dose at intervals of ten days until two or three doses have been given. Feed generously on crushed oats, wheat bran, oilmeal and best of clover or alfalfa hay. Green stuff or roots or silage also would be helpful. Good feeding is imperative if the remaining lambs are to be saved.

SCRATCHES.—I have a horse seven years old and in good condition. In the winter he has sores come from his fetlocks down to the edge of the hoof and then he tears the flesh apart. In the spring when the weather gets warm and the ground dry, the sores heal and give no trouble until cold weather. What will prevent them from becoming sore? M. C. S.

A.—Do not wash the legs from November to May and dry them thoroughly any time they become wet, rubbing in fine sawdust to complete the drying. Also be careful not to let the horse stand in a cold draft in the stable or elsewhere when the legs are wet. Twice daily apply freely a mixture of two ounces of flowers of sulphur, and one dram each of spirits of camphor and compound tincture of benzoin to the ounce of fresh lard or vaseline.

SEROUS ABSCESS.—I have a six-year-old mare. Every year about the last of August she has large lumps on her, having one now on her hip as large as a half-gallon bucket and it seems to be full of water. G. C. M.

A.—Bruising or a kick probably has caused these serous cysts, but you should try to determine and remove the cause. After clipping off the hair, open the sac at its lowest part, liberate the serum and with the cleansed finger break down adhesions and remove clots of blood or fibrin possibly present. Then inject tincture of iodine and hold it in for a few minutes, rubbing to bring it into contact with the interior of the sac. Then pack in oakum that has been saturated with equal quantities of turpentine and raw linseed oil and leave a tag of the oakum hanging out of the wound to serve as a drain. Apply lard or vaseline freely to the sound skin under the opening. Renew the packing daily until it no longer can be inserted.

RUPTURE: POLL-EVIL.—My horse was hurt while in the pasture. He was cut about six inches from the flank. I washed it with a carbolic acid wash and it healed leaving a soft lump and is getting larger. What can I do for it? (2) I have a horse that has poll-evil. It has run and healed up. When I work him on a heavy load it will swell up again. Can you give a cure? H. W.

A.—We suspect that a rupture is present. If so, you will find it possible to work the bowel back into the abdominal cavity by manipulating with the fingers. An operation by a surgeon may be necessary; meanwhile, work the bowel back, cover the place with strips and patches of porous plaster or surgeons' tape or plaster; put on layer above layer to make a thick covering. Then pass a wide bandage around the body, crossing the truss of plaster and stuck to it by means of common pitch or melted Burgundy pitch. (2) Home treatment will not avail in a case of poll-evil as an operation is necessary, so you should take the horse to a qualified surgeon for that purpose. Meanwhile, inject a little tincture of iodine every other day and on other days inject a two per cent solution of permanganate of potash.

ABSCESS.—Please tell me something about my cow. Her calf came April 8th and we had used her milk a day or two the last of April. She came up one night with a large lump on her right side near where her hip joint works. When you sit down to milk her the place is even with your eyes. When it was first done it had a little piece of hide and hair taken off and on each side of that it looked like four pin points that had been stuck in and then drawn out. I lanced it and a milkish pus came out and in a week it began to bleed. It is about like a large cocoanut and a little bit hard. I thought she might be snake bit. MISS M. T.

A.—Horning by another cow would be the likeliest cause of such a bruise and abscess. Paint the part with tincture of iodine once daily and again open it if a soft place forms. If you open it, inject a little of the tincture every other day and it should soon heal. It is possible, of course, that a snake bite was the cause, but horning is more common.

ABNORMAL MILK.—Please tell me what to do for my cow. She was fresh in May and gives between three and four gallons of milk a day. Her milk seems all right until it sours, then there is water between the cream and clabber, so we make but very little butter. We made lots of it before the milk went wrong. She is a fine cow, in good condition, and ranges on a good pasture of grass. Mrs. R. G. S., see answer to M. P.

ABNORMAL MILK.—I have a fine milk cow that appears to be in good condition. Her milk curdles when it is boiled. The fresh-sweet milk will curdle and leave a thin whey. She has a green pasture of Sudan grass and is given no dry feed. What would you prescribe? M. P.

A.—The cow may not be to blame as bacteria in the milk utensils often cause such conditions of the milk or cream. Set a sample of milk from each quarter of the udder in a separate vessel that has been scalded. In that way you will be able to determine if any quarter is giving abnormal milk or if all are equally affected. Meanwhile, scald, cleanse and sun dry the milk vessels more perfectly, set them in a new, clean, dustless place and see that the wash water is clean. Write again if necessary after these things have been done and you have tested the milk.

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23	9	14	1	14
5	23	3	1	18

The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell four words. What are the words?



To Men, Women, Boys and Girls

All can share in these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address. Besides the Auto I am going to give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc., and cash prizes. Send your answer. Win the Auto. Duane W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 30, Chicago



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

L. L., Ogden, Utah.—Continual massage with cocoa butter should certainly help increase the size of your neck, as should also exercises taken by revolving the head about on the shoulders with a slow swinging motion, first to the right and then to the left. If you have tried these methods as you think without success, it is because you have looked for results too soon. Progress must necessarily be slow, and several months might have to elapse before you could notice any actual gain. Of course, if you are really thin, anything which would aid you to increase in weight would also help to add the desired flesh about your neck. How about ceasing to worry and starting in to drink several quarts of milk each day?

MRS. O. E., Michigan.—May 14, 1902, fell upon a Wednesday.

MRS. C. D. B., Idaho.—There is plenty of vacant public land in Oregon—the official figures in acreage up to July 1, 1918, being 13,369,819. There are also 955,772 acres which have not as yet been under government survey. The U. S. Land Offices in Oregon are seven in number, and are located at Burns, La Grande, Lakeview, Portland, Roseburg, The Dalles and Vale. Address the Register of any of these offices, asking for information and proper forms of application. Portland would be the most important of the offices listed.

MRS. W. H. B., Covington, Okla.—So-called "matrimonial papers" are, in our opinion, foolish and sometimes of harmful tendency. This department prefers to not furnish addresses of such periodicals to COMFORT readers.

WORRIED, Lyons, Colo.—We do not believe that any responsible Government employee, such as a Forest Supervisor, would attempt to make any charges for the use of land unless such charges were those established by the regulations of the Federal Government, which is his employer. If you have any doubt about the matter, write to the editor of "American Forestry," 1410 H Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

E. T., Laurel Hill, La.—The leading drug companies have well-established sources from which they procure their raw drugs—which must be carefully prepared and packed and supplied in considerable quantities in most cases. Write to the editor of "The Druggist," Memphis, Tenn. Enclose a stamp for reply.

A SUBSCRIBER, Magee, Miss.—The twenty-second day of April, 1907, was a Monday.

I. G., Grafton, Wis.—We have no way of telling how much longer your fiance may be retained on duty in guarding German prisoners in France. It is one of the unfortunate incidents of a great war that the return of the man you expect to marry should be thus delayed, and we can only wish you his prompt and safe home-coming. You will have the satisfaction of knowing that his duty has been done fully and well.

D. H., Hand Station, Mich.—No one could pass upon the value of your old Bible without personal inspection. If it is in good condition, complete, and printed, as you state, from hand-made type, it should be distinctly salable. Show this Bible to the librarian of your nearest city library for his opinion and advice.

MRS. E. S. M., Springfield, Mo.—There are 281,436 acres of public land yet vacant in the state of Arkansas. The three U. S. Land Offices are located at Camden, Harrison and Little Rock. Write to the Register in charge of any one of these offices for such information as you require.

MRS. V. D., Franklinsville, N. Y.—Dissolve a teaspoonful of powdered alum in a glass of warm water and try moistening thoroughly the kid uppers of your oxfords. Do not touch the soles. Place the shoes in a place where they will dry very slowly. The solution may slightly whiten or discolor the leather so that you may have to blacken the oxfords after the treatment. Vici kid is a light, pliable stock which stretches easily and for this reason the shoes may again increase in width. If they do, repeat the treatment or procure a pair of thin insoles to wear inside the shoes. Remember that all footwear is better too large than too small.

MRS. B. G. D., Fostoria, O.—If you do not wish to carry on the preparation and sale of this remedy yourself, it is evident that you must sell it. It is equally evident that you cannot sell a thing unless you let people know—and many people—that you have something for sale. We suggest that you place an advertisement regarding your formula in the columns of journals published in nearby Ohio cities. You can be sure that the answers you get from such advertising will be from interested inquirers.

E. C., Calla, O.—Although Edith is a name not much used in France, when it does become the baptismal property of a French infant the name is spelt in exactly the same manner as when used to christen anyone of Uncle Sam's female citizens.

A. W., Hector, Minn.—John Joseph Pershing, America's great general, was born in the town of Laclede, Linn County, Missouri, on Sept. 13, 1860. He is the son of John F. Pershing and Anna E. Thompson. He is thoroughly American both by birth and lineage. General Pershing's wife and three daughters lost their lives by fire in the burning of the Presidio on Aug. 27, 1915. He has one child remaining—a son, Warren.

L. M. S., Scottsville, Ky.—Try stretching your skirt tightly over a bowl or tub and then pour a steady stream of boiling water through the fruit stains. The water must be genuinely boiling.

A. C. K., Sanish, N. D., is asked by Mrs. B. W. Shalty, 609 Monroe St., Decatur, Indiana, to write to her regarding A. C. K.'s old platter.

Home Cure for

BLEEDING, SPONGY AND SORE GUMS (PYORRHEA)

Bleeding, sore, spongy gums. Loose teeth, foul breath, pus pockets—these are Pyorrhea signs.

Save Your Teeth

There's a proven way to overcome and to prevent this dangerous malady. Kill the Pyorrhea germs. They cause loss of teeth, sunken lips and cheeks. They infest the throat, stomach, digestive tract, blood and undermine the health.

FREE BOOKLET is yours for the asking. It is mighty interesting. It tells how to use a proven treatment privately, right in your own home.

Send No Money

Just send your name and address—even a postal will do—so that you may get the facts and decide for yourself. Neglected trouble of this kind ALWAYS GETS WORSE. WRITE NOW.

APEX REMEDIES CORP.,

Suite 401-Z 80 W. Genesee St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

in the dark so why not be a mother to one, or more if you like, of the thousands of motherless children, rather than run the risk of leaving more motherless children?

When you truly love, little girl, you will know it but you will not know if the man's love for you is as deep and true as yours is for him and therein lies the agony of a future life with a companion who isn't a companion. Understand I said "suppose" this should be so which is often the case.

Motherless Girl, I am anxious to know the decision you make. Let us hear from you again. Whatever it may be I hope you will find only the peace and happiness you deserve. May there be no thorns, no rough roads; may your life be ever bright, smooth and fair. Look to God for comfort and succor in anything you undertake and He will enable you to go steadily on through your paths of duty and will at last crown you all His Own.

Pearl Vesey writes very interesting letters and I enjoy them but I disagree with her on some things.

Just a few more words and I'll go. If Bachelor Bill persists in knocking our sex I think he should be denied the privilege of seeing his wonderful (?) letters in the Corner. How many agree with me? But, girls, let me tell you something, he is more to be trusted than the man who tries to make you think he would go down into purgatory for one smile from you. Don't put too much faith in any of them, especially those who try to make you think they are so noble and grand.

Best wishes for all, from your new friend,

UDEYNE.

Udeyne.—Turn about is fair play, and if the sisters are somewhat harsh in their criticism of the opposite sex then it is only fair that they should have a like privilege so Bachelor Bill and any of his friends are free to express themselves as they choose. Don't you think that is the only fair way?—Ed.

CHIMACUM, WASH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Since my letter appeared in May COMFORT I have received so many letters from COMFORT sisters from many States that it was out of the question for me to answer them all separately, so I beg leave to thank the writers through the medium of the Sisters' Corner.

Most of you ask me to tell more of this western country. Now if I were the wife of a real estate man I might enlarge upon the opportunities here, but as I am only a farmer's busy wife I can but say that this western Washington country is being developed so rapidly that soon the Easterner will feel right at home here except that he will never cease to marvel at our comfortable, even climate, where the same clothing may be worn the year around. No extremes of heat and cold. Overcoats are often needed in July, while men now and then work in shirt sleeves in January. Some of the sisters ask how old I am. If the weight of an opinion or an idea is to be determined by the age of the one expressing it, then it is amusing to note in many letters I have read in the Corner the advice given on caring for babies, how to raise the children and (most confident of all) how to navigate the sea of matrimony, and then at the close of the letter we read, "I am 23 years old and have been married five years." Girls, girls, put on the soft pedal. I've been married over twenty-and-five years, and have not yet found a set formula for any of these problems, and I don't feel wise enough to advise on any of these subjects. Ah! I hear someone whisper, "Wonder if she ever raised any children?". Yes, I have raised twin sons. They are now sixteen. However, there is one rule which I have set for myself and tried to live up to. That is "to do the duty which lies nearest me." This applies to my family, my friends and my work. After that I do my best and leave the rest.

Here are a few original short cuts for those who do their own work as I do.

Don't ruin the scissors by cutting rhubarb. Take together on the board as many stems as you can cover with one hand and with a long butcher knife slice them as you would a loaf of bread.

Pick and dress the chicken on thick newspaper, then roll up paper with the refuse and put it in the fire. Clean fish the same way.

Do a little baking every day except washday and your grub box will never be empty.

Can any of you tell me whether the tops of sweet

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

No More Wrinkles

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE

Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic. Eyelashes Beautified

Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have **not a wrinkle on my face** now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment **is a God send** to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to quickly remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A 179, 3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

9 TOYS ALL FOR 2¢

For a 2 cent stamp we'll send you 9 toys: anagram game, joke book, transfer pictures, railway cutouts [8], pictures to paint, puzzle picture, puzzle, broken match trick, and mind reading trick. Catalog free. The World Novelty Co., Dept. 3048, 12 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago



Boys—Boys Here is Your Opportunity FREE

YES, you can have one of these wonderful Welsh ponies FREE—not one penny cost to you. This is the chance of your life time—don't miss it—write in at once for full details. You'll be the proudest boy in your town when you get one of these splendid ponies. Don't fail to write us about them. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. EVERY BOY GETS A PRIZE.

Act Quickly—Write NOW—At Once

Hurry—hurry—sit down now and write us for full information about how to get a pony *absolutely free.* Don't delay—this offer will soon be over. Of course you want a fine pony—every boy does—so write us now—at once for full details.

The Junior Yanks, Dept. 2538—144 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

CHINESE PRIZE PUZZLE



$1000.00 In Prizes Given

This picture shows a "Chink" doing his daily wash. In the picture are a few faces of his customers—these faces can be discovered by a little figuring, and by turning and twisting the picture in various positions. It looks easy and simple, but if you can find as many as two faces, mark them with an (X), and return the picture to us, and we will send you full information regarding the $1,000 in prizes which will be given away FREE.

OUR OFFER: We are the largest Magazine Publishers in the West, and are conducting this big club in connection with our big Introductory and Advertising Campaign, and want to send you a Sample Copy and full particulars as to how you can become a member of this club. We are going to give away a Ford Speedster, Culver Racer, Shetland Pony, and a number of other valuable prizes. **Does not cost you a single cent to join the club, and every club member is rewarded.** Anyone may enter, and bear in mind, **there is absolutely no chance to lose.** Every new club member also receives a beautiful GOLD FILLED SIGNET RING **free,** just for being prompt in joining the club. Get your share of the $1000.00 in prizes. **Write today.**

CHINESE PUZZLE CLUB, 118 CAPPER BUILDING., TOPEKA, KANSAS



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. A. B. R.—Warts in the vagina are best treated by the cautery, or snipped off with scissors and then cauterized. Consult your family doctor and have them treated in this way. Gargle your throat with ordinary salt and water—using one teaspoonful to the pint of hot water.

B. J. B., Garland, N. C.—The lumps in or near the tendons will probably have to be treated surgically; but you can try painting the lumps with tincture of iodine two or three times a week, and see what this treatment will do. For the neuralgia mentioned, take ten-grain capsules of sulphate of quinine three times a day during the attack, or just before, for two or three days. The neuralgia is undoubtedly of malarian origin.

MRS. R. K., Boyne City, Mich.—The redness of face is due to indigestion or, in some cases, to stimulants. The enlarged veins can be removed by the electric needle, which will destroy them. Attention to diet, keeping the bowels free, and drinking plenty of water will help cure the redness of skin. The use of small doses of thyroid extract might help the enlarged condition of the breast. This, however, should not be used except under the advice of your family doctor.

MISS X. Y. Z., Mt. Grove, Mo.—Your trouble is probably nervousness. Try assafœtida pills, containing about five grains, three times a day.

MRS. W. T. W., Quanah, Texas.—Use a lotion of sulphate of zinc to the eyes—strength of one half per cent. Drop in the eyes two drops, three times a day, after cleaning the eyes with a lotion of boric acid. Use the boric acid in strength of one teaspoonful to the pint of hot water.

MRS. C. T., Santa Anna, Cal.—Symptoms of Bright's disease are swelling of the eyelids and lower extremities, nausea, dyspepsia, pain in the back and finally loss of sight. The real test, however, is the examination of the urine by some expert pathologist. All of the above symptoms may be present and the kidneys not at fault.

MISS M. L. H., Aquilla, Texas.—Try five-grain doses, three times a day, of urotropin. If the urine is excessively acid this will help you. Drink also plenty of good soft water or vichy water.

MISS M. D., Cooperstown, N. Y.—Ichthyol ointment takes the soreness out of the bunion, and is curative if the *cause* of the bunion is removed.

MRS. E. M. A., Newcastle, Cal.—Have your hair shaved off, and apply to the scalp, twice a week, a resorcin lotion—eight grains to the ounce of alcohol and water.

MRS. W. J. H., Kenilworth, Utah.—If of malarial origin, large doses of quinine sulph—ten grains to the dose, will cure you.

MRS. D. H. J., Muskegon, Mich.—The operations may have had something to do with the sagging of the busts, and the dark rings under the eyes. You should take three-grain doses of ovarian extract, three times a day, after meals.

MISS F. K., Dover, Ky.—Forget your hydrophobia. There is no chance of having it at this day and date.

MISS M. H., Sharpsville, Ind.—For the oily nose use, at bedtime, an eight per cent salicylate of soda ointment. Apply only two or three times a week.

MISS M. D., Knoxville, Tenn.—You probably have a slow infection from your tonsils and, maybe, teeth. Have both attended to at once.

MISS L. E., May, Colo.—Your trouble is innate weakness. Take some good tonic, such as Basham's mixture, in tablespoonful doses, after meals. "Tone up" in this way and you will put on flesh, and be otherwise benefited.

MRS. P. B., Ralston, Okla.—The one best guess, in your case, is a decided change of climate. You seem to have a chronic pleurisy, and should do everything to avert consumption in a case such as you describe.

MRS. M. S., Tulsa, Okla.—Best way to reduce is to stop eating excessively of sweets and pastry, and all starchy foods. Epsom salts are used in pound doses in the bath. The bath must be hot, and the bath must be prolonged.

MRS. G. B. P., Ontario Center, N. Y.—If you have read COMFORT, you must have again and again read how to use skim milk for reducing weight. Use only one quart of the milk every other day, in divided doses—one glass in the morning, one at noon, one at four o'clock, and the last glass on retiring.

MISS M. H., Taloga, Okla.—You might try lunar caustic. Apply to the warts once or twice a week. If this does not remove them, have the actual cautery applied by your local doctor.

MRS. J. L. D., Betsey, Ky.—Try aromatic cascara sagrada, in teaspoonful doses, for your constipation. The thread worms can be removed by using an enema of salt and water. One teaspoonful to the pint of water. For the baby, give a half teaspoonful of milk of magnesia once a day, to correct the acidity of the stools.

MRS. I. B. B., LaBelle, Mo.—Have some good dentist look over and clean your teeth, fill any cavities in them. Have also your tonsils looked after, and any offending material removed. For the present condition of foul breath, gargle and wash your mouth with Dobell's solution, three or four times a day.

MRS. C. B., Springfield, Ky.—Try quinine sulph. pills, in three-grain doses, after meals. You, no doubt, have a pleurodynia and quinine should help you. You might also apply to the chest a large home-made mustard plaster, at night, enough to redden up the parts.

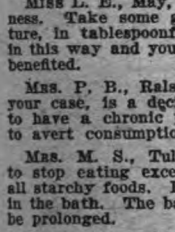
MRS. H. E. H., Grand Saline, Texas.—Try the skim-milk diet so often referred to in COMFORT, and repeated in this number. Try barley water for the baby, and leave off milk for two or three days.

MR. R. B. P., Chicago, Ill.—Your chewing remedy, or Fletcherizing, is all right. Continue it and advise others to do the same.

MRS. W. R., Jenkins, Minn.—There is a marked neurotic condition present in your case, and some simple remedy, as assafœtida pills of five-grain strength, may help, if not cure, you. The pills should be taken three times a day.

Don't Wear a Truss

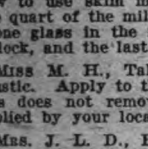
New Rupture Cure



Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet free.

C. E. Brooks
167J State St., Marshall, Mich.

The Bee Cell Supporter



A BOON TO WOMANKIND

Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

"You were ill, and I could not be at your side!" she whispered brokenly.

"Hush, my love!" he gently admonished. "So were you ill, and at the mercy of that villain, Berdyne, while I was powerless to come to your aid. I should have been wild had I known. Let us think of the future, sweetheart. Tomorrow you are to be mine—I arranged everything before I left San Francisco. I have a good friend in the city—a minister—and we will leave San Jose this afternoon and go directly to his house."

"Yesterday all was so dark," murmured Beryl, "and today everything is so bright and beautiful it seems as though it could not be true."

At that moment they heard the opening of a door, and the ranchman, a grizzled, weather-worn man of fifty, stepped out on the veranda.

"I beg your pardon," said he, abashed, as the lovers faced him hand in hand. "I thought I heard some one call me a spell ago."

He turned as though he would leave, but Beryl called to him:

"Please stay, Mr. Jackman! This is Mr. Preston, who has come to—to——"

"To take my little girl away from your hospitable home, Mr. Jackman," finished Neil, stepping forward and taking the rancher's hand.

Mr. Jackman seemed puzzled, and not at all at his ease.

"Glad to meet you, I'm sure," he returned. "The little one has been crying her eyes out on your account, Mr. Preston. She thought you had lost your life, up there in Alaska somewhere."

"It was all a mistake, Mr. Jackman; a mistake, however, in which this villain, Nicholas Berdyne, was intimately concerned."

"Berdyne?" repeated Jackman, with a nervous glance around him.

"He is a cur!" declared Neil warmly. "He came here under false pretences, and had laid his plans to wreck my little Beryl's happiness. He is not such a man, I assure you, as you would choose to have about your place."

"I—I must look into this," faltered Mr. Jackman. "Won't you come in, Mr. Preston? My wife has gone to a sick neighbor's for the day, but I will tell the Chinaman to do everything he can for you. Besides," he added, with a faint smile, "I think Beryl can be trustd to look after your comfort."

"I cannot remain very long this morning," Neil replied, "but I shall return this afternoon, and take Beryl away with me."

"We shall be sorry to have her go," said Mr. Jackman.

"I wish to thank you for your goodness to her. You have proved a true friend, and I hope I may have an opportunity to show that I am grateful."

Mr. Jackman excused himself, and Beryl and Neil wandered off along the woodland path that led toward Tonita's. When they reached the bowlder they seated themselves side by side, and talked lovingly of the past and of the future that was dawning with so much promise.

Neil, who had long believed that Beryl's father had left valuable property in the golden Northland, had undertaken the journey to the Yukon to investigate his affairs. He had learned much, pointing to a guilty meddling of Berdyne and his agents in Mr. Grayson's affairs.

"I am very sure, dear," said Neil, "that Berdyne has papers in his possession which will prove that he is holding for his own use a fortune that should go to you. But we will not discuss this matter until I can learn more. After tomorrow," he added passionately, placing an arm about her, and pressing his lips to hers, "I shall have the legal right to protect you, and to fight your battles. "Then," he added, determinedly, "let Berdyne look to himself. He is a master rogue, and I shall not spare him!"

"You learned a great deal from Irma Lee, did you not, sweetheart?" asked Beryl.

"She is a jealous woman, dearest, and kept nothing back in her talk with me. She told me how you had been befriended by Mr. Jackman and had left Denver to come to Sunset Ranch; and she likewise told me how Berdyne had intercepted my letters; how he was scheming to win you for his own; how he had hired the scoundrel Gorsline to go to you with the story that I was dead, and much more that was all in the nature of a terrible revelation. Hidden by an angle of the house, I overheard the most of what took place between you and Berdyne. I could not have had more convincing proof of your loyalty, my heart's own!"

"I had come to regard him as a noble and disinterested friend, Neil," said Beryl, with a shudder. "It was only when Irma Lee opened my eyes that I was able to look into his soul and see the blackness there."

"The rascal will have me to deal with hereafter," said Neil, "and he will find, I think, that I am more than a match for him."

The minutes flew by on golden wings, and an hour—one of the happiest hours of Beryl's life—had soon slipped away. Then Neil arose and lifted his sweetheart to his side.

"I am just as I came from the North, darling," said he, surveying his rough clothing with a rueful laugh, "but a trunk is following me from San Francisco and should be in San Jose this afternoon. I have quite a little to do, and so I must ride back to the town leaving you for a few hours in the hands of your good friend, Mr. Jackman. You will be ready when I come for you!"

"Ready and waiting," she answered, with a rare smile. "Oh, do not be long, my darling, for I shall count the minutes until you are back again."

With their arms about each other, they retraced the woodland path. When they drew near the ranch house they heard sounds of angry voices, and through the foliage of bush and tree they could see Berdyne, seated alone in his limousine, in front. Mr. Jackman was standing beside the road.

"Begone with you," cried Mr. Jackman, "and never let me see your face on my ranch again!"

"You will be sorry for this, my man," cried Berdyne, with well-assumed anger.

"You cannot come here and insult one of the members of my household. I am glad that I found you out before it was too late."

With a muttered exclamation, Berdyne pressed the electric starter, and was whirled away.

"And so, my darling," said Neil, gazing after the departing automobile with angry eyes, "let us hope that yonder scoundrel goes out of your life forever. For what remains, he will account to me."

A few minutes later, Neil Preston himself was galloping downward into the beautiful valley, his heart bounding with rapture, and on his lips a verse of the little song which Beryl had caught from Tonita:

"Then sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song;
For life is none too long, love,
Ah, love is none too long."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Two Beautiful Dolls



FREE 2 Lovely DOLLS

The sort that every child wants. Unbreakable, American made. And we are giving them away. This is a wonderful opportunity. They are a foot high, with indestructible heads and hands. Jerry and Mary Elizabeth—that's what we call them. Jerry is a fine sailor boy and Mary Elizabeth is dressed in lovely pink gingham. They are really play dolls and will sit up. Every child that sees them loves them.

Don't Wait—Send Us Your Name Now

Anyone can get this set. All you have to do is to distribute twelve large, wonderfully engraved pictures among your friends on our special 35c offer. A few minutes will do it and the dolls are yours. When you have distributed them we will send you free & prepaid these wonderful American Dolls. Isn't that perfectly easy.

But don't wait. Hurry up before the dolls are gone. Sign the coupon and send it right away to

The Doll Dept. 2589
25 E. Lake St. Chicago, Ill.

The Doll Dept. Dept. 2589
25 E. Lake St. Chicago, Illinois

Please send me the 12 large pictures so that I can get the lovely dolls free.

Name .....
Address or P. O. .....
City ..... State .....

Save Your Body

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

"I Would Not Part With It For $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

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Overcomes **WEAKNESS** and **ORGANIC AILMENTS** of **MEN** and **WOMEN.** Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders, develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures; constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear. **Keep Yourself Fit.** Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, President Natural Body Brace Co.
379 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas



Get This Book FREE!

If you would like to read the whole of this wonderful story at once and learn its happy conclusion, rather than wait for the monthly installments as they appear in COMFORT, we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 60 cents, and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Oh! Where Is Your Dog?

By A. S. Alexander.

Oh! where is your wandering dog tonight, while you sweetly slumber and sleep. Is he safe at home under lock and key, or out killing a neighbor's sheep? Do you always give him his daily bread, or must he hook that from the hens, and does he forage around for his eats, in the neighbors' pastures and pens? Is he out about with a troop of friends, polluting the street and the lawn, or busily digging in somebody's yard, or yowling from darkness to dawn? Does he ride around on your auto seat, where your child or an orphan should be; or is he asleep on the parlor rug, or scratching and biting a flea? Does he work each day for his bed and board, and never do mischief or harm, while faithfully watching the kids and house, and all of the stock on the farm? If he's not worthwhile in some useful way and doesn't pay for his care and keep, consign the cur to the buried bowwows and end his raids on the sheep! If you don't attend to this job at once, you may have a big bill to pay, for your dog may join in a killing bee, when you are from home some day. Or worse than that, he may go raving mad, bringing death to people and stock, yet all the dogs in all of the world can't pay for a person or flock. And food is too precious to throw away, on a vicious, worrying hound, while wool and mutton are needed by all, here at home and the world around. So do all you can to protect the sheep and have them increase and grow fat, to clothe and to feed all the people well, for there's right and sense in that. Then here's to the doom of the guilty dog, dig deeply his dishonored grave, and let no one mourn when he's put away, since his death means that lives we save!

WHAT'S THE USE?—Mother, what are we here for anyway?" asked Johnny at bedtime.

"We are here to help others, my son," replied mother, thinking of the lesson she was teaching.

"What are the others here for then?" returned the son.—*Boston Post.*

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.

Benjamin N. Bogue, 1610, Bogue Building, Indianapolis

Automatic Fiber Limbs



Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work.
AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
WORMAN CO., 307 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Boys and Girls — **Earn Easy Christmas Money**

Sell Christmas packages containing 48 gift cards, cut-out folder, tags, seals, post cards, etc., all for 10. On every 25 you get $1. Many earned $5. last year. We trust you. Order 25 NOW.

NEW ENGLAND PAPER CO., MILL M, BARTON, VERMONT.



Nova-Tone Talking Machine
PREPAID $2.35 Made for the children enjoyment for all. Hand operated, no motor to get out of order. Rosewood finish case, excellent reproducer, plays all records. Send $2.35, we ship prepaid with two selections, guaranteed. Order today. Or write us how to get one free. Address,

U. S. Co., Box 500, Greenville, Pa.



Crying Baby Doll FREE

She is an awfully Noisy Baby. You can hear her all over the house! Sounds just like a live baby. Wears a long white dress, and baby bonnet. We send her free, by parcel post paid, for selling only six easy selling jewelry novelties at 10c. each. We trust you. Simply send your full name and address to JONES MFG. CO., DEPT. 212 ATTLEBORO, MASS.



Wrist Watch Given

for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures. We also give Lace Curtains, Cameras, Lockets, Ladies' Satchels and other useful and beautiful premiums. Send your name and address and we will send pictures with full instructions. You sell them and send us the money and get the premium you choose. We take all the risk. **HAROLD LEE, 29 So. Clinton St., CHICAGO.**

CASH for OLD FALSE TEETH We pay up to $35.00 per set (broken or not). Also buy old gold jewelry, crowns, bridges & silver. Cash by return mail. Goods held 5 to 15 days for your approval of our price. **United States Smelting Works, Dept. 8, Chicago, Ill.**

THIS AIR RIFLE FREE



for selling 15 sets of Xmas Post Cards at 10c a set. Rifle first-class in every way. When sold return our $1.50 and we will send rifle.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 169 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.



Guaranteed 5 years

American movement, stem wind and set watch, fancy design back, wonderful timekeeper, for selling 20 large, colored pictures or 20 packages post cards at 15c ea. Order your choice.

FREE

SENT PREPAID. **GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 525 CHICAGO**

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. **TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.**





Only $2.75

Made to Measure *Express Prepaid*

AMAZING VALUE Remarkable offer for guaranteed, made-to-order pants. Sample on request. **All extras Free!** —full peg top, fancy pocket flaps, cuffs, etc. Regular $5.00 value. Perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Biggest bargain ever heard of. Go in business for yourself at our expense. Anderson made $38 first week. Williams cleared $62. You take no risk. We back you up. Send for big, complete outfit. Contains cloth samples, fashions, tape, business cards, stationery, etc., **Absolutely FREE.** Earn big money taking orders from your friends and neighbors. Be your own boss. No experience necessary. Don't send a penny. We furnish everything and you can easily

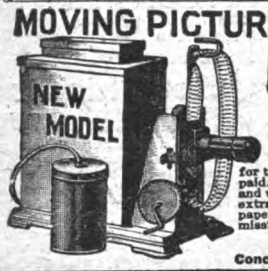
Earn $35 to $50 a Week

and more. Have lots of money always. Geo. Edwards earned $46.80 first week. So can you. Don't lose a minute. Write now, say: Send me big free outfit. **Write Quick, Dept. 208**

NO Extra Charges

THE OLD WOOLEN MILLS CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE



This genuine New Model American made Moving Picture Machine with film —ALL GIVEN for selling 30 sets of Xmas Post-Cards at 10c a set. Write for them. We send them postpaid. When sold return $3.00 and we send machine, film and extra premium, free, of white paper show screen and admission tickets.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 168 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

WATCH AND RING FREE



High grade men's and women's sizes. This model. Ten year guarantee. Sell 30 of our beautiful art and religious pictures at 10c. Everybody wants them. When sold send us the $3.00 and choose watch or other highly desirable prize from our big list. You can sell the pictures in one day. Send your name and address today.

CAMBRIDGE ART CO., 1703 Cambridge Bldg., Dept. 138, CHICAGO



FREE We give your choice of 2 pair beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains or 3 Rings and Bracelet, gold plated guaranteed, Free for selling our famous Rosebud at 25c a box. Used for 25 years. Easy to sell. We send 8 boxes postpaid on credit. Trust you until sold. Big Catalog of other premiums—watches, silverware, jewelry, etc. sent with order. Write today and get started, our plan is easiest and best!



ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 215, Woodsboro, Md.



WRIST WATCH FREE

This fine Wrist Watch, stem wind and set, also other Watches, Cameras, etc., given for selling our Jewelry at 10c. each. Write for 25 Jewelry Novelties. Return $2.50 when sold and select your Premium according to our list.

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 245, EAST BOSTON, MASS.



PHONOGRAPH AND RECORD FREE

Boys and Girls! This wonderful New Model Talking Machine, rosewood finish, nickel base, and popular record, is yours. A real Talking Machine with high-grade reproducer. Plays all size records up to 12 in. Given for selling only 20 large colored Pictures or 20 packages beautiful Post Cards at 15c each. Order choice today. Satisfaction guaranteed.

GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 925 CHICAGO

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

peas could be cut off some before they begin to bloom so as to bloom lower down and last longer? Mine go very high with most blooms at the top, and do not last long enough, although I cut them every day. They are Spencer's and grand while they last. I am sending a picture of my sweet pea row to Mrs. Wilkinson. She will show them to you if she can. Your correspondent is standing by them.

MAGGIE ROBINSON.

Mrs. Robinson.—If you had sent a good clear photograph instead of a snapshot it could have been used in the paper and then all of the sisters could have enjoyed you and your row of sweet peas. I feel rather selfish to have both to myself so will tell the rest of the COMFORT family that the snapshot shows some extra fine sweet peas and an extra fine woman, just the sort you would picture from her letter. Plump, just comfortably so, but not fat, neatly dressed and with hair combed back in a simple manner from a kindly smiling face. A face that speaks of good nature and rare judgment on all things.—Ed.

ILLINOIS.

MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for three years and knocked at the door once before but was not admitted. I'm trying again and hope very much to see this in print as dearest Hubby doesn't believe the Sisters' Corner anything but fiction. This morning I read Mrs. Bovell's letter to him and he said it was sorrowful if she really wrote it. If he sees my letter in print he can't disbelieve any longer for he read my letter to the corner before I sealed it.

Do any of the sisters let their hubbies choose their wearing apparel? I always do and you don't know how freely they will buy you pretty things if they can choose what they like to see you wear. Hubby is always buying me dresses, hosiery, shoes, and in fact everything he sees and thinks is pretty I always fall heir to. I'm always pleased with what he buys and he has chosen my clothes until I can't please myself now and always send him for any article of clothing I happen to need. He has the same idea Bachelor Bill has and wants me to stay dressed up all the time and, as he says, "look pretty and nice." But I can't go dressed up much as I have two children, a boy aged five, and a dear little girl aged three. I train them as well as I can, make my own garden, can my own fruit and do my housework, so you can see I can't go dressed up all the time though I keep myself and children clean. I have my hands full to do that.

Bachelor Bill, did you ever stop to think of the hubbies going "dolled up" also? I'll bet you never did. But we'll excuse you this time as your last letter was quite favorable toward our sex.

I, like Mrs. Dosser Farley, was only thirteen when I married one of the dearest of men and was not quite fifteen when my little boy was born. I am twenty now and ugly, though Buddie says I'm pretty. I am five feet, five inches tall and weigh 137 pounds. Have brown hair, blue eyes, and a medium complexion.

LITTLE BELLE.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Mildew on leather may be removed by rubbing with vaseline.

Add the beaten white of an egg to apple sauce and it will not turn dark.

Salt thrown on a coal fire while broiling steak will prevent the fat blazing.

Moisten fresh fruit stains on table linen with camphor before putting it in water.

When the tips of shoe laces fall off, dip the ends in paraffin or wind with thread and they will be as good as new.

Add the well beaten white of an egg to mashed potatoes and you will find that it greatly improves the looks and taste.

Wash an oilcloth in the usual way and then rub it with a cloth dipped in milk to keep it bright. Do not use strong soapsuds.

If you use sal hepatica the large size bottles make good salt and pepper shakers. Take a small nail and make a neat design in holes in the aluminum top. The jars are easy to keep clean.—MRS. RAY DEAIN, Arizona.

FLY STICKUMFAST.—Melt six ounces of rosin in a tin cup, add one rounding tablespoon of lard and stir together. When cold, spread upon stiff paper with flat piece of wood or old knife. Heat the knife before using. Place on table or spot most frequented by the flies. It will hold all that get onto it.—L. C., Hattiesburg, Miss.

If any member of the family smokes have him buy his tobacco in pound glass jars and use the jars for various purposes around the kitchen; a match holder, containers for salt, tea, coffee, rice, raisins, breakfast food, pieces of string and anything that may suggest itself. The cover fits tightly on the jar and keeps the contents cleaner than when left in boxes. These being glass, you can see just where everything is and how much you have on hand. They are easy to keep clean and make your kitchen more attractive.

Requests

How to remove putty from window glass.

How to prepare and use sheep sorrel remedy for cancer.

Full address of the Davis Phonograph Co.—MISS LENA BOBO, Navroo, Ala.

Will someone please send me a few California Beer Seed with directions.—MRS. M. E. PEARSON, Comerse, S. C.

I would like to have the December, 1918, number of The Illustrated Companion.—MISS NINA HANCOCK, Francis, Fla.

Will someone send me the March, 1919, number of COMFORT. Will return paper.—MRS. R. CAUDILL, Maysville, Box 207, Okla.

Will someone please send me the March, 1919, number of Woman's Home Companion.—MRS. KIRK LATIMER, Lexington, R. R. 4, Okla.

Will someone please send me the story "Thunder Camp," published in the Firelight in 1918. Will return favor.—MRS. MINNIE MOORE, Thornton, Wyo.

Will someone send me the April and May, 1919, numbers of the Illustrated Companion. Will return favor. Write first.—LOUVENIA CARPENTER, Hattiesburg, R. R. 6, Miss.

Will someone please send me October and December, 1918, and January, 1919, of "America's Greatest Woman's Magazine." Will return postage and favor.—MRS. RAE MOTTEN, Kent, Ore.

Will someone please send me May and June, 1919, numbers of COMFORT. Mine were lost in the mail. Will return papers and pay postage. Write.—MRS. WILBUR MARRIOTT, Mt. Carmel, R. R. 6, Box 33, Ohio.

Remedies

RHEUMATISM.—One half oz. gum camphor, one half oz. ammonia, one half oz. sulphuric ether, and one half pint alcohol. Mix together, shake well before using. Apply externally three times a day but do not bind on with cloths for it blisters that way.—MRS. M. B. WOOD, Rockville, N. Y.

The water found in so many places is very hard on the hands and no matter how becomingly one is dressed, if the hands are red and rough they are a source of much discomfort. By using the following lotion the hands can be kept smooth and white. Crush six quince seeds and put in a bottle; add four ounces of bay rum, two ounces of glycerine and juice of one lemon. Each time after having the hands in hard water wash with some good soap, dry thoroughly and rub a little of the lotion into the skin. If the hands are very rough, wash in hot water and plenty of soap and rub white vaseline into them before going to bed.—MRS. ROY DRAIN, Arizona.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. Chas. Riedel, Wis., would like to hear of her sister, Mrs. Eames Otto, last heard from Sedalia, Mo., in 1916.

Mrs. E. A. Brewer, Mantee, Miss., who doesn't think her days are many, wants very much to hear from her baby boy once more.



Using Tobacco

Perhaps you've tried to stop using tobacco only to find that the habit has such a hold on you that you gave up trying.

You know, better than anyone else that you ought to stop because, sooner or later, it is bound to undermine your health. Heart trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, poor eye sight—these and many other disorders, can often be traced directly to the use of tobacco. Besides it is an expensive, utterly useless habit.

Habit Banished

In 48 to 72 Hours

No matter how firm a grip tobacco has on you—no matter whether you've been smoking cigars, pipe or cigarettes or chewing plug or fine cut for a month or 50 years—Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. It does its work so quickly that all tobacco "hunger" is gone almost before you know it. Your desire for a smoke or a chew begins to decrease after the very first dose.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind—it is in no sense a tobacco substitute. It does not cause the slightest shock to the nervous system; on the contrary, it quiets the nerves and makes you feel better in every way.

SEND Coupon for Proof Get our free booklet. Tells you all about the deadly effects of tobacco and how easy it is now to quit. We will also send you copies of letters from confirmed users telling how this simple, home-treatment freed them absolutely from the habit. Just mail coupon—or a postal will do.



NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.

Dept. 312 **St. Louis, Mo.**

Send, without obligation to me in any way, proof that Tobacco Redeemer will positively free me from the Tobacco Habit.

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....



EVEN Exchange

This large picture and 19 others sent postpaid. Sell the first 10 at 20 cents each. Send me the money. The other 10 you sell and keep the money or choose a premium from our list of watches, silverware, etc. **H. W. LEE, 29 So. Clinton, CHICAGO**

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS

as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous White **Cloverine,** which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two **Gold** Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalog which you will receive with the White Cloverine. Millions are using Cloverine for cuts, burns, etc.



YOU CAN ALSO EARN

LADIES! A BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET

OR

SIX LACE CURTAINS

and many other beautiful premiums. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick—Pictures and Cloverine sent promptly, post-paid. Be first in your town.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,

BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS **Dept. L. 112, Tyrone, Pa.**



Watch Your Child's Tongue!

Constipated Children Gladly Take

"California Syrup of Figs"

For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup."—Beware!

Are You A Woman Who Wants To Become A Better Cook—A Better Housekeeper?

IF so, you need this new book just published by COMFORT.

It is, we believe, the most valuable, most **helpful** book for the American housewife ever written. For it will help any woman to become a **better** cook and a **better** housekeeper—and at a saving of money almost unbelievable in these days of high prices.

Its scores upon scores of tried and proven recipes call for only the most common, inexpensive ingredients, yet you will find them to be the most **wholesome, appetizing, satisfying** dishes ever eaten in your home. No grandmother of olden days ever made more delicious bread, pies, cakes and puddings than you can make with the aid of these prize-winning, money-saving recipes—to say nothing of the waffles and muffins, turnovers and puffs, cookies and doughnuts, tarts and all kinds of toothsome pastry.

The secret of correct mixing proportions, with tables of cooking weights and measures, are described, as are also the right way to use eggs in cooking and the best methods of cooking and serving meat, fish, chicken, and all kinds of vegetables.

There are pages of special cooking hints—instructions on how to plan and prepare an economical breakfast, dinner and supper for the average family—what to cook for the sick—Christmas cakes and candies—Easter luncheons—how to keep food from spoiling in any weather—how to eliminate food waste by making use of "left-overs"—and other bits of helpful advice all contributed by women who are expert cooks and know what they are talking about. But this book is

More Than A Cook Book!

In it you will also find countless household hints and suggestions that will enable you to make, with your own hands, and at practically no expense, many new labor-saving devices for the kitchen and articles of needed furniture and decorative furnishings—you will learn how to have an **efficient** kitchen—how to save fuel, oil and gas—to care for, clean and conserve clothing and household utensils—to take "short cuts" in washing, housecleaning and the other hundred and one housewifely duties in the home.

It also explains how to prepare and can all kinds of meats, vegetables and fruits by steam pressure—how to can and preserve fruit in season, with special recipes for jam, jellies, etc., etc.,—how to dry vegetables and fruit—how to salt, pickle and ferment green vegetables for winter use.

Then there are pages devoted to home and the care, culture and housing of winter plants and winter blooming bulbs, all of which are of unusual interest and fascination to the wife and mother, while for the men folks there are articles on the use of paint, and light and power plants.

There is still more in this great book but lack of space prevents a further description. Let us send you a copy—it will cost you nothing if you accept our free offer below. It is a handsome book of 192 pages, 6 inches by 8½ inches in size, and many illustrations, printed on fine paper, durably bound, with illustrated colored covers.

FREE OFFER. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you a copy of this book—"COMFORT'S Home Maker's Help and Family Guide"—free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 8301.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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A Book For The Woman Who Believes In Good Cooking And Good Housekeeping





Prize Recipes and Household Hints and Suggestions—Many from COMFORT'S Own Women-folks Who Are the Best Housekeepers in the World.

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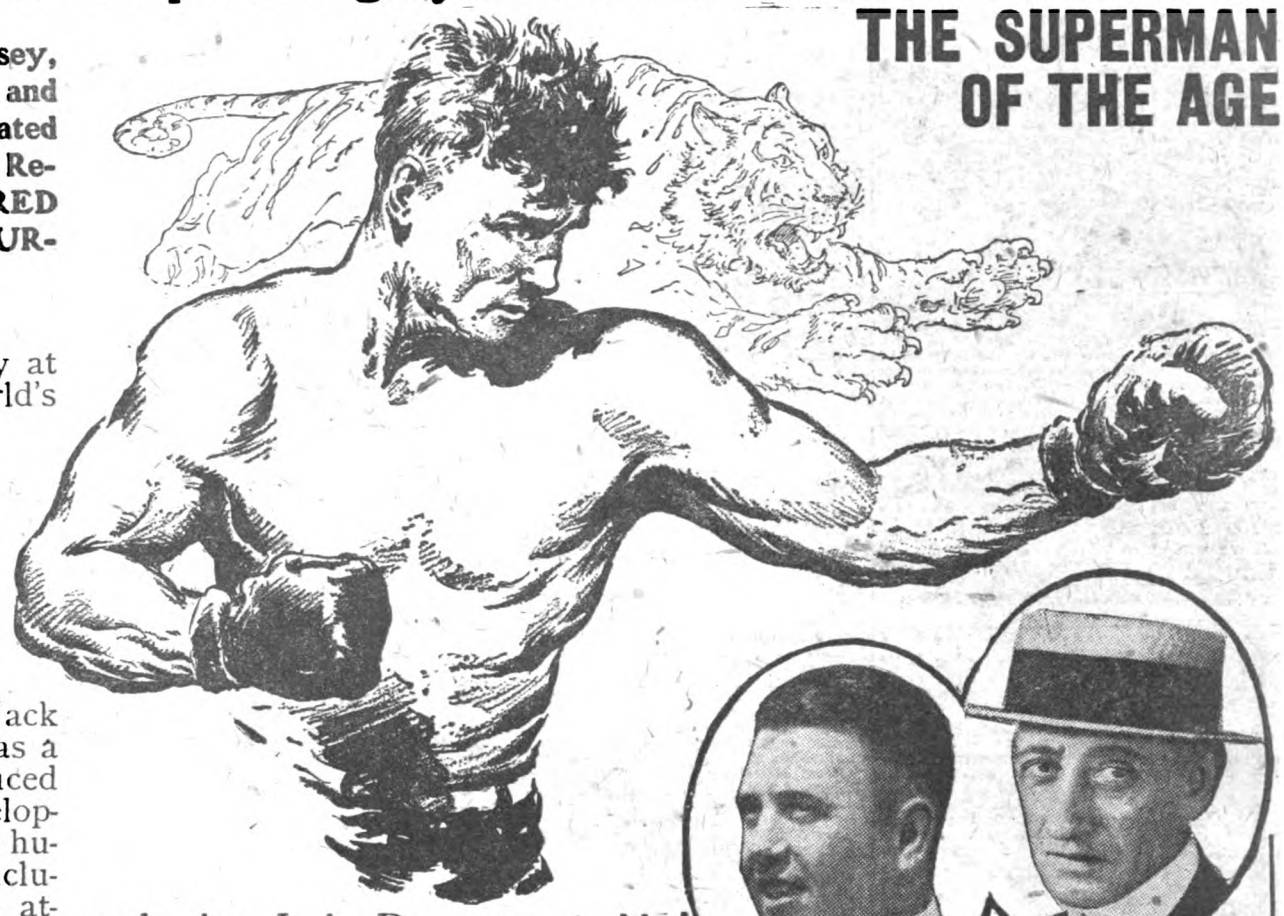
Nearly Two Hundred Pages —Profusely Illustrated

"Nuxated Iron Put Added Power Behind My Punch"

Says Jack Dempsey—Tiger Of The Ring

Heavyweight Champion of the World Tells A Secret of the Training Which Helped Get Him Into Such Superb Condition That He Was Able to Whip the Mighty Jess Willard and Prove Himself THE SUPERMAN OF THE AGE

Jack Kearns, Manager for Dempsey, Jimmy DeForest, Chief Trainer, and Others Give Opinions How Nuxated Iron Helps Strengthen the Nerves, Restore Wasted Tissue and Build RED BLOOD, STRENGTH and ENDURANCE.



Since his overwhelming victory at Toledo when he wrested the World's Championship title from the Goliath-like Jess Willard, Jack Dempsey, the modern David and Miracle Man of the Fistic World—Jack Kearns, his manager, and Jimmy DeForest, his chief trainer, have been besieged with inquiries as to the methods employed in rounding him into such superb condition. That Jack Dempsey used Nuxated Iron as a part of the training which produced such marvelous physical development as to make him a veritable human dynamo, should prove conclusively the paramount value he attached to this master strength and blood builder and he explains below why he now recommends it to others.

Just as when a man's life is at stake, physicians seek only the tried and proven treatment, so when the World's Championship hung in the balance, Dempsey's trainers did not stop to experiment with metallic iron preparations—Nux and Iron—or other products of questionable value, but they insisted upon having only genuine Nuxated Iron, which they felt could be absolutely relied upon to help build red blood, power and stamina.

In connection with this feature of his training regarding which Dempsey himself makes a statement below, Jimmy DeForest, the Champion's Chief Trainer, is quoted as saying: "For seven weeks previous to July 4th I was in sole charge of the training and preparing of Jack Dempsey for his fight with Jess Willard. During the training period Dempsey was regularly given by me Nuxated Iron and I believe it contributed to his success."

The importance that the Champion himself places upon the part Nuxated Iron played in winning for him the highest laurels known in the athletic world is clearly shown in the following statement made by Jack Dempsey at his training quarters in Toledo, the scene of the big battle, when he said: "After commencing the use of Nuxated Iron during my training for the big fight with Jess Willard, I soon noticed that I could stand harder strains with less fatigue than before, and I realized that I had found a tonic and blood builder which played an important part in getting me into fine condition. Formerly I had relied solely upon strength-building foods and outdoor exercise to keep my blood rich in red corpuscles, but with the World's Championship at stake, I felt that I should leave nothing undone that might help me to win. I was advised of the great value of Nuxated Iron for building up the blood, strenthening the nerves and aiding in keeping the body fit, and I am firmly convinced that its use has helped to wonderfully increase my stamina and endurance. Nuxated Iron put added power behind my punch and helped me to accomplish what I did at Toledo. From the results in my own case, where the possession of super endurance is necessary, I feel that I am in a position to strongly recommend Nuxated Iron to every man and woman who wants to build greater strength, energy and power."



Manager Jack Kearns who closely watched from day to day the progress of Dempsey's training in which Nuxated Iron played a part and who predicted Dempsey's victory over Willard.

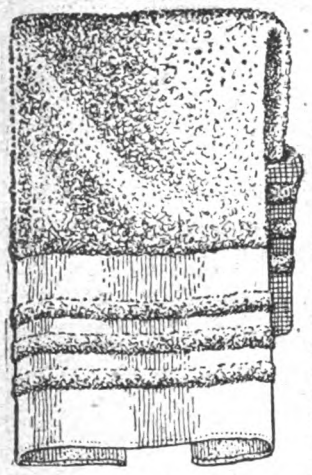
Jimmy DeForest, the Champion's Chief Trainer, tells here why he believes the use of Nuxated Iron by Dempsey contributed to his success.

In connection with the foregoing statement made by Jack Dempsey, Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, said: "In my opinion whoever made the suggestion that Nuxated Iron should play a part in getting Dempsey into condition is to be commended for his foresight. No man without plenty of rich, red blood filled with health-giving and strength-building iron could withstand the terrific onslaughts of a giant like Willard. It should occur to every thinking person that if a man as physically fit as Dempsey should consider it advisable to take Nuxated Iron, how much more important it is for the average man or woman to see that there is no lack of iron in the blood. To help make strong, keen, red-blooded Americans there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which has been used by Jack Dempsey and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Fine Turkish Towels

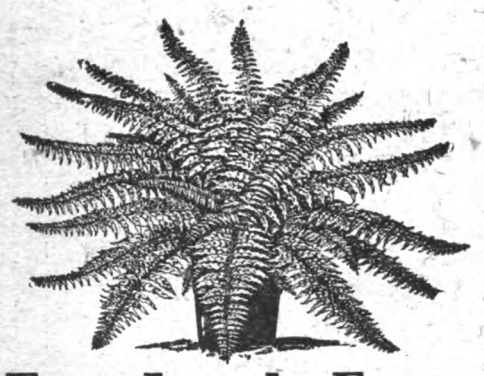
Good Size Soft And Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel**, in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8503.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Four Lovely Ferns

THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Asparagus Plumosus** or "Lace" fern, the **Roosevelt**, the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 6112.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid for two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 9472. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**



Send Only Two Subscriptions For This

Handsome Stamped Pillow-Top

With Back and Fringe

A DESIGN that will appeal to all lovers of home. A comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, the well with the "old oaken bucket," and a cluster of handsome American Beauty roses. The stamping is done in natural colors on tan art crash, 17x21 inches, these colors acting as a guide to the embroiderer. Or, if desired, the whole design may be simply outlined in black. If embroidered, the roses should be worked in red and pink, using the outline stitch for all but the light part, which should be worked solid. The leaves are to be outlined in green, the stems in brown. Work the house, well and surroundings in outline in colors corresponding to those stamped. The words "Home Sweet Home" are to be done in black in solid embroidery and outline stitch. We will send you this handsome stamped pillow-top with back and fringe upon the terms of the following

Special Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 9242.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

All Yours For Only One Subscription!



52

All Different Lovely Gold and Color Embossed Christmas Enclosure Cards, Folders, Cut Outs, Seals, Stickers, Tags, Etc., Etc.

Premium No. 7931

A Big Package of Beautiful Christmas Novelties, And An Exquisite Colored Christmas Calendar For 1920.

All the latest **new style** Christmas novelties, beautifully printed and **embossed** on superfine paper in **gold, purple, crimson, holly-green** and all the colors of the rainbow. The use of these dainty, appropriate emblems of **holiday cheer** is now almost universal—everyone realizes how much these refined little cards, tags, seals, stickers, etc., **add** to the value of the Christmas gift.

For the benefit of COMFORT readers we had this special assortment made up **expressly for us** by one of the largest and best known Christmas novelty manufacturers in America. And in order to give the **greatest value possible** we had them add to the assortment a **most beautiful 1920 Christmas Calendar** 4½ inches wide by 6½ inches long, lithographed in no less than **five colors on heavy white coated specially prepared paper.** This Calendar alone is worth all that we ask you to send us for the whole collection—and you will say so too when you see it.

Now let us tell you what this big assortment contains:

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed "Christmas Stocking" Enclosure Card.

Five Large Elegantly Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Ten Medium Embossed and Colored Christmas Enclosure Cards.

Two Large Handsomely Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

Four Medium Colored and Decorated Christmas Tags.

One Extra Large Colored and Holly Embossed Christmas Book Mark.

One Beautiful Extra Large Colored and Embossed Christmas Novelty Cut-out Card.

Two Dainty Colored and Embossed Novelty Cut-out Christmas Folders.

Ten Beautifully Colored and Embossed Santa Claus, Evergreen, Poinsetta, and Christmas Bells Gummed Seals.

One Special Large Oval Illustrated Gold Embossed and Colored Christmas Gummed Seal with the words "Do Not Open Until Christmas."

Five Novelty Santa Claus Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals, Embossed in Colors.

Ten Cute Novelty Children Cut-out Christmas Gummed Seals.

One Artistic, Beautifully Embossed and Finished Christmas Calendar for 1920.

All the Enclosure Cards, Tags and Folders carry a **cheery Christmas Greeting,** such as "Merry Christmas," "With Best Christmas Wishes," "Christmas Greetings," "Merry Yuletide," "Christmas Joys," and others equally as pleasing and appropriate. These are to be tied to or enclosed inside your Christmas packages to bear a loving message with the gift. And all the gaily colored gummed Stamps and Seals you will use to **seal and decorate** the outside of your Christmas letters and packages as well. You will be surprised and delighted to see how much they add to the attractiveness of your gifts, to say nothing of the fun in "doing them up."

Don't forget that in addition to all of these lovely, cards, seals, tags, stickers, etc., we are also going to send an exquisitely **embossed and multi-colored Christmas Calendar for 1920,** a large **handsome holly decorated Book Mark** and two large **Christmas Novelty Cut-out Folders** which are as unique as they are pleasing. When you first look at one of them it is to all appearances a handsome Christmas Post Card and the other a very attractive four-page Booklet, when presto—a flip of the finger, and the startling transformation takes places, causing the figures and designs to stand out in **bold relief,** andin a life-like manner that is truly wonderful. These cute novelties are something entirely new this season and they make very attractive center-table or mantlepiece ornaments as they are large and stand without support.

We will send you this package of beautiful Christmas Novelties, including the large Handsome **Christmas Calendar for 1920,** upon the terms of the following very liberal

FREE OFFER. For one one-year's subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this big package of beautiful Christmas Novelties free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 7931.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



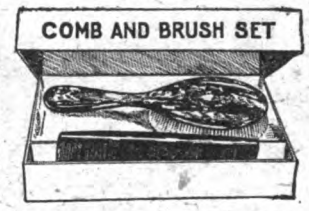
Camera Given

A SPLENDID Camera, either for yourself or to give as a present to someone. It is the pocket "Premo," made by the Eastman Kodak Company, and it takes beautiful pictures 1¼x1¾ inches in size. Fitted with Meniscus lens and automatic shutter which allows you to take either snap-shots or time exposures. Uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this film may be put in the camera in broad daylight. Anybody can take good pictures with this camera. It is so simple to operate that even a child can use it.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Premo Camera with one six-exposure roll film cartridge and instruction book free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid for **three** one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 8483.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled — **Guaranteed For 5 Years**



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Your Own Birth-Stone Set In This Stylish Gold Pendant!

Birthstone Pendant And Chain



We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For a Club of Three!

ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women and girls who like to be up-to-date are now wearing the Birthstone Pendant and Chain, also called Lavalliere. The one offered here is the prettiest design we found among a large assortment submitted for our approval by the largest jewelry manufacturer in the United States. It has a 15-inch cable chain, the pendant is also made of gold plate and set with your own birthstone and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful imt. Baroque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. All of the stones are solitares and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. **When ordering be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.**

8173	Jan.	Garnet, Symbol of Power.
8183	Feb.	Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
8193	March	Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage.
8203	April	Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
8213	May	Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
8223	June	Pearl, Symbol of Long Life.
8233	July	Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
8243	Aug.	Peridot, Symbol of Happiness.
8253	Sept.	Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
8263	Oct.	Opal, Symbol of Hope.
8273	Nov.	Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
8283	Dec.	Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

CLUB OFFER. For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention number of stone wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

5-Piece Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four

A PRACTICAL and beautiful set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 4-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4¾-inch cuticle knife with Ivory white handle, a 4-inch Ivory white nail stick, and a 3¾-inch nail polisher or buffer with Ivory white top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine black leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this manicure set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly **high-grade,** and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid manicure sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid five-piece manicure set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8014.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Silk Remnants



All Sizes, Shapes and Colors A Large Package Sent You For One Subscription

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful **silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors,** also an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting.** All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stocking Full Of Fine Christmas Presents



For A Club Of Only Three!

BIG Christmas Stockings brimful of presents for the little folks and older children as well. COMFORT is going to play **Santa Claus** this year and distribute hundreds of these Christmas stockings among its readers who have little ones for whom Christmas Trees and Santa Claus Gifts must be provided at all cost. The contents of the stockings vary a little but the general assortment remains practically the same and you may be sure of receiving as many presents as are herewith illustrated. Each stocking contains just the gifts that delight the hearts of boys and girls—**horns, dolls, whistles, musical fifes, toy dishes, jumping jacks, balls, animals, games** and other pleasing **holiday novelties.** The stockings are **a foot and a quarter long,** and all the presents are regular size, much larger than they appear to be in the accompanying illustration. We will send you one of these Christmas Stockings free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these Big Christmas Stockings full of Santa Claus Gifts **free** by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8923.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Born With Club Feet



"He gets about as well as any of the boys," says father in letter below.

John Bauguss was 11 years old when brought to the McLain Sanitarium. Although deformity was extreme, result shown by photos was accomplished in 8 months. No Plaster Paris casts were used. Father writes:

My son John was born with club feet. I tried other doctors but without success. Being advised to take him to the L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium, which I did. After being treated a few months his feet are perfectly straight. He gets about as well as any of the other boys. G. M. Bauguss, Mooringsport, La.



For further details write Mr. Bauguss or the Sanitarium.

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Disease and Deformities, Wry Neck, Hip Disease, Diseases of the Joints, especially as found in children and young adults. Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References" sent free.

The L. C. McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
990 Aubert Avenue St. Louis, Mo.

Deafness



Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarrhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Roaring and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Wholly or Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

Wilson Common-Sense Ear Drums

"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable.

Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO., Incorporated
121 Inter-Southern Bldg. LOUISVILLE, KY.



Like a furnace fire. You need it each winter.

Because Piso's, too, is a protection against winter weather. By soothing irritated, scratchy throats and relieving bothersome coughs and hoarseness, it prevents more serious ailments. Keep it always in the medicine cabinet; use it at the first indication of throat irritation.

30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds



MOVIE MACHINE FREE
HAVE YOUR OWN "MOVIE"

Genuine American Moving Picture Machine complete with Film given Free for selling only 25 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c. each. You can earn money giving shows at your own home. Write today.
EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 363 East Boston, Mass.

The Talcott Treasure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

to starve, perhaps, for there seemed nothing that her hands could do!

Before she had a chance to tell Nancy of her decision, something else happened that, for the time, put it quite out of her mind.

Daphne, sweeping off the dead wistaria leaves from the front porch, beheld an unusual sight—an automobile coming as briskly as possible along the weed-grown drive. An automobile containing only the chauffeur and one passenger—it was evidently a hired car—an old lady, small and spry, who hopped out as the chauffeur opened the door very like a brown sparrow, she was so light on her feet.

"Howdy, Daphne," called the old lady, briskly. "Come out here and help me tote in these bundles."

"De land—— if it ain't Miss Marthy Warner!" chuckled Daphne, delightedly. "Miss Eleanor—Miss Nancy! Y'all come out here see Miss Marthy Warner done come visitin'."

Rather bewildered, Eleanor and Nancy obeyed, and the old lady promptly kissed them both, in the friendliest way possible.

"You're Eleanor," she said, instantly. "I'd know the Talcott favor anywhere. And you're a pretty little girl enough," she admitted, patting Nancy on her rosy cheek. "And you are just about my height, which makes me like you better. I do despise always to be looking up to folks! Daphne, take that bundle right along in the kitchen—it's steak, and good steak, too. I know how it is in the country—people get so everlastingly tired of chickens and middling-meat. That's a pineapple—a big, juicy one in that basket, and some California grapes, and some Florida oranges. Florida oranges beat the world, I told 'em, out West, but they wouldn't believe me. Lord, their ripe prunes are *so* good—and grapes big as hickory-nuts! Here, you, man——" to the chauffeur, "look under that seat and haul out that bunch of bananas. I know how it is in the country, children, for I've lived in it myself—you just perish to death for fruit! Till peaches and figs get ripe, that is. Now—Daphne, come back here and take this bottle of port wine—I was afraid some of you might get sick, so far from a doctor, and a body ought to have a drop in the house, though I belong to the W. C. T. U., myself, and never touch it unless for the stomach's sake, as Paul recommended to Timothy, and what the Apostle Paul says, any man can lay to be right!"

She paused, rather breathlessly, and Nancy found herself wondering how Eleanor would receive these gifts. Would she treat this friendly old lady as she had done the Muirs?

No, indeed! Eleanor delightedly received them, and profusely thanked the donor. "We were just perishing for fruit," she frankly admitted, "and I haven't seen any steak in an age, it seems to me. Thank you very, very much, dear Mrs. Warner—you were so good to remember us!"

The little old lady, dismissing the chauffeur, with directions to return for her in the afternoon—and not to come too early—trotted along in to the house, and took off her bonnet before the mirror in the girls' room, and made herself comfortable in the little rocker, turning up her skirt thriftily, and sticking out her tiny feet to be warmed by the blaze, for it was still cool, in the early morning, and Daphne always built "her young ladies," as she called them, a fire to take the chill off.

"It's wonderful, out in the big West, but it's mighty good to be home again," she sighed, as she dived into her bag and brought forth a cumbrous bundle of knitting. "An afghan for the baby," she explained; "I've got to be doing something for him all the time, the sweet! If it hadn't been for Pa and my poor boy, who needs his mammy, even if he is a bald-headed old bachelor, I'd have staid on a year longer—anyway, till he had cut all his teeth. Eleanor, child," turning her bright, sparrow-like eyes upon Eleanor, while her fingers busily knitted away at the pink and white wool, "I know *you* are glad to be home, where your own folks lived and died, even if it is right lonely for you, being young—and mighty pretty! Have you got a beau, honey?"

"Nary one," laughed Eleanor, her eyes bright, her cheeks flushing with the happiness of seeing one of her very own people, who understood her feelings. "But Nancy has—a darling one."

"H'umph—she's pretty enough; though most men would prefer you, I should think. Men are fools, though. If Son wasn't so shy, I'd send him to see you—never mind, I'll scare up one from somewhere!"

So they laughed and chatted and joked happily with the old lady till the morning had passed, and Daphne, with beaming face, announced dinner.

And such a dinner! How hungrily they ate the juicy steak, and felt new life flow in their veins with its grateful juices; how eagerly they devoured the melting pineapple, and oranges, and bananas, which Daphne had compounded into a bowl of wonderful ambrosia, worthy of its name.

After dinner, their guest, stabbing her ball of yarn thoughtfully with her big, wooden needles, asked abruptly: "And have you-all hunted around for the treasure yet?—the bags of gold your great-great-Uncle Talcott hid from the Yankees?"

"Mercy, no!" said Eleanor, wide-eyed with wonder. "I didn't know there was the remotest possibility of a treasure—didn't—didn't the Federal soldiers take it away, in a skirmish, when they killed Uncle Talcott?"

"So some believe—but not *me*," nodded the old lady, with ungrammatical emphasis. "I always believed he hid it *before* the Yankees killed him and the overseer. I've said to Pa, a thousand times, I reckon, 'Don't you reckon old Colonel Talcott hid that money somewhere about the place?' Yes—and if I had been Emily I'd have hunted day and night till I found it! My belief is, it's hid somewhere in these very walls! You know they didn't burn our homes here like they did in Virginia and Carolina—we didn't suffer so much, I must say. Your uncle knew it would be safe—he probably had the bags of gold in an iron box, maybe—or if he didn't he could have dropped them down, one by one—well, say behind some secret panel, or some place like that. I've always heard this old house was full of such places—it's a mighty old house, you know, built in revolutionary times, out of English brick, that's the reason it's so sound. Fifty thousand dollars ain't to be sneezed at. If I were you-all, I'd go to work and hunt for it!"

"Fifty thousand dollars!" breathed Eleanor, star-eyed with hope. "Oh, Nancy, if we only found it! Think of the things we could have—the house repaired, the grove trimmed up, flowers in the garden, a—a horse and carriage. We could afford to be neighborly!"

"De oughtermobeel done come, Miss Marthy," announced Daphne, at the door, and Mrs. Warner gathered her belongings together and prepared to take her departure. Not, however, before she had emphatically urged upon Eleanor the necessity of search for the lost treasure; rapidly recommending them to look in various places, as she donned her bonnet and cloak.

"Not a speck of proof that he didn't hide it," she declared, as she kissed them good by at the hall door—so that the chauffeur could not hear her parting injunctions. "I always believed—and Emily believed, though she never had spunk to search—that he hid it right here! You-all begin, right away—and I believe you'll find it!"

The two girls looked at each other with hope shining in their eyes, as they saw the last of the automobile and its small passenger.

"Nancy," said Eleanor, solemnly, "I believe she is right—we'll begin right away to search for the Talcott treasure!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

BAD COLD GOT YOU? FEELING GRIPPY?

Don't give it a chance to "set in" —use Dr. King's New Discovery

THAT dangerous stage where a cold or cough or case of grippe might get the better of you may be nearer than you think. Prompt action with Dr. King's New Discovery will avert a long siege.

For fifty years it has loosened congested chests, dissipated tight-packed phlegm, broken vicious colds and coughs. Give it to the youngsters—take it yourself. There will be no disagreeable after-effects.

60c. and $1.20 a bottle. At your druggist's.

NOTE

Always keep the bowels well regulated. Use the mild, comfortable, yet always reliable, Dr. King's New Life Pills. They work with precision without the results of violent purgatives. 25c. as usual at all druggists.



We'll Rebuild Your Lamp Into a "Quick-Lite"



If you have an old style torch-generating gasoline table lamp with good fount, send it to us by Parcel Post and have it fixed up. We will make it into a "Quick-Lite" match-lighting lamp that will give you years of satisfactory service. We will also clean and test your lamp, returning it in perfect working order. The Quick-Lite burner costs $2.50, the cleaning and testing is FREE. The Quick-Lite burner

Lights With a Match No alcohol torch. Does away with expense and bother of alcohol. No delay hunting 'round for torch. You merely hold a lighted match under the patent coil and in an instant you have a wonderful, brilliant, strong, white light, mellow and restful to the eyes.

Send your lamp and $2.50 at once to nearest house, and have it made over better than it was when new.

The Coleman Lamp Co.
Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas Los Angeles Chicago



FREE WATCH & RING

This handsome stem wind & stem set Watch, fully Guaranteed, also a Fine Ring for selling only 25 Jewelry articles at 10c each. Write for them. EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 242 EAST BOSTON, MASS.

DON'T SEND A PENNY

SUGAR 3c a Lb.

ALL CHARGES PREPAID

Sugar 3c a Lb.—Say It Over Again

Sounds Impossible but it costs only a 2c stamp to prove it. **Thousands Have Been Satisfied** and more are taking advantage of this extraordinary offer every day.

Sugar is only **One** of the many leaders in our **Introductory Bargain Book.** By taking advantage of the **Introductory** trial order offered in this advertisement you become one of our regular customers.

The Object of this trial order is to prove to you that we actually sell **High Grade Standard Merchandise** at these prices. Even though you don't believe it possible, we ask you to let us prove that we speak the truth. With your order, we will send **Free, our Introductory Bargain Book,** which is sent only to those who have manifested their interest by sending for a trial order.

This bargain book is brimful of unusual Bargains in groceries, shoes, clothing and other necessary articles.

A FEW LEADERS IN OUR CATALOG

SUGAR $3.00 Per 100 Lbs.

Best Granulated Sugar, per 100 lbs. - $3.00
Best Granulated Sugar, per 10 lbs. - .30

FLOUR $7.00 Per Barrel

Our Best Flour, per bbl, - - - $7.00
Our Best Flour, per 24½ lbs. - - .88

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Quaker Oats, per pkg. - - - - - .06

GUARANTEE: If we don't satisfy our customers we don't satisfy ourselves. Every item you buy from us is guaranteed to be of the highest grade and to please you in every respect.

REMEMBER Our Don't Send A Penny All Charges Prepaid offer is Your Protection. Just think, without any investment on your part, as soon as we receive the order coupon filled out, we will send you the **Introductory Trial Order** and our **Bargain Book** charges prepaid. We want you to become one of our regular customers, and know that after you receive your order you will be glad to be considered a regular customer of the **House of Alben-Harley.**

IMPORTANT This trial order is only sold **Complete** as it stands—no items sold separately. However, you may order as many as 5 trial orders, which is the limit to one customer.

Introductory Order No. 2X218

	Estimated Value	Our Wholesale Price
1 lb. Sugar (Pure Granulated) - -	$0.13	$0.03
1 can Sardines in Pure Oil - - - -	.25	.10
1 tube Concentrated Vanilla Extract -	.45	.20
1 lb. Baking Powder (Very Best) - -	.60	.30
1 pkg. Ecc-Kon-Omy (Used in place of eggs for cooking and Baking. 1 pkg. equals 3 dozen fresh eggs) - - -	.25	.20
1 Large Box Face Powder (Extra Fine)	.75	.49
1 Tube Dental Paste (Unexcelled) - -	.39	.23
1 Bargain Catalog FREE - - - -	—	—
	$2.82	$1.82

You Save Approximately $1.00

REFERENCES: Our satisfied customers or any bank in Chicago.

ACT NOW Cut the high cost of living from this minute on—fill out and mail this order **today,** and the goods and our **Introductory Bargain Book** will be sent to you by **Parcel Post Prepaid.**

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ORDER COUPON

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Gentlemen: You may send me your Introductory Trial Order No. 2X218 by prepaid parcel post and include a FREE copy of your Introductory Bargain Book. When the order arrives I will pay my postman $1.82. It is understood however, that if after trying your goods I am not satisfied, I can return the balance to you and you will refund my money.

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Beautifully Illustrated

10 New Crochet BOOKS

Just Out! More Than 750 Designs!

HERE is an offer that will bring joy to the hearts of our crochet and tatting workers. This new library, consisting of ten handsomely bound books, 8x11 inches in size, shows over 750 of the very latest beadings, insertions and laces, all illustrated by actual **photographs,** with complete **directions** for working.

Book No. 10 is the latest crochet and knitting book. It tells how to make sweaters, jackets, shawl coats, baby sets, belts, army and navy wearings; vests, stockings, etc. All the designs are unique and original and the photographs show both **front and back** of the finished article. **16 pages—21 designs.**

Book No. 11 is all yokes—some elaborate, others most simple, but always in unusual feature and pattern. **16 pages—15 designs.**

Book No. 12 shows many beautiful yokes, boudoir caps, medallions, tassels, scarves, slippers, handkerchiefs, towels, birds, butterflies and trees; 25 designs for any use and a rich filet alphabet. **20 pages—over 100 designs.**

Book No. 13 contains a rich selection of lingerie and linens, including edgings, yokes, cap, aprons, slippers, table runners, bedspread, towels, pillow slips, doilies and **natural crochet flowers** for trimming. **16 pages—33 designs.**

Book No. 14 shows edgings, medallions, ties, doilies, insertions, filet yokes for the child and full size all in crochet, and edges, insertions and medallions in tatting. **16 pages—78 designs.**

Book No. 15 shows ten alphabets in crochet and tatting for door panels, pillow cushions, etc. The tatting alphabet is a neat applique for towels, instead of embroidery. **16 pages—260 designs.**

Book No. 16 contains a beautiful assortment of tatted edges, designs in narrow, wide and circular schemes, edges and medallions for yokes, finished yokes, baby cap, and a simple and elegant alphabet. **16 pages—over 100 designs.**

Book No. 17 shows an array of filet bedspreads and door panels; picture designs for scarves, centerpieces, cushion covers chair backs, serving trays and book cases; motifs for scarves, table runners and altar cloths and practical layouts for medallions, corners and insertions. **16 pages—59 designs.**

Book No. 18 contains forty-eight crochet and twelve tatting designs—wide edges, insertions and medallions; motifs for bedspreads, curtains, table covers, door panels, towels, scarves, napkins, window shades and doilies. **16 pages—60 designs.**

Book No. 19 shows an assortment of boudoir and auto caps; collars in filet, simple crochet and tatting; jabots with patterns for their making and a sunflower medallion yoke. **16 pages—26 designs.**

Offer No. 8241 For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you any **three** of these books free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.**

Offer No. 8952 For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you any **seven** of these books free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention number of each book wanted.**

Offer No. 8003 For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the complete library of **ten books. When ordering please don't forget to give number of each book wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

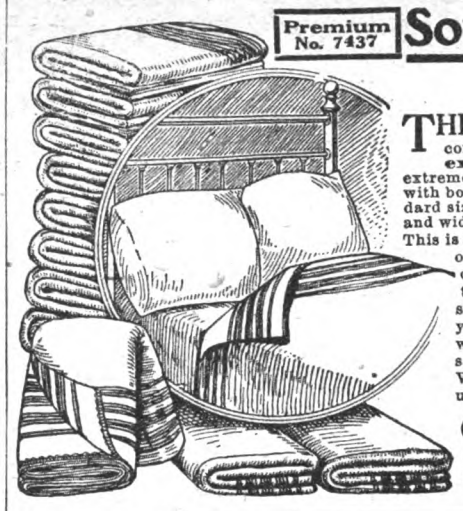
24 Story Books Given



TWO complete libraries of cute little books for the children, including many of the old-time favorites and many newer and later stories. Library No. 7951 consists of Robinson Crusoe, Little Red Riding Hood, Cinderella, Mother Goose, Animal Pets, Purring Pussies, Playmates, Our Pets, The Three Bears, The Sleeping Beauty, Playful Pets, The Teddy Bears. Library No. 7991 consists of The Shepherd and His Sheep, Young America, Deep Blue Sea, Land of Tulips, Dix and Dover, Our Farm Yard, Little Darlings, Childhood of Hiawatha, Faithful Friends, The Fancy Dress Party, Our Country, Happy Days. Each book is 4x5¼ inches in size, printed in large clear type and contains five beautiful full-page illustrations in colors.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you either Library of 12 Books free and prepaid for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, or **both Libraries** (24 Books) for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **Please mention numbers of Libraries wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Premium No. 7437

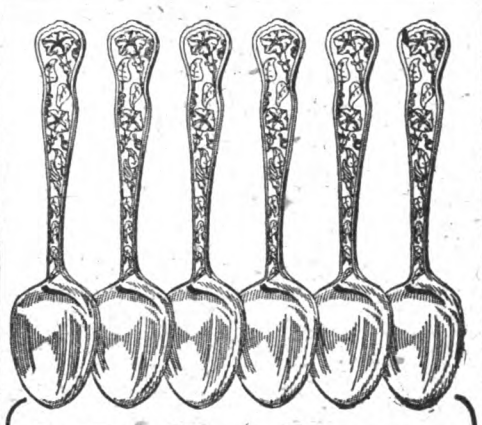
Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Seven

THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need **without a cent of expense.** These fine double blankets are six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is white or gray with border. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Prem. No. 7437.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



12 Silver Teaspoons FOR A CLUB OF TWO

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of twelve teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned above. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful **"Morning Glory"** deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant **French grey.** The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Remember, that although we illustrate but six spoons, we are going to send you **a full dozen.** They are yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one dozen (12) of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9332.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Refined and Stylish — **Will Fit Any Wrist**



A Stone for Every Month

WHERE is the girl who does not want one of these handsome and stylish bracelets? Set with a perfectly colored imitation gem denoting the month of your birth—with two tiny flashing white solitaires nestling in the dainty filigree design of gold—all of your friends will exclaim **"My, what a beautiful bracelet!"** the minute they see it. Filled with enough real gold to give it lasting wearing qualities, yet it feels light as a feather when worn. And you are assured of a perfect fit because it is **self-adjusting.** It will fit **any** size wrist. Here is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month represented by each:

No. 8353, January, Garnet: **No. 8363,** February, Amethyst: **No. 8373,** March, Bloodstone; **No. 8383,** April, Diamond; **No. 8393,** May, Emerald; **No. 8403,** June, Agate; **No. 8413,** July, Ruby; **No. 8423,** August, Sardonyx; **No. 8433,** September, Sapphire; **No. 8443,** October, Opal; **No. 8453,** November, Topaz; **No. 8463,** December, Turquoise.

You can earn one of these handsome gold-filled birthstone bracelets free by doing us a small favor as explained in the following offer. When you send for it **be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.**

CLUB OFFER. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these bracelets free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to give us the number of stone wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!

WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the **small number** of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is **real** cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the **same** handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.



We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it **free of charge.**

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. **(Premium No. 8883).** Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of **either** the Pickle Dish **(Premium No. 9402),** or the Spoon Tray **(Premium No. 9412).** Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **(Premium No. 7457).**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set

Yours Prepaid For A Club Of Seven

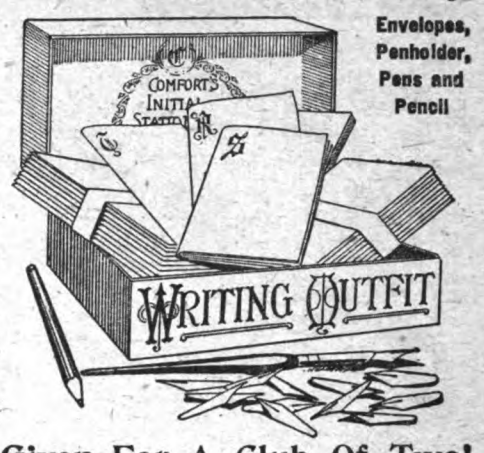


WE have in the past made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we **are** giving this set on liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory, that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7397.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Envelopes, Penholder, Pens and Pencil

Given For A Club Of Two!

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of **the very best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it, so in this offer we have arranged to give you **two dozen sheets pure white linen stationery** 10½x6¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in dainty colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes,** and a **complete outfit** of writing material, consisting of **one dozen best quality steel pens, one good grade pencil and one penholder,** the complete outfit being packed in a tasty box and sent to you by Parcel Post, prepaid. You would have to pay many visits to the stores to get together such a splendid assortment of writing materal as this and **pay a big price for it in the bargain,** but COMFORT is always able to buy direct from the manufacturers at wholesale prices and this explains how we can afford to give you such **big value** as a premium for a very **small club** to COMFORT. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit so don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it. It is **yours free** upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery and Complete Writing Outfit free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following



Premium No. 7833

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7833.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Bead Necklace

Jade, Coral, Amber, Blue and Red — **Yours For A Club Of Only Two**

THE great popularity of these new style necklaces leads us to make this offer to our women and girl readers. In fact, there seems to be a veritable CRAZE for these beautiful, large, odd-shaped beads, which come in different colors to match the costume, and of generous length, so that they hang well down the front of the dress. They are not strung on string or wire but are fastened together with tiny, glittering, silver-colored rings, which form a pleasing contrast with the rich, subdued colors of the beads themselves. Some of these necklaces—which, by the way, retail as high as $5.00—are enormous in size, others are quite small; we picked out a medium size, thinking it would please the greater number of our readers. It is 30 inches long, two of the beads are larger than the rest, as shown in the illustration, while at the very end and serving as a pendant, there hangs a large, handsome, oblong-shaped bead an inch and a quarter long. The smaller beads in this necklace are each five eighths of an inch long and there are forty-two beads in all.

We will send you one of these handsome and **stylish necklaces—your choice of red, blue, amber, coral and jade—upon the terms of the following offer.**

Given to You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this necklace free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 9232.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Two Dolls Given!

THE little boy's name is **Johnnie,** his sister's name is **Josie,** and they make the most charming pair of twin dolls you ever saw. They are entirely different from the ordinary doll, having **a life-like head** made of an indestructible composition, **a new style cloth body** and the latest improved **jointed arms and legs** which never get out of order. **Neither doll can be broken,** because both head and body are indestructible. They are **over a foot tall,** with rosy cheeks and blue eyes, and dressed just as you see them in the picture. **Josie** has on a cute pink-and-white dress. **Johnnie** is dressed in pretty pink-and-white rompers. They look so **life-like** in their baby clothes with their happy, smiling faces, you would almost think they were alive and ready to talk to you in that baby language so dear to the heart of every little doll mother. We are sure no little boy or girl ever had a doll that could furnish quite so much real satisfaction and enjoyment as either one of these two handsome twins. Remember these are **real American-made, unbreakable dolls,** with a strong, durable, stuffed cloth body, jointed arms and legs and an **indestructible composition head** that will not break. They will last a long time.

Club Offer. For five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will **send you both** dolls—Josie and Johnnie—**free** by parcel post prepaid. (Premium No. 7525.) Or for three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you one doll—your choice of Josie Premium No. 8813), or Johnnie (Premium No. 8823), free by parcel post, prepaid. When ordering **be sure to give the premium number** of doll or dolls wanted.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



"The Blunders of A Bashful Man"

Premium No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing **gay melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world** and it has the circus and vaudeville **beaten a mile.** This great story is the **world's champion funny book** and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight **the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses** of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly **bashful** young man who stumbles on through a succession of **astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments that will convulse you** with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of exploding from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.

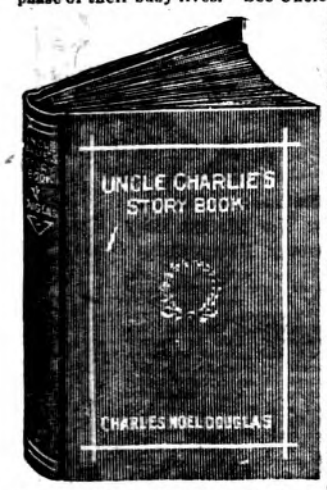
Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and postpaid. **Premium No. 8221.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE TOLD IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. **A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each**—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and **beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped.** Free for **three subs at 50c.** each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only **two subs at 50c.** each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. **Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book** will be found at the end of the **League of Cousins Department.**

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

"I am a girl." What kind of a girl is an a girl? This state is not lacking in good schools and teachers as are many sections of this country, especially the South, so there is no excuse except that of utter carelessness, which is the curse of the age, for young ladies of twelve writing "an" for "am." You have quite a lot of stock on your farm and you are to be envied as you don't have to pay three hundred dollars a quart for milk as we do in the city, but we have the laugh on you for we can sleep while you are waking up the cows in the middle of the night and doing the milking. If, however, it costs as much to feed your large family as it does my family of two (and I've got them down to one pickle and half a doughnut a day and am thinking of cutting out the pickle) then I don't envy you. But old Dame Nature helps you out while all she does for us is to souse our roof with so much water that we have the ceiling dropping on our heads and have to fish for the dining-room table every time we want to take a meal. Old Dame Nature has no use for prohibition in this vicinity. She is the most horrible example of an incorrigible wet I have ever struck. You don't tell us in what class of the animal kingdom Nigger and Colonel belong. Naturally, you would not name any of your cows Nigger or Colonel, though the Battalion of Death, composed entirely of women, who were the last to make a stand against the vile Bolsheviki in Petrograd, had a Colonel. Most of these heroines, who put up a glorious fight, were shot to death. Of those wounded or captured, not a trace has ever been found. That's what women soldiers get when their curs of men are too proud to fight, but not too proud to ravish, outrage and murder. Probably Nigger and Colonel are the colts and do not belong in either the cow or the chicken family. So you have plum trees. Maybe you are experimenting with the Plumb plan. There is a gentleman of that name who has a scheme up his sleeve for running the railroads. By the aid of this scheme the railroad men will get all the plums while the public will pay all the bills, and the cost of living and lunacy will go soaring higher than ever. There are millions of gentlemen with beautiful schemes which will not stand a moment's practical investigation, chasing madly around, desirous of relieving all those who have saved even ten cents to tide them over a rainy day or keep them out of the poorhouse in their old age. Keep your eye on these smooth-tongued, visionary, trouble-making profiteers. If people would only work, produce, save, and cut out luxuries, with the same vim and energy that they kick and scheme, we should not have to call on visionary gentlemen who crawl out of plumb trees to settle our problems, for we should not have any problems that even a sleeping cow named Colonel or a cackling hen called Nigger could not solve.

OPELIKA, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl of sixteen summers, have black hair, cat eyes, and dark complexion, weigh one hundred and twenty-one pounds. A young man of twenty-seven has been constantly sending me candy and calls once each week at least and sometimes more often. He lives fifty miles from my home. My mother and father object because he has a small fortune and are afraid he will tire of me and be always saying you were only a poor factory hand when I married you and now you want to waste what I have. I am quite sure however they are mistaken. But there is another young man twenty-two years old, who is, I think, one of the goodie goodie kind because he does not care anything for entertainments and just acts like a preacher. Yet he does not want to be one. I have finally decided if I would allow myself I could love him too. Which one should I marry? Both are going to wait until I am twenty-one before marrying, if I want them to wait that long. Please give me some of your good advice.

Your niece, BEATRICE H———.

Beatrice, as you have decided, as all sensible girls should, not to mary until you are twenty-one, you need not worry much about the two young men who are at present laying siege to your heart, for in another five years probably neither of these suitors will appeal to you and probably, too, by that time they will have met other girls and have forgotten your existence. The girl of twenty-one seldom marries the boy she fancied at sixteen. The gentleman who walks fifty miles to see you must certainly think a whole lot of you, and if you keep him walking until you are twenty-one, that small fortune of his will probably be dissipated in shoe leather. Maybe, however, he comes on horseback, and if he does he is wearing out four shoes instead of two. I think he is very foolish to send the candy. Whenever I called on a girl I always took the candy along and that gave me a chance to eat at least nine tenths of it while the young lady admired the box. I never could understand why girls ate candy, anyhow, considering they are all just too sweet for anything. I would not worry about that fellow's small fortune. If he keeps on buying candy and walking or riding for the next five years, he won't have any fortune to throw in your face and if he does there won't be enough left to hurt. If he is such a low-down cad as to remind you that you were a factory girl before he married you, just remind him that the wife of Peter the Great of Russia, who later became Catherine the Great, was a peasant girl. This is a democracy in which all people are supposed to be created equal even if they are not. The factory girl fills a much more important place in our social system than the indolent society lady. The war, however, has taken the indolence out of the rich and all are busy now. Don't turn your nose up at the goody goody young man. He may be another Billy Sunday in disguise for all you know. Better have a goody goody boy who stays at home and helps you with the dishes than a whisky-drinking sport who throws them at your head. Better have one that goes to Sunday school than to the blind tiger. Perhaps the small fortune candy man might make the best husband for week days and the goody goody man the best for Sundays. As the law, however, only allows a lady to have one husband, you will have to decide for yourself whether you want a pedestrian or a preacher, a walker or a talker. Don't worry, however, for in five years hence you will have forgotten both.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for November.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Elmer Dahlgren, care of Carl J. Olson, Munger, Sect. 34, Minn. Both legs amputated. Aged mother his only support. They rent a little place in the country but forest fires destroyed their stock of poultry, and their only cow was so badly burnt as to be rendered useless. This is a very sad and very worthy case. Elmer is full of pluck and with a little assistance now hopes eventually to be able to support himself. Miss Rosa E. Joyce, Spencer, R. R. 1, Box 57, Va. Invalid for many years. Well recommended. Send her some substantial cheer. Miss Rosa Watts, Boomer, N. C. Has chronic bronchitis and asthma. Unable to work. Parents dead. Well recommended. Send her a dime shower. W. R. Hines, Somerset, R. R. 1, Ky. Shut in, due to inflammatory and sciatic rheumatism. Hasn't walked for eight years. Highly recommended. Give him a boost. Mrs. M. E. Knight, Prosperity, S. C. Widow, sick, poor and needy. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. M. E. Washington, Endicott, Va. Invalid. Well recommended. Send her some cheer. John Robinson, Buffalo, Poor Farm, Ill. Sixty-eight years of age. Almost blind. Poor and lonely. Send him some cheer. Miss Nettie St. John, Lenoir, N. C. Crippled for twelve years. Unable to work. Mother her only support. Doctor and postmaster recommend her very highly. Send her some worth-while sympathy. Mrs. Emma Casey, Ellington, R. R. 1, Box 65, R. I. Husband confirmed invalid. No means of support. Well recommended. Send them some cheer. Miss Blanche Taylor, Lowmoor, Va. Shut-in for 35 years. Would appreciate cheery letters and postal cards.

Won't you pass on just a little bit of Thanksgiving cheer to the poor afflicted souls listed above? God has been kind to a great many of you during the year. Here is a chance for you to show your appreciation of His great love and goodness. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and be worthy of your Creator for once.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

The Best Present for Young or Old Is Uncle Charlie's Poems!

Christmas will be here before you know it. Santa Claus is already preparing for his annual trip. Don't waste money on expensive presents. Uncle Charlie's gorgeous book of poems fills every need. It is an exquisitely beautiful 168-page volume of screamingly funny verse, bound in silk cloth. It contains the funniest recitations ever written. Read: "When Father Carved the Turk," "How Pop Played Santa Claus," "Just Behind the Battle, Mother," and you will have the time of your life. Make yourself and the children happy. This elegant book also contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his family and a touching account of his life. Three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each secure this wonderful book, a gift fit for a king. Yours free for an hour's easy work. Start your clubbing now and avoid the rush. Begin today.



"That's the Relief for My Rheumatic Twinges!"

FOR more than 38 years Sloan's Liniment has been used by the families of the nation in quickly relieving *rheumatic aches, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica, lame, sore, strained muscles, bruises,* and *other pains* and *sprains.*

Sloan's Liniment is an effective counter-irritant that *penetrates* to the affected part, *without rubbing,* scatters the congestion, and promotes a *warm, comfortable relief.* Try it when your "bones ache" and you feel you "can hardly stand up any longer."

It is clean—no plaster, poultice, or ointment mussiness, stained skin, clogged pores. Put up in convenient bottles in three sizes, 35c, 70c, $1.40, the larger the bottle the greater the economy. Can be used by every member of the family with assurance of gratifying results.

Sloan's Liniment is always sold by DEALERS you know and can trust.

Sloan's Liniment The World's KEEP IT HANDY

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Makes a Dandy Christmas Present!

You must have Christmas in the house at Christmas time. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written; songs for all occasions, among them the prettiest Christmas carol (this is just the thing for church or parlor) ever written. This is not a mere pamphlet but a beautiful song folio with superb cover on which appear splendid half-tone pictures of Uncle Charlie. Cheap at five dollars. Has complete music for voice and piano; a superb present for a musical or non-musical friend. This wonderful book for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Both books free for a club of five. Work for them today.



Electric Flash Light

With Powerful Long-Lived Battery

Premium No. 7984

For Four Subscriptions

6½ inches Long, 1½ inches in Diameter

ARE you in the habit of stumbling around in the dark with the uncertain aid of lighted matches or dangerous kerosene lamps or lanterns? Don't do it any longer! It's dangerous—as you very well know—and entirely **unnecessary. Get an Eveready Daylo** or "flash light" and you have all the advantages of the incandescent **electric light in portable form.** It can easily be carried in the hand or pocket. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on and off as desired—and it is **absolutely safe.** No matter what happens it positively cannot set anything on fire.

In the night it shows you your way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, stairways, closets, the dark corners in attic or basement. You can use it in the shed, stable, barn, around hay, powder, gasoline—in fact, any and all kinds of inflammable material and explosives **without the slightest danger.**

The **Eveready** is just as useful **outdoors** as it is indoors. Neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after nightfall, it throws a shaft of brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. The loneliest road, the gloomiest depths of the woods, need have no terrors for you if you go prepared with an **Eveready.**

The **Eveready** is 6½ inches long, 1½ inches in diameter equipped with a strong reflecting lens, **Mazda** bulb and the latest improved **Tungsten** battery. This battery with average use will last from two to four months, the bulb from six months to one year. Fresh batteries and bulbs may be obtained from us or any hardware or general store at trifling expense. The light itself—that is, the case and everything **except** the battery and bulb—is good for many years, in fact with proper care should last an ordinary lifetime.

We will give you this **Eveready Daylo** or "flash light" **complete with battery and bulb,** all ready for business upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you an **Eveready Daylo** complete as described above, free by parcel post, prepaid **(Premium No. 7984).** We can also supply you with extra batteries at the rate of one battery for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each **(Premium No. 9172),** and extra bulbs at the rate of one bulb for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents **(Premium No. 8131).**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 50 cents each. Song Book 30 cents. Address UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.





FREE LARGE GENUINE EASTMAN
Promo Film Pack Camera, for selling 20 large colored pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 15c each. Order choice today. Sent prepaid.
GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 225 CHICAGO



FREE WATCH 5 year guarantee
Fine stem wind and set watch. Just sell 12 boxes Jil Medico-Nova Salve at 25c (great for cuts, burns, etc.) Order to-day. Hundreds of other premiums FREE.
U. S. SUPPLY CO. Box 603, Greenville, Pa.



RAISE GUINEA PIGS
for us. We buy all you raise. Easy to raise—very profitable—big demand. Pay better than poultry or squabs. Particulars, contract, booklet how to raise FREE. Write today.
CAVIES DISTRIBUTING CO., 3130 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.



Wrestling Book FREE
Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age.
Farmer Burns, 3048, Ramge Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

Raise Hares for Us



Immense profits easily and quickly made. We furnish stock and pay $2.00 to $3.00 each — also expressage — when three months old. Contract, book on raising, FREE.
THORSON RABBIT CO., Dept. 57, Aurora, Colorado.



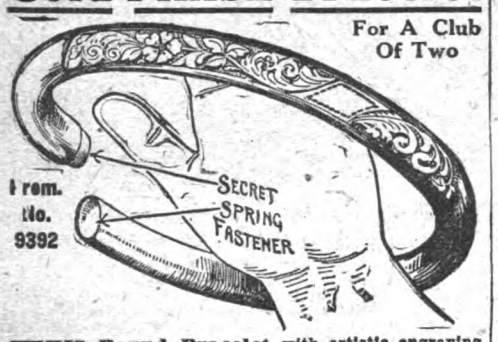
FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE
This fine Rifle free for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c. each. Write for Jewelry today.
COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 24 East Boston, Mass.

BIRTHSTONE **4 RINGS FREE** DIAMOND
INITIAL SIGNET WEDDING



4 solid Gold filled Rings, guaranteed 8 years, your Birthstone, your Initial Signet, handsome Engagement and Real Wedding Ring, all 4 Rings FREE for selling 15 sets of Xmas PostCard at 10c set.
Bluine Mfg. Co., 170 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

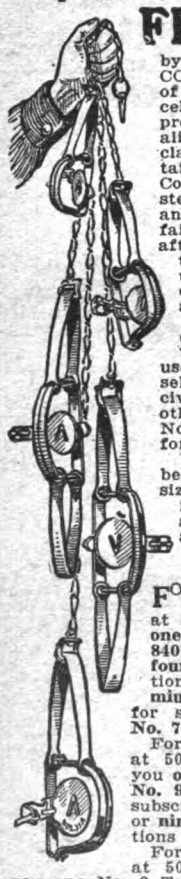
Gold Finish Bracelet



THIS Round Bracelet with artistic engraving and unique **Spring Fastening** is the most attractive pattern we have seen this season. Not too large but large enough and as it is perfectly round, it fits well and becomes all ages. There is a demand for bracelets of enormous size, but this style is medium large and nearly **three inches in diameter;** we consider it a beautiful pattern. This bracelet is the very latest style so you will want one while fashionable, and as we guarantee fit and wear, you need not hesitate to order.

Club Offer For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Bracelet free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9392.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

TRAPPERS! Don't Buy Traps When You Can Get Them FREE!



SAVE your money and **earn** your traps by getting up a few clubs for COMFORT. We offer you one of the best traps made—the celebrated "Victor," used by professional and amateurs alike. In fact, most trappers claim it is **the** best trap. Certainly there are none **better.** Constructed of the strongest steel, with a powerful spring and heavy jaws, it never fails to hold the animal after it is caught. Every "Victor" also has an 18-inch unbreakable steel chain, complete with swivels, ring and staple.

You can have your choice of sizes—No. 1, 1½ or 2—which are the sizes always used for muskrat, skunk, weasel, raccoon, mink, martin, civet, gopher, opossum and other small animals, while the No. 2 size is also large enough for fox, wolf and lynx.

We will give you any number of "Victor" traps—any size desired—free and prepaid if you will send us a few subscriptions to COMFORT, as explained in the following

Club Offers!

FOR one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you **one** No. 1 Trap. **(Premium No. 8401.)** Or we will send you **four** traps for three subscriptions at 50 cents each. **(Premium No. 8753),** or **nine** traps for six subscriptions **(Premium No. 7616).**

For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you **one** No. 1½ Trap **(Premium No. 9302),** or **four** traps for six subscriptions **(Premium No. 7626),** or **nine** traps for eleven subscriptions **(Premium No. 72211).**

For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you **one** No. 2 Trap **(Premium No. 9312),** or **four** traps for six subscriptions **(Premium No. 7636),** or **nine** traps for twelve subscriptions **(Premium No. 73312).**

Remember, we pay all parcel post or express charges. **Please be sure to state both the size and premium number of each trap wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Little Dorothy the Cut-Out Doll

Dorothy at the Seashore

DOROTHY spent the summer at the seashore. You could see her at the sandy beach every day, digging with her little shovel and stringing shells on a long cord which she would wear around her neck for beads. One day a little crab clung to Dorothy's finger and she ran crying to her mamma but when she got there to show how awfully she was hurt the crab was nowhere to be seen for it had fallen off. The other little girls laughed at her and she could not help laughing herself, even though there were tears in her eyes.

It was a pleasant summer for there was such a nice place to play and so many to play with that she could not get lonesome.

When the month of September came around, however, all the other girls came and bid Dorothy good by because they had to go to school. Some of them were big and some were little, but all were very nice and when they had departed Dorothy was so lonesome she did not know what to do.

Instead of humming glad songs, as it had been doing, the ocean began to make sounds like sighing and sobbing and wailing and the scared child would not go near it.

Her little shovel got rusty from not being used and when her string of shell beads broke, she never tried to fix them. Dorothy knew she was making her mamma feel bad and tried hard to pick up courage but she could not.

At last she grew thin and sallow and had to go to bed. They thought she was sick but she was only lonesome. The doctor knew this when he came and looked at her and heard her story and he said to her mother: "Why, Dorothy is pining away for companionship. She must have playmates and workmates of her own age. If you send her to school where there are plenty of children, she will be all right in a week."

The next Monday morning Dorothy was all dressed up as you see in the picture and with her books and slate in her arms, started for school. There she met many of her seashore friends and many new girls she had never seen before. It made her happy and gay and in a week she was as fat and lovely as ever.



Cut-Out Doll Directions

Paste the entire picture on cardboard and when it has dried flat and smooth, cut out each figure with scissors. The extending flaps at the shoulders must be carefully cut around and left on for they are used to bend over and hold the dress to the doll.

Each costume should be a different color. You can do the tinting yourself with chalk or crayon. I think it would be appropriate to have the sailor suit with shovel in hand, blue, the school dress, with books and slate, pink trimmed with green, and the plain little home dress either white or light blue. When you get tired of one color you can change it to suit your own taste. The oblong piece upon which the dolly stands must be cut out. If each end of it is bent back at right angles, it will form a support or stander. The dotted line on each bonnet and hat is cut through with a sharp knife and the slot used to slip the same down over the head and keep the head coverings on.

When you get through playing with the outfit put it in a large envelope so it will stay flat and not get broken. One little girl wrote and told me that she has a box full of cut-out dolls, all from COMFORT back numbers.

Give COMFORT To Your Friends As A Christmas Present!

WHY not! In these days of high prices where could you find a better, more inexpensive present than a one-year's subscription to COMFORT?

It is the **one** gift that pleases everybody—a gift that will become a cheery, welcome reminder of you month after month for an entire year—and at so little expense you will not notice it at all. Simply send us 50 cents and the name and address of the friend you wish to remember written on the coupon below and we will enter the subscription for one full year to commence with our Christmas number and with it we will also mail a beautiful Christmas Presentation Card so that **both** paper and card will reach your friend at about the same time. The card is beautifully **colored and embossed** with a dainty appropriate Christmas design and verse on one side and on the other side is a specially printed announcement of the gift and a space left for your name as the giver which we will fill in ourselves before the card is mailed.

Isn't this a splendid idea? Surely among all your friends there is someone who will appreciate and enjoy such an interesting magazine as COMFORT and who will think of you gratefully every time the carrier leaves it at the door.

Better send us your friend's name and the money now—**it's none too early to avoid the Christmas rush**—and you will have at least one present less to think about because we will attend to all the details. After you mail the coupon and money you can dismiss the matter from your mind as we will take good care of your order and mail both the paper and the handsome Christmas Presentation Card **properly filled out with your name as the giver** at precisely the right time.

"COMFORT FOR CHRISTMAS" COUPON

Publisher COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dear Sir: As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with my name. I enclose 50 cents to pay for same.

My Friend's Name.....

Street & No......*R. F. D. No.*.....*Box No.*.....

Post Office.....*State*.....

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Below)

My Name Is.....

Street & No......*R. F. D. No.*.....*Box No.*.....

Post Office.....*State*.....

☞ If you wish to make a present of COMFORT to more than one friend write the full names and addresses on a separate sheet of paper and pin this coupon to it. BE SURE TO ENCLOSE 50 CENTS FOR EACH NAME SENT.

130 New Transfer Patterns FREE



All The Latest Stylish Designs For Milady's Dress, Lingerie And Accessories, Children's Garments, Household Linen And Fancy Work, Also Hoops, Stiletto, Embroidery Cotton And Instruction Book.

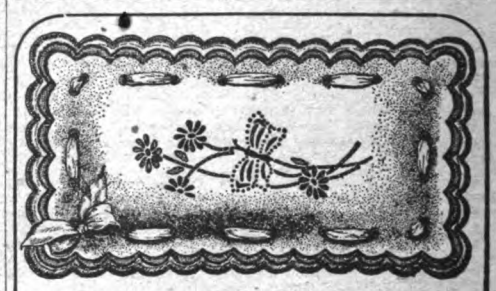
COMFORT needleworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than **one hundred thirty** new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, doilies, one complete 2¾-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1½-inch initial block alphabet, one complete ½-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over **one hundred thirty** in all.

The patterns may be **instantly** transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

Remember—in **addition** to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following

Special Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete transfer outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 9272.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Send Only One Subscription For This

Beautiful Pincushion

THIS handsome design is stamped on good quality beach cloth, ready for embroidering. The leaves and flowers should be worked in satin stitch and the butterfly in satin stitch and French knots, or, if desired, in solid eyelets. Eyelets are also made around both the top and underpiece, through which a ribbon is run to hold the cushion together. The scalloped edge is buttonholed. This cushion when finished is twelve inches long and five inches wide. We will send you this stamped Pincushion upon the terms of the following

Special Offer. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this handsome Pincushion free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8391.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.





The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents $60 a week selling new 300 candle power lantern Burns gasoline. Can't set fire to anything. Burns in all kinds of weather Rainproof, windproof, bugproof. Sells everywhere. Write for agency and sample Thomas Lantern Co, 4219 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Insyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co. Dept. 1119, Cincinnati.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear etc National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. L P, 425 Broadway, New York.

Agents—Christmas Articles—go like Hot Cakes around the Holidays. Your chance to clean up $200 to $500. Write quick for particulars American Products Co., 1348 American Building, Cincinnati

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale. East Orange, N. J.

Agents: Big Pay and Free Automobile introducing wonderful new gasoline saver, puncture proof five year spark plugs and other economical auto necessities. Outfit free. L. Ballwey, Dept. 112, Louisville, Ky.

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. Maher made $597.80 in June, Nissen $25 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $3600 a year profit for four average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Mfg. Co. Dept J 121, Dayton, Ohio.

Liberty Portraits Big Winners. Thirty days credit—24 Hour service—rejects credited. World's famous Peace Paintings now ready. Easy $10 weekly. Write quickly for catalog and free samples. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14-1936 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents Sell rich looking 36x68 Imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $67; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid $1.19. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Raincoat Agents I'll pay you $12 daily taking orders for Reversible raincoats. Two coats in one One side rich, tan dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Something brand new Not sold in stores. Also other styles. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. We manufacture and make to measure. Shortage of raincoats and high cost of overcoats make sales easy. Elaborate outfit and sample coat to workers. Parker Mfg. Co., 517 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

New Windshield Cloth solves baffling problem. One wipe cleans rain-blurred windshield Stays clear 24 hours. Motorists amazed. Agents getting rich. 300% profit. Exclusive territory Cabco Co., Toledo, Ohio.

Agents—Steady Income Manufacturer of Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ko-Ko-Co., 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Women Make Money selling Priscilla Fabrics, Hosiery, Underwear, spare time. No capital or experience needed. We send complete outfit. D. Fitzcharles Co., Trenton, N. J.

Agents: Waterproof Kitchen Apron. Needs no laundering. Every housewife buys. Dainty, durable, economical. Big money. Sample free. Thomas Co., 2119 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

Boys Wanted: $20 in gold for special effort. Write at once. Mason Chemical Co., Hancock, Maryland.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands: Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what State interests you. L. J. Bricker, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

AGENTS WANTED

Every Home On Farm, In Small Town, or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin coal-oil Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One farmer cleared over $500 in six weeks Hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month. No experience needed. Excellent spare time and evening seller No Capital Required! Write quick for distributor's proposition and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 905 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

Men or Women—make $50—$75 week selling Joas Crystal Compound. Washes clothes quick without rubbing or boiling. Wonderful seller. Send 10c for Sample and Big Profit Plan. Utility Mfg. Co., Sta. D, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

$12.50 Per 100 paid reliable woman to distribute free samples laundry soap among friends. Steady. Experience unnecessary. Dept. A. New Method Co., Burlington, Iowa.

500 Agents Wanted at Once for Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound. 300% Profit, Enormous Repeater. Washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One thousand other uses in every home. Astounds and delights every woman. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser. Contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples furnished to boost sales. We positively guarantee the sale of every package. Exclusive territory. Own Your Own Business. You cannot fail to make big money. Barber, Ohio, made $600 last month. Send for free sample and proof. Hurry, hustle, grab this chance. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 306, 1312-1314 E. 61st, Chicago.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

For Good Agents, Either Sex, we have positions worth $5,000 to $10,000 yearly. No investment required. Write At Once. Koalsave Co., Vineland, N. J.

Big Earning Easy—startling invention. Banishes spark plug trouble. Saves gasoline. Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory. Agents write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Desk 213, Omaha, Nebr.

We Pay $36 A Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D1, Parsons, Kan.

Agents earning $20 daily; Ford lock; thief proof; sells $1. Fifty other exclusive inventions. Agents outfit and sample Free. Inventors Assn., 107, St. Louis.

Become A Prosperous Davis Agent—Beginners making $30-$50 weekly. Crew managers doubling that. "Lucky 13" pays you 200%. 37 other big winners. Big rush season from now to Christmas. Davis Products Co., Dept. 595, Chicago.

"Klean-Rite" Best Washing Tablet Made. Whirlwind seller. Sure repeater. Pays agents biggest profit. Sample free. Besco, 3253 Cl., Bellepiaine, Chicago.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $360.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Box 6B, Naperville, Ill.

HELP WANTED

Men and Women Wanted by Government for many kinds of civil service work. Splendid salaries, short hours, other advantages. There may be a place for you. Investigate at my expense. Send name for list R.R. 2004, Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

Railway Mail Clerks wanted—$117 month. Sample examination questions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 12, Rochester, N. Y.

BOOKS

"From The Ball Room To Hell" mailed anywhere 25c. L. E. Muncy, 138 E. Pleasant Ave., X, Syracuse, N. Y.

Trappers—Get a Free Copy of the 64 page guide "Trapping Tricks." Shows photograph illustrations of sets and animal catches. Triumph Trap Co., Dept. 1, Oneida, N. Y.

HOME READING

Looms—Only $8.50—Big money in weaving rugs, carpets, etc., from rags and waste material. Be sure to send for free loom book. It tells all about weaving and our wonderful $8.50 and other looms. Union Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Farms On Credit. Fine for grains, grasses, fruit, vegetables. Hardwood land in Mich. best Co's. Stock & poultry do well. 40.000 A. Only $15 to $30 per A. Very easy terms. 10 to 160 A. No swamps or stones. Fine schools, churches, markets, climate, lakes & streams. Money loaned to build. Large Co. Write today for information. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Branch Manager Wanted by old established Chicago Concern. We furnish full stock of goods, advertising matter, and equip store completely, in good location, all at our expense. We allow you to draw out $175 a month and will also pay you liberal share of the profits your store earns. Work may be started in spare time. No investment or previous experience necessary. If you are a hustler and want an opportunity to make $5000 or more a year, we want you, and will pay you well from the start. Send your application today. S. Levy, Manager Dept. 790, —329 S. Franklin St. Chicago, Ill.

Substantial Manufacturing corporation wants capable men to establish branch and manage salesmen. $300 to $1500 necessary. You handle your own money. Will allow expenses to Baltimore if you will qualify. For particulars address Secretary, 415 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

Complete course on compiling and selling names by mail to advertisers. Description free. Globe Publishing Co., 148 Syracuse, N. Y.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

Make Money Fast—Small capital starts you with guaranteed professional Moving picture machine. Complete outfit on easy payments. No experience needed. Catalog Free. Dept. C, Monarch Theatre Supply Service, 420 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Make Money Fast. Start "Movie" with small capital. Buy complete outfit on easy payments. Openings everywhere. No experience required. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. C, Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago.

$200.00 Buys Complete Professional moving picture outfit. Machine, supplies, film, everything ready for use. Write for bargain sheet. Feature Film Exchange, Dept. 2A, 226 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted by 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

SALESMEN WANTED

Would Extra Money Help? Earn it in a dignified way in spare time or establish an entire time business of your own as local representative or district manager for an old established firm marketing a nationally advertised household appliance. The 250,000 sold have enabled many men and women to earn upwards of $2,500 yearly. Reeves Co. Box 41, Milford, Conn.

Men Wanted To Sell Groceries Selling Experience Not Necessary. One of World's largest Grocers, (capital over $1,000,000.00) wants ambitious men in your locality to sell direct to consumer nationally known brands of an extensive line of groceries, paints, roofings, lubricating oils, stock foods, etc. Big line, easy sales. Values beat any competition. Earn big money. No experience or capital required. Complete sample outfit and free selling instructions start you. Long established reliable house. Write today. John Sexton & Co., Dept. L, 368 W. Illinois St., Chicago, Ill.

SHORT STORIES

Wanted Stories, Articles, Poems for New Magazine. We pay on acceptance. Typed or handwritten Mss. acceptable. Send Mss. to Woman's Nat'l Magazine, Desk 988, Wash., D.C.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Free—Beautiful pair silk hose to any lady for selling 3 boxes "Seeroh" Beauty Cream. Seeroh Co., 93 Broadway, Detroit, Mich.

EDUCATIONAL

Riches May Be Had for the asking. With them you get health, efficiency, initiative. Free information. Kautch, 129 Miner, Stockton, Cal.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly Procured. Personal, Careful and Efficient service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send Sketch or Model for actual search and advice. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27Z Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Free Book On Patents—Write today for Free Copy of "How to Obtain a Patent." Contains valuable information and advice to inventors. Tells how to secure Patents. Send model or sketch of your invention for opinion of its patentable nature—Free. (20 years experience) Talbert & Talbert, 420X Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made $30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Wanted—5 bright, capable Ladies to Travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 82, Omaha, Nebr

Women—Become expert dress designers. $125—$200 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 851, Rochester, N. Y.

Government Census positions for Women, $90 month. List free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. L 9, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Govt. Positions Are Desirable. $1000—$1200 to start. Let our expert (Former Government Examiner) prepare you. Free Booklet. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 5020, Rochester, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Plays, Dialogues, Speakers and Entertainments. Catalogues Free. Address Dept. A., Ames Publishing Co., Clyde, Ohio

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

HONEY

Honey. Delicious Wis. White Clover Honey. Green County's famous Cheese. Price list Free. H. H. Rosa, Monroe, Wis.

Honey. Fine new clover honey guaranteed to be absolutely pure honey and of strictly choice quality. Sample 10 cents. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

MALE HELP WANTED

Thousands Men-Women-Boys-Girls, over 18, needed for Government Positions. Commence $100. Experience Unnecessary. List Free. Write, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, $140—$200 Colored Porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 328 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Men Wanted—Become automobile experts. $45 week. Earn while learning. Franklin Institute, Dept. L 809, Rochester, N. Y.

Young Men prepare as brakemen, firemen, details free, write, Trainman's Service Bureau, Dept. 3, Jersey City, N. J.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N. Y.

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTO FINISHING

Mail Us 15c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Best material. Skilled operators. Get our book. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 226 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For 15c we will develop and furnish prints from one 6 or 8 exposure film, or enlargement 5 x 7 your favorite negative 15c to show quality and service. Associated Photo Company, Sta. A. 15, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Premo Film Packs Developed 25c. Mail us your exposed Film Pack. We develop twelve exposures, sizes 4 x 5 or 3¼ x 5½ and smaller, for 25c. Prints on Velox Paper at reasonable prices if desired. The best grade of work. Sweet, Wallach & Co., Inc. (Eastman Kodak Company) 133 North Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Do you take pictures? Write for free sample of our big magazine, showing how to make better pictures and earn money. American Photography, 339 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Special Offer. We finish 6 exposure roll (one only) and furnish 6 select prints for 25c with order. Try us. Money back if dissatified. Moreau's Kodak Finishing Service, 623 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Kodak Films developed, any size 5c each. Prints, any size, 3c each. This is not a special trial offer, but our Regular price. Superior service. L. Co., 279 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati.

Special Trial Offer: Your next Kodak Film developed 7c. Prints 3c each. Disabled Soldiers' Service Co., 3554 N. Halsted St., Chicago.

Kodak Finishing. "The best you ever had." 8-hour service. Mail us your films. Standard prices. Newt. C. Eblin, "The Kodak Man," 119 Peachtree St., Dept. B. Atlanta, Ga.

FARMS FOR SALE

$400 Down Secures 80 Acres, Near City, Productive loamy fields, 7-cow, wire-fenced pasture, estimated several hundred cords wood, timber, fruit. Good condition 9-room house, barn, &c, barn alone worth whole price asked. Owner to remove to larger farm sells all to quick buyer $1200, easy terms. Details page 27 Fall Catalog Farm Bargains Maine to Florida and west to Nebraska; copy free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B G, Nassau St., N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

Cabbage Plants, Frost Proof. Leading varieties $1.75 Per 1000. 500 for $1. Prompt shipment. Clark Plant Co., Thomasville, Ga.

Murphy's Magnet Scent—For each animal. From natural oils. $1.00 bottle paid. T. J. Murphy & Son, Raw Fur Merchants, Dept. C, Lewiston, Me. Est. 1873. Send for price list.

Start the New Industry at home with little Capital. We show anyone how. Particulars Absolutely Free. Emporium 3507 White Plains Road, New York City

Ladies send me your combings. I make 3 stem hair switches for $1.50. Work guaranteed. Mrs. L. J. Green, Lagrange, Ga., R. 5.

Have Your dead relatives, or soldier's pictures enlarged, and neatly framed. Likeness guaranteed. Goods sent by parcel post. Write Tyler Mullins, Big Stone Gap, Va.

A Bargain, Don't forget X-Mas is near. Closing out large stock of Reliable, High-Grade Fountain Pens, 14K Gold pen, Handsomely chased barrel, complete with filler and clip. Values $1.50 to $3.00. While they last $1.00 each. Guaranteed. Act quick. Mr. Wm. F. Munch, Box 91, Elizabeth, N. J.

$5 to $10 day gathering Evergreens, Roots and Herbs. Ginseng $18 lb. Balsam Fir $9 lb. Seal $5.50. Senega $1.75. Or grow them yourself. Book and prices free. Botanical, 59, West Haven, Conn.

ANIMALS

Raise Giant Rabbits For Me. I furnish breeders cheap, and buy all you raise at 30 to 60c per pound alive. Hundreds make big money. Send 10c for Breeders Instruction Booklet, contract, price list, etc. N. Cross, 6407 Ridge, St. Louis, Mo.

Four Wheel Chairs in October

528 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four October wheel chairs go to Richard L. Dennis, Flasher, N D., 107; Travis L. Davis, Good Spring, Tenn., 106; James A. Doherty, R. R. 1, Washburn, Maine, 99; Julia Vance, Smokemont, N. C., 93. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Richard L. Dennis, age 5 years, has been paralyzed in his legs from birth and has but little use of his hands. His mother writes that she has "six other children to work for, two of them smaller than Richard," and that "the wheel chair will be a big help in taking care of him."

Travis L. Davis, age 5 years, was crippled by injuries at birth so that he has never been able to walk; he also suffers from extreme nervousness.

James A. Doherty, age 73 is crippled by rheumatism which has rendered him nearly helpless the past two years.

Mrs Julia Vance, age 39, has been crippled the past eleven years by an attack of typhoid fever which affected her spine She has no one to wait on her but her little daughter, and the wheel chair will be a great blessing to both.

James B. McGrath, credited in last month's Roll of Honor with having sent in 168 subscriptions for Oscar May, has since written me explaining that, although he sent them in, 50 of them were obtained by Mrs. A. M. Isaacs, 30 by Evona Corbin, 30 by Virginia Bailey, and 30 by Hazel Murray, and requests that these ladies be given credit for having done most of the work in procuring the subscriptions for Oscar May's wheel chair.

The following letters of thanks and Roll of Honor are interesting.

Do your best to make this Thanksgiving a season of rejoicing to the shutins by sending as many subscriptions as possible in aid of our Wheel-Chair Club.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Pleasure to Crippled Girl.

Fordtown, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

My sister, Omie Gray, received her wheel chair August 11th, and is well pleased with it. She can wheel herself through the house with it, which gives her great pleasure. It is also a help to me in taking care of her We wish to thank you and all who helped to procure the chair for her. Wishing COMFORT success, I am sincerely your friend,

Sallie F. Gray.

Very Much Pleased with Her COMFORT Wheel Chair.

Trio, S. C.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

My wheel chair has arrived and I am very much pleased with it, so much so that I cannot express thanks enough to cover my appreciation and gratitude for the kindness shown me by you and all others who helped me to obtain it.

Your devoted friend,

Dora Elizabeth Howard.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Mary Queen, N. C. for Julia Vance, 93; Mrs. Davey Davis, Tenn., for Travis Lawson Davis, 80; Mrs. Nola Byrd, Missouri, for Forris Byrd, 73; Nora Crittendon, Ky., for Daniel Swaine Hicks, 63; Mrs. Annie Mahaffey, N. C., for Auther Mahaffey, 34; Mrs. M. N. Bourland, Ky., for Geo. Washington Bourland, 33; Mrs. J. F. Gypins, La., for Nella Gunter, 30; Mrs. Hemia Lockhart, Tenn., for Abbie Dean, 25; J. W Powell., N. C., for own, 23; Mrs. Ross Cossel, Iowa, for Hazel Cossel, 20; Abbie Dean, Tenn., for own, 20; Mrs. Lee Freeman, Texas, for Grady Freeman, 20; Ethel A. Baxter, Ohio, for own, 15; Mary Springer, Ark., for Clyde Reason, 13; Mrs. Amanda Wright, N. C., for Nora Wright, 11; Jas. B. McGrath, Utah, for general, 10; Mrs. Owen C. Dennis, N. Dak., for Richard L. Dennis, 7; Mrs. Ed. Gooch, Kans., for Mildred Dale 6; Mrs. Roy Cole, Mont., for general, 6; Miss Lelia Lewis, Ala., for Annie Laura Davis, 6; Mrs M. W. Montieth, Tenn., for Miss Omie Gray, 6; Miss Veneda Moore, Indiana, for Hazel Cossel, 5; Mrs. C. H. Corbett, W. Va., for general, 5.

Damm—Row

License to wed was recently issued to John Damm and Christina Row.—*San Francisco Bulletin.*

The Black Flag

A gunboat was entering the mouth of a river when she passed close to a small collier The officer in command hailed the latter.

"Ahoy, there! What have you got the black flag flying for?"

The reply came back: "You'd better not let the captain hear you. That's his best shirt hanging out to dry."

He Played Safe

A colored recruit said he intended to take out the full limit of government insurance, $10,000. On being told by a fellow-soldier that he would be foolish to pay on so much when he was likely to be shot in the trenches, he replied: "Huh! I reckon I know what I'm doing. You don't suppose Uncle Sam is going to put a $10,000 man in the first-line trenches, do you?"—*Boston Post.*



Young Woman (entering music store)—"Have you Kissed Me in the Moonlight?"

Clerk—"I don't think so; I'm new here. Maybe it was the other man."—*Medley.*

Watch Your Step!

Pat (to Mike on roof)—"Don't come down the ladder at the northeast corner; I took it away."—*Boys' Life.*

160 HENS—1500 EGGS

LAST winter eggs sold as high as $1.00 a dozen. As America's foremost poultry expert I predict that this winter eggs will go even higher. Poultry raisers are going to reap tremendous profits. You, too, can make sure of a big egg yield by giving your hens a few cents' worth "More Eggs tonic."

This product has been tried, tested and proven by 400,000 chicken raisers. It is acknowledged the best and most successful egg producer on the market today. *Guaranteed by a million dollar bank.* Every day that you don't use it means that you are losing money. Don't delay. Start with a few cents' worth of "More Eggs" tonic now.

That's the experience of one Comfort poultry raiser who wrote me. Mrs. Myrtle Ice of Boston, Ky., writes: "'More Eggs' Tonic is a great Godsend. I was only getting 12 eggs a day and am now getting 50 a day." 400,000 chicken raisers have used this wonderful tonic. Here are a few letters of thousands received:

"160 Hens—125 Dozen Eggs"

B. J. Reefer: Waverly, Mo.
I have fed two boxes of More Eggs Tonic to my hens and I think my hens have broken the record for eggs. I have 160 White Leghorns and from March 25 to April 15 I sold 125 dozen eggs. MRS. H. M. PATTON.

"15 Hens—310 Eggs"

B. J. Reefer: Turner Falls, Mass.
I used your More Egg Tonic and from December 1 to February 1, from 15 hens, I got 310 eggs. Your remedies are just what you claim them to be MRS. C. R. STOUGHTON.

"More Than Doubled In Eggs"

B. J. Reefer: Mendon, Ill.
I am very much pleased with your "More Eggs" Tonic. My hens have more than doubled up in their eggs. L. D. NICHOLS.

Gets 100 Eggs a Day

E. J. Reefer: Hamilton, Ind.
I have given your "More Eggs" Tonic to my chickens for about two months. It is the best I ever used. My chickens have gained from 20 to 100 eggs a day and are still gaining. I cannot say enough for your "More Eggs" Tonic. LORENZO BURCH.

8,988 Eggs from 125 Hens

E. J. Reefer: Exline, Iowa.
Since using the "More Eggs," I have got more eggs than any time I have been in the poultry business, about thirty years. Since the 15th of March to November 16th, I have marketed 740 dozen and have only 125 hens. MRS. W. S. DEAHL.

1,368 Eggs After 1 Package

E. J. Reefer: Scranton, Pa.
Last fall I bought a box of your "More Eggs" Tonic and would like to have you know the results. From January 1st to July 1st, my hens laid 1,368 eggs. A. E. WHITE.

Simple, But Wonderful

E. J. Reefer: Perryville, Mo., Biehle Star Route.
I was getting 3 eggs a day, but three days after I began using "More Eggs" I got 15 a day. It is simple, but wonderful. MRS. LOUIS C. BOHNERT.

"48 Dozen in One Week"

Dear Mr. Reefer: Woodbury, Tenn.
I can't express how much I have been benefited by answering your ads. I've got more eggs than I ever did. I've sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 6 dozen, ate some and had 1½ dozen left.
From your friend, MRS. LENA McBROON.

"Selling Eggs Now"

B. J. Reefer: Hebo, Oregon
I was not getting an egg when I began the use of the "More Eggs" Tonic. Now I am selling eggs. MRS. J. F. BRINK.

"Gets Winter Eggs"

E. J. Reefer: Wilburton, Kan.
It is the first time I got so many eggs in winter. When I began using "More Eggs" I was only getting from 1 to 3 eggs per day and now I am getting 11 to 13 eggs per day. MRS. JULIA GOODEN.

18 Hens—12 Eggs a Day

E. J. Reefer: Luray, Va.
Six weeks ago I began giving "More Eggs" Tonic and I was not getting an egg from 18 hens, and now I am getting 10 to 12 every day. You can quote me as saying that it is the best chicken tonic in the world. E. L. REYNOLDS

"37 Eggs a Day"

B. J. Reefer: Elwood, Indiana
That More Eggs Tonic is simply grand. When I started using it they did not lay at all, now I get 37 eggs a day. Yours truly, EDGAR E. J. LINNIGER.

"Doubles Egg Production"

B. J. Reefer: Paradise, Texas.
I have been using More Eggs Tonic 3 or 4 weeks and must say it is fine. My egg production has been doubled. J. C. KOENINGER.

"Increases from 8 to 36 Eggs a Day"

E. J. Reefer: Shady Bend, Kansas.
I am well pleased with your More Eggs Tonic. I was only getting 8 or 9 eggs, now I am getting 3 dozen a day. Yours truly, WM. SCHMIDT.

"Increase from 2 to 45 Eggs a Day"

Reefer's Hatchery: Derby, Iowa
Since I began the use of your More Eggs Tonic 2 weeks ago I am getting 45 eggs a day, and before I was only getting 2 or 3 a day. Yours truly, DORA PHILLIPS.

"More Eggs" Paid the Pastor

E. J. Reefer; Woodbury, Tenn.
I can't express in words how much I have been benefited by "More Eggs." I paid my debts, clothed my children in new dresses, and that is not all—I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some, and had 1½ dozen left. MRS. LENA McBROON.

Nothing Equals More Eggs

E. J. Reefer: Steele, N. D.
I don't think there is anything to equal your More Egg Tonic. I am getting 8 eggs a day off of 9 hens. Before I was getting 1 and 2 a day, and sometimes not any at all. That Egg Tonic is certainly doing great work. MRS. WILLIAM DEER.

Gets Quick Results

E. J. Reefer: Bentwood, Ark.
The "More Eggs" Tonic I received of you is wonderful. I was getting only 1 and 2 eggs per day, and in less than two weeks was getting 12 and 14 every day. I am recommending it to my neighbors. Yours truly, Mrs. S. L. JETT.

"More Eggs" Is Finest Ever

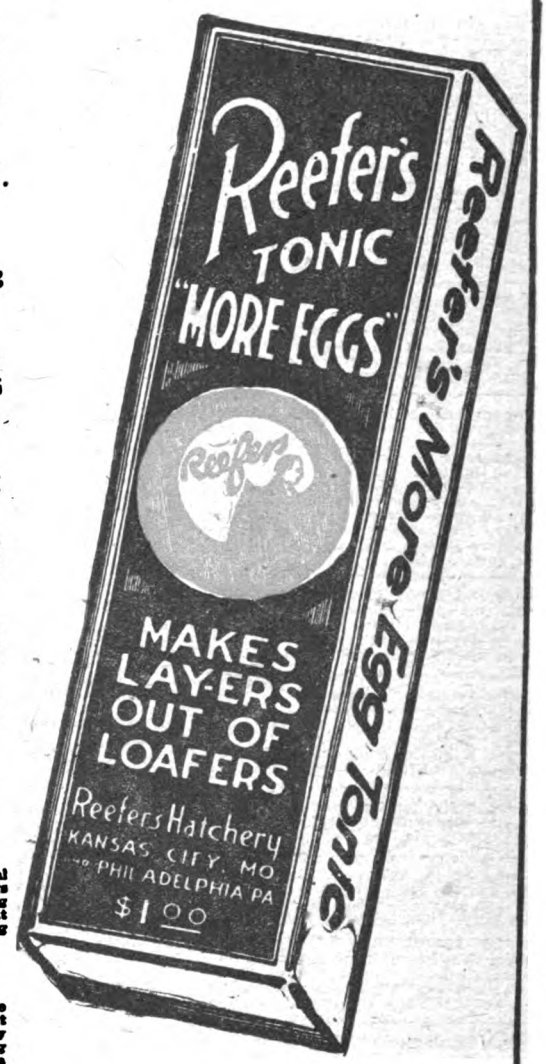
E. J. Reefer Hewlett, Va.
I have used one package of your More Egg Tonic, and I think it is the finest thing for hens I ever used. We were only getting 3 to 4 eggs a day, and since using your Tonic we get from 17 to 22 eggs a day from 25 hens. MRS. J. H. CRISP.

126 Eggs in 5 Days

I wouldn't try to raise chickens without "More Eggs" which means more money. I use it right along. I have 33 hens and in 5 days have gotten 10½ dozen eggs or 126. MRS. J. O. OAKES, Salina, O kla did it.

$200 Worth of Eggs from 44 Hens

E. J. Reefer: Sterling, Kansas
I never used More Eggs Tonic until last December; then just used one $1.00 package and have sold over $200 worth of eggs from 44 hens. "More Eggs" Tonic A. G. THODE, R. No. 2 Box 47.



Banker Endorses "More Eggs"

E. J. Reefer: Ashland, Oregon
Some time ago I got from you "More Eggs" and it now means MORE EGGS. I am now fully convinced of its utility. I have 14 pullets and 14 hens one year old, and the first 10 days in December they laid 11 dozen eggs. Yours very truly, F. POHLAND, President, The Citizens Bank of Ashland.

Gets 35 Eggs Instead of 5

E. J. Reefer: Box 96, Pelican, La.
I have used Reefer's More Egg Tonic only two weeks and can see a great improvement in my hens. I get from 30 to 35 eggs a day now. Before I got 4 or 5 eggs a day. MRS. W. T. JOHNSON, Box 96.

No Loafers Now

E. J. Reefer: Troy, Mo.
Your More Eggs surely does the work. I have fed it 30 days to a bunch of 75 hens and pullets. When I started to feed your More Egg tonic I only got from 3 to 6 eggs a day, and now I am gathering 50 and still gaining. No loafers in the bunch. HENRY MUCK.

437 Eggs in 11 Days

E. J. Reefer: Burdett, Kansas
I am surely pleased with More Egg Tonic. I have 75 hens, and have gotten 437 eggs in eleven days. They are laying better every day. MRS. CHAS. MILLER.

This is a concentrated tonic, not a food. It consists of every element that goes toward the making of more eggs. A perfect regulator, aids digestion, stimulates egg production and builds firm bones and strong muscles. The foremost authorities in America and poultry raisers from every state endorse Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic.

A Million Dollar Bank Guarantee
Absolute Satisfaction or Money Back

The National Reserve Bank of Kansas City
Capital and Surplus $1,100,000

TO WHOM PRESENTED:
Mr. E. J. Reefer has deposited in this Bank Ten Thousand ($10,000.00) Dollars, with instructions that out of this fund we are to return to any of Mr. Reefer's customers the total amount of their purchase from him, provided Mr. Reefer fails to do as he agrees.
You, therefore, take no risk whatever in purchasing from Mr. Reefer, as this bank will refund the total amount of your remittance to Mr. Reefer if he fails to do as he agrees. Very truly yours,
WR/I President.

Results Guaranteed!

Here is the facsimile of the guarantee of a million dollar bank that "More Eggs" will produce results. The million dollar bank guarantees to refund your money if you are not satisfied. You run no risk. So don't delay. Every day you wait you are losing money.

E. J. Reefer, *Poultry Expert*
3048 Reefer Bldg., **Kansas City, Mo.**

Send me one full-size package of "More Eggs." Send this with an absolute guarantee that you will refund my money if this tonic is not satisfactory in *every way*.
I enclose $1.00 (a dollar bill, P. O. money order, or your private check—just as you please).

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Every day counts! Start your hens making money for you *right away*. Send the coupon today for a full-size package of "More Eggs" Tonic. You run absolutely no risk. A million dollar bank will refund instantly if you are not entirely satisfied. Just put a dollar bill in with the coupon and mail today. Profit by the experience of a man who has himself made a fortune out of the poultry business, and is helping others to do the same. *Send for this guaranteed egg producer and profit maker TODAY.*

E. J. Reefer
Backed By a Million Dollars!

3048 Reefer Building **Kansas City, Mo.**

VOL. XXXII
NO. 2

Christmas Number

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

DECEMBER
1919

Glory to God in the highest,
and on earth peace,
good will toward men.

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See Story on Page 18.

COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

"The Winter Just Ahead of Us May Bring Suffering Infinitely Greater than the War Brought upon Us"

THE above headline is taken from a public statement of President Wilson quoted in an official bulletin issued by the United States Railroad Administration on the twenty-second day of last September. The complete quotation of the President's words reads:

"We have now got to do nothing less than bring our industries and our labor of every kind back to a normal basis after the greatest upheaval known to history, and *the winter just ahead of us may bring suffering infinitely greater than the war brought upon us* if we blunder or fail in the process. An admirable spirit of self-sacrifice, of patriotic devotion and of community action guided and inspired us while the fighting was on. We shall need all these now, and need them in a heightened degree, if we are to accomplish the first tasks of peace."

Mr. Wilson's warning was fully justified at the time, by the alarming attitude of organized labor manifest in the numerous strikes then in progress and others of incalculable consequences then impending, notable among the latter being the threats of nation-wide strikes by the railroad employees and the bituminous coal miners.

The Coal Strike a Crime

DESPITE the President's appeal and all other efforts to prevent such action the heads of the United Mine Workers' Union have carried their threat into execution by issuing a strike order which called out four hundred thousand miners on November first and closed every unionized soft coal mine from Colorado east. In so doing they have shown more than a wanton disregard of the interests of the public, for they have selected a time when a shortage of coal already existed and with cold weather coming on the closing of the mines would cause the people the utmost suffering, apparently for the purpose of enforcing their demands by the dire distress and necessity of the entire country.

The consequences of a long protracted strike of the coal miners at this time are too horrible to contemplate, involving, as they do, first the general shutting down of the industries on which millions of people depend for employment and earning their living, second a scarcity becoming a dearth of fuel to warm the homes, causing sickness to millions and deaths by thousands, finally paralyzing the railroads and bringing the inhabitants of the large cities to starvation. The President was within bounds in forecasting the suffering as "infinitely greater than the war brought upon us." It can not be allowed and must be prevented—but how?

Government Takes Vigorous Measures to Avoid National Calamity

WITH a full appreciation of the emergency the Government has reinstituted the war-time Fuel Administration for the purpose of conserving what coal there is above ground and apportioning it to the most vitally necessary uses. At once, the Railroad Administration ordered the seizure of sufficient coal to meet the pressing needs of the railroads and then cut down the train service to the smallest practicable minimum.

All these are proper and wise precautionary measures to mitigate so far as possible and for a time the disastrous effects of the cessation of coal production, but ultimately, if the strike is long continued, the worst phases of President Wilson's prediction will be realized. The only remedy, the only adequate relief consists in bringing the strike speedily to an end. For this purpose the Government, acting through the Attorney General, promptly initiated legal proceedings in the United States District Court, at Indianapolis, to compel the heads of the Miners' Union to revoke the strike order, and for the immediate issuance of an injunction to restrain these Union leaders from taking any action in furtherance of the strike pending a hearing and final decision of the case. The court issued the temporary injunction at once and ordered the interested parties to appear for hearing on November eighth.

In pursuing this course the Government does not question the undoubted right of laborers to strike under ordinary circumstances, or in other words, unless they are in duty bound by contract or other legal obligation not to strike. The Government bases its right to invoke the power of the court in this particular case on the grounds, first, that the miners are still bound by their war-time agreement to submit their disputes to arbitration and not to strike until the re-establishment of peace which, though hostilities have been suspended, will not be until the pending peace treaty has been ratified, and second that the officers of the Mine Workers' Union by ordering the strike violated the Federal law which forbids and makes it a punishable crime for two or more persons to conspire or agree to do anything to restrict the production of any necessary article of food or fuel. Thus the Government claims that the coal strike is a crime as well as a breach of contract in a cruel attempt to enforce unreasonable demands by torturing the nation into submission. The strike leaders, against whom the injunction has been issued, have appeared with their counsel in court to contest the case, and after hearing the evidence and arguments, on November eighth the court ordered them to revoke the strike order.

Demands of the Striking Miners

THE striking miners demand a five-day week, a six-hour day and a minimum daily wage of eight dollars. But, as explained by a prominent coal dealer, only five hours of the six-hour day would be spent in actual productive work, the other hour being used in going to and from the place of work. So that what they really propose and insist on is forty dollars pay for twenty-five hours of work a week. Of course the mine operators cannot grant these demands, even if disposed to do so, because the public would not submit to the high price and shortage of coal that would follow as a necessary consequence. The increased burden which the country would have to bear is stated by the same authority as follows:

"The coal miners' demands (if granted) will increase the cost of domestic fuel $2.50 a ton and reduce the annual supply by twenty million tons even though the present annual output of eighty million tons falls short of the country's needs. They will increase the cost of soft coal $1.50 a ton and add two hundred and fifty million dollars to the annual railway deficit—not to mention the added burden upon every public utility and the increased cost of every manufactured article, from pins to automobiles, all of which the public must pay. * * * This is not a blow at capital. It is a blow at every citizen of the country." To quote further from his prediction which was made before the strike order went into effect:

"The mask is off. The issue of the conflict is clear. This is no longer a struggle between labor and capital. The fight is between the United States of America and the American Federation of Labor."

His words were prophetic, as three weeks from the day they appeared in print the Government proceedings, which we have described, were instituted by order of President Wilson and with the approval of the Cabinet. This action called forth vigorous protests on the part of the strike leaders and Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, and the latter even went so far as to hint vaguely that undesirable consequences might result from organized labor's resentment at the court's restraining order. However, the officers of the Miner's Union reluctantly and under protest cancelled the strike order November eleventh. This action is the more creditable to them because, while they were debating whether or not to obey the court's mandate, President Gompers and his Executive Council publicly endorsed the strike and pledged to the miners the full support of the American Federation of Labor. It is reported that many of the miners are returning to work while others refuse to do so. But officers of the Miners' Union have accepted the Government's invitation, issued as soon as the strike was called off, to meet the mine operators with a view to adjusting their differences.

Sustain the Government in Maintaining Law and Order

THEIR demands are preposterous. The world cannot subsist on the products of twenty-five or even thirty hours of work a week, to say nothing of the exorbitant wage. Humanity would starve and freeze on a universal twenty-five hours of work a week. Is this strike the entering wedge, the beginning of a movement for a universal twenty-five hours of work a week, or do these four hundred thousand striking miners expect to be especially favored at the expense, privation and suffering of the rest of the community including the millions of laborers in all other employments? The application of these hours of labor and this scale of wages to farming, the basic industry of all, would so reduce food production that there would not be half enough to feed the population, and the laborers in all other industries would have to go on starvation rations however high their wages, for money is no substitute for a shortage of production and cannot buy what does not exist—witness the present shortage of sugar. Then, too, what would be the prices of food raised at a farm labor cost of forty dollars for twenty-five or thirty hours of work?

The coal miners' proposition is nothing more nor less than one of the phases of Bolshevism which has wrecked Russia. As to the attitude of the miners on the eve of the strike a writer in the New York Tribune, who has visited the coal districts, said:

"They are thirsting for a strike. They desire it as a means of demonstration of their absolute control of bituminous coal production. They desire it as a means of forcing their already determined nationalization of the coal mines. Thousands of them, red-soaked in the doctrines of Bolshevism, clamor for the strike as the means of syndicalizing the coal mines without the aid or consent of government, and even as starting a general revolution in America. The public has no conception of the way in which a large element among the miners has absorbed the Bolshevik economy and theory of soviet control. They are for it in tens of thousands—not as something to come in another generation, but now They see it coming through a nation freezing and starving in the depths of winter."

Please do not misunderstand what we have written as expressing enmity, which we do not entertain, toward labor organizations in general or the American Federation of Labor in particular. The majority of the members of most of the labor unions are good, law-abiding, patriotic citizens, but it is well known that an Anarchist, Bolshevik element, mostly composed of foreigners, is trying to get control of the labor organizations and on some of them has already obtained too strong a grip for the good of the Labor cause or the safety of the country. We appeal to all good citizens to support the Government in the present crisis, and especially to union labor to purge its organizations of the destructive forces that are striving for mastery by unlawful means.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"You lie!" the man cried cowering before her.



Violet and Bertha were always present on these occasions.

"Humph! A fine pair of horses you have there."



"Lord Cameron, as sure as I am a dutchman!"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

On a car, going up a steep hill, leading to the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, is Violet Draper Huntington. Opposite her sits Wallace Richardson. Nearly at the top of the hill, something beneath the car breaks. Wallace seizes Violet's hands and locking them behind his neck commands her to cling. The car crashes down, burying all the passengers beneath the ruins. They are the only two alive and hurried to Wallace Richardson's home, are cared for by his mother. Mrs. Mencke, Violet's sister provides a nurse and leaves orders for Violet to see no one. The nurse out for a walk, Violet goes to the adjoining room to meet Wallace and thank him for the life saved. As they become more friendly, Wallace realizes his danger and Violet is hopelessly in love. Violet asks Wallace to come with his mother to see her. Mrs. Mencke takes Violet to Saratoga for two months, then to Cincinnati, and home. The following day, picking up a paper, Violet reads of Mrs. Richardson's death. She goes to the Richardsons' house and expresses her sympathy to Wallace, who unconsciously calls her my darling, and asks her forgiveness. As she whispers, "I am glad," he knows she is all his own. Returning home, her sister demands where she has been, and learning it was at Mrs. Richardson's funeral, that she rides in the carriage with Wallace and Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Mencke denounces it as questionable and that she must drop him for all time. Wallace, calling upon Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke return and she introduces him and admits he is her promised husband. She overhears Belle's and her husband's scheme to place her in a convent. Mrs. Mencke, proposing a trip to Montreal, Violet refuses to go, and Mrs. Mencke takes Mrs. Hawley, who is to sail for Europe and chaperone Nellie Bailey, into her confidence and requests her to induce Violet to join them. Violet makes ready for the proposed trip and Wallace is at the steamer to say good by. Vane Cameron and Ralph Henderson join Mr. and Mrs. Hawley's party and before the voyage is over Vane Cameron surrenders his heart to Violet. Mrs. Mencke schemes that no letters pass between Violet and Wallace and later, joining the party in Europe, gives her permission for Vane to win Violet. Failing to get Violet's consent, she produces a notice of Wallace Richardson's death, which throws Violet into a severe sickness, leaving her sad and heartbroken. Vane Cameron, receiving an encouraging letter from Mrs. Mencke, appears, and tells Violet the wish nearest his heart is to make her his wife. Violet confesses to Vane her love for Wallace Richardson, her sister's opposition, concealing nothing. Knowing she is unhappy from causes other than Wallace's death, Vane urges her to allow him to give her his name, to shield her from sorrow and care. Violet, afraid to yield, and hesitating, faints. Ringing a bell, Mrs. Mencke enters. Recovering consciousness, Violet questions did she promise, and being assured by her sister that she has, she faints again. Mrs. Mencke informs Lord Cameron that Violet acknowledges the engagement, and later she consents to what he thinks best, but with many misgivings. Mrs. Mencke, entering Violet's room, finds the bed made and the room in order and no trace discovered of her. Four weeks later, Lord Cameron, returning from a fruitless search, sees a group near a cliff and the body of a woman upon the beach, clad in dark grey suit with bands of blue silk. Believing it is Violet, Lord Cameron selects a spot near the sea. The next day a stranger appears and requests to meet the woman reported to have married Lord Cameron. Being questioned by the Menckes his right, his answer thrills all—"the most sacred right in the world, for—she is my wife!" Wilhelm Mencke doubting the marriage, Wallace produces the marriage certificate and Vane Cameron confirms it by Violet's admission of it to him. Then he relates her loyalty to Wallace, her unhappiness, the treatment received, her disappearance and later the finding of her body by drowning and the burial. Wallace falls unconscious and Lady Cameron and Vane remain with Wallace through a severe illness. Riding through the crowded streets, Wallace catches the glimpse of a face, looking from a coach window, which unmans him. Vane consoles him with what he knows. Wallace returns to New York, building up a fine business. In the meanwhile, Wilhelm Mencke squanders all at the gaming table and Mrs. Mencke returns to Cincinnati from which place she suddenly disappears. The night of Violet's flight she meets a peasant girl, Lisette Vermilet, fleeing from a forced marriage and they exchange clothing. Lisette, leaving Violet, and still dark, rushes on at a headlong speed, loses her balance and falls over a projecting cliff into the sea. The body found later, and not recognizable, is by the clothing supposed to be Vane Cameron's promised bride. Violet returns to New York, securing a position as governess for Bertha Lawrence, who is partially blind and possessed of a strong will.

CHAPTER XXI.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

VIOLET'S tactics proved very successful with her pupil, and while she had many anxious and weary moments, and had to practice the greatest patience and self-control in the management of the unruly child, she felt such an overwhelming pity for the motherless girl, such tenderness for her in her affliction, that it helped her to be sweet and kind even when she had to be most firm, and it was not long before she had her under complete control. The two were the best of friends in a short time, and Mr. Lawrence looked upon Violet as an elder daughter and treated her as such. Her influence wrought a great change in Bertha's character, helping to make her life brighter and happier, and transforming her from a spoiled, discontented, miserable girl into a pleasant, lovable little companion.

One day while her pupil was paying some visits with her father, Violet took advantage of their absence to do some shopping, and after having made her purchases she walked leisurely along the street enjoying her liberty, occasionally stopping to look at the goods displayed in the shop windows, pausing now and then to admire the pictures in some art store, and greatly diverted as she went by watching the busy, hurrying throng.

On and on she walked, taking no note of time or distance, until something prompted her to turn into a wide and more quiet street on her left, and she wended her way slowly along, thinking how strange it was to be there in New York and not know a single person, among its million of people, save those with whom she was living.

"It is almost like being an alien in a strange land," she murmured, a little sadly, while, for the first time during her residence there a slight feeling of homesickness came over her.

She had noticed in turning the corner that there was a large church near by, and she had thought to walk past it and ascertain if possible what denomination worshiped there.

As she came opposite its spacious entrance she observed that some one was sitting upon one of the steps and leaning against a pillar.

A second glance told her that it was a man—heavy in form, gross in appearance, shabbily dressed, while he reclined there motionless, with his hat pulled far over, and mostly concealing his face.

Violet thought that he must be intoxicated and was probably sleeping off the effect of his potations, but just as she was passing him he lifted his hat and glanced sleepily at her out of his bleared and swollen eyes.

The effect of that glance was electrical, for the next moment he had sprung to his feet, a fearful imprecation bursting from his lips, his face, which but a minute before had been of a dusky red, suddenly blanching to the pallor of death, while he trembled visibly in every limb.

"Girl! Girl! Who, in Heaven's name, are you?" he demanded, in a hoarse, unnatural voice.

Violet had not recognized him until he spoke; but now, with a sinking heart and a feeling of intense disgust, she saw that she was face to face with Wilhelm Mencke, her sister's husband, who, it was evident, had become a sot, and, if appearances did not deceive her, almost a beggar since she last saw him.

"Who are you? Who are you?" he cried again, in a shrill, quavering voice, a look of fear and dread almost convulsing his features.

He afterward confessed that he believed himself to have been attacked with delirium tremens and haunted by Violet's ghost.

"I am Violet," the startled girl at last found voice to say.

"You lie!" the man cried, cowering before her as if she had struck him a blow; then he added, in an awed, husky whisper: "Violet is dead."

"Dead!" repeated Violet, wonderingly.

"Yes, dead—and buried. I saw her laid in her grave with my own eyes," he reiterated, his staring eyes still riveted upon her face.

"That is not possible, Wilhelm," Violet answered. "I ran away from you and Belle because I did not wish to marry Lord Cameron; but I did not die. I went directly to Paris."

The man was shaking as with an ague fit; his eyes were still frightfully wild, his whole attitude betraying excessive terror.

"No, no," he muttered, "Violet was buried at Mentone—I saw her—I know it!"

"You are mistaken, Wilhelm," Violet returned, as she began to have some inkling of the truth; "if any one is dead—if you have buried any one believing it to be me, it must have been that poor girl with whom I exchanged clothing."

"Ha! What is that you say?" cried the man, with a start, and recovering himself somewhat at this statement, while he drew a little nearer his sister-in-law. "What 'poor girl' do you mean?"

"A peasant girl who was also running away from an unhappy home and a cruel father," Violet explained. "We met on the road not far from Mentone, and she told me her story. I was so afraid of being seen and recognized that I persuaded her to let me have her costume in exchange for mine. Can it be that she is dead!" the young girl concluded, sorrowfully.

"If what you tell me is true, it must have been that girl," Mr. Mencke replied, pleased with the discovery that he was not a victim of delerium tremens and that Violet was not a spirit.

"How did she die?" she inquired, her mind still upon the unfortunate peasant girl, while tears started to her eyes at her sad fate.

"Drowned," Wilhelm Mencke said, laconically.

"Poor Lisette! How could it have happened?" cried Violet, in a horrified tone and growing very pale at the intelligence.

"She probably made a misstep on the cliffs and tumbled into the ocean," explained Mr. Mencke. "Her body was found four weeks afterward, but it was so disfigured it could not be recognized, save by the clothing, which we knew was yours, and so of course concluded it must be you."

Violet shuddered. It seemed a horrible fate, and yet it might have been hers. She wondered how she had managed to escape falling from those perilous cliffs as she made her way over that strange road in the darkness.

"Where is Belle?" she asked, with some reluctance, after a few moments of sad thought.

"The devil knows—I don't," snapped the man, angrily, a heavy scowl disfiguring his face.

Violet looked both astonished and disgusted at this rude reply.

"What do you mean, Wilhelm?" she asked, gravely, "and why do I find you here in such a plight?" glancing over his soiled and threadbare apparel.

He laughed disagreeably at the question.

"You see me looking like a beggar because I am one," he answered, roughly.

"What do you mean?" she repeated.

"I am dead broke—that is all," sullenly.

"Do you mean that you have lost all your money and—mine, too?" Violet demanded, wonderingly.

"Every dollar of it."

"How?"

The man laughed uneasily, but, with an air of bravado, he made first a motion as if he were shaking and throwing dice, then as if shuffling cards, and she knew that he had gambled it away.

"What did you mean by saying that you do not know where Belle is?" Violet inquired, without making any comment upon the loss of her property, though she was astonished to learn that it was all gone.

"Just what I said," Wilhelm Mencke responded, gruffly. "When she found I'd made way with all the money she denounced me in language more expressive than agreeable; said she never wanted to look upon my face again, and much more of the same sort; so I took her at her word, cleared out, and haven't seen her since."

"When was that?" Violet asked.

"Last December."

"Where were you then?"

"In London."

"Do you think it probable that she has returned to America?"

"I cannot say. I only know that she made it so hot for me that I wanted to get into a cooler atmosphere, and so I vamoosed," the man returned, with a shrug of his huge shoulders and a suggestive leer. "I don't care if I never see her again," he added, with an oath.

Violet regarded him with more and more of repugnance—indeed, she was half afraid of him, in his present state, and wondered how it was possible for any one to fall so low in so short a time.

"Well, you've catechized me pretty thoroughly; now suppose you answer a few questions yourself," he remarked, drawing nearer to her, his fear having all vanished upon discovering her to be of real flesh and blood instead of an apparition. "When did you come to New York?"

"Last October."

"Where were you between May and October?"

"Most of the time in Paris."

"What were you doing there?"

"Studying music and French."

"Hadn't you had enough of that lingo?" sneered Wilhelm Mencke, who affected to despise the "chattering French people." "And where did you get money to pay your bills?"

"I had saved it from my allowance," said Violet.

"What was your object in studying there?"

"To fit myself for a teacher, so that I could take care of myself, for I never intended to go back to you and Belle."

"You didn't, eh? Why not, pray?" he demanded, flushing.

"Because you were not kind to me," Violet said, tremulously, as a flood of painful memories rushed over her.

"Humph! What in thunder made you run away from that chap you promised to marry?" the man asked, sharply. "Instead of having to work for your own living you would now be occupying one of the finest positions in England."

Violet's face grew very pale and sorrowful.

She could never recall those sad incidents and trials of her life without experiencing pain.

"Yes," she said, thoughtfully, "I know that; but I know also that I should have been guilty of doing Lord Cameron the greatest wrong possible; so I ran away because Belle was determined that I should marry him, and there was no other way of escaping from such a fate."

"But you promised him that you would marry him, and it was a shabby trick to break it and run away from him at the last moment."

"I do not think I ever did really promise," Violet said, thoughtfully. "It was more than half Belle's doings, and I was drawn into it before I was aware of it. At any rate, I felt that I should be committing sin——"

"Against whom—your old lover?" sneered Wilhelm Mencke, eying her keenly.

"Oh, no; for Wallace is dead, you know," Violet answered, sadly, but flushing slightly as she thought that he did not know of the sacred bond that had united them, "but I did not love Lord Cameron, and he was too good a man to be hampered with a loveless wife; so I thought it was better to run away at the last moment than to perjure myself and ruin his life."

Her companion eyed her keenly during this speech. It was evident to him that she had not yet learned the truth about Wallace being alive.

He did not intend to undeceive her regarding his supposed death, for he thought perhaps he might yet make profitable use of the fact of his existence, if he should ever meet the young man again.

"So you are really earning your own living?" he remarked, changing the subject and running his eye critically over her neat, trim figure, while his fat shoulders shook with amusement at the idea; for in the old days in Cincinnati she had never been required to do anything for herself.

"Yes," Violet said, briefly.

"You look as if you fared pretty well, too," he added. "What are you doing?"

"Teaching. Do you suppose Belle has gone home to Cincinnati?"

The young girl suddenly and purposely changed the subject, for she did not wish to tell him any more about herself if she could avoid it.

"I don't know—nor do I care," the man returned, gruffly, and completing his sentence with some observation not very complimentary to Mrs. Mencke.

Violet flushed indignantly at his coarseness, but made no reply to it.

"Where are you teaching?" he inquired, persistently going back to that subject; "in the public schools?"

"No; I am giving private lessons in French and music," Violet said after a moment of thought, and not thinking it necessary to tell him what else she was doing.

"Where do you live?"

Violet hesitated; but at length she said, boldly: "I would prefer not to tell you, Wilhelm. I have broken away altogether from my old life, and I have no desire to renew its former associations. It is a hard thing to say, perhaps, but you and Belle both have alienated yourselves of my affections by your unkind treatment. I sometimes think it is very strange—it does not seem as if an own sister could treat one so."

A peculiar gleam shot into Wilhelm Mencke's eyes at this and his lips parted as if he were about to speak, but he checked himself; and Violet, not noticing it, went on:

"You say that people believe me to be dead—let them continue to think so; I am happier as I am, living among comparative strangers and in the independence of self-support, and I am doing no one any wrong by keeping my existence unknown. If you are living here in New York, I hope we shall not meet again, and I do not wish you to try to discover my abode. I no longer owe you any obedience, for you have forfeited all right to any authority over me by your unkindness and the squandering of my property, and, though I suppose I might call you to account for it, I have no desire to do so. I simply ask you to let me alone."

CHAPTER XXII.

"I'LL HUNT YOU OUT YET."

The man flushed angrily at her reply.

"Humph! You are ashamed of your brother because he happens to be down in the world just now."

"Your simply 'being down in the world,' as you express it, Wilhelm, would not make me 'ashamed' of you; but if you have gambled away all your money, as well as mine, as you have led me to infer, I certainly cannot depend upon you for future support; while, if you are leading a life of dissipation, as your appearance indicates, I think it will be better for us not to meet," Violet answered, somewhat coldly.

"You ——— saucy minx," he began, fiercely, "you shall tell me where you live," and he laid a heavy hand upon her shoulder.

"I shall not tell you anything more about myself, and you can release me at once, or I shall appeal to that policeman yonder," Violet said, calmly and resolutely.

She glanced at an officer who was pacing back and forth, down by the corner of the street, as she spoke.

Doubtless Wilhelm Mencke knew that she would be as good as her word, for his hand dropped by his side, though an angry oath escaped him at her obstinacy, while he affirmed that "he would yet ferret her out."

Then he moderated his tone all at once, and asked, in a sort of shamefaced, appealing way:

"Do you happen to have a little money that you can spare me, Violet? I am deucedly hard up this morning."

A curl of scorn wreathed the girl's beautiful lips at this unmanly request, but she quietly drew forth her purse, and taking a five-dollar bill from it, passed it to him.

His eyes gleamed greedily as he grasped it and shoved it into the depths of a pocket.

Then he turned and began to shuffle off, remarking that "he was dry and guessed he would go and get a glass of beer."

He stopped after he had gone a few steps, however, and looking over his shoulder, remarked, with a malicious leer:

"You may imagine that you are cute enough

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18)

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This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THERE were so many interesting letters this month that it was disappointing to be told that there were so many of equal interest left over that there wouldn't be space for only a few new ones in December. Then came the difficulty of selecting them. I thought to myself, "That letter from Mrs. Auld has just naturally got to be published for it may mean a better Christmas for some lonely soldier or sailor boy, and Auntie Wood's mustn't be left out, and the letter from S. C. Sheppard must surely be printed." It isn't often we have a letter from such a mighty hunter and besides, S. C. is a poet and who knows but what he may favor us with some more of his nature verses. I believe in encouraging youthful talent. Then there are the letters giving advice and sympathy to "Wife in Name Only" and last but not least there are the babies, bless em! There are eleven, nice, fat, dimply, smiling babies whose pictures I want to appear this month but I don't dare hope for such good fortune. The powers that be will decree that not more than two or three can be used. But I am sure if the editor should ever place the whole eleven photographs in a row, as I did, he would print every picture. Right then and there I decided that eleven babies were not too many for any one family to have, but just think of buying Christmas presents for eleven children! That's what I must be doing—not for eleven children, but enough so that the only thing I can give my friends will be my sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas, and since, through the years we have worked together, the COMFORT Sisters have come to be real folks to me and are counted among my friends, just consider that it means *you* when I say Merry Christmas.—Ed.

PONTIAC, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a COMFORT reader for twenty-five years. I am sending my boy's photograph. His name is Clark and he is nine months old. I should like to see



CLARK WILLHOITE.

him smiling at me from COMFORT's pages. I wouldn't do without my magazine no matter what the price was.

With love, MRS. ALICE WILLHOITE.

Mrs. Willhoite.—You won't be the only person to be glad when your baby smiles out at the world from COMFORT's pages. We consider it an honor to have him with us and when I looked at his picture I said, "Are there any more at home like you?"—Ed.

OAKLAND, 3740 Emerson St., CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

We are nearing the holidays and if I don't get in a word now I can't expect to do so before Christmas so just hitch your chairs over a bit and make room for a caller from the Old Pine Tree State, a genuine downeast Yankee, whom fate transplanted into California some years ago. First of all (now keep right on with your knitting, I like to hear the click of the needles), since I am just a short ride from San Francisco and can see its lights from my windows, I thought perhaps I might be a proxy mother to some of your boys in the U. S. Service, Army, Navy or Marine, at the holidays. Some of your dear ones aren't to be discharged for quite a while yet and are perhaps lonely for the grip of mother's hands or the companionship of sisters and brothers. Many are church and Sunday School boys back home but take little interest in attending a strange church in a strange city. "Where the boys in uniform all look alike and go to church in herds and never get to really know anyone," as one dear fellow said to me recently. As my own dear boy wore his country's uniform for more than three years, I have tried to play mother to all the soldiers I have met, knowing from the experience of my own son just how lonely they are and how everyday-alike their life in camp soon becomes. For more than three years there has been no week in which some other mother's boy didn't have a little visit with me and Sundays have been enjoyable, to me at least, as I have had many dear ones, far from home and loved ones, to take to church with me. If any of you have a dear one near or in San Francisco or one among the sick or wounded in Letterman Hospital, Presidio, San Francisco, I want name and address in full and will see to it that they will feel they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

WITH the revival of the sugar shortage the sugar-saving recipes will come into their own again, if indeed they have ever abdicated in favor of before-the-war recipes that called so recklessly for one, two and three cups of sugar. What we have done we can do again and our Christmas dinner need be none the less merry because we have used molasses, honey or corn syrup for our Christmas pudding for, after all, it is the Christmas spirit that makes it the day of days, and that is one thing still within the control of individuals, so let us be merry.—Ed.

CREAM OF CELERY SOUP.—Take the outer stalks of celery and wash well and cut into inch lengths; put into sauce-pan, cover with boiling water and cook until tender. Drain and save the water in which they are cooked. Mash the celery through a coarse sieve, return to water and boil fifteen minutes; then strain into double boiler. To each cup of celery add one cup of milk; season with salt and pepper and thicken with flour moistened with water to smooth paste. Add a piece of butter and let cook for a few minutes longer.

OLD-FASHIONED CREAM PIE.—Cream one third cup of butter, add one cup of sugar and cream again. Add one well-beaten egg, one teaspoon of flavoring, and with the eggbeater beat the mixture well. Mix together two even cups of sifted flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar and one half teaspoon of soda and sift again. Measure one cup of milk and add it al-



OLD-FASHIONED CREAM PIE.

ternately to the egg mixture with the flour. Beat hard, and bake in three thin round cakes in a moderate oven. The oven for thin layer cakes should be a little hotter than for loaf cake.

CREAM FILLING.—Have boiling hot two cups of fresh milk. Beat two eggs until creamy and then beat in half a cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. In a sauce-pan melt one tablespoon of butter and slowly add two tablespoons of dry flour and stir until thoroughly smooth. Add slowly the boiling hot milk while continually stirring and when well mixed, pour it over the egg and sugar, stir and return to boiler and cook about seven minutes. When both cake and cream are cold, flavor the cream and spread it between the layers of cake. If desired, the pie may be frosted and decorated with half walnut meats of jelly.

ROAST TURKEY.—After cleaning and washing turkey thoroughly place it in roaster, having first rubbed the entire surface with salt, pepper and flour rubbed to a paste and mixed with butter. Place in hot oven until it begins to brown, then baste. For basting use a cup of boiling water to which a quarter cup of bacon fat has been added. Use this until there is enough fat from the bird to baste with. Cook about three hours, though time required depends somewhat upon size of turkey. If turkey is browning too fast, cover with buttered paper to prevent burning. Turn frequently.

STUFFING.—Melt one quarter cup butter and pour over one cup of cracker crumbs which have been seasoned with salt, pepper, sage and a little onion. Moisten with one egg, well beaten, and add enough scalded milk to make it the right consistency.

GIBLET GRAVY.—To the fat in the pan add three tablespoons of flour and stir until free from lumps. To this add the stock in which the giblets have been cooked and enough boiling water to make it the desired consistency. Chop giblets into small pieces and add.

SCRAMBLED EGGS.—Five eggs, one half cup milk, one half teaspoon salt, one eighth teaspoon pepper, two tablespoons butter. Beat eggs slightly with silver fork; add salt, pepper and milk. Heat omelet pan, put in butter, and when melted, turn in the mixture. Cook until of creamy consistency, stirring and scraping from bottom of the pan.

STEAMED EGGS.—Put one or two tablespoons of new milk in plain patty tins, and break fresh eggs into them; add a little salt and put into the steamer and steam while white, over the yolks, but not long enough to harden them. Eggs thus prepared are very nice and look very inviting.—MRS. MIKE MATHISON, Moorhead, R. R. 4, Box 44, Iowa.

STEAMED PUDDING.—Two cups rye flour, one half teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon soda, one half cup chopped nuts, one half cup chopped raisins, one half cup molasses, one half cup sour milk, one quarter teaspoon each cinnamon, cloves, nutmeg and ginger and two tablespoons melted shortening. Mix dry ingredients together, then add others in order. Steam one and one half to two hours, in well-greased moulds. Serve with hard sauce.

HARD SAUCE.—Cream one quarter cup of butter until very light and gradually work in two thirds of a cup of powdered sugar, a little cinnamon and orange juice.

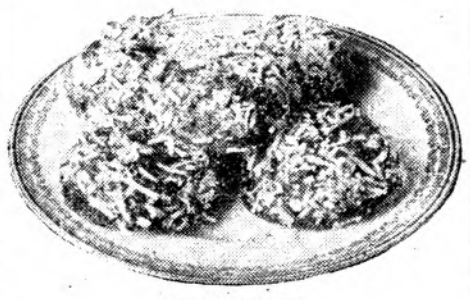
EGGLESS FRUIT CAKE.—One half cup of lard or butter, two thirds cup of sugar, one cup of raisins, two thirds cup of sour milk, one half teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon all kinds of spices, one teaspoon soda and enough flour to make batter thick enough to drop from spoon.—MRS. P. M. HARRELL, Wheatland, Ind.

BUTTER SCOTCH.—Three quarters cup molasses, one cup sugar, two tablespoons vinegar, two tablespoons hot water and one half cup butter. Boil until brittle when tried in cold water. Turn into buttered tins and cut into squares.

CREAM CANDY.—One cup sweet cream, two cups granulated sugar, two thirds teaspoon cream of tartar. Do not stir while cooking. Cook half an hour, remove from stove and beat well. Add nuts and flavoring and work candy into a roll and slice.

PRALINES.—Two pounds brown sugar, one half cup butter, one cup milk, one tablespoon vinegar. Boil until it will thread. Flavor with vanilla, add chopped nuts and beat until creamy.

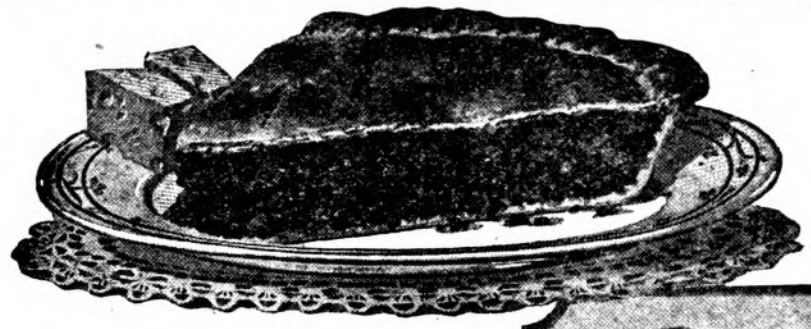
COCOANUT DROPS.—Two cups of freshly grated cocoanut, or the shredded cocoanut soaked in milk and drained until dry, one tablespoon of flour mixed with



COCOANUT DROPS.

one cup of sugar, and one egg-white beaten until stiff and dry. Stir all together and drop in spoonfuls on buttered paper. Sift sugar over the top, and add a little coccanut if desired. Bake in a slow oven about fifteen minutes. They should be lightly browned on top and bottom.

TAFFY.—Two cups sugar, one cup water. Let boil and add two tablespoons vinegar, and piece of butter size of walnut. Let cook until it will harden in cold water. Add flavoring and remove from fire. Let cool and then pull.—EDITH DEARING, Velpen, Ind.





Mince Pie

"Like Mother Used to Make"

is but one of the many filling, luscious good things YOU can make—oh, so easily!—out of savory



None Such Gems

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

The New Recipes

exhibited on this page suggest some of a wide variety of appetizing dishes.

These recipes will be welcomed by housewives who like to surprise their families with something new and tempting in the way of food.

For example, hot None Such Gems for breakfast lend a little variety to a meal too often the same. Bake enough of them. Your family will make away with them fast and come up smiling for more.

For luncheons that must be taken somewhere, Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling are sustaining as well as delicious. Gracious, how every bite seems to go to just the right spot!

And to the stuffing of the game that's carved at your board, a single package of None Such will add richness and flavor.

TRY THESE RECIPES

None Such Gems—Make a pie-crust dough. Use gem pans, greasing pan as usual. Roll dough moderately thick. Line each gem pan with dough in the same manner as for pie, fill with None Such Mince Meat thickened with flour. Make a covering of dough. Serve hot.

None Such Salad—None Such Mince Meat, oranges, grapes, celery, marshmallows. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf.

None Such Sandwiches—Cut slices of bread very thin. Make a filling of None Such Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimentos. Use crisp lettuce leaf.

None Such Relish—Mix None Such Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions

Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling—*Cookies*—1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 3 cups oatmeal, 3 cups flour, 1-2 cup milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda. *Filling*—None Such Mince Meat, 2 cups; 1 cup water. Boil till thick and spread between cookies.

None Such Jelly for Dessert—1 package Jiffy-Jell (either lemon, orange, or loganberry), nuts, None Such Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and place a cherry in center.

Tomato Stuffed with None Such—Scoop out a tomato. Mix None Such Mince Meat, celery, green peppers and onions. Fill the scooped-out tomato and serve, after chilling, on plate garnished with parsley.

None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game—Make dressing in the usual way; add 1 package None Such Mince Meat, and more apples and celery to suit individual taste.

NOTE—None Such Mince Meat prepared in the same manner as for Mince Pie, should be used for all these recipes. Use according to directions on the package.

You'll find yourself trying some of the other recipes suggested on the None Such package.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.



None Such Salad



None Such Sandwiches



None Such Relish



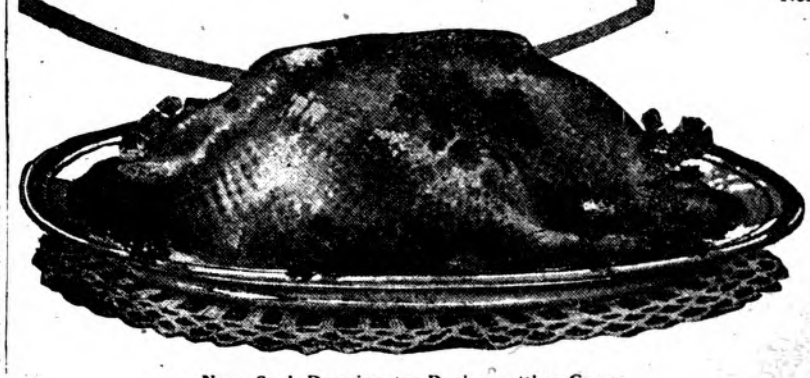
Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling



None Such Jelly for Dessert



Tomato Stuffed with None Such



None Such Dressing for Duck or Other Game

Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards

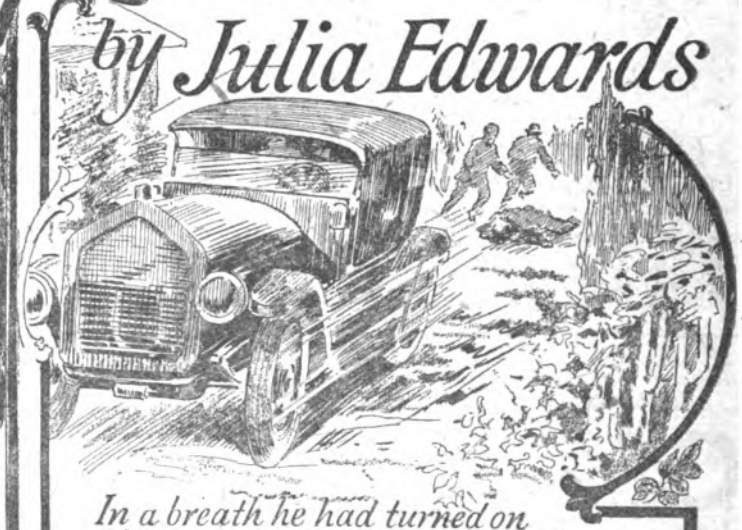


The rancher was carrying a salver containing a pitcher and two glasses.

"This happened about the middle of the afternoon, you say?"



The woman however did not move from the road.



In a breath he had turned on the power, and set the throbbing mechanism in motion.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nicholas Berdyne, past middle age, his face marred by dissipation, schemes with Hartley Trenwyck to win Beryl Grayson, whose father is dead. She is engaged to Neil Preston, who goes to Alaska in the interest of a mine owned by Grayson and which falls into Berdyne's hands. Neil Preston is reported dead by Dave Gorsline, who is hired by Berdyne to tell Beryl. In her sorrow and loss of wealth, she refuses continued aid from Berdyne. Mr. Jackman from Denver, wanting to repay a debt owed to Beryl's father, invites Beryl to his ranch, where she forms a friendship for Tonita, a beautiful Mexican girl, who advises her not to marry Berdyne through any mistaken idea of gratitude. Irma Lee, discarded by Berdyne, warns Beryl that he serves his own selfish purpose and that Neil Preston lives and is on his way to Jackman's Ranch. Berdyne, persistent that Beryl shall become his wife, Neil Preston, overhearing her denunciation of his baseness and treachery and refusing to marry him, confronts Berdyne who swears he will follow his trail. The day Beryl Grayson becomes Berdyne's wife, Morley Preston, opposed to Neil's marriage, will tender Trenwyck a check for five thousand dollars and Berdyne will give a like sum. He admits Beryl's trust in Jackson and that the letter written offering her the home was inspired by him, that he holds a heavy mortgage on the Jackman ranch, and with this knowledge they plot to separate the lovers who plan to be married the following day.

HAPTER VII.

THE FAITHLESS FRIEND.

"YOU are happy, Beryl?"

Mr. Jackman came into the sitting-room where Beryl, her lovely face radiant with joy, was moving about, collecting some of the books and keepsakes which she had brought with her from Denver. She had been singing, out of the fullness of her heart, but stopped and turned brightly upon the rancher.

"Happy, you ask, Mr. Jackman?" she repeated. "Ah, yes! I believe I am the happiest girl in all the world! Why should I not be? My darling has returned to me, and tomorrow—she blushed like the rose—"tomorrow I am to be his bride."

The rancher was carrying a salver containing a pitcher and two glasses. One of the glasses was filled with a liquid that sparkled ruby-red to the brim. His hands trembled a little as he placed the salver and its burden on a table.

"Ah, well," said he with a short, unnatural laugh, "love is a wondrous thing. What some men will do for it is past all understanding."

There was a quiver in the rancher's strong voice, and he seemed even more ill at ease than when he had met Beryl and Neil on the veranda a few hours before. But Beryl, so completely wrapped up in her own happiness, paid little heed to these visible signs of a strange mood in Mr. Jackman.

"Are you going to miss the melancholy little girl that has been your guest for so long, Mr. Jackman?" she archly asked, sinking into a chair.

"More than I can tell," said he, his eyes wandering under the look she gave him.

"Will Mother Jackman be back before I leave, do you think?"

"I hope not," said he absently.

"You hope not," she repeated, with a bewildered smile.

"I mean," he answered, confusedly, "that I hope you will not leave before she comes. I have come to drink to your happiness in a glass of home-made wine," he went on. "I know you do not care for wine, Beryl, but on this occasion, and since I have drawn it with my own hands from my choicest store, you will not refuse a glass with me?"

Mr. Jackman was English, and whenever he wished to celebrate he must do it with a glass of wine from the small vineyard on the estate. Beryl felt that she could not refuse the slight request.

"It will be my first glass of wine, Mr. Jackman," said she; "but since you have gone to the trouble to get it, I shall not be disobliging."

He brought her the filled glass, then poured another for himself. His hand was unsteady, and he spilled some of the pitcher's contents on the salver.

"Will you give me a toast?" cried Beryl, raising her glass and peering at him with her glancing eyes.

"If your future holds a trace of disappointment," said the grizzled rancher, "may seeming misfortune turn out a blessing in disguise."

It was a queer sentiment, and queerly spoken; but the glasses tinkled together and passed to the waiting lips. The rancher swallowed his wine at a gulp. Beryl drank only half of hers, then set the glass back on the salver.

"I shall never forget your kindness to me, Mr. Jackman," said she.

"Don't speak of it!" exclaimed the rancher, almost harshly.

"A girl has so few trifles than men care for," she said, "that I have nothing to leave with you in the way of a keepsake, but I shall certainly send you a little remembrance from San Francisco."

"Don't bother about me, Beryl," he huskily murmured.

"Oh, but I shall!" she declared with girlish insistence. "This little, gold cross," she went on, untying a bit of ribbon that held the trinket against her white throat, "used to be my mother's. I am going to leave it for Mother Jackman. She will prize it for my sake, I know."

She stepped over to the rancher, and pressed the cross into his hand. His face was like stone, and his eyes, although fixed upon her, did not seem to see her at all.

"Strange," she murmured, picking up an armful of books and pictures, "but I feel dizzy and sleepy. I believe I will go to my room for a while and lie down before I finish packing."

Thereupon she passed out of the apartment, and Jackson could hear her little feet climbing the stairs. Trenwyck came in from an adjacent room.

"Did she drink it?" he whispered.

"Yes," answered the rancher, drearily; "she did not suspect me, because she thinks I am her friend. Trenwyck, that little girl is as pure and innocent as she is beautiful. God help me for this day's work!"

"Why, man," murmured the lawyer, clapping him on the back, "it's the best day's work you ever did in your life. You have saved your ranch, and Berdyne will be your friend for all time."

"I have bought my place for a dear price, if my conscience is to pay for it," growled Jackman; "and as for Berdyne, I want none of his friendship, or yours. I have agreed to help you in this contemptible business in order to keep a roof over my head, and you may count on me to do my part as well as I may."

Trenwyck drew back and surveyed him with a basilisk smile.

"Go upstairs and lock her door," said he, coolly, "then give me the key."

CHAPTER VIII.

OUT OF THE SNARE.

Neil Preston returned at the edge of evening in a taxicab. Hurrying up to the front door of the ranch house, Neil gave the bell an impatient pull. Jackman answered the summons in person, and seemed intensely surprised on beholding his visitor.

"Why," he exclaimed, "is that you, Mr. Preston?"

"Certainly," replied Neil, briskly. "You knew I was coming for Beryl, didn't you?"

"But you changed your plans," faltered Jackman, "and sent a note——"

"I sent no note," cried Neil. "Tell Beryl I am here, and waiting."

"But she has gone," said Jackman, in well-feigned consternation. "She left about the middle of the afternoon, bag and baggage, in the automobile you sent for her."

Neil was astounded. A clammy hand seemed gripping his heart and squeezing out every drop of blood.

"Do not trifle with me," he wildly cried. "I sent Beryl no note and I sent no automobile after her. It was the understanding that I was to come for her in person."

"Can this be possible?" muttered Jackman, seemingly aghast. "Why, I found the note on the stairs, where Beryl must have dropped it in her haste. Come in, Mr. Preston. This is something that must be looked into at once."

Neil staggered, rather than walked, into the lighted room. His handsome face had turned pale under its tan, and his dark eyes were wild with anxiety. Jackman gave him the note, which ran thus:

"MY PRECIOUS ONE: I am detained in San Jose. Will you come, without delay, in the motor car I have sent for you? The chauffeur will give you this. With love and kisses, in haste.

"NEIL."

"Heaven help my poor Beryl!" groaned Neil, dropping the paper and covering his face with his hands. "That is not my handwriting, Jackman. It is a trick of Berdyne's."

Only an instant did he give way to his grief, then he leaped at Jackman and caught his arm as in a vise, his eyes fairly gleaming with the fury that ran hot in his veins.

"This happened about the middle of the afternoon, you say?" he demanded.

"Yes."

"And which way did the car go when it left here?"

"Down into the valley, toward town."

Without another word, Neil whirled, dashed from the house, and ran to his waiting vehicle.

"Back to San Jose, chauffeur!" he cried. "Do not spare the car! Speed her up!"

The startled chauffeur turned back along the the tree-lined road, but he had not gone a quarter of a mile before a cloaked figure leaped out into the highway and a woman's voice called: "Stop!"

Neil, who was sitting beside the chauffeur, leaned out of the car.

"Away!" he cried, warningly. "Do not attempt to stop us! An errand, it may be, of life and death calls us on! Open the throttle!" he added.

The woman, however, did not move from the road.

"Is it the Senor Neil Preston to whom I am speaking?" she asked.

"Yes, yes!" he answered. "Who are you? What do you wish?"

"I know whom you are seeking," answered the woman, "and I am almost sure that you are on the wrong course. The welfare of her whom you wish to find is very dear to me, and I beg you, senor, to descend, and grant me a short interview."

"Wait here, driver," said Neil, and sprang to the ground.

The woman retreated a little way among the trees, and Neil hastened to join her.

"Senor," said the woman, speaking rapidly, and laying an eager hand on Neil's arm, "I am Tonita Morales, Beryle's friend. Perhaps she has told you of me?"

"Yes, yes," returned Neil, his agony throbbing in the very tones of his voice. "Beryl spoke of you when I saw her this morning. What do you know? Oh, tell me quickly."

"I called to see Beryl," said Tonita; "it was almost noon, at the time, and Mr. Jackman told me Beryl had gone."

"At noon, you say?" repeated Neil; "and Jackman told you, at that time, that Beryl had gone?"

"Yes, senor."

"Why, he just told me that Beryl had not left until the middle of the afternoon!"

"Ah," said the girl, with a shrug, "his stories do not hang together! There is a mystery here—I have felt so, all the time. But listen to me, senor, for I am not done. After hearing what Senor Jackman had to say, I started back toward home, grieving in my heart that my dear friend should go away without one word to her Tonita, who loves her so dearly. I thought that, perhaps, she had left a letter for me in her room, and I went back. I could not see Senor Jackman, nor any one else, so I went into the house and up the stairs. Senor, the door of Beryl's room was locked! Why should it be locked if she was not there?"

Neil's brain was fairly whirling. Indeed, as Tonita had said, there was a mystery; but would he be warranted in delaying his pursuit of Berdyne to return to the ranch house and make an investigation? A quick decision was required, and everything might depend on the correctness of it.

"I will go back," muttered Neil. "Heaven grant that I may find my poor darling, and that the course I am taking is the right one."

"Stay one moment, Senor," breathed Tonita excitedly. "Are you armed? You may be going among foes."

"I have my two hands," answered Neil, "and they will suffice."

"I would leave the taxi, senor," the Mexicana counseled. "Make your return a surprise, and, perhaps, you may discover something."

The advice seemed good, and Neil ordered his chauffeur to remain where he was. The man was a stranger; if Neil had known him to be trustworthy he would have taken him along. As it was, the chauffeur, very much astonished at all these proceedings, drove out of the road among the trees, and settled himself to wait until he should receive further orders.

Tonita accompanied Neil, almost running to keep abreast of him. Just as they were approaching the house, the sound of an automobile was wafted to their ears from down the road. The car was approaching rapidly, and they were compelled to draw aside into the shadow of the trees to let it pass.

There was but one passenger in the car; they caught a fleeting glimpse of him as he flew by—a dim, almost indistinguishable figure in front, bending over the steering gear.

Neil's attention became riveted upon the car.

"See," he whispered, hoarsely, "the automobile has come to a stop in front of the ranch house! Yes," he added, his voice tense with excitement, "and the man is getting out; the front door of the house opens, and some one emerges carrying—— Ah, Heaven," he finished, with a gasp, "it is Beryl, Beryl!"

This was indeed true. Evidently the coming of the automobile was expected, for no sooner had the man got down from the car than another man emerged from the house with Beryl in his arms.

"That you, Trenwyck?" called the man by the car.

"Yes," answered the other.

"Everything all right?"

"Here is the girl, Nick, and what more do you want?"

"Make haste, then, for we have not a moment to lose!"

Neil Preston waited for no more. Without a sound, but with fierce determination expressed in his every movement, he dashed forward through the gloom, Tonita hastening after him.

Berdyne and Trenwyck, busily engaged with the work that engaged them, were heedless of that grimly vengeful figure gliding to Beryl's rescue. Trenwyck, with Berdyne's aid, lifted the unconscious girl into the tonneau.

At that instant, Neil dashed around to the front of the machine. Then, and not until then, were the two scoundrels conscious of his presence.

A startled oath dropped from Berdyne's lips. Trenwyck leaped back with a cry of dismay.

"Careful, senor!" panted Tonita, who had just reached the scene. "The man has a weapon!"

The moonlight glimmered on a bit of steel in Berdyne's hand.

"Monster," cried Neil, as one of his hands leaped out through the gloom; "once more I have saved my loved one from your treacherous designs. Another attempt, and your base life will pay the forfeit!"

Berdyne, struck down by a terrible blow, lay disarmed in the dust of the road, unable to speak or to move. Trenwyck had retreated out of harm's way, shouting loudly for Jackman.

Doors in the house began to open and close, forms emerged, and there were sounds of running feet.

"Into the car with you, Tonita," cried Neil. "We must use the automobile if we would escape."

While Tonita, obeying instantly, climbed through the open door in the side of the vehicle, Neil leaped to the driver's seat. In a breath he had turned on the power, and set the throbbing mechanism in motion. From his heart he thanked Heaven that he knew the management of an automobile.

Away they glided into the patches of moonlight that drifted through the trees at the roadside and flecked the way before them. From the ranch house came shouts and cries which died to silence as the distance lengthened.

Neil slackened speed as he neared the place where the taxicab and driver were waiting and called to the chauffeur to follow with his machine.

The taxicab crawled out from the trees and followed the *Red Flyer*. When they had proceeded in this fashion beyond danger of immediate pursuit, Neil paid the chauffeur liberally and dismissed him.

Never before had a lover rescued his loved one so bravely; never before were miscreants so neatly foiled.

To the northward lay the beautiful city of the Golden Gate. There lay Neil Preston's goal, and he would not stay or tarry until he reached it, and had made his peerless sweetheart his wife.

Yet, high over the beautiful valley as they raced along, towered the sinister height of Mount Hamilton, overshadowing them, and still portentous of the evil days that were almost at hand. For that was the night of the seventeenth of April; another morn, and all Santa Clara Valley, with the devoted city to the north of it, were to be rent and shaken by nature's mighty forces.

And toward this city, as to a haven of refuge, the lovers were fleeing!

CHAPTER IX.

TOWARD THE GOLDEN GATE.

"Where am I? Oh, what has happened to me? Neil, my darling, are we lost to each other again?"

They were Beryl's first words. For almost an hour she had lain in Tonita's arms, bereft of consciousness, yet breathing as sweetly and peacefully as a child. Neil, distraught with anxiety on his sweetheart's account, could not leave the mechanism of the car, which, under his skillful touch, was skimming along the tree-bordered road. The most he could do was to turn an occasional glance behind and ask Tonita, in throbbing tones, how his dear one fared.

Tonita had reassured him again and again, but not until those bewildered words reached his ears did a measure of peace fall to Neil Preston's soul.

"No, my precious one," he cried joyfully, "we are nevermore to be lost to each other, for at the end of this brief journey stands the altar before which we shall be united! Do you feel well, dearest?"

He yearned to take her in his arms, but the demands of the moment held him to his task.

"I can hardly believe that you are with me, darling," breathed Beryl; "and is this—can this be Tonita?"

"Yes, dear," returned the Mexicana, "it is really your Tonita. Your lover has rescued you from your enemies. Ah, 'twas nobly done! Are you feeling at all ill, Beryl?"

"No, only a little dizzy."

She straightened up in her cushioned seat, Tonita supporting her with an arm about her waist.

"What happened, sweetheart?" asked Neil, tenderly.

Not once did he stay the automobile, but held it to its swift pace.

"Let me think, let me remember," murmured Beryl, pressing her hand to her forehead. "Such a change has transpired while I was unconscious that it is difficult for me to recall what happened. Ah, yes," she added, in a moment, "now I remember. I was packing my few belongings,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15)

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CHRISTMAS TABLE DECORATION

THE LAND OF SNOW



By Violet Marsh

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CARRYING out some special scheme of decoration always adds a certain zest and interest to a dinner party which is difficult of achievement in any other way.

"The Land of Snow" here pictured offers many possibilities and is an idea readily carried out by clever fingers. The table is covered with a snowy white cloth, and so far as possible, dishes that have green in their coloring should be used. A miniature fence outlines the center decoration and is constructed from fir or spruce limbs freshly gathered from the woods, as the idea is to represent a bit of the snowy outside at this season when the Yule-log burns within, and the old sun, having entered Capricorn, turns the corner of the winter solstice.

Inside the miniature fence, have a mat of smooth, fleecy cotton. On top of each fence post arrange twigs of green, and any winter berries that may be found will enhance the beauty of the arrangement. The characters inside the fence are dolls dressed for playing in the snow and their costumes should include white mittens. At the end of the dinner the dolls are distributed as gifts.



SURPRISES.

The game being played by the dolls is that old-time one of making a huge snowball. The ball is first shaped from hat wire, covered with white cloth and then with fleecy white cotton. The dolls should be jointed that they may be placed in playful attitudes, each one facing the snow-man. A toy hound is placed at the opening of the enclosure. Further table decorations are white glass candlesticks holding red tapers. If any pretty leaves can be found, use them upon which to place salts and peppers, bonbon dishes, etc. Sprays of partridge vines attached to squares of birch bark make pretty place cards.

Our Christmas Dinner

The combination of roast goose and game served with currant jelly, cranberry sauce and fried apple still holds its old-time place as the ideal Christmas dinner, and since all kinds of domestic meats have so greatly advanced in price we hear more and more about smothered squirrel, rabbits cooked the same as the old Mammy of the South prepared her platters of savory chicken, and about venison and steamed prairie chicken. With these we must serve the new celery, onions, squash and potatoes if we would taste all the flavors of a real Christmas dinner.



CHRISTMAS CAKE.

ROAST GOOSE.—Singe and remove pin feathers. The skin of the goose contains an excessive amount of oil, which should be drawn out through the skin while cooking so that the meat may retain its fine flavor. For this reason, before any cutting is done, scrub the goose in warm water and a little pure soap that the pores may be opened and cleansed. Make an incision upward from the vent, insert two fingers, loosen and remove any layers of excessive fat. Carefully work the fingers beyond the liver and heart and loosen on either side that the small organs may be removed whole and the gall bladder unbroken. Wash in several clear waters and wipe dry. Stuff with freshly boiled and mashed potato seasoned with salt and pepper, sage, and two boiled onions. Sprinkle generously with salt as this will help draw out the oil from skin. Cook one hour in a moderately hot oven, then drain off the oil, and dredge the goose with flour. Return to oven and as soon as the flour browns, add water and baste frequently until done.

SMOTHERED SQUIRREL.—Skin and remove heads and feet. Make an under incision large enough to thoroughly dress and wash, using a quantity of cold water on the inside. Lay squirrels on their sides in a stew-pan having a closely fitting cover. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and cover with thin slices of bacon. In a sauce-pan put one tablespoon of butter to each squirrel, and into this smooth as many spoons of dry flour as there are butter when the butter begins to bubble. To this add half a cup of boiling water to each spoonful of flour and stir until smooth. Add enough to the squirrels so it can be seen in bottom of stew-pan, reserving the remainder to be added from time to time. Watch carefully; and when the squirrels begin to cook, cover and set back on stove where the gravy will just bubble and cook three hours.

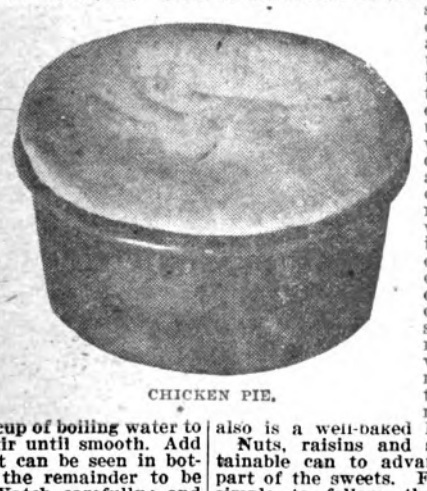
FRICASSEE OF RABBITS.—Skin, clean, and cut into serving portions and roll each piece in flour. In a frying-pan put a liberal amount of butter, or butter substitute, or pork fat which many prefer. When hot, carefully brown each piece of rabbit and remove to stew-pan. In the frying-pan there should be left about a tablespoon of fat to each rabbit, and into this rub as many tablespoons of dry flour, and to this add one and one half cups of boiling water for each rabbit. Cook until smooth, adding a tablespoon of lemon juice, one small sliced onion, three whole cloves, three whole allspice, one scant tablespoon of salt, one scant half teaspoon of pepper, and one bay leaf for every two rabbits, which will serve about six people. Pour all over the rabbits, cover closely and put on back of stove after it begins to cook and very slowly simmer for two hours.

VENISON.—Roasted, it is cooked in a very hot oven the same as beef. Serve with a sauce made from melting currant jelly and adding as much again grape juice. This should be prepared in a double boiler. Just before serving add about one tablespoon of melted butter to every four of sauce.

PRAIRIE CHICKENS.—Wash and draw. Stuff with bread-crumbs seasoned with melted butter, pepper and salt. Steam in a closely covered steamer about one hour. Remove, dredge well with flour, pepper and salt, and quickly brown in a hot oven, basting frequently with melted butter.

CHICKEN PIE.—Draw, and remove any surplus fat from a five-pound chicken or fowl. Wash. Cut into serving portions. Clean the liver, heart and gizzard. Wash and wipe any bloody pieces. Put into a stew-pan and cover with one quart of boiling water. When the contents begin to boil, skim carefully. Mix three rounding tablespoons of flour with a little cold water and slowly stir into the chicken. Add one rounding teaspoon of salt and one scant quarter of a teaspoon of pepper. Cover the stew-pan and set it back where only one side of the contents will bubble and cook at this heat for two hours. If the chicken is not tender, cook a little longer. Add three even tablespoons of butter. Invert a cup in a pie dish and pour in the cooked chicken. Set away to get cold. (It is well to cook the chicken the day before using.)

Make a crust from three and one half cups of flour, one cup of shortening, two teaspoons of salt, three teaspoons of baking powder and one cup of ice water. Mix the dry ingredients together and then sift into mixing bowl. Rub in the shortening, or better still, cut it in with a knife so it will not be softened by the hands. Stir in the ice water with a knife. Turn pastry on floured board and roll to an inch thick; fold and roll again, repeating the process three times. Set in a cold place to harden one hour. Roll to fit the pie dish, making it a little larger. Cover the chicken with the pastry, turning under the edges. Prick the top in several places for the steam to escape and bake in a moderately hot oven about one hour.



CHICKEN PIE.

ONIONS.—Boil whole one hour and if the strong onion flavor is objectionable, change the water once. Drain and season with butter, pepper and salt, or cover with a cream sauce.

SQUASH.—If the squash is watery, it should be cut in halves, the center removed, and baked in a hot oven. Dry squash is steamed. Mash, season with salt and pepper, add a generous amount of butter and serve very hot.

Our Christmas Dinner Trimmings

With the scarcity of sugar, it would seem as if once more we must take care not to go quite to the bottom of the bucket; at least, until more sugar is in sight. Without discussing the situation pro and con, the fact remains that we housewives must turn to our war conservation cookbooks and refresh our memories on ways to use the sugar substitutes if we are to provide our table on Christmas Day with the accustomed sweets. The cakes made with syrup are not just like those made with sugar. In most cases they are less sweet. They do fill an emergency for cake, however. In place of our Christmas pudding we can substitute old-fashioned soft gingerbread, adding raisins and serving with whipped cream. This is a more wholesome dish for the children which will recommend it to mothers, as also is a well-baked Indian pudding.

Nuts, raisins and such fresh fruit as is obtainable can to advantage take the place of a part of the sweets. Following are a few recipes, simple to follow, that will provide confection for the holidays at a small cost:

FROSTED FRUIT.—Beat the white of egg mixed with a teaspoon of ice water until it is frothed. Cut branches of grapes into sections and dip into the egg; drain until nearly dry and roll in pulverized sugar. Roll again in the sugar and lay on paraffin paper to dry.

MINT PASTE.—Soak one envelope of gelatin in quarter of a cup of cold water, and dissolve with two cups of boiling water. Add four tablespoons of strained honey, flavor with a few drops of oil of peppermint and pour into cold wet pans about an inch deep. When cold, cut into squares and dip in powdered sugar.

MAPLE SUGAR FUDGE.—Boil together one large cup of soft maple sugar with one half cup of sweet cream until as the spoon draws through the mixture the bottom of the stew-pan can be seen. Take from fire and beat until it thickens; pour into buttered tin and cut into squares when cold.

FRUIT PASTE.—Melt in a double boiler one cup of currant jelly and one cup of strawberry jam; or any other combination of jam and jelly may be used. Dissolve three tablespoons of powdered gelatine in a little cold water, and add when the jelly and jam are melted. Cook about five minutes, stirring constantly. Wet a shallow pan in cold water and pour in the paste. The following day, cut into cubes and roll in finely ground shredded cocoanut.

WALNUT PATTIES.—Butter a muffin pan and evenly divide one and a half cups of broken walnut meats in the divisions. Boil together two cups of corn syrup and four teaspoons of strong vinegar until it "threads" when slowly poured from spoon. Add one even teaspoon of soda and pour over the walnuts. When cold and hard, remove from pan and wrap in paraffin papers.

STUFFED DATES.—Wash and wipe and remove the stones from dates. Fill cavities with peanut butter and roll in powdered sugar.

CHRISTMAS CAKE.—Cream one cup of butter, add two cups of granulated sugar and cream together until very light. Beat the yolks of six eggs until a light yellow and beat again with the sugar and butter. Dissolve one teaspoon of soda in a little hot water and add this to two cups of thick sour milk. Stir this into the mixture, add one grated nutmeg, one teaspoon of cinnamon and two cups of sifted pastry flour and beat well. Then beat in one and one half cups of shavings of citron dredged in flour, and lastly the whites of six eggs beaten stiff and dry. Do not stir cake after the flour is added, but always use the beating stroke. Bake in a loaf in a moderate oven.

FROSTING.—Cover with boiled frosting made by boiling together one cup of granulated sugar and one third of a cup of hot water until it "threads" when dropped from spoon. Do not stir while boiling. When nearly ready, beat the white of one egg until dry, add a scant quarter of a teaspoon of cream of tartar, and into this, in a very fine stream, pour the boiling syrup, beating continuously. Continue the beating until it thickens and then pour over the cold cake as soon as it will hold without running too much. Around the side of cake outline wishbones with melted chocolate after the frosting is firm. At each end of wishbones press into the frosting a holly berry; also place sprays of holly on top and around the cake.

MINCE MEAT.—Cover two and one half pounds of lean meat with boiling water and slowly simmer until tender. It is well to use a small oval stew-pan that too much water will not be required to cover the meat. When cold, chop the meat fine. Shred and chop fine one pound of fresh beef suet. Chop coarsely five pounds of tart cooking apples. Wash, seed and chop one pound of raisins. Wash and dry one pound each of Sultana and seedless raisins, and one pound of currants. Slice thin one half pound of citron. Mix together two and one half pounds of brown sugar, one even tablespoon of cloves, one tablespoon of allspice, two tablespoons of cinnamon, one grated nutmeg, and one tablespoon of salt. Stir all these ingredients together, add two cups of molasses and five cups of sweet cider and cook slowly until the apple is done. If more acid is desired, add the juice of one lemon and one orange.

INDIAN PUDDING.—Mix together one cup of yellow corn-meal, one cup of molasses and one teaspoon of salt. Over this pour one quart of boiling milk and stir until smooth. Add one tablespoon of butter and one cup of dates cut into small pieces. Pour over three pints of cold milk to which two beaten eggs have been added. Bake in a deep buttered pudding dish about eight hours in a very slow oven. Instead of the dates, raisins or currants may be substituted, or the fruit may be omitted entirely.

SURPRISES.—One cup of sugar and one third cup of butter rubbed to a cream. Beat in one well-beaten egg; add one teaspoon of lemon. Measure two cups of sifted flour, add one half

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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Cubby Bear Hears Wise Owl's Story

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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WISE Owl hooted three times, long and loud, to call together his pupils, Cubby Bear, Chirpy Chipmunk, Shinyblack Crow and other little woods people who came to his school in the farmer's sugar house.

They were playing tag among the maple trees, but came hurrying in, for they had been promised a story this morning and did not want to miss it.

When all were in their places, Wise Owl put on his large, colored spectacles and smiled at them.

"I have been thinking over many stories which I learned from my ancestors," he told them, "and have decided to tell you about a visitor who came to our forest once upon a time—yes, *many* visitors, but one stayed longer than the rest."

Chirpy Chipmunk raised his paw and questioned, "How long ago?"

"Many, many moons," said Wise Owl. "Many, many dozens of moons! Now, then, be quiet, and listen: Long—long—long-long ago, to this very forest, came a band of roving Indians, going south."

"What are Indians?" asked Furry Otter.

Wise Owl frowned at the interruption, but answered, "People. Not people like those who live at the farm, or down in the village. The Indians did not live in houses. They wore few clothes. And their skin was not white, but of a dark, reddish color.

"There were many of these Indians, men, women and children, and the animals of the forest were afraid, and all hurried to their homes to hide. Even the birds, though fleet of wing, kept out of the red men's way, hiding in their nests or among the trees, for the Indians had bows and arrows to shoot with."

"What are bozan darrows?" asked Wollie Woodchuck, sleepily, from his corner by the stove.

Wise Owl turned to the wall behind him, and, using a lump of light-colored maple sugar for chalk, drew a picture of a bow and arrow, explaining how they were used.

"Robbie Reddie's great-great-great-great-grandfather," said Wise Owl, solemnly, "was not careful enough to keep out of sight, and had five tailfeathers shot off by an Indian's arrow."

All the pupils turned and looked at Robbie Reddie.

"The Indians stopped all night in our forest," went on Wise Owl, "and built a fire near the spot where the home of Bunny Rabbit now stands. They took fish to eat and water to drink from the Big Brook, and when the night came, they stretched themselves out on the ground, near the fire, and went to sleep. In the night, some of my ancestors, braver than any of the other forest people, went to look at them as they lay sleeping. The men had smeared their faces with red and green and yellow, and wore tall feathers upon their heads. Some of these feathers were dyed with bright colors, too.

"Early in the morning they rose, and after a breakfast of fish, water and some dried meat they had brought with them, they started on their way.

The sky was dark with clouds that morning, with rumblings of thunder in the air, and after the red men had gone, a heavy thunder storm came upon the forest. Thunder rolled r-rip, zip-zip bang! while the lightning flashed around, the wind bent great trees, and rain fell in waves and sheets!"

A wail went up from the Bunny Babies, where they sat in their little cart, near Bunny Rabbit's bench.

"We are afraid!" they sobbed. "We do not like flashy lightning and zippy thunder!"

When Bunny Rabbit had quieted them, Wise Owl went on with his story.

"After the storm had passed, and the sunbeams were trying to dry the drenched forest, and the birds and animals had come out to look about, a startling thing was discovered!

"A small Indian boy had crawled into a thicket of ferns to sleep for the night, and had not wakened when his people went away. Among so many, they had forgotten him, and he was left behind. He was used to being wet, no doubt, and though he may have been lonely and afraid, he did not cry, as a white child would have done.

"The birds and animals were afraid of him at first, but he was small, and alone, and they soon felt sorry for him, and wanted to do something to help him. Squirrels brought nuts from their storehouses, and laid them on the ground near the little Indian boy for him to eat. Then old Mr. Kingfisher caught a fish from the Big Brook, and brought it, all wet and shining, to the child.

"The boy looked around in all directions, getting down on his hands and knees now and then, looking for some trail his friends might have left—trying to find in what direction they had gone. But of course the thunderstorm had blotted out all track or scent of them.

"Then Shinyblack Crow's great-grandfather hit upon a wise plan. He flew away in the direction he had seen the Indians take, and when he came back, next day, he carried in his bill a large green feather which he had pulled from the headdress of an Indian warrior while he lay asleep. It was a brave, brave thing to do!"

Tillie Turtle had been fidgeting about, gnawing her bonnet strings, and showing other signs of excitement, murmuring once or twice, almost under her breath, "My mother told me that story!" and "Yes, yes, that is true!"

Now she tumbled off her bench and went waddling up to Wise Owl's desk.

"It was *not* a green feather the Crow brought back!" she cried shrilly, pointing at Wise Owl with a skinny claw. "It was a *red* one! Bright red, the color of the mountain-ash berries!"

Wise Owl stared at her indignantly.

"What do *you* know about it?" he asked.

"My mother told me the story!" declared Tillie Turtle, "and I say to you, and I say to you all, that that feather was red!"

"It was green!" cried Wise Owl, "and I will not be disputed! Go back to your seat."

"It was red!" persisted Tillie Turtle firmly.

"It was green!" Wise Owl repeated in a loud voice. "*I* am telling this story, and if you will not be quiet, you are expelled from my school."

"I can go," said Tillie Turtle, marching toward the door, "but I shall stand outside and declare that feather was red, and you cannot drive me away."

The other pupils were looking anxious. They wanted to hear the rest of the story.

Cubby Bear left his seat and went forward.

"Oh, please," he begged, "do not send Tillie Turtle away, and please tell us about the poor little Indian!"

"I will not be disputed when I am teaching school!" declared Wise Owl, his feathers rumply with anger.

"My own mother told me——" began Tillie Turtle.

"Oh, please," said Cubby Bear, "couldn't you *both* be right about it? Couldn't the feather have been green *and* red?"

Tillie Turtle and Wise Owl looked at each other. Both felt a litle ashamed of their temper.

"I am always willing to arbitrate," said Wise Owl. "For the sake of peace, we will do as Cubby Bear says. Tillie Turtle may go back to her seat. Now, then, the Crow brought back in his beak a large green feather with a red tip, and laid it down at the feet of the little Indian.

"The child picked it up, looked at it closely, then looked at the Crow, and said something which, of course, the birds and animals could not understand. Then he laid it down again, looking at the Crow, who, understanding this better, took it in his beak, and flew a little way in the direction from which he had come.

"The child followed.

"The Crow went a little further, then waited for the little Indian.

"The two understood each other by this time, and went steadily on, while after them followed a crowd of animals and birds. So, in time, the little Indian was restored to his friends, but only the Crow went the whole distance with him. They had far to go, as the other Indians traveled some distance almost every day. The Crow had to leave the child sometimes to fly ahead and see if they were on the right track. The little Indian boy always trusted him to lead the way, and the two grew to be very good friends, so the Crow would let the child smooth his feathers.

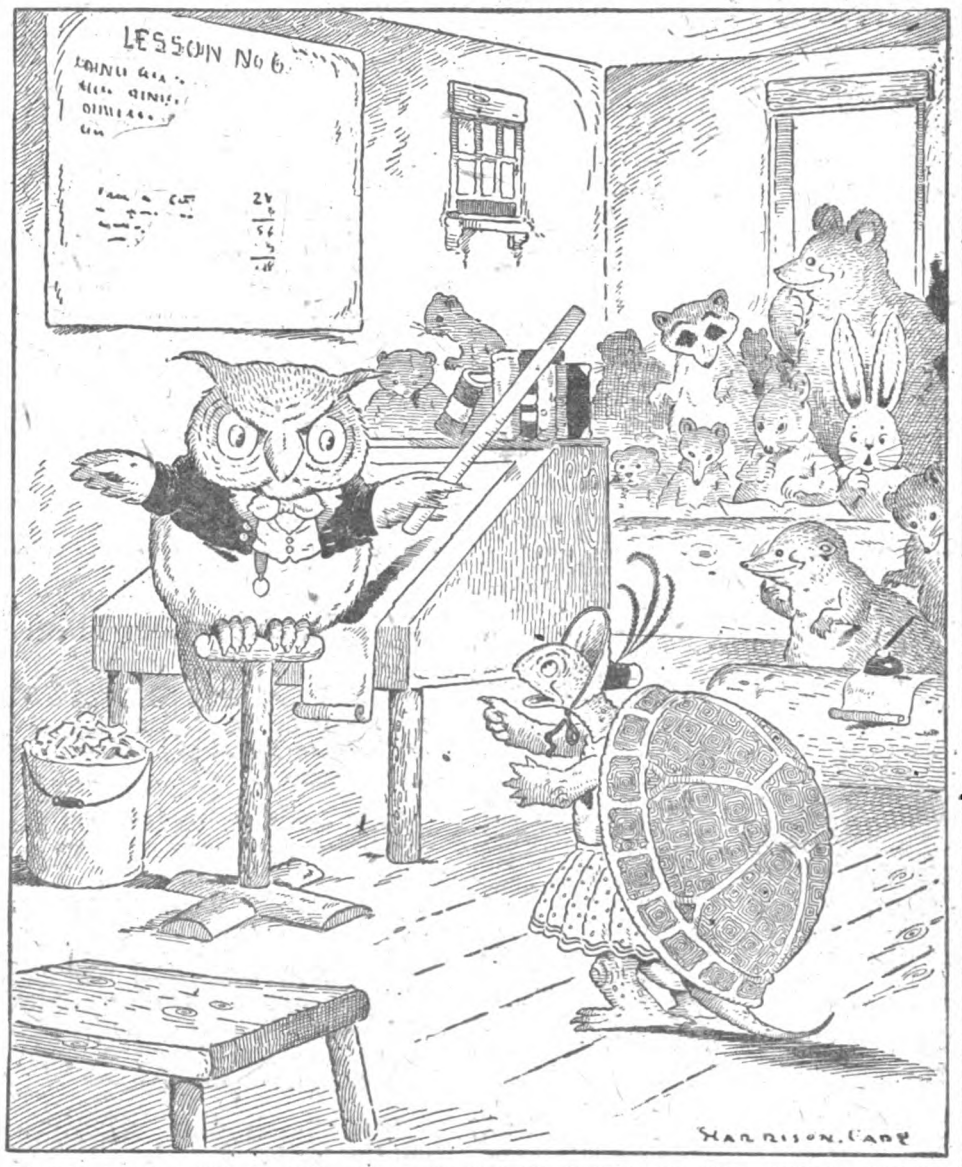
"I will show you, by drawing a little map on the wall, the course they took."

Wise Owl looked for his maple-sugar chalk, but the eldest Little Badger had been quietly eating it, and was now wiping his lips with his little pocket-handkerchief.

"Please tell us another story!" said the pupils.

"Some other day," promised the teacher.

"Please let it be about another little Indian boy!" said Cubby Bear. "Oh, I wish one would come to our forest now. I would ask him to live at Mamma Bruin's house always, and be my little playmate!"



"IT WAS NOT A GREEN FEATHER THAT CROW BROUGHT BACK!" SHE CRIED SHRILLY, POINTING AT WISE OWL A SKINNY CLAW.

Three Wheel Chairs in November

531 Is COMFORT'S Total To Date

The three November wheel chairs go to Hazel Ione Cossel, 1428 East 22nd St., Des Moines, Iowa, 157; Mella Gunter, Elma, La., 95; Clyde Reason, R. R. 1 Mayflower, Ark., 90.

The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Hazel Ione Cossel, age 12, has been a helpless cripple all her life due to paralysis caused by injuries at birth.

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Clyde Reason, age 11, has been afflicted with a spinal trouble all his life. It has deprived him of the use of his legs.



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The picture of Willie S. Price enjoying his COMFORT wheel chair and his letter of thanks printed on this page will interest you.

JANUARY COMFORT

our fine New Year Number, will give you a lot of interesting, entertaining and instructive reading for the long winter evenings. The following are some of the

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"A Jolly Trading Party" Describes a novel and amusing entertainment for a New Year Party.

"Little Things You Shouldn't Do" Some instructions which, if followed, will benefit your health.

"New Year's Day" Interesting facts regarding the origin of New Year's Day and how it has been celebrated.

"When Betsy Balked" A delightful love story that turns on an amusing incident which was a near tragedy.

"Two Great Foods—Milk and Potatoes" Tells a variety of ways to make the best use of these two important foods in cooking.

"Cubby Bear Sees a Flying Machine" Tells of the fear and wonder of the forest animals at first sight of an airplane in the sky.

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Try to get your name in our Roll of Honor next month.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT the Means of Changing His Whole Life.

R. 1, Box 1, Crabtree, N. C.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I am enclosing picture of myself enjoying my wheel chair which I obtained through your wonderful COMFORT magazine. I hope you will find room to reproduce it in COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Department as I have made a host of dear friends through COMFORT and they have asked me to send you my picture for publication. COMFORT has been the means of changing my whole life, and has been of the greatest benefit to me spiritually and financially. I thank you and all the good friends who have helped me. You have my prayers and best wishes for continued success in your great work.

Your grateful friend, WILLIE S. PRICE.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Cash.—Indian Creek Sunday School, La., for Harold Johnson, $4.00; Indian Creek Church, La., for Harold Johnson, $2.05; Mr. Cred Leon, La., for Harold Johnson, $1.00; Mr. Jim Lacarge, La., for Harold Johnson, $1.00; Mr. L. F. Willis, La., for Harold Johnson, $1.00; Miss Blanche Clemens, Nebr., for general, $1.00; Frank I. Allen, N. H., for general, $1.00; Mrs. E. C. Shatlis, N. J., for general, $1.00; Mrs. A. E. Gray, Tex., for general, $1.00; Mrs. H. C. Wood, Calif., for general, $1.00; Subscriptions.—Mrs. Ross Cossell, Iowa, for Hazel Cossell, 60; Mrs. M. N. Bourland, Ky., for Geo. W. Bourland, 57; Mrs. J. F. Gypins, La., for Nella Gunter, 43; Mrs. A. D. Perritt, La., for Mrs. Uldoxie Childs, 23; Miss Allie L. Phillips, Tenn., for Mrs. Nannie Shipley, 20; Mrs. Francis Johnson, W. Va., for Earl Johnson, 18; Mrs. Lee Freeman, Tex., for Grady Freeman, 17; Mrs. C. H. Miller, Okla., for her Mother, 15; Mrs. J. W. Fannin, Calif., for Mrs. L. A. Burleson, 10; Mrs. C. M. Roberts, La., for Harold Johnson, 7; Mrs. M. S. Bovee, Calif., for general, 7; Mrs. Walter Felty, Texas, for Mrs. Nannie Shipley, 6; Mrs. M. B. Stanley, N. C., for J. W. Powell, 6; Mrs. Nellie Andrews, Ala., for Samuel P. Andrews, 5; Miss Kate Blalock, Tenn., for Mrs. Nannie Shipley, 5.

Crumbs of Comfort

The law of humanity is above the assertion of all human rights.

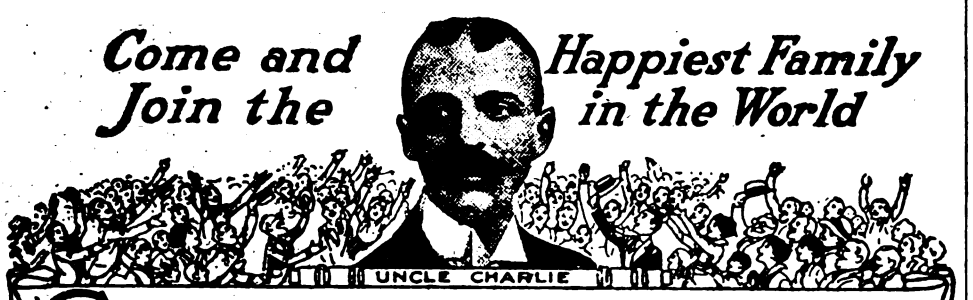
It often happens that those who are least known on earth are best known to God.

The strength of cheerfulness is wonderful and its endurance is past calculation.

How cunningly Nature hides every wrinkle of her antiquity under roses and morning dew.

To all men has been given the privilege of being happy if they but knew how to use the gifts at hand.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and let's have a chat and try to be cheerful even if our hearts are heavy, and mine was never heavier than now. I am so utterly disgusted with world conditions, that you will have to forgive me if I do not give you one of my old-time cheery Christmas talks. I knew when the war was over that a world that had been torn to pieces could not adjust itself in a few minutes, but I did hope that the lessons of that terrible conflict would be stamped deep on the heart of every human and make both men and women see a new light and inspire them in this period of reconstruction, to work with the same zeal that they displayed during the war. I did hope that out of all this bloodshed and sacrifice, which for a while thrust aside the mean and petty things of life and made people think in a big, broad human way, that we should evolve a Christian spirit that would reach out its loving arms to all the corners of the earth; evolve a national consciousness, which would make us all a little more tolerant, humane and Christlike than we ever had been before. But alas, for our fond dreams of a better and more unselfish world. Today we find, not regeneration but degeneration, not going upward and onward, but drifting backward and downward, not a desire to build, but a wild, willful determination to destroy. Not a spirit of fair play, of give and take, but a ferocious determination to defy the law, to demolish government and to grab everything, no matter to whom it belongs. We have discarded all the old ideas of honor, truth, justice and morality and are indulging in the morals of the jungle and the ethics of the cave man. Crime was never so open and rampant, vice never so bold and brazen. Directly we have a police strike and the hand of the law is lifted, thousands of hoodlums seem to spring out of the very earth and smash, ravage, pillage and destroy like the Vandals of old.

The war scarcely touched us, so there is no excuse for the lawlessness, ugliness, brutality, beastliness and Hunnishness that has seized upon large sections of our population. We must get behind the law and see that it metes out justice to the fiends who are disgracing us in the eyes of the world. The Huns and bums within have become more dangerous than the Huns without, and their lawless teeth should be pulled before it is too late. National unity, for which we were all striving, has become a farce. We do not vote as Americans for America. We vote in racial groups or sects and terrorize cringing politicians, until they give what is demanded, and the politician for his part, instead of defying lobbyists, figures out how many votes they will give him if he will promote the interests of their countries in Europe. So, while the world suffers and bleeds and civilization totters, politicians with their eyes on the 1920 election, grab each other by the throats and scramble for the votes of unassimilated foreigners, who defile our politics and plot to destroy our institutions. If we allow certain racial groups to dominate and terrorize us (and they are doing that very thing right now with an impudence and audacity that is appalling), certain of these groups will combine, and then the stronger group will give the weaker the laugh, dominate Congress, turn our government upside down and run the country to suit itself. There are political demagogues among us, who, by appealing to racial animosities and playing on the passions of various alien elements, who have not a spark of Americanism in their bodies, are trying to jockey themselves into the White House. These men have been pushing their fists in the faces of nearly every nation on earth, and if later on they are called on to make good their campaign promises, we shall be forced into another bloody conflict, and without a friend in the world, compelled to face a universe in arms. America needs friends, politicians care only for votes. A curb must be placed on these political kaisers. Then, too, we have strikes by the million, and these strikes simply force prices up by causing idleness and stopping production, which is the only thing that can bring down prices, for we cannot divide up things we have not got, and it is only by producing an abundance of food, clothes and human necessaries that prices can come down and we can have a normal, happy, satisfied world again. The sane and sensible labor leaders recognize this fact, but the Bolshevik, the demagogue and agitator, have thrust these men aside and are controlling the labor movement. They have done exactly what was done in Russia—fooled with their lying, insidious propaganda, the lowbrows and the boneheads (mostly alien who know nothing of this country, its history, its mighty contribution to world liberty and uplift) and filled their sluggish brains with anarchy and madness. Liberty is of God, license is of the devil, and it is license these men want. They are determined to take the power from constituted authority and rob, pillage and plunder at will. Meanwhile, as I write, Congress quibbles and snarls while Rome is burning. If this thing continues, we shall have to face the bitter truth that constitutional government of the people for the people by the people is an utter failure and only a Kaiser, or Czar, with sword and lash, can restore law and order and give decent people a chance to exist, if not to live, for the Bolsheviki will give us neither. Society advances only as we keep the baser elements in check.

If Congress is to fall on its knees, or tumble out of bed every time a foreigner with a vote casts his malign shadow across the halls of our legislatures, then this great country in which we took so much pride will indeed have become a foreign boarding house, Americans will disappear (they are fast going, anyway) and unabsorbed aliens will kick aside the corpse of Uncle Sam and fight to see who first can get into the White House bed. Some men love their work and rejoice in the doing of it, but the majority of people hate work and toil only because they have to. Their only god is pleasure, and their brains, if they ever had any, have slipped down into their bellies. Democracy, which is man's only salvation, is the rule of the people for the people by the people. Bolshevism, I. W. W.ism, left-wing socialism, mean rule of a class by a class for a class, and that class the lowest, most ignorant, degenerate and dangerous. Once make bellyism your god as these human cooties do and you are akin to the swine and the hogs that root and grunt in your backyards. Remember I know what I am talking about. I have been in the radical movement twenty-five years and have given my very life to it and know practically everyone connected with it, especially those who, like myself, have quit it in disgust. They, like myself, fought for the under dog, because they thought he was a good dog; they did not, however, realize that too many of the under dogs had hydrophobia, and were not seeking justice but merely waiting for a chance to spring on the upper dog and all other dogs not of their class and tear them to pieces. The rabid under dog wanted revenge and the earth as well. The only cure for democracy is more democracy, the only cure for revolutionary mad dog hydrophobia is machine guns. Remember, the men who fought and bled for liberty are not the ones who are trying to turn this country into a hell. Those men with a few exceptions came back better Americans than ever. It is the bellyists who are doing the grabbing, raising all the trouble. The gang who stayed behind and profiteered and grew fat, both laborer and capitalist, on the needs and woes of a war-torn world. Nearly everybody who could graft on Uncle Sam without being caught at the job, grabbed all he could and did as little as he could for it. It was a glorious occasion for all concerned to get their hands into the national grab bag, and by the time they got through there was nothing but the bag left. And now the fear of Prussianism is removed, they want the same war wages and the old spirit of grab continues. Old ideas and ideals that made us a real people are fast crumbling. It is wealth, values and commodities we want and not slips of dirty paper; for money is not wealth but merely a medium of exchange. We are suffering from over consumption and under production, thus entirely reversing the pre-war conditions. If people don't quit striking and start working, and if the fiendish, devilish Bolshevik agitators, who are inflaming the minds of the masses, are not hanged or deported, you will soon be running around with a pushcart full of money that will not buy you a loaf of bread. When money ceases to have any value as a purchasing power what good is it? The whole country has gone on a mad orgy of extravagance and spending, each bidding against the other for the few things we produce, and forcing prices to fantastic heights. Lengthen the working day for a year as the Germans have done and flood the market with goods and your dollar will be a dollar instead of thirty cents. Meanwhile, Liberty Bonds are being cashed, and a working girl we know (and there are thousands like her) spends fourteen dollars for a pair of paper pumps and six dollars for a pair of tin buckles to go with them and brags of her folly and has to get a "gentleman" friend to feed her the rest of the week. You can guess the rest and the wicked capitalist is blamed for it all. Few people can stand prosperity. Put a beggar on horseback and he will ride to the devil. Once we had one automobile to every eighteen people. Now if this block on which I live is any indication (and the people who live in it are just plain working folk), by the racket I hear at night there must be eighteen cars to nearly every family on the block. After a while the money will all be spent, and, demoralized by striking, loafing and spending (not for the necessaries of life but for its fripperies and follies), there will be a bloody upheaval. There is always trouble when the lunatic awakes. He will swear that the thrifty and decent people have robbed him and he will turn from spending to plunder, robbery and bloodshed, and all this madness is due to just plain swinish bellyism; placing the material things of life before the spiritual; worshiping Baal as the Israelites did of old and forgetting God. You will say I am a pessimist and an alarmist. I am neither. I do more reading and studying in a day than ten thousand average men do in a year and my telephone puts me in touch with all the worthwhile world. Though exhausted and suffering and racked with a thousand cares that war and labor conditions have brought on me, conditions that have made it almost an agonizing problem to live, I feel I should be false to you and the trust you place in me, did I not keep in touch with everything that is going on in this wild, crazy world of ours. I have the facts and I know the remedy. You have been bowing down to false gods; you have allowed your bellies to get the better of your brains; you have made your garage your church, and made day and night hideous with your shrieking flivvers and screaming Tin Lizzies. You have squandered your money foolishly instead of spending wisely. You have allowed the foreigner to rule your country and dominate your politics. You have permitted the weeds of alienism to choke the flower of Americanism. You have made the dove of peace more terrible than the hell hounds of war. Now this is the month in which we celebrate the birth of Christ, and it was the Christ who told you—you who are money mad—that it profited nothing if you gained the whole world and lost your own souls; and you are forcing our beloved America to lose its soul; you are forcing it to do the hog act and stew in the juice of isolation, while the rest of the world bleeds and suffers. Now brush the cobwebs from your Bibles, cut out the hoggishness, the selfishness and the greed and go to the manger of Bethlehem with contrite hearts and learn of Him who died that you might be humane, kind, lovable, charitable and Godlike. Both the Christ and your boys who are sleeping across the seas died for the same cause, even if in the heat of battle and the agony of death, those brave lads were incapable of realizing all their sacrifices meant. But the blood of those who saved our homes from destruction and the blood of Him who died for us on Calvary were both shed that all men might be holy and free. That blood was shed that men might grow in spirit, grace and righteousness. God pity us if by our greed, blindness, folly and stupidity we permit that sacrifice to be in vain.

Now I'll say good by for this year. I shall, if God spares me, at one o'clock, Christmas Day, drink your health in a glass of peptonized milk, which has been almost my sole diet since the strain of the war broke down what little health I had, two years ago. Let me, from the depths of a grateful heart, send a word of thanks and gratitude to the thousands of kind souls who have, by their words of sympathy and cheer, made it possible for me to continue my work. It is the love which you have lavished on me so abundantly that nerves me to fight your battles and my own, and without that love Uncle Charlie would pass into the silence and you would hear of him no more. So boost COMFORT all you can, for only through its columns can we spread our rays of light and hope on a dark, distracted world, and remember I carry you on my heart all the time. A peaceful Christmas and may God bless you all. P. S. A Christmas letter from you all will be most acceptable.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best Christmas gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

ACKERMAN, R. R. 3, BOX 4, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am four feet three inches tall, thirteen years old and in the eighth grade. Have brown eyes and black hair. Have a father, mother, five brothers and four sisters. We live on a two-hundred acre farm in the country and I like country life fine. We have five cows and three horses. We have a real nice time in our country home especially on Sunday evening, when sister's beau comes. Well that's where I say to myself: "Here's where I have to stay at home while they go kodaking." I am going to get me a kodak, so I can go when my sister goes too. My sister Florence is attending the normal school in town. Uncle, I have your book of poems and think it is fine. Will some of the cousins please send me "When the Sun Goes Down in Dixie, and the Moon Begins to Rise"? I will return the favor the best I can.

Your niece, RUTH MCMULLIN.

Ruth, I am glad you live on a farm in the country instead of the city. These city farms seem to afford their owners lots of amusement, but they are a horrible nuisance to those who have to live next to them, around them or over them. The law allows a backyard city farmer to keep chickens, but the Board of Health does not permit the keeping of roosters. It is tough for a poor rooster to go through life a confirmed bachelor, deprived of the pleasure of associating with the opposite sex, and it is equally tough for a hen to have to die an old maid, without ever having had a chance to vamp a flirtatious rooster, or indulge in all the blissful emotions of love's young dream. Ah, me! It's a sad story, mates! The poultry enthusiast has a tough time trying to make a success of the game in one of these backyard farms, for though by breaking down a few walls and fences he may find room for a hen (that is, provided the hen has a fashionable toothpick, straight up and down silhouette shape), it is utterly impossible to find room for both the hen and the egg at the same time. Poultry fanciers and those with agricultural aspirations should shake the dust of the cities from their feet and go into the country where they can indulge to the fullest their desire to raise crops, chickens and chin whiskers. Ruth, it is very kind of you to stay home while sister and her beau go "kodaking," but what in thunder is kodaking? Can't they kodak in the parlor without going outdoors to do it? Kodaking, I suppose, is something more novel, exciting and interesting than old-fashioned love making or courting, though it always seemed to me that was a blissful experience that could not be improved on. Billy the Goat informs me, Ruth, that you mean that sister and her beau go for a walk and take the camera along and take snapshots of the scenery and of one another. Well, for my part, I don't think that is an improvement on the old-fashioned kodaking on the sofa, for in the good old-fashioned days the only scenery worth looking at when you were in love was your best girl's face, and you were so busy landing snapshots among the freckles or on her ruby lips that you did not notice that pa and ma and all the kids were standing in the doorway taking in the show. Ah, me! those were the good old days before the Kaiser had dynamited the universe; when the high cost of living and loving had not made existence intolerable; the good old days when the hired man was content with a hundred dollars a week instead of a thousand dollars a minute, and a girl was a girl instead of a paint and powder factory. Ah, me, give me the good old days. I'll take my love-making straight without any substitute, camouflage or adulteration of the kodaking variety. Ruth, try and improve your penmanship, you can do it if you wish. Leave kodaking and songs alone until you can write a legible hand.

BOGUECHITTO, R. R. 4, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

We live on a small farm, five miles from our post office. We raise corn, cotton, potatoes, sugar-cane, peanuts, fruit and vegetables. Uncle Charlie, our geography teaches us that the sun stands still and that the earth revolves around it, and the Bible says that God commanded the sun to stand still so Joshua could fight a battle. Our geography too, teaches that the earth is round, and the Bible tells of the four corners of the earth. I would very much like to know your ideas on these two subjects. I am a country girl fourteen years young, five feet five inches tall, light complexion, black hair and blue eyes. My brothers are calling me to go horseback riding, so I will have to go.

Your loving niece, CLARA MAY EDWARDS.

The books of the Old Testament were written by the poets, prophets and wise men of their time. These men were Orientals, and men of the Orient always clothe their thoughts in language that is poetic and flowery. The Orientals are fond of elaborate ceremonies, and they are full of sentiment and blessed with imaginations that transcend anything we Occidentals possess. It is a very ticklish matter to discuss a question of this kind, for if one does one always starts a hornets' nest buzzing about one's ears. In Old Testament days it was natural that men should think that the earth was the center of the universe and that the sun revolved around it. It is only in comparatively recent years that astronomers and scientists revealed to the wondering world those marvelous facts concerning our solar system of which the ancients knew practically nothing. If the earth were to suddenly stop we should all be shot into space. It was a long time before people could be convinced that the world was round instead of flat. It is poetic license, however, to refer to the four corners of the earth, even though it is round, and it would be quite possible with an omnipotent God to stop the earth from revolving without giving us a jolt, if He felt so disposed. When the pacifist wanted authority, or rather an excuse for allowing the Germans to walk all over him, he quoted such verses from the Bible

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

THIS WONDERFUL MUSIC FOR YOUR CHRISTMAS!


Thomas A. Edison

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CHRISTMAS is only a few weeks off and Christmas without music in your home and in your heart wouldn't be a real Christmas. Holiday time is melody time and on this December list of Amberol Records is the greatest musical feast ever spread before you! Music for all the family—the children, the young folks, the grown-ups, the old folks. Music to cheer you up, to drive dull care away, to make you laugh and forget your troubles!

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Mr. Edison Wants Every Reader of This Paper To Hear These Wonderful Records

Even if you don't own an Edison Amberola Phonograph, go to the nearest Edison Amberola dealer and listen to these December Amberol Records today, or as soon as possible. Mr. Edison wants every home in America to have music this Christmas, so he has asked all Edison dealers to let nothing stand in the way of any family owning an Amberola phonograph right away! When you hear these records you will want to own an Amberola, and you will be surprised to learn how easily you can have one of Edison's wonderful Phonographs in your home this Christmas. Ask the dealer for his special offer. This offer is so unusual, you cannot neglect to look into it. See him today! If you don't know the name of your nearest Edison dealer, Write to Thos. A. Edison, Inc., Orange, N. J., TO-DAY! The nearest dealer's name will be sent you by return mail. Just send a post-card. You are placed under no obligation at all. But do it right now, or you may forget it. If you put it off Christmas will be here before you know it and then you'll be sorry. So send the post-card today.

Wishing you the merriest Christmas you have ever known.



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Orange, N. J.

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For DECEMBER 1919

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*O Holy Night,-Soprano. Frieda Hempel	29040
*How Fair Art Thou!-Bass-Baritone Arthur Middleton	29041
A Day in Toyland,-Descriptive. Peerless Orchestra	3875
Bye-Lo,-Tenor. Vernon Dalhart	3865
Christmas Bells,-Celesta. Robt. Gayler	3870
Did You Mean All You Told Me Last Night?-Tenor Manuel Romain	3877
Everybody's Crazy Over Dixie,-Tenor Vernon Dalhart	3873
Faust Waltz. Peerless Orchestra	3874
Gypsy Girl,-Fox Trot. Tuxedo Dance Orchestra	3869
Heads Up March. Conway's Band	3861
He Used To Be A Farmer, But He's A Big Town Slicker Now,-Tenor. Byron G. Harlan	3863
I Love To Be A Sailor,-Baritone. Glen Ellison	3866
I've Got My Captain Working For Me Now,-Comic Song. Fred Hillebrand	3882
Macushla,-Tenor. Albert Lindquest	3868
My Baby's Arms, Ziegfeld Follies 1919 Vernon Dalhart	3883
Oh! What A Pal Was Mary,-Baritone. Edward Allen	3872
Rose Of My Heart,-Tenor. Will A. Rhodes, Jr.	3879
See Old Man Moon Smile,-Negro Melody. Al Bernard and Ernest Hare	3881
Shadows,-Soprano and Tenor. Leola Lucey and Charles Hart	3867
Shall You? Shall I? Charles Hart, Elliot Shaw and Calvary Choir.	3880
Shimmee Town,-Fox Trot Ziegfeld Follies 1919. For Dancing. All Star Trio	3871
Taxi,-One Step. Lenzberg's Riverside Orchestra	3864
That Tumble-Down Shack in Athlone Will Oakland and Chorus	3876
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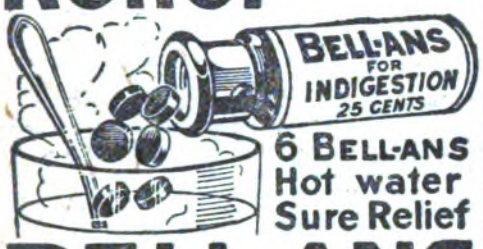
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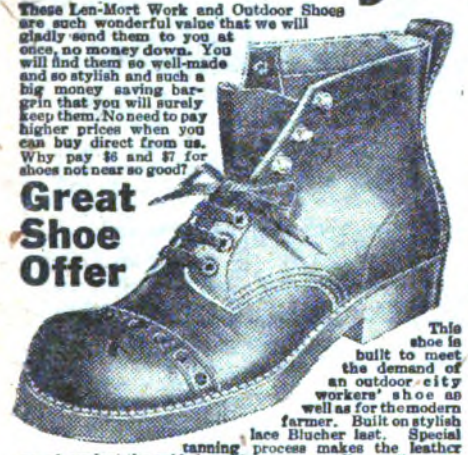
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Dorothy's Christmas Soldier



by Joseph F. Novak

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IT began the year the war ended and I have Dorothy, my little sister, to thank for it all.

I had acted as one of the bridesmaids to Adele Farnsworth and the newspapers published a picture of the bride and her attendant bridesmaids and spoke glowingly of our beauty. Dorothy saw the picture, gazed at it a long time, then voiced her soul's ambition in the plaint:

"Oh, I wish I could have my name and picture in the newspaper!"

Rather elated at the nice write-up (for you must admit that most of us like compliments), I answered consolingly:

"Your turn will come, Mousie, so don't be discouraged."

"I know," Dorothy repied, "but it's a long time to wait to grow up. I'm only seven, and I'd like to see at least my name printed right now."

"Well," I replied again, "I wonder if there isn't someway of accomplishing that?" And with the words, I picked up the news-sheet, and glanced through it.

Suddenly my attention was attracted by an article and I passed it over to my little sister. "Read that, Dorothy, and your problem is solved."

Dorothy is able to read very well, and the article in question being written in simple, direct English, the child sensed it at once.

It concerned the project of sending Christmas boxes to the boys at the front, for though the armistice was signed and the war practically over, still many thousands of boys would be obliged to spend the coming Christmas in foreign lands. And all it required to make one of these lonely boys happy was two dollars to purchase a Christmas box for him, and whoever sent in a two-dollar bill would have his name printed in the paper, which would thus acknowledge the contributions as they came in.

Here was Dorothy's chance!

"It must be dreadful for the soldiers to be away from home at Christmas time and not receive anything from Santa Claus," the child observed. "Oh, Marian, would they print my name in the paper if I sent two dollars and would some lonely soldier boy get a package with my name upon it?"

"Undoubtedly, Mousie," I answered.

"Then I'm going to do it," Dorothy decided. "I'll make papa give me two dollars for some of my thrift stamps and when I save another two dollars I'll buy them back."

I couldn't help snatching the dear to my heart.

"Why, you little chick, I'll give you the money."

But Dorothy would not accept it. If she were to send the two dollars in her name, she must make the sacrifice, and as I believe in encouraging character-building virtues, I said:

"Very well, Mousie. I'll take the thrift stamps and you may redeem them at any time," and getting my purse, I got out a two-dollar bill while Dorothy pranced away to get her thrift stamps. The exchange was presently made and Dorothy sat down and wrote her letter to the great newspaper.

The next morning, to her unspeakable delight, the name "DOROTHY LOUISE CHARLTON" was listed among the names published of those who had donated two dollars for a Christmas box for a soldier boy.

Dorothy treasured the newspaper, showing it proudly to her friends, and then when Christmas rolled around, she placed it with her profusion of gifts, the choicest present of all.

The bright holiday season passed, and after a bit, Dorothy began to speak less of her Christmas soldier, as she had termed the lad who would receive her contribution. But she did not forget him, for she mentioned him from time to time. And then, a month or so after Christmas, all her interest in him was reawakened, when, one morning, as the postman came around, he left a letter addressed to "Miss Dorothy Louise Charlton" which bore the imprint of soldier's mail.

In great joy she opened it.

"Marian, dear," she said to me, "listen. Isn't it a lovely letter?" And then she read aloud the following:

"My dear Miss Charlton:

"I beg to thank you kindly for the beautiful Christmas package which came to me bearing your name. Had it not come, I should have been without a Christmas present on the most wonderful Day of Days.

"Accept my kindest thanks and my sincere hope that I may some day reciprocate.

"Very gratefully yours,

"MANSON F. KING."

The letter aroused all Dorothy's interest in her soldier and she now discussed him anew with me on all occasions. Did I suppose he was tall? And did I think he looked as lovely as the soldiers she had seen in the parades of home-coming soldiers?

"Dear me, Mousie," I teased, for her constant queries were beginning to make me think about the unknown soldier, "how should I know? Perhaps he's an ugly, bearish fellow with dirty hands and maybe he chews tobacco and swears!"

Dorothy became very indignant. "I don't think any of our soldier boys are ugly, Marian. They all look nice and none of them have dirty hands and I'm sure my Christmas soldier has not because he wrote such a pretty letter."

"You precocious mouse!" I exclaimed in admiration of the child's astuteness, "I never thought of that. Your soldier does write a 'pretty' letter. Too bad he didn't give you an address; you might then have written to him and asked for his picture and questioned him all about himself. But, little chick, you're taking such an interest in your soldier that I'm getting interested myself. I wonder what he *does* look like?" and now it occurred to me that I was speculating quite a bit about him.

The year passed and Christmas again approached. And one winter night, a ring came at the doorbell and Nanette announced a caller to see "Miss Dorothy Louise Charlton."

Dorothy jumped up and clapped her hands.

"To see me?"

"What name, Nanette?" I asked.

"Manson F. King," Nanette replied.

"Manson——" I began, but Dorothy with a shriek of delight, cried out:

"Oh, it's my Christmas soldier! Oh, Marian, may I have him sent in?"

"Show him in, Nanette," I said in answer, and the girl did.

Mr. Manson King bowed courteously, and looking at me with—will you pardon my conceit?—an undisguised gaze of polite admiration, said:

"You are Miss Dorothy Charlton?"

"I am her sister," I replied. "This is the person whom you came to see," and I gave Dorothy a little shove forward.

"Oh!"

I thought there was the faintest shade of disappointment in his voice, but it disappeared and the sunniest, most winning smile came to his eyes as Dorothy slipped her hands into his and said corially:

"Are you really my Christmas soldier?" I thought about you so much and if you had given me your address, I would have sent you a Christmas box on your birthday!"

Mr. King threw up his head and laughed a merry gale.

"I'm such a wretched correspondent," he apologized, "that I seldom think to attach my address to my letters. I hope you will forgive me. I'm glad you received my letter but I felt I really ought to thank you in person for that lovely Christmas box."

All this while he had been standing. Dorothy now noted it and said:

"Oh, you must sit down," for she evidently wished to make the most of her opportunity.

"Thank you," and Mr. King seated himself. I was struck with the unconscious, yet exquisite grace of his movements. "What military training does," I mused.

Dorothy now began to question her caller.

"So you liked my present?" she began.

"Indeed, yes! And as it was such a surprise, it was therefore doubly enjoyable, my dear," he responded.

"And wouldn't you have had a present on Christmas morning if it hadn't been for what I sent?" Dorothy rattled on sympathetically.

"Absolutely not one thing," Mr. King replied.

And then he continued to answer the questions with which Dorothy, with childish candor, plied him. He was a very merry-hearted chap, apparently, and he smiled most of the time in a way that showed off his white teeth.

But though he gave his attention to Dorothy apparently, every now and then I felt his eyes upon me, and on my side Dorothy's engaging his attention gave me an opportunity of observing him closely. His hair was black and trimmed to a nicety. And how splendidly he was set up, his limbs, shoulders and chest seemed moulded to a perfect physical standard. And what a splendid face he had, how well he used his voice and how choice he was of his language. Every detail of his uniform, too, was *au fait,* and he seemed unusually well tailored for a private. But that was all he was, for so his insignia indicated.

Gradually I was drawn into the conversation, and then Mr. King spoke of his experiences at the front, but always from a general standpoint. He did not preen himself upon any personal achievements. And he always tried to keep the amusing and interesting side of the war foremost.

Dorothy was perfectly intoxicated with her soldier, and when he, after a stay which propriety would sanction, rose to take his leave, she was almost inconsolable.

"Couldn't you stay a little longer, Private King?" she queried.

"For a first call, my dear, I'm afraid I've overstayed my time."

"Well, then, won't you call again and stay longer? And then, perhaps, Marian would order a nice little lunch for us all."

"With such an alluring prospect, I don't see how I can refuse provided Miss Marian does not object," Mr. King returned. "And may I not bring you something nice in return for that beautiful Christmas box?"

"But aren't you a poor soldier, Mr. King?" Dorothy asked gravely.

His ruddy cheeks flushed, and for the first time he looked confused. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart. I saw how the child's innocent remark had hurt him. Dorothy had intended to be kind, but it wounded him to be thus reminded of his poverty and friendlessness, a poverty and friendlessness so great that he must needs apply to a charitable organization to get a bit of Christmas cheer. And to be reminded of his poverty at this particular moment, he, who seemed so refined, so polished——

I came to the rescue.

"We shall be very pleased to have you call again and often, Mr. King," I said, as cordially as I could. But I thought I saw that the wound still hurt and I couldn't help it when I exclaimed compassionately: "Oh, I'm so sorry!"

"You need not make an apology, Miss Charlton," he replied, and a soft light came into his eyes, that made me feel I was standing in the presence of a great and beautiful character. "I understand, and I think it was sweet thoughtfulness on the part of the child, though a little embarrassing, I admit. You will be pleased to have me call again? For I would not want to intrude?"

"It will be no intrusion, really," I replied.

"Thank you. Then I shall come."

And he did call a few nights after, bringing a small souvenir from the battlefield for Dorothy. This evening papa and mamma were in and met him. They were charmed with him for he had a regard, an old-fashioned courtesy, for the old people that quite won them. And in speaking of his experiences, he referred to his collection of souvenirs so that papa asked him to call again and bring some of them along.

This he did and the visit ended with an invitation for another. And another. And another——

But I was beginning to be troubled. Though perfectly courteous at all times, there was in his manner that which told me he was losing his heart to me, or at least I, who had already had several offers, thought he displayed the usual signs. (You will forgive this? I know it sounds so brazenly conceited.)

And I? I could not gainsay that the man appealed to me. But was I losing my heart to a uniform? I tried to imagine him in civilian clothing. And thus mentally making him a plain citizen, where place him in the social scale? He had not said a word about his family or how he had been employed before the war except once or twice when a stray slip gave me the impression that he had been doing manual work. He was so big of body and possessed of wonderful strength—suppose he were a factory hand of some sort? But a factory hand with such grace, such evident refinement! But, ah, did only the rich have refinement? No! and too many, unfortunately, lack it.

Mr. King never said anything of his plans. I knew, however, that he had been mustered out. Was a grim factory awaiting him, beckoning him to a place at a flaring furnace? Did some such mundane existence await him and was he banking on his uniform to admit him to the precincts of my father's luxurious home?

Yet, who had won the war? Wasn't it these "buck privates," these trench diggers, these motor truck drivers who had done the heavy work, the dirty work, who had lived in the trenches, who had plashed through the slime and filth and mud? Yes, and, ah, weren't they the heroes?

As I thought of all this, I thrilled. What could be more splendid than to have a husband who had done that? A commissioned officer might have been more romantic, perhaps, but Mr. King had done his humble bit and for this I honored him, for this I respected him, for this, aye, I loved him!

The week before Christmas came. And then two nights before Christmas Eve he called and proposed and I—I—I hesitated.

"I shall call again on Christmas Eve, Marian," Manson whispered in my ear as he leaned close to me. "I'll give you until then to think it over. If you decide you cannot marry me, draw down the shade of the living-room and I'll know that is a signal for me not to come again. But if my answer is 'yes,' leave it up and place a bowl of holly in the light of the window."

"You are romantic," I smiled.

"Perhaps," and Manson left.

What should my decision be? I loved him, I knew that. It was not the uniform and I knew his glory and attraction would not fall away once the uniform was laid aside, for through it all, I saw Manson King, the man.

Christmas Eve came. And when it came time for the shades to be drawn, one was left up and on the window-ledge I placed a bowl of holly.

It was not long after when I thought I heard the front door open. But I paid no attention to the matter, until suddenly I saw in the doorway a tall figure. Manson! I——well, I simply ran to him, and when I felt the dear feel of his strong arms about me, I felt I never wanted to leave them, but rested, satisfied, against his bosom.

When I did look up, however, I saw behind my soldier a big basket of American beauties towering toward the chandelier. During those heavenly moments I felt Mason slipping a ring on my finger, but now for the first time I noted the size and the brilliancy of the diamond. But most wonderful of all was the insignia on his shoulder.

"Manson!" I exclaimed, my hand upon it.

"Private King won your heart; can Captain King hold it?" he queried tenderly.

"You—a captain?" I gasped.

"Yes."

"But——"

"Explanations?" Manson laughed. "Easy. Well, I received my commission some time before we got into the war."

"But why did you visit us in the capacity of a private, and why your confusion when Dorothy asked you if you were not a poor soldier?"

"The boys, for a joke, slipped my name on the list of boys who hadn't any friends to remember them at Christmas time. Of course, I knew nothing of the matter, yet coincidentally enough, none of the packages sent me from my friends reached me at Christmas so that I would have been apparently as neglected as the most forlorn little doughboy in the outfit if Dorothy's package hadn't come to me. So since I was a poor lad, I decided to see who the person was who sent me the box, thinking perhaps it might be some impressionable elderly lady or giddy young girl. And so I called in the capacity of a private and when Dorothy made the reference she did I was suddenly recalled to the *role* I was playing. And of course, when I saw the donor's delightful sister, it was all off." And Manson caught me up.

"Why did you want me to leave the shade up?" I asked.

"I wanted to burst in upon you in all my glory and these," he responded, touching the stately beauties whose fragrance filled the room.

And then Manson told me his family history which I need not take up your time to read, except to say that he was a junior partner in a firm established by his paternal grandfather which as he teasingly said: "brings me enough income to afford a box at the opera every season."

Dorothy, in the meantime, had been getting ready for the evening celebration. Now she came downstairs in the glory of her new gown.

"Oh, how lovely you look, Mr. King!" she exclaimed, impressed at once with the difference which his cap (which I made him put on for my admiration) made.

"Yes," said Manson gravely. "I was made a captain and am no longer poor, so that I want you to accept some presents which I brought for you. Have Nanette bring them in."

Nanette did so and Dorothy yelled with delight.

"Oh, I just love you, Captain King, I just love you," she shrieked.

"Well, then, such being the case, I don't suppose you'll object to my becoming your big brother?"

"My big brother?" Dorothy was a bit puzzled.

"Yes, I'm going to marry Marian and that will make me your brother. Shall you like that?"

But to show that she would, Dorothy took the easiest way. She exercised her sisterly prerogative and kissed him.

Christmas Table Decoration

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

teaspoon of soda and one teaspoon of cream of tartar and sift again. Measure one cup of milk and add alternately with the flour to the egg mixture. When done, the cake should be about two inches thick. The following day, cut cake into three-inch squares, scoop out the centers and round the sides. Hold each piece on a wire and dip into boiled frosting, sprinkle with a little cocoanut and set to dry. As the frosting must be very soft when the dipping is done, it may be necessary to dip the second time. Just before serving, put into the center of the under half a few small candies or a few cubes of jelly. Serve on individual plates garnished with a spray of evergreen.

FRIED APPLES.—Wipe, core and slice, without paring, into eighths, and fry in salt pork until browned. Sprinkle with brown sugar and a dash of cinnamon. Add a little hot water, cover and steam a few minutes.

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

To Part or Not to Part

OUR grandmothers prized their hair above every other beauty attribute—they brushed it one hundred strokes at night, they did it up in nightcaps, and protected it from every profaning touch. It was silken and smooth and it lay in beautiful loops about their ears, one straight part dividing it just above the brow.

We suffered a reaction from grandmother's primness, and rushed to the extreme of pompadours which stood terrifyingly high, to "ratted" hair, and to a conspicuous neglect of the mollifying effect of a hairbrush. Where grandmother abjured curling irons as destroyers of her precious locks, we burned our hair without compunction in the daily effort to produce lovely curling tresses. Now, we who like to look as pretty as we can, have struck a happy medium. No longer is the towering pompadour in good taste, no longer are frizzed locks permissible, yet we do not plaster our hair down as meekly as did grandmother.

I had a letter the other day from one of my girls who said, in speaking of her hair, that she wore it in a pompadour. So, said I to myself, said I, perhaps I would better just say a word to the rest of my girls about pompadours and



A LOVELY COIFFURE, NOT TOO MUCH WAVED.

parts. And here I am saying it. Pompadours are not in fashion any longer, girls, and it is well, for brushing the hair straight back from the forehead wears away the hair line and is apt in time to heighten the forehead unduly. A part is quite the mode at present, and a good rest for that forehead line. Not a part like grandmother's, primly in the center of the forehead, but a part a little to one side of the middle of the forehead—usually to the left, with the hair on the left side brushed straight down and puffed a little over the ear, while the hair on the right side is brought down over the forehead a little and adjusted to suit the needs of that particular face. Look at the pictures I give you this month and you will see three different ways of utilizing this part. In one the hair is waved quite a good deal before covering the ear; in one it is merely undulating while the hair to the right of the part is rather plain, and in the third there is still more of a wave. All three, however, follow the mode of the left-hand part. It is permissible to transfer the part to the right side of the head—indeed, a very good plan is to wear a left-hand part for a few months, then a right-hand part, to rest the hair and prevent the part from widening.

Don't brush your hair too much away from your forehead—very few faces stand well so much disclosing. Study your face and adjust the hair to lie softly on your forehead where it is the most becoming to you. If you have very heavy dark hair and black eyebrows, you cannot wear the hair as low on the forehead as if you had blonde hair and light eyebrows. To be beautiful, one must use common sense and realize that each of us is a separate problem which cannot be solved in exactly the same way as any other problem on earth. So find out your good points and weak points and govern yourself accordingly. But in any case I am safe in saying that a pompadour is a very trying way of wearing the hair, and at present quite out of style. Stick to parts!

Answers to Questions

ANGIE.—If you are only four feet eleven inches tall, you do not need to weigh as much as those who have an extra foot to support. But you are under weight, just the same, and the fact that your hair is falling out, and your bust growing flabby, shows that you need building up. What you need to do is be careful in selecting your food, in chewing it until it is liquid before swallowing, in drinking plenty of water and getting plenty of sleep with lots of fresh air in the room. Eat only at meals; drink between meals. Potatoes, boiled until dry and mealy, or baked; rice; cereals with cream and sugar; bread and butter; milk will all help you to gain flesh. Do not eat fried foods, nor too many sweets. About the gooseflesh on arms and legs, be sure to take a complete body bath daily, and immediately afterward rub the skin of the body briskly with a Turkish bath towel. If you have no bathtub, you can take a bath very nicely with nothing but a bowl of hot soapy water, another of clear warm water, and a folded bath towel on which to stand. In cold weather, slip on a bathrobe, then uncover just one arm and bathe that thoroughly, and rub dry. Cover that up, and bathe the other arm; then the chest, the abdomen, one leg at a time, and finally, last of all, very quickly and briskly the back. In this way, the body will not be exposed, and you will not become chilled. Your gooseflesh will soon disappear, and as you add flesh your skin will fill out and become firm and smooth. Try eating a big bowl of cereal and cream or milk for breakfast with plenty of hot toast (no hot biscuit, at any time, please, for I do not think you digest them), a soft-boiled egg, and a dish of stewed prunes, a baked apple, some grapefruit or an orange. Prunes should be washed thoroughly, then soaked over night in plenty of water and cooked slowly for about two hours in the water in which they have soaked. Many prunes need no sugar at all. Your hair is troubling you because of your general health. You must build yourself up as if it were your one job in life, and soon the other difficulties will disappear. Eat an apple before going to bed, and get a certain amount of outdoor exercise every day. You say you are roundshouldered. You must get over that, for you are not giving your lungs room enough to function in, and they must have this room if your blood is to be healthy and your general health improved. Practice shoulder and arm exercises two or three times a day, and make yourself stand erect. When you sit down, do not slump in your chair, but sit way back until the bottom of your spine touches the back of the chair, then hold the rest of the spine straight without touching the back of the chair. Here are some exercises. By the way, they will help to develop your bust, as well!

To Straighten the Shoulders

Stand erect, heels together, toes out, chin up, chest well forward, shoulders dropped. Now stretch the arms out in front of you on a level with the shoulders, palm touching palm, elbows rigid. Breathe in slowly while you count eight, at the same time throwing the arms back as if you were trying to make them meet, being careful always to keep them on the level of your shoulders. Of course you cannot make them meet, but keep on trying. Still keeping them on a level with the shoulders, bring them forward again, letting out your breath as you do so. Repeat ten or twelve times. Deep breathing will help to develop your chest and straighten your shoulders, so practice breathing in slowly and holding the breath for a few seconds, then letting it out as slowly. This expands the cells of the lungs, which you are now probably not using because you are crowding your lungs through letting your shoulders round. The amount of air you take into your lungs determines how pure your blood shall be, and that in turn regulates your health, the beauty of your complexion, the beauty of your figure. Isn't it worth while to give the lungs a chance to do their work? Get after those shoulders—they are responsible for most of your troubles.

BERTHA.—The first thing to do is to give your scalp and those of the children a thorough shampoo, following which you must thoroughly wash all brushes and combs. I judge from what you say of your hair that you have a condition that could easily be transmitted to the children, so be careful that you do not use your brush for the children. As a matter of fact, each person should have her own brush, for dandruff and other troubles of the scalp are transmitted by a common brush. In your case, you must be sure that nobody else uses your brush and comb, and you yourself should wash the brush daily. A physician recommends adding one tablespoonful of oil of ergot to four tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and annointing the scalp the night before a shampoo. You could use a medicine dropper which you can buy for ten cents at your druggist's. Part the hair, then run the dropper along the part. Part again about an inch away, from the forehead to nape of neck, and use



TWO PARTED COIFFURES BUT ONE QUITE SEVERE AND THE OTHER MUCH WAVED.

dropper again. Continue until you have gone over the entire scalp in this way—the scalp, remember, not the hair. Of course, some of the oil will get on the hair, but the place you want to apply it is the scalp. Pin your head up in a towel, so that you will not soil your pillows, and go to bed. In the morning, give your hair and scalp a thorough shampoo, using a shampoo liquid made by shaving half a bar of white household soap into a quart of boiling water, and letting it stand over a gentle flame until it is thoroughly dissolved. Dampen the whole head with warm water, then pour a little of the liquid on the parted hair, so that it reaches the scalp, part in another place and do the same, then rub vigorously, massaging the scalp with the fingers and giving it a thorough shampoo. Rinse thoroughly, then use more of the shampoo liquid, rub and massage, and rinse again. Use a last amount of the liquid, and finally rinse many, many times until you are sure there is no soap left in the hair. For your children, use just plain olive oil on the scalp the night before a shampoo, to loosen the dandruff; otherwise shampoo as I have directed you for yourself. Be very careful about rinsing. Do not comb a child's hair vigorously, or brush it hard. A comb is just to untangle hair, not to touch the scalp; a brush is to gently spread the natural oil of the scalp over the entire length of the hair, but both brush and comb should be used very gently, else the skin of the scalp is irritated and broken, producing dandruff. The children's hair should be shampooed once in two weeks, regularly, unless any one of them has very dry hair. Gentle brushing daily will probably do away with any dryness, but if it does not, then shampoo that child's hair only once in three weeks. Your hair needs a shampoo once in two weeks, I should say, with the oil used the night previous. Anything which improves your general health will help your hair as well, so take as good care of yourself as you can.

CORA.—Yes, your letter was too late for an issue of COMFORT earlier than this one. Here is the way to take the milk diet—I am glad you are going to try it. For the first week, you may have one meal a day, at night, about six or six-thirty. Otherwise, you must let all food alone. At night put to soak half-a-dozen prunes in a tumbler of warm water (after thoroughly washing them, of course), and in the morning on rising first drink two glasses of warm water slowly; then fifteen minutes later, eat the prunes, masticating them thoroughly, and drink the prune juice. Fifteen minutes later, drink a glass and a half of milk, "chewing" each mouthful, so that it is thoroughly mixed with the saliva before swallowing. You see, milk is almost entirely digested in the mouth, and if you gulp it down it is only partly digested. An hour later, take another glass and a half, and so continue taking milk every hour until three-thirty—assuming that you took your first at 7.30. About six-thirty or six, take your dinner—a very simple one, and between that hour and going to bed drink two glasses of water. Keep this up for a week. The second week, drop all solid food, and take just milk—two glasses an hour beginning at 7.30 and continuing to and including 6.30. Remember to sip and "chew" the milk. Keep up the prunes in the morning and the water night and morning. You should gain from one to three or four pounds a week on this diet. Weigh the afternoon of the day you begin the treatment, and then the afternoon of each Saturday thereafter.

HAMPTON.—The high chest and beautiful throat are the result, in most cases, of proper breathing, proper eating, and proper postures of the body. If your chest is flat, you can remedy it. You need breathing exercises, shoulder and arm exercises. See answer to "Angie." Practice these exercises and the deep breathing with perseverance. They will develop your chest and fill out the hollows in your neck. In the meantime, you must also look after your diet and all bodily functions. The bowels should move regularly and naturally once a day. Drinking plenty of water, eating fruit and vegetables will help this. Prunes well cooked, and thoroughly chewed, are excellent to help elimination. Don't blame "Nature" for the flat chest—because it lies quite in your power to correct the condition; in fact, it exists only because you have had faulty habits of breathing, sitting and standing. I know you will go to work to correct all these, and therefore I can assure you that it will not be long until your chest fills out. Don't expect it to happen in a week, however, and remember your exercises and breathing must be kept up. It will do no good to exercise for two days, then skip a day, then exercise once the next day, and forget all about it the following day. Plan out your exercises and practice them regularly, never less than twice a day, while your deep breathing you can practice many times a day, as you have a moment, or as you go marketing or to church or any other place which gives you a few minutes' walk.

OLIVE.—Depilatories cannot remove hair permanently; they only take off the hair at the skin and soon it returns, as you have found. Electrolysis will remove hair safely, but it is expensive and requires an experienced operator, so that except in the large cities it is difficult to use this method. It costs five dollars an hour, but quite a number of hairs can be removed in even fifteen minutes. The next best thing is the French treatment, which consists of moistening the hairy spot with ammonia and letting it dry; then the next day moistening it with peroxide, and continuing the treatment daily. The ammonia dries the hair and in time kills the root; the peroxide bleaches it while the killing process is going on. It is a long, slow process and requires a lot of patience. Some people require a great deal of time to produce any results, but it is the best thing you can do. I would let the down on my face alone and only treat the upper lip.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

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Pokus.—Did you eber try pinching him in the pocketbook?—*Town Topics.*

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The Talcott Treasure

By Anne McQueen

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Colonel Talcott, before the beginning of the Civil War, converts his securities into eagles and double eagles. Trusting his overseer, who is also a soldier, and confiding the secret to his wife, the men leave the town for the plantation, where he intends to secrete the treasure. Both men are killed in a skirmish and no trace of the money is discovered. Fifty years later, Eleanor Talcott and Nancy Dare, working in New York for the same firm and discussing the possibilities of the future and longing for a home, are surprised by Eleanor receiving a letter. Her father's great Aunt Talcott, whom she has never seen, leaves a plantation to her great nephew or his heirs and assigns. Nancy, who is practical and engaged to John Carr, realizes the expense of keeping the plantation up. Eleanor, with memories of sunshine, flowers and mocking birds, is anxious to go, provided Nancy will make it her home. Both girls go to Georgia, where they are driven from the station to the plantation ten miles distant, by an antebellum negro, who announces their arrival to the old negro servants, Brer Silas, Daphne, and Bahama, her husband. Going into the old house, whose doors swing on rusty hinges, Nancy wonders if Eleanor will live in this forsaken place. Daphne takes them to a chamber, from whose walls the paper hangs and the ceiling showing bare laths, then hurries to prepare supper. The next morning Bahama shows the girls the premises, which are sadly neglected, and repeats the desire of the half strainers, who own a beautiful plantation adjoining, to buy old Miss' land. Eleanor realizes the need of general repairs but cannot consent to part with the Talcott heirlooms. Writing to Mr. Warner, her lawyer, and father's old-time friend, Eleanor goes down the road to mail the letter and, pausing beside a wire fence, attempts to pull down a branch twined with a vine, upon which grow luscious grapes. She is surprised by a friendly voice and the offer to reach the grapes for her. Retaining a picture of the stranger, she queries whom he can be. Eleanor finally decides upon repairing the roof where it is absolutely necessary, buying an incubator and a mule. After going all over the house and seeing the rare old china and silver and wondering will she ever use them, she packs them carefully away, seeing only the face of the young man who gives the grapes. Mr. Warner, Eleanor's attorney, calls and wants to know what they intend to do. He gives his advice freely—better think twice and go back North. From the incubator set with two hundred eggs, fifty chicks come forth and with the New Year a norther which freezes them. While Eleanor and Bahama strew leaves over their bodies, a man in livery and on horseback appears with a bag filled with quail and mallards from the lake, presenting them with Mr. Muir's compliments. Eleanor refuses the gift—not knowing Mr. Muir, and later she sees through a tangled hedge a man pass on horseback. It is Mr. Muir, whose picture is printed on her heart, and he, realizing her stubborn pride, determines to break the barrier by calling with his mother, when Eleanor, with the air of a princess, assisted by Nancy, entertains them in the only room, their bedroom, where there is a fire. Mrs. Muir, glad to have young neighbors, invites them to visit at any time. Eleanor, with simple dignity, thanks her, believing self-respect prevents accepting courtesies and returning visits and again she refuses their offerings of fruits and flowers. David Muir enlists Nancy, whose friendship he would like, though Miss Talcott ignores him. He goes back to his home in the North. In the meanwhile, Neddy, the mule, leaps over the fence and devours vegetables growing on the Muir estate, the manager placing the damages at one hundred dollars, which Eleanor pays, knowing the small balance to be left when the check is cashed and she must tell Nancy to go to her John. Mrs. Warner, laden with good things to eat, goes to the plantation and meeting both girls, recognizes Eleanor by the Talcott favor. After a bountiful dinner she queries if they have hunted for the bags of gold Eleanor's great-great Uncle Talcott hid from the Yankees. She believes they will find it and the girls begin the search for the Talcott treasure.

CHAPTER V.

A DARK young man, of medium height and somewhat inclined, his enemies might say, to chubbiness; with a good-looking face that fairly radiated good nature, and dark, bright eyes that always twinkled humorously upon the world in general, jumped out of an automobile at the big-gates of the Talcott place; seized a biggish, confectionery-appearing package, and, tossing the required coins to the chauffeur, bade him return for him in the evening—and not come before nine o'clock.

As the auto departed on its way back to the town from whence it had brought him, the young man—who was none other than John Carr, on a surprise visit to Nancy, paused and surveyed the scene before him with a low, long whistle of surprise.

The weeds were cut in the avenue, but they still flourished greenly in the grove—Eleanor had found them too much for her feeble strength to cope with. Being summer, the vines that bowered the moldy walls of the old mansion were gay with flowers, and the yard was overrun with blossoming beds. Eleanor, though a decided failure in the truck-growing business, seemed to charm flowers into growing for her; the old, half-dead bushes and shrubs and vines had been coaxed into new life and vigor by her tender hands, so that they did their best to hide the decay of her abode with their bright bravery of color, and their luxuriant greenery of foliage.

"Marianna of the moated grange, for a fact!" commented John Carr, surveying the house through the overlacing arms of the old trees, which tried to hide it from the plebian gaze of wayfarers by their shrouds of funereal moss.

"My poor little Nancy, sun-loving, sight-loving, *folks-loving* little girl that she is, shut up in these moldy old walls, shrouded by curtains of Spanish moss, away from the city lights, and warmth and sounds—wonder she's living to tell the tale! Well, it just shows what love can do—her love for Eleanor kept her here, and now, by jinks, her love for me'll take her away!"

And, with a very determined tread, and a look of warfare in his eyes, John marched up the avenue to storm the moated grange and bear away his lady in triumph—if she consented to go!

The doors stood wide open, to let the summer winds wander at will through the wide old hall, which was quite empty. Standing on the threshold, John Carr rapped discreetly, but no one came to the door, though, afar off, he could hear a voice that thrilled him tenderly—the voice of Nancy, strangely muffled, and with a note of distress in it that sent John Carr scurrying away in search of his sweetheart.

He found her wedged in tightly behind a ponderous press in one of the big chambers; cobwebby, and with a smudge on her cheek, Nancy gave one glad cry when she beheld her lover and ecstatically sobbed upon his breast, while he kissed the smudge—which was uppermost, with loving loyalty.

"Nancy-girl, Nancy-love," he whispered, "I'm so glad to find you alive, honey! And I've come to take you away."

"No, you haven't, either," sobbed Nancy, rubbing her teary eyes upon his immaculate shirt-front, with disastrous consequences. "I won't go—till we've found the treasure, or at least looked for it in every hole and corner. *I* don't believe there is any, myself."

"Treasure! Are you dippy, child—has this loneliness affected your brain?" inquired her sweetheart, solicitously, as he looked anxiously into the flushed and smudgy face of the girl of his affections.

Nancy laughed—so merrily, so musically that the sound thrilled his heart. "Oh, you old John-goose, you!" chided Nancy, "I'm *not* dippy—but it's a wonder my brain hasn't gone, that's a fact," she lowered her voice to a whisper. "It's been—Oh, John, it's something awful to live out in the country! If it hadn't been for those silly letters I wrote you I'd have gone bug-house, truly! And oh, John-dear, you *are* such a handsome man!"

"And you are such a beautiful girl!" responded John with enthusiasm," even with a smudge on your cheek and a cobweb on your nose!"

"If *you'd* been seeking treasure," chided Nancy, "your nose, I'm free to say, would have been stubbed, and cobwebbed, and scraped, till it wouldn't be recognizable as a human feature! Not if it had been in all the places mine has. Listen!"

And, as briefly as possible, for Eleanor was searching in a nearby chamber, Nancy told John of the story old Mrs. Warner had related—the story of the lost fifty thousand dollars in eagles and double eagles, supposed by the public to be confiscated by Yankees, and by Mrs. Warner to be hidden safely away in the walls, chimneys, garrets or cellars of Talcott House.

"Nonsense!" was John's only observation, as she ended the tale of how they—she and Eleanor—had been searching ever since. "Sheer absolute nonsense, every word of it! I've got that raise at last, young lady, and I've come for you—and by jinks, I'll have you if I have to tie you up and tote you away like a bundle of straw!"

Just then Eleanor, hearing voices, and wondering who on earth Nancy could be talking to, entered the room. Eleanor, too, had a smudge on her cheek—in fact, there were two smudges, and a cobweb trailed, veil-like, across her forehead. Evidently, she, too, had been treasure-seeking in dark corners.

Eleanor was paler than usual, and there were dark shadows under her eyes that told plainly of fatigue, showing the nervous strain under which she was laboring. "Mr. Carr! I am so glad to see you!" Eleanor held out her hands—very soiled little hands they were—impulsively. "I know—I just feel that you've come for Nancy, but, oh, I can't spare her just yet! If Nancy were to leave me right now, I don't believe I'd have the courage to search another inch!"

"No danger," averred Nancy, stoutly. "I've just informed him that I won't go till I get good and ready!"

"Miss Eleanor, you're not looking very rosy and strong," said John, anxiously. "Can't you give up this—er—work you are engaged in and go back to the city with Nancy for a while? Treasure'll keep, you know," he smiled at the word, his tones showing how lightly he esteemed the story of hidden wealth in the old walls, "and time flies mighty fast! You and Nancy pack up and let me take you back home—to New York—with me. She's *got* to marry me before long, for I'm to be a home-body now—I'm taken off the road at last, with a place with the firm that affords a good salary. Please say yes, Miss Eleanor!"

But, though Eleanor hesitated, Nancy spoke up at once. "Go right back home, if you've come out here to tempt us, John-boy," she scolded. "As soon as we've finished—made sure that not a square inch is overlooked, I'll telegraph you to come, and marry me without a frock to my back! For I won't wait a single, solitary day to make a trousseau—I'll let you spend your good money buying frocks after we're married. How'll you like *that?*"

"Dandy!" declared John Carr, enthusiastically, "what's my money for if it isn't to buy things for you? All right, ladies—I'll wait a reasonable length of time, but remember, a man's patience has limits!"

This settlement of the question being satisfactory, they lead him out on the porch, and went away to make themelves presentable—and to send Bahama, post-haste, to Mr. Jake Louder's store for certain groceries necessary for a company dinner, which was so perfectly delicious that John Carr declared they must take along the cook, when Eleanor, Nancy and he should set up housekeeping together in the city.

But Eleanor shook her head sadly, a pathetic little smile on the fair face that was getting thin and white with anxiety.

"Aunt Daphne and I belong down here, Mr. Carr; the city isn't for us—we'll live and die down here on the old plantation, I think, whether we find money or not—we'll manage somehow. But you and Nancy will come to visit me, and I will be so glad to visit you, in your beautiful, sunny bright rooms. Will you have a flat, or a house?"

"A house in the suburbs," promptly replied Nancy, "when we are able. Till then, a flat, of course—airy, and sunny and beautifully convenient—and the best room in it for you, Nellie, always!"

"Of course—sure!" agreed John Carr, heartily, "the best in the house for you, when you come."

They took a walk in the afternoon, Nancy and her John, and she poured out her heart to him on various subjects dear to both. And she confided to her sweetheart that the wish of her heart was to see young Muir and Eleanor friends.

"They were made for each other—positively ordained from the beginning of time," declared Nancy, "but, John-boy, how on earth am I to get Eleanor to come off her high horse and be friendly with the boy? It would be such a *beautiful* match! And Nancy sighed with a sense of her impotence to further the making of such a perfect alliance.

"Things like this always work themselves out, honey," cheered her John, secure in his own happiness, "just let 'em alone—they'll find a way."

"Which is all you know!" scoffed Nancy. "Eleanor Talcott is harder than any ten-penny nail, John Carr, when it comes to doing what she considers the right and proper thing. She'd die before she'd encourage him a single, solitary bit—unless she were to find the treasure."

"Stuff and nonsense!" denied John, "she'll never find the treasure—but, if her heart inclines toward that young multi-millionaire, be sure he'll find a way to win her—if he's half a man."

But, when her sweetheart left—after making the automobile wait just as long as possible—Nancy was not at all cheered by his optimistic predictions—she knew Eleanor better than that!

Of course, being broiling hot summer time, when there wasn't a thing on earth to shoot, David Muir had no business whatever at Green Lands. Nancy, therefore, strolling in the cool of the morning before her day's work at treasure-seeking should begin, was somewhat startled to hear a low whistle of flute-like quality, in a big live-oak over her head. Looking up, she was still more startled to see a man in the tree, smiling down upon her with great friendliness.

"Hey there!" spoke the bird-man, pleasantly. "Look out—I'm going to drop!" And he did, right at her feet, and seized her hands immediately, shaking them like the proverbial pump-handles.

"David Muir! What on earth brings *you* here?" gasped Nancy, overcome with surprise at his unexpected appearance.

"What on earth brings *you* here—in a cemetery?" grinned David, amiably. "I've been tracking you for some time, dodging behind bushes, and behaving in as highwayman-like manner as possible, till I 'treed' you, so to speak. How's the princess?"

"Sit down on that tombstone and I'll tell you everything," invited Nancy, brushing off a slab with her gown and promptly seating herself, upon which David Muir followed suit, in a very gingerly manner. "Doesn't look very reverent, sitting right on one of 'em," he commented, uneasily. "I never saw this place before—looks like a garden."

"It's really the only well-kept spot on our plantation," declared Nancy. "You needn't look towards the house—Eleanor can't see you for those trees—and she's already been here—comes every morning early to look around and see that everything is in beautiful order, as it was when we first inherited the property. Poor child, she can't seem to make anything grow but flowers; but they spring up like magic in her path."

"Flowers should always spring up in a goddess's path," murmured David, dreamily, his eyes wistfully roving towards the house, hopeful of seeing a glimpse of the goddess. "Is she well—and happy?"

"She's not very well, for we're both working ourselves to death. Don't I strike you as looking careworn and feeble?" inquired Nancy, smiling so that dimples raced merrily from their hiding places to disprove the assertion.

"You strike me as looking lovely beyond the dreams of—of anything," finished David Muir, lamely. "Except one other person, the loveliest lady my eyes have ever had the great good fortune to behold! And you're looking unusually——plump!"

"I'm not!" disclaimed Nancy, indignantly; all girls inclined to plumpness naturally resent such imputations. "I've lost—pounds and pounds, I know, if I had any scales to weigh on. But, oh, let me tell you the tale of our land-sorrows! Beats Prospero's sea-sorrow all to bits." And, with a reminiscent sigh, Nancy began; only to be interrupted by David.

"About that darned manager," he frowned, "I didn't know until he very carefully sent in his report, and I saw—seldom ever read the things—that he had made Miss Talcott pay for the few blades of green stuff her mule ate up. I came right away, as soon as I read it—thought maybe she'd see me and let me apologize and return the money. I gave that darn-fool manager a raking over the coals he'll not be likely to forget, too."

"It was awful," agreed Nancy, "and I felt like cussing him myself—I hope you did it thoroughly! But you must never, never mention the matter to Eleanor, for she'd never forgive you in the world—and she'd starve before she'd take the money back."

David Muir's face grew very solemn—so solemn that Nancy couldn't help laughing at its preternatural length.

"Cheer up—the worst is yet to come," she continued. "Of course, it was perfectly terrible about the mule—nasty old thing, he won't make corn enough to feed himself, let alone us! And I know that Eleanor's poor little balance in the savings-bank is too minute to be visible to the naked eye. But I also know Eleanor, very thoroughly, and I'm sure she would be grossly insulted if you were to offer reparation, in any way. No, my child, our lone lorn hope lies in finding the treasure!"

Then, breathlessly, for she knew Eleanor would be calling her presently, Nancy told him the story of their search for the gold—in eagles and double eagles, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, which old Colonel Talcott had taken away, in ten leather bags, to hide on the plantation; of the skirmish in which both men were killed, and the treasure whisked away from mortal ken.

"I think, myself, our co-Yankees took it away with 'em," said Nancy, confidentially, "but since old Mrs. Warner made us that visit, we've searched—I've nearly butted my brains out tapping ceilings, and cricked my neck awry forever; my eyes are full of plaster, my hands of splinters, and my lungs are so choked up with dust that I'm liable to go off into a decline. And Eleanor! Well, she's worse than I am, because she's looked so much harder. If it were only possible to find it, you'd be a happy man, David Muir, for she'd be rich—not, of course, to compare to you millionaire people, but fifty thousand dollars would enable her to repair the house and grounds, and buy a pony-carriage, and—be neighborly with folks."

David Muir rose from the resting-place of Eleanor's ancestor, and walked, hands soberly in his pockets, back and forth in the narrow walk between the graves. At the fence, just beneath the live-oak tree in which he had climbed, was a tiny grave freshly mounded.

"New one?" he asked, absently smoothing the red clay with his toe.

"Old as the hills," returned Nancy. "It isn't one of the family, but some darkey who died in war times, and was buried here while the family were in town. Wanted to be near its white folks, poor soul. It was badly mounded, and Eleanor had Uncle Bahama mound it over. She calls it her poor little pickaninny, and tends it as lovingly as the others. See that fresh bunch of roses on it? Put them there this morning. Eleanor's too full of sentiment for a prosaic Yankee to understand!" And Nancy sighed helplessly, as she shook her head over Eleanor's perverse ways—"but I like it," she declared loyally. "I think she's the finest—the very finest girl on earth!"

"So do I," nodded David Muir, soberly, "so—do—I!"

"But *so* unpractical!" mourned Nancy.

"Yes," agreed David Muir, abstractedly. He sighed, held out his hand to Nancy with an air of finality, and said simply: "Good by, Miss Nancy—I'll see you again before long—must be going, now."

Then, lifting his hat, he climbed swiftly up the bole of the big live-oak, dropped down on the other side of the enclosure, and was gone before the astonished Nancy realized it.

"*I* think, declared that young lady, huffily, "that he isn't as much in love with Eleanor as he pretends—going off like that, without even trying to get a single glimpse of her. Well, men are queer, the best of 'em. I'll run back to the house and help hunt for Great-Uncle Talcott's money—oh, Lord, how my neck does ache!"

"But, after two weeks of search, the treasure was still undiscovered. Eleanor drooped like a white lily on which the rains and winds had beaten too harshly. Nancy, viewing her with the ache of pity in her heart, sighed impotently, and longed fiercely to be able to do something to comfort her—and thought of the absent David Muir with wrath in her soul. A real lover should stay near his lady in her time of distress, considered Nancy, even though the lady aforesaid would have none of him.

But, when she went to fish her mail from the box down the road one day, there was an envelope addressed in unfamiliar writing which puzzled her. Tearing it open, she read: "Meet me in the morning, at any hour that suits you, in the graveyard—I'll be up the tree. D. M."

Wondering at this summons, yet eager to obey, Nancy waited impatiently for Eleanor to return from her usual early morning visit to the little cemetery, and, as soon as she could, flew on the winged feet of curiosity to the trysting place.

David was already up the tree, and he sprang down instantly.

"I saw her—she looks so pale it frightened me," he said, in greeting. "Poor child, just wearing her life away. But say, partner, a thought came to me, away up in New York, and, by George, I believe I've got a hunch that's genuine! Listen: I've been thinking that, if there is such a thing as hidden treasure, you've both been on the wrong trail. Now this is my hunch—what do you think about it?"

And, speaking in a confidentially lowered voice, though there were none to hear, he told Nancy, in graphic words, about the "hunch" as to the hiding-place of the treasure.

Nancy sank weakly upon an ancient tombstone, overcome with surprise at the daring thing he suggested.

"I couldn't—I don't believe she'd *ever* con-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



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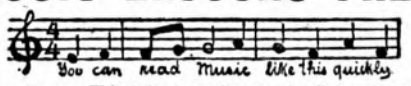


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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

have genuine home folks just across the bay in Oakland.

And I want letters from some of the dear old Grandmas who feel they haven't much to do in life from now on but patiently wait for the end. Many families here are glad to get an elderly woman in their family for light housework and to mind small children so they may get out of an evening or Sunday.

Girls who come here from the East should get in touch with thoroughly reliable people before taking work as they might find themselves behind locked doors in a den of shame. There have never been better openings for girls than at present, in all lines of work, and the girl who will ask references from the pastor of some church here as to the one offering her employment when she comes; and the girl putting herself under the guard of the Travelers' Aid enroute, and positively refusing all advances of strangers, both male and female on trains and at waiting rooms, will arrive safely night or day and be met by the Aid's agent on her arrival and taken to her place. There is no need of thousands of our precious girls constantly disappearing, going out into the dark unknown as they are doing. I am confident if they would deport themselves properly, dress more modestly, and keep eyes, ears and other senses on the alert, they could neither be persuaded off the train nor to eat or drink with a stranger.

Working girls or boys, write to me if I can help you in any way.

Who wants a Christmas Card?

MRS. I. G. AULD.

SOMEWHERE IN ILLINOIS.

DEAR PEOPLE OF THE COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER:

May I come in? I didn't come in to talk about myself despite the fact that I have a lot of pet troubles that need airing. The main reason I called was to tell Bachelor Bill what I thought of him. Well, if my right-hand neighbor isn't Bachelor Bill. Bill, why are you so cruel toward my sex? Why put all the blame on their shoulders? I wish you could be turned into a woman for a while. How do you think a woman can always be neat and clean when she has to care for three or four children, do the housework, care for a garden and do part of her husband's work? There isn't any use to try to explain this to a man. I am not so very old but, Bachelor Bill most of the trouble I have seen in the families of my friends has been caused by men. Because a woman loves a man she will try hard all day to please him, forgetting to give herself the care that is needed to keep her "sweet." I don't want to quarrel with you nor say you don't know what you are talking about but I do want to defend my sex. Men will throw their clothes on the floor, leave their hat on the table and spill ashes and ink on the table linen. Perhaps the wife will have a few spare minutes in which she plans to comb her hair but there are the clothes to pick up, the hat to put away, the ashes to sweep up and the stain to be removed from the table linen. So the hair isn't combed and then she's "untidy."

I have had a hard road in this life and every one of my troubles and hardships can be traced to a man. Of course there are exceptions but I haven't seen them.

A BIRD WITH A BROKEN WING.

NORTH CAROLINA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT ever since I was a child but this is the first time I have ever attempted to write to the Sisters' Corner, for the simple reason that I knew my letter wouldn't be as interesting as those written by others, but when I read the letters



WESLEY OSBORN AND JOHN FARISH.

from Appreciative and Sincere Reader on adopting children I could keep silent no longer. By all means adopt a child for you can and will love it just as dearly as your very own. We know for we adopted a dear little boy when he was only three weeks old and now he is nearly twenty-one months old and a perfect darling. We had only one child of our own, a dear little boy of eight, and I am sending their pictures which I hope to see in COMFORT. We love our adopted baby, little John Farish, just as much as we love our own, Wesley Osborn, so by all means adopt a child and see just how much your home will be brightened and cheered and how dearly you will love it.

Sincerely, A COMFORT FRIEND.

TOREY, UTAH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you let a Mormon sister enter your happy corner? I have never seen a letter from Utah. I wonder why?

I enjoyed Bonnie V. Bovell's letter. I am another mother with a crushed heart, having to part with dear children. I was blessed with five but have only two left, the eldest, eleven years and the baby nine months old, so those that are gone were just babies but they brought their love and we miss them so.

Our little girl of eight years was the picture of health and the life of home but she took that dreadful influenza and passed away last December, ten days before Christmas, and oh, such a lonesome Christmas as it was. I try to think of this story: A Hindu woman, the beautiful Eastern tells us, lost her only child. Wild with grief, she implored a prophet to give back her little one to her. He looked at her for a long while and then said tenderly, "Go, my daughter, bring me a handful of rice from a house into which death has never entered and I will do as thou desireth." The woman at once began her search. She went from dwelling to dwelling and had no difficulty in obtaining what the prophet specified but when they granted it she inquired, "Are you all around the hearth, father, mother, children, none missing?" But the people shook their heads, with sighs and looks of sadness and far and wide as she wandered there was always some vacant seat by the hearth. And gradually as she passed on the waves of her grief subsided before the spectacle of sorrow everywhere. And her heart, ceasing to be occupied with its own sorrow, flowed out in strong sympathy with the universal suffering; tears of anguish softened into tears of pity; she forgot self and found joy in helping others.

I would like to hear from some of the sisters of COMFORT as I get very downhearted at times, although I have one of the best husbands on earth. I don't think we should talk of our husband's faults. Stop a minute and look at yourselves.

I am living on a large cattle ranch, keeping house for my husband and children. We are surrounded by high cliffs and on the east is a large mountain. It is a rough country but we enjoy life here during the summer. In the winter we go to town so our children can go to school. The Mormons are great people for schools. Today in the public school system of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

to outwit me, my pretty little sister, but I am going to hunt you out yet, and then I'll pay you a social call."

Violet was filled with dismay at this threat, for she could conceive of nothing more mortifying and embarrassing than that Wilhelm Meneke, with his bloated and disfigured face, his soiled and untidy apparel, should present himself at the aristocratic residence of Mr. Lawrence on Fifth Avenue and claim relationship with her.

She quickly retraced her steps to Broadway, bitterly regretting that she had left that street at all, and then she walked swiftly on up town until she was sure that Wilhelm Mencke could not see her, when she took a car and went home, resolving that she would be very careful hereafter about being found in that portion of the city alone.

Wilhelm Mencke, after the last tempestuous interview with his wife in London, suddenly made up his mind that it would be as good a time as any to shirk all future obligations of a domestic nature, and accordingly he took "French leave," proceeding directly to Glasgow, where he secured a cheap passage in a steamer bound for the United States.

Arriving in New York, he reasoned that he could lose himself there more successfully than anywhere else, and, securing a lodging in one of the poorer sections of the city, he devoted th most of his days to sleep and beer-drinking, and his nights to gambling, the passion for which had become insatiable.

Sometimes he won: at others he lost; at any rate he led a miserable existence, sinking lower and lower in the mire of indolence and dissipation, losing his self-respect—what little he originally possessed—and becoming a voluntary outcast from all respectable society.

Violet was exceedingly disturbed by her meeting with him and for a long time afterward she could not be persuaded to go out, even to ride, so afraid was she of another encounter with him.

Her excuse to Mr. Lawrence, whenever he invited her to accompany himself and Bertha anywhere, was that a dressmaker and necessary spring sewing claimed her time and presence; therefore, that gentleman and his daughter were obliged to drive by themselves during the next few weeks. She continued to devote herself assiduously to her duties in the schoolroom, so that the master of the house seldom saw her, excepting at dinner time, and this caused him no little uneasiness and chagrin, because he had been gradually growing to realize, of late, that her companionship had become necessary to his happiness.

One evening he was sitting alone in his library, and he fell to musing upon his uncomfortable state of affairs.

"I suppose it is because of her extreme conscientiousness," he told himself. "She thinks because she is hired for certain duties she must not be tempted from them for her own personal enjoyment. Hum! She is a charming little body, a perfect sunbeam in the house—why shouldn't I keep her here always? I am a middle-aged man, I know, but my heart is young, and I love young company. I wonder if it would be right to ask her to share the future with me. She seems to be alone in the world, she receives no letters—no friends come to visit her, and I have never heard her speak of a relative. It almost seems as if there must be some mystery connected with her history; but she is good and true, I am sure, for her daily life is beyond reproach. Her tastes are dainty and refined, her education excellent, her manners charming, and in person she is certainly very beautiful: she would make a most delightful mistress for such a home as this, and why should I not marry her if I can win her? True, I am old enough to be her father, but older men than I have married even younger girls than Violet. I could give her every luxury, and shield her from every ill, while, should she outlive me, as she probably will, she would have a handsome fortune at her disposal."

The wealthy banker sat long considering the wisdom of offering his hand to the young governess. Evidently Violet had no prior attachment, he thought: she seemed happy and contented in his home and appeared to love Bertha most tenderly, while, on the other hand, the child was devotedly attached to her.

Before he had retired to rest, he had resolved to do his utmost to induce Violet to become his wife.

"I will not interfere with her duties now," he mused, "for she thinks there have already been too many interruptions to the lessons; but we shall soon go away from the city for the summer—which I will try to make one long delightful holiday for her and Bertha—and when she resumes her place in this household, I hope it will be upon an entirely different footing."

A little later he broached the subject of going away for the summer to his residence up the Hudson, and the bright look which illuminated Violet's face at the thought of going into the country, assured him that he could not have proposed a greater pleasure for her.

But their eyes suddenly lost their gladness, for it occurred to her that possibly Mr. Lawrence had not thought of including her in his plans for the season, and she had no idea what she should do, or where to go if she should be left behind.

But his next words reassured her upon that point, and set her heart beating with hope and delight.

"Are you fond of the country, Miss Huntington?" he asked, wondering with some misgiving, what had made her grow so grave all at once.

"Yes, indeed; in the summer there is nothing more delightful than the country," she answered, eagerly.

"I am glad to hear you say that, for I have been wondering if we could persuade you to go with us when we leave town," the wily banker returned, making it appear that she would be doing them a favor by going with them. "Would you prefer a summer on the Hudson or a sojourn by the sea? I have also a villa upon Long Island," he pursued, watching the play of her features to see if she really had any choice in the matter.

Violet dearly loved the sea, as we already know; but she liked the highlands also, and she hesitated a moment before replying.

"I am sure I should be very happy in either place," she at length said, with a smile, "and I should rather not express a preference; that ought to be as you and Miss Bertha desire, I think."

He smiled at her modesty, then after considering the point, remarked:

"We will go to Oak Heights on the Hudson for the remainder of this month and next; then we will spend August and September by the sea. How will that suit, Miss Bertha?"

But his eyes were fixed on Violet's glowing face as he put the question.

"That will be very nice, papa," the child replied, delightedly, "and I know we shall have a much pleasanter time this summer than we did last, if Miss Huntington is to go with us, for nothing ever gets out of fix or goes wrong where she is."

Mr. Lawrence gave vent to a low, appreciative laugh at this remark, and thought that Bertha certainly had the right of it.

"Thank you, dear," said Violet, flushing, while she laid her hand caressingly upon the child's shoulder. "I ought to feel very highly complimented with such a tribute as that, and I am sure I am charmed with the plan for the summer. I had hardly given a thought to what was going to become of me during vacation time; I did not realize it was so near."

"I don't think we could get along without you," Bertha returned, affectionately; "do you, papa?"

Mr. Lawrence flushed at this.

"I think it will be very pleasant for us all to have Miss Huntington with us," he said, quietly.

A week later they were all settled in their beautiful home on the Hudson, and Violet felt more content and at ease than at any time since her disagreeable encounter with Wilhelm Mencke.

She had lived in constant fear that he would find out where she resided and make himself obnoxious, both to her and to Mr. Lawrence; but now she was sure that he would never think of looking for her in any place so far away from the city, and she gave herself up with all her heart to the enjoyment of her holiday.

Mr. Lawrence insisted that there should be no lessons during the vacation season.

Violet looked blank at this injunction, and told him that she feared she should not be doing her duty to spend the summer in idleness.

"Just give up the time to getting strong and vigorous for work when you return," Mr. Lawrence said, pleasantly. "I will provide you with all the amusing reading that you desire for yourself and Bertha, and you may give me all the music that you will; but there shall be no regular routine, no set duties. Make yourself and Bertha happy, and I shall be more than satisfied."

"I imagine there are very few governesses who are like this," Violet mused, when thinking over her patron's kindness afterward. "I am sure Mr. Lawrence must be a man in a thousand, and I believe I am beginning to be very fond of him. If Wilhelm had only been like him, how happy I might have been in my own home—all the sad experiences of last year would never have come upon me," she concluded, with a heavy sigh. Mr. Lawrence not only gave Violet and her charge permission to be happy, but he exerted himself in every possible way to contribute toward this result.

He planned long, delightful rides during the early morning, after which they would sit in the cool shade of one of the mammoth trees on the lawn, while either Mr. Lawrence or Violet read aloud from some entertaining book. After luncheon, or during the warmest portion of the day, they rested; then in the cool of the evening they would ride again, either in the carriage or on horseback—for Mr. Lawrence owned some fine saddle-horses—or take a delightful sail upon the river.

Violet had never been so happy since her early childhood; life was like a beautiful poem—a dream of delight.

There was only one drawback to it all: the shadow of death—the supposed untimely death of her young husband—still hung over her, saddening many hours and causing many bitter tears.

"Oh, if Wallace were only here to share all this with me! How can I bear all the long, lonely years before me?" was the sad lament which too often escaped her lips.

But, though her grief was strong and deep-seated, she kept it to herself. She never mentioned that she had any secret trouble, nor referred in any way to her past.

Then the summer months glided by, and Violet was more than content to feel that she was doing good, in helping to form a lovely and noble character in the motherless and afflicted child who had been committed to her care; this thought was like a silver fringe to the cloud which shadowed her own life.

Every day, too, spent in Mr. Lawrence's society, revealed more and more that was grand and chivalrous in his nature, and she grew to look up to and regard him much as an elder daughter might regard a fond, kind father, never once suspecting that he was cherishing a warmer sentiment for her, and planning to offer her the first place in his heart and his home.

The first week in August they removed to the villa on Long Island, and here eight weeks more were spent in an equally delightful manner.

They all loved the sea, and much of their time was passed upon it in yacht or sailboat, or strolling along the beach upon its margin.

At one time they made a three weeks' excursion in a yacht, with some of Mr. Lawrence's friends, who occupied a villa next their own; thus Violet made some acquaintances; and during these two months she saw more of society than she had since her flight from Mentone.

Mr. Lawrence accepted several invitations to dinners and receptions, and also entertained a number of times, for, as it happened, a great many people whom he knew had come to spend the summer in that vicinity.

Violet and Bertha were always present upon these occasions, Violet doing the honors, like an elder daughter, with charming grace and ease, thus betraying that she had always been accustomed to moving in cultivated circles.

The eyes of some of Mr. Lawrence's friends began to be opened after two or three of these receptions, for the marked attention which that gentleman bestowed upon his beautiful governess could not fail to excite comment.

"She may hold the post of governess in his family for the present, but if she does not occupy the position of mistress before the year is out, I am no judge of the signs of the times," one gentleman remarked to another, after spending a delightful evening at the Villa, where Violet had charmed them with her music and her rare conversational powers.

"She is certainly a beautiful and accomplished woman," was the thoughtful reply, "but it does not seem right to me that one so young should marry a man so many years her senior."

"Well, it is not exactly according to nature," returned the first speaker, "and yet there is something to be said for, as well as against, such a union. If I had a lovely daughter, like Miss Huntington, I would much prefer she would marry a man of Horace Lawrence's stamp, for he is an honorable and cultivated gentleman, than any of the majority of brainless, idle fellows who frequent society nowadays. He would love her better, shield her more tenderly, and make her happier."

"You may be right—but I hope she will not marry him, all the same," was the grave response. Then he added, with a sudden brightening up of his face: "I know just the young man whom a girl like that ought to marry—who would make just the kind of a husband she ought to win."

"I shall begin to think that you are turning matchmaker, my friend," laughed the first speaker, or match-spoiler, I'm afraid my friend Lawrence might say. Who is this young paragon of the nineteenth century?"

"What, young Richardson!"

"Yes; they would make an ideal couple, according to my way of thinking," answered Mr. Harlow, "for, strange as it may seem, Wallace's partner was spending a few weeks in that vicinity, and a mutual friend had introduced him to Mr. Lawrence, and thus he met Violet.

"It is not often that two ideals marry each other," replied his friend, smiling. "The way the world goes in the majority of instances, some miserable stick gets one of the nicest little wives in the world, and *vice versa*. Perhaps, however, there is a wise economy in the arrangement: but matrimony, worked out on that line, is a problem to puzzle a better brain than mine. Still, as you say, Richardson is an ideal fellow—one in a thousand; only he seems older than his years; he has had some trouble, hasn't he?"

"Yes, but I don't know the nature of it exactly; he is very reticent; and, of course, I would not attempt to force his confidence. I wish, though, he had a nice wife; I would really like to introduce him to this charming Miss Huntington," Mr. Harlow remarked with an earnestness that made his friend smile again at his taste for matchmaking.

How strange that the lives of Wallace and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



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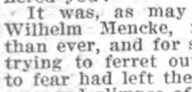
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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

Violet should have thus flowed so near each other without touching; but so it often is in this world of cross-purposes and mysteries.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WILHELM MENCKE MAKES TWO DISCOVERIES.

One day Mr. Lawrence came home early, bringing tickets for a matinee of the opera "Martha." He was ever ready to gratify Bertha's passionate love of music by giving her an opportunity to hear all the best talent, and during the season they made it a point of attending some performance once or twice every week, while Miss Bertha, supplied with a pair of powerful glasses that had been made especially for her, was in her element upon these occasions.

They were to hear a favorite artist today, and all appeared to be in the best of spirits in anticipation of the treat in store for them.

Violet was looking unusually pretty, in spite of her somber attire, for, although she had never assumed the mourning of a widow, she had dressed in black, or white, ever since her flight from Mentone.

It was very becoming to her, with her golden hair and fair complexion, and today there was a finer color than usual in her cheeks, while she wore a corsage bouquet of exquisite chrysanthemums, white as clustered snowflakes, which Mr. Lawrence had brought home to her, and many an eye turned a second admiring glance upon her as she alighted from the elegant carriage of her escort and followed him into the Academy of Music.

There was one pair of eyes which lighted with a quick flash of triumph as they caught sight of and recognized her.

They belonged to a bloated, gross-looking man, who was lounging in the shadow of a billboard, watching, with a sort of stolid curiosity, the arrival of the many pleasure-seekers, and who exclaimed, with a chuckle of exultation, as the girl disappeared from view.

"Aha, my pretty Violet, at last I have cornered you!"

It was, as may be surmised, no other than Wilhelm Mencke, more coarse, more repulsive than ever, and for six months he had been vainly trying to ferret out Violet, whom he had begun to fear had left the city, for he had never caught a second glimpse of her until this moment.

Having made this important and unexpected discovery, his next thought was to ascertain the name of the gentleman with whom he had seen her, and, with this end in view, he sauntered leisurely out from his hiding-place toward the elegant turnout from which Violet had just alighted, and which he affected to admire exceedingly.

"Humph! A fine pair of horses you have there," he remarked to the dignified coachman upon the box, as he patted the satin-smooth neck of the animal nearest him. "It must be rather enjoyable to drive a couple of high-steppers like these; they cost a cool thousand, I'll warrant."

The high-toned driver bestowed a somewhat scornful glance upon the shabby, vulgar-looking man; but no lover of good horseflesh can listen to such praise of the objects of his especial pride and be indifferent to the flattery.

"There an't a better pair o' carriage horses in New York," he said, briefly, bestowing an affectionate glance upon the handsome bays.

"They're beauties, that's a fact," said Wilhelm Mencke, admiringly; "the whole turnout isn't to be sneezed at. Your governor must have plenty of cash to sport it—a good judge of horseflesh, too. Do you mind telling me who's the owner?"

"H. A. Lawrence, Esq.," was the curt but somewhat consequential reply.

"What! The banker?"

"Yes."

"Oho! I've heard of him. Where does he live?"

"No. — Fifth Avenue."

"Whew! Rich, isn't he?"

"Rather!" replied the coachman, loftily, and with significant emphasis upon the adverb, as he gathered up his reins preparatory to driving on, while Wilhelm Mencke, having accomplished his object, waddled toward the Academy of Music entrance, where, after purchasing a ticket and securing a pair of glasses, he sought his seat in the second circle and set himself at work to seek Violet in the dense throng beneath him, and watch her movements throughout the entertainment.

He espied her after a while, sitting in the front row of the first balcony, and from that moment he scarcely took his eyes from her face until the opera was over, when he hastened out, and taking up his position again behind the billboard, watched until Mr. Lawrence's party emerged from the building, and, entering their carriage, drove away.

Then, with a jubilant chuckle over his cleverness, and planning to make his discovery work to his own advantage, the man went on his way toward his own miserable quarters.

Proceeding slowly down the street, in an opposite direction from that taken by Mr. Lawrence's driver, and revolving how he could best make Violet a means to bring him money, his eye chanced to light upon a sign which had never attracted his attention before, although he had passed that way many times.

"Harlow & Richardson, Architects," he read, and then stopping short, he stared blankly at the names for several moments.

"Richardson! Richardson! It can't be possible that it is that chap," he muttered, with a scowl. "If he is here in the city and they should come together, my fat would be all in the fire. I've got to make my wits support me, and Violet, being in the family, is legitimate prey. She believes that young Richardson is dead, and it will be for my interest to have her continue to think so. I must look this matter up."

It was after five o'clock, but, though the man was suffering for his usual drink, he was so eager to satisfy his curiosity regarding the firm whose sign he had just discovered, he decided to forego the gratification of his appetite for a season, and learn the truth of his suspicions.

He therefore posted himself in a doorway, near by, to watch the entrance to the architects' office, for, he reasoned, work hours were nearly over, and both clerks and employers would soon be going home for the night.

Nor was he disappointed for in less than fifteen minutes a young man of perhaps twenty years issued from the building, and Wilhelm Mencke, assuming as respectable an air as possible, accosted him and inquired if either Mr. Harlow or Mr. Richardson was in the office.

"Yes," the clerk replied, regarding his questioner somewhat curiously; "Mr. Richardson came in about half an hour ago."

"Is it too late to consult with him upon a matter of business?" Mr. Mencke inquired.

"No—I think he could attend to you, if you wish to see him, although he has had a very busy day."

"All right; thank you—I think I'll go up. By the way," added Mr. Mencke, as he was about to enter the building, "what is Mr. Richardson's full name?"

"W. H. Richardson."

"Ah, yes; the W. is for Wallace, I believe—that is, if he is the man I used to know. Quite a young man, isn't he?"

"About twenty-four or five, I should say," returned the clerk, wondering what the gentlemanly and dignified Mr. Richardson should ever have had in common with this coarse-looking man.

"Smart fellow, or used to be," remarked Mr. Mencke, sententiously.

"Indeed he is," animatedly returned the young man, with whom Wallace was evidently a great favorite, "there are few men of his age who are so well posted in their profession as Mr. Richardson is, both theoretically and practically."

"That is so, that is so," said Wilhelm Mencke, wisely, as if he were thoroughly acquainted with Wallace's accomplishments. "The firm is doing a good business, I suppose?"

"Yes, indeed, their business has increased nearly fifty per cent during the last year, and they have more orders for the next twelve months than they can fill, unless they increase their office force."

"Well, well, they must be getting rich, then," said the inquisitive Mencke, but none too well pleased with the information he had gained.

"Yes, if business continues as good during the next five years they will make their fortune; but," added the voluble young man, beginning to think he was talking too freely of his employers' affairs, "it is my grub time and I must be off. You'll find Mr. Richardson up one flight, first door on the right. Good evening," and turning abruptly away, he walked rapidly down the street.

Wilhelm Mencke felt far from comfortable standing out there in the cold, in his thin overcoat and otherwise shabby attire, after gaining the above information.

He, who had once lived in affluence and scorned this rising young architect on account of his poverty, was now homeless, almost penniless, and shivering with cold outside the elegant building, where the man whom he had hated and had wronged, was steadily mounting the ladder of prosperity, and building up a name and fame that promised to shine among the brightest lights of his profession.

These thoughts were humiliating in the extreme, and made him shrink and cringe with mortification, envy and anger.

"I'd like to see for myself how he is getting on," he muttered, with a sullen frown. "I've half a mind to go inside and wait until he comes out."

He entered the building, and began slowly to mount the stairs, marking, as he went, the handsomely furnished and well-lighted hall.

"'Up one flight, first door on the right,'" he repeated, musingly, "must cost something for office rent in a building like this."

He had reached the second landing, but for some reason, or from some oversight, this hall had not yet been lighted, and was comparatively dark. The neglect, however, proved better for Wilhelm Mencke's purpose, for upon reaching the door to which he had been directed, and finding that the upper panels were of glass, he could plainly see the interior of the architects' office, and all that was going on therein.

It was a handsome apartment, large, airy, well furnished and brilliantly lighted. There were four or five draughting-tables or desks standing in different portions of the room. A pretty carpet of modest colors was upon the floor, a few comfortable-looking chairs, with handsomely carved backs and substantial make, were scattered about, while a few fine engravings, richly framed, hung upon the walls.

Opposite him, and with the door standing open, there was another room—evidently a private office—and this, what he could see of it, was even more luxuriously furnished.

"What a jump for that young beggar to make in less than two years!" muttered the whilom pork-packer, with an angry scowl, "and there he is now, as I am alive," he continued, as a fine-looking, well-dressed gentleman suddenly emerged from the inner room, and approached a clerk sitting at one of the desks.

Yes, it was indeed Wallace, looking more manly than ever, yet with a certain air about him which told that he had known sorrow. His bearing was gentlemanly and dignified, and it was plainly to be seen that the clerk, though he was an older man than himself, regarded him with deep respect and good will.

Wallace finished what he had to say to his clerk—which was evidently something connected with the drawings he was working upon—and then disappeared again within his private office.

He reappeared, however, almost immediately, wearing a handsome overcoat, and with his hat in his hand, while he was closely followed by another man.

"Lord Cameron, as sure as I'm a Dutchman!" cried the watcher outside, under his breath, and he saw that they were making directly for the door where he stood.

He shuffled away from his position, around to the foot of the next flight of stairs, where he would be concealed from their sight, and the next moment Wallace and his companion emerged from the office.

"Richardson, I am delighted over your success," the listener heard Lord Cameron say, as the two young men went down stairs together. "You are fast mounting to the top of the ladder and I shall expect to find you at the very summit the next time I come to America."

"Well, of course, I intend to improve my opportunities to the utmost," Wallace replied. "It has always been my aim to do thoroughly whatever I undertake, and I mean to attain to as fine a position and make my name as famous as possible. But," with a heavy sigh, "beyond the satisfaction to be gained by conquering difficulties and achieving my object, it will not amount to much, for I have no one with whom to share my honors."

Lord Cameron made some low-voiced, sympathetic reply, which Wilhelm Mencke could not catch, though he strained his ears to their utmost to do so and then the two friends, arm-in-arm, went forth into the street.

The eavesdropper hastened after them as fast as his bulky proportions would permit, and followed them up town for some distance, and finally saw them enter the Windsor Hotel together.

It is impossible to describe the feeling of mingled humiliation and spleen which raged in the heart of Wilhelm Mencke, as he watched them disappear within the brilliantly lighted entrance, into warmth and luxury, while he turned down a side street and made his way toward the miserable and comfortless room which was now his only home. The contrast of his present position with that of the young man, whom he had held in such contempt two years previous, was mortifying and terribly exasperating to his jealous nature.

He had always recognized the fact that Wallace was, by far, his superior in point of intellect, natural refinement and culture, while, as far as personal appearance was concerned, he certainly was not a gainer by comparison.

Wallace had been reared under the refining influence of cultured and Christian parents, and this advantage had served to mould his whole life, keeping him pure and noble, even in the midst of poverty and hardships.

Wilhelm Mencke, on the other hand, had drifted to Cincinnati, a coarse, unlettered youth, whose early life had been tainted by the example of an intemperate father and mother, and whose chief aim was to get rich, no matter how. He had found employment in a pork-packing establishment, and finally won a foothold in the family of his employer by consummating an elopement with his daughter, whose fortune and assured position had alone given him the *entree* to the better circles of the city.

But, with his money all wasted and left to himself, his real nature now asserted itself, and he sank to the level from which he had sprung.

Still he had pride enough left to sting him severely when he was compelled to realize the contrast of his present position with that of the once "poverty-stricken carpenter," who had dared to aspire to the hand of his wife's sister.

"It is very strange that he and Violet should have both been in New York for so many months and never met," he muttered, as he went on his way. "They shall not meet if I can help it. I hate the young upstart, and I will do all I can to keep them apart. I can manage to bleed both of them in this way, perhaps, while I could never get a penny from either if they should come together; for Violet hasn't much love for me now, and would never forgive me if she should discover how she had been deceived about his death. It is lucky for me that I have those trinkets, which I helped myself to before I left London. It is a wonder, though, that I have never pawned them; but somehow she seemed to haunt me whenever I thought of doing so; but I'll warrant he'll pay me well for them—poor lackadaisical fool! 'No one to share his honors'—bah! It is lucky for him that he does not think of marrying one of the fine girls of New York. I wish he would take a notion to; he'd be in a fine pickle then, and I should have a nice hold upon him—I could bleed him then within an inch of his life."

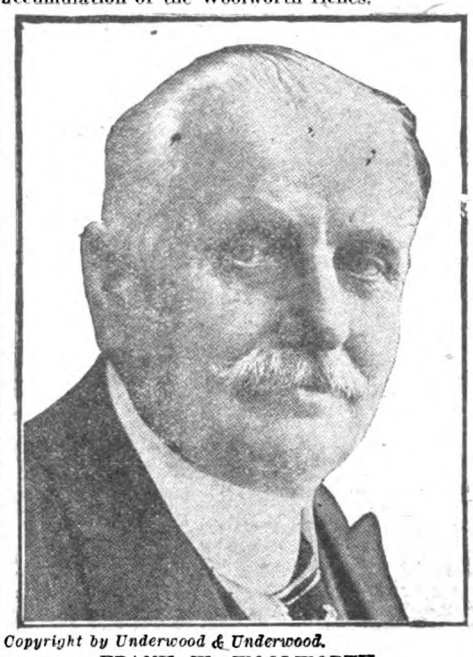
TO BE CONTINUED.

Fortunes Founded Through Luck

FRANK W. WOOLWORTH.

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THE tallest building on earth is on the world's greatest highway, Broadway, New York. Frank W. Woolworth built this "Cathedral of Commerce" and the $7,000,000 it cost him represents but a part of his large fortune. It was a piece of luck—a mere chance—that led to the accumulation of the Woolworth riches.



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FRANK W. WOOLWORTH.

Woolworth, when he was about 27, was clerking in a little country store in New York State, close to his birthplace, Rodman. He was active and industrious, and a very wide-awake young man, liked by his customers and by his employers. Now one morning in dropped a Western merchant who, among many other things, told of how successful he had been with a new idea—a five-cent counter in his store. "It was a hummer, while it lasted," he said.

Hearing and remembering the merchant's yarn was Woolworth's luck. The day's work over, he recalled the story in all its detail, and it was not long before he was on the track of a great idea. He would go to New York, where he would be sure to find plenty of articles to buy and sell at five cents, and then he would open a five-cent store of his own! He had heard of the business axiom, "Small Profits and Quick Returns," and he determined if possible to try it out. He was sure he had the right idea, and the more he pondered it the more excited he got—in fact he couldn't sleep that night.

Next day he took his employers into his confidence, for he hadn't a cent of capital. They liked Frank, he was honest, capable and courteous, but they wouldn't loan him any money. They were willing, however, to let him have a bill of goods on credit. This, with a little money he managed to borrow among his friends, enabled him to rent half a store in Utica where he started his five-cent counter.

As he expected, it drew big crowds and his whole stock of five-cent articles went the first day. But a formidable difficulty soon loomed up. He couldn't go on selling the same articles day after day for everybody was supplied, and the difficulty was to get different articles, yet so cheap that he could sell them for a nickel. This, he recalled, was the same difficulty the Western merchant had spoken of running up against.

How to get over it taxed Woolworth's brain not a little, meantime his sales dwindled, for people when they saw the same old articles day after day and no novelties, turned away. He knew of course that he *must* have variety, and that variety couldn't be had at such a low price.

Then the idea suddenly flashed upon him to try a 10-cent counter!

The 10-cent counter was the answer to his puzzle—his snowball was at last on the move downhill, doubling in size every foot.

And this is how, through a lucky incident, F. W. Woolworth made his millions; and today, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain, he is successfully running more than 800 10-cent stores.

The S. P. Q. R. axiom turned out a "winner" for Woolworth.



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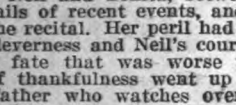
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Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

and had gone to the sitting-room for some books and music and other things, when Mr. Jackman came. He seemed distressed at the thought of my leaving, and wished to pledge my new-found happiness in a glass of wine. I drank a little of what he gave me, and in a few moments felt strangely dizzy and sleepy."

"The wine was drugged," ground Neil between his teeth. "The treacherous scoundrel!"

"It must have been drugged," faltered Beryl, "for after regaining my room, and dropping upon my bed, I remember nothing more until—until now. It was not noon then, yet here it is night. I must have lain in a stupor for many hours."

"You received no note purporting to come from me?" Neil asked, indignation and anger thrilling in his tones.

"No," answered Beryl. "Did you send me a note, dear?"

"I did not; but when I called for you, Jackman showed me a note which, he said, you had received, and which, he also informed me, he had picked up on the stairs. That note requested you to accompany the bearer to San Jose, and was signed with my name. I marveled at the time how you could have been deceived by the handwriting; still, believing that Jackman was your true friend, I did not doubt him at the moment, but turned to hurry back to the town in an effort to find you. I see now," he finished bitterly, "that the note was a decoy for me and not for you. I was to be lured away on a false scent, while Berdyne came for you in this car."

Beryl shivered with the horror of it all.

"Oh, how could men prove so treacherous, so void of honor!" she cried, with a half sob. "Mr. Jackman—it is hard for me to believe that he would lend his aid to anything so despicable."

"I am glad that I was able to pluck you out of that fateful snare," said Neil. "My poor darling! For months you have been surrounded by enemies. We may thank a merciful Providence that you came off so well. I might never have been able to rescue you, had it not been for Tonita."

Beryl leaned over and kissed Tonita's cheek.

"At least," said she tenderly, "I had one true friend among all my foes; and I cannot help thinking that all would have been different if Mother Jackman had been at home."

Tonita drew Beryl closer to her breast.

"To the death, *querida*," said the Mexican girl; "you can always depend upon your Tonita."

"Pray tell me all that happened," said Beryl, nestling comfortably into half of Tonita's cloak, which was drawn around her.

Neil and Tonita, between them, went into details of recent events, and Beryl was thrilled by the recital. Her peril had been great, yet Tonita's cleverness and Neil's courage had saved her from a fate that was worse than death. A prayer of thankfulness went up from her heart to the Father who watches over the innocent and the unfortunate.

"And in this same automobile which was to carry me away with Mr. Berdyne," murmured Beryl, "I am now speeding out of the hateful power of my foes with my true love and my dear friend. Heaven, indeed, has been good to me! And we are bound——"

"To San Francisco," Neil called back, "to the house of the minister who is to give me the legal right to defend you from scoundrels like Berdyne and Trenwyck. We had nearly fifty miles before us at the start. I have been over the road in a touring car before, and, if we have no breakdown, or other mishaps, we shall reach our destination by daylight. In the morning you shall be my bride!"

The last words found a delicious echo in Beryl's fluttering heart. They thrilled, too, like solemn music through the bosom of the Mexicana. In the great Leland Stanford University, at Palo Alto, her lover—a noble youth of her own race was studying to fit himself for the law. Some time they, too, like Beryl and Neil, would join their hands in wedlock.

"My trunk, my clothes, all my little store of goods," said Beryl, in dismay, the feminine instinct rising strong within her, "have been left at Sunset Ranch!"

"Pray consider me, dear," said Tonita gayly, "for I am but little better off. I came merely to make you a call, to do what I could to solve the mystery that had suddenly surrounded you, and behold! I am embarked on a journey just as I was and am to be your bridesmaid."

Neil laughed cheerily.

"Nothing shall delay us," said he, "until the ceremony is performed. After that, we shall visit some of the great stores, and what you ladies need it shall be my pleasure to provide. Tonita shall telegraph to her people that all is well with her, and there shall be many days of happiness for us in the City of the Golden Gate.

And on and on they flew, with Love, vigilant and determined, at the steering wheel; on through moonbeam and starbeam, along tree-lined avenues and dusky groves; on through the sleepy languor of the night, past Redwood City, San Carlos, Belmont, San Mateo, Burlingham, Palo Alto—little recking that, before many many hours vine-clad cottage, stately villa, palaces, and princely marts would be riven and torn, and the very road over which they were passing fissured and gashed.

They halted but once, and then at a wayside tarrying place, quaintly known as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Here Neil secured some refreshments for his fair charges. A few moments after the journey was resumed, the tired girls were nodding drowsily in each other's arms.

Neil, alert, watchful, and tireless, breathed a sigh of deep content. Triumphant love had wooed his heart away from thoughts of revenge; a languor wrapped itself about his soul—a delicious softness, born of the starbeams, which in no wise diminished his vigilance or lessened his firm control of the car.

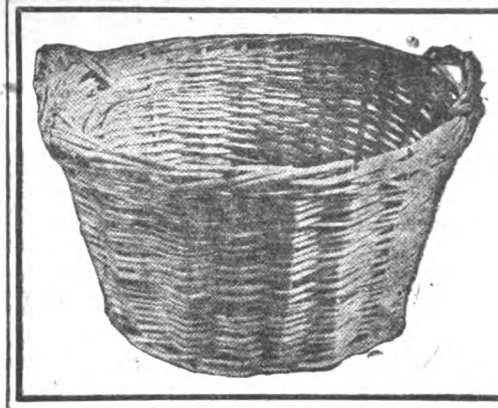
They went on through the night.

CHAPTER X.

OTHERS GO TO FRISCO.

Berdyne's fury at having his long-conceived plan foiled at the very moment when success seemed certain was something terrible to wit-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)



WHAT A TEN-CENT BASKET WILL DO FOR CHRISTMAS

By Winnifred Fales

Copyright, 1919, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

At the ten-cent store one day, I discovered some cunning little rattan baskets like miniature clothes-baskets, and with visions of the approaching Yuletide urging the necessity of "preparedness," I bought a dozen. The result is twelve really attractive Christmas gifts at the following modest cost:

12	Baskets at ten cents each,	$1.20
1	Small can moss-green stain,	.10
1	Package gold bronze,	.25
3	Narcissus bulbs,	.15
2	Celluloid thimbles,	.10
2	Pairs small scissors,	2.00
1	Box kindergarten beads,	.10

Grand total, $2.90, or an average cost of about twenty-four cents each. All materials not listed were odds and ends and left-overs except, the candy, the cost of which I have not counted because it will be a small portion of a small batch not yet made! The baskets were prepared in the following manner:

Number one was stained green and lined with moss, and a small fern was planted in it.

Number two was similarly treated, suspended by scarlet cords, and planted with partridge berry vines.

Number three was gilded and used as a receptacle for an old bowl containing the three bulbs and pebbles in which to grow them.

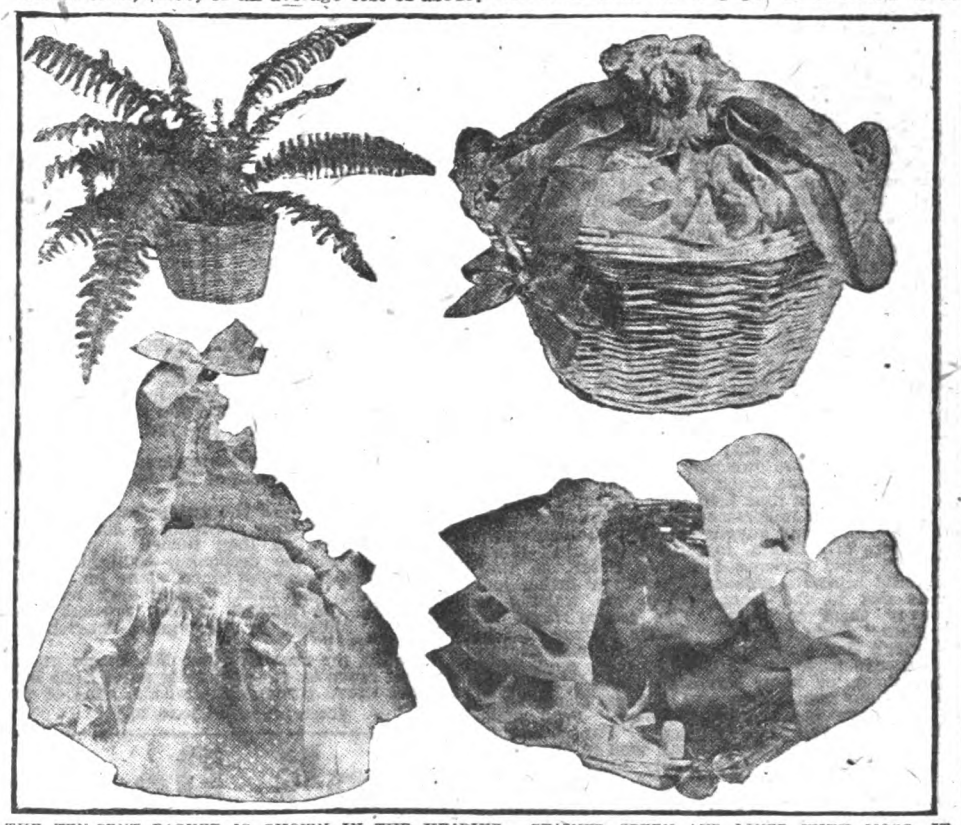
Number four had fitted into it a pad of blue sateen tightly stuffed with wool. A counterpane, valance and canopy of Swiss muslin tied with blue ribbons transformed it into a tiny "bassinet" pincushion for a young mother.

Number five was made into a pink and white bassinet in which was snuggled a wee china baby to delight the heart of the Littlest Girl.

To numbers six and seven, bag tops of fancy cretonne were sewed and the baskets thus transformed into yarn holders to hang on the arm, the yarn being drawn out through the top. These are for two devoted knitters for the Red Cross.

Numbers eight, nine and ten were stained green and then an irregular border, three or four rows deep, of the big, bright-colored glass beads was sewed around just below the rim. They were lined with waxed paper in readiness to be filled with home-made candy. Similar baskets cost two dollars each in fashionable New York candy stores.

Numbers eleven and twelve were fitted up as sewing baskets for the fourteen-year-old twins. One was stained green, with scarlet fittings, and the other gilded and decorated with pale blue. Four little bags for buttons were made of ribbon and hung to the rim on one side, and a perky bow mounted on the other. A ribbon-covered needle roll and pin book, together with thimble and scissors, completed the outfit.



THE TEN-CENT BASKET IS SHOWN IN THE HEADING. STAINED GREEN AND LINED WITH MOSS, IT HOLDS A FERN. ADD A BAG TOP AND IT BECOMES A YARN HOLDER. NEXT IS SHOWN THE BASSINET PINCUSHION. LAST APPEARS THE SEWING BASKET.



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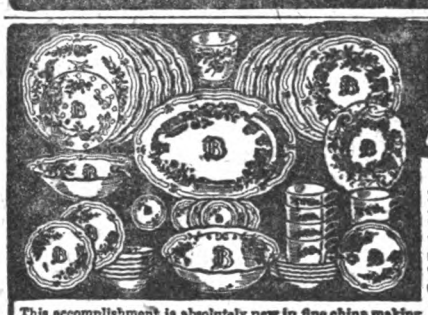


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The Real Santa Claus

By Thomas W. Spain

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"Type of a Father who rules above,
Who all of our wants can see,
'Tis a ruthless hand that, e'en thro' love,
Would destroy this mystery.
Yes, sea blue eyes, so slumberous deep,
Which ask for an answer true,
The giver comes in clouds of sleep,
When earth slips away from you.
'Tis true, blue eyes, 'tis true."

"I TELL you, Sophie, there ain't no such animal in existence, never was, and never will be. I'm bringing up practical children for a practical world, where they've got to earn an honest living by honest methods, an' I ain't going to have their heads filled with lying yarns at the start. There aint no Santa Claus, young ones, you are to understand that at the go in. The truth is good enough for you folks, whatever anyone else thinks."

It was only Jim Burge making his usual ante-Christmas declaration in the little kitchen of their home as they were preparing to go to town one Christmas Eve for the usual holiday gifts.

They—in this case—were Jim, his wife, Sophie, and their two children, twins—a girl and a boy, Elsie and Fred.

Needless to say, Jim Burge had never believed in a Santa Claus; indeed, he treated the notion of the kindly old gentleman in knickerbockers and fur-topped boots with a tolerant contempt, declaring him to be a myth that only existed in the minds of credulous and over-sentimental mortals. He rather prided himself on his good, plain common sense, and he meant to bring his children up in the way in which they should go. He would not litter their young minds with a lot of false ideas about things that weren't rational and that had no foundation in fact.

"Good man as you are, Jim, in most ways, you would rob childhood of all its simplicity and trust." Mrs. Burge said somewhat reproachfully that morning, gathering the children close to her with a little knowing squeeze for each. "That's the fault I have to find with you, Jim, you never will believe anything that's not as plain as the nose on your face," continued Mrs. Burge, for though her husband was undisputed master of the house and generally had things his own way, yet Mrs. Burge had very decided views of her own in some matters and could not forego the satisfaction of voicing them at times, even though their only effect might be to confirm her husband in an opposite opinion. "And as for 'lying yarns,' as you call it, I'm sure I'm none the worse for receiving Old Santa's visits when I was a child. I shall always look back upon those days as the sweetest of my life. For my part, I never was much set against these harmless little myths that help to make folks happy."

The children understood her, as children never fail to understand anyone full of soul-imaginings.

"There is a Santa, just the same, ain't there, Elsie?" Fred whispered to his sister, as they lingered behind a moment after their father had gone out to the team, which was waiting to convey them to town. "Of course there is, brother," Elsie replied. "Didn't we see him in Fowler's dry goods store last year, and doesn't he always leave us extra gifts where papa can't find them, or know anything about them, and doesn't our mamma say so? I guess she knows."

"Yes, it's just as mamma says," Fred spoke more to himself than to Elsie. "Papa's worked in that old shop, among rough men in the smoke of the forge until he's partly blind. He can see only just what is in plain sight. Hidden things he cannot see any more."

Of the two children Fred was the more like his gentle mother, who, still almost at middle life, cherished and loved old Santa almost as much as she had in her early girlhood. All the friends of her own age had, of course, already ceased talking seriously about Santa; her husband did not know him, and did not even love him as one whom he had ever known but who had gone away from him; but Sophie's child-like mother heart kept old Santa unobliterated and painfully hidden away. The mother heart, after all, is old Santa's most beautiful and most unlosable home, even after that mother has grey hair; and the old fellow has millions of such homes scattered over the universe.

That year, as usual, Jim purchased a number of toys in his favorite shop and presented them to the twins, assuring the children that he had bought them, and that there was no Santa—not for him.

That year, as usual, the children hung their stockings in a little secret corner of the rambling old farmhouse, and great fun they had doing it—they and their sweet, gentle mother.

And that year, as usual, when Christmas morning dawned, they found that good old Santa had left many little gifts in passing over even that home where he was so much despised by the head of the house.

But the next year all was changed. The garden truck that Mr. Burge usually raised and sold in the village had been a complete failure owing to the drought; and people were very backward about coming forward to pay their bills in the little blacksmith shop. The family was in desperate circumstances, and it was a scrape and pinch with poor Mr. and Mrs. Burge to make both ends meet.

The twins, too, were growing older, approaching that stage in their lives where elf-land lay behind them and the shores of reality in front.

As Christmas approached, Mrs. Burge was terribly troubled and perplexed, seeing, as she did, no way in which the winter's supply of extra clothing was to be had, much less anything in the way of luxuries for the kids. Yet to Fred, who understood her sweet nature so perfectly, she never seemed so beautiful as she did through those anxious, trying hours.

"How different mamma's life must have been in her childhood," he said to Elsie, again and again. All the neighbors say she was a rich man's daughter before she married papa, and lived in a great house in Sweden, and now she's in want and sorrow. When I grow up and get big like Jake Rankin I'll——I'll——"

And then Elsie would cut him short with a little laugh, and dare him to race her to the blacksmith shop, where they would find their father tinkering at some odd job.

On Christmas Eve Mr. Burge went to the village as usual, and took the twins with him; but, what was rather unusual, Mrs. Burge refused to go. Her countenance these days showed little but a gentle melancholy, and was rarely lighted by the glimmer of a smile.

"It's no use Jim," she said aside to her husband as he was preparing to depart. "You must not, in the hearing of the children, ask me to go with you. I can't see so many Christmas things and not feel able to buy anything for them. But for heaven's sake, Jim, try to get them some little trinket; you know they will expect it."

Arrived in town that day, Mr. Burge took the twins, among other places, to the store of Toney Parillo. Toney was a genial fellow, full of the romantic friendliness of the well-bred Italian, and he had taken a great liking for the twins—to Elsie, so slender and light, with her heavy braids of golden hair, her merry blue eyes and mocking little stub nose; and to Fred, so wistful and full of strange, child-like questions.

"Well, Mr. Burge," said Toney, with a good-natured smile, while he fondled the kids affectionately, 'I suppose you came in to buy 'Santa Claus' for the children?"

"Santa Claus, nothing," answered Mr. Burge, rather curtly. "I can't get money enough this year to buy them shoes, to say nothing of Santa Claus. Eh, it's fine talking of Santa Claus when folks ain't got nothing to eat. Toney sympathized with Mr. Burge and remarked that it was a pity he couldn't play Santa to the kids as he would like. But by a little diplomacy he discovered just what the children and their sweet-faced mother would like that year for Christmas.

As they were ready to start home, Toney stepped with them to their team by the roadside in front of the little shop. As he fed Billie the horse a red apple, Fred, who was on excellent terms with Toney and was not sure that he would not rather have him for a papa than Mr. Burge, asked, "Toney, do you suppose Billie knows it's Christmas Eve?"

"Of course he does," answered Toney; "even the fishes on the bottom of the deepest seas know that."

As Mr. Burge and the twins drove off, Toney stood watching them, waving a last good by to the children as they turned a corner and disappeared in the deepening twilight. For a few minutes longer he stood alone on the edge of the walk, and then, tossing back his black, curly head, he laughed a low, musical laugh, saying to himself in very good English, "By Jinks, I will!"

Through the evening glow, Mr. Burge and the children drove on towards their quiet little home. As they drove through the woods, none of them

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

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This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face.

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Simply address your letter to Helen. Clare, Suite A 203, 3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

as seemed to bolster up his case. It is also the privilege of those who seek to make the pacifist look more idiotic, worm-like and contemptible than he actually is, to quote the Bible against him. That was my reason for quoting the Joshua sun incident. Theologians and scientists can thrash the matter out among themselves. The Bible should be read understandingly and lovingly. We are learning more and more about the universe we are living in every day of our lives and the more scientists reveal to us the more we are filled with a sense of awe and wonder, and I trust our hearts, too, are filled with a deeper reverence for the Divine Architect who created the marvels about us. If science and the Bible clash at times, don't let that turn you away from the grand old book for it is the only thing we have to anchor to, the one source of eternal truth and hope immortal. If the Kaiser and his warriors had delved deeper into those truths and applied them to their daily living, instead of creating a tribal god, the world would have been spared this war. The Kaiser talked too much of God, but both he and his people forgot about Christ, and this country, too, is forgetting Him as fast as it possibly can. God help us!

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

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Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for December.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Lafayette Swanson, Boomer, R. R. 2, N. C. Paralyzed from waist down, result of having been thrown from wagon by runaway team ten years ago. Worthy case Send him some Christmas cheer. Mrs. A. C. Hottinger, Thornville, R. R. 5, Ohio. Aged, bedridden, poor, needy and worthy. Well recommended. Send her a dime shower. L. B. Tinsley, Huntington, 1645 Washington Ave., W. Va. Paralyzed and utterly helpless. Very sad case. Send Santa Claus to his bedside. Mrs. Emma Jenkins, Walling, R. R. 1, Tenn. Invalid for many years. Needy and worthy. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Sarah J. Plunkett, Worthville, N. C. Invalid for many years with spinal trouble. Alone in the world. Well recommended. Very needy case. Send her some substantial cheer. Mrs. P. H. Craddock, Price, R. R. 1, Box 68, N. C. Invalid for a number of years. Remember her. Mrs. Furly Mollett, Davisport, Ky. Blind and helpless. No means of support. Needs food and clothing. Send her some help. Elizabeth Gormley, Buffalo, Ill. Has tuberculosis. Depends on charity for support. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Mary Curry, Spencer, R. R. 5, Va. Great sufferer from rheumatism. Would appreciate second-hand clothing or any assistance you care to send her. James Wortham, Letona, Ark. Invalid for many years. Send him some cheer. Lulu Thornburg, Patterson, Mo. Helpless for 33 years. Dependent on charity for support. Lovely character. Send her a greenback shower. Johnny Adkins, Branchland, R. R. 1, Box 116, W. Va. Would be grateful for good reading matter, old phonograph or printers' type; also back numbers of picture supplement of the New York Times, and cheery letters. Nomie Peerson, Fulton, Miss. Would appreciate cheery letters and postal cards.

The Christmas of these poor souls will be a ghastly, not a merry, one unless you come to their aid with something more substantial than tracts and sympathy. Their names will not be listed again for a year, so be generous. Once more, God bless you all.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

Decorating for Christmas

By Mary A. Roberts

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Do not run out to the shop, purchase a few wreaths, hang them in the window and call the result "Christmas decorations." You might just as well frame a chromo and call it "Art." It is possible to put individuality, care and thought into your home decorations for the great holiday, without spending a great amount of money.

If you live in the country or near the country, plan an outing or two just before Christmas. Go into the woods and get evergreen. You are likely to find the long, trailing, velvety sort which makes such splendid wreaths. Even the sort that grows upright like tiny trees, may be pulled, done up in big bunches, and taken home to be wound with twine into long festoons which may be made for draping about the home or made into wreaths.

Cone-bearing pine branches are always beautiful and make especially fine decorations, but the branches of hemlock and any other greens should never be despised as they all help to brighten the home.

In decorating the hall, large branches of spruce are excellent; but pine or any other evergreen will serve nearly as well. Always choose full cone-bearing twigs; holly fastened among the branches of evergreen will be very effective.

An umbrella stand filled with tall branches of evergreens can be placed at the bottom of the stairway or on the first landing leading to floor above.

I have on several occasions used umbrella stands and waste-baskets for this purpose and found them very satisfactory. Red crepe paper or a bow of red ribbon will give a touch of Christmas color to the most ordinary waste-basket.

In many homes the top of the post at the head of the stairway is a good place for a small plain bowl filled with greens and holly. Branches of hemlock, fir, or arbor-vitæ are particularly suitable for this purpose.

In decorating pictures, the "overdone" effect must always be avoided. Small twigs of holly or evergreens placed here and there over the pictures are all that is necessary.

On the living-room table a small work-basket lined with red crepe paper or soft silk and filled with evergreens looks very well. If there is a lamp in the center it is always best to remove it, as the basket alone will be sufficient ornament.

All the candlesticks in the house should be brought out for the holidays and new, bright red candles placed in them. These are very inexpensive, one dozen costing but thirty cents.

In the dining-room a welcome change from the old familiar holly decorations can be made by tying branches of arbor-vitæ, the fir, cedar or hemlock with red or white frosted ribbon and putting them at each plate place.

For the center of the table a basket of fruit with small twigs of evergreens placed here and there will be very pretty.

Make the children's room a source of great pleasure to them during the holidays. Give them a small Christmas tree to be their own and allow them to decorate it as they will. From the current magazines they can cut out dolls to be hung on the tree, and a few inexpensive ornaments and small red apples will furnish the additional material.

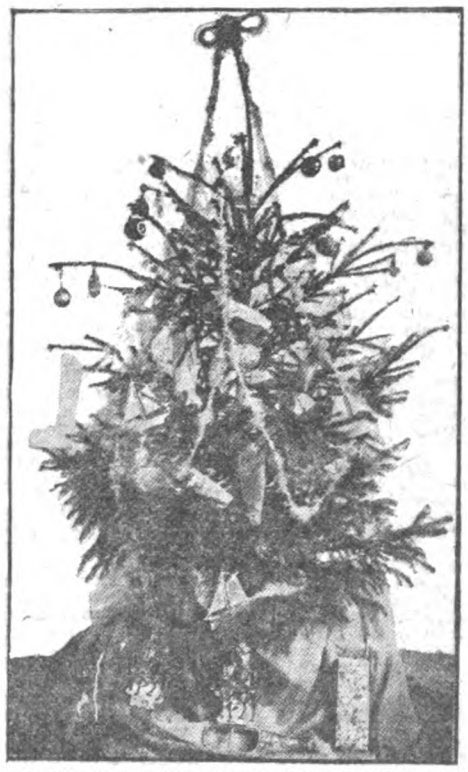
This is a plan well worth trying for the sake of the young folk of the household and their little friends.

Stars and half-moons, some made of silver cardboard, others of red blotting-paper, can be suspended from doors and windows, and little angel babies with wings of tissue-paper hung from the ceiling will be an added delight to the children.

Several large figures of Santa Claus purchased for a few cents or cut out of periodicals can be pasted directly over the window panes, producing a most novel decoration. For the sake of variety a string of paper dolls holding hands can be used in the same way.

Each child should be allowed to wear a little bunch of evergreen tied with a bow of red ribbon, and any visitor to the house might be presented with small twigs of green ready to be pinned on. A work-basket filled with these little favors can be placed in the hall or living-room.

A pretty window decoration consists of branches of evergreens and holly tied together and suspended by fine wire. Or branches of evergreen alone tied with red ribbon can be used if preferred. If wreaths are used, plain holly or evergreen wreaths without bells or other ornaments are in good taste and really most effective.



GIVE THE CHILDREN A LITTLE TREE IN THEIR ROOM TO DECORATE IN THEIR OWN WAY.

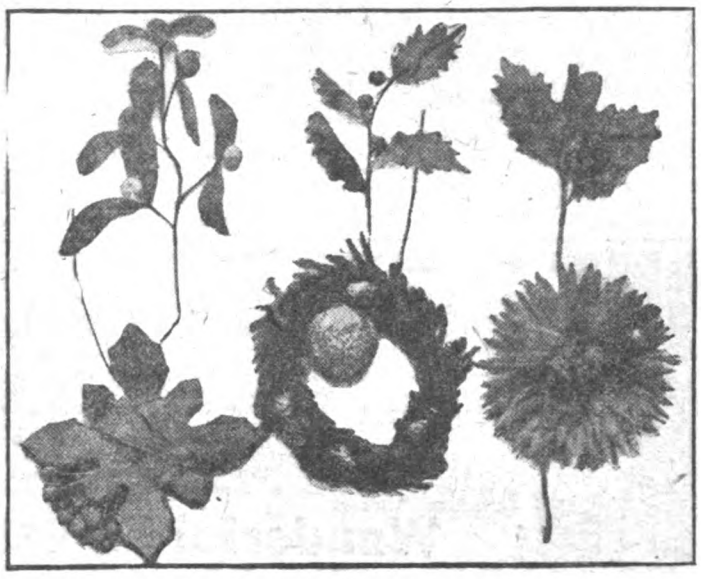
Over the large open doorways branches of spruce or pine can be nailed up or suspended by wire. Full cone-bearing twigs must be selected for this purpose. This form of decoration is particularly suitable for large, spacious houses.

A few final bright touches can be added by placing red pillows on the couch and a red rug here and there. Red lamp-shades or anything else of that color that has been put away can be made use of again; and a small basket filled with greens and suspended from a chandelier or a hook in the ceiling makes a most charming decoration.

Last year, a young woman with very good taste, whom I know, came to live with her old-fashioned aunt. At Christmas time she begged to be allowed to do the decorating. She promised that she wouldn't spend a cent more than the usual sum for wreaths and she was sure her aunt would be pleased. This lady was sure she wouldn't be, but she was.

In the hall the girl put a fancy basket of loose holly, interspersed with a few small artificial poinsettias. In the living-room she trimmed the spaces over the windows and the door with boughs of Southern smilax. On the center table she placed a small, slender gray vase overhung with several stalks of those exquisite berries, called bitter sweet.

And in the dining-room she had a tiny Christmas tree, held upright in a hole made through an inverted chopping bowl, which was covered with the sparkling white powder that simulates snow. The branches of the tree admost touched the cloth and slender red candles were the only trimming. They were lit every evening for a little time, and twice, by the way, they caught fire. On the sideboard, she had two large baskets of fruit, imbedded in greens. The aunt admitted that the decorations were the most artistic and attractive she had ever seen.



FOR TABLE DECORATIONS OR FAVORS.

The finishing touch to Christmas decorations should always be to the table. A pretty Southern custom is to let the flowers for the table lie sprinkled on the cloth irregularly, and this is a charming way to use either holly, evergreens or partridge berries, which can also be pinned on the corners of the tablecloth where they hang down, or in the case of holly or evergreen branches four or five inches long, can be wired to the backs of the chairs.

For the middle of the table the prettiest thing possible is a Christmas tree. This may be either a tiny spruce or fir, or one of the fruited pepper-trees always for sale at Christmas. There should be a tiny candle for each one of the company, to be lighted at the very end of the dinner, while the coffee and the nuts and raisins are being served. Some small, nonsensical gift for each person may be hung on the tree and presented at the beginning of the dinner.

These table decorations seem to make the dinner have a deeper meaning than an ordinary dinner, as it should, while the nonsensical little gifts, something personal and a joke on each, if possible, bring joy and laughter, the two greatest digestive aids in the world.

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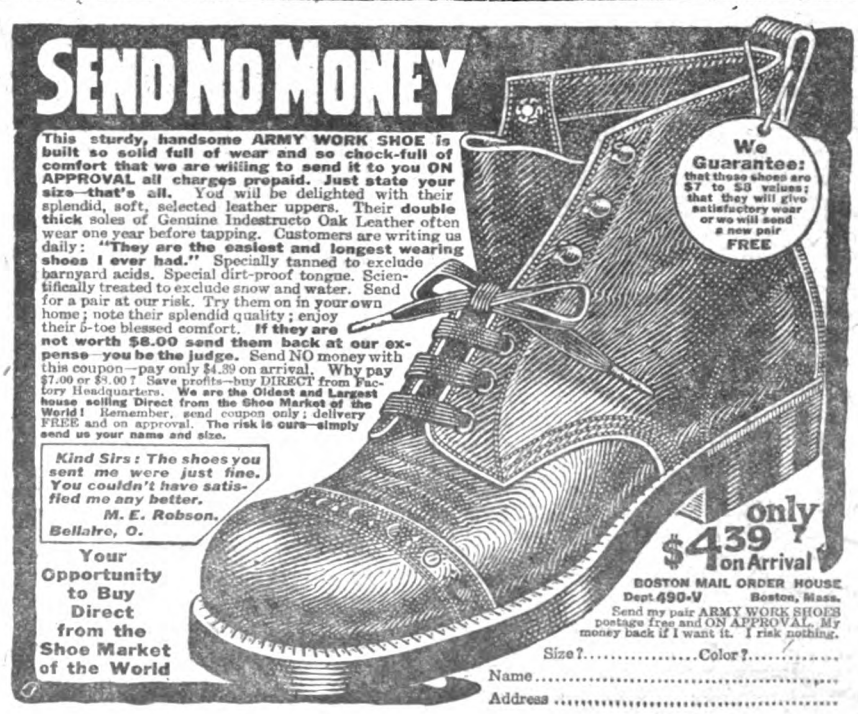
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The Brigand that Followed the King

See front cover illustration.

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By David Wallace

IT was the peaceful starlit Bethlehem Hills on that first of all the glorious nights before Christmas. The shepherds who had assembled at Migdal-Eder for common protection against marauding brigands were hurrying away toward the little city of David with hearts athrill with strange emotions and high expectations. Back of a clump of wild mustard above the watchtower, a dark form stirred, and Eleazar, "Wolf of the Judean Hills," staggered to his feet. Peering over the hilltop about an hour before reconnoitering his prey, the wily desperado was arrested by the voice of a venerable shepherd addressing the company on some absorbing theme. Crawling like a snake to the shelter of the great bushes, Eleazar had listened spellbound to the shepherd-seer as he pointed out a strange luminary in the heavens and recited Balaam's sublime Messianic prophecy. When the skies were suddenly cleft asunder and the blinding glory and heavenly music burst forth upon the hill, he fell on his face like one dead and lay still and cold until he could hear human voices again and when he looked up he saw the shepherds hastening down the hill. As he rubbed his eyes and stumbled against the edge of the miniature jungle he seemed as one suddenly awakened from a dream, a dream not of the night but of the years, not of fortune or fantasy but of glorious fate, and he grasped desperately at every clue that clung to burning memory. He recalled the wild wandering tent life on the edge of the great desert, his father playing the dual role of trader and brigand, and his mother, a quiet, patient, tender-hearted woman, the rose bloom on her upper cheeks and the steady lovelight in her coal black eyes. What was that story she used to tell him over and over again when a little boy, as they sat by the tent at the cool of the evening and watched the great stars as they came down, down, down, until they seemed to be resting just about the tent door? Oh, it was a vague, misty, jumbled memory, for he had the wild spirit of the desert and was soon old enough to mount his fleet-footed Arab and ride away to join his father in his thrilling exploits. But there was something in it about a King, a mighty Prince of Israel who would be greater than Moses or David or Solomon and who would gather together again the scattered and oppressed race of his fathers and lead them to triumph and glory! Oh, it all seemed but the wildest dream and never before since the innocent days at his mother's knee had he felt the thrill of its romance or dreamt of the possibility of its realization. One day his father had gone forth from his tent never to return, his surviving clansmen reporting that he had fallen in a fight with a Roman patrol across the Judean border, and from that day to this, Eleazar had been a red-handed Isthmaelite whose hand was against every man, and both Herod and Cæsar had placed a high price on his head.

This was Eleazar, "Wolf of the Judean Hills," as the impatient band of brigands hiding in the woods back of the hilltop knew him.

Eager for quick and decisive action and nervous and fretful because of his protracted absence, the brigands deserted their ambush and crept stealthily to the edge of the hill. Finding the shepherds gone and their chief alone, they rushed to his side, praising his wonderful prowess and eager to fly upon the spoil. But there was something in the chief's eyes and manner that startled them and they glanced around with apprehension, fearing some sinister strategy on the part of the decamping shepherds.

"It is in the wrong direction you look, brothers," he said, his voice as startling as his manner, and as they paused to listen he lifted his hand and solemnly pointed to heaven—

"It is not the fear of man that is in Eleazar's heart," he explained, "it is the fear of——"

His mother had taught him that it was awful sacrilege even to name the name of Jehovah their God, and the warning came back like a blow in the face.

Dumbfounded by his wild talk and creepy manner, the men looked at each other with painful enquiry and confusion and Kir the lieutenant ventured a suggestion.

The stars lose their twinkle, Master. What we do we must do quickly. Which flock shall we seize and in what direction shall we drive?"

"The man who touches a hair of one of these sheep is a dead dog," Eleazar answered as they glared at him with astonishment and resentment. "While you were hiding yonder, brothers," he proceeded, "strange things were happening here. From the hilltop I heard the shepherds talking about some wonderful star, and crawling down under the shadow of the mustard, I found a holy man pointing out the star and reciting a thrilling prophecy about the Star of Jacob which was to be the sign of the birth of a great King. And as they all gazed at the star and marvelled at the prophecy, the heavens suddenly opened and a blinding light burst upon the hill. I was stricken with terror and dread and cannot tell just what happened but I could almost imagine I heard a voice from heaven and a great choir of angels singing such music as mortals never heard before. And the most wonderful effect of all, brothers, is that the shock has revived within me memories and emotions of stories my mother used to tell me as a boy in the tent on the edge of the desert."

Again the alarmed brigands cast furtive glances at each other, slyly tapping the sides of their heads and nodded to Kir to answer again and make his appeal more urgent and emphatic.

"Eleazar can think deeply and long about such things while enjoying the spoils by the wells of Beersheba," he pleaded. "The shepherds must have heard the low growl of 'The Wolf,' and go to fetch Herod's dogs. We must fly upon the spoil and away or Herod's hunters will fly upon and make spoil of us."

"Oh, Kir, you cannot understand and I know not how to make you," Eleazar answered with a touch of tender feeling. "Judas will bring my steed and you can all choose whether to follow me or go your own ways. I am going to join the shepherds in following the star and searching for the King. Something tells me that this is the way of my destiny."

"Go not, Master; it is the way of death," cried Kir, seizing him by the cloak and giving way to passionate emotion.

"While you are searching for this phantom King, a real and terrible King is searching for you and the price on Eleazar's head is high and tempting. Let Judas trail the shepherds and bring you back the report."

"Ah, Kir," he gently replied, pushing him away "I wish we might see eye to eye, but you cannot comprehend, you cannot believe. They who follow the star never come back, they cannot come back. I have heard the call and must answer it and I fear not what awaits me for my King is greater than legions of Herods and Cæsars."

"I have brought mine, too, Master," cried Judas, appearing with the horses, the flush of a great emotion lighting up his handsome young face. "I go with you, Master, anywhere you lead."

Amazed and awestricken, the low-browed ruffians slunk away from the face of the transfigured leader and gathered around the lieutenant. As Eleazar mounted his horse, Kir shook his head sadly and looked with painful anxiety toward Bethlehem.

"You go the way of death, Master," he said, "but you go following a light. If we go we stumble in the dark and die as the fool dieth. Peace be with you, Master, and remember that the "lair of The Wolf" is still thy stronghold, and that we are still thy slaves."

With affectionate farewells they parted and the two men rode off quietly down into the valley, giving the reins to their princely Arabs, who seemed to sense an unusual situation with almost human sagacity and concern.

"Let me go forward, Master, and be your eyes and ears," proposed Judas, as they reached the foot of the hill and struck the beaten track to Bethlehem. "My face is still my own and I can play the fox with skill."

"Ah, Judas, you are a brave soul, but you cannot understand," he answered. "I do not comprehend myself clearly. A great change has taken place in me. I am no longer an outlaw but the subject of a new King, the greatest of all the Kings that ever reigned on earth. My mother used to tell me about it in the tent on the edge of the desert. Herod and Cæsar can no longer harm me, they can but hasten my immortality."

The strange light in his eyes burned with a more wonderful brilliance as he spoke and the boy's breath came hot and fast as he leaned forward in his saddle to catch every word.

"I cannot understand but I can believe, Master," he cried with passionate earnestness. "I, also, am a son of Israel."

When they reached the market-place of Bethlehem, the mystic foregleams of an oriental dawn illumined the far horizon and the thrifty traders had already begun to stir about and open up their stalls. Far down the open highway the vague outlines of the old caravansary loomed up, and moving specters of laden camels, turbaned attendants and mounted merchants could be seen pouring out of the open gate. As they continued their progress a group of excited shepherds appeared, singing and shouting as if celebrating some joyous event. The confused echoes of their exclamations startled and thrilled Eleazar as he hastened toward them.

"The star! The angel! The Magi! The King!" These were the refrains of their songs and the burden of their story and they were accosting every passer and telling some thrilling story and urging everybody to go into the inn and see for himself the wonderful babe and the princely Magi who had come from the far East with their precious gifts.

"Abide here till I return," whispered his Master to Judas as he hastened away through the gateway of the inn to the strangest of all places for the nativity of a King. Long and earnestly he gazed at the little baby, reverently stooping to kiss the tender forehead and laying a purse of gold at his feet, and then bowing low before the venerable Magi he begged the privilege of escorting them to the hilltop above Hebron, the first stopping place on their return journey. Eager to instruct him and inspire him with their own enthusiasm, the Magi talked to him all the way, of stars, of dreams, of revelations, of prophecies, everything pointing to the coming of the King.

Breathlessly he looked and listened as each took up his story, the wonderful light in his eyes burning deeper and stronger, lifting his hand at times to ask a question or make some striking comment; but, by and by, they noted with painful alarm that he grew silent and sad and seemed to be lost in strange perplexity.

"You wonder why my heart grows sad and heavy," he said as they halted on the hilltop above Hebron to say their farewells. "I am thinking, oh, Magi, what a poor, weak, little thing a babe is to contend against Herod and Cæsar."

"Ah, but you forget, my son," answered Melchior, the most venerable, "that it is Jehovah who is the strength and hope of this wonderful child. Jehovah, the Everlasting, the Almighty, the King of all the Gods. What is his word, Eleazar? Is it not this? Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given! and the government shall be upon his shoulders and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace. Of the increase of his government and of peace there shall be no end upon the throne of David and upon his Kingdom to establish it, and to uphold it with righteousness from henceforth even forever. The zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this."

A gray mist rose over the young man's eyes as he lovingly stroked his Arab's glossy neck and listened, and as the venerable prophet lifted his hands in benediction, he answered: "What to you is the light of the sun at noonday, oh, Melchior, is to me but the flickering of the fireflies in the valley. You have long years of wisdom and experience, I have only dreams and hopes. But I can wait and watch for the day of the King, and, oh, how gladly will I give him my love, my sword, my life."

Back over the dusty highway rode Eleazar with Judas his faithful escort by his side, his mind confused and wandering, his heart overwhelmed with strange emotions, the little flickering light within growing dimmer and dimmer as he went along.

Passing the last incoming caravan, the riders gave the Arabs free rein and flying with the wind were back about sundown at the immortal well of "Bethlehem by the gate." Riding through the town but avoiding all parley they soon emerged on the main thoroughfare to Jerusalem. At a fast clip they could reach the great city before the gates would be closed and among the crowds waiting for Roman registration find shelter and safety and then wait for the light.

About midway between Bethlehem and Jerusalem there is a lonely valley through which the Kedron passes on its way to the Dead Sea with dark winding hills on either side. Cautious travelers always picked their steps stealthily through this region for enterprising brigands had been quick to recognize its advantages for their business. Quietly and warily the two men made their way down the winding hill overshadowed by palms and sycamores, across the brook and up the winding hill on the other side. Suddenly they halted as they reached the top, for there, coming swiftly toward them, were three horsemen, glistening in armor and richly caparisoned and bearing the ensigns that they feared as the fear of death. "Golden armor and iron feet," sang Judas as he wheeled around; "they have the eagles on their horses' heads but we have them on our horses' heels. Up and away, Master! We can be over the hills before they reach Bethlehem's gates."

But to the horror of Judas, instead of wheeling around and taking the lead, Eleazar stopped deliberately and lifted his hand to his head.

"They are upon us, Master," cried Judas in mad desperation as he stood in his stirrups and seized Eleazar's cloak. "We are no match for them, we must fly, fly!"

But instead of turning, Eleazar broke away and seizing his spear, dug the spurs deep into his Arab's sides. A great thought had burst upon him, dispelling all his confusion and perplexity and opening up a way before him like the way of the sinking sun on the open waters. "What if these horsemen were Herod's bloodhounds sent out to track down the wise men from the East and compel them to return to Jerusalem, bringing the young King of the Jews with them?" It might have been something the wise men told him as they started for their home by another way that suggested the thought, it might have been an inspiration from God, but instantly the way before him was the way of supreme duty, the way of manifest destiny, the way of glorious fate, and Eleazar's heart sang for joy as he lifted his spear and sprang forward.

Like a flying god he seemed as he thundered across the plain, shouting the battle cry of his clan and "The King!" "The King!" as he prepared to strike.

Two of the horsemen went down before his fearful onslaught but the third got in a mortal thrust before Judas came to the rescue and wreaked a speedy and terrible revenge. "I can see the star clear and steady now, Judas, and I know the King is coming to his own," he whispered as the heartbroken youth knelt at his side and tried to stanch the flowing wound.

"Don't weep for me, Judas," he pleaded. "It it not my life I'm regretting; it is that I cannot see him in all his glory and power."

Gasping, choking, he rolled over in a dead faint and then as the boy held his head up and poured wine into his lips, the light broke for a moment through the death mist and the hoarse whisper burst into notes of triumph.

"Oh, Judas! Judas! If you live to see him crowned and mighty, and triumphant, tell him that I gave my heart to him; tell him that I died fighting for him; tell him that perhaps I saved——"

Poor Eleazar! first Knight of the cross, child of passion and plaything of fate but with eyes that can see a great light and a heart that scorns any sacrifice but the uttermost—who knows but thou didst save the life of the King?

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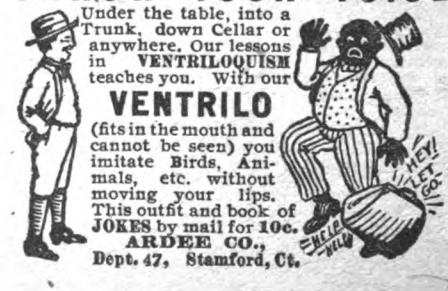


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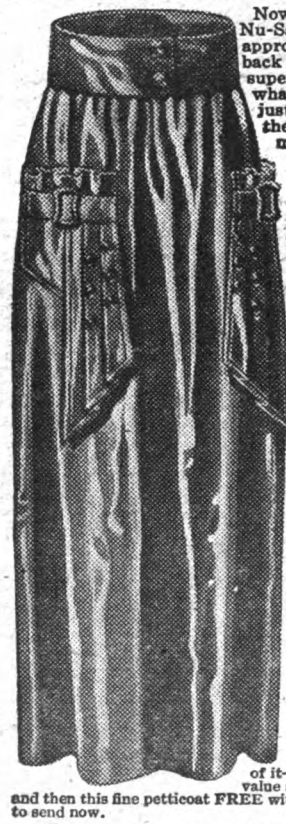
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STRIPES

By Augustin W. Breeden

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PART II.

"BACK to Centralia. I was coming for you in the car, but something got wrong at the Cheniere Bridge. The engine stopped and I couldn't start it again; so I walked from there."

This time the oath slipped out in spite of me. The idea of that proud girl walking alone through the mud and darkness was too much for me.

"Wait!" I commanded. "You must drink a cordial before you go out again in those wet clothes! I'll make up the time lost—lucky I've got my chains on!"

We hurtled through the rain and darkness over the sixteen miles of slippery roads to Centralia, and in the noise and confusion she told me as best she could what Roy had done. It was to me a plain case of misusing his power of attorney and appropriating trust funds for private use. For the rest, the envy of less successful lawyers was enough to put a sleuth hound on his trail. The amount, to my rural mind, was staggering—seven thousand dollars. I made a hasty estimate of all my own earthly wealth.

"We'll pay it back and stop the investigation," I encouraged.

The poor girl groaned.

"I have begged him! begged him!" she sobbed, "not to buy me so many costly gifts. Dr. Elgin, I am as guilty as he is! He spent most of that money on me!"

"But of course you thought he was making all his money honestly."

"He told me he was. He would come to me and say: 'I made so and so on such and such a case.' I even kept a little account book and set down the various amounts he said he made and the sums we paid out; but I am no bookkeeper,—I lost track and he did, too. Dr. Elgin, I firmly believe he aimed to pay that money back!"

I swore to myself as I pictured that poor girl keeping her imaginary accounts. "Once a gambler, always a gambler;" the saying ran through my mind. I cursed myself for letting him have that first fifty dollars. I had simply made a big gambler out of a little one and in doing so had broken this girl's heart.

It was two o'clock in the morning when we reached Centralia,—too late to do anything that stormy night. Even the telegraph office was closed. I did, however, get Roy's father on the rural phone and asked him to be in Centralia at daybreak. Then Theo and I went to her apartments and made a crude inventory of all she possessed.

I am no judge of the value of jewelry and neither was Theo; but she laid out each separate piece,—the bracelet, a costly Tiffany engagement ring, bought after the wedding, a pearl levalier, a gold and platinum wedding ring, a platinum inlaid wrist watch, brooches, pins, and ornaments galore. The phonograph, she explained, had been bought on the installment plan and was only half paid for, and so it was for the most part with the rest of the furniture. The piano would bring perhaps three hundred dollars at a forced sale. The car was clear and might bring fifteen hundred. We estimated that we had thirty-five hundred dollars in sight.

"I have a thousand dollars' worth of salable clothes," ventured the girl.

"But you shall not sell your clothing!"

"I will sell everything!"

She brought out an armful of dresses and began sorting them and making an inventory of them. She was now dry eyed. She looked proudly straight ahead; and, looking on, I could not but realize what she was suffering. I knew that the impression of this night's work would be last to leave her heart and brain when she died. I think if Roy Hodge had come in at that moment I could have cheerfully wrung his neck for him.

"I will sell everything!" she kept repeating; and I knew that she meant to pay the debt from her own labor if Roy did not return and pay it.

"If I had found a wonder girl like this in my youth," I mused; "what a man I might have been."

But I did not aim to let her sell her clothes. I am a poor man, but I stood ready then to sell or mortgage my little all if it would save the boy's good name and the girl's happiness.

Our plan was to get in touch with Roy and get him to come back home and face the people he had wronged. For the next two or three days we kept the wires busy but got no word from him. Then on the third morning Theo got a telegram from Hoboken.

SAILING FOR EUROPE ON CATTLE BOAT. AM HEART BROKEN.

His father and I called on his chief creditors It was the funds of the succession of one Harriette Ward that he had peculated, and the chief prosecutor was an old skinflint, Harriette Ward's brother. The fact now developed that most of Roy's money had not been spent directly but gambled away on cotton futures. There was little sympathy for him in Centralia and none at all among the legal profession.

The skinflint, Ward, denied poor Theo even the poor satisfaction of making a self-sacrifice by coming at once and seizing everything in sight. You may picture the scene when at the door of the courthouse when little intimate presents, frocks that carried in their folds the ghostly memories of delightful evenings, and even bits of delicate underwear were exposed for sale. There was a profanation about it all that left me sick at heart.

I bought in a number of little things to which I knew the girl attached a sentimental value, though I doubted if she would ever accept them from me. She of course did not come near the sale. She had shut herself up in her room and refused to see even her most intimate friends. Her Byrrell pride was touched. She had spoken very little to me except in way of business, but I could see that she regarded the affair as a worse tragedy than death. I think she actually tried to starve herself. Her mother came to see her, but for twelve hours she would not admit her, but talked with her through the door; until her mother finally touched her to tears and gained admission.

Almost before we knew it they had brought Roy back for trial. I went to the jail and offered to make bond for him, but he was so shamefaced that he said he did not wish to be outside where people could see him and point at him. He asked me to arrange for a meeting between him and Theo, and this I did.

I never want to witness such another meeting. He simply held her in his arms and wept. He begged her to forgive him, and when she told him she had forgiven him, he could not believe it and still wept on. Roy was a weak man; that was his trouble, a brilliant mind and a weak will. He had committed this crime for the sake of his wife. He told me he was buying cotton futures on what would have been a cinch if the war had not suddenly broken out and killed the market. He wanted to make a hundred thousand dollars—that was what he said, "a hundred thousand dollars," in order to take Theo to the city and take her into the kind of society that he foolishly believed she longed for. You see, the girl had made him all that he was, and he felt that he owed her a glorious repayal.

Of course none of these arguments would have had any weight with a jury, and they were not offered. Roy was given three years in the State penitentiary.

On the day he was sent away Theo went to live in the country with his father and mother. She could not take music pupils there, because they lived three miles from Pecan and had no piano. She might have got her old place back in the Pecan school, but she was unable to face people. At the Hodges' she became a recluse and was not at home to any visitor. She earned her keep by milking the cows, looking after the chickens, and doing often the heaviest kind of household drudgery. Her mother in Mississippi sent her money every month, and with this she used to send books, comforts, and presents of every kind to her husband. The rural carrier never stopped at the Hodge box that there was not a fresh letter in it for the penitentiary address. The Hodges came to love this girl as if she were their own flesh and blood, and no wonder; she was the very angel of that stricken home.

One day about fifteen months after Hodge had been sent away Theo came to me with a hundred dollars, the pitiful savings of all her days of drudgery with the boy's parents.

"Please buy Roy a good suit of clothes and everything necessary and if there is money left please place it in the pocket of his trousers and send it to him," she begged. "He is—— is coming home next week."

I looked into the girl's eyes for a gleam of happiness, but none was there. She had changed, had aged in the months that had passed since that November night. She was no longer a creature of song and sunshine, but a woman of dark moods and with a will of iron. I told her now of that other time when, inspired by her singing, the boy had come to me and I had put up for him a new suit and accessories to give him a start in life.

"And he paid you the fifty dollars back, didn't he?" she asked very eagerly like one looking for a jewel in a rubbish heap.

"Yes, he paid it all back," I said; but I saw her face darken anew as she read the lie in my voice.

One week from that afternoon Theo came to my house alone in the dead of night.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

state, 95,000 children between the ages of six and eight years receive instructions. There are 115,000 school children in Utah but several thousands of these attend private schools. They are taught in 700 school buildings, valued at $8,000,000. The expenditure for school purposes has now reached the sum of $4,000,000 per annum, which means an expenditure of $35.00 for each pupil of school age or an annual tax of $11.00 to each person in the state.

I must not tire you this time or you will not let me come again.

MRS. A. L. MORRILL.

SAND SPRINGS, OKLA.

FOR COMFORT SISTERS:

I like COMFORT very much. Reading the September number I felt as if I would like to talk to some of the sisters. I would say to "A Worried Mother," "Don't worry too much about your boy." The playful, full-of-life boy is the one who usually succeeds; he is energetic, only needing the energy to be applied in the right direction. Let him play, but mix play with work, doing the little needed work or lessons first. My boy is the same "full-of-play" boy, too, but I say, "Lessons first," and how he will work in order to get to play. Don't scold or discourage; make the boy feel that he has accomplished something each day, or will be able to master some undertaking.

Parkville School, in Missouri, or Chillicothe, Mo., are good. One can work their way through these schools, that is, they can pay for their board and tuition after they get employment (and the school will find the employment for you). The environments of these schools are good.

I suppose there are other schools similar to these mentioned but I know these two to be good. Write to Box 255, Sand Springs, Okla., for information concerning schools.

As for "Wife in Name Only," I think your husband is a gentleman. He cannot help his feelings toward the nurse but since he has controlled his actions what more could you ask? This alone shows he wishes to be what he has proved himself to be. I think, by your being good, jovial as you can, the good wife and mother, always doing your duty, your husband's passing fancy for the nurse will fade and some day—not far o-f-f in the future—he will find that you are the one who holds, and is entitled to his best love and honor as you have helped him to retain the family honor; this alone is worth much.

Mrs. Ernest Wheeler, I know a woman who selected her children from a home. She taught the children that God giveth life to all living things. How the beautiful flowers are wrapped in the tiny seed, only requiring to be planted in the rich soil, with moisture, light and the proper care to cause the plant to first burst through the soil, then, by and by, the beautiful blossom unfolds.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

SEND NO MONEY

Simply send your size and these wonderful Dress Shoes will come to your home at once. You'll be proud of them. Built solid full of wear. Genuine oak leather soles. Note the splendid extra quality leather! Enjoy their blessed comfort! The risk is ours—these must delight you or no sale.

Pay Only $4.69 on Arrival. Postage FREE.

GUARANTEE: We guarantee that these shoes are $7 to $8 values; that they will give satisfactory wear or we will send a new pair FREE.

Business Men's Dress Shoes On Approval.



ONLY $4.69 On Arrival

Postage Free Black Dress Shoe. Save profits. Buy direct from Factory Headquarters.

Boston Mail Order House Dept. 607 W. Boston, Mass.

Send Business Dress Shoes at $4.69 postage free ON APPROVAL. Money back if I want it. I risk nothing. Size.....

Name .....

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Make Good Money in a Business for Yourself

Be independent of wages and salary—get ahead of high living costs. The Lange Plan offers you the opportunity for a business of your own with big, steady income. You can sell Lange quality products—teas, coffees, spices, extracts, medicines, toilet preparations and grocery specialties—at less than store prices—and make big profits. Healthful and enjoyable work—well-known goods—sales get better every trip. Experience unnecessary. You furnish horse or auto, we supply rest of outfit on easy terms and you do business on our capital. Our contract beats all others three ways. Let us tell you how. Exclusive territory now open but going fast. Write quick.



THE LANGE CO. Box A DePere, Wis.

SUGAR 4½c Per Lb.

Save your fruits! With sugar at only 4½c per pound you can easily afford to make more jellies and preserves than in any other canning season. Send only $1.99 for the combination offer of high grade groceries shown below—regular value $3.43—a cash saving of $1.44, or nearly one-half! Every item guaranteed absolutely pure, fresh, standard, highest grade—exactly the same as you have been paying double for.

FREE! Heavy Silver-Plated TEASPOON

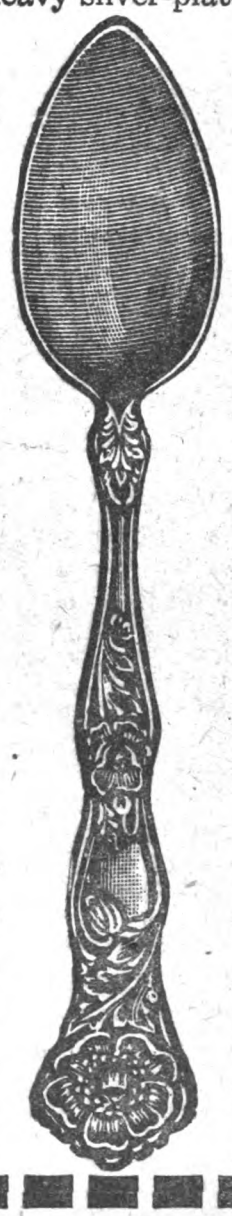
Beautiful Wild Rose Design

As an extra inducement to you to give us a trial order at once, we will send you, absolutely free, the heavy silver-plated teaspoon illustrated here.

Catalog Bargains

Remember that with your first order you get a free copy of our big wholesale catalog which saves you money on all your grocery purchases. Here are just a few catalog specials.

Flour, Per Bbl. $7.98
Sugar, 100 Lbs. $4.50
Uneeda Biscuits, 12 Pkgs. . . 35c
Quaker Oats, Large Pkg. . . . 4c



RUSH Send your trial order at once and get our **wholesale** grocery catalog in which you will find many of the most startling grocery bargains ever offered.

References We are one of the leading Wholesale Grocers in Chicago. Our bank, Foreman Bros. Banking Co., or any mercantile institution in Chicago can tell you about us.

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you absolute satisfaction or your money back. In every instance you get pure, fresh goods of the very highest quality. So send the coupon for the trial order today.

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Our low prices merely indicate what you can now save on all your groceries, a full line of which is listed in our Wholesale Catalog—**The Big Money Saver.** This catalog sent to customers only. A **Free** copy will be sent with your first order. Send this coupon NOW—TODAY.

Trial Order No. 8

One Teaspoon FREE

	Average Retail Price	BIG 4 Wholesale Price
5 pounds Granulated Sugar	$ .60	$ .22
1 bar Fels Naptha Soap	.07	.02
1 large size pkg. Quaker Oats	.14	.04
1 pound Pure Baking Powder	.55	.38
1 bot. 4 oz. Van. Flav. Extract	.65	.44
¼ pound Pure Cocoa	.17	.12
1 bottle Machine Oil	.25	.17
1 pkg. BIG 4 Brand Best Tea	.50	.35
1 box Powdered Bluing (equal to about one gal. average Best Bluing)	.50	.25
1 Catalog FREE		
Total	$3.43	$1.99

YOU SAVE $1.44

Trial Order Coupon

BIG 4 GROCERY CO.
900-902 W. Lake Street, Dept. 607 Chicago

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find $1.99 for which send me at once your Trial Order No. 8. Send also your heavy silver-plated Teaspoon FREE, and a copy of your Wholesale Grocery Catalog, also free. It is understood that if I am not satisfied, I may return the goods at your expense and you will return my money at once.

Name.....

Address.....

Express Office.....

COMFORT'S Christmas Medley of Original

Christmas Courtesy

COURTESY in giving means care in selecting. The value of Christmas or any gift lies in its appropriateness. Never think any little thing will do when you feel reasonably sure it will not give pleasure or be of any use to the recipient, and a standard rule of Christmas giving should always be not to give more than one really can afford.

Whatever we have in abundance tends to make us consider it of less value and at times we are apt to forget how much another might appreciate it. For this reason much which could be done in the way of real giving is often overlooked.

For example, a country woman with little money to spare, but wishing to remember a city friend, would scarcely consider a bag of potatoes.

But even so humble a gift could be made attractive and would be valued if sent to the right person.

In preparing, use a clean potato sack and then put this into a bag fashioned of holly paper. Make this exactly like the regular paper bags with a folded bottom, tie up with red and green twine and attach a card bearing the following:

"Fry me, bake me, stew me, boil me;
'Tis most impossible to spoil me.
Bells are pealed on Christmas gay
But we are peeled three times a day.
We'd open our eyes in great surprise
To find a man who'd us despise.
Boil me, stew me, bake me, fry me;
If you don't believe I'm good
Just try me."

Other farm produce can also be easily sent by parcel post, such as apples, eggs, homemade jellies, jams and pickles, any of which will be sure of a welcome by city folks, especially those modern cliff dwellers as they are sometimes humorously referred to, who occupy tiny apartments, having no space for more than a day's supplies.

As always it is the thought represented by any gift which gives it a value not to be estimated in dollars and cents. So put on your thinking cap, utilize whatever you happen to have and you will be surprised at what you can accomplish with a little-work and odd lots of ribbon, lace and linen. Send each gift out with a little note or jingle, and remember to mail early.

"This little humble gift means more
Than if it were purchased at a store,
For it was made in Christmas spirit true,
While thinking kindly thoughts of you."

Or this:

"With heart and hand I fashioned it,
This little gift for you;
Each thread a thought of your happiness,
Each stitch a wish to come true."

This message will add to the gift:

"I was thinking kind thoughts of you dear every day
As each little stitch in this work I was taking,
And I hope that the pleasure it gives to you may
Be as great as the pleasure I found in the making."

Canvas Collar Bag

This bag has a crocheted bottom stretched over a silk bag having a stiff cardboard bottom, while the top of the bag is rather coarse cream linen decorated with cross-stitch medallions.

For these one could use any of the small flowers which are used on the towels, surrounding the design with a border of cross-stitches



CANVAS COLLAR BAG.

as shown. In this instance, these stitches are of a golden brown to match the silk lining of the bag.

Crocheted Bottom

Using No. 15 mercerized cotton, ch 6, join in ring, ch 3, 7 d c in ring, join to ch 3.

2nd round.—Ch 3, 1 d c on 1st d c, 2 d c on each d c, join.

3rd round.—Ch 3, 1 d c on 1st d c, 1 d c on each d c, with ch 1 between double, join.

4th round.—Ch 3, 1 d c, 2 d c on each d c, repeat around and join.

5th round.—Ch 3, 1 d c, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 1, 2 d c, repeat around and join.

Now to increase sufficiently to keep work flat, make ch 2, between each group of 2 doubles as soon as necessary. When work is as large as one wishes the size of the bottom to be, further increasing is not necessary. Make six more rows and break thread.

Top Finish

Edge top of the bag with one row single crochet worked into the linen, join, ch 5, 1 tr in next st, ch 1, sk 1, 1 tr c in next st, repeat around, join, ch 5.

2nd round.—1 tr c under ch 1, ch 1, 1 tr c under next ch, repeat around, join.

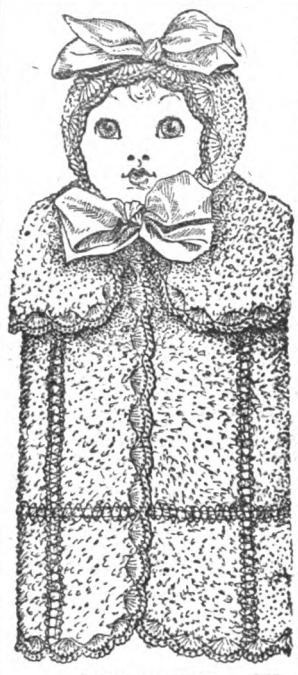
3rd round.—1 s c in 3 sts, ch 3 for picot, 3 s c, repeat.

Use either cord or ribbon for drawing up.

Bags for gifts are always popular, laundry bags, work bags, handkerchief bags, button, string and broom bags, any sort of a bag which you know is lacking.

A Soap Baby

These little home-made dollies are very cute and little folks immediately make love to them.



A SOAP BABY.

Our illustration gives one but a faint idea of how sweet this little bath dolly is. The little face is painted on a round cake of soap, and then wrapped in a wash-cloth.

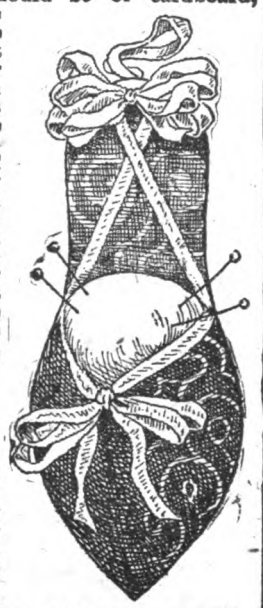
To do this place the soap near the edge on the center of one side of the cloth, carry the edge down and fasten under dolly's chin. Fold the corners on this same side diagonally and catch under the chin. This will bring the two corners on the opposite side together as shown.

The little fullness in the back is folded in at the bottom of the soap and sewed in place. Finish with tiny bows of wash ribbon in any desired color.

Slipper Pincushion

Our illustration gives one a fairly clear idea of how such a little cushion will appear if made up neatly of contrasting colors.

The foundation should be of cardboard, shaped somewhat like a slipper sole. The toe piece should flare out and be enough wider to form the pocket on the front which is filled in with the small cushion.



SLIPPER PINCUSHION.

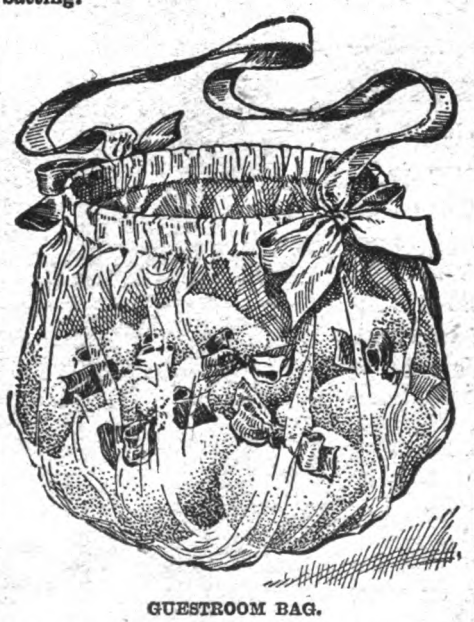
This little trifle if made up of pretty materials finished with ribbons and bows and filled with pins will make an acceptable little gift, for pins are a constant necessity and are one of the few things which never go out of style.

A Pair of Pincushions

A pair of pincushions, to hang each side of her dresser, will be appreciated by the girl at school—or at home, for that matter—because there is no "maiden fair" who does not delight in dainty things for her room. The pincushions are of white linen, triangular in shape, and with a simple design in solid embroidery, which should match the prevailing color of the room in which they are to be used. Make bows of narrow ribbon of the same shade. A single cushion makes a pretty gift, but the set is, of course, more unique.

Guestroom Bag

For this dainty little article which will surely be appreciated by any travel-worn visitor, one only needs a square of white wash net, a six-inch wooden hoop, one yard of inch and a half ribbon, a little baby ribbon, and some cotton batting.



GUESTROOM BAG.

Cut the net into a circle, gather up edge and sew over rings. Finish with ribbon for hanging. Then fill with little individual puff balls of cotton.

These are made by forming the cotton into balls, tying closely with strong thread, and then clipping the cotton off quite closely.

Finish each ball with a small bow of baby ribbon.

For Powdering One's Back

A slipper sole or even pasteboard shaped like a sole will answer for the foundation of this little article, which is another suggestion for some sort of home-made gift with a use.

If one uses a sole with one side of cotton or wool one half of it need not be covered, otherwise a small piece of eider down can be used, while the balance of the other half which serves as a handle should be slightly padded and covered with silk.



FOR POWDERING ONE'S BACK.

Cover the back smoothly with silk, ribbon or velvet and finish off the edges with a small silk cord, while the division on the front can be marked with a band of narrow ribbon tied and then caught in place.

Net Bag for Lingerie Ribbons

This inexpensive little article is very dainty and attractive as well as being most useful.

For making one will need one and one-third yards of white wash net: fold this exactly in half and cut into circles. Turn in two inches



BAG FOR LINGERIE RIBBON.

on the edge of each circle and run around with a double strand of rope silk.

Place the two circles together, fold and mark the center, from this point draw a circle six inches in diameter, run around this with embroidery silk.

Divide the bag from this point circle out to edge into four equal parts and run along these divisions with double embroidery silk. This forms four pockets each of which can be fitted with a bolt of lingerie ribbon.

Washable Doll

The wash-cloth doll is a clever little affair, and is easily made. The body and head is all one roll of cotton, arms and legs each separate rolls, joined to the body and afterwards covered with wash-cloth clothes. About a half of one cloth will be needed for dolly's coat, the balance cut so the border will form the edge is used for the cap, arms and legs, while bits from the center can be used for the face and to put over the ends of the arms and legs.



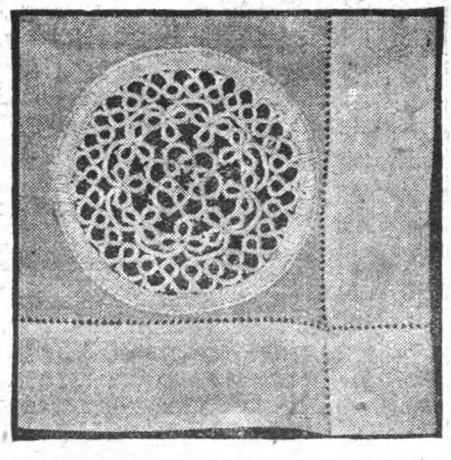
WASH-CLOTH DOLL.

Small pearl buttons sewed on with black are used for the eyes, while a stitch or two of black marks the nose and mouth.

Tatted Medallion

BY MRS. JOHN D. PERRY.

Our illustration shows a handsome tatted medallion made of very fine cotton, suitable for decorating a handkerchief. This same design, however, worked in coarser material could be for inserts in bags, scarfs, pillows or in fact anything which one wishes to decorate with tatting. Center is of 6 rings each of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s with ch between of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p. 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, surround



TATTED MEDALLION FOR HANDKERCHIEF.

with 3 ring clover design each of 6 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, joining the center p of the center ring to the center p, of each ch, the clover designs being connected with ch of 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, the rings in the outer row are each of 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, joining each as made to one of the picots of chs in last row, these rings are connected by chs of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d. s.

Pin Balls

Cut six two and one-quarter-inch circles, cover one side of each smoothly and overcast two and two together closely.

Crochet over ten small brass rings, filling in the centers with spider webs, as shown. Use these to connect and for hanging. Fill the circles with pins and finish with a small bow.

A Dainty Pin Tray

An attractive little tray for one's bureau or dressing-case can actually be made in a few minutes. All one needs is a pair of wooden embroidery hoops, some two and a half yards of half-inch satin ribbon, four glass push tacks and a small piece of flowered ribbon or silk.



PIN BALLS.

Cover each of the hoops by winding evenly with the ribbon. Then across the small hoop stretch a piece of silk tightly and sew the edge all around securely to the outside of the hoop. Next slip the outside hoop on, pressing it in place from the bottom up. This will carry the raw edges of the silk which forms the bottom up and out of sight.

The small glass tacks are used as feet and tend to make this little article more effective, although they are not absolutely necessary.

If one wishes to make these little articles still more attractive one good-sized rosette of baby ribbon or two smaller ones, on opposite sides of the tray, may be added. A combination of colors is also sometimes used, one hue being wound on the inner ring, and another on the outer.

In selecting hoops for these trays, pairs which do not fit closely are best, otherwise the rings should be sandpapered before covering or one will have difficulty in placing them together.

Twine Case

In parts of the country where gourds can be obtained readily, our sketch shows how one can be carved in an amusing way and made to serve as a holder for a ball of twine.



TWINE CASE.

The top should be cut at a point large enough to admit the ball, and a large nail can be used to make the hole, through which the twine can be slipped between the lips.

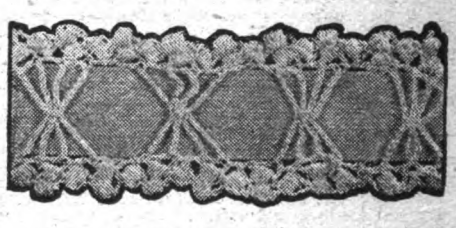
The carving should be done while the gourd is green. Colors may be added or decorations burned in with a hot poker point.

Crocheted Garters

Ch 14 sts, ch 5 sts and join in last st of ch 14 with d c ch, 14, join to end of foundation, ch with d c, turn, ch 5, join in top of d c, making another d c, ch 14 sts, join in opposite side with d c, turn ch 5, join in top of d c with another d c.

When you make the 4th ch, knit 7 sts, catch hook through center of 1st ch and draw all four together with s c. Make it all along in same way leaving 1 ch free and joining four together every time.

The edges are finished by making a row of



CROCHETED GARTERS.

popcorn sts, by placing hook under ch of 5, catch up thread, draw through, catch up thread, place hook under ch, catch up thread, until you have made this 8 times, then catch up st and draw through all.

Make these all along side, making ch 2 sts join to edge between chs of 5. Make ch 2 and join in top of next ch of 5, making another popcorn of 8 sts. When you finish the length of the work in this way turn and make a popcorn under the threads on top of popcorn on previous row, then a popcorn under a ch of 2, then a popcorn under threads on top of next popcorn.

Face Chamois

A cunning idea for a face chamois is to cut it in heart shape and send with it:

"My heart is but a trifling thing,
But you its praises well may sing;
If you will use it long and will
Old age and wrinkles 'twill dispel."

Another chamois motto is:

"Little specks of powder
And little daubs of paint,
Make the great big freckles
Seem very, very faint."

and Useful Ideas for Home-Made Gifts

Wishbone Thimble Holder

THE foundation of this thimble holder is a chicken's wishbone—dried and gilded. No. 50 mercerized crochet cotton or silkateen of any color can be used for crocheting.

Begin by working over one side of the wishbone closely in single crochet, turn about one-half inch from the top, ch 5, 1 d c in 2nd st, ch 2, sk 1 d c, 1 double in next st, repeat, turn at end and work 1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c under each ch 2. Cover the opposite side in the same way.



THIMBLE HOLDER.

Thimble Holder

Ch 5, join.

1st round.—20 d c in ring, join, ch 3.

2nd round.—1 d c in 1st 3 doubles, 2 d c in 4th, repeat, join, ch 3.

3rd and 4th rounds.—1 d c in each d c, join, end 4th round with ch 5.

5th round.—Sk 2 sts, 1 d c in next, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat around, join.

6th round.—1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c under each ch 2.

Attach this holder to the sides of the wishbone about half way from top as shown. Finish the bottom with 3 small crochet balls filled with cotton, on chains of varying length and a small bow of ribbon.

Using the same width ribbon, sew securely to both sides of the top of the wishbone, tie small bows leaving a loop between for hanging.

Crocheted Novelty

BY MRS. JOHN GREGG.

Needle-Case

Ecru cotton No. 50. Steel hook No. 12. Begin with ch 5 sts, join in ring.

1st round.—15 d c in ring, join, ch 3.

2nd round.—1 d c in d c, 2 d c in next d c, repeat, join, ch 3.

3rd round.—Same as 2nd round.

4th round.—1 d c in every other st.

5th round.—1 d c in each d c with ch 1 between.

6th and 7th rounds.—2 d c in each st.

8th round.—1 d c in each st.

9th round.—Ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, sk every other st.

Fill crown with cotton so it will stand out and trim with tiny blossoms.

10th round.—Ch 4, join, 12 d c in ring, join, ch 3.

11th round.—1 d c in 1st d c, 2 d c in 2nd d c, repeat around.

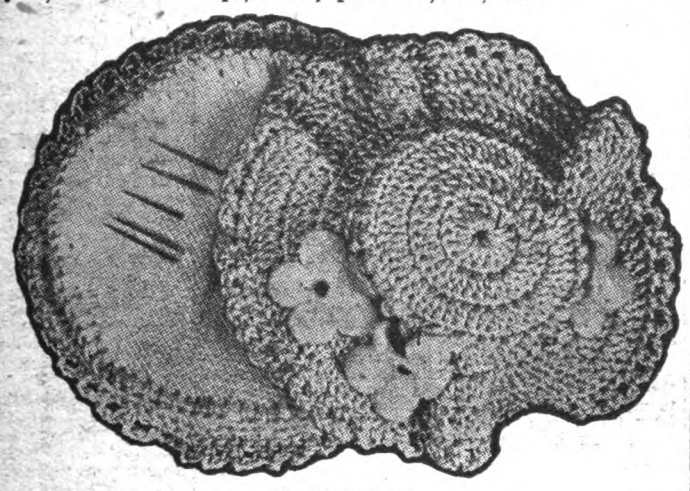
12th and 13th rounds.—Same as 11th.

14th round.—1 d c in each d c, join, ch 3.

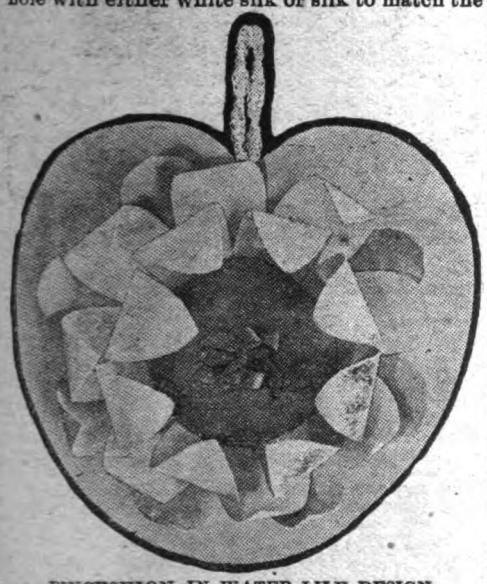
15th round.—1 d c in 5 d c, 2 d c in each 6th d c, join.

16th round.—Picot edge worked the same as 9th round.

This completes bottom of needle-case. Cut three leaves from white flannel and buttonhole with either white silk or silk to match the flowers used. Fill with assorted needles and tack leaves and covers together with the ecru cotton.



NEEDLE-CASE.



PINCUSHION IN WATER LILY DESIGN.

Pincushion in Water Lily Design

For this pretty and easily made novelty cut from green cardboard a leaf measuring six and one half inches wide and six and one half inches long. And from white cardboard cut out two pieces six and one half inches in diameter, having eight petals, and cut one green piece like this for sepals. For the center of the lily which is the cushion, cut out a round piece five inches across, from yellow sateen—or other material. Gather around edge, draw up until cushion measures three inches across, fill with cotton batting or wadding, to make a flat cushion having a little depression in the center; cut a small round piece of yellow and sew to bottom of cushion.

Curl each petal and sepal, arrange the white pieces and the green sepals on the green leaf having the petals of one piece come between the petals of the other, place cushion in the center; thread yellow baby ribbon—using ribbon double—into a large darning-needle, push needle down through all, near center cushion, leaving ends of ribbon on top of cushion, push needle, with ribbon, up through all and tie the ribbon in a small bow.

If one wishes it to hang on the wall, a green baby ribbon may be used for a hanger, threaded under the ribbon at back, and also a stitch taken with the ribbon, in the leaf, near the top, under the sepals where it will not be seen, ends of ribbon tied or sewed together at back of cushion. The ribbon hanger represents the stem of the leaf.

Camisole in Bluebird Design

BY MARY PUFF.

Materials: Five spools No. 30 white mercerized crochet cotton, 2 spools of blue and 1 of green. The camisole as shown is of white with birds and sprays of forget-me-nots of blue with green leaves. These border the top and bottom, as shown, although the design can be worked throughout in one color if one prefers.



HOME-MADE CHRISTMAS CARDS. NO. 1.

The work is begun as follows: The pattern including five birds is crocheted and then the design repeated in reverse order from the center of the front to form the other side of the camisole.

Begin with 187 sts, 1 d c, in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c (sp), repeat, making in all 57 sps.

3rd row.—19 sps, 2 blks, (of blue if desired), 5 sps, 4 blks, sps to end, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—1 sp, ch 14, sk 6 sps, 26 sps, 8 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 14, sk 6 sps, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—2 sps, 1 knot st catch in 7th st of ch 14, 1 knot st, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 14 blks, balance sps, knot st over ch, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—1 blk, 1 knot st, 31 sps, 8 blks, 3 sps, knot st as before, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—2 sps, ch 14, 4 sps, 6 blks, sps, ch 14, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—1 sp, 6 sps, over ch, sps, 1 sp, over blk in last row, 5 blks, 4 sps, 6 sps over ch 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 7 blks, sps, 1 blk, over 1st sp over ch, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, sps, to bluebird 8 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 9 blks, sps, 1 blk, between 2 blks in last row, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, (green) 1 sp, 1 blk, (green) all sps to bird, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, (green) 1 sp, 1 blk, (green) 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, (green) 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 7 blks, all sps, 1 blk, (green) between 2 blks, in last row, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, (green) all sps and 3 sps, over 3 blks, in last row, 2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, (green) 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, (green) 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, all sps green blk, over blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

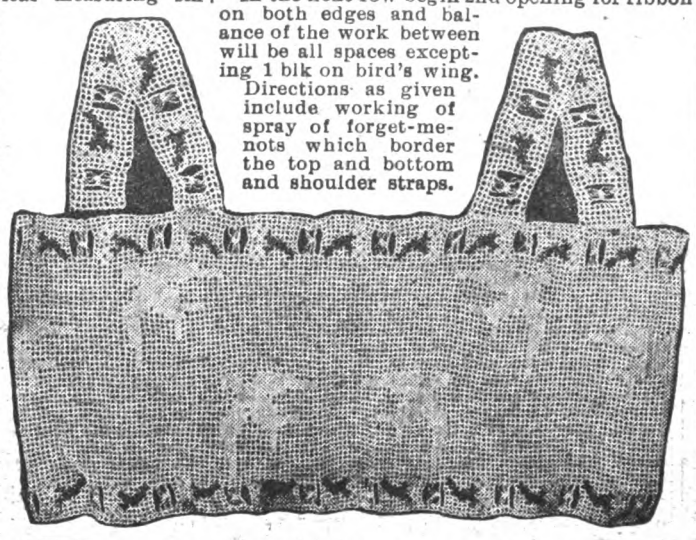
16th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, (green) all sps, blk over blk 5 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, (green) 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—7 sps, 1 blk, (green) 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, all sps, 1 green blk in sp, before green blk in last row, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—All sps, to blk over blk on bird in last row, 5 sps, 1 blk, all sps.

In the next row begin 2nd opening for ribbon on both edges and balance of the work between will be all spaces excepting 1 blk on bird's wing.

Directions as given include working of spray of forget-me-nots which border the top and bottom and shoulder straps.



CAMISOLE IN FILET STITCH—BLUEBIRD DESIGN.

The birds are all the same but placed in different positions as shown in our illustrations.

See notice at bottom of page.

Crocheted Horse Reins

These are so simple that even the little lady of the family can fashion them with her own wee fingers for a small brother or little friend.

Odds and ends of wool which has accumulated in every home the past couple of years can be utilized in this way to advantage, all edges being afterwards finished with any dark color or black.

Either Germantown or Scotch are the best materials. The reins are attached to a shield which fits across the chest. This is made as follows: Ch 24 sts, turn, draw up one loop of wool through each ch st, keeping them all on the hook, then work two at a time. Make six rows in this way of afghan st then decreasing 1st at end of each row work until all are narrowed off.

For Reins

Crochet Afghan st on a ch 5 until three yards long, and join the end. Single crochet along both edges. Finish shield in same way. Double the reins and measure ten inches on each side from fold, place top of shield at this point at each side and sew the side of the shield to the edge of the reins. Small balls can be added to point of shield if obtainable.

Dainty Gifts Made from Wall Paper

Dear COMFORT Sisters:

You have helped me out so many times and in so many ways, I am more than pleased to add my mite.

All of the little articles illustrated are easily made and original so far as I know and all were appreciated by those who received them, so I am more than glad to pass the idea along.

For materials one will need some cardboard, library paste, a few brass or ivory rings, remnants of ribbon, a pair of sharp scissors and last but most important some odd lots of wall paper.

If one hasn't the wall paper from a store some paper hanger's sample book can be secured for a small sum.

Catch-all boxes can be covered with paper which matches or will harmonize with a bedroom, to hold the odds and ends one never knows quite what to do with. These boxes should each have a gummed label on the end for convenience in marking the contents. Such a set of boxes will certainly be welcomed by any neat orderly housekeeper as it is impossible at times to avoid a collection of unsightly bundles on closet shelves in even the best regulated homes.

No. 1 is my own idea for home-made Chrismas cards which can be made by the dozen in one's spare time.

For each of these one will need an envelope made of wall paper and a card.

Before making these I looked over all my Christmas cards, many of which were perfect but for the name of the sender, making them useless as they were.

They had accumulated from year to year as they were too pretty to destroy and yet seemed useless. But having learned to conserve in other ways, I put my wits to work and evolved my first use for wall paper.

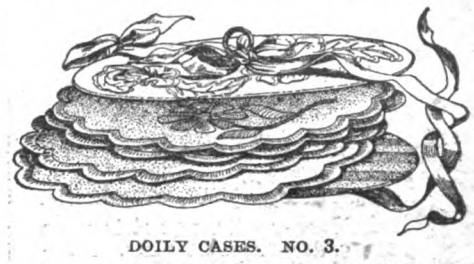
In some cases I covered a used card with paper, copied the sentiment of a small white card and pasted it in place, as shown, using the same paper for both the card and the envelope.



CASE FOR UNANSWERED LETTERS. NO. 2.

Many of the printed sentiments could be cut from the cards or clippings from magazines may be used.

Pretty illustrated Christmas cards I used with tiny pads in making calendars. For these one will need a bit of ribbon perhaps seven inches in length, slip one end through a small ring and fold back for an inch and a half. Paste the ribbon to the back of a Christmassy view, something bright and pretty in coloring, having the loop and ring come at the top. Over the back of the card paste a piece of wall paper, using a plain but harmonizing color if possible, then on this place a card with either a sentiment or personal message.



DOILY CASES. NO. 3.

To the front add a small calendar pad to the lower end of the ribbon.

Wall Paper Letter Case

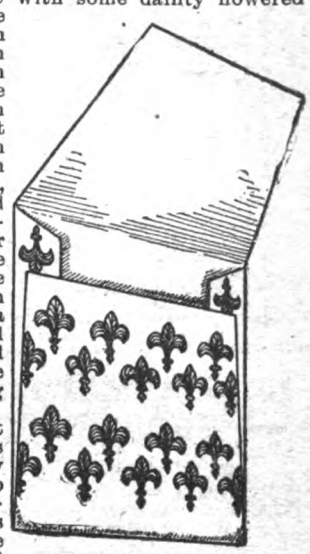
No. 2 illustrates quite clearly the method of making a case for unanswered letters.

I used cardboards for the foundation, one nine by nine inches, and the front one nine by four inches. Cover neatly and tie together with ribbons, allowing a couple of inches leeway at the top.

A larger case for magazines can also be made but heavy foundation board will be needed, and strong round elastic will be better at the top of the front board than just the ribbon.

Doily Cases

Number 3 consists of two circles, either nine inches in diameter or larger. Cover one side of each of these with some dainty flowered paper and the other sides with a plain or satin striped paper. On the under circle carry a ribbon across holding it in place with flowers cut from the same design, and arranged either in the center or to either side. Carry the ribbon across the top and finish the center with a bow and a small ring. This should be sewed in place before the lining paper is put on.

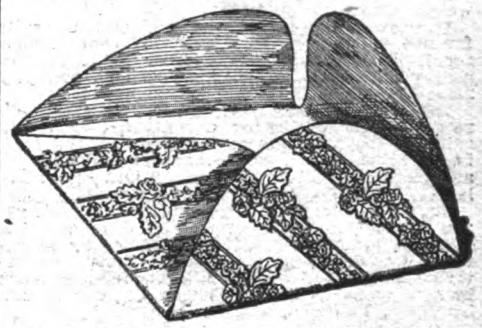


ENVELOPE FOR THE CHRISTMAS GIFT. NO. 4.

No. 4. Most people think as much of the way a gift is done up as of the gift itself, so this shows one of the many unpasted envelopes of various sizes which can be used for stockings, aprons, towels, etc.

These cases with fancy stickers and Christmas ribbon or cord certainly make a package very attractive.

No. 5. Another envelope just large enough for a hankerchief, decorated with a magazine picture of a pretty handkerchief on the flap.



CASE FOR CHRISTMAS HANDKERCHIEF. NO. 5.

To a shut-in who sees little of the pleasant side of things I sent still another envelope containing a Christmas message and seven smaller envelopes with a cheerful motto for each day in the week. Each of these I made of a different color and tied with a pretty ribbon.

Medicine Cover

This is just a small circle, a bit of ribbon and ring, but sent to the right person it will prove helpful.



MEDICINE COVER.

These are just a few of the many articles which may be made.

If anyone starts the work numberless ideas will come for similar things.

Post cards which one wishes to preserve may be pasted to a long strip of paper, just the width of the cards, and hung up or folded back and forth.

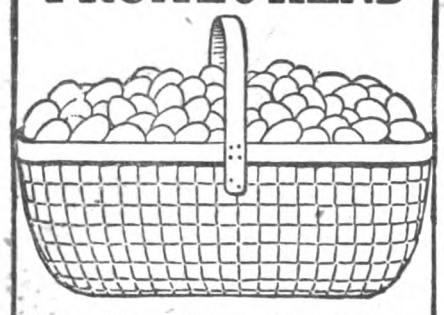
As these hints for the small gifts are inexpensive, attractive and easily made I, hope they may benefit some COMFORT readers in these days of the H. C. L.

MARY A. ATKINSON.

Notice

As the directions for Camisole in Bluebird Design are lengthy, a working chart will be furnished anyone upon receipt of 10c. sent to COMFORT Fancy Work Department, Augusta, Maine.

448 EGGS FROM 20 HENS



Chas. Moore, Clymer, Pa., Writes:

In January I was getting one egg a day from 32 hens. I began feeding Mayer's Laymore and here is the result—448 eggs from 20 hens in 1 month.

You Can Easily Double Your Poultry Profits by Feeding

LAYMORE

SEND NO MONEY

Don't send one cent. Pay for two packages—(regular value $2) for only $1. When the Laymore reaches you, after you have freely tested it out by using the whole contents of both packages and are not satisfied, your money—every penny—will be refunded.

Laymore Makes Lazy Hens Lay

FREE DELIVERY COUPON

MAYER'S HATCHERY,
67 No. 2nd St.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Please send me ..... packages of Mayer's Laymore for which I agree to pay $..... on delivery.

Name .....

Postoffice .....

R. F. D. ..... State .....

Two (2) Packages, $2 Worth, for $1

GETS 28 EGGS A DAY NOW, FROM 34 HENS

Chas. C. White, Well-Known Breeder, Tells How. Costs Nothing to Try.

"I gave Don Sung to 34 utility Buff Orpingtons and the egg yield increased from 7 to 28 a day. Don Sung is a wonder and I am now giving it to all my hens regularly."—Chas. C. White, Manager, Cherry Hill Farm, Flackville, Ind.

Mr. White is the well known breeder and exhibitor. He wrote the above letter in December, after his test had shown a gain of 21 eggs a day from 34 hens. We will make you the same offer we made him. Here it is:

Give your hens Don Sung and watch results for one month. If you don't find that it pays for itself and pays you a good profit besides, simply tell us and your money will be promptly refunded.

Don Sung (Chinese for egg-laying) works directly on the egg-laying organs, and is also a splendid tonic. It is easily given in the feed, improves the hen's health, makes her stronger and more active in any weather, and starts her laying.

Try Don Sung for 3 days and if it doesn't get you the eggs, no matter how cold or wet the weather, your money will be refunded by return mail. Get Don Sung from your druggist or poultry remedy dealer or send 50 cents for a package by mail prepaid. Burrell-Dugger Co., 445 Columbia Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

Get More Eggs; Save Feed

Sky-high prices for eggs this winter will make big profits for those who know how and what grain mixtures to feed. Improper methods mean big loss. Prof. T. E. Quisenberry made a thousand hens in the American Egg-Laying Contest lay 200 to 304 eggs each in a year. Another big flock cleared for him $6.15 per hen in nine months. His methods are explained in a new bulletin, "How to Get More Eggs and Save Feed." Get this free bulletin by writing Quisenberry today, addressing care American Poultry School, Dept. 312, Kansas City, Mo.



64 BREEDS Most Profitable chickens, ducks, geese and turkeys. Choice pure-bred, northern raised. Fowls, eggs, incubators at low prices. *America's greatest poultry farm.* 27th year. Valuable new 108 page book and catalog free. **R. F. NEUBERT Co., Box 875 Mankato, Minn.**

POULTRY Miller's American **GUIDE** —tells all about raising chickens, care, feeding; etc. Contains beautiful colored pictures of best paying varieties and best layers, sent absolutely **FREE** **Eggs and Poultry** for hatching at special low prices. **J. W. MILLER CO., Box 3, Rockford, Illinois**

POULTRY AND PIGEONS FOR PROFIT Foy's big book tells all about it. Contains many colored plates—an encyclopedia of poultry information, poultry houses, feeding for eggs, etc. *Written by a man who knows.* Sent for 5 cents. Low prices, fowls and eggs. **FRANK FOY, BOX 6, CLINTON, IOWA.**

62 BREEDS PROFITABLE Pure-Bred Chickens, Geese, Ducks, Turkeys. Hardy Fowls, Eggs and Incubators at lowest prices. *Pioneer Poultry Farm.* Valuable poultry book and catalog FREE. **F. A. NEUBERT, Box 342 Mankato, Minn.**

PLANS FOR POULTRY HOUSES. ALL STYLES, 150 ILLUSTRATIONS, SEND 10 cents. **INLAND POULTRY JOURNAL, Dept. 42, Indianapolis, Indiana.**



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The Value of Artificial Incubation

AN incubator is the foundation of profitable poultry raising.

The first and most important advantage gained by using an incubator lies in being able to hatch chickens early in the season. You all know how madding it is to watch and wait for the hens to cluck, especially if it happens to be a late, cold spring, and then have all your best layers get broody in a bunch when it is really too late to hatch anything but market birds. Unless the heavy birds, like Rocks, 'Dottes and Reds, are hatched in February and March, they haven't time to mature and start laying by November, and unless they do start before real cold weather, there is not much hope of their doing so before spring, which means feeding all winter without returns. It is true, Leghorns, Anconas, or any other of the light weight birds can be hatched as late as May, because they mature very rapidly, but all such birds have been bred specially for egg production, and rarely, if ever, want to set. So you see, it does not matter what kind of hens are kept. It is difficult—nay, *almost impossible*—to have chicks hatched at the right season to develop into profitable pullets unless the incubator is used.

The second great advantage of artificial incubation lies in the fact that it eliminates many of the causes of infection, such as *coccidia* and *aspergillus* fungus, which are likely to infest hay and other materials used as nests. It is much easier to free an incubator from germs or mold-spores; you have only got to burn a fumigating candle in it, or to wash it out with a strong solution of any good disinfectant, to purify after each hatch, and there is no danger of their becoming contaminated; whereas a hen may appear to be healthy when she carries the germs which cause white diarrhea. What is more, she leaves the nest at least once in twenty-four hours, and there is always danger of her carrying back such germs on her feet, and, as you possibly know, eggs can be infected through the shell, with the result that chicks are really doomed before they are hatched.

Eggs laid by healthy hens, and kept in a clean, cool, airy place, and being wiped off with alcohol before being put into the incubator, are safeguarded against these several causes of white diarrhea. Of course, incubator chicks start life absolutely free from vermin, which in itself is a tremendous advantage.

My third reason for preferring an incubator is the saving of time and trouble. Ten minutes night and morning will take care of a machine holding from fifty to three hundred eggs. There is only a lamp to fill and eggs to turn, and I have timed the work frequently, so feel sure about it. Beyond that, a glance at the thermometer at midday and just before retiring at night, if the weather conditions are uncertain, and there is likely to be any great rise or fall in the outside temperature, is positively all that is necessary. And even these two glances can be omitted if the incubator is in a house cellar. Then it is much less trouble to feed and care for chicks which are all together, and all the same age, than it is to go around to several small coops, feed hens one way and chicks another, fill many small water dishes, and clean many coops with old hens fussing during the operation.

Every month for the last thirteen years, has brought me dozens of letters from COMFORT readers; people living all over the country from Jersey to Oklahoma; some of them villagers and others on big farms, and many who started on bare land, and built up a comfortable home, and I can safely say that every one who has reported financial success has had at least one incubator.

Women who wrote me through the paper at first, became personal correspondents and real friends, who tell me their successes and failures without reserve, and amongst them are sixty cases where chickens, aided by an incubator, have saved the farm from going under in years of poor crops or the ill health of husbands.

Perhaps the best illustration of the advantage of using an incubator is the case of a young fellow who started with a six-dollar machine. He was recovering from a terrible accident which had left him almost a helpless cripple. He had only a few hundred dollars, and no relatives except an older brother and his family, with whom he had been living since he left the hospital in the early fall, and it was his sister-in-law's lamentation about the contrariness of old hens who would not set early in the spring that suggested to him the idea of buying a small incubator, which could be operated in his room without too much tax on his meager strength.

The machine chosen was a round metal affair which held fifty eggs. It arrived early in February, but was not filled with eggs until the nineteenth. On the fourteenth of March the proud invalid presented his sister-in-law with thirty-eight bright, strong chicks.

By the fifteenth of June, four more hatches had been made, which brought the number of chicks to the number of two hundred and thirty-three. The first two hatches, consisting of eighty-seven chicks, were given to the sister-in-law, but in making up his accounts, the invalid charged them at eight cents each. The results of the following four hatches were sold as day-old chicks to people in the vicinity, and at the end of June his account stood as follows:

RECEIPTS.

Value of 80 chicks given to Mary,	$6.40
152 chicks sold at 15 cents each,	22.80
Total,	$29.20

EXPENDITURES.

Incubator,	$6.00
20 doz. and 10 eggs,	5.25
Oil,	.60
Total,	$11.85
Balance,	$17.35

The invalid's health improved so wonderfully, his sister-in-law told me, after he had an incubator to interest and occupy him, and the returns, though not large, were sufficient to make him realize that even if the crutch was to be a lifelong necessity, he could still earn something toward his own support if he increased his earning capacity, so he added a dollar to his first season's profit of seventeen dollars, and bought two incubators which held one hundred and twenty eggs each.

The demand for day-old chicks from people living on the outskirts of the town and the city families who came up to their country homes for the summer, had been so much greater than he could supply, and his sister-in-law had such a good market for the table birds she could furnish, that they considered it safe to again increase the hatching capacity. There was the foundation of an old cow barn on the farm. The brother said that he could have this for an incubator cellar. Walling up the opening where the doors had been in front, putting on a roof, windows, and doing some patching where the cement had been cracked, amounted to one hundred and twenty-one dollars.

What kind of an incubator to put inside of the cellar after it was finished took a lot of consideration, but at last he decided on getting one of the mammoth compartment machines instead of several medium lamp machines.

The principal reason for this decision was that in the large compartment machines eggs can be started every day in the week, if necessary, as the operator has complete control of the heat in each compartment, though it is all furnished by the same set of pipes operating from one furnace; whereas, in individual machines the whole capacity of the egg chamber must be put in at one time.

The furnace, pipes, and incubator complete, with extra trays and thermometers, cost one hundred and eighty-two dollars and fifty cents, and held fifteen hundred eggs. Three hundred and three dollars almost used up the young fellow's capital, but he says that he never doubted the wisdom of making the investment, and certainly the results have justified his faith. By July tenth of the first season after the big machine was installed, accounts stood as follows:

RECEIPTS.

7,200 chicks sold at an average of 12 cents each,	$864.00
One small incubator sold at $4.00,	4.00
Total,	$868.00

EXPENDITURES.

Incubator and fixing cellar,	$303.00
Coal,	6.00
Eggs at $5.00 a hundred,	450.00
Total,	$759.00
Balance,	$109.00

Twenty-two hundred eggs set in October and November, and nineteen hundred and four chicks hatched. Eggs cost one hundred and ten dollars. Received for chicks, two hundred and twenty-eight dollars. Net, one hundred and eighteen dollars, making a net profit of two hundred and twenty-seven dollars.

The fourth year there was no equipment to pay for, and the accounts read as follows:

Eggs,	$600.00
Coal,	6.00
Total,	$606.00

Received for chickens, twelve hundred and nine dollars. Net profit, six hundred and three dollars.

I have given you a detailed account of this young fellow's rise from nothing a year to an income of six hundred dollars, because it is wonderful that a semi-invalid, compelled to use a crutch, and unable to endure any outdoor exercise, should accomplish so much from such a small beginning; but if it had not been for his infirmities he could have doubled his success by keeping a flock of pure bred hens, for in that case he would have received from twenty to twenty-five cents apiece for his chickens, and been able to build up a large flock of early layers, which would have produced eggs in the winter when they would have brought the highest market price, because, coming from pure bred stock, they would have been uniform in size and color.

The three fundamental points on which success depends in the poultry business are: First, thoroughbred stock; second, a good incubator, to insure being able to hatch chickens early; third, a well-constructed brooder.

One must be able to hatch these chickens in early spring, so that they will have time to mature and start laying before cold weather, for, if they don't, they will in all probability hold off until moderate weather in the spring.

Even the housewife who keeps a few hens to supply the family table should add a small incubator to her household goods, and the man or woman who keeps poultry as a means of income cannot afford to do without one, for every one who keeps fowls knows how aggravatingly dilatory hens are about wanting to set in the early spring. For some unfathomable reason, amateurs, especially women, have an antipathy to incubators, and seem to regard them as little less than infernal machines, invented especially to hatch deformed freaks, or at least have a dread of undertaking anything so complicated as a hatching machine.

But in truth the up-to-date incubator is as easy to operate as a sewing machine, or even

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



A GOOD LOT OF YOUNG DUCKS WITH MOTHER'S HELPER ON GUARD.

50 Eggs a Day

Yes—fifty a day. How? Read the letter below.



"'More Eggs' Tonic is a Godsend," writes Mrs. Myrtle Ice, of Boston, Ky. She adds "I was only getting 12 eggs a day and now get 50."

Give your hens a few cents' worth of Reefer's "More Eggs" and you will be amazed and delighted with the results. **A million dollar bank guarantees if you're not absolutely satisfied, your money will be returned on request and the "More Eggs" costs you nothing.**

"More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit-maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 8049 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., for $1.00 package of "More Eggs" tonic.

Poultry Raisers Everywhere Tell Wonderful Results of "More Eggs"

"More Eggs" Paid the Pastor

I can't express in words how much I have been benefited by "More Eggs." I have paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses, and that is not all—I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some, and had 1½ dozen left.

MRS. LENA McBROON, Woodbury, Tenn.

1200 Eggs from 29 Hens

The "More Eggs" Tonic did wonders for me. I had 29 hens when I got the tonic and was getting five or six eggs a day. April 1st I had over 1200 eggs. I never saw the equal.

EDW. MEKKER, Pontiac, Mich.

160 Hens—1500 Eggs

I have fed 2 boxes of "More Eggs" to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 White Leghorns and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs.

MRS. H. M. PATTON, Waverly, Mo.

$200 Worth of Eggs from 44 Hens

I never used "More Eggs" Tonic until last December; then just used one $1.00 package and have sold over $200.00 worth of eggs from forty-four hens. "More Eggs" Tonic did it.

A. G. THODE, Sterling, Kans., R. No. 2, Box 47.

1368 Eggs After 1 Package

Last fall I bought a box of your "More Eggs" Tonic and would like to have you know the result. From January 1st to July 1st my hens laid 1368 eggs.

A. E. WHITE, Scranton, Pa.

"More Than Doubled in Eggs"

I am very much pleased with your "More Eggs" Tonic. My hens have more than doubled up in their eggs. L. D. NICHOLS, Mendon, Ill.

Send Coupon

Every day counts! Send the coupon today for a full sized package of "More Eggs" tonic. Order now and start your hens making money for you. You run no risk. A Million-Dollar Bank will refund instantly if you are not entirely satisfied. *Profit by the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.* Act NOW. Just put a dollar bill in with the coupon. Send for this bank-guaranteed egg producer and profit-maker NOW. *Today!*

E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert
8049 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Send me one full-size package of "More Eggs." Send this with an absolute Bank Guarantee that you will refund my money if this tonic is not satisfactory to me in *every* way. I enclose $1.00. (Either P. O. money order, your private check or $1 bill.)

Name .....

Address .....

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

So do the birds increase: God implants in the little bird the seed; they grow; then in the spring she chooses a mate to help her care for her family. So two little birds build them a home, or nest, in a tree somewhere; the little egg seeds are placed in the nest. (Sometimes the seed, or eggs, are not their very own, as with the hen or turkey.) Warmth is given to the eggs by the bird's own body; by and by the "egg flowers" unfold, or hatch; by the aid of the parent bird the little "bird flowers" grow into beautiful birds.

Then again, God gives the human mother tiny little seeds to blossom into babyhood. Sometimes these little seeds are found in our own home, sometimes by the wayside, sometimes in the Orphans' Home or "human greenhouse" as plants and flowers are kept; sometimes by unfortunate or dying parents. But wherever they may be found, they are God's little seeds waiting for the kind care of a parent to help them unfold into beautiful flowers.

I am sure your children, Mrs. Wheeler, have gone to the woods or to some neighbor or somewhere to gather plants for their flower garden. If not, go with them some time and help them select plants for a flower garden of their very own (children take more interest in things of their own). Show them, and explain about life, then after the flowers begin to appear, explain that was the way *they* had been selected to beautify your home and that with their love and your care you hoped to help them grow into more beautiful flowers than if left by the wayside.

I am sure it would please the children to let them help select the new baby sister you spoke of adopting.

I would be thankful to any one who will give instructions for caring for winter bulbs; how to have them bloom and what kind is best for winter blooming.

N. A. BEST.

FROM BEAUTIFUL ATASCADERO IN FARAWAY CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Is your door bell out of order? I think it must be for I have rung and rung but did not hear a friendly "come in" so I just opened the door and came in and you look so cozy and nice that I want to stay a few minutes if I may. Perhaps you would like to know who it is making so free coming in and talking so glibly. Well I will tell you that here in Atascadero, California—the best place on earth—everybody calls me Auntie Wood and you may call me that if you like. I should like very much to add you to my list of nieces. They are all good to take my advice and heed my counsel. I will not, however, ask you to do so until we are better acquainted. Last Fourth of July several persons asked my age and I said, "Well, after the 13th of next November you may put me down 88, two eights, that is my age exactly, and I learned in school that two eights make sixteen," so now they are calling me sweet sixteen. I am two years older than any woman in the colony. We have a very unique society called "The Veterans of the Cross," the only organization of the kind known to be in existence in the world at this time. We hold a meeting annually, in September, our last meeting being held on the thirteenth of the month. To become a member the candidate must have reached the age of 65 years. At our last meeting we unanimously adopted a Motto and Our Life's Program, as follows:

MOTTO.

"Strive to make our lives a blessing to all with whom we come in contact, and so live that the world will be the better because we have lived."

OUR LIFE'S PROGRAM.

Gather up the sunshine and scatter it to and fro,
And make other people happy as through this world we go.
When rich blessings unto us are given,
Praise Him whose dwelling place is Heaven.
When afflictions come, we'll patiently, submissively pass under the rod,
When the angels open the golden gate we will cheerfully, triumphantly go to our God.

Now, dear Mrs. Wilkinson, if you haven't got too tired of me this time perhaps I'll come again. I am an old subscriber to COMFORT and think it is correctly named. I wouldn't think of keeping house without it. It is perfect in every department.

AUNTIE WOOD.

Auntie Wood.—You are really too young to be admitted into the Sisters' Corner but as that is a fault you will overcome in time I am going to let you come in, or rather let you *stay* in for you seem to have settled the coming in part for yourself. Here's hoping you will be there to welcome me when I become eligible for admission into the Veterans of the Cross Society. I'll begin right now to live up to the motto so as to be ready when that time comes.—Ed.

YOST, UTAH.

DEAR COMFORT PEOPLE:

Ever since the male sex has been admitted to your Corner I have promised myself that I would break in upon you. I'll just take a seat over here by Bill and Mrs. Vesey. Don't scream, I'm not an outlaw even if my hair is rather long. You see, my occupation keeps me isolated from the ladies and with the exception of an occasional sheep herder or cow puncher, away from all human beings. What is my occupation, you say? I am one of Uncle Sam's huntsmen, working for the Bureau of Biological Survey. We are trying to exterminate the predatory animals that each year are killing hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of stock that grow on the U. S. National Forest, and three hundred and sixty-five days of each year I am on the trail of the wild cat, coyote, wolf, mountain lion and bear. We don't have Sundays or holidays here and if I did not have to write a daily report I probably would lose all track of the date.

Lonesome? Well, not so bad. You see, I have the songs of the birds, the wind moaning through the trees, and the ripple of the stream that runs by my camp door, and there are thousands of other things that I love to keep me company. Any time I want wild meat, mountain trout or wild honey all I have to do is to go get it. And as I like to study the habits of wild birds and animals I do not have time to think of getting lonesome.

Why don't you hubbies deposit half your monthly salary in your wife's name and give her a check book; then at the end of the month you can compare notes and see who has spent the most money and if she has bought too much silk and lace just remind her that you are not a bank, and it is a good way to find out if you are spending too much for cigars and taking friends car riding. You will find then that there are better ways of spending money and ways which will be of benefit to both. But for heaven's sake don't nag or quarrel at each other. I think the knocker, the nagger and the crank were made from the material left from making the reptiles and toads.

Mrs. Vesey, I can picture you and your rosy-cheeked, healthy youngsters chasing around in a care-free way, enjoying the things that Nature so abundantly furnishes. There is nothing so grand as being in the lonesome—

Where the woodbine twines,
The whangdoodle sings,
And the frog flips its wings in glee
And the——

I see the stars on Uncle Sam's hat band as he peeps around a tree, wondering why I am not on the trail of the mountain lion that has been killing so much stock in our section.

So long.

S. C. SHEPPARD.

Mr. Sheppard.—Don't feel hurt over my flippant remarks regarding you and your poetry but come again and tell us more of your adventures. Did you get that lion? I'll fix it up with Uncle Sam so that he won't mind if you take time to tell us about it.—Ed.

ARIZONA.

DEAR WIFE IN NAME ONLY:

Your pathetic letter touched me greatly and I hope to help you. Won't you write to me, giving me your name and address.

My dear little woman, such affairs as you describe happen once in a while but are overcome and forgotten, especially if the wife has courage and poise, which qualities you seem to possess.

In the first place, do not nag him about this nurse. It will make him sympathize with her and keep her in his mind.

Keep yourself attractive. Arrange your hair as nicely as possible. Give your complexion care. Keep your home attractive. Cook your husband's favorite dishes. Be as cheerful as possible.

Any new interest will be good for both of you. It may keep you from brooding and also help him to forget this woman. Invite company to your home. It brightens home and makes you seem attractive and keeps the nurse in the background.

Again I say such fascinations often amount to nothing. The good, true wife, by making herself as sweet and lovable as possible, wins entirely and the other is forgotten.

I wish you happiness, my dear.

A FRIEND.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

A House that Demonstrates Friendliness

By Frances L. Garside

Copyright, 1919, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

DID you ever notice that houses sometimes assume human characteristics and some just naturally seem to growl at you as you pass, and others look so nice and friendly you wish you had the privilege of walking in?

Well, this house was one of the friendly kind. It was set down in a neighborhood where the other houses looked as if they needed friends, and though its walls had fresher paint, its dooryard was cleaner, its brass knocker was polished bright, a striking contrast to the doorknobs pulled out of their sockets in other doors; though there were nice white curtains at the windows, with plants peeping through, and there was a general air of better care, it was not at all snobbish because of it.

The door opened welcomely; the curtains waved back and forth in gentle greeting, and even the plants seemed interested in coaxing the passers-by not to pass, but to come in. Over the doors there was a sign: "International Institute." The words looked formidable.

"I think," said a woman coming down the steps, and throwing her shawl over her head preparatory toward going along the streets, "that that sign should be changed. 'International Institute' means a lot to those of us who know, but to those who have not learned, how much nicer just 'Friendly House' would look."

I overheard her and went in. If the house was as friendly as it looked, and such was the reputation the woman gave it, it would prove friendly to an inquisitive woman who felt more than a passing interest. I had no doubts of my welcome; I felt the atmosphere of the place the moment I stepped over the threshold.

"The International Institute," said a pleasant young woman at a desk in the front room, "is a house to demonstrate friendliness, and our subjects are the foreign-born woman."

It sounded as if there might be a "story" in it. There was, as you will see.

A man and his wife come to this country from foreign shores, bringing nothing more than a carpet sack of clothing, and a large assortment of hopes. He gets a job. He meets Americans. He learns to speak English because he has to learn it in order to earn a living.

They find a home in a quarter where others have settled who came from their native land. Children come. Children always come, and they come in large, old-fashioned numbers and with old-fashioned speed. They go to school. They learn more than to talk English; they learn to read it and to write it. Father and the children talk together in this new tongue. Mother, in the seclusion of her home, still talks only her native tongue. The family is getting away from her, and it sometimes takes a painful jolt to make her realize it.

The notice from the board of health, from the gas company, and from the milk man,—every bit of writing that comes into her house must be translated to her by her children. The father can speak the language; he cannot always read it.

She finds herself at the mercy of her little Ignace, Jean, Pierre, or Nicholas. They are more than human, they are divine, if they do not interpret for their mother to suit their own convenience.

"Don't mind her," said a little Italian boy to a caller one day. "She's my mother but she can't talk English. She's only a Dago."

The war made life still harder for these women, for the husband enlisted to fight for his native country, or the son packed a grip and went to the front. When their letters came there was no one to read them to her. Fancy what it means to sit facing a letter till the children come home from school to translate it! The International Institute translated many hundreds of letters in the last year to mothers. Some in Syrian, others in French, Italian, Russian, Polish and Greek.

The staff of the Institute is made up of women who speak foreign tongues. The Syrian-speaking woman calls on the Syrians in the neighborhood and interests them in the House of Friendliness. They are invited to come to meet others from their native land, and the social meetings soon drift into classes for the study of hygiene, the care of children, first aid, cooking and sewing, the women taking eagerly to a lesson given in their own tongue.

Nothing is said about the study of English. The necessity of that must come from within, and not from pressure without. Gradually, the Italian woman, who "is nothing but a Dago," and all the other foreign-born women, awaken to a realization of the danger that threatens a home where the children are its spokesmen. They ask to learn English, not because they love their own native land less, but because they love it more, the love for the old home being strengthened by what this new country is meaning to them.

They learn to come to these places with all their problems; they tell their troubles there; they learn to laugh there, and they learn, through association in recreation and studies, something about the problems and sorrows of the other woman, be she from their native land, or from some other for which they have never before had a feeling of sympathy or interest.

The International Institutes are being strung across the continent, like buttons on a charm-string, by the Young Women's Christian Association. The foreign born are here to stay: To make happier and more healthful citizens of them is a problem growing out of the war.

The Y. W. C. A. is doing its bit of this work in going to the aid of the foreign-born woman with these Houses to Demonstrate Friendliness.

It seemed to me the house really smiled a "Come Again" to me when I turned at the corner for a farewell look.



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THE New Edison Amberola—Mr. Edison's great new phonograph with the Diamond Stylus Reproducer and your choice of all the brand New Diamond Amberol Records on *trial*. Pay only $4 a month. Now, on this offer, you can have the *finest*, the *best* that money can buy at a price very much less than that at which imitations of the genuine Edison Amberola are offered. Seize this opportunity. Send the coupon.

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THE world's greatest inventor has made the music of the phonograph life-like, at last. Success—after years of labor on his favorite invention! Read our offer on his wonderful new phonograph. Now that you can have *the best* on this liberal offer, you need no longer be satisfied with anything less than Mr. Edison's great instrument. Write at once.

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Let us send the New Edison Amberola to your home on trial. Entertain your family and friends with your favorite records—everything from Grand Opera to the latest city song hits. Comic Vaudeville and roaring Minstrel Shows—then, if you choose, send outfit back to us at our expense. But if you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, pay at the rate of only $4.00 a month. Don't miss this wonderful offer. Send the coupon today—now.

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We must have shipments immediately to fill orders. We will be more liberal than usual to get them. Rush your pelts to us.

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"THE YOUNG TRAPPERS"

This is a rattling good story for boy trappers and grown-ups, too. It is by a well known author. You can get the story free, by asking for it. The story will be sent postpaid for the asking. Address

WM. WEED, R2103, 111 W. Monroe, Chicago

Traps and Thrills on an Iowa Trail

By George J. Thiessen

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CHAPTER IV.

FIRST REAL CATCH.

JAMES, Sr., and I started toward the east. Fred and his chum took the opposite direction, and soon were out of sight. Following the cinder track, my partner and I walked briskly along. He told me of the days he had hunted through that section of the country, of the game he had killed and of many other things, some of which I suspect were more the products of imagination than actual occurrence. While I listened, the shoemaker talked. And then I discovered that he knew something about trapping. It seems that a companion—who had died years before—used to take mink and muskrat along Rock Creek but he never had a lot of cash because pelts then brought little. John Jones was the pal's name.

"He knew how to trap skunk," James stated, presently. "I know, once——"

I realized then that the son and Fred had put up a job on me, whether intentionally or not. We were headed to traps set for the very animals the man mentioned, animals he really knew how to trap. I had had some little experience with the striped fur bearers and always had given them a wide berth. Right now, I wished that I had followed the water trail instead of the one over the prairies, where, from indications, it seemed sure catches would be made. In fact, just as I was wishing that the Victors would be empty, we came in sight of the spot where we had four sets. My heart chilled as four black spots showed on the level field.

"Whoopee!" shouted James. "Old Johnnie never had no luck like that. Come on." And before I could collect my scattered senses, he was ten yards ahead, pulling a pocket pistol from his coat. I followed as fast as I could but was not able to keep up. When the old hunter got within range, he leaned against a fence-post and, after getting his breath, fired. The aim was good, and with a dull thud the small bullet struck the animal in the head. It fell backward—and there was not the slightest trace of a smell. This gave us both courage—especially me.

"I know how to get 'em," the man shouted quickly. "When you hit the skunk in the spine and cut it, you don't damage the fur and the animals can't throw their odor. I remember once I shot sparrows in the head with this pistol and killed them as fast as they lit in the trees."

By this time he had loaded again and had approached where the second fur bearer awaited. Whether James was excited or his sights were blurred—he claimed this later—I cannot say. Anyway, the bullet struck the trap and went harmlessly on its way. The skunk, however, showed fight. The air became "tainted." And, worst of all, we saw the animal jerk the stake free and vanish into the burrow.

The two of us did nothing to hinder the escape. We turned our attention to the other fur bearers and killed them without much trouble. After this, we went back carefully to the hole where the one had dragged the trap. James said skunks often came out in a case like that and could be gotten again. I had my doubts but at the same time was not anxious to investigate too closely.

Then Fred and Jim appeared. They had three mink, all taken within a few feet of each other. When they had examined the carcasses, they immediately planned to get the animal which had escaped. Blocking the hole so it could not get out, we put the three carcasses in a little stream to wash off any smell which might be on them. After this we started towards town.

After skinning the mink and placing them on boards, we returned to our homes.

"Whew!" mother exclaimed, when I entered the kitchen. "What you been doing now? I told you not to get skunks and for that you can just quit going out with Jim and Fred. Step into the woodshed and change your clothes. You can't come in here with them on."

So this was the end! Cold though it was in that airy woodshed, I did not feel the chill at all. I had worse troubles. Just when our trap line showed results, I should have to quit. But after my earnest pleadings, mother finally relented on my promise that I should not come home with any more smell on me.

Fred and Jim fared no better. However, that afternoon with a fellow who worked in a drug store, reckless in the extreme, we started out with spade and pick to get the game that had pulled out. Our new companion had provided a bottle of some evil smelling fluid he guaranteed would counteract any odor.

The distance was covered in a short time. The embryo druggist led the way; was in a great hurry, in fact. That he was stopped at no danger, we knew, for on other occasions we had witnessed his foolhardy acts. Fortunate, indeed, were the trio to enlist his aid.

We reached the spot and "Dago" began work. First he removed his coat, spat on his hands and then, after removing the rocks we had blocked it with, peered into the burrow. "There's the chain," he exclaimed, grabbing the ring. "I'll pull the skunk out and you hit it over the head."

Jim grasped the spade and waited. The rest of us drew back. With a good hold, the clerk tugged. Then something happened. Out came the animal, smell and all. The pelt hunter with the shovel fled. "Dago" held his ground; then regretted his bravery. Some of the fluid hit him and he staggered away. The animal retreated again into the hole.

"Wait'll I get my breath," he gasped, somewhat pale. "No skunk's got me scared!"

And sure enough, after "Dago" had gotten the fresh ozone into his lungs once more, he took the spade and started toward the burrow again. "Keep away," he shouted. "I'll capture the 'stinker' myself."

The hero this time adopted different tactics. Instead of pulling, he started to dig. When down about two feet, he saw something black. From his pocket he pulled a small revolver which belonged to his uncle and up to now was evidently forgotten. A shot followed. Then triumphantly he lifted the carcass from where it lay.



HE LEANED AGAINST A FENCE POST AND AFTER GETTING HIS BREATH, FIRED.

"Told you so," he said. "Now I'll fill this up——"

"Sufferin' cats! Here's another!" And, catching a glimpse of fur, he furiously resumed his digging. Soon came a muffled explosion, and skunk number two lay on the ground.

"Maybe there are more," he panted, bending to his task again.

When the den was explored, seven fur bearers were captured. With the three we had caught in the morning, they made ten. At two dollars each, that would be twenty dollars. And since "Dago" had done most of the work—in fact, all of it—we offered to share the money with him. We figured each would have about five dollars. This was a large sum of money to us—and to the drug clerk. But to him, our admiration was greater. And what a story he would tell the boys in Stanwood about his bravery when he returned.

If you want to free the neighborhood of mosquitoes, encourage swallows to make themselves at home, says the American Forestry Association, of Washington, which is conducting the national bird-house building contest among school children. These birds feed almost entirely upon obnoxious insects and they will do much toward protecting orchards and other trees from insect pests. No better investment can be made, therefore, than some houses set out for martins or other swallows. Of the blue swallows the purple martin is the largest, the male being entirely blue above and below while the female is blue above with a gray breast.

One Million Pelts Wanted

The greatest fur season in history is here! This means that you, Mr. Trapper, can get more than ever before if you ship your catch to Sobel — where astonishingly high prices are paid and liberal assortments are allowed. Ship us what you have, quick.

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The least you owe yourself is to get the most for your pelts and a square deal. Send for our free price list and find out how liberally we pay. Our 33 years experience is your guarantee of generous, honest grading. Don't wait! You might neglect it. It's important for us both. Send us a postal today for a price list.

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RAW FURS

We have a good many letters on file, all same as above, and unsolicited. You too will soon realize that there is more than a promise to our way of doing business. Try us and be convinced.

Send us a shipment today or write for our price list. It's free. We know our grading will please you, so hurry up and connect with us. It's up to you.

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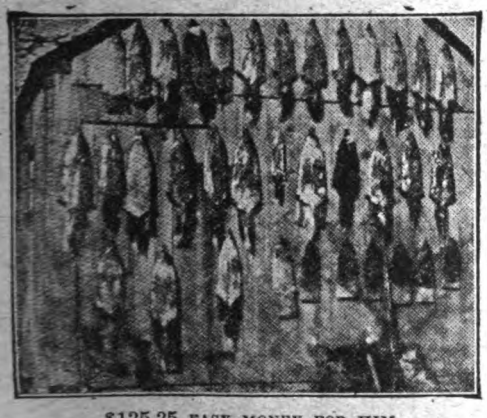
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Forty-two Furs—$125.25

My neighbor boys were trapping and making money, so I thought I could do just as well. It



$125.25 EASY MONEY FOR HIM.

being the last part of November, I thought I would give it a start.

I bought one dozen traps and it was not long before I caught skunks, possums, etc. Then I got interested in trapping and bought a dozen more traps and began setting them. Well, it

(CONTINUED IN LAST COLUMN.)



COMFORT'S Fur Forum

COMFORT trappers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired about trapping or marketing furs. Questions will be answered in these columns free by a recognized trapping authority of America. All questions must be signed with the writer's full name which will not be published if the writer so requests. Address Trapping Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Questions Answered

R. A., Texas.—The fur firm you mention is one of the advertisers in COMFORT and is thoroughly reliable, the same as any of the others who solicit shipments of pelts through our columns. Give them a trial. (2) Skunks generally throw a small amount of odor when caught in steel traps although sometimes they do not. However, by not exciting the skunk and civet, they usually can be killed with a minimum of smell. The odor may be removed from the clothes, hands or pelt by thorough washing in gasolene. Do this outdoors to avoid danger from fire. Do not confine the fumes. Be sure they are evaporated before coming into the house, barn, etc., especially close to heat or fire.

O. H. W., Pa.—It is almost impossible to state which animals are the most profitable to trap in Pennsylvania. The choice, no doubt, would lie between skunk and muskrat, depending upon the locality. However, with fur prices "sky high," almost any boy in the rural communities can make his spending money for the entire year with a few steel traps in spare time. Read, in COMFORT'S book on trapping, sent free, how the boys caught the animals. Write for it. Ship furs as soon as they are ready for market whether the lots are large or small. In this way one takes no risk of prices lowering. The average trapper cannot afford to gamble with his catch.

V. A., Wash.—There are so many things to guide a trapper regarding dens of various animals that space does not permit going into details. Perhaps the most important is the location; that is, muskrat burrows would not be upon a hill far from water, etc. Then there are the tracks, signs and dropping. These should be studied. A reading of the books on trapping put out by the various fur firms that advertise in our columns will be worth while. Send for them. They are free. Do not overlook the articles that appear in COMFORT, either.

E. E. E., Cal.—Snares for small animals may be made from stout cord or fine flexible wire. It would be better for you to employ steel traps as they are far more effective and cost so little. Even the expert rarely employs a snare, and for this reason beginners ought not to waste their time with it when after the valuable pelts.

Q.—Where do the scent bags of skunk and civet lie?
A.—These are at the root of the tail.

Q.—Is there danger of cutting into them?
A.—Yes, skin around the sacs, leaving a small patch of fur. By so doing, the skins are not damaged.

Q.—What kind of an animal is Hudson Seal?
A.—This fur is the common muskrat you catch—certain quality skins well furred and thin pelt (leather)—which are sheared, dyed and electrified. The name "Hudson Seal" is one given by the manufacturers. The furs resemble the real seal and only a good judge can tell the difference.

Q.—Where can one get skins tanned?
A.—Do not tan skins for shipment to any of the fur houses. If you want to have the pelts made up into garments, employ some custom tanner to do the work. Never try to tan at home. Usually it is a failure and furs are too high now to have them ruined.

Q.—Are ground hogs good fur?
A.—No. There are firms who claim to make them into coats, etc., but most are agreed the pelts are so poor that tanning is a waste of money. The skins are mostly hair.

Q.—What are 'coon tracks like?
A.—They resemble the imprints of a small baby's foot.

Q.—Mention a good bait for mink.
A.—Muskrat flesh is one of the best natural draws. Rabbit is all right also. Fish, frogs, etc., serve, too.



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(CONTINUED FROM FIRST COLUMN.)

wasn't long before trapping law closed—February 1. I caught 25 skunks, 1 mink, 10 opossums, 7 muskrats.

I gathered all my furs together and hung them in our summer kitchen. They certainly did look pretty. Then I sent them off, and received $125.25, some money for one season's catch!

GEORGE WENNERMANN, Ohio.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

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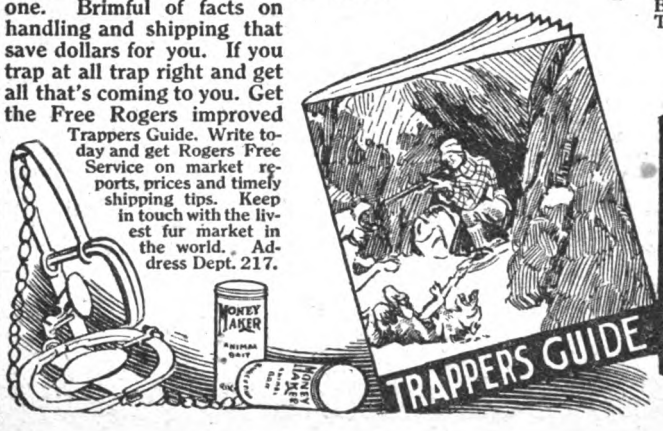
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Above prices were actually realized in St. Louis recently for best kinds of furs named and other kinds in proportion.

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How to Choose a Dairy Cow

THERE is nothing else so good for the growing child as milk. All young animals need milk. It is Nature's food for the young. Hence there will always be a ready market and an ever increasing demand for milk. The dairy business is the one line of farming not likely to be overdone. Get into the dairy business. If you can't own a herd, you can at least own a family cow.

The Kind of Cow to Keep

Amateurs should not make the mistake of buying pure bred cows. They cost so much that the risk is too great. Better buy cheaper cows. But don't buy "scrubs." "Scrubs" are dear at any price. Buy *good* but do not pay any fancy prices for them. High priced stock is only for those who know the business thoroughly and who are willing to take large risks. Better buy heifers than old cows. In buying heifers you have equal chances with the seller. Neither one knows what the young heifer will produce. But in buying old cows the buyer is always at the seller's mercy. The buyer gambles on the seller's "sure thing," that is if the seller is a good dairyman and knows his business.

What Breed to Choose

There are many breeds of dairy cows, each having peculiar advantages over the other.

THE HOLSTEIN-FRIESIAN are heavy milkers, in fact the heaviest of all breeds. They are large cows and eat large quantities of rough feed. But, their test is low. The lowest of all breeds. For a cheese factory or condensary cow, they cannot be beat.

THE JERSEYS are the smallest cows and the lightest milkers, but they give the richest milk. For a family cow where the land is so limited that but a single cow can be kept the Jersey is the most desirable. They make fine pets and require less feed and pasture than larger cows.

THE GUERNSEY breed falls in between the Holstein and the Jersey both in amount of milk given and the richness of it. They are very beautiful cows of average size and are especially fine for city milk supply animals. City customers are always satisfied with rich yellow Guernsey milk.

THE AYRSHIRE cow is the favorite with the Scotchman and more nearly resembles the Holstein than the Guernsey. They are rather small cows and for their size give a large quantity of milk a little richer than the Holstein but not so rich as the Guernsey.

THE BROWN SWISS cow looks a little like the Jersey and gives milk a little richer than the Holstein but not so much of it. They are very quiet cows and stand "roughing it" better than any other breed.

But there is so much difference between the individual animals within any one breed that the problem of selecting cows becomes one of selecting individuals rather than of choosing a breed. Of course, one must first decide what breed he intends to keep, but the real problem comes in selecting the cows.

How to Know a Good Cow

All good dairy cows, no matter what the breed, have four characteristics that the buyer should know. They are:

1. Good health.
2. Good feeding capacity.
3. Large milking capacity.
4. Reproduction power.

The expert can usually tell by looking at a cow about what she is in all four of these important points. After this is learned it is comparatively easy to pick out a good cow. This is the way it is done:

FIRST LOOK FOR INDICATIONS OF GOOD HEALTH.—The two things most feared by the dairyman are tuberculosis and contagious abortion. Tuberculosis can only be detected by the tuberculin test unless the animal is very sick from it. Then its poor health is indicated by a dull eye, a rough, staring coat, poor flesh, a hacking cough, running from the nose, and a general run down condition. Good health is shown by bright eyes, sleek hair, fair flesh and a general thrifty appearance.

If no young calves are seen on the place, contagious abortion can be suspected. There is no other easy means of detecting it.

NEXT LOOK FOR FEEDING CAPACITY.—A good dairy cow must eat large quantities of feed to make milk. She therefore must have a large "middle" or barrel as it is called. It should not be "slab-sided" but roomy, full and large. Then look at the nose and mouth which should be large and wide. The eye should be bright but mild, the neck thin, and the back bone prominent.

MILKING CAPACITY NEXT IN LINE.—Heavy-milkers always have large udders and large, prominent and crooked milk veins. The teats should be uniform in size and the udder evenly balanced in the four quarters. A small teat or a shrunken quarter indicates that the cow is a "three-teater."

A fat cow is seldom a good milker, that is, if she is fat at the same time that she is milking. A cow can't put her feed on her back and into the pail at the same time.

Will She Reproduce?

If one is building up a dairy herd he wants his good cows to produce calves equally good or better. How is he to know this in a cow?

If she is well marked, that is, if she closely resembles any one of the leading herds, the buyer can know that she is well bred, and if she is well bred she will produce calves like herself if bred to a sire of the same breed. This is the only way that he can know from appearance what she can reproduce.

If herd records have been kept, the buyer should ask to see them. Good producing cows are likely to reproduce heifers that are good producers. If the purchaser will keep these four points in mind, they will be of great assistance to him in selecting dairy cows.

Why Clover Fails

There are four main reasons for failure of the clover crop. They are: Poor seed, winter killing, sour soil and nurse crop. The latter is probably the most frequent cause of failure, though in the colder sections winter killing is a close second.

Poor Seed and Poor Seeding

In many states the law requires the labeling of seed both as to its purity and its germination power. Even then the farmer must be very careful in order to get good seed. Many noxious weeds, particularly Canada thistle, dodder and ox-eye-daisy, are introduced in the seed. The farmer should carefully examine seeds he intends to purchase with a magnifying glass to be sure that he gets no weed seed. He should also get a small sample and test the germination of a hundred seeds on a wet blotter placed between two pie tins—one inverted over the other. By this method he call tell in six or seven days whether any sample of seed he is testing will grow or not and exactly what percentage. He can also learn by the vigor of growth and the size of sprouts whether it is strong or weak seeds. In these days of high priced clover seed there is much poor and old seed on the market—some of it too poor and old to sow.

Winter Killing

No one knows exactly why clover winter kills because there are several reasons such as the freezing and thawing heaving the soil and breaking the roots, ice sheets smothering the plants, excessive cold on bare fields and weak, sickly plants unable to stand the cold of a severe winter.

The best remedy for all of these is a heavy blanket of vigorous growing plants on the field at the time winter sets in. This holds the snow, helps to keep the ground warm and thus protects the roots against severe cold. It is important for the success of a clover field that it goes into the winter in good shape. This means that it must get the right start in the spring.

The Right Nurse Crop

Much depends on the nurse crop. Clover is usually sown with oats at the usual rate of seed. Two mistakes—the wrong nurse crop and too much seed.

Oats is a heavy feeder and at time of ripening uses enormous amounts of water. This robs the young clover of both food and moisture. If clover must be sown with oats it should be sown at about one half the usual rate of seeding in order to give the clover a chance. Then if when the oats begin to ripen a dry spell is coming on, the oats should be cut at once for hay, leaving the moisture in the soil for the use of the young clover plants. Who has not noticed how much more vigorous the clover growth when the oats have been cut green for early feed! Barley sown at the rate of one bushel to the acre is a better nurse crop than oats. Rye is even still better.

Lime Helps Clover

When clover fails to grow the soil is often sour. Sour soil is indicated by the growth of sorrel and "horse tails." It is easily determined by the use of the litmus paper test frequently described in these columns.

Clover will not grow well on sour soil. The remedy is the use of ground limestone, from two to four tons to the acre depending upon whether the soil is very sour or not.

The farmer who succeeds best with clover tests his soil for acidity, buys carefully selected seed, uses rye or barley for nurse crop because they are off the ground before dry weather begins and this leaves a fine vigorous growth of clover in the ground by the time winter sets in.

The Fruit Garden

Every farm should have a fruit garden. Likewise the family which has no more land than a town lot, we say, *should have* a fruit garden, and here's the reason:

During the war the commercial fruit grower was often "up against it." Fruit—a perishable product—must be handled quickly. It must be properly handled—rushed through to destination—iced—placed in cold storage and quickly distributed, as a rule. This is particularly true with berries. But the government needed the cars and the railroads. To save themselves, fruit growers had to resort to canning. Large numbers of fruit canneries were built and the canned fruit industry has become a pronounced success. New fruit products in the form of jellies and marmalades have made their appearance. All these canned and preserved products are easily stored and can be kept indefinitely. Hence, fresh fruits have become scarce and relatively high and in all probability will continue to be.

This is *why* you should have a fruit garden.

What to Grow in Your Fruit Garden

What you will grow depends upon the land available. The town lotter, that is the city or village man who owns a plot of land sixty by one hundred and twenty feet, can have on this land both a fruit and a vegetable garden of sufficient size to grow practically all the fruit and green vegetables used by a small family. This is what he can have in the way of fruit:

Two apple trees, two cherry trees, six currant bushes, six gooseberry bushes, six blackberry bushes, six raspberry bushes, a half dozen pie plants and from fifty to a hundred strawberry plants. This much the town lot gardener can have. Of course the regular farmer will want much more.

How to Arrange the Fruit Garden

By careful planning all the above can be put on a lot of the size mentioned and still have left a space at least forty by sixty feet for vegetables. The fruit trees can be planted in a row and placed fifteen or twenty feet apart. The currant and berry bushes in another row—ten feet away and placed five feet apart in the row. Or a different arrangement is possible with the small fruits placed between the apple and cherry trees. The strawberries for the first two years at least can be grown in the spaces between the rows of other fruit.

In a favorable season of full bearing it will be possible to harvest from one to five bushels of apples, a bushel of cherries, a half bushel each of currants, blackberries, raspberries and gooseberries—and a hundred quarts of strawberries with pie plant "galore" from the above garden.

Ever-Bearing Varieties Good

The ever-bearing kinds of strawberries and raspberries are both good. The quality of these berries is exceptionally fine and they both bear through a long season. While the amount ripe at any one time is never large, there is usually enough ready for a meal. However, in strawberries the bed should not be made up wholly of ever-bearing if any of this fruit is desired for canning. The apples, cherries, currants, goose-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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Sold on 30 days' free trial—no money in advance. One man style of HORSE POWER. Shipment from nearest distributing point saves time and freight. Write for FREE BOOK and Special Agent's Proposition—TODAY.

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World's Largest Makers of Stump Pullers!



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Why do **successful** trappers choose Taylor, year after year?

Because this is a **successful** fur house—the only kind they want to deal with. Taylor knows how to **sell** their furs for best market prices. Tag **your** bundle today to Taylor!

Taylor
INTERNATIONAL FUR EXCHANGE
St. Louis, MO. U.S.A.
ESTABLISHED 1871

We get top market prices and bigger returns for you because our experts always grade furs **up.** If a little expert handling will give your furs higher grading, we do it. Result? Better grading—bigger check for you—another Taylor regular shipper added to our long list.

Quick Cash Pay!

After you have worked hard for pelts, there's no excuse for your having to wait for your money. That is why we mail your check same day your furs are received and graded. No waiting—no disappointments.

Reliability!

Since Eighteen Seventy-One F. C. Taylor Fur Company has been paying highest possible prices for furs! Forty-eight years of playing square with boys and old trappers has built the Taylor reputation for reliability. And you **must** ship to an absolutely reliable Fur House to be sure of every penny your furs are worth.

Remember that Taylor of Saint Louis is the **oldest** Fur House in America. More than a million trappers have shipped to Taylor. Join that long list of **satisfied** trappers.

If you have never shipped to Taylor, make a shipment today and then you will always know where to ship for absolutely highest prices and gradings.

Ship Now!

Today—while fur prices are sky high—is the time to ship. More furs are coming in than we've ever seen before in any season, so no man knows when this high price market will break. **Play safe!** Tag your furs to Taylor **today!** Don't hoard! Don't delay! Ship whatever furs you have—one or a bundle—and get your check by next mail.

F. C. Taylor Fur Co.
International Fur Exchange
686 Fur Exchange Bldg.
St. Louis, U.S.A.

Send us your Coon, Skunk, Muskrat, Mink, Fox, Wolf, Opossum, Weasel, etc.!

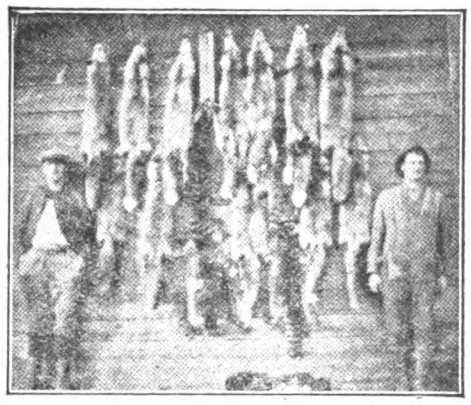


Letters and Photographs

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

Fox Trappers' Big Catch

In one week, with 20 traps set, we caught 12 fox and four coon. This catch brought us



THIS IS ONE WEEK'S CATCH OF FOX AND COON—GOT $377.00 FOR SEASON'S WORK.

$176.00. We own two fine fox hounds and with them we have shot 12 fox a head since trapping. We sold all our furs for $377.00. We have had five years' experience trapping and hunting.
FRANK PILBIN AND C. BLANCHARD, Vermont.

Has 98.34 Clean Cash in His Pocket

This letter is to tell you how I trap the wise old fox. First of all, clean cotton gloves should be worn, which should be coated with bee's wax or rubbed in a good trail scent. I bury my traps about two or three weeks in the ground before I set them. I go in the woods where I know there are fox. I take a box or chicken coop and put two roosters in it, then I cut stakes about 2½ feet high and make a path from each side and end. I put the stakes about 3 inches apart in the row and make the path about 6 or 8 inches wide and 6 or 8 feet long. I then fill in between the paths with brush so that he cannot get to the box without going through the path. This very seldom fails to get him. Another way to get him is to go to a tree where a bough hangs over a stump, a rotten one preferred so as to make a place for the trap to set in, hang a chicken or rabbit on the bough right above the stump, so that he will have to get on the stump to get his bait. I use No. 2 Victor or Newhouse traps.
ALTON P. MANCK, Virginia.

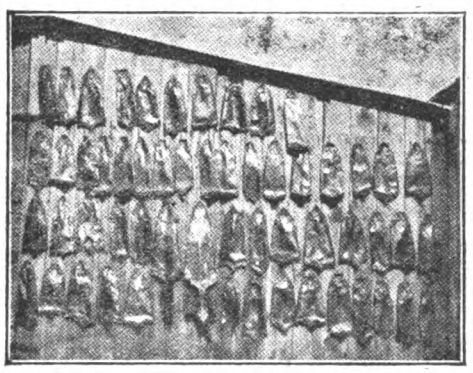
P. S. I caught 12 foxes, 10 opossum and 6 muskrat. I sold them and got $98.34, which is in my pocket.

Easy Money and Healthful Practice

My season's catch consisted of 5 mink, 6 muskrat, 1 raccoon, 7 opossum.

I sold 4 muskrat, 1 raccoon and 2 opossum to a local buyer, for which I received $8.00—seven pieces—which had fine fur, too, and I shipped 10 pieces to a fur company advertising in COMFORT, for which I received $24.25, over three times the amount which I received from the local buyer.

It pays to ship your furs to a good fur house. My methods of trapping are as follows: I find



TEN DAYS' CATCH.

a good place where animals travel and set my traps in their runs. For fear the animal may pass my trap, I just leave one path, and for 4 or 5 feet on each side I pile brush, and when Mr. Mink or Mr. Coon comes along he is sure to go the path and gets caught. This applies to all kinds of animals.

Between a fence and a creek is a good place for this. If an animal travels in water along the edge of the bank, lay a stick in such a position as to make him walk over the trap. Place trap between stick and bank.

Yours truly,
J. B. OWEN, Tennessee.

His Hobby Is Muskrat

My season's catch consisted of 17 muskrats, 6 skunks and 6 opossums, which I sold for more than $40. The highest price I received for the muskrats was $2, the opossums $2, and skunk $5. A greater part, of course, sold for less.

I consider the above very good for week-end



WHEN A SKUNK IS CAUGHT HE MUST NOT BE EXCITED.

trapping, as I attend High school in a nearby town, which occupies five days out of a week of my time.

My pet hobby is the muskrat. I hunt along the creek banks until I find a slide or other signs. I then set a trap about two inches from the bank and stake it out in the water so the animal will drown.

In setting traps for skunk and opossum I find a den inhabited by these animals and I make my set with the greatest care, leaving as few signs of my visit as possible.

When a skunk is caught he must not be excited. If possible catch him by the tail and hit him in the neck, right back of the head, by which, if done with care, the disagreeable odor may be done away with.

The skinning, stretching and drying are very important if the top prices are realized. Then the furs must be shipped to reliable firms. (Firms that advertise in the COMFORT can be depended upon.) I inclose with this letter several snapshots of my last shipment, which was made in the first part of February. One important thing to remember is that prime furs bring the most money, so one ought not to commence trapping too early or to continue too late. (Dec. 15 to Feb. 1 is the best time.) GLEN W. DELAVAN, Kansas.

Trapped Fifty Years

I have been trapping for the last 50 years and am now 78 years of age. I sold my furs for $70.25 for the first lot and $30.15 for the second lot. I find the best scent for skunk is to break one half dozen rotten eggs in a fruit jar and shake them up and put a few drops on the bait. A skunk will come as far as he can smell it; good for opossum, too. I am sending you a photo of part of my season's catch, 11 skunk, 4 opossum, 2 ground hogs, with me and my dog.

J. A. B. MILLER, Pennsylvania



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Like thousands upon thousands of others, you too can be a satisfied Fur shipper if you will ship your Furs direct to **"SHUBERT."** Prices are higher than ever before.

It's up to you to get the full market value for every skin you ship. Don't be misled by high quotations. It's not the prices quoted in a price list that count—it's the amount of the check you receive that either makes you smile or swear. **"SHUBERT"** checks will make you smile. That's why Fur shippers never change after they have once given **"SHUBERT"** a trial. Join the happy crowd of satisfied Fur shippers. Ship your Furs direct to **"SHUBERT."** *You take no risk.* **"The Shubert Guarantee"** protects you absolutely. Why not give **"SHUBERT"** a trial today?

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rather than jeopardize its reputation for being the biggest booster of Raw Fur prices, for allowing the most genuinely liberal gradings, for charging no commissions and for paying spot cash. You cash in big every time you ship to Pfaelzer, for there's extra money waiting for you.

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Our competitors say we bid too high—but that's the way we get the most shipments—when the demand is heaviest. We turn over money over several times while our competitors are doing it once. *That's* why we can and do pay the highest prices. *That's* why we are so generous with our grading. *That's* why we charge no commissions. *That's* why we pay spot cash the day the goods arrive—and *that's* why our business is growing by leaps and bounds. If *you* want this kind of a square deal send for our price list at once—today — it's **FREE.**

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THE CENTER OF THE WORLD'S FUR INDUSTRY

Raw Furs Wanted I sell direct to manf., pay top prices and you will find me square. GEO. SIPLER, THREE BRIDGES, N. J.



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New Zealands Flemish Giants and Cavies Profits large We supply stock and show you how to sell all you raise also Mink, Skunk, Fox, etc Book COMMON SENSE RABBIT RAISING and 72 page small stock magazine tells how, Dime, NONE FREE. STAHL'S OUTDOOR ENTERPRISE CO., 999 Gumbel Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Both for $16.25 150 EGG INCUBATOR CHICK BROODER
Made of Calif. Redwood asbestos and galvanized iron covered copper tanks, double walls, self-regulating, complete, ready to use—30 day's trial—money back if not O.K. Order direct. Catalog free. Freight paid east of Rockies
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Results revolutionized! Built round like hen's nest. No cold corners. Takes only 3 minutes' time a day.
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Beautifully finished, nickel winding crank, spring motor, speed regulator, stop lever. New improved sound box with mica diaphragm—makes perfect reproductions of all kinds of music. A marvelous machine in every way. Delighted thousands of homes.
SEND NO MONEY
Just your name, and we will send you 24 of our Art Pictures to dispose of on special offer at 25c each. Send us the $6 you collect and we will send this new improved E. D. L. Phonograph and a selection of 6 records free.
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Old Gold, Silver and Jewelry Bought Highest prices paid. Cash by return mail.
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8x10 Mounted Enlargement, Prepaid 35c
Send Negatives. Excellent Devel. & Ptg.
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at home. Wonderful moving picture machine, complete with gas generator and 3 sets reels, all different (196 views). Powerful lens, showing large, clear pictures. Given for selling 20 large colored pictures, or 20 packages beautiful post cards at 15c each. Order choice today.
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CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free.
D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

FORD CAR GIVEN
Solve This Puzzle. Win Fine Prize

9	23	1	14	20
20	15	23	9	14

The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell four words. What are the words?
To Men, Women, Boys and Girls
All can share in these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address. Besides the Auto I am going to give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc. and cash prizes. Send your answer. Win the Auto.
Duane W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 30, Chicago

Poultry Farming For Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

a washing machine, and anybody with ordinary common sense can run them successfully, and raise chickens that will be just as strong and physically perfect as any hatched under hens. And what is more, it is not one half as much trouble to tend an incubator as it is to cater to the vagaries of setting hens. And last of all, there is the unquestionable advantage of being able to control the hatching season and raise chickens which will catch the highest market prices as broilers in April and May.

When the flock runs up to fifty and over, it is best to buy a machine that holds somewhere in the neighborhood of one hundred eggs. Most of the leading firms make three or four different sizes, the smaller of which holds from one hundred to one hundred and twenty eggs. But the beginner, with only a few hens, will find a still smaller size, holding say fifty eggs, quite large enough.

All up-to-date incubators are such well made, perfectly adjusted machines, that any one with ordinary common sense can run them successfully by following the directions and providing one's self with a hygrometer, in addition to the thermometer which accompanies the incubator. For it is quite as important to gauge the moisture as the heat in the egg chamber. A hygrometer only costs about one dollar and fifty cents, and it does away with the most difficult problems amateurs have to solve in artificial incubation.

It is all very well for experienced poultry keepers to say that the amount of moisture can be gauged by the increase of air space at the end of the egg. But the poor amateur can't possibly know how much it should be increased from day to day, and so frequently makes mistakes which cost the lives of many chicks. But when you have this little instrument to tell you exactly what is happening, there is no guesswork.

Raising young chicks in the winter for what are termed early broilers is extremely profitable for those who can run it successfully. To commence on a large scale requires a large capital, but there are hundreds of men and women who have accommodation on their premises that will enable them to start in a small way, and by investing the profits from the first year will be able to obtain a really good equipment for the business. My start in this branch of poultry work was made with one incubator and two home-made brooders. In two years we were operating ten incubators, twenty brooders, and a house for the growing birds, one hundred feet long.

To convince yourself of the profit to be made out of early chicks, just look at the market quotations from New York, Boston, or any large city, on what are termed "Philadelphia broilers," and then consider what it would cost to raise a chick to the killing age. Or, to save you trouble, I will quote from some of my own past experiences.

White Wyandotte chicks, hatched in January, sold in March (when they weighed two pounds apiece) at thirty-eight cents a pound. Cost of keeping, not more than nineteen cents. Several of the same hatch, kept till June, weighed four pounds apiece, and sold at twenty-eight cents a pound. Cost of keeping, thirty-five cents. Last year, January hatched birds brought one dollar and fifty cents the first of April, and had cost forty-five cents. Birds of the same hatch caponized and kept till August brought twenty-five cents a pound, and averaged seven and a half pounds each; cost, sixty-nine cents. Are not such figures convincing?

The farmer can't grow good crops without plows and harrows. Accept the lesson, get an incubator, and have good crops of eggs and chickens. It will pay you tenfold.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

C. A. C.—I fear the birds' deaths were caused by roup, which, as you probably know, is a very contagious disease. You did quite right, quarantining the sick birds, and the remedy you used has a very good reputation. But possibly you have a malignant form of the disease to fight. Better get ten cents' worth of permanganate of potassium at a drug store, dissolve two teaspoonfuls in a quart of warm water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful with three of water. Fill a small syringe and spray the throat and nostrils of every bird in the flock. Or, if you have no syringe on hand, add half a cupful of the original solution to a pint of water, put it in a small pan, and dip the entire head into it, holding it in the solution until the bird begins to sneeze and breathe hard. Repeat the treatment three times, allowing two days to elapse between doses. From your letter I take it that you take very good care of your poultry, and keep the house and fixtures clean, but as roup is a contagious disease, the house, drinking and feed vessels, and all fixtures should be thoroughly disinfected.

F. K.—There are several diseases which have been investigated and described as different because the bacteria which cause them differ in some of their characteristics. The symptoms and the changes which are seen after death are so nearly identical that it is only by studying the bacteria that any one of these diseases can be distinguished from the others. The treatment applicable to one is equally applicable to the others. For the practical purpose of combating them in the poultry yard we may therefore group these diseases together. It sometimes happens that this disease develops in poultry yards which are not kept clean, possibly because of the large number of germs which are taken into the bodies of the birds, but probably because they have acquired greater disease producing powers from growing in warm manure. When they begin growing in the tissues of fowls they soon increase their virulence, and the disease which they cause may rapidly spread from bird to bird until the greater part of the fowls are dead. The typical germ of fowl cholera has adapted itself more completely than have these germs to the common conditions of life within the fowl's body, so that it is strictly parasitic, and is only obtained from fowls which are affected or have been affected with the disease. That is, birds only contract true fowl cholera by exposure to contagion that originates in other birds that have or have had the disease. The cholera-like disease may, therefore, either develop in the poultry yard from unsanitary conditions, or they may be introduced by contagion carried by new birds which are added to the flock, by birds which have been to exhibitions, by wild birds which fly from one poultry yard to another, or by various animals, such as dogs, cats, rats, etc. Birds which recover from the disease may sometimes carry the germs and disseminate contagion for six months or a year after they are apparently well. The

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

Got 117 Eggs Instead of 3
Says One-Subscriber
Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 3049 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs" Tonic for $1.00 (prepaid). So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned on request and the tonic costs you nothing. Send a dollar today. Profit by the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.


Set in Solid Gold Set in Solid Gold
Send Your Name and We'll Send You a Lachnite
DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.50 a month until $15.75 has been paid.
Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.
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with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted; removed at will. Price 10c each. 5 for 25c or 13 for 50c. Agents' Prices, 30 for $1.00. 100 for $3.00
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High power air rifle for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25c. Order today. U. S. Company, Box 29, Greenville, Pa. FREE



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FROM one generation to another, Dr. King's New Discovery, the old reliable remedy for Bronchial affections has been recommended.
Grandmother knows that Dr. King's New Discovery will stop the cough, quickly relieve the most stubborn cold and mothers find their children like this old remedy as well as grandmother said she did when she was a child.
A half century of use recommends it to you. Try it. 60c and $1.20.
Your druggist sold it ever since he opened his store.
NOTE—Irregular bowels often result in serious sickness and disorders of the liver and stomach. Make them act as they should with Dr. King's New Life Pills. Keep the liver active—the system free from waste. 25c a bottle.

Are You A Woman Who Wants To Become A Better Cook—A Better Housekeeper?
IF so, you need this new book just published by COMFORT.
It is, we believe, the most valuable, most **helpful** book for the American housewife ever written. For it will help any woman to become a **better** cook and a **better** housekeeper—and at a saving of money almost unbelievable in these days of high prices.
Its scores upon scores of tried and proven recipes call for only the most common, inexpensive ingredients, yet you will find them to be the most **wholesome, appetizing, satisfying** dishes ever eaten in your home. No grandmother of olden days ever made more delicious bread, pies, cakes and puddings than you can make with the aid of these prize-winning, money-saving recipes—to say nothing of the waffles and muffins, turnovers and puffs, cookies and doughnuts, tarts and all kinds of toothsome pastry.
The secret of correct mixing proportions, with tables of cooking weights and measures, are described, as are also the right way to use eggs in cooking and the best methods of cooking and serving meat, fish, chicken, and all kinds of vegetables.
There are pages of special cooking hints—instructions on how to plan and prepare an economical breakfast, dinner and supper for the average family—what to cook for the sick—Ghristmas cakes and candies—Easter luncheons—how to keep food from spoiling in any weather—how to eliminate food waste by making use of "left-overs"—and other bits of helpful advice all contributed by women who are expert cooks and know what they are talking about. But this book is
More Than A Cook Book!
In it you will also find countless household hints and suggestions that will enable you to make, with your own hands, and at practically no expense, many new labor-saving devices for the kitchen and articles of needed furniture and decorative furnishings—you will learn how to have an **efficient** kitchen—how to save fuel, oil and gas—to care for, clean and conserve clothing and household utensils—to take "short cuts" in washing, housecleaning and the other hundred and one housewifely duties in the home.
It also explains how to prepare and can all kinds of meats, vegetables and fruits by steam pressure—how to can and preserve fruit in season, with special recipes for jam, jellies, etc., etc.,—how to dry vegetables and fruit—how to salt, pickle and ferment green vegetables for winter use.
Then there are pages devoted to home and the care, culture and housing of winter plants and winter blooming bulbs, all of which are of unusual interest and fascination to the wife and mother, while for the men folks there are articles on the use of paint, and light and power plants.
There is still more in this great book but lack of space prevents a further description. Let us send you a copy—it will cost you nothing if you accept our free offer below. It is a handsome book of 192 pages, 6 inches by 8½ inches in size, and many illustrations, printed on fine paper, durably bound, with illustrated colored covers.
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A Book For The Woman Who Believes In Good Cooking And Good Housekeeping


Prize Recipes and Household Hints and Suggestions—Many from COMFORT'S Own Women-folks Who Are the Best Housekeepers in the World.
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Nearly Two Hundred Pages —Profusely Illustrated



BREAKS ALL RECORDS IN EGG PRODUCTION

Yes, the world's record in egg production was broken by 5 different flocks of hens in one month by the use of "TWO FOR ONE" egg tonic.

P. S. Siegrist of Logan, Kansas, the winner of $250.00 the 1st prize given in our September egg laying contest reports that his **10 hens laid 299 eggs** during the month of September, or 99.7%, **almost a perfect score.**

Mrs. E. M. Halsted of Strawberry Point, Iowa, winner of the second prize of $100.00 has a record of **1466 eggs from 50 hens,** or 97.7%—the winner of our 3rd prize of $75.00, Miss Viola Smith of Udell, Iowa, received **810 eggs from 28 hens** or 96.4%.

It is seldom that world's records are broken more than once in any event, but in this contest there were **five individual poultry raisers who did this very thing.**

The 4th prize was won by Mrs. E. W. Pingel, Pulaski, Wisconsin, whose record for September was **231 eggs from 8 hens** or 96.2%, and the winner of the 5th prize, Judge A. R. Berryhill, Vada, Missouri, who received $25.00, making a record of **1600 eggs from 56 hens** or 95.2%.

These are the records of the first five prize winners in our September egg laying contest. **Each of these statements was sworn to and witnessed before a notary public.** They are only samples of the thousands of letters that are coming in to us from poultry raisers throughout every section of the United States who are amazed and astounded at the truly marvelous results obtained by using **"TWO for ONE."**

Nothing Like It in the History of Poultry Raising

September results in the great **"TWO for ONE"** $5,000 egg production contest have astounded the whole world. Nothing like it was ever heard of before. Records are falling North, South, East and West. All of the best efforts of poultry raisers heretofore pale into insignificance when compared with results obtained from the use of the great poultry tonic.

World's Greatest Egg Producer

"TWO for ONE" tones up the flock. **"TWO for ONE"** makes laggards lay. **"TWO for ONE"** has been tried and tested in every state in the Union—was not put on the market until we were assured of results. **"TWO for ONE"** is sold under a positive guarantee—your money back if you are not satisfied. **"TWO for ONE"** keeps flocks healthy and prevents disease. **"TWO for ONE"** makes hens lay, even while moulting. **"TWO for ONE"** will beat the best your poultry yard has ever done. **"TWO for ONE"** will double, triple, may even quadruple your egg profits.

$5000.00 EGG LAYING CONTEST

To encourage chicken raisers, stimulate egg production and introduce **"TWO for ONE,"** the scientific hen builder and egg producer, we offer every user of this wonderful tonic the opportunity to enter our egg laying contest where the size of your flock matters not at all. Boys, girls, men or women may enter and all stand equal chance—no strings—no entry fee—no obligations—nothing to keep you from winning one of the magnificent prizes we are giving and at the same time get more eggs from your hens than you ever dreamed possible—making producers and real money-makers out of every single, solitary hen you own.

Remember these prizes are *free* to users of **"TWO for ONE"**—no strings—no entry fee—no obligation of any kind. All you have to do is to fill in coupon and give your hens **"TWO for ONE."** If you have only 10 hens you have the same chance as the owner of 1000, as the prizes are all awarded on a percentage basis. Open to all men, women and children:

35 PRIZES EVERY MONTH

We will give 35 prizes each month to the owner of the flock of hens producing the most eggs in proportion to the size of their flock for the months ending September 30, October 31, November 30, December 31, 1919, January 31, February 29, 1920. Winners will be notified on the 15th of each month. Read the following list of monthly prizes carefully:

1st Prize	$250.00
2nd "	100.00
3rd "	75.00
4th "	50.00
5th "	25.00
10 next " each	10.00
20 " "	5.00

Eggs All Winter

Now is the time to insure yourself an ample egg supply for the winter. Eggs are now selling at 75c to $1.00 a dozen. Give your hens **"TWO for ONE,"** the tonic that makes them stronger, healthier and better laying hens. **Increase your egg supply and double your profits.** The cost is small, the profits are large. Don't wait. Begin now. Get your hens into condition so that they will be laying **all winter** when your neighbor's hens have quit. This Tonic will be a greater profit-maker for you than you ever dreamed of. Order today and make every chicken you hatch a greater money-maker. The coupon is also your entry blank for the big contest, the price is only $1.00 a box. This cost you 1-15 of a cent a day, per hen, **or less than 1c a dozen for the additional eggs you will receive from your flock.**

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Don't take our word for it. Every box of **"TWO for ONE"** is sold under the distinct guarantee that if you are not entirely satisfied *you get your money back.* Take advantage of this offer and send in your order today, this will entitle you to an entry in the big contest which is absolutely *FREE* to all users of this wonderful tonic. Clip the coupon and mail now. It will mean greater profit to you—more eggs than ever before, a healthier and better flock and a wonderful chance to win a Ford automobile, a Victrola talking machine, Johnson incubator or cash. *Do it today—now.* The coupon is your first step toward a larger income.

KINSELLA CO., 169 LeMoyne Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

The House That Returns Your Money If Not Satisfied

NOTICE

Owing to the steadily increasing cost of the ingredients used in the preparation of our **"TWO for ONE"** tonic, we will be forced to increase the price when our present supply is sold. At the present time we are unable to state just when this will be, but it appears from the enormous demand now being made on us by the public for our tonic that the supply is likely to be exhausted in the very near future, our advice to poultry raisers is to lay in a large supply at the present market price and avoid the increase which is sure to come in the near future.

MAIL COUPON NOW

KINSELLA CO., 169 LeMoyne Building, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: I want to increase the egg-laying ability of my hens, make more money out of my chickens and take advantage of the high prices that will be paid during the coming fall and winter. So please find enclosed $ ..... for a box of **"TWO for ONE"** as checked below:

(Check in squares opposite size wanted:)

1 box.....$1.00 ☐

SPECIAL OFFER

Box containing as much as three $1.00 boxes .....$2.00 ☐

(The above prices include war tax.)

This order entitles me to an entry in your prize contest, for which you are to send me full particulars and my money is to be returned if I am not entirely satisfied with the tonic.

Name.....

Address.....



Vapo Cresolene
ESTABLISHED 1879

"USED WHILE YOU SLEEP"

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.
Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*
Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."
The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.
It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.
Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.
It is a protection to those exposed.
Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 24.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada



Only $2.75
Made to Measure Express Prepaid

AMAZING VALUE Remarkable offer for guaranteed, made-to-order pants. Sample on request. All extras Free! —full peg top, fancy pocket flaps, cuffs, etc. Regular $5.00 value. Perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Biggest bargain ever heard of. Go in business for yourself at our expense. Anderson made $38 first week, Williams cleared $62. You take no risk. We back you up. Send for big, complete outfit. Contains cloth samples, fashions, tape, business cards, stationery, etc., Absolutely FREE. Earn big money taking orders from your friends and neighbors. Be your own boss. No experience necessary. Don't send a penny. We furnish everything and you can easily

Earn $35 to $50 a Week

and more. Have lots of money always. Geo. Edwards earned $46.50 first week. So can you. Don't lose a minute. Write now, say: Send me big free outfit. Write Quick. Dept. 308

NO Extra Charges

THE OLD WOOLEN MILLS CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



10 Cents
WORTH OF COMMON ORDINARY KEROSENE

or Coal Oil will keep this lamp in operation for 50 HOURS and will produce

300 CANDLE POWER

of the purest, whitest and best light known to science. Nothing to wear out or get out of order. Simple. Safe. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed. Send for catalog showing lamps for every purpose; also special introductory offer and agency proposition. Write today.

No Wicks to Trim
No Smoke
No Smell

KNIGHT LIGHT & SODA FOUNTAIN COMPANY, 593 Knight Bldg. Chicago

AGENTS: $10 a Day
NEW-KANT-KLOG COAL OIL BURNER



Nothing else like it. New-patented. Not sold in stores. Big seller. 100% profit. Most perfect burner ever invented. Absolutely safe. Can't clog up. Turns any coal or wood stove into a gas stove. Cheaper than coal. Popular price. Write quick for agency and territory.
PARKER MFG. CO., 317 COAL ST., DAYTON, OHIO

9 CORDS IN 10 HOURS



BY ONE MAN. It's KING OF THE WOODS. Saves money and backache. Send for FREE catalog No. B8 showing low price and latest improvements. First order gets agency.
Folding Sawing Machine Co., 161 West Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

What Sort of a Man Is He? Stanton's Encyclopaedia on Character Analysis, answers the question. Price $6.00. AGENTS WANTED. Address DAVIS, Dept. G, 1914 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Readings, Drills, Pageants PLAYS Vaudeville Acts, How to Stage a Play, Make-up Goods
Catalog Free. T. S. Denison & Co. Dept. 8 Chicago

Grow Ginseng! ½ Acre worth $15,000.00. Package seed $1.00. MICH. GINSENG CO., ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN.

AGENTS I've a new soap game that's a dandy. New stuff. 100% profits. Sample and full layout free. Write quick.
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Be an expert wrestler. Learn at home by mail. Wonderful lessons prepared by world's champions Farmer Burns and Frank Gotch. Free book tells you how. Secret holds, blocks and tricks revealed. Don't delay. Be strong healthy. Handle big men with ease. Write for free book. State age.
Farmer Burns, 8049, Ramge Bldg., Omaha, Neb.



POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS
Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling 20 large, colored Pictures or 20 pkgs. Post Cards at 15c.
Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 425 CHICAGO

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Convenient – Sanitary



The Comfort Closet for Homes, Factories, Stores, etc. A comfortable, sanitary, indoor toilet entirely protected from cold, stormy weather.

Invaluable for Women and children in winter. Easily installed in any room. Easily cleaned. Plumbing unnecessary. Only closet with porcelain container.

Entirely Odorless
Scientifically ventilated. Contents dissolved by chemicals and easily disposed of. Approved by U. S. Health Bureau and Boards of Health. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Booklet FREE. Agents make $60 to $100 Weekly. Exclusive territory.
Comfort Chemical Closet Co., 1152 Factories Bldg., Toledo, O

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

berries and pie plant should furnish an abundant canning supply.

What to Buy

For the northern section the following varieties are all good and particularly hardy:

Early apples: Yellow transparent Duchess, Whitney crabs and Tolman sweets.

Late apples: Baldwin, Wealthy, McIntosh and Greening.

Cherries: Early Richmond and Montmorency.

Currants: Perfection, Fay and Victoria.

Gooseberries: Downing and Pooman.

Raspberries: Ever-bearing, Cumberland (black caps) and Cuthbert (red caps).

Blackberries: Snyder and Rathburn.

Strawberries: Progressive, Ever-bearing, and some local variety particularly adapted to your state.

There are many other varieties and some better adapted to certain localities, but these are the standard sorts whose adaptation covers a wide range of conditions.

Where to Buy

If you know of a seedsman or nursery agent with which you or your neighbors have dealt with satisfaction, buy of him. Poor stocks are often peddled by unscrupulous salesmen. Reliable dealers are not afraid to advertise their goods.

Consult your farm papers and other publications to learn who these men are.

What Does It Cost to Keep a Rat?

Have you a rat? Or maybe two or perhaps a whole litter of rats? If so, have you ever figured the cost of keeping a rat? A good healthy rat will eat two bushels of corn a year and spoil three more. At present market prices two bushels of corn are worth $3.20 and five bushels are worth $8.00. A nice little colony of ten rats in the corn crib will eat and destroy about $80.00 worth of corn this year. Does it pay to keep rats?

How Idaho Has Got Rid of Ground Squirrels

The farmers of Idaho have been fighting ground squirrels, which are worse than rats in that state. They use powdered strychnine for this purpose. The "poison bait" is prepared by mixing two tablespoonfuls of gloss starch in one cupful of cold water and then stirring the cold starch into one pint of boiling water to make a thin, clear paste. Then two ounces of powdered strychnine is mixed with two ounces of baking soda in a little water and the whole thoroughly mixed with the starch water into a thin creamy paste. Then one half pint of corn syrup, two tablespoonfuls of glycerine and one tablespoonful of saccharin are dissolved in water and the whole stirred together. The whole mass is then mixed with twenty-four quarts of oats and scattered over the land near the holes, about a teaspoonful in a place. Of course the poison will kill pigs, chickens or other livestock if they are allowed to get at it.

Bait Hard to Make

The recipe for making the poison bait is rather complicated, but it is very effective. The sweet is used to make the bait palatable—the soda helps hide the bitter taste of the strychnine, the starch sticks the poison to the oats (or barley) and the glycerine prevents it from drying out and dusting off. It can be stored and kept for a long time.

Weeds Gather Fertility

The esteemed editor of one of our contemporaries has sprung a rather new suggestion relative to the fertility gathering function of weeds. He wrote that he had been busy mowing high weeds in the fence corners of his worked orchards and fields, and, by way of apology for their presence, stated that he believed such weeds gathered potash and other plant food from the ground in corners not utilized in any way and that this fertility might be applied to the soil where most needed by piling the cut weeds about the roots of orchard trees. His idea is that the weeds will rot and yield up their treasures of potash and other fertility to the growing, profitable fruit trees. That, no doubt, is so and heavy growth of green weeds plowed under are as good as some other green crops in supplying nitrogen. But clover and alfalfa, or sweet clover, gather far more nitrogen than ordinary fence corner weeds such as burdocks, wild hemp, ragweed and milkweed. The fence corners may be dug and seeded and made to produce valuable soiling forage, or crops for hay, and we have seen many a fine squash or pumpkin produced in such corners where weeds were wont to grow. All things considered, a clean fence side and corners are to be preferred to weedy ones and if time and help allow, weeds should be kept down and other sources of fertility that are much safer, should be depended upon for plant food.

Soldier Boys Back to the Farms

To get back home—home to God's country—was the one overwhelming wish of every American soldier boy when the din of the world war ceased. And if that home happened to be on a farm, so much the harder did the longing tug at the heart-strings, and now we rejoice that most of the boys are enjoying their heart's desire. For all the splendor and gaiety of Paris did not wean them from their first love, nor were they tempted by sightseeing in many an overseas village and city to avoid going back to the land on their return.

Once it was a problem how to keep the boys on the farm; now you can't scare or chase the returned soldier away from it, for mother is there and the one best girl, and peace and quiet, plentiful, wholesome food and a downy bed for honest, work-tired bodies. And so we are told that 98.2 per cent of the soldier boys who came from farms are making a beeline for the old homestead, the shady swimmin' hole and all the loved, familiar scenes of boyhood's happy days when the wide world was a dream and war a thing unthought of. Colonel Arthur Woods, assistant to the secretary of war and chief of the employment bureau for returned service men, is authority for the figure quoted and he asserts further that of the 1.8 per cent of those who do not return to the farm, 1 per cent are physically disabled for heavy outdoor work.

Good luck to our farm boys who have come back to us! They cannot find a grander, safer, sweeter place to live than down on the old farm; and they are needed there, as are thousands of able-bodied men now unprofitably employed at irksome work in the cities.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

BEE CULTURE.—Kindly inform me where I can purchase a book which gives full details of raising and caring for bees. I have become interested in the subject through reading COMFORT.

H. W. L., Forest City, Iowa.

A.—Apply to the agricultural experiment station of your state for bulletins on bee culture and also to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Books on the subject may be ordered through any bookstore in your city.

PLANTING TREES.—Father has bought a farm and next spring we are going to set out fruit trees. Can you prescribe the right way to plant them? In what month and how far apart should they be set? Is it all right to raise them from the seed or should we plant young trees? Kindly give me all information you can.

MISS C. G., Bloomington, Ill.

A.—We cannot give full information on such a subject in the space at our disposal. The nurseryman who supplies you with trees will give you full instructions, or you will find them in his catalogue, and in addition you should write to the state agricultural experiment station at Urbana for free bulletins on all farm matters, including tree planting, fruit culture and gardening. Hire an expert to plant the trees at the proper time in spring, according to the climate of your district. You may be able to learn from him how to do the work, but no person who has not had training or experience should attempt such work. We would also suggest that if a farmer's short course is to be given at the state agricultural college this winter you should arrange to attend.

ENSILAGE TOO DRY.—Following COMFORT'S advice as to the value of corn ensilage, we built a silo and finished filling it a week ago, but the contents is getting moldy in places where it looks to be dry. The mold extends to the depth of about one foot. I put in about 50 loads of corn and while filling I put on quite a lot of salt and water, and when filled I added four or five barrels more of water. Some distance below the surface it is very hot. Do you think it should have more water added?

MR. H. H., Irma, Wis.

A.—Your corn was too dry when cut into the silo. Add water when filling and tramp it down well. Pack close to keep from molding. You did the right thing in adding water but you didn't put on enough and did not pack your silage enough.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

first symptom is a yellowish coloration of that part of the excrement which is secreted by the kidneys, and which in health is nearly or perfectly white. Soon there is diarrhea, the droppings consisting of the whitish or yellowish secretions of the kidneys mixed with considerable thin mucus and a small quantity of intestinal contents which may have a yellowish, brownish or greenish color. There is a considerable fever, and soon after the bird is attacked it loses its lively appearance, separates itself from the flock, and appears dull, dejected and sleepy. It no longer searches for food, but sits with the head drawn down to the body or turned backward and resting in the feathers about the wing. The plumage soon loses its brilliance, the wings droop, the appetite is diminished, and the thirst increased; the comb and wattles may be a dark bluish red from engorgement with poorly oxygenated blood, or they may be pale and bloodless on account of the congestion of the internal organs, especially the liver. The affected birds soon become very weak, drowsy, and often sleep so soundly during the last day or two of their lives that it is difficult to arouse them. If made to move, they stagger forward for a few steps only in an uncertain manner and with dragging wings. The crop is generally distended with food and apparently paralyzed, and the feathers about the vent are soiled and sometimes pasted together with excrement. As death approaches, the weight and strength of the bird rapidly diminish, it breathes with difficulty, sits with its beak open, and the breathing may be heard some distance. Finally the weakness is such that the beak is rested on the ground, and a little later the bird falls over on one side, makes a few convulsive movements, and dies. In the very acute cases no symptoms are seen; the birds may be found dead under the roosts, or they may fall at the food trough and die in a few minutes. The cholera-like diseases often occur in a chronic form, which may follow an acute attack of the disease or may be chronic from the first. This form is characterized by a continually increasing weakness, loss of weight, bloodlessness, and finally an exhaustive diarrhea. Sometimes one or more joints of the wings or feet swell, the birds become very lame, and later the swellings break and discharge a creamy or cheesy mass which contains large numbers of the germs. These diseases may destroy the greater part of a flock in a week and then disappear, or they may linger for months, only occasionally killing a bird. The time between the exposure to contagion and the appearance of symptoms is from two to five days, and the duration of the disease is from twenty-four hours to ten days. The most characteristic changes seen after death are red spots on the surface of the heart, which gives it the appearance of having been sprinkled with blood, congestion and enlargement of the liver, and swelling of the spleen. The best method of treatment is to kill the sick fowls in such a way as not to spread the infection with their blood, burn or deeply bury their bodies, separate the remaining birds into small lots of three to five each, so that when a bird is attacked there will not be more than this number exposed to it; then watch each lot so as to remove any sick bird as soon as symptoms appear. Disinfectants should be used in the houses and yards where the disease first appeared, and also in the small pens in which the separated birds are kept. If it is deemed advisable to treat the sick birds, they may be given two to four teaspoonfuls of a one half per cent carbolic solution twice a day. This is generally made by adding one part of the five per cent solution to nine parts of water. They should also be given buttermilk to drink. Generally, the best results are obtained by killing the sick birds and separating the well ones into small pens and giving to each one two doses of the carbolic solution daily for three or four days. The houses and yards should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected before the fowls are returned to them, and should be kept very clean for some weeks afterwards to guard against a recurrence of the disease.

Wonderful Egg Producer

Any poultry raiser can easily double his profits by doubling the egg production of his hens. A scientific tonic has been discovered that revitalizes the flock and makes hens work all the time. The tonic is called "More Eggs." Give your hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs," and you will be amazed and delighted with results. A dollar's worth of "More Eggs" will double this year's production of eggs, so if you wish to try this great profit maker, write E. J. Reefer, poultry expert, 3049 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., who will send you a season's supply of "More Eggs" Tonic for $1.00 (prepaid). So confident is Mr. Reefer of the results that a million dollar bank guarantees if not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned on request, and the tonic costs you nothing. Send a dollar today. Profit by the experience of a man who has made a fortune out of poultry.



Crawled— Now Walks

Infantile Paralysis caused the deformity. Two years after treatment at the McLain Sanitarium his mother writes:

"When we took our boy to the McLain Sanitarium he had to crawl on his hands and knees; after six months treatment (Summer of 1917) he could walk alone. It is now two years since he took the McLain's treatments and he has continued to improve every day since he came home."

Mrs. C. D. Speidel, Hanoverton, Ohio

For Crippled Children

The McLain Sanitarium is a thoroughly equipped private institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Wry Neck, etc., especially as found in children and young adults. Our book "Deformities and Paralysis," also "Book of References," free. Write for them.

McLain Orthopedic Sanitarium
990 Aubert Avenue St. Louis, Mo.



Exposures Such As This—

with their resultant aches, pains, rheumatic twinges, stiff muscles — are neutralized by a prompt application of Sloan's Liniment.

Sloan's Liniment keeps you fit as a fiddle for the daily duties of farming.

Applied *without rubbing*, it *penetrates* to the ache, pain, soreness, bringing quick, comforting relief.

Good for live stock, too. Keeps them in good shape and increases their value. Corrects lameness, soreness and bruises. Kills Pain.

The large size bottle means strict economy — six times as much as the small size.

Sloan's Liniment is always sold by DEALERS you know and can trust. Get YOURS today, 35c, 70c, $1.40.

Sloan's Liniment The World's KEEP IT HANDY

No Punctures

Over 100,000 ESSENKAY users already know freedom from Punctures, Blowouts and Slow Leaks—no air is used so Punctures and Blowouts are impossible. ESSENKAY the easy riding, resilient tire filler, contains no rubber, therefore none of the imperfections of rubber.

OVER 100,000 USERS

Essenkay THE TIRE FILLER

FREE BOOK — "Rides Like Air" Learn what ESSENKAY has done for others—what it will do for you. Mail postal for Free Book, "The Story of Essenkay."

FREE TRIAL We will send ESSENKAY to try in your own tires Free. Ride over smooth roads, then over the roughest roads you can find. Make any other test you like. Then if you are not convinced that ESSENKAY rides like air—that it will end your tire trouble—that you will no longer be bothered with punctures, blowouts, and slow leaks—return it—the test will cost you nothing.



Dealers: *Send for proposition in open territory.*

THE ESSENKAY PRODUCTS CO.
107-220 W. Superior St., Chicago, Ill.

No Blowouts

FREE FREE
Puncture Proof Tube
5000 Miles Guaranteed



For a limited time only we are offering to every purchaser one of our famous Reliable Double Tread Tires guaranteed 5,000 Miles, a puncture-proof tube absolutely free guaranteed 6,000 miles.

1—Drive 6,000 miles without a puncture.
2—Save repair bills.
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Time limited. Rush your order at the following low prices.

Price includes tire and tube.

Size	Tires	Size	Tires
30x3	$ 8.50	33x4½	$15.00
30x3½	9.75	34x4½	15.75
32x3½	11.00	35x4½	16.50
31x4	12.75	36x4½	17.10
32x4	13.25	35x5	17.50
33x4	13.50	37x5	18.00
34x4	14.00		

Free Reliner with each tire.

In ordering be sure to state size wanted, also whether s. s. clincher, plain or non-skid. Send $2.00 deposit on each tire, balance C. O. D. subject to examination; 5% discount if you send full amount with order

RELIABLE TIRE & RUBBER CO.,
3453 Michigan Ave., Dept. C, Chicago, Ill.

a $1 WEEK PAYS FOR THE Black Beauty

Your Christmas Bike!

Just think! You can have the world's most magnificent bicycle and still use your Christmas money for other things. We'll trust you with the Black Beauty Finish paying for it next year—a little each week or month; and only a small deposit when it arrives.



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Remember, Black Beauty isn't an ordinary wheel. It has 18 Exclusive Features. Designed for chaps who want the classiest, most dazzling bike in all cycledom. And because we build Black Beauty in our own big factory you get it at Factory Wholesale Price—no middlemen's profits. Get your Black Beauty for Christmas and receive Repair Kit, Tool Case and Stand FREE. Also 5-yr. Guarantee and 6 mos. free accident insurance.

SUNDRIES get our factory prices. Positively lowest in the country. TIRES, stands, lamps, horns, parts, supplies, etc. Everything for cyclists. Free Sundries Catalog.

We pay Freight.

HAVERFORD CYCLE CO., Dept. H 78, Phila., Pa.

Send TO-DAY for FREE CATALOG (in colors) Select your model. We ship on approval

Use Your Auto!

to
GRIND YOUR FEED
FILL YOUR SILO
SAW YOUR WOOD
SHELL YOUR CORN
PUMP YOUR WATER
ELEVATE YOUR GRAIN
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Can be used with Ford, Overland, Dodge, Reo and Chevrolet 490 cars and Fordson Tractor. Your automobile has a powerful engine—it will outlast the car and you might as well save your money and use it to do all your farm work. No wear on tires or transmission. Hooks up in 3 minutes. No permanent attachment to car. Cannot injure car or engine.

Friction Clutch Pulley on end of shaft. Ward Governor, run by fan belt, gives perfect control. Money back if not satisfied. Ask for circular and special price.

WARD MFG. CO., 2105 N St., Lincoln, Neb.

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116-inch Wheel Base — 158-inch Spring Suspension

5-Pass. Touring

To drive and demonstrate 1920, 4-cyl., 37 H. P. BUSH Car—Timken Bearings—Willard Batteries—2-Unit Str. & Ltg.—Full Floating Axel. Write at once for the best Automobile Offer in existence—don't wait—prompt shipments. Money-back guarantee.

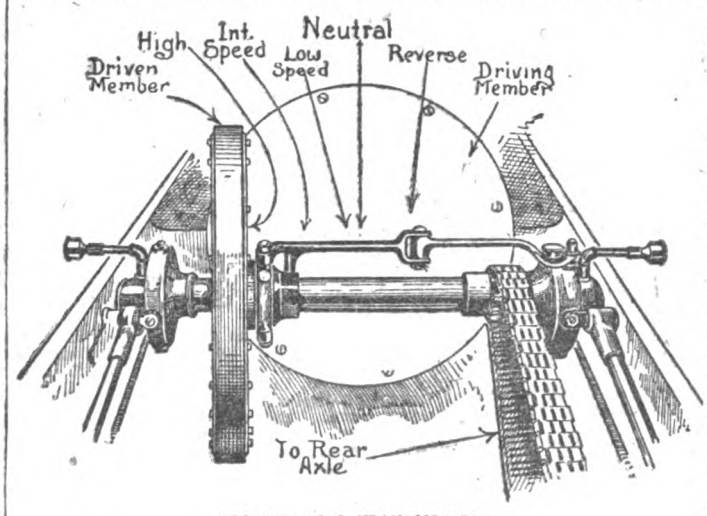
BUSH MOTOR CO. Address J. H. Bush, President, Dept. 89 Bush Temple, Chicago, Illinois

Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Transmission

THE purpose served by the clutch was explained in our November article. Back of the clutch the transmission is the next unit in order. As probably every driver knows, the real purpose of a transmission is to afford a variety of speed ratios. The steam and electric autos do not require a transmission for the reason that the stored power is available when more power is needed. For illustration, consider the steam auto. In deep sand or on a hill where more power is needed, the operator simply opens the throttle and admits more steam. However, such flexibility is not true of the gasolene internal combustion motor. Without outside aid, so to speak, its work is limited. First, let us consider an automobile using gasolene motor power and not equipped with a transmission. We will say that this motor has four cylinders and at 1500 R. P. M. it develops 24 horse-power. For each complete revolution of the crank-shaft there would be two power impulses delivered. There would be 3,000 power impulses when the motor is turning over at 1,500 R. P. M. In other words, we are assuming that the motor is delivering its maximum horse-power, which is 24, when the motor is turning over at 1,500 R. P. M., and that 3,000 power impulses have been delivered to the crank-shaft in that period of time. As long as we would drive this car on a hard level road we would experience practically no difficulty as it requires little power to keep the car rolling under such conditions as above described, after it has been started. However, all roads are not hard and level and we will now consider the climbing of a hill. Even the pedestrian appreciates that the hills tax his strength much more than the level. The engine of course must work harder, or it must produce more power to propel the car up the grade. There is no reserve to call on and as the grade becomes steeper, the engine slackens in speed, and necessarily the horse-power diminishes, pounding is heard and finally the motor stops because the load became too great for it to handle. However, a condition such as outlined above is not actually experienced except it be by a novice who is not familiar with gear shifting. A transmission is installed in the car to change the speed ratio when the load becomes too great for the engine. On some cars the change was carried out by the use of two discs set at right angles to each other. One disc was directly coupled to the engine and served to drive the other disc which was a movable member. It will be understood that the speed of the driven disc would decrease as it was carried toward the center of the driving disc. The speed of course would increase as it was carried toward the outer edge of the driving disc. For reverse, the driven disc was carried across center to the opposite side of the driving disc. The drive is by friction and usually the driven disc was faced with compressed paper or some other material to insure friction. This method for changing the speed ratio is almost extinct and the sliding gear transmission, which is the one found on the majority of cars, will be described in the next issue.



SLIDING DISC TRANSMISSION.

Some Useful Pointers

Release Clutch

During the cold weather it is excellent practice to release the clutch before starting the engine. Keep the clutch disengaged while turning the motor over with the starter. You may argue that the starter will turn the motor over with the clutch engaged, but there is danger of burning the starter armature and the consumption of current is great. On a cold day, turn the motor over with the hand crank while the clutch is engaged and then turn it over again with the clutch out. It will then be realized the additional power required to turn over the gears in the transmission which are given great resistance by the grease which has been hardened by the cold. If you must leave the clutch engaged, thin the lubricant in the gear case or use one not affected by the cold.

Steering Gear

As practically every motorist knows, the steering gear is that mechanism on the car which controls the direction or course taken by the front wheels. Steering gears may be placed under two general headings, viz., reversible and irreversible. In its simplest form the reversible type of steering gear consists of a rack and pinion arrangement. The pinion is keyed or otherwise securely fastened to the lower end of the steering shaft and meshes with the rack which is in turn connected to the steering arms. This type of steering gear is quick acting. It is termed reversible for the reason that it is possible to transmit road shocks through the front wheels, steering arms and gear to the steering wheel. However, the use of multiple gears at the base of the steering column has eliminated this feature and yet affords just enough play to cushion the road shocks instead of permitting them to be absorbed by the steering arms and pins. The irreversible type of steering gear consists usually of a worm fastened to the lower end of the steering shaft and meshing with a gear which connects with the steering arms. Due to the fact that it is impossible for the gear to turn the worm, it is plain that the road shocks cannot be communicated to the steering wheel. Certain advantages and disadvantages are claimed for each type but in all fairness it must be said that both have been developed to a point where they give very satisfactory service.

Carbon Explained

The lubricating oil used for the gasolene internal combustion motor generally consists of about one part hydrogen and eight parts carbon. Providing it were possible to design a ring for the piston which would insure the clean wiping of the cylinder walls, the accumulation of carbon in the cylinder head and on top of the piston would be negligible. However, such an ideal condition does not exist in the average motor and a certain amount of oil eventually finds its way up into the cylinder combustion chamber. Due to the high temperature of that chamber, partial decomposition of the oil takes place. As a result, the free carbon in the form of fine dust is blown out with the exhaust gases. Not all of the free carbon can get away and this remaining portion settles on top of the piston, cylinder, spark plugs, etc. Some motors may go for a long time without carbon trouble. However, sooner or later, due to natural or other conditions, every motor seems to require the removal of carbon. There are advocates of the oxygen method for the removal of carbon but before adopting same, it is advisable to obtain the advice of the car manufacturer. Due to construction and design many manufacturers advise strongly against the oxygen method for the removal of carbon from their motors.

Cold Weather

Cold weather presents certain problems which are not easily solved by all drivers. Hard starting is to be expected, especially if the car is stored in an unheated garage. The present-day gasolene is of a low grade and is not readily vaporized. To compensate for such a condition, it is necessary to increase the suction at the carburetor which in turn increases the amount of gasolene mixed with the air. As the temperature of the motor rises, the suction at the carburetor may be gradually decreased. The one factor to keep in mind is heat. It is the only agent which will insure complete vaporization of the fuel, and without complete vaporization trouble will be experienced. Many cars are fitted with an air heater which in turn is provided with a shutter which should be open in warm weather and closed in cold weather. Closing the shutter causes the air to be drawn around the hot exhaust manifold and brings it to about the same temperature as the air during the warm weather. Bring about a summer condition around the motor as much as possible and the cold weather difficulties will disappear. A cover which fits the hood and has a flap for the front of the radiator is desirable. A properly designed cover of that type will retain the heat around the motor which naturally assists starting. For city driving during the very cold weather, the fan belt can be removed. However, do not make long trips without a fan belt and be sure to replace the belt on mild days. About every 500 miles drain the old oil from the motor and replenish with fresh lubricant.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

EAST TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have enjoyed your letters, especially those that told of travel and of the care of children.

I think motherhood is the highest "calling" anyone can have and next to that are the good women who take other little ones into their homes and hearts to rear as their own.

Sister, of Arizona, your letter was sad. Perhaps your husband was only in a pet when he said he had never been happy with you. When he seems to be pleased with you ask him kindly if it is true, and why. If, as you think, it was because he was disappointed in love years ago, it is very ungenerous and cowardly of him to blame you or allow you to be unhappy because of it for surely you are to be pitied, not blamed. He appears rather selfish to me. As for leaving him, I would let him decide that. If he is willing to accept his happiness at the expense of an innocent victim he isn't worth worrying over, and remember we can make our own lives and perhaps some day you will feel that Heaven was kinder than you knew. But I am inclined to think he will not let you go. Sometimes we fail to appreciate our treasures till we are about to lose them.

Wife in Name Only, my heart aches for you. But I think there is hope for you as your husband has been true in deeds if not true at heart. Perhaps this is only a passing infatuation. It seems to me you have both acted very honorably and sensibly in talking it over quietly and since he does not desire you to leave I think your place is in your home. Be cheerful and pleasant and above all try to avoid an injured air—no matter how injured you feel—for a man always detests sighs and tears, especially if he feels guilty. Put on your prettiest dress; cook his favorite dishes, and pretend to forget what has passed. Be a real companion and be patient, kind and true and I believe you will win him back. For the sake of you and "A Sister", I am going to tell a little of my past. I dearly loved a young man but through a misunderstanding I married another. I learned my mistake only a short time before my marriage and could have saved my unhappiness at the expense of that of my intended husband. But I knew he was not to blame and felt he was too good to suffer for my blunder, so I married him and have been a faithful wife for fourteen years. For several years the sight of the one I had loved caused my heart to beat like a hammer. But gradually it wore away and now I would not give my dear husband for half a dozen like him, though both are good men.

Will not each of you write later to let us know how you are progressing?

WOULD HELP.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)



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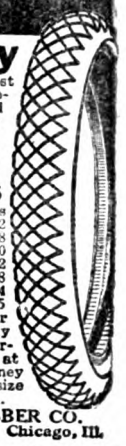
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32x3½	10.75	2.43	35x4½	15.90	3.92
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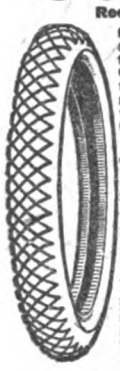
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31x4	7.95	2.40	35x4½	10.90	2.90
32x4	8.15	2.45	36x4½	11.45	3.00
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The Talcott Treasure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

sent," she declared, shaking her head positively.

"Still, the thing's possible," argued David Muir. "Don't you see that it is? Even probable. And, if it isn't, nobody'll ever know. It's worth trying, don't you think?"

"Y—es," hesitated Nancy, "I do think so—in fact, I'd be glad to. And, if she doesn't, I'll do it myself, that I will!"

"Bully for you, little pal!" exulted David Muir. "That's the stuff. You are not afraid? If you are, I'll help."

"No—oh, no—not a bit. But I must tell Eleanor first—maybe she'll consent, after all; she's nearly desperate, poor child, and no wonder; it'll kill her to give up this old shell, and she'll starve if she stays here."

That night, when the shades were drawn and the lamp flickered dimly in the big room, Nancy, shivering a little at the task before her, seated herself beside her friend and whispered: "Eleanor, something has come to me about the treasure—I believe it—it's *buried!*"

Eleanor sat bolt upright; her eyes glowing. "Where?" she breathed, "Oh, Nancy, have you thought *where?*"

"I believe," gulped Nancy, bravely, "I believe it's—*buried—in—that—little—unknown—grave!*"

Then, before Eleanor had time to express the horror shown plainly in her eyes, Nancy went on breathlessly, tumbling over her words, eager to impress Eleanor before she had made up her mind to forbid the sacrilege.

"For you know, honey, it isn't at all probable that one of the slaves should be buried there, when their own graveyard was set apart for them—nobody *knows* how it came to be in your own cemetery. What could be more probable than for Colonel Talcott to think of that—of burying the gold in a—a grave, where nobody in the world would think of searching—unless they were vandals——"

"As we would be, Nancy," interrupted Eleanor, her eyes wide with horror. "As we would be—if we desecrated the last resting-place of the dead!" Her voice trailed off in a shaken whisper, choked with the thought of the awful sacrilege!

"Surely, if we knew it to be a grave, really and truly," agreed Nancy, promptly. "But we don't—we know it—it probably isn't, in fact."

"What on earth made you think of such a horrible thing, Nancy?" asked Eleanor, still wide-eyed, her voice still shaking.

"It—it just come to me," lied Nancy, bravely, "because such strange things happened in war-times, you know, and if you'll just think about it in an unprejudiced way, you'll realize that it isn't at *all* a sacrilege. You see, if we were to—to come to—a——"

"A *coffin*," whispered Eleanor, tensely. "What *should* we do?"

"It would probably be rotted to pieces, in this long time—half a century; if there were—*bones*, why, we'd just cover 'em up, and nobody be a bit hurt—not a bit!"

"Nancy, Nancy, I can't," whispered Eleanor, with closed eyes, as if she would shut out the horror, "it's too awful to think about."

"Well, let me do it—I am not a bit afraid," declared Nancy, stoutly. "You know the grave is newly mounded—the earth is soft—while everybody is asleep tonight—the moon is full, you know—we—or *I*, will go and—try!"

"Not alone—Oh, Nancy, not alone—I won't let you," vowed Eleanor, bravely. "I consider it to be desecration—sacrilege, in fact; but if you will go, I'll go with you. The poor little pickaninny is in heaven, any way. If you *will* go, Nancy, I won't forbid you—and I'll go with you!"

"Well, don't speak in that Lady Macbeth tone," objected Nancy, greatly relieved at this decision, "we are not going to do a thing wrong by opening that—mound. I don't for one minute believe it to be anything else, myself. Uncle Bahama said he didn't know how it came to be there—that it was just a—a kind of rise, so to speak, but that Old Miss took it in her head it was a grave of one of the servants, and made him keep it mounded up. You *know* he said so, Eleanor!"

"Yes; he did—but I don't believe a word of it—I believe it is a grave of some poor little nigger," denied Eleanor, stubbornly. "But I'll consent, Nancy—and never forgive myself afterwards, if we find——" she did not finish—the thought was too dreadful for utterance.

"We won't," cheered Nancy, optimistically, "you know, if they did open a grave to bury the treasure, they'd not go far—just deep enough to hide it well; they wouldn't begin to reach as far down as the—coffin."

Eleanor shuddered at the word, but she visibly brightened at Nancy's assurance. "Though I don't believe Uncle Talcott would have done such a thing," she declared, loyally. "He wouldn't have disturbed the resting-place of the dead, even of a poor little slave child. But, Nancy, if we don't find the gold this time, I'm going to quit searching for good—it's useless and foolish to waste our time in such hopeless work. And you are going to be married, right away, and leave me with Uncle Bahama and Aunt Daphne. There's a public school a few miles from here, where the tenants send their children; maybe I can teach it, and make a living that way."

"You couldn't stand an examination, honey-child," objected Nancy; "teachers have to submit to an examination, these days. You don't know enough about text-books to train the young idea to shoot worth a cent—and they wouldn't want to learn shorthand, but a b a b s, you know."

"That is true," agreed Eleanor, soberly, "but I could study, you know, and fit myself for the examination—it won't be hard. And maybe somebody will want to learn shorthand and book-keeping. I think it will be a fine idea to teach a regular business-course, in connection with the school."

"There isn't a dozen children in these woods," objected Nancy, stoutly, "and they are not wanting a busine course, I tell you! It's nonsense—sheer nonsense, to think of such a thing. If we don't find the gold you're going back with me, that's what you're going to do, young lady!" But Eleanor shook her head, with a pitiful little smile, that made Nancy's heart ache, for she knew that Eleanor would never leave her old, dilapidated shell of a home so long as she could keep starvation away from her doors—and the mule, though ancient and averse to labor, could be depended upon to cultivate corn enough for bread, while Daphne could raise a few chickens, and maybe they could manage to purchase a pig, for meat. She could only pray fervently that David Muir's "hunch" was correct—that they'd find the buried treasure instead of buried—bones!

Daphne and Bahama sat up late, always, for the aged require little sleep, and they loved to doze over their handful of fire, these two; Bahama smoking his corn-cob pipe, and Daphne comfortably knitting coarse yarn stockings for herself and her spouse; for knitting is work that does not require a good light and young eyes for its performance—Daphne could knit and dream and doze in the shadows with perfect ease.

It seemed to Nancy, impatient to be at work, that the light in the little house in the back yard would never go out; time and again she tiptoed cautiously out, to peer in at the uncurtained window and watch the old negroes, seated beside their hearth.

At last, just as the old clock on the mantel wheezed out twelve solemn strokes, Nancy saw, to her great relief, that old Bahama had banked the fire—the cabin was dark, therefore the old folks had gone to bed at last.

"Now, honey," exulted Nancy, as she came tiptoeing back to their own room, where Eleanor, wide-eyed and pale, waited tensely, "the coast is clear—we can get about our work and dig for gold at last!"

"And if we don't find it, this is the end," declared Eleanor, solemnly; "I'll never have the heart to search another day—it will be a sign that there is no use."

"All right," agreed Nancy, hastily, "I heartily approve your decision! Now hurry and let's be about our task—I have my flashlight, which will be quite enough with the moon, which is as bright as day outside."

Shivering, though the night was balmy, the two girls stole softly forth; in the tool-house they found a shovel and a spade, which Nancy boldly shouldered, though inwardly she quaked at the gruesome thought of the use for which she intended them. Eleanor offered to help, but Nancy refused to allow her to handle them—her turn would come later, she declared, when the two of them would be necessary for digging open the—mound. Eleanor could take the flashlight, to show the way.

But no flashlight was needed, for the moon's silver rays bathed everything in their weird, supernal light, making the trees and flower-bushes, and everyday objects seem mysterious beings whose shadowy arms waited to clutch them, when they should enter their enclosure.

A mocking-bird in a rosebush beside the gate raised its voice in a flood of nocturnal melody as Nancy laid her hand upon the latch; Eleanor gave a little sob of terror, and the brave Nancy involuntarily gasped, before she came to a realizing sense of the sound, and its nature.

"Sweet, isn't it?" she asked, cheerfully, but shakily. "I always love to hear birds at night, don't you?"

"Oh, my God, Nancy!" groaned poor Eleanor, with trembling lips, "I am frightened—let us go back—please, Nancy!"

"Bosh!" scoffed Nancy, "never! Not for a bird—Oh, my goodness gracious! *What*—it's just a rabbit, Eleanor, a little, harmless rabbit that we've scared from his bed. Don't you see him?"

Plainly Eleanor saw the brown bit of fur, as it scampered away from the grass on the grave where it nestled, but when she controlled her voice sufficiently to speak, it was to declare, with hysterical firmness, that if another single thing disturbed them she would take it as a warning that their purpose was unholy, and go straight back to the house—she would not *touch* the grave! Not even if it hid untold wealth!

"Very well," agreed Nancy, resignedly, "if another thing—bug, beetle, frog or katydid dares utter a cheep, I'll go back!"

And, before a wandering beetle had a chance to whirr, heavy-winged, in the light of the moon, or a frog, hopping, wide-eyed, in the shadows to gulp down unwary insects that were awake, had time to utter a single croak; or even the katydids, sleeping in the treetops, momentarily quiet, could shrill their almost ceaseless tale of Katy's doings, Nancy boldly sent her spade crashing into the soft earth—newly mounded by old Bahama, a few weeks before, and still untouched by rain, for it had been unusually dry weather, and the shadow of the great tree protected it alike from the heat of the sun or the violence of storms.

Eleanor, seeing Nancy at work, tremblingly seized her own shovel, and clattered it with unused hand into the soft mound, biting her lips to keep from uttering a cry of terror as she did so.

It *was* ghastly—there was no doubt about it; but, now that they were busy, there was no time to heed the sights and sounds of the night—rabbits might scurry by, or birds sing, Eleanor's and Nancy's ears were deaf to them, hearing only the thud of the soft earth as they turned it up.

"We've got to put it back carefully, so that Bahama won't know," panted Nancy, as Eleanor's spade scattered the clay too broadly. "We'll sweep it up—he'll never notice a thing."

Soft odors from a night-blooming jasmine bush, disturbed by Nancy's vigorous spade, enveloped them in a sweet-scented shower; the great, mossy arms of the live-oaks seemed raised in horrified protest, the long moss waving in a soft breeze, trembled through the shrubs and trees with soft, palpitating breath, and in straight rows the white tombs of the sleepers looked coldly upon the unhallowed work of their descendant—the child who should protect their resting-places!

All this Eleanor thought, as, for a brief moment, she stopped panting from exhaustion, and gazed about her at the tranquil scene, bathed in the silver flood of moonlight. Then seizing the shovel, she doggedly attacked the earth once more—it would not do to stop and *think!*

Steadily they worked, piling the clay to one side, that they might the more easily replace it; Eleanor's strokes were shakily ineffectual, for her hands trembled so that the shovel wabbled impotently in the earth, spilling each load before it could be emptied, but Nancy's capable hands held the spade with sureness, and she worked with swiftness, eager for the task to be ended; for Nancy, too, was beginning to feel hysterical—if she didn't find something, and find it quickly, Nancy felt a deadly certainty that she would scream!

"And frighten Eleanor to death," she thought, as she pitched aside her spadeful of mold, "hold yourself tight, Nancy Dare—you've *got* to!

Mercifully it was soon to be over. Just as Nancy felt that she could not stand it another minute, and as poor Eleanor had to grip her shovel with hands that were now shaking wildly, while her lips had to fairly *bite* in the cry of horror that kept struggling to issue from them, Nancy, driven with a straight, terror-driven plunge downward, felt her spade strike something that was not earth!

Something dull, and heavy, and altogether horrible; the thud of the spade as it clattered from her nerveless hands smote upon Eleanor's startled ears, and she looked up to see Nancy, the doughty, leaning palely against the bole of the big live-oak.

"What is it?" asked Eleanor's stiff lips, the words barely inaudible. "Oh, Nancy, *what* is it?"

Nancy, roused by the sound of the smitten voice, felt once more the tide of life flowing briskly through her veins—she must remember Eleanor, and not be a coward!

She stopped, seized her spade and lifted it to plunge once more into the yawning opening—it really was only about a foot, but it seemed a veritable well to Nancy's excited fancy!

"Eleanor," said Nancy, and it seemed that her voice, in its uncontrolled shrilliness, must surely arouse any living thing—"Eleanor, I've reached—something!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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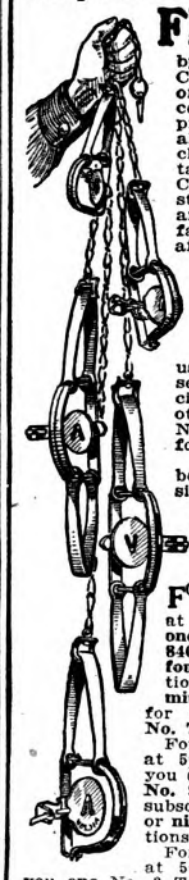


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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

BLACK EYES, Wagoner, Okla.—A good rule to follow is that a boy need not remove his hat when with a girl at the counter of an ice cream "parlor." Should the couple seat themselves, however, at a table and be served there, it is correct and best that the boy should remove his hat. (2) A girl should not be obliged to tell a caller or an escort when to leave. Should he remain an inconvenient or improper length of time, she should use some simple hint or excuse to obtain his departure.

DOROTHY F., Bayswater, Va.—No; it is best that a couple should not enter church arm in arm. (2) You may, if you wish, invite your escort into your home upon your return from any entertainment. Upon his leaving, you may say: "You have been very kind and I have had a most pleasant evening." Add a smile to this as if you were glad to show you were grateful and happy for your good time. (3) If you are asked to go automobiling, you may accept by saying: "Thank you, I shall be delighted to go." That is, if you are sure your parents have no objection to your prompt acceptance of the offered ride.

M. C., Success, Ark.—The wedding ring is placed upon the bride's finger by the groom at a certain time *during* the ceremony. You will find this time indicated by the words of the marriage service.

PERPLEXED, Sellersville, Pa.—It is natural and proper that you should be grateful to anyone who offers sympathy or comfort to you in your bereavement.

FOOLISH COUNTRY WIFE, Ky.—We do not think this friend of your husband meant any particular harm by his familiarity—or perhaps we should say "over-friendliness." We believe it was best that you took no notice of his action if it was but the single incident you mention—and restricted to this only.

E. T., Triplett, Ky.—In entering your own home with a party of friends, it is your place to lead the way. (2) A girl of fourteen should worry but very slightly about her wardrobe, and should wear such simple school frocks as her mother may make or select for her. Of course your skirts are not yet lengthened. Do not try to grow up too fast.

VICTORIA, Newport News, Va.—The right remains with the lady to indicate when she wishes to leave a lunch room or ice cream "parlor" with her escort. A man need not necessarily wait her show of pleasure, however, and may suggest an earlier departure should he think best.

B. Z., Montery, Minn.—Getting a letter with the stamp "crossways" in the corner may simply indicate that the mind of the person who placed it in this manner was "crossways" or something worse. It might also be an attempt at some expression in the so-called "stamp language"—which is a very foolish language which we refuse to interpret and which only makes difficulty for the overworked clerks of Uncle Sam's P. O. Department. Anything that need be said by a letter should be said inside of it and not by placing stamps zigzag or upside down upon an envelope.

A MUSIC LOVER, Marshall, N. C.—It is best and proper that you refuse to accept these marked demonstrations of affection from your older cousin. What do your parents think of this?

TWO COUNTRY GIRLS, Giddings, Tex.—The correct way would be to let the boy enter the ice cream "parlor" first and choose the table, and aid you in getting seated. It is permissible for you to tell your escort, however, where you prefer to sit, or ask him to change the table he has chosen if, for any reason, it does not please you. (2) It would not be best for the boy to thank you under the circumstances you mention.

C. A. C., Shipley, Ky.—We cannot tell you how to "act" when with a girl. Briefly stated, you should act like a gentleman, and endeavor to treat the girl you are with in the same manner as you would wish to have some other boy act toward your own sister. In leaving a girl and her parents after you have escorted her home, it is sufficient for you to shake hands and say "Good night." (2) If you call on a girl and she is not at home, you may chat for a few moments with her parents, and when you leave say that you have been very sorry to miss Mary, Helen, Jane—or whatever her name may be.

L. B., Grantsboro, N. C.—Even though it may be well understood that the groom's family are to be present at this wedding, it would be well to go to the formality of sending invitations. In all cases, wedding invitations should, if possible, be mailed two weeks before the ceremony.

S. S., Tallulah Falls, Ga.—You would not have to ask all these foolish questions if you had not started in by writing to a boy you had never seen. You should not have done this nor sent him your photograph. We are certain that he used bad judgment in choosing the picture he sent in exchange for yours. That there were two other girls in this picture has nothing to do with the matter of his caring for you, but what does matter is that he has never seen you yet. You can hardly expect him to fall in love with pen and ink and a photograph. Men are generally much harder to win than that. It is not worth while demanding your letters and picture back, but do not be so foolish in the future.

BROWN EYES, Penn.—We do not see how you can be sure this young man loves you when he does not answer your letter—and you know for certain that he has received it. You say that you have heard he is "ashamed" not to have replied before. Our advice is to most assuredly not write to him again, but to let him keep on being "ashamed." And then, if he does not finally reply, it will be your part to look out for some other young man who has less shame and better manners.

DOLLY DIMPLES, Clovis, N. Mex.—You may thank the young man for bringing you home, and tell him that you have had a most enjoyable evening. (2) A young man, who is escorting a girl at night, may offer his arm should the walking become difficult or dangerous.

RUSTIC, Guyton, Ga.—Yes, a girl of twenty may receive attentions from a boy of eighteen and many happy marriages have occurred where the husband has been younger than the wife. It is much better, however, that these age conditions be reversed, and we advise you to look for a suitor older than the boy you mention. (2) No, it would not be best to give a pair of gold cuff links as a birthday gift to a boy. Nothing but the most simple presents should be exchanged between any couple who are not engaged.

PANSY, Hoboken, Ga.—In entering a church where there are ushers, a girl may follow the usher and precede her escort down the aisle. Where there are no ushers, it would generally be best for the man to lead the way. (2) It is better that the boy should go ahead. See answer to "Two Country Girls" in this column.

BLUE AND BROWN EYES, Howe, Tex.—You must not go to a dance ten miles from your home unless you are chaperoned. And, if your mother is willing that you should run about in this manner, we think there are some very foolish parents in Howe. A fifteen-year-old girl should not be going to dances and automobiling at night. (2) A girl should not marry at seventeen. She should wait three years—and then not marry a man eighteen years older than herself if there is a younger one she loves better. It seems to be easy for you to "love dearly." We wonder how much affection you lavish on your school books? Stick to these for a while yet, and leave marriage for a later and wiser day.

L. D., Erick, Okla.—A girl should not receive any serious attentions from young men until she has finished her schooling. From the spelling of your letter, we believe you have some time yet to keep for your books and not for boys. (2) A girl should not cheapen herself by allowing any man to kiss her whom she has not promised to marry.

E. H., Paha, Wash.—It is a discouraging situation when you have to say "he never did love me as I did him." And it is also not encouraging that he left you once for another girl. However, if you still want to bother with him, why let him write you as he has requested—but we fear you are wasting time.

V. O., Grinnell, Ia.—The names need not be mentioned but once in an introduction. But effort should be made to speak distinctly. (2) Yes, you may acknowledge an introduction in the way you have mentioned. Try and use the name of your new acquaintance, however. Avoid stiffness and set forms.

E. K., Neb.—Yes, you may stop for a moment and talk to this boy when you meet him on the street. It would be permissible for you to suggest his calling to see you, and it would be better, under the circumstances of your home, for you to mention a day when it might be most convenient for you to see him. Do not be unhappy and consider yourself lonesome and unfortunate. You say that you are nineteen and "good looking." These are two things to be thankful for—and they should prevent your feeling discontented—or lonely.



The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MISS L. O., Harrisville, Texas.—Would advise you to take some tonic such as Basham's Mixture, in tablespoonful doses, after meals. A tonic of this kind will build you up physically, and, no doubt, help develop the bust. Gently, also, massage the bust, using cocoa-butter as a lubricant for the hand when massaging the busts.

MRS. L. H., Charles City, Ia.—Try Lassar's Paste. Reduce the strength one half or more by the use of vaseline. Apply to the hands at bedtime only. Keep your hands from soap and water so far as possible. To cleanse the hands, use cold cream.

MISS M. J., Opelousas, La.—You probably have an ulcer of the stomach. A very simple diet is indicated—such as skimmed milk, simple cereals, plenty of water, and possibly a lavage of the stomach. If your condition becomes worse after using care and proper diet, an operation is indicated. Dobell's solution, as a local wash, will relieve the itching around the rectum. Use frequently and keep the parts thoroughly cleansed, also bowels free.

MR. M. L. H., Marlow, Okla.—COMFORT publishes no medical treatise on medicine. It tries to answer all communications intelligently.

MRS. W. H. P., Parlewville, Miss.—You no doubt were very unwise to attempt walking so soon after typhoid fever. Try an iron tonic after meals—such as diallylized iron in half-teaspoonful doses, well diluted.

MISSES M. AND W., Danville, Va.—After syringing out the ear, apply to the canal or sore spot an ammoniated mercury ointment; this ointment can be obtained at any good drug store.

COOL, N. C., Cooleemee, N. C.—You have catarrh of the tube running from the middle ear to the throat. Have this properly treated and this symptom will disappear. For the lump in the throat use five-grain assafœtida pills—one after meals.

MRS. I. L. G., Glenwar, Va.—Apply to the freckles a weak solution of corrosive sublimate—1 to 10,000 solution. Apply at night. You will have to consult your local doctor as to the other trouble.

MRS. H. G. G., Clarksburg, West Va.—Adhesions form almost immediately after an operation. Adhesions are caused by inflammatory exudates thrown out to heal the wound caused by operation. Grown people can have almost anything, even worms! Try, for the worms, some one-half santonine and calomel tablets. Three a day for two days. Follow this with a large dose of castor oil.

MISS E. T., Rolling Hill, Va.—Have the "red spots" treated by electricity. This is the only way to cure them.

MR. J. H. H., Taylor, Ga.—You have ulcer of the stomach. Try 1-100 grain doses of atropine sulphate, two or three times a day. This remedy, of course, can only be used on the advice and prescription of your local doctor.

MISS A. S., Alpena, Mich.—Use for the dandruff, a two per cent resorcin solution. The solution should be made in half alcohol and half rose water. Apply at night to the roots of the hair.

MRS. L. A., Lynnville, Ky.—Your child died from meningitis no doubt following the "flu." The glycerine suppositories had nothing to do with the case and you handled the child intelligently and all right.

MRS. H. K., West Plains, Mo.—Cannot state cause; but have your physician try corpus luteum extract, and see what that will do for your condition of arrest of development of bust.

MRS. W. E. C., Nathalie, Va.—Cannot suggest any remedy for the trouble mentioned.

MRS. L. K., Magnolia, Ark.—There is no elixir of life; but if there were you should certainly have it. The best thing we can suggest is a tonic such as the compound tincture of cinchona. Take a teaspoonful after meals. This may brace you up. You might also take a teaspoonful of American Oil with your meals to help your constipation and lubricate the intestinal tract.

MRS. P. A. COPELAND, Montery Farm, Tenn.—Just massage the non-growing breast, using cocoa butter as a lubricant, and await results.

MRS. J. W. E., Lyons, Ind.—The trouble is temper. Just forget it and time will cure him of his disposition.

MR. G. W. A., Petersburg, West Va.—None whatever. They are all frauds.

MRS. H. M., Hailwood, Pa.—Better have her adenoids and tonsils removed and see what that will do toward developing the girl's mouth and throat.

MISS H., Bellport, L. I.—You are eating too much and taking too little exercise.

MRS. V. M., Walker Springs, Ala.—You have malaria, no doubt. You should take some calomel in small doses, and follow this with tr. eupatorium, in teaspoonful doses, after meals. There is no relation between this condition and the painful coitus mentioned.

MRS. S. G., Elizabethtown, Ky.—Don't think you have hook-worm trouble; but you have a long-standing intestinal trouble—water-logged condition with the sloughing off of portions of the mucous membrane from time to time. A carefully selected diet, use of American oil in small doses with your meals, and some small doses of calomel and soda will help, if not cure you. The doses of calomel and soda should be about one-tenth grain calomel and one grain soda. Take these tablets three times a day between meals, for one week only. High-up saline enemas would also help you. These can only be given by a nurse.

MRS. M. Y., Sulphur Springs.—There is only one answer to your question. Cataracts cannot be removed without operation, and any one who advises you differently is a charlatan.

MRS. B. B. D., Holland, Texas.—This is probably a mild form of epilepsy. You should limit the diet, and moderate rapidity of eating food, at all times. You should also have the child examined for adenoids, etc.

MRS. C. F. R., Return, Va.—Use a mouth wash and gargle with Dobell's solution three or four times a day. Also have your teeth looked after.

J. J. R., Coal Hill, Ark.—It is rheumatism, no doubt. Probably coal-mining does not agree with you and you may have to adopt some other occupation. Also the water you drink may have something to do with your condition. Look into these things and decide for yourself.

MRS. M. S., Shumer, Texas.—You have acute indigestion. Try American Oil—a teaspoonful with your meals.

MISS B. B., Corydon, Ia.—Thyroid extract has been advised to reduce fat, combined with corpus luteum ampules containing five-grain doses. Of course, this treatment must be combined with a suitable diet. Starchy foods must be taboo always, and any other foods that are flesh making.

MRS. B. D., Greensboro, N. C.—You may have polyps in the nose. These must be removed by an operation. This may relieve your entire trouble.

MISS D. H., Las Aminas, Cal.—There are many varieties of goitres, so-called. You might try ovarian extract, in tablet form, under the advice of your family doctor.

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A Way That Never Fails to Produce Wonderful Results in a Few Days on the Complexion and the Hair.

Simple Methods of Beauty Making That Never Fail. Any Woman Can Now Be Beautiful.

By Madame Maree

NOTE—The articles mentioned herein have come into such demand because of their effectiveness that you can obtain them at any drug store. But if your druggist cannot supply you, arrangements have been made to send any of these articles by mail, charges paid, on receipt of price, by addressing "Secretary to Madame Maree, 582 Thompson Building, Chicago.

A Lily Skin in a Few Days

THERE is but one thing you need to beautify your skin and bring it to a condition of incomparable loveliness in a short time. This has been used by thousands of women with extraordinary success. By the use of this you will soon find that all red spots, freckles, all muddiness and sallowness will have disappeared completely, leaving the skin pure and clear as a lily. You cannot get this result except by mixing yourself at home, in a very few moments, one ounce of zintone with a little glycerine and hot water. The zintone costs fifty cents at the drug store. This makes a remarkable cream, which, when used liberally, will not fail to give you the results.

Hair Stops Falling, and Grows

You can easily prevent hair from falling, and you can make it grow thick and luxuriant by a very simple method, which is far superior in results to that of any so-called hair tonic you can buy. You will notice the difference in your hair in a very few days, and it will take on a vigorous lustre besides, and thin spots will at once begin to fill with new hair. This is done by simply adding one ounce of beta-quinol to a half pint of water and a half pint of bay rum. If you prefer you may use a full pint of witchhazel instead of the water and bay rum. The beta-quinol may be procured for fifty cents at any drug store. Try this and you will no longer find handfuls of hair coming out on your comb and brush; and your hair will be the envy of all your friends.

A Sure Way to Remove Wrinkles

It is really inspiring to know that removing wrinkles now depends almost entirely upon yourself. Just a few minutes' trouble at the start, and more than half the battle is over. It will take but a few moments for you to make a mixture of two ounces of eptol, a little water and glycerine. The eptol can be obtained from your druggist for fifty cents. This cream produces startling changes in the skin in a short time. It renders the skin plump and youthful, very girlish, and the result is that wrinkles fill out and disappear. It will make you look many years younger if you will only use it faithfully.

Secret About Washing Hair

Every scalp has constantly forming on it a thin, invisible film of fatty accumulations which soap cannot remove, not even with hard rubbing. The one way to remove this film, and let your hair breathe is to dissolve it. This is done by the use of a teaspoonful of eggol dissolved in a half cup of hot water, and used as a shampoo and head-wash. This unseals the pores, and it will surprise you what a tremendous difference it produces in the appearance and growth of the hair. There is no more luxurious head-wash possible, and it is, besides, very economical. In a twenty-five cent package of eggol, which can be secured at any drug store, there is enough to supply you with over a dozen of these shampoos.

To Remove Superfluous Hair

There is a very remarkable way to remove superfluous hair. This is becoming exceedingly popular, because it is as easy and pleasing to use as a face lotion, and dissolves away the hair instead of burning it off as many other depilatories do. Simply moisten the hairs with a little sulfo solution. The hairs begin to shrivel. You can see them dissolve, and then with just a swish of the finger, all the hairs can be rubbed off clear and clean. It leaves the skin thoroughly free from all superfluous hairs, not leaving even a suggestion that you had any superfluous hairs at all. It is glorious. Every woman should have some sulfo solution on her dresser. It will cost one dollar at any drug store, and will last for a considerable time.

Blackheads Go in a Few Minutes

It is only a question of a few moments to get rid of blackheads. The only thing that will do this is neroxin. You sprinkle a little neroxin on a wet cloth or sponge and rub the blackheads with this for a few moments. Looking in your mirror, you will find the blackheads gone. This is a very remarkable article, and you need no longer use tonics, face-steaming, and pinching, and other useless methods for many months at a time. For fifty cents you can get the neroxin from your druggist.

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Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. M. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children or grandchildren can be legally disinherited by will, provided the testator possesses testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon him, and provided the will is legally drawn and executed and expresses the testator's true intent.

E. A., South Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the essentials of a valid will are that the testator shall possess testamentary capacity, that no undue influence is exercised upon him and that the will is legally drawn and executed, it should be signed by the testator and by at least three witnesses, who should be present at the time the testator signs the will and who should sign in his presence and in the presence of each other; we think in the case you describe and upon your statements, the husband and wife should execute separate wills leaving their property to each other; we do not think the property need be itemized in such wills but could be transferred by a general clause disposing of all the property, both personal and real; we think it would be best for each to appoint the other as sole executor; no bonds should be required and a direction to that effect should be made in each of the wills; we do not think it will be necessary to change the manner of registration of your Liberty Bonds as your widow will as your executrix be able to collect all of the assets of your estate.

MRS. L. D. C., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of your husband, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, you will be entitled to receive from his estate all personal property which came to your husband in right of the marriage, and also one half of the real and personal estate of which he was the owner at the time of his death, provided you make and record a properly written election that you are willing to take such property subject to the payment of your husband's debts; we think if you are named as beneficiary in your husband's life insurance policy, the insurance money will be paid direct to you and will not be subject to his debts; we think if he desires to have you receive his whole estate, he should make and execute a will to that effect.

E. M. T., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents is necessary for the adoption of their minor child, unless it can be conclusively shown by proper evidence that such parents are not proper persons to have the custody of such child.

E. V. F. S., Minnesota.—We do not think the man you mention had any legal right to build his house on another man's land without any permission or lease from the owner of the land; we do not think he can compel the owner of the land to sell the land to him, nor can he enforce any rights in the land as against the owner of same.

MRS. W. S. W., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all real and personal property owned by the wife at the time of her marriage, together with all acquired thereafter by gift, devise or descent, as also the increase of all such lands, remain her separate property, and she is legally entitled to the management and control of the same, except that she cannot transfer the same without the signature of the husband. We think if your husband's parents refuse to pay rent or move from your property, it will be necessary for you to bring a court proceeding against them to enforce your rights.

W. O. B., Connecticut.—A quit claim deed is a deed of conveyance operating by way of release; that is intended to pass any title, interest or claim which the grantor may have in the premises, but not professing that such title is valid, nor containing any warranty or covenants for title.

MRS. L. E. K. W., Kansas.—We do not think the statute of limitations would run against the crime of rape during the time the defendant absented himself from the state. Your statements would indicate that the charge against the man you mention may be a bastardy charge and not rape. We think a bastardy proceeding is oftentimes brought in such a case as you describe for the support of the child, and is much less serious than a charge of rape.

A. N., Pennsylvania.—We think your only recourse against the man, who purchased your horses, for the money he still owes you, would be an action against him to enforce payment of same; if he has left this country and has no property here, it will be difficult for you to recover your money from him.

S. W. B., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a real estate agent would be entitled to recover his commission from you upon your refusal to carry out your agreement for the sale of your property, after he has procured a purchaser willing and able to buy upon the terms specified by you in your employment of the real estate agent; we do not think he would be entitled to recover if the purchaser was unwilling or unable to carry out the terms except in some changed form from those embraced in the agent's employment.

MRS. W. H., California.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of the wife the entire community property, without administration, belongs to the surviving husband, except such portion as may have been set apart to her by judicial decree for her support and maintenance, such portion going under the terms of her will, and in the absence of a will goes to her heirs exclusive of her husband; upon the death of the husband one half of the community property goes to the wife and the other half is subject to the testamentary disposition of the husband and in the absence of such disposition goes to his descendants; divorce of parents does not affect inheritance rights of the children; step-children have no intestacy rights from step-parents.

MRS. E. P., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that homesteads not to exceed in value the sum of $2,500, and if agricultural land not to exceed 160 acres, are exempt from levy under execution to a married man who is the head of a family.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

L. I. S., Madrid, Ia.—A girl is legally of age at eighteen in your state and could marry at that time without her parents' consent—if she were so foolish as to wish to do this.

O. T., Spencer, La.—It is true that General Pershing taught school in Missouri many years ago. We have never understood that this was a negro school. (2) You should not send a simple question concerning your state government to this department. You could gain this information at once from the clerk of the Louisiana parish in which your town is located.

MRS. F. D., Greenfield, Mo.—There were but 147 acres of vacant public land in your state on July 1, 1918. In Nebraska there are over 105,000 acres yet vacant. You could learn regarding this by addressing the U. S. Land Office at Lincoln, Nebraska, where H. A. Meier serves as Register. In Oklahoma—where over 30,000 acres are yet unoccupied—you should write to J. Y. Callahan, who is Register of the U. S. Land Office at Guthrie, Okla.

R. F., Maplesville, Ala.—We believe bookkeeping to be a subject which could be more easily taught by mail than could nursing. You must remember that to profit by instruction in either of these two modes of breadwinning, at least a grammar school education would be needed. Your letter does not mention your age nor your previous education, but your spelling would indicate that your schooling was as yet rather elementary. Perhaps you had best pursue this further before you take up specialized and more ambitious subjects.

L. K., Kingsport, Tenn.—The inscription in your violin was placed there to indicate that it was the handiwork of Jacob Stainer of the town of Absam in the Tyrol. Stainer was a follower of the Amati School of violin makers and adapted their methods to the higher models of the Cremona instruments. A genuine Stainer violin is of undoubted value, but you must remember—as this department has often pointed out—that there are a great many fraudulent imitations of the work of the old violin masters, and the inscription in your instrument does not necessarily mean that it was made by Jacob Stainer over two centuries ago.

O. B., Holstein, Ia.—There are no vacant public lands in Virginia and only a few score acres in Missouri. Arkansas has over 200,000 acres still open, and Oklahoma about 30,000. Of the two states we would give the preference to Arkansas as offering the best opportunities for homesteading. Write to J. W. Allen, Register of U. S. Land Office, Little Rock, Ark., and to J. Y. Callahan, who has charge of the Land Office at Guthrie, Okla. But we believe that one can make as much money on a farm in Iowa as he can in any other state, and we advise you to consider seriously before you give up old ties and settle yourself in new lands under strange conditions.

M. M., Missouri.—No; it would be impossible for you to obtain any portion of your dead fiance's estate unless he left a will in which a bequest was made in your favor.

MRS. W. M. M., Tulot, Ark.—Nowadays, almost every large town or city contains some firm or individual with machinery for converting old carpets into rugs by a shredding and re-weaving process. We feel very sure that you could get this work done in your own city of Little Rock. Search the advertising columns of the Little Rock newspapers. Or write to the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce there for information. If you fail to succeed, we will be glad to help you further.

V. F., Bee Ridge, Fla.—A wood-cut published in the year 1700 shows the Old London Bridge to have been built of timber. Three-story houses, furnishing homes for many persons, covered the entire structure. The timber used in the structure is said to have been piles of elm which were bolted together by thick planks into piers twenty-five feet and more in thickness. The bridge was 336 feet long and two thirds of this distance was taken up by piers. Many fires constantly occurred among the houses built on the bridge and these together with the decay of the foundation timbers, accounted for the eventual removal of the falling structure. The modern stone structure now known as London Bridge was opened to the public in 1831.

J. W., Washington, N. C.—There are over 3,000,000 acres of public lands yet open for allotment in the big state of Montana. Necessarily, a great deal of this land is not adapted to farming. Write to F. T. Woods, who is Register of the U. S. Land Office at Billings, Montana, for full information regarding homesteading.

H. L. P., Osser, Minn.—A carnelian is a semi-precious stone and is of no great value. If you have one you wish to sell, you should look for your market among jewelers. There would be no commercial demand for the home-made paper beads you mention. You would have to dispose of them direct, either by a house-to-house canvass or by advertsing in newspaper columns.

MRS. G. R., Winamac, Ind.—A fertile section of New Jersey is the Kittatinny Valley, which is about ten miles wide and lies between the Highland Range and the Kittatinny Mountains. But the whole central part of this fortunate state is a great market garden for the supplying of New York and Philadelphia. There is considerable clay land in New Jersey, but the greater part of the soil is a sandy loam, some of which is light in character but well adapted to market gardening. Tobacco is not a product of the state.

MRS. E. S. B., Poca, W. Va.—No one can give an estimate of the value of a diamond or other precious stone without a close examination of the gem under a microscope. There should be no need of your sending to Washington to obtain such appraisal, which could be made for you by any good local jeweler. If you mean to ask if any free valuation of precious stones is made by the Federal Government, we can assure you that such is not the case.

NAME "BAYER" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

Take tablets only as told in each "Bayer" package.

BAYER



The "Bayer Cross" is the signature of the true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." The name "Bayer" is only on genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

In every handy "Bayer" package are proper directions for Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuritis and for Pain generally.

Tin boxes of 12 tablets, cost only a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trademark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Spectacles ON TRIAL Free



Send No Money

I Will Send These

Large Size Spectacles

Absolutely FREE

Send Me The Coupon Below
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THIS is a straight-from-the-shoulder proposition that every man and woman should take advantage of right this very minute. I claim that my Large Size "Perfect Vision" glasses will enable you to thread the finest needle—to read the smallest print—to see far or near—to protect your eyes and prevent eye strain and eye pain, which usually cause headaches.

Furthermore, I claim that my Large Size "Perfect Vision" 10-Karat, Gold-filled Spectacles are the best and most handsome looking spectacles you have ever seen.

They Will Enable You to Read The Finest Print
Thread A Small-Eyed Needle,
or Shoot A Bird Off The Tallest Tree

IF YOU ARE A SPORTSMAN
and go hunting occasionally



Shoulder your gun, whistle your dog across the field, and see how these glasses will help you to sight your gun and take aim at your game.

With these Large Size "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine, you will be able to shoot a bird off a tree easily, and this even if you are a very poor shot right now.

I want you to try out these Large Size "Perfect Vision" spectacles of mine for reading and sewing, or for distance; for indoors, or outdoors, whichever you prefer. I don't want you to keep them unless they positively fit you better than any you have ever had before, and you can honestly tell me so. That is why

I Don't Ask You To Send Me A Cent
So You Have Nothing To Lose.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the coupon below at once; let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of my 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, in a handsome velteen-lined, spring-back, Pocket-book Spectacle Case, for you to try fully ten days absolutely free. Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room 44 ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, velteen-lined, spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, without a cent of cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $1.95 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....

EARN $50 GOLD

A	C	R	O	I	T	N	W
H	A	N	D	E	G	A	V
E	Z	O	C	A	O	E	N
R	M	O	P	A	Y	D	O
N	D	T	O	E	A	T	I	B
H	E	R	A	A	S	W	A
A	N	G	R	I	L	A	H
L	O	Y	A	P	A	N	O

How Many Words Can You Make

Now here is a puzzle that is a prize winner. You do not have to set up and work over a dictionary all night. Just a little ingenuity and skill. The puzzle is to get as many words as possible out of the letters herewith given. Use only the letters given and only as many times as they appear. For instance, the letter R appears four times, so in all your words you must not use it more than four times. If you use R twice in one word and twice in another, you cannot use R in another word, as you have already used it as many times as it appears. You do not have to use up all the letters. No foreign words or proper names may be used. Websters Revised Unabriged Dictionary will be the Standard used in determining the validity of any word. The puzzle looks simple, but if you can make as many as twelve words, send in your list at once as the person winning first prize may not have more than that many words.

WHY WE DO IT

We publish the best story paper in America, and we want to send you a sample copy and full particulars of our big contest club.

It does not cost you a cent to become a Club Member and every new member this month receives **A Genuine Diamond Ring FREE.**

THE OFFER

We are conducting a big prize contest and will give 100 votes in the contest for each word you make. Just as soon as you become a Club Member you will receive a **Genuine Diamond Ring** and extra votes. To the person having the most votes at the end of the contest we will give $25 in cash; to the second highest $10; to the third highest $7.50; to the fourth $5 and to the fifth $2.50. In addition we are going to give away hundreds of other valuable prizes too numerous to mention in this advertisement. Contest closes Jan. 20th, 1920. Anyone may enter and if you only win the $2.50 prize you are that much ahead. It is certainly worth a little effort, and besides you will receive, absolutely free, a copy of the best story paper published. If there should be a tie between two or more contestants for any of the prizes, each tieing contestant will receive the prize tied for. Write today. **WORD EDITOR, 517 Friend Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.**

Is Your Blood Starving for Lack of Iron?

Modern Methods of Cooking and Living Have Made an Alarming Increase in Iron Deficiency in Blood of American Men and Women

WHY NUXATED IRON SO QUICKLY BUILDS UP WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN-DOWN FOLKS — Over 3,000,000 People Annually Taking It In This Country Alone To Increase Their Strength, Power, Energy and Endurance.

"Is your blood starving for want of iron? Iron is red blood food. If you were to go without eating until you became weak, thin and emaciated, you could not do a more serious harm to yourself than when you let your blood literally starve for want of iron—iron that gives strength and power to change food into living tissue," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York and the Westchester County Hospital.

"Modern methods of cooking and the rapid pace at which people of this country live has made such an alarming increase in iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women that I have often marveled at the large number of people who lack iron in the blood, and who never suspect the cause of their weak, nervous run-down state. Lack of iron in the blood not only makes a man a physical and mental weakling, nervous, irritable, easily fatigued, but it utterly robs him of that virile force, that stamina and strength of will which are so necessary to success and power in every walk of life. It may also transform a beautiful, sweet-tempered woman into one who is cross, nervous and irritable. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through the body, something like corn through an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"For want of iron you may be an old man at thirty, dull of intellect, poor in memory, nervous, irritable and all 'run-down,' while at 50 or 60 with plenty of iron in your blood you may still be young in feeling, full of life, you whole being brimming over with vim and energy.

"But in my opinion you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy rosy-cheeked women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metalic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package."



In commenting upon the value of Nuxated Iron as a means for creating red blood, strength and endurance, Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author says:

"Scarcely a day goes by but that I see women whose care-worn faces, dragging steps and generally weak, tired appearance show unmistakable signs of that anæmic run-down condition usually brought on by lack of iron in the blood.

"Give such a woman a short course of Nuxated Iron and she often quickly becomes an entirely different individual—strong, healthy and rosy-cheeked. I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe, aggravated conditions with unfailing results. I have induced many other physicians to give it a trial, all of whom have given me most surprising reports in regard to its great power as a health and strength builder."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron, which is used by Dr. Sullivan and others with such surprising results, and which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorgonic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does nt injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

MERRY Christmas, girls! Do you know why I can say that so feelingly? First of all, I suppose it is because I really mean it, and secondly (sound like a minister, don't I?) I'm not worn out and exhausted, physically and mentally, by the usual Christmas rush and scurry. My gifts were bought, or made, wrapped and gotten ready to send some months ago. That sounds as though I were a terribly smug, self-satisfied person, doesn't it, but I hope I am not. Only try it yourself next year and whenever you see something you know Aunt Matilda or Cousin Jane would like, get it and put it away until Christmas. Even your cards and booklets can be gotten ready to send, but unless your relatives and friends are the stay-put sort of people it would be better not to address them.

I wish it were possible for me to present each of my girls with gifts suitable to themselves, something dainty and frilly, but, alas, I can't buy frillies for my own self let alone several hundred girls, so please take the will for the deed and wish yourselves Merry Christmas for me.—Ed.

BLONDE, Neb.—I haven't the slightest idea whether or not it would be "polite" to knit a sleeveless sweater for your fiance as a Christmas gift but I think it would be quite proper and very suitable, particularly if Nebraska winters are anything like Maine winters. If they are, you had better knit two. Khaki or dark grey are particularly good colors.

HAPPY PEGGY, Antlers, Okla.—"What is the luckiest month in which to get married?" Nobody knows. Those who are unhappily married feel sure that no month is lucky and those that are happily married are equally certain that any month is lucky, so there you are. The only thing to do is to get married and be such a good wife that whatever month you are married is the luckiest. Best wishes.

LOVING EYES.—There is no good reason why you shouldn't marry your brother-in-law if you want to. It happens frequently in the best of families. Wait until you are old enough to know your own mind and until you have met enough other men to be sure he is the right and only one.

PEGGY, California.—Summer acquaintances aren't always lasting and if you were my daughter I'd tell you to wait and let the young man write first. If he wants to keep in touch with you he will do so. (2) If you dislike the thoughts of a business career so very much it seems unwise to go on with it. There must be something else you'd like better. I'm a firm believer in doing the work we like to do and are suited for rather than forcing ourselves to do something we don't like. Find out what we want to do and then talk it over with your father.

J. C., Texas.—If you have been engaged to a man for over a year and now he has stopped coming to see you and goes with other girls and doesn't notice you, you might sue him for breach of promise or go ahead and die of grief as you contemplate doing. Personally, I wouldn't cheapen myself by suing him for breach of promise and I certainly shouldn't die of grief over such a man as that. He isn't worth it and, besides, funerals are frightfully expensive now. Better wait a while longer. Don't go to his sister's house just to get a chance to talk with him. Haven't you any pride? You make me tired when you say if he doesn't take you back you'll die of grief. You should be the one to refuse to take him back. In a year from now you will have forgotten all about him, it's a habit eighteen has, and be ashamed of yourself for ever thinking you loved him. Wait and see if I am not right, and in the meantime just think that whatever happens is for the best even though it seems the very worst at the time.

SUSEY, Tenn.—Since the days of cave men it has been the man's undisputed privilege to declare his love for the woman of his choice (though methods differed then, I believe) and tactful indeed is the woman who can usurp that right and get away with it gracefully. I wouldn't dare attempt it. You can only wait and hope. Not a very comforting answer, is it? but you might try being nice nice (but not too nice) to him and see if that helps any.

TEDDY, Ky.—My dear girl—I can't say "little" girl because you are larger than the average girl of thirteen, but that isn't anything to feel badly over. It may be a trifle awkward just at present but you'll soon get over that. How much do you weigh? That's an important factor to consider when determining the length of your dresses. Also, I'd have to know the shape of your face and what kind and how much hair you have before I could tell you a becoming way to arrange it. Do you associate with girls your age or your size? I could advise you better if you were to send me your picture.

EDITH, Montana.—Perhaps your fiance doesn't know that the engagement ring belongs on the third finger of the left hand, but if the ring he sent was too small you shouldn't have worn it on your little finger. You should have returned it to him, by mail or in person, explaining that you wanted to wear your engagement ring on the proper finger and would he please exchange it or have it made larger. It isn't too late for the latter, even now.

HELOISE, Victor, Montana.—It is impossible for me to tell whether the boy you mention is true to you or whether he intends to marry you but I agree with your father in thinking that he should have inquired about you when you were ill. He should have sent flowers and written if he couldn't call because the disease was contagious. Neglect from a husband is too often the case but a girl should be wary of a fiance who does not show her proper attention. Your mother shouldn't expect you to wait until you are thirty before getting married. You should be married and have one or two or three children by that time.

CURLY LOCKS, Ark.—A "touchy, pouty," sweetheart must be an awful affliction, but just think how much worse it would be to have a husband of that variety, so give him to understand the next time he develops such an attack he needn't expect you to take him back when he gets over pouting. Don't flirt.

BLUE EYES, W. Va.—Haven't any knowledge of the subject you mention. Ask your family physician.

ATTINE, Ark.—No, to all your questions.

BILLY, Kans.—I can answer your first question very easily for I know that it isn't the right thing for a little girl of fourteen to correspond with a boy she has never met, or one she has met, for that matter, but really, Billy, I don't know whether it is "wrong to kiss a boy on the side street," or not. It may be all right but I never did it and I don't think you had better, any more.

I hope you aren't any more unhappy than you were, for I've tried my best to make you a tiny bit happier so that you can start the new year aright. It's so much easier to be good when you are happy, and I want you to be the very best girls in the world.

By, by, until next year.

COUSIN MARION.

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

ness. His wicked nature broke through its thin veneer of respectability, and he indulged in wild denunciations and horrid oaths. The faithless Jackman was heartily sick of the whole affair. The little gold cross which poor Beryl had given him for his wife, and which he had laid in a small cabinet until his wife's return, had weighed upon his soul like a cross of fire. True, he had wrought his best to bring about the evil triumph of Berdyne, for, had he not done so, he and his wife would have been cast forth, penniless, from Sunset Ranch; nevertheless, he drew a long breath of relief when he heard that the dauntless Neil had appeared on the scene, and had bravely rescued his precious Beryl out of Berdyne's very clutches.

Trenwyck's shouts, and the noise of the conflict, had drawn not only Jackman, but several of the ranch employees, to the scene. The lawyer stepped up to Berdyne, and laid a hand on his arm.

"You are merely wasting time, Nick," said he.

Berdyne tossed the hand furiously from him.

"You are a skulking coward!" he hissed, through his teeth. "Had you been half a man, Preston would not have been able to get away with the girl and the automobile."

"The fellow was a perfect whirlwind," returned Trenwyck humbly. "I will admit that I have no desire to meet him face to face; but let me have the chance to deal him a blow from behind, and I can promise you, Berdyne, that you will not be disappointed in me."

"A curse on him!" ground out Berdyne. "I shall yet lay him low, and the debt he owes me shall be fearfully repaid! That was the second time he laid his hands on me—and I could kill any man for doing less! As for the girl, what has happened merely whets my passion for her. The more difficult an object is in the attaining, the more I long for it. Hello, Jackman!" With the last words, Berdyne turned toward the house, where Jackman was standing in the light that streamed through an open door.

"What do you want?" demanded the rancher.

"I want an automobile. Get me one!" was Berdyne's vigorous answer. "We must go in pursuit of them at once."

"I haven't any," returned Jackman, "and the nearest one is six miles away. The most I can do is to give you a buggy and a pair of draft horses."

"A pursuit with race horses would be fruitless," interposed Trenwyck. "The *Red Flyer* is a fast car, is it not, Berdyne?"

"Yes, among the fastest in the state," was the rueful response.

"And it was equipped for a long journey?"

"I had it in readiness for the trip from here to San Francisco," growled Berdyne. "It was my purpose not to halt, after I had once started, until I had landed my prize in a safe retreat somewhere in or near the city. From there, after I had reduced the beautiful little termagant to a state of subjection, I should have taken her to a yacht which I have chartered, and which is now lying off Sausalito, or to a houseboat belonging to a friend, which, at present, is in Belvedere Cove. May the archfiend take Preston!" he added, the thought of his fine plans, and the way they had been frustrated putting fresh spur to his temper.

He picked up his revolver from the place where he had dropped it when Neil had felled him in the road. After slipping it into his hip pocket, he mechanically began dusting off his garments. His evil cunning was not long held in subjection by his tempest of anger. Implacable hate burned in his breast, together with a demoniacal desire for revenge; but, through it all, reason was gradually pushing to the fore and obtaining the mastery.

"Where will he go, do you think?" queried Trenwyck. "Will he take the girl to San Jose?"

"Never fear," was the gloomy response. "Unless I am wide of my reckoning, he will not halt until he has made the girl his bride. But even so," he added, lowering his voice, "if I cannot have the maid, I will have the widow!"

Trenwyck took fright at the grim menace of the words.

"Think well what you plan, Berdyne," he cautioned. "As your legal adviser, I warn you to beware of going too far."

"I will go any length!" snapped Nick. "I yearn for that little beauty with all my heart and soul; but, apart from that, every dollar I own in the world may hang upon my making her my wife. What Preston learned in the far North may be——"

TO BE CONTINUED.

AGENTS $40 A WEEK--FREE SAMPLES

Make quick, sure, easy sales in every home selling our wonderful new line of guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. All styles, sizes and colors, including finest line of silk hose.



Guaranteed One Year Must Wear 12 Months or Replaced Free.

Pleasant work that will make you handsome profits. Sell every day in the year. Build up a fine business that will give you a steady income. Often sell dozen pair to one family. This is the surest, most profitable, most dignified agency proposition on the market. A sure, quick sale in every home because it is just what people want. Every time you make a sale, you make a permanent customer.

Make $2000 a Year

Whether you devote full time or spare time, you will find that this will pay you better than anything you have ever done. Mrs. McClure makes over $2000 a year. Mrs. Schurman averages $60 a month working spare time. Mrs. Perry made $27 a week canvassing in afternoons. Mrs. Field sold 109 pair in one street. Harry Price sold 60 boxes in 12 hours. Geo. Noble made $35 in one day. Sworn proof. You have the same opportunity. Any man or woman can sell this new line of guaranteed hosiery. Act quick. This is the best season of the whole year. Write at once for Agency and samples.

Thomas Hosiery Co., 9730 Elk St., Dayton, Ohio.



Buy Today 10 Months To Pay

According to our simple, easy payment plan, we will send you this magnificent cluster ring for your examination, express prepaid. If satisfied, pay only $15.50 and keep it; **balance in ten monthly payments of $6.20 each.** Cluster has seven perfectly matched, blue-white, perfect-cut, gorgeous Diamonds skillfully set in white gold to resemble a solitaire worth $175.00. Guarantee value bond with every Diamond purchase. SWEET'S Policy—You must be satisfied or no sale. Write for FREE de luxe catalogue No. 79T. It brings Maiden Lane's Best right in your home. *Liberty Bonds accepted at face value.*

L. W. SWEET & CO., Dept. 79 T, 2-4 Maiden Lane, New York.

HURRY! HURRY!! HURRY!!!

A NEW DODGE—OWN A CAR

WE'VE GIVEN AWAY 160 AUTOS. WE'RE GIVING AWAY SOME MORE. BE QUICK!

Your friends are motoring now—why not you? We've given away 160 cars—we're giving away more. You might as well be taking long, enjoyable, wonderful trips in a car of your own—one of these cars. Won't cost you a single dollar.



You can be the happy owner of a touring car. Others saw our announcement the same as you. They wrote at once. They're driving cars of their own today. A brand new, five passenger Dodge might easily be yours. This offer won't last long.

READ WHAT OTHERS SAY:

"Have received my car and am more than pleased."—A. B. Hagg

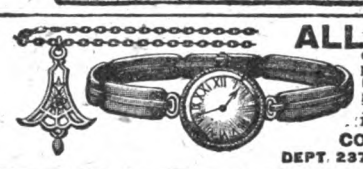
"Could hardly believe my eyes. The car comes up to all expectations."—Mrs. W. B. Blackorby.

"I have just received my car in good condition. A thousand thanks."—K. T. McClellan.

DON'T WAIT—WRITE TODAY!

Send me your name and address today—this very moment while this wonderful opportunity is before you. A Postal Card will do. Just say, "I want a Dodge. Tell me all about your wonderful offer."

EUGENE WOLFE, MANAGER, 501 CAPITAL BUILDING, TOPEKA, KANSAS



ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated **Lavalliere** and **Neckchain**, pair of Pierceless **Ear Bobs**; Gold plated **Expansion Bracelet** with Im. **Watch, guaranteed quality** and 3 Gold plated Rings. **All given FREE** for selling only 15 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.
DEPT. 237, EAST BOSTON, MASS.



We'll Rebuild—Your Lamp Into a "Quick-Lite"



If you have an old style torch-generating gasoline table lamp with good fount, send it to us by Parcel Post and have it fixed up. We will make it into a "Quick-Lite" match-lighting lamp that will give you years of satisfactory service. We will also clean and test your lamp, returning it in perfect working order. The Quick-Lite burner costs $3.00: the cleaning and testing is **FREE.** The Quick-Lite burner

Lights With a Match No alcohol torch. Does away with expense and bother of alcohol. No delay hunting 'round for torch. You merely hold a lighted match under the patent coil and in an instant you have a wonderful, brilliant, strong, white light, mellow and restful to the eyes.

Send your lamp and $3.00 at once to nearest house, and have it made over better than it was when new.

The Coleman Lamp Co.

Wichita St. Paul Toledo Dallas Los Angeles Chicago

INDOOR TOILET

Sanitary and Odorless on ten days

FREE TRIAL



No Money Down—No Deposit

No more outside back yard inconveniences. No chambers to empty. No sewer or cesspool. Chemical process dissolves human waste in water. No trouble. Kills disease germs. Prevents flies, filth and bad odors of outhouse. A real necessity for old, young or invalids. Preserves health.

Costs 1 Cent a Week to Operate per Person.

Place in any room, hall or closet. No trouble to install. Guaranteed sanitary and odorless. Endorsed by thousands of users, doctors, sanitary experts, health boards, etc. **AGENTS WANTED.**

Kaw-near Cabinet Co.,
818 Kaw-near Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



Get This Book FREE!

If you would like to read the whole of this wonderful story at once and learn its happy conclusion, rather than wait for the monthly installments as they appear in COMFORT, we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DON'T SEND A PENNY — SUGAR 3c a Lb. — ALL CHARGES PREPAID

Sugar 3c a Lb.—Say It Over Again

Sounds Impossible but it costs only a 2c stamp to prove it. **Thousands Have Been Satisfied** and more are taking advantage of this extraordinary offer every day.

Sugar is only **One** of the many leaders in our **Introductory Bargain Book.** By taking advantage of the **Introductory** trial order offered in this advertisement you become one of our regular customers.

The Object of this trial order is to prove to you that we actually sell **High Grade Standard Merchandise** at these prices. Even though you don't believe it possible, we ask you to let us prove that we speak the truth. With your order, we will send **Free,** our **Introductory Bargain Book,** which is sent only to those who have manifested their interest by sending for a trial order.

This bargain book is brimful of unusual Bargains in groceries, shoes, clothing and other necessary articles.

A FEW LEADERS IN OUR CATALOG

SUGAR $3.00 Per 100 Lbs.

Best Granulated Sugar, per 100 lbs. - $3.00
Best Granulated Sugar, per 10 lbs. - .30

FLOUR $7.00 Per Barrel

Our Best Flour, per bbl, - - - $7.00
Our Best Flour, per 24½ lbs. - - .88

Other Catalog Bargains

Uneeda Biscuits, per pkg. - - - .02
Quaker Oats, per pkg. - - - - .06

GUARANTEE: If we don't satisfy our customers we don't satisfy ourselves. Every item you buy from us is guaranteed to be of the highest grade and to please you in every respect.

REMEMBER Our Don't Send A Penny All Charges Prepaid offer is **Your Protection.** Just think, without any investment on your part, as soon as we receive the order coupon filled out, we will send you the **Introductory Trial Order** and our **Bargain Book** charges prepaid. We want you to become one of our regular customers, and know that after you receive your order you will be glad to be considered a regular customer of the **House of Alben-Harley.**

IMPORTANT This trial order is only sold **Complete** as it stands—no items sold separately. However, you may order as many as 5 trial orders, which is the limit to one customer.

Introductory Order No. 2X225

	Our Price	
1 lb. Sugar (Pure Granulated) - -	$0.13	$0.03
1 can Sardines in Pure Oil - - - -	.25	.19
1 tube Concentrated Vanilla Extract -	.45	.29
1 lb. Baking Powder (Very Best) - -	.60	.39
1 pkg. Sav-An (Used in place of eggs for cooking and Baking, 1 pkg. equals 3 dozen fresh eggs) - - -	.35	.27
1 Large Box Face Powder (Extra Fine)	.75	.49
1 Tube Dental Paste (Unexcelled) - -	.39	.23
1 Bargain Catalog FREE - - - -	—	—
	$2.92	$1.89
Difference in Cost -		$1.03

REFERENCES: Our satisfied customers or any bank in Chicago.

ACT NOW Cut the high cost of living from this minute on—fill out and mail this order **today,** and the goods and our **Introductory Bargain Book** will be sent to you by **Parcel Post Prepaid.**

ALBEN-HARLEY

Dept 2X225 Van Buren St. and Racine Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ORDER COUPON

ALBEN-HARLEY, Dept. 2X225,
Van Buren St. and Racine Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: You may send me your Introductory Trial Order No. 2X225 by prepaid parcel post and include a FREE copy of your Introductory Bargain Book. When the order arrives I will pay my postman $1.89. It is understood however, that if after examining your goods I am not satisfied, I can return them to you and you will refund my money.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

STRIPES

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

"Take me in your car, Dr. Elgin," she begged. "I—I am running away. Please take me to some railroad point not on this road. I must get away tonight!"

"But he will be home tomorrow."

"Yes, tomorrow!" she echoed.

"You'd better stay for him."

"I cannot!"

"Theo, you've been hiding long enough. Can't you make up your mind to face this thing? Brace up now, and you two can face it together!"

"Dr. Elgin, he has worn stripes!"

"I will lend you two the money to go away into another State."

"God spared us children in our first union. It was a Providence and a sign. If I go back to him now there may be children, and the father of those little ones will have worn stripes."

"Very well. I will have my car ready in five minutes."

Theo said her plans were to visit a school girl friend until she could obtain work as a music teacher. I took her to Larksburg on a north and south road and returned to Pecan at sunrise.

I don't like to think of the thing I witnessed that day. Old Mr. and Mrs. Hodges were at the station wating to see their son. They had begged me to go out home with them in order to be present when the young man first learned that his wife had fled. I shall never forget the bleak look on Roy's face when he first looked over the crowd at the depot and saw that Theo was not there. Eagerness, disappointment, dismay quickly chased one another across his face.

"Where's Theo?" was his first question.

"You'll see her later," I hedged, and the next minute his little old mother had fluttered into his arms and occupied all his attention for the moment. I got him into the front seat of the surrey with me, and we four made the three-mile journey in quick time.

I walked into the house with the boy, the parents both lingering at the surrey, pretending to busy themselves with this or that.

"Theo!" he called as he walked hastily through the dining-room and glanced into every open door he passed. "Theo!"

"She isn't here!" I told him.

"Isn't here!"

"She went away last night!"

His long arm shot toward the double hooks above the kitchen door where his father's rifle lay.

"Stop!"

He drew back his hand and looked at me as though he hardly knew who I was.

"Roy!" I said, as I made an effort to fix his eyes with mine and hold his wandering attention, "you've done that girl enough harm. You've broken her heart! You've disgraced her till she is ashamed to show her face! You've aged her twenty years! And, Roy, you are the only man that can give anything back to her. You must brace up and actually do what you only pretended to do before,—become a man with a man's will and a man's honor! If you do this, boy, she will some day be proud to come back to you!"

He flung his arms aloft with a desperate gesture and cried out with the cry of a child: "Oh, I want her now!"

"There's just one way you can win her back," I urged. "I have pointed out the way."

He sank into a chair and sobbed his heart out while I stood beside him with my hand upon his shoulder.

"I will win her back!" he said solemnly after a long time.

That was early in April, 1916. Cotton had completely recovered from the slump caused by the European war and had now mounted to eighteen cents a pound. Roy Hodge did not come into Pecan after that day until July. He told me then that he had the prospect of thirty bales of cotton and at the prospective price of lint and seed he would pay back half he still owed the Ward estate that fall.

During July and August he worked in the woods getting out stave timber, and as soon as his cotton was picked and sold in the fall he began again to get out stave bolts and kept up the work until plowing time the next spring. Meanwhile both cotton and seed were both advancing in price, and he prepared for a heavy acreage.

In April we declared war, you remember, and within two weeks from the date of the declaration Roy Hodge had forty acres of cotton planted and had made arrangements with negro families living nearby to have it worked and picked, and had left the money with his father to pay for the work.

It was raining the day Roy went with me to the recruiting station in Centralia, and I had up the storm curtains as I whisked him down Broussard Street.

"Marines," he replied when the recruiting officer asked what branch of the service he wished to join. "I notice it says they are the first to fight."

"You'll get overseas quick enough with the marines," laughed the officer. "My, my, what muscles! Man, where did you get your training?"

Roy blushed and I answered for him.

"My debts will all be paid in the fall, and of course I will insure for Theo," he told me on our drive home. "I'll be gone from here in two more weeks, and I'll have to work to beat the band in the meantime."

That night I sat down and wrote his wife a long letter. I had her address from a brother physician, who had written me that she joined the Red Cross for training the next day after we joined the Allies.

You know the marine uniform. It's a nice looking uniform and it stands for a whole lot, too, just like our khaki does. Well, the best looking suit of it I ever saw was the one Roy Hodge wore away from here. And it looked its best when a pair of slender arms in a Red Cross apron were around it and a Red Cross cap was nestling just against the shoulder.

Stripes? Those stripes were forever and forever forgotten!

The Real Santa Claus

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

spoke; Mr. Burge was not in a happy frame of mind; and all were too busy thinking, in that deep, arresting silence, each impressed in an individual way with the sweet calm and splendor of the winter twilight.

Nearing the house, the children were on the alert to see their mother, who always met them at the door on such occasions with a hearty kiss. "There she is, Elsie—there's mamma! I saw her first!" cried Fred, as he espied that dear countenance, with the gentle faithful eyes, and the light hair, clinging round it like a halo.

Mrs. Burge was not like herself. She seemed to have lost the old, child-like glee and happy assurance which Fred remembered in her bearing on other, happier Christmas Eves. But she had prepared a warm, cozy supper for them, and had arranged a tree for the children, decorating with the ornaments which she had saved from other happier years when Christmas brought joy and gladness to her own heart because the little ones were made happy.

As she tucked the children in their beds that night, Fred put both his hands up to her face and whispered, "Santa will come surely, won't he, mamma?"

"I hope so, darling," as she stooped down and kissed that round, upturned face; and then she slipped quietly out of the room to hide her grief, well knowing there would be no Santa for them that night.

Fred was so anxious that he tried to stay awake, so as to be sure to hear when Santa and his deer arrived. He waited one hour—he waited two—but nothing was heard of Santa. Finally, he crawled quietly out of bed and stood looking down into the long, broad roadway.

Gloriously, the moon, like a heavily-laden treasure boat, gleamed down from the sky, shedding its soft white rays over the neighboring landscape and lighting up objects in the far away distance. All was the stillness, calm and splendor of a painted vision.

Disappointed, but not disheartened, the child crept back into his warm bed, and listened and listened, till presently he fancied that far, far in the distance he heard sleigh bells jingle; and then he was sure he heard sweet music, like that of a boy's voice, in the air. Then— then—he knew no more till morning dawned, and with a bound he leaped from bed.

"Merry Christmas, mamma! Merry Christmas, papa! Merry Christmas, sister!" he called, hurriedly dressing.

His mother arose, too, arose, as she thought, to face bravely the inevitable sorrow and disappointment which the day must bring her loved ones.

"Mamma, he came—he came—I heard him!" Fred whispered as they met at the entrance to his mother's room.

"Darling," she whispered back, stroking lovingly the curly head, "darling, you must not be too ——too——" but Fred did not wait for her to finish. He bounded away from her.

Here and there he ran all over the old house, peering into every nook that Santa had been known to visit in years gone by. Mrs. Burge, meanwhile, busied herself in the kitchen, getting ready for the morning meal, and now and then wiping away the tears that would, in spite of all she could do, stream down her cheeks.

Crestfallen when all search failed, but still not vanquished, Fred presently came back to her.

"He is sure one wise one, that Santa," he said. "He hid our presents this year for fair. I guess neither papa nor any of the rest of us can find them this year. Come on, mamma, help me hunt for them, won't you?"

"Fred, dear," his mother began softly, trying to get courage to break the news to him.

But Fred was too full of his own ideas to hear her.

"I know he was here," he said, "for I was watching, and when he did not come I crept back to bed, and then I heard his sleigh bells and I heard the angels singing, too, ever so loud 'Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to all!'"

Mrs. Burge bent her head over her work, and tears unheeded splashed down upon her hands.

"He came right up the road," Fred prattled away in all his boyish confidence and enthusiasm. "I heard him, and I bet I can see his tracks out there in the snow."

With that, he opened the door to look, and such a shout as rent the air.

"It's here, mamma! it's here! Didn't I tell you he came, that I heard him and heard the angels singing? Papa! Elsie! Come quick! Gee, what a big box! From Santa Claus! That's what it says. Whee—ee!"

The family gathered in glee around the big box, which stood there so unconcernedly, bearing its precious message of good-will. On opening it, they found it contained nuts, candy, fruit, and many toys, such as would delight the hearts of any children of Fred and Elsie's age. And kind old Santa had not forgotten the older "children," for there were gifts of a more substantial nature for Mr. and Mrs. Burge—some choice cookies, a large plump fruit cake, a bouncing turkey, and several articles of wearing apparel, which included a pair of shoes each for Mrs. Burge's cherubs.

As the parents stood by, watching the holy glee of their little ones Mrs. Burge placed her hand affectionately on her husband's shoulder and said, "Jim the longest day you ever live, don't say again there is no Santa Claus."

"Never again, Sophie! Never again—I'm through!" exclaimed Jim solemnly. "Sophie, Santa Claus is as real as God Himself!"

Meantime, in a little confectionery store in the village, a young Italian, named Toney Parillo, went about his morning work, a deep smile on his face, his merry eyes sparkling, and his soft boyish voice singing, as only an Italian can sing, "Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas, Merry Christmas to all!"

As a result of experiments conducted by the Forest Products Laboratory, United States Department of Agriculture, a good grade of paper is being produced in commercial quantities from cotton-hull fiber. Pulp made from second-cut cotton linters and hull fiber, the forest specialists say, is well suited for the manufacture of book, writing, printing, blotting, cover, and other high grades of paper, and is equal in quality to the highest grades of paper stock.



RAISE HARES FOR US

Immense profits quickly and easily made. We furnish stock, and pay $2.00 to $3.00 each, also express age when 3 mo. old. Contracts, booklets, etc., 10c. Nothing free.

Thorsen Rabbit Co., Dept. 8, Aurora, Colo.

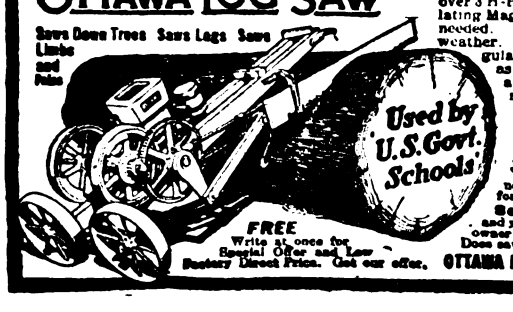
Saws 25 to 40 Cords a Day

At a Cost of 1½c Per Cord!

Send Today for Big Special Offer and Low Direct Price on the OTTAWA. The One Man Saw, the first made and sold direct from Factory to user. Greatest labor saver and money-maker ever invented. Saws any size log at the rate of a foot a minute. Does the work of ten men. As easily moved from log to log or cut to cut as any wheelbarrow. 4-Cycle Frost Proof Engine—pulls over 3 H-P. Hopper cooled. Oscillating Magneto; no batteries ever needed. Easy to start in any weather. Automatic Governor regulates speed. Uses fuel only as needed. Cheap to operate. Saw blade easily removed. When not sawing, engine runs pumps, feed mills and other machinery. Pulley furnished.

OTTAWA LOG SAW

Saws Down Trees Saws Logs Saws Limbs and Poles





Cuts down trees level with the ground

Cash or Easy Payments—30 Days Trial Shipped direct from factory. No waiting—no delay. Let the OTTAWA saw your logs and pay for itself as you use it. 10 YEAR GUARANTEE.

See the OTTAWA at work on your farm once and you will never give it up. Thousands in use every corner a booster. Out-saws any other on the market. Does sawing no other saw will. Send today.

FREE Write at once for Special Offer and Low Factory Direct Price. Get our offer. OTTAWA MFG. CO., 915 Wood Street, Ottawa, Kans.

673 Cash Prizes!

For the best letters telling why every American family should eat Partola Candies—"The Doctor in Candy Form."

We know that if Partola could be introduced into every American home just *once*, most of these homes would never be without it thereafter. In order to get Partola introduced into as many homes as possible, we are offering 673 cash prizes for the best letters telling why Partola should be in every home. From these letters we will get your opinions which we will use in our advertising.

Every man, woman, boy or girl is eligible for entry into this contest. All you have to do is to write us a letter—not to exceed 100 words — and tell us why you prefer Partola candies.

The prizes are as follows: for the best letter, $150.00 cash; for the next two best letters, $100.00 each; for the next four best letters $50.00 each; for the next six best letters, $25.00 each; for the next ten best letters, $10.00 each; for the next fifty best letters, $5.00 each; for the next two hundred best letters, $2.00 each; for the next four hundred best letters, $1.00 each—making a total of 673 prizes!

Contest closes February 15th, 1920, and list of prize winners will be announced later.

REMEMBER—you do not have to be an advertising writer to compete in this contest. Just write what *you* think of Partola and why you prefer it. All you have to know about is Partola. In order to give you some of the main points and advantages of Partola, we reproduce here an article which recently appeared in a New York newspaper. Read every word of it carefully. Find out what Partola is; what it does; how delicious it is and why it is favored by thousands of American men and women all over the country.

Try to get one of these 673 cash prizes. There are enough prizes so that one who really acquaints himself with the merit of Partola should have a good chance to win something. Note: Free trial sample will be sent upon request.

How to Fight Your Secret Enemies

By Modern Method of Internal Hygiene

Disease germs are our deadliest enemies because they remain out of sight and do not make known their presence until after they strike their blows.

In certain parts of the body it is easy to get at the germs and drive them out. For example: the mouth, nose, teeth and throat. Germ killing mouth washes and dentifrices have long been endorsed by the medical profession and, in fact, are used daily by all careful people.

But—what about the germs that enter the body with the food and lodge in the digestive organs? What measures have been adopted to rid the system of these secret enemies?

Until recently little attention was paid to the practice of internal hygiene but, with the newly recognized health necessity—intestinal antisepsis—thousands of folks now demand the pleasant tasting, antiseptic and laxative tablets, Partola.

Two Important Purposes

Partola has a double duty. First, it cleanses the bowels and gently stimulates the liver. In this respect its action is similar to that of ordinary laxatives. But Partola does more—it exerts a disinfectant action on the stomach and intestinal tract, very much the same as antiseptic mouth washes exert on the teeth and throat.

Partola is new in principle and it should not be confused with ordinary, old-fashioned laxatives. While it does anything ANY laxative can do, its additional value as an internal antiseptic makes it much more valuable to folks who wish to protect themselves from the inside as well as the outside.

Delicious as Bon Bons

In addition to its high medicinal value for young and old, remember that Partola comes in the form of a delicious mint candy. There is no taste or odor of medicine about it.

IMPQRTANT: Two Partola candies, taken at night, act as a laxative. And one tablet per night thereafter (for a short period) will remove the most stubborn case of constipation. If you are not troubled by constipation, simply take one-half candy daily for its invaluable antiseptic action on the digestive organs.

Favored by Young and Old

Partola—"The Doctor in Candy Form"—is sold by all good druggists in boxes ranging from 25 cents to $1.00. Obtain a package today, use them for the whole family — children, mother and father—and thus secure easy and inexpensive protection, not only from constipation, but from dangerous intestinal poisons, infections and germs.

All good druggists sell Partola in 25c, 50c and $1.00 boxes. If your druggist's stock is exhausted he can quickly get Partola for you.

PARTOLA "The Doctor in Candy Form"

the modern mint candy laxative and internal antiseptic

Partola Distributing Co., 26 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.



Stop!

Using Tobacco

Perhaps you've tried to stop using tobacco only to find that the habit has such a hold on you that you gave up trying.

You know, better than anyone else that you ought to stop because, sooner or later, it is bound to undermine your health. Heart trouble, indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, insomnia, poor eye sight—these and many other disorders, can often be traced directly to the use of tobacco. Besides it is an **expensive, utterly useless** habit.

Habit Banished
In 48 to 72 Hours

No matter how firm a grip tobacco has on you—no matter whether you've been smoking cigars, pipe or cigarettes or chewing plug or fine cut for a month or 50 years—Tobacco Redeemer will positively remove all craving for tobacco in any form in from 48 to 72 hours. It does its work so quickly that all tobacco "hunger" is gone almost before you know it. Your desire for a smoke or a chew begins to decrease after the very first dose.

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind—it is in no sense a tobacco substitute. It does not cause the slightest shock to the nervous system; on the contrary, it quiets the nerves and makes you feel better in every way.

SEND Coupon for Proof Get our free booklet. Tells you all about the deadly effects of tobacco and how easy it is now to quit. We will also send you copies of letters from confirmed users telling how this simple, home-treatment freed them absolutely from the habit. Just mail coupon—or a postal will do.



NEWELL PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. 312 St. Louis, Mo.

Send, without obligation to me in any way, proof that Tobacco Redeemer will positively free me from the Tobacco Habit.

Name.....

Street and No.....

Town..... State.....



ABSORBINE STOPS LAMENESS

from a Bone Spavin, Ring Bone, Splint, Curb, Side Bone, or similar troubles and gets horse going sound. It acts mildly but quickly and good results are lasting. **Does not blister or remove the hair** and horse can be worked. Page 17 in pamphlet with each bottle tells how. $2.50 a bottle delivered. **Horse Book 9 R free.**

ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Painful Swellings, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Bruises, Varicose Veins; heals Sores. Allays Pain. Will tell you more if you write. $1.25 a bottle at dealers or delivered. Liberal trial bottle for 10c stamps.

W. F. YOUNG, INC., 349 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

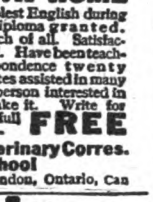
VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME



Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma granted. Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Have been teaching by correspondence twenty years. Graduates assisted in many ways. Every person interested in stock should take it. Write for catalogue and full particulars . . **FREE**

London Veterinary Corres. School
Dept. 3, London, Ontario, Can

Bone Spavin



No matter how old the case, how lame the horse, or what other treatment failed, try

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste, $2.08 a Bottle

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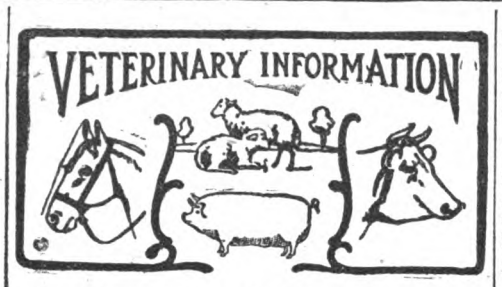


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How To Make Big Money Trapping

IT tells you valuable **secrets** used by expert trappers—how to make baits and scents **that bring the game**, how to set your traps so as to fool the most wary fox, wolf, etc., how to prepare your pelts for market, where to sell them for the **biggest profit**, and many other money-making suggestions. It also contains interesting letters and pictures of remarkable catches by COMFORT trappers, an exciting story "Traps and Thrills On An Iowa Trail," and full details of our new $200 Prize Offer. This great book, which should bring dollars into the hands of every trapper, will be sent to you **absolutely free and postpaid.** Write for it today!

Address COMFORT, Fur Dept. B, Augusta, Maine.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

The Menace of Filth

MEN do not as a general rule understand or appreciate the dangers possible from dirt in the surroundings of animals. We do not refer to soil, often erroneously and insultingly termed *dirt*. We mean filth, and it is found wherever hogs and other animals are kept and not properly cared for. To it are attributable most of the diseases which take such a toll every year on the farms of the country. Tetanus (lockjaw) is more apt to occur upon the farm than anywhere else, for the deadly germ causing it—the tetanus bacillus—is found in all dirty places on the farm. It cannot stand light and air. They soon kill it dead. Tuberculosis, also, is caused by a germ that soon dies if exposed to direct sunlight, and that is true of many other germs. So it is absolutely necessary to keep stock pens, stables and yards as clean as possible and frequently to disinfect such places. That can be done effectively and cheaply with a five per cent solution of compound cresol solution, or commercial coal tar disinfectant, or with a solution of five ounces of formaldehyde to a gallon of water. Especially is it necessary to keep hog quarters clean and to keep these animals out of old hog wallows and small running streams. The wallow contains all manner of dangerous germs, and those of cholera and some other deadly diseases are carried by running water. The intestines of hogs naturally contain germs known as the *bacillus necrophorus*, and that filth germ is the cause of a lot of disaster. It produces, for example, canker sore mouth of pigs; bullnose or snuffles of hogs; sloughing skin disease of hogs which often causes loss of tails and ears and the worst kind of intestinal disease, often mistaken for cholera and known as necrotic enteritis. Then, too, it causes chronic sores about the heels of cattle and horses, foot rot in sheep, necrotic stomatitis or "calf diphtheria," so deadly to calves, and the same fatal disease among lambs. It may have to do with the infection of the navel of all new-born animals, and generally is present in every eating, obstinate sore. Cleanliness, fresh air and sunlight, together with the use of disinfectants and whitewash, prevent most of these troubles. Let every reader put them to work.

PARALYSIS.—I have two hogs a year old that are down in their hind parts. They are in good condition and eat heartily. What ails them and is there a cure? J. C. M.

A.—Overfeeding and constipation from lack of exercise often causes such conditions. If free opening of the bowels with a four- to six-ounce dose of epsom salts in warm water or slop does not remedy matters so that the hogs can rise, it would be best to slaughter them and use the meat if no serious disease is found present. If the extremities are cold and do not flinch when pricked with a needle, treatment will prove useless.

ABNORMAL MILK.—Please tell me what is the matter with my cow. She is four years old and is with calf, giving two and one half gallons of milk each day. I churn three hours and get about one tablespoonful of butter from two milkings. I feed her on peanut meal, hay, potato vines and corn-stalks. She is rolling fat. MRS. M. H. R.

A.—If the cow is pregnant it would be best to dry off the milk flow as she has been milking too long. If she is not pregnant it would be best to kill her for meat or sell her to the butcher as she is "rolling fat," which is not a good condition for a dairy cow. If you do not care to do as we have suggested, feed ground barley or oats, wheat bran, hominy and flaxseed or cottonseed meal, or some such combination of dairy feeds. Get a starter from a creamery man and follow his instructions as to the correct temperature at which cream should be set and churned in your climate.

DEATH OF CALF.—Please give me information about my calf. She was six months old, when her urine became bloody. She was drenched with saltpetre and soot tea but it did no good. She lived nearly three days but would not eat or drink. What ailed her and what could we have done to cure her? Was it bloody murrain? Is there a cure for it, and is it contagious? I would not do without COMFORT. E. C. H.

A.—The symptoms indicated either anthrax (bloody murrain) or hemorrhagic septicemia. Both diseases are incurable, but may be prevented by vaccination. Keep calves off the pasture where the death occurred or the disease was contracted and have a veterinarian vaccinate the remaining cattle if he can determine which disease was present.

PLUMPING A HORSE.—I am writing for information. What shall I give horses to plumpen them? C. T.

A.—We know of nothing so good as plenty of nutritious, palatable feed to put a horse in good shape for sale. A quart of black-strap molasses diluted with hot water and mixed with cornmeal, wheat bran and cut hay fed twice daily soon puts polish on a thin horse. Feed whole oats at noon and long hay at night. The amount of molasses may be increased if seen to be necessary. It sometimes is necessary to starve a horse to take molasses feed, but soon he will take it with relish. The drug used to plump horses is Fowler's solution of arsenic. The dose is half an ounce twice daily and this may gradually be increased. When no longer needed it should gradually be discontinued, taking at least ten days to the process.

MAMMITIS.—What is the trouble with my cow? When I milk her, the teats feel slimy, the milk clogs and turns to clabber. Is there a cure? J. S.

A.—The disease is mammitis or garget and is caused by germs, and in this case having become chronic and severe, it is incurable. It would be best to dry off any remaining milk secretion and fit the cow for slaughter, if you think that will pay. Treatment for garget is given in another answer this month.

GARGET.—I have a cow that gave lumpy milk about three months before she freshened and still continues, sometimes in one teat and then another. She will go a week or two and her milk appears to be all right. I am a reader of COMFORT. R. A. T.

A.—The disease is garget (mammitis) and usually proves incurable in cases such as you describe. Improvement may result if you milk three times a day and try to keep the cow from chilling or bruising her udder. Milk at exactly the same hours each day. At times of attack, milk every two or three hours and at night give a tablespoonful each of powdered saltpeter and poke root in feed or water. Massage the udder at each milking and at night, when affected with garget, rub in a mixture of one part each of turpentine and fluid extracts of poke root and belladonna and eight parts of melted lard or sweet oil.

WEAK MULE.—I have a young mule and when I have driven her eight or ten miles she begins to stumble or falter in her hind legs. What can I do? MRS. E. W.

A.—The mule has been overdriven for her age so should be rested and well fed until she becomes strong again. Let her run on pasture and feed oats, ear corn, bran and good hay in addition. Have her feet properly trimmed by the smith and have her shod when you start driving her again. Keep her off dry board floors.

COWS DYING.—Do cows that are fat and sleek have tuberculosis? I have a cow that has been coughing for two years or longer. She is fat and looks as if nothing was wrong with her. Another cow is giving milk and is thin and coughs. The third cow will freshen in two months. I have noticed her cough two or three times. She has been fed a little and had the same pasture the other cattle have. E. D.

A.—Tuberculosis probably causes the cough and other symptoms described. It is quite common for a cow to be affected and yet look well. The only way of determining the matter will be to have the cows tested with tuberculin, and you can arrange to have that done free by writing to the state veterinarian. Or write to the state agricultural experiment station for instructions how to proceed and as to the law relative to reimbursement. Milk of tuberculous cows is highly dangerous to man and animals.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

Best Way of Doing Things Around The Home

Peach stains can be removed by using spirits of camphor.

To soften boots or shoes rub a little castor oil well into the leather.

To keep apple sauce from turning dark add the beaten white of an egg.

To keep cheese from getting moldy put it in glass fruit jars that are air tight.

Wet grease spots on clothing with kerosene, then wash as usual, and the grease will have disappeared.

When opening this year's jelly glasses, save the paraffin for next year's jelly. It can be melted and used again.

To remove rust stains from white goods, dip a piece of lemon in salt and rub it on the stain. Let it remain half an hour. Wash and if stain is not entirely removed, repeat process.—P. A., Reedville, Ore.

Cook cranberries in a double boiler with no water except that in the larger outside dish. They are better cooked in this way than in the ordinary manner. A small piece of apple or a few raisins added to the cranberries while cooking will improve the flavor.

Instead of buying a new wick for my oil stove I buy two lamp wicks which are much cheaper. I cut the old wick down past the first row of holes and baste the lamp wick around by running needle through these little holes at top of old wick. Do not overlap them. —TEXAS FRIEND, Bay City, Texas.

Requests

How to make Russian Squares.

How to make china berry beads.

How to remove nitro of silver from porcelain ware.

How to remove paper that has become stuck to surface of dining table.

Mary J. Tolbert, Gurley, Ala., would like the October and November, 1917 numbers of COMFORT.

I would like to correspond with sisters living in Colorado as to climate, schools, etc.—MRS. L. E. RUSS, Bradley, Ark.

Will someone kindly send me the October number of COMFORT for 1918. Will return postage and paper. Write first.—MRS. J. H. JENSEN, Kilgore, Idaho.

Will someone please send me the November, 1918, copy of Today's Housewife. Will return it at once and pay postage both ways.—MRS. DELLA GILLOGLY, Ridge, Ark.

I would like to have a copy of the Pictorial Review for August, 1916, and Today's Housewife for April, 1917; also the story, "Lydia of the Pines." Will return papers or favor in any way possible. Write first. —MRS. C. HOPPE, Pomeroy, Washington.

Would like to get the words to the poem entitled "Antietam," beginning thus:

"I've wandered o'er Antietam, John,
And stood where foe met foe,
Upon the fields of Maryland
So many years ago."

—MRS. L. A. MARTIN, Wright, Minn.

Remedies

SPRAINS.—Wring flannel out of hot vinegar and apply. Change when cold.

SORE THROAT.—Gargle with salt and vinegar, one teaspoon of salt to half a glass of vinegar.

HEALING SALVE.—Take equal parts of some good talcum powder and lard and half as much borax. Mix all together.—MRS. P. M. HARRELL, Wheatland, Ill.

COLD ON CHEST.—Cook onions in as much grease as they will absorb; spread on flannel and apply hot as can be borne on chest. Change every three or four hours until relieved.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. R. E. Pierce of Oil City, Pa., would like to find her brother and sister, Norene and Olen Owens.

J. W. Morton, Chillicothe, Ill., would like to hear from George Freeman, son of John and Jane Freeman, last heard of in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Ola Elam, DeView, Ark., would like information concerning the whereabouts of her brother, Willie Coughlin, also Ada Coughlin.

Mrs. Lizzie Kyle, Tenaha, R. R. 2, Texas, would like to find her mother, Mrs. Hattie Bazer. Mrs. Bazer was last heard of in Houston, Texas, ten years ago.

Mrs. Jannet Wiles, Goodell, Iowa, would like to hear from her cousins, whose maiden names were Ellen and Isabel Dunbar—last heard of in Dorchester, Canada.

Wanted, John Thompson, formerly of Greene County, Tenn., or some member of his family, to communicate with R. 3, Box 9, White Pine, Tenn.

Miss Mary Avery, Jonesboro, La., R. R. 1, Box 9, would like to get information of her uncle, John Jessie Crichton, brother of Callie Honie Crichton, last heard of in Cotton Valley, La., twelve years ago.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Drop Uncle Charlie's Poem in the Christmas Stocking and Make Everybody Happy!

If you want a real, old-fashioned Christmas, get a copy of that wonderful volume, Uncle Charlie's Poems. Here is the finest present for young or old in the world. To deprive the children of the book is a crime. Read "How Father Carved the Turk," "How Pop Played Santa Claus," and "Just Behind The Battle, Mother," and you will have the whole family yelling with laughter. For parlor or platform it is the dandiest book in the world. A big 160-page volume in ribbed silk cloth, a scream from cover to cover. Contains a sketch of Uncle Charlie's life and half-tone pictures showing him dictating his monthly talks to Maria. This exquisite volume free for a club of only three subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Dandiest Christmas gift in the world. Work for it today.

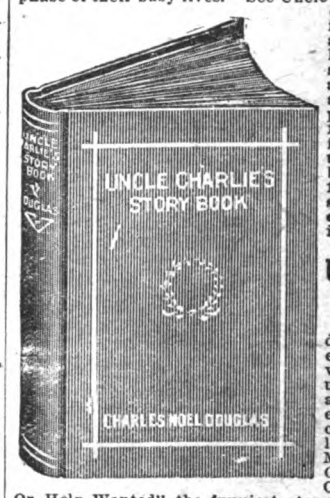
Uncle Charlie's Song Book a Superb Christmas Gift!

You can't have a real Christmas without music in the home, and Uncle Charlie's song folio, a superb collection of entrancingly beautiful songs, will set every music lover wild with delight. Songs for Christmas and all occasions; all tastes, and every song a hit. The ideal gift for all music lovers. Cheap at five dollars. Contains full music for voice and piano. Four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie on the cover. Send in two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each and Santa Claus will bring this gorgeous collection of musical masterpieces to your door free of charge. Poems and song book free for a club of five. Secure both and a Merry Christmas will be yours. Send for them today.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE TOLD IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, halftone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. **A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each**—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and **beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped.** Free for **three subs at 50c.** each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only **two subs at 50c.** each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid **poems** and **song book** will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.

The Bee Cell Supporter



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The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Song Book 50 cents. Address

UNCLE CHARLIE,
care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

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$600 1920 MODEL FORD CAR Given

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On February 28, 1920, I am going to give away a $600 Ford Touring Car, fully equipped with the new Ford Self Starter and Lighting System, to some one who answers my Ad, and is the most successful in carrying out my simple instructions. In this contest I will also give away thousands of dollars in Cash Rewards, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Diamond Rings, Phonographs, etc., etc., and in case of a tie I will duplicate the prize tied for.

GET 1,000 VOTES

In the picture are a number of hidden faces. See how many you can find. Some are looking right at you, some turned sidewise. You will find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil and mail to me with your name and address. If you find as many as five of the hidden faces I will enter you in this contest with 1,000 votes to your credit and send you full particulars. Some one will get the Ford. Why not you? Write today SURE.

D. W. BEACH, Contest Mgr., Dept. 1512 Spencer, Indiana

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Secret Locket and Neck Chain, Pendant and Neck Chain, imitation Wrist Watch with adjustable leather strap and buckle and these **Four** lovely **Rings. ALL Given FREE** to anyone selling only **12** of our Jewelry Novelties at **10c** each. **P. C. Dale Mfg. Co., Providence, R. I.**

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Agents $60 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, sizes and colors including finest line of silk hose. Mrs. McClure makes over $2000 a year. Mrs. Sohurman averages $60 a month working spare time. Geo. Noble made $35 in one day. Write quick for agency and samples. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3519 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Insyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. L P, 425 Broadway, New York.

Agents to Travel by automobile to introduce our fast selling popular priced household necessities. The greatest line on earth. Make $10 a day. Complete outfit and automobile Furnished Free to workers. Write today for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 1346 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. Maher, made $597.50 in June, Nissen $19 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $2500 a year profit for four average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. J 122, Dayton, Ohio.

Liberty Portraits Big Winners. Thirty days credit—36 Hour service—rejects credited. World's famous Peace Paintings now ready. Easy $100 weekly. Write quickly for catalog and free samples. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14-1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 116 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid $1.19. B. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents: Wireless Umbrella. I am paying $2 an hour taking orders for this newest invention. Send for 5-part outfit. Six inch midget demonstrator free. Parker Mfg. Co., 317 Dike Street, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Steady Income Manufacturer of Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co., 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: New reversible raincoat. Elegant style. Finished on both sides. Two coats for the price of one. Every business man, clerk, mechanic, truck driver wants one. Idea for men doing outdoor work. Guaranteed waterproof. Great seller. Bingord sold 26 coats in 6 days. Write quick for agency and sample to workers. Thomas Raincoat Co., 1919 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St Louis.

Every Home On Farm, In Small Town, or Suburb needs and will buy the wonderful Aladdin coal-oil Mantle Lamp. Five times as bright as electric. Tested and recommended by Government and leading Universities. Awarded Gold Medal. One farmer cleared over $500 in six weeks. Hundreds with rigs or autos earning $100 to $300 per month. No experience needed. Excellent spare time and evening seller. No Capital Required! Write quick for distributor's proposition and lamp for free trial. Mantle Lamp Co., 905 Aladdin Bldg., Chicago.

$12.50 Per 100 paid reliable woman to distribute free samples laundry soap among friends. Steady. Experience unnecessary. Dept. A. New Method Co., Burlington, Iowa.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Big Earning Easy—startling invention. Banishes spark plug trouble. Saves gasoline. Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory. Agents write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Desk 313, Omaha, Nebr.

We Pay $36 A Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D1, Parsons, Kan.

Become A Prosperous Davis Agent—Beginners making $30-$50 weekly. Crew managers doubling that. "Lucky 11" pays you 200%. 37 other big winners. Big rush season from now to Christmas. Davis Products Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

"Klean-Rite" washes clothes without rubbing. Whirlwind seller. 300% profit. Samples free. "Besco" 3253-CM, Belleplaine, Chicago.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $900.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Box 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Live Wire Agents, We Want You! Take orders for The Liberty Line of Made-to-Measure combination Top-Coats, Raincoats and Automobile Coats. Hundreds of orders waiting for you. Our stock of materials is tremendous and deliveries are prompt. Complete selling outfit and Sample coat free. Biggest commissions paid. We deliver and collect. Join our sales force of the biggest money-makers by writing for particulars at once. The Liberty Raincoat Company, Dept. A-16, Dayton, Ohio.

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. Beautiful light. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Experience not necessary. Write today. Luther Mfg. Co., Dept. 342, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Blowouts repaired without vulcanizing. New invention solves auto tire blowout problem. 2500 additional miles $1.00. Agents make big profits. Thomas Stewart, Sales Manager, Station K-151, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Tobacco Factory wants salesmen; $125.00 monthly and expenses for the right man. Experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., D-19, Danville, Va.

Sell Oils, Belting, Paint, Roofing, Roof Cement, General Supplies, to Garages, Factories, Mills, Stores, Auto Owners, Farmers, Threshers. Splendid proposition. Paid weekly. O. L. Doty, Dept. 24-B, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Men Wanted. Railway Mail Clerks. $117 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. M 12, Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, $140—$200 Colored Porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Auto Experts wanted. $35 week. Learn while earning. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. M810, Rochester, N. Y.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Good Land On Credit. In Michigan's best hardwood Co's. Big money in grain, stock, poultry, fruit. 10 to 160 A. Only $15 to $30 per A. Good towns, schools, churches. No swamps or stones. Small down payment. Easy mo. terms. Your credit is good. Boss a piece of land. Big booklet free. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Substantial Manufacturing corporation wants capable men to establish branch and manage salesmen. $300 to $1500 necessary. You handle your own money. Will allow expenses to Baltimore if you will qualify. For particulars address Secretary, 416 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

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Honey of Superior Quality. Also Green County's Famous Cheese. Price list Free. E. H. Rosa, Monroe, Wis.

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Dear Sir:—As a Christmas present from me please send COMFORT for one year to the following address, also the Christmas Presentation Card properly filled out with my name. I enclose 50 cents to pay for same.

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Post Office.....*State*.....

(Be Sure To Write Your Own Name And Address Below)

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Ruptured? — Throw Away Your Truss!

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The above is C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks Cured Himself of Rupture Over 30 Years Ago and Patented the Appliance from His Personal Experience. If Ruptured Write Today to the Brooks Appliance Co., Marshall, Mich.

Ten Reasons Why

You Should Send For Brooks Rupture Appliance

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance of the kind on the market today, and in it are embodied the principles that inventors have sought after for years.
2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.
3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.
4. Unlike the ordinary so-called pads, used in other trusses, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.
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8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.
9. All of the material of which the Appliances are made is of the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe Appliance to wear.
10. Our reputation for honesty and fair dealing is so thoroughly established by an experience of over thirty years of dealing with the public, and our prices are so reasonable, our terms so fair, that there certainly should be no hesitancy in sending free coupon today.

Soundly Cured

At the Age of 81



Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—

Less than a year ago I sent to you for an appliance which came promptly. I at once put it on and it fitted perfectly. I have worn the appliance not quite 10½ months. **It has cured my rupture.**

I tried the other day while the appliance was off, to see if I could force anything out of the opening to make a break there but I could not though I tried hard.

Now I think this quite remarkable as I am in my eighty-first year. I am an old veteran of the Civil War, born and raised in the town of New Boston, State of New Hampshire, from which place I enlisted in the 10th N. H. Vol. Inft. in Co. C, commanded by Col. M. T. Donahue.

I cannot feel but that I owe you this testimony for I had never expected to be cured. However, thanks be to God I found a cure through the valuable appliance you made for me.

Your friend,
Holly Hill, Fla. E. A. Richards

Cured Without Operation

"Was Sure He Would Be a Cripple"

Ada, Minn.

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—



Enclosed is a picture of my children, and the little man you see seated on the chair is the one who was cured by your Appliance.

He had been ruptured quite a while before we wrote you, and I was sure that that he would be a cripple the rest of his life. However, some helping hand showed me an ad. in a newspaper, with the result that he was in perfect health through the wearing of a Brooks Appliance for just three months.

The doctor advised an operation, which I would not consent to. Your advice was to put an Air Cushion Appliance on him, and I must say that it is worth ten times what it cost.

I wish you could have seen him before we used the Appliance and now, when he is fully as sound as anyone could be.

I cannot thank you too much for what you have done for my boy.

Yours respectfully,
OLIVER HANSON.

Cured in Three Months

Salem, Ohio.
430 Cleveland Ave.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Mr. Brooks:—



I am sending you a small picture of my son who is now five years old.

We ordered your Appliance for him when he was only two months old, and yet want to say in about three months all signs of rupture were gone, and he is some boy today.

I shall be very glad to say a good word for you whenever the opportunity presents itself.

Yours very truly,
T. A. McCLAIN.

Veteran Cured



Mr. Wm. McAdams, of Kansas, Ill., is a veteran of Co. "H" 59, Regt. Ill. Vol. of which he was Second Lieutenant.

He has fought against the suffering and torment of Rupture for years and has finally won the victory as the following brief letter tells:

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Sir:—I laid your appliance aside March 2nd and have not worn it for twenty-five days, for I think that I am cured. I hope that I may never have to wear it again.

Yours truly,
Wm. McAdams, Sr., Kansas, Ill.

Doctor Pronounces Him Cured

119 Towle Avenue,
Mishawaka, Ind.
Mr. C. E. Brooks,
Marshall, Mich.
Dear Mr. Brooks:—



Answering your letter, will say we need no more Appliances, as our son has been completely cured by wearing your Appliance.

We recently had him examined, and the doctor said the opening was entirely closed and that it wasn't necessary to wear it longer.

Thanking you for your kind-kindness, I am,

Yours very truly,
MRS. H. TOLLMAN.

Remember

We send our Appliance on trial to prove what we say is true. You are to be the judge. Fill out free coupon below and mail today.

Pennsylvania Man Thankful

Mr. C. E. Brooks, Marshall, Mich.

Dear Sir:—Perhaps it will interest you to know that I have been ruptured six years and have always had trouble with it till I got your Appliance. It is very easy to wear, fits neat and snug, and is not in the way at any time, day or night. In fact, at times I did not know I had it on; it just adapted itself to the shape of the body and seemed to be a part of the body, as it clung to the spot, no matter what position I was in.



It would be a veritable God-send to the unfortunate who suffer from rupture if all could procure the Brooks Rupture Appliance and wear it. They would certainly never regret it.

My rupture is now all healed up and nothing ever did it but your Appliance. Whenever the opportunity presents itself I will say a good word for your Appliance, and also the honorable way in which you deal with ruptured people. It is a pleasure to recommend a good thing among your friends or strangers. I am,

Yours very sincerely,
JAMES A. BRITTON.
426 North Ave. D, Bethlehem, Pa.

FREE Information Coupon

Brooks Appliance Co.
157 G State St., Marshall, Michigan.

Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

Name .....

Address .....

R. F. D. ..... City ..... State .....

VOL. XXXII
NO. 3

NEW YEAR NUMBER

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

JANUARY
1920



Crisholm's Adventure on New Year's Eve.

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Dangers that Lurk in Government Price Fixing and Market Manipulation

ARBITRARY fixing of prices by trusts or any combination of interests or by the Government is, in the long run, sure to work injustice to consumers or producers and react in a manner detrimental to the welfare of the community. Any interference with the operation of the natural law of supply and demand involves innumerable possibilities of evil consequences. Such interference on the part of private interests is prohibited by the anti-trust and other laws of similar intent, and the Government should refrain from fixing the price or monopolizing the market for any commodity except for the purpose of meeting an emergency occasioned by war or other pressing necessity of a public nature. There is room for doubt whether under any conditions government price fixing is expedient, but certain it is that, if resorted to, such action should be safeguarded with the utmost care and caution for the avoidance of unfair discrimination and burdensome results such as have risen from some of the war-time price fixing by our Government.

Of all the great food exporting countries of the world the United States and Canada profited most by the war needs of Europe because most accessible. Australia and Argentina, our chief rivals in food production, previous to the World War had supplied Europe with a large part of its grain and meats, but their remoteness and the scarcity of ships debarred their products from access to the European market during the war, so that they actually burned surplus wheat that they could neither ship nor store. Thus forced by stress of circumstances every country in Europe, except Germany and her Allies which were cut off by the blockade, was bidding frantically for American food products up to the time the United States entered the war. The supply was limited and inadequate, and as a natural consequence of this competitive bidding prices continually rose until our Government, soon after entering the war, fixed the prices and monopolized the market for the more important food commodities.

Government Controlled the Market and Price of Wheat

AS the food shortage presented one of the most difficult and vital problems of the war it became necessary and therefore proper for our Government, on entering the conflict, to take control, as it did, of the food resources of the country. But even the necessities of war did not absolve the Government from its constitutional obligation to make just compensation to the owners for property and rights so taken. Let us consider what effect the Government's action in regard to wheat has had on the rights and interests of the farmers. Did the farmers get a square deal?

By means of a license system regulating the milling of wheat and the sale of wheat and flour and by placing an embargo on the exportation of wheat and flour, except under special permit, the Government acquired absolute control of the wheat market and practical control of the market for other grains. By so doing competitive bidding for foreign shipment was abolished and our Government became the largest purchaser, buying enormous quantities, not only on its own account for our army and navy, but also as purchasing agent for England, France, Italy and the other allied countries. So they all got their American wheat and flour through our Government at the same price.

Where It Rubs the Farmers

THE purpose and effect of this policy was to steady the wheat market; but the steadying influence was exerted in the direction of preventing wheat prices from soaring to levels deemed undesirably high by those in authority at Washington. One of the avowed purposes of the Government's regulation of the wheat market and prices was to prevent speculating and profiteering, but, as we shall see, our Government did a bit of profiteering in wheat on its own account. No doubt the price of wheat would have ranged much higher the past two years—some authorities estimate as high as three, three and a half or possibly four dollars a bushel the last year of the war—but for the Government's action in eliminating competitive bidding for export.

Government's Guaranteed Price to the Farmers

THAT the price of wheat would have ranged higher in a free competitive market we find corroborative evidence in the reported transactions of the U. S. Grain Corporation, created, owned, financed and managed by the Government as the instrumentality through which the price of American grown wheat is kept up to the Government's guaranty. The Grain Corporation buys wheat whenever offered for sale in this country at the price guaranteed to the farmers by the Government, but never at higher prices. It appears that the Grain Corporation has made a profit (which goes to the Government) of twenty-six million dollars. Of this sum four and a half million dollars came out of millers' profits and practically all the rest, some twenty-one and a half million dollars, was made on sales to neutral countries, as all sales to our Allies during the war were at cost. Which appears to indicate clearly that, had our wheat market been open to foreign buyers, these neutrals would have been there bidding up the market. It shows that wheat was worth more for export than our Government was paying for that purchased for its own account and for our Allies. Of course this policy helped to keep down the cost of the war to this Government and to our Allies, and kept down the price of flour to our own people; but whatever the saving—and it must have been many millions—was at the expense of the farmers.

The war virtually ended with the armistice over a year ago, and the war emergency, which alone justified the wheat embargo, ceased months ago. So evident was this that last summer, when the early crop reports indicated a billion-and-a-quarter bushel wheat crop in this country, Mr. Barnes, the Wheat Director, called President Wilson's attention to the facts and recommended that the wheat embargo be lifted immediately so to restore a free export market for our wheat. But President Wilson decided that, because of the agitation over high cost of living, it would be unwise to lift the embargo at that time for fear it might possibly result in higher cost of flour. And so the embargo was continued to keep down the cost of flour for the industrial laborers regardless of the interests of the farmers.

Scarcity of Sugar Under Government Control of Market

THE Sugar Equalization Board was established by the Government in July 1918 as an adjunct of the Food Administration for the purpose of insuring to the American people a regular supply of sugar at a reasonable price, during the unsettled conditions caused by war. It was empowered to fix the price and regulate the distribution of sugar, and to buy and sell sugar, under the President's direction, in furtherance of this purpose. The Board established living prices for Louisiana cane sugar and western beet sugar and bought up in advance the entire sugar output of Cuba for the year 1919 which began to reach our market about a year ago. The price paid for the Cuban raw sugar was about five and a half cents a pound, which enabled the Board to fix the wholesale price of granulated in the eastern markets at nine cents with a fair margin of profit to American refiners.

The result of this prudent action by the Sugar Equalization board was, as our readers will remember, that there was an abundance of sugar at a reasonable price the past year until about canning time last summer when a sudden scarcity developed which has grown more acute to the present time, relieved to some extent in the late fall in the beet-sugar sections. There is a world shortage of sugar, but the wants of American consumers would have been very well met had not the Board miscalculated our domestic needs and sold a third of the Cuban sugar crop to England and others of the Allies early in the year. However, in fairness to the Sugar Board it should be stated that the consumption of sugar in the United States has been unusually large the past year.

Sugar Will Be Higher in 1920 and Scarce at That

LAST July representatives of the Cuban sugar producers, with the approval of the Cuban government, offered to sell their entire 1920 output to our Sugar Equalization Board at six and a half cents a pound. On August 14 the Sugar Board applied to President Wilson for authority to take action on this offer, at the same time informing him that "there is today a world sugar shortage and that * * * * it seems probable that the world sugar shortage for 1920 will be more acute than for the year 1919." The Sugar Board advised that negotiations for the purchase of the Cuban sugar be begun at once. As the Sugar Board could not act in the matter without orders from the President, the Board on September 20 urged Mr. Wilson to render his decision on the subject. But if President Wilson ever decided what to do about it he was too late, for on September 22 the Cuban Sugar Commissioners withdrew their offer, and thus was lost the golden opportunity for the United States to secure at a low price an abundant supply of sugar for 1920. Since then the Cuban producers have been selling their new crop of raw sugar at from eight and a half to twelve cents a pound. These prices are for raw sugar in Cuba, and to them must be added the cost of transportation, refining and distribution including wholesalers' and retailers' profits, which means that probably we may have to pay fifty to seventy-five per cent. more for sugar in 1920 than in 1919, and a scarce article at that. The result is hardly in line with the announced policy of reducing the high cost of living. Congressman Tinkham, of Massachusetts, estimates that the Government's failure to purchase the Cuban sugar crop will cost American consumers three hundred and sixty to five hundred and forty million dollars.

Fixing Milk Prices by Law

THOSE city numskulls who imagined they had turned a smart trick by fixing the price of milk at a figure that allowed little or no profit to producers have learned to their sorrow that it is a proposition on which the dairyman have the last word. The answer of not a few has taken the form of quietly going out of the milk business and turning their attention to some other line of farming that paid better under the circumstances, while the consumers are reaping the consequences of their selfishness and stupidity in the form of a milk shortage. There are many clamoring for laws to arbitrarily reduce prices who have yet to learn the futility of attempting to regulate prices regardless of cost of production. Milk is cheap compared with other foods at prevailing prices and it is unfortunate that the dairy business is not sufficiently profitable to induce the farmers to increase their herds to keep pace with the growth of population. In 1918 the number of cows in this country remained stationary. Europe is bidding for our dairy products and an increasing portion of them is going abroad where their food and health value is better appreciated. For health and economy we should use more milk.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



An expert in the establishment soon set a price upon Violet's pretty ornaments.



"Why, yes. I recognize almost everything there is here," his lordship returned.



That same evening he again examined the contents of that precious box.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

On a car, going up a steep hill, leading to the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, is Violet Draper Huntington. Opposite her sits Wallace Richardson. Nearly at the top of the hill, something beneath the car breaks. Wallace seizes Violet's hands and locking them behind his neck commands her to cling. The car crashes down, burying all the passengers beneath the ruins. They are the only two alive and hurried to Wallace Richardson's home, are cared for by his mother. Mrs. Mencke, Violet's sister provides a nurse and leaves orders for Violet to see no one. The nurse out for a walk, Violet goes to the adjoining room to meet Wallace and thank him for the life saved. As they become more friendly, Wallace realizes his danger and Violet is hopelessly in love. Violet asks Wallace to come with his mother to see her. Mrs. Mencke takes Violet to Saratoga for two months, then to Cincinnati, and home. The following day, picking up a paper, Violet reads of Mrs. Richardson's death. She goes to the Richardsons' house and expresses her sympathy to Wallace, who unconsciously calls her my darling, and asks her forgiveness. As she whispers, "I am glad," he knows she is all his own. Returning home, her sister demands where she has been, and learning it was at Mrs. Richardson's funeral, that she rides in the carriage with Wallace and Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Mencke denounces it as questionable and that she must drop him for all time. Wallace, calling upon Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke return and she introduces him and admits he is her promised husband. She overhears Belle's and her husband's scheme to place her in a convent. Mrs. Mencke, proposing a trip to Montreal, Violet refuses to go, and Mrs. Mencke takes Mrs. Hawley, who is to sail for Europe and chaperone Nellie Bailey, into her confidence and requests her to induce Violet to join them. Violet makes ready for the proposed trip and Wallace is at the steamer to say good by. Vane Cameron and Ralph Henderson join Mr. and Mrs. Hawley's party and before the voyage is over Vane Cameron surrenders his heart to Violet. Mrs. Mencke schemes that no letters pass between Violet and Wallace and later, joining the party in Europe, gives her permission for Vane to win Violet. Failing to get Violet's consent, she produces a notice of Wallace Richardson's death, which throws Violet into a severe sickness, leaving her sad and heartbroken. Vane Cameron, receiving an encouraging letter from Mrs. Mencke, appears, and tells Violet the wish nearest his heart is to make her his wife. Violet confesses to Vane her love for Wallace Richardson, her sister's opposition, concealing nothing. Knowing she is unhappy from causes other than Wallace's death, Vane urges her to allow him to give her his name, to shield her from sorrow and care. Violet, afraid to yield, and hesitating, faints. Ringing a bell, Mrs. Mencke enters. Recovering consciousness, Violet questions did she promise, and being assured by her sister that she has, she faints again. Mrs. Mencke informs Lord Cameron that Violet acknowledges the engagement, and later she consents to what he thinks best, but with many misgivings. Mrs. Mencke, entering Violet's room, finds the bed made and the room in order and no trace discovered of her. Four weeks later, Lord Cameron, returning from a fruitless search, sees a group near a cliff and the body of a woman upon the beach, clad in dark grey suit with bands of blue silk. Believing it is Violet, Lord Cameron selects a spot near the sea. The next day a stranger appears and requests to meet the woman reported to have married Lord Cameron. Being questioned by the Menckes his right, his answer thrills all—"the most sacred right in the world, for—she is my wife!" Wilhelm Mencke doubting the marriage, Wallace produces the marriage certificate and Vane Cameron confirms it by Violet's admission of it to him. Then he relates her loyalty to Wallace, her unhappiness, the treatment received, her disappearance and later the finding of her body by drowning and the burial. Wallace falls unconscious and Lady Cameron and Vane remain with Wallace through a severe illness. Riding through the crowded streets, Wallace catches the glimpse of a face, looking from a coach window, which unmans him. Vane consoles him with what he knows. Wallace returns to New York, building up a fine business. In the meanwhile, Wilhelm Mencke squanders all at the gaming table and Mrs. Mencke returns to Cincinnati from which place she suddenly disappears. Violet returns to New York, securing a position as governess for Bertha Lawrence, who is partially blind and possessed of a strong will. She wins her affections, Mr. Lawrence treating her as a member of the family. Violet, on a shopping trip, unexpectedly meets Wilhelm Mencke, and refusing to give her address, he attempts to force her to tell. Mr. Lawrence makes arrangements for the summer and alone with himself determines to win Violet. Wilhelm secures Violet's address and learns that Wallace Richardson is in the city.

CHAPTER XXIV.

MR. MENCKE OVERREACHES HIMSELF.

WILHELM Mencke appeared to be considerably elated over the discoveries which he had made that afternoon, when Violet, so unconscious of the clouds that were beginning to lower in her sky, had attended the matinee with Mr. Lawrence and Bertha, and after reaching his miserable room, which was cold and bare and dirty, he lighted a fire and then a lamp, after which he lifted a loose board in the floor and drew forth what seemed to be a square package wrapped in thick brown paper.

Taking it to a table, he removed the wrapper, and revealed a small box about eight inches square. Opening this, he turned its contents upon the paper, and let all the pretty trinkets which Violet used to wear lie in a shining heap before him, and he began to spread them out one by one, a sinister smile on his coarse face.

There were several rings and brooches, two or three pairs of bracelets and ear pendants, her watch and chain and some pretty charms; taking them all together, it was quite a valuable collection for a young girl to have.

"I'm very glad I never sold 'em," he muttered, as, after a time, he began to gather them up and return them to the box; "there is nobody living that would give as much as he will for them, and I shall make him fork over handsomely for them. I could never have realized one tenth of their value if I'd pawned them."

He put them carefully away, and then, after taking a long pull from a large black bottle, he crawled into his miserable bed and was soon soundly sleeping.

A few days later, after making himself as respectable as possible—which is not saying very much in his favor—and armed with the box containing Violet's jewelry, he wended his way once more to the office of Harlow & Richardson.

Upon arriving at their rooms and inquiring for Mr. Richardson, he was told that he had just stepped out, but would be in again in a few minutes; if he wished to wait he could take a seat in the private office.

Mr. Mencke's finances were in such a critical state that he was willing to wait a good while, rather than miss the bargain which he meant to drive with Wallace.

He went into the inner office, and threw himself into one of the luxurious chairs.

Presently he heard the outer door open and close, then a few words were spoken in a low tone evidently by one of the clerks to the person who had entered, and the next moment Wallace came into the presence of the man whom he had last seen in Mentone, when he had been told of the supposed terrible fate of Violet, his young wife.

He started visibly, and every atom of color forsook his face as he recognized him.

He had not yet mastered his grief sufficiently to be able to meet any one associated with that wretched time, unmoved; but he quickly recovered himself, and was again his usual calm and courteous self.

"Mr. Mencke!" he said, bowing politely, but he could not conceal the pained, astonished look in his eyes, as he observed the unmistakable marks which more than a year of dissipation had written upon the man.

"Yes, and it is some time since you and I met," returned Mencke, trying to assume an easy air, though it was evident that he was embarrassed by uncomfortable memories and a sense of his own inferiority in the presence of the young man whom he had once affected to despise; "meanwhile," he added, "you have been making rapid strides along the road to fortune."

Wallace bowed courteously in reply to this, while he thought that he could not say as much for his visitor; then he inquired, with some constraint in his tone:

"Is there anything that I can do for you, sir?"

"Hum!" observed Mr. Mencke, assuming a wise look, "I came here thinking, perhaps, I could do something for you."

"Indeed?" Wallace remarked, with evident surprise.

"Yes; perhaps, though, you had better close the door," glancing toward the outer office, "as what I have to say, you might not like to have others hear."

Wallace quietly closed the door without making any reply, then he sat down by his desk and leaned his head upon his hand.

He was still quite pale, for the presence of this man revived many painful memories, while, from his request that the door might be shut, he imagined that he might have something to say to him about Violet.

"I have come here today upon a little matter of business as well as of sentiment," Mr. Mencke resumed, "and I may as well tell you frankly, to begin with, that I have been very unfortunate during the last year. I have lost a great deal of money in one way and another—am in fact deucedly hard up just now—and—I—ah!—ahem!—want to raise a little money to start myself again in a small way."

Wallace's eyes expressed the astonishment he could not conceal, for he knew that two years ago Wilhelm Mencke was supposed to be very wealthy while it was said that he held in trust thirty thousand dollars, or more, of Violet's money.

Of course, believing Violet to be dead, he had supposed her property would revert, by natural inheritance, to her sister, Mrs. Mencke, and that her husband still had control of it.

What could have become of it all in so short a time? He was amazed by the man's statement and doubly so that he should have thought of appealing to him in his embarrassment.

He made no reply, however, although his companion had paused evidently with the expectation that he would make some observation.

"I have heard," he resumed, presently, though a trifle shamefacedly, "that you are making piles of money and I thought—ah—perhaps, if I could give you good security, you might help me out."

Wallace sat erect now.

He wondered more and more at the man's cool effrontery and lack of shame in coming to solicit aid from him, after his abusive treatment of him in the past.

But he wished to have no dealings with him—he would have been glad if they had never met again.

"I have no money that I care to invest outside the line of my own business," he said, coldly.

Wilhelm Mencke smiled mysteriously.

He felt very sure that Wallace would give him money, and a handsome sum, too, before he got through with him.

"Ahem! Perhaps when you hear my proposals you may decide differently," he remarked, as he drew the box of trinkets from his pockets. "I must have some money at once, and if I cannot raise it in one way I must in another. I have a few articles here which, though they might not bring very much at a forced sale, might be considered invaluable, on account of the associations connected with them, by some persons. I myself have been loath to part with them heretofore on that account, but there are times when one has to sacrifice sentiment to necessity. I thought I'd give you the first chance at them since you might be said to be the most interested party; but if you don't care to avail yourself of the opportunity, of course I shall be obliged to realize what I can upon them elsewhere."

"I do not think I understand what you mean or want, Mr. Mencke," Wallace observed, looking perplexed and uncomfortable.

"Well, then, to come to the point at once, here are some things that were Violet's—her watch and chain and a lot of other trinkets, and I must raise money on them, and right soon, too," Wilhelm Mencke replied, as he uncovered the box, thus revealing the glitter of its precious contents to his companion.

A low cry of pain and horror burst from Wallace, as he now comprehended the man's purpose, and he threw out his hand with a gesture of suffering.

"What! Sell Violet's watch and jewelry!" he exclaimed, in a tone that shook with mingled emotion and indignation. "Shame!"

"Can't help it," returned his companion, in a stoical voice, though he flushed with guilty consciousness. "I'm in a bad box and I need money."

Wallace reached out and took the box from him, and his hand shook like a leaf as he did so.

He was terribly moved and could with difficulty retain his composure, for as he looked upon those pretty mementoes of happier days, a thousand tender memories came thronging upon him, threatening to completely unnerve him.

How well he remembered some of those jewels—others he had never seen.

The watch Violet had always worn, and it was marked with her initials—it had been a gift from her father, and she had prized it very highly.

How well, too, he remembered that emerald ring, for it had contrasted so prettily with her beautiful white hand, and with the solitaire diamond which had been its companion. There was also an amethyst, set with pearls and diamonds, which she had sometimes worn; and, more precious, in his sight, than all, her wedding ring, which he himself had placed upon her finger, that never-to-be-forgotten day when they had gone so quietly to the venerable clergyman in ——— Street, and plighted their vows to each other.

Hot tears rushed unbidden to his eyes as he looked upon it, for he remembered how Violet's lips had quivered as she told him that she should not dare to wear it until he could claim her as his wife; but she should keep it sacredly locked in her jewel-casket until the happy day should come when she could openly avow the bond that united them.

Yes, and there lay the pretty bracelets, too, which she had also worn upon that occasion, and the pin from which she had detached the pansy which she had given him as a keepsake that morning when she bade him farewell in his mother's sitting-room in Hughes Street. Several of the articles he had never seen, but since they had once belonged to her, his darling, and she had worn them, they were as precious to him as the apple of his eye.

The perspiration stood thick upon the young husband's brow, as he gazed upon these treasures, and strove to control the grief which well-nigh mastered him, while the memory of his lost happiness surged over him, producing something of the despair which he had experienced when they first told him that his dear one was dead.

Then as he gradually grew a little more calm, his whole soul arose in rebellion against the thought of their being sold for money, which he felt sure this miserable sot before him would only squander upon his depraved appetite.

Never! Every article was precious and sacred to him.

He could not bear that any one should even handle them with careless touch, or look upon them with indifferent eye.

Wilhelm Mencke had been cunning enough to realize that Wallace would feel thus, and that he would never allow any one else to become their purchaser, and now as he observed the young man's deep emotion, he told himself with an inward chuckle, that he might name almost any price he chose for them, and he would not fail to get it.

With a sigh that was almost a groan, Wallace at last recovered the glittering, but voiceful things, and still holding them in his hand, demanded, in a husky voice:

"How much do you want for this box and its contents, Mr. Mencke?"

"Exactly two thousand dollars will buy that box of jewelry, Mr. Richardson," the man answered, with a cunning gleam in his eyes.

Wallace flushed.

He saw that he had intended to take advantage of him from the first.

He knew that these articles of jewelry—at least some of them—were valuable, and he was willing to pay a fair sum for them, but this was absolute and shameless extortion.

"Mr. Mencke," he said, gravely, "you very well know that this jewelry does not begin to be worth the sum that you have named."

"Well, perhaps not," returned his companion, with a sly smile, "but the associations must be worth something. It would be worth considerable—at least I should suppose it would be to you—not to have your wife's jewelry pawned to fall into the hands of Tom, Dick, and Harry, or," he added, trying to be facetious, "Susan, Maria, and Jane, as the case might be."

Wallace was disgusted with his coarseness, though he winced visibly at the covert threat that they would be pawned if he did not buy them. But for the important matter under discussion, he would have had hard work not to seize him by the collar and forcibly eject him from the room.

He strove to conceal his aversion, however, and responded:

"What you say is true—these things are sacred to me, and I would never consent to such a disposition of them. I am willing to pay you their full value and something more for the sake of the associations; but I cannot give you the exorbitant price you have set upon them."

"Then you can't have 'em, that's all there is about it," bluntly retorted Wilhelm Mencke.

He had expected to find an easy prey in the "sentimental young fool," as he termed him, and it irritated him to find himself baffled.

Wallace bent his head in thought for a few moments, while the lines about his mouth began to grow firm and resolute, as they always did when he had difficulties to face and overcome.

"I will make you a proposition," he said, at last, meeting his companion's look with a stern purpose in his eye. "I will go with you to some reliable first-class jeweler, and he shall set a price upon every article in this box—I do not mean its actual value, but what it could be purchased for today—then I will pay you the sum he names and fifty dollars more for association's sake."

"No, sir! You don't get a single piece of it unless you come to my terms," retorted Wilhelm Mencke, angrily. "Two thousand dollars or—nothing. I would pawn it piece by piece for one third—yes, one fourth its value rather than let you have it a dollar less than the sum I have demanded."

"Why so? Why are you so determined to take such an unfair advantage of me?" Wallace demanded.

"That is none of your business!" rudely replied the man, with an oath.

"Yes, it is my business, and you know it," Wallace replied, in a calm but firm tone. "Violet was my wife, and whatever may be connected with her, or her memory, is most assuredly my business. Now tell me why you are so unreasonable in your demands upon me."

"Well, then, because I have an old grudge against you—an old score to settle with you," Mr. Mencke answered, with sullen defiance. "You outwitted us and married Violet in spite of us, and now I am going to get even with you and make you sweat for it if I can."

Wallace's lip curled with disdain.

Such a mean spirit of revenge was contemptible.

"Then I am to understand that you absolutely refuse to sell me the contents of this box upon

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

Big Roosevelt Memorial Number for February
Stories of Roosevelt and Other Presidents

As usual February COMFORT will be a large number made uncommonly attractive with special features appropriate to the mid-winter month which celebrates the birthdays of Washington, Lincoln and good St. Valentine—thrilling anecdotes of the most wonderful man of our time, a charming Valentine romance and how to make Home-Made Valentines are some of them. Don't miss February COMFORT.

Renew and extend your subscription today at present rate of 50 cents for one year, or better still send 75 cents for a two-year renewal. Use coupon on page 8.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for idens, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

INSTEAD of the traditional inspiring talk on morals, high ideals and good resolutions which we look for at this time of the year, the space is devoted to "boosting" for Uncle Charlie and his Home Fund. I couldn't talk inspiringly if I tried and I wouldn't even if I could, for Uncle Charlie's work for one month alone is productive of more good than anything I could say in six months so by helping his cause along I feel that I am doing a little toward bettering the morals and ideals of the people. Thanks to all who have so generously contributed, and a Happy New Year to everyone. —Ed.

INDIANAPOLIS, BOX 354, R. R., IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

I am a reader of COMFORT and enjoy it very much, especially the Sisters' Corner. I only wish it were issued twice a month. I always read the letters from country sisters because I live in the country myself.

I think I have the best hubby in all the world, baby and I. I am sending you a picture of baby which I would like to see in COMFORT. His name is Albert Franklin Perry, Jr., two years of age.

I will close wishing good luck to all the COMFORT sisters.

MRS. ALBERT F. PERRY.



ALBERT FRANKLIN PERRY, JR.

Good morning, Albert Franklin Perry, Jr., and you needn't look at us so reproachfully just because the camera man caught you before you had a chance to "dress up." We like you lots better just as you are even though we have a suspicion that you dressed in such a hurry that you got your dress on "hindside" 'fore and maybe missed a button or two but country boys just can't stop for such little things as buttons when they have chores and everything to do so early in the morning.—Ed.

COLORADO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I noticed in my last COMFORT two letters that spoke of starting a Home Fund for Uncle Charlie and now I am wondering if you would print in some number in the near future the amount that each state had subscribed up to a certain time. It would attract more attention and there would be the fun of each one trying to put her own state over the top and not allowing other states to outdo them.

Come on, COMFORT sisters, and do your share and let us present Uncle Charlie with money enough to build or buy a home for himself. And here's hoping the cousins will do their share, too.

Are my Colorado sisters going to help me put our state over the top?

Enclosed you will find one dollar for the home.

MRS. A. J. N.

Mrs. A. J. N.—All contributions to Uncle Charlie's Home Fund have been carefully recorded—in fact the account has been kept under his personal supervision—and although the amount of each contribution appears, the addresses of the contributors in many instances have not been noted, so that it would be difficult, if not impossible, now to give separately the respective amounts that have come from the several States. The following is Uncle Charlie's report of the totals:

"The following are the facts about the Home Fund. From Aug. 11, 1916, and up to date, Nov. 26, 1919 (three years and three and a half months), $2,958.79 have been contributed by 5,272 people. The last boost which resulted from the letters in the Sisters' Corner, in the September issue, brought in $125.58, and this amount was contributed by 283 people, and is included in the amount mentioned above. The fund falls far short of the amount requisite to buy any sort of a comfortable home in Brooklyn where he lives."

DAYTON, 134 Garfield St., OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Uncle Charlie's Home Fund has come to life again and after reading the letters from Verne Ellis and J. Fred Macdonald I am so ashamed of myself and my thoughtless sisters that I will try immediately to atone for my neglect for that is what it is. I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT for lo, these many years and have always admired Uncle Charlie so much. When I think of all the young men he has inspired to do their part in this dreadful war I feel that I am a slacker. Now sisters, don't let the grass grow under your feet until you have done your share toward providing a home for one of God's good men.

I am seventy years old and my husband is eighty-five and has been totally blind for thirty-four years, but he keeps a little cigar and news-stand and is there every day at six o'clock in the morning. We are both well and are thankful to our dear Lord for all His blessings.

Now sisters, take this matter home and act accordingly; do it now.

Enclosed please find five dollars for dear Uncle Charlie.

MRS. MINA PARLETTE.

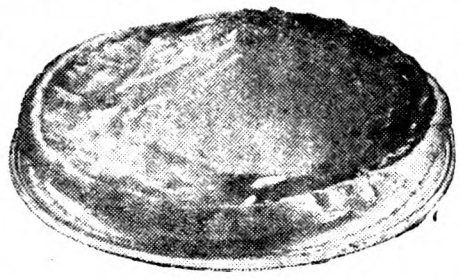
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

AN old gentleman of my acquaintance told me recently that, so far as he could see, the prune was the only article of food that had been improved upon in cooking since he was a boy, many years ago. While I didn't fully agree with him, my mind went back to the four or five stewed prunes, with watery prune juice, of former boarding house fame and I compared them with the various delectable ways they are prepared at the present time, a few of which are given below, and felt that he was right in that particular respect.—Ed.

PRUNES WITH RICE AND WHIPPED CREAM.—Cook rice twenty minutes, drain and put in top of double boiler with one cup of milk. Let cook half an hour. To serve, put in shallow dish with cooked prunes over top. Pour prune juice over rice. Sprinkle with chopped nuts and serve with whipped cream.

PRUNE PIE.—Steam the prunes until tender and then put through potato ricer. To one cup of prune pulp, add two well-beaten eggs, butter the size of a walnut, one half teaspoon each of ginger, cinnamon



PRUNE PIE.

and nutmeg, and one half cup of sugar. More if necessary. Mix well and add two cups of milk heated nearly to the boiling point. Fill crust and bake in fairly hot oven.

PRUNE TAPIOCA.—Soak one half cup of tapioca in one and one half cups of cold water. Put one pound of cooked prunes into double boiler, add tapioca and cook one and one half hours. Serve with cream and sugar.

BARLEY FLOUR PIE CRUST.—One cup of barley flour, less than one quarter of a cup of shortening, and one third of a teaspoon of salt. With a knife cut the shortening into the flour, but do not make it pasty. Work in with the knife about three tablespoons of cold water. Use as little water as possible. Dust board with flour, and without kneading roll out the crust and line plate.

PRUNE PUDDING.—Melt three tablespoons of butter, add one half cup molasses, one half cup milk and one and two thirds cups of flour, mixed and sifted with one half teaspoon of soda and one quarter teaspoon each salt, cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. To this add one pound of prunes that have been soaked and cut into small pieces. Turn into a buttered mould and let steam two hours. Serve with sauce made by creaming one half cup of butter and adding gradually three quarters cup of brown sugar. Flavor with one teaspoon of vanilla.

BAKED PRUNE PUDDING.—This is an excellent way to use up stale bread. Dry it in the oven until crisp. Roll and to every cup of bread-crumbs add one cup of cooked prunes, stoned and cut into small pieces, one quarter cup of sugar, one half teaspoon salt, one quarter teaspoon cinnamon, one tablespoon melted butter and two cups of milk. Mix well and bake. Serve with sauce given in recipe above.—WORCESTER READER, Mass.

RHUBARB AND PRUNE SAUCE.—Wash one cup of prunes and let soak in hot water two hours, taking care not to let them come to a boil. Remove prunes and take out pits, then put prunes back in juice and add two cups of rhubarb, cut into small pieces, one cup of sugar and cook in double boiler until rhubarb is tender. A few raisins added improve the flavor.

PRUNE JELLY.—Soak half a box of gelatine in one half cup of cold water until soft. Soak one pound of prunes in cold water over night and cook until tender. Drain, remove stones and cut into small pieces. There should be one pint of prune liquor, or add enough water to make it that quantity. Add one cup of sugar, one tablespoon lemon juice, the soaked gelatine; stir well and pour into mould. Serve with whipped cream.

STEWED PRUNES.—Wash and pick over prunes. Put in saucepan, cover with cold water and soak five hours. Cook until soft in same water. When nearly cooked add sugar or molasses to sweeten.

PRUNE FILLING FOR CAKE.—Put one cup of sugar and one third cup of boiling water into saucepan and boil until syrup will thread. Do not stir. Have white of egg beaten to stiff froth and pour syrup onto egg, beating until of the right consistency to spread. Flavor with one teaspoon of lemon juice. Before spreading on cake, add one cup of cooked prunes, cut into small pieces.

PRUNE PIE.—Wash one half pound of prunes and soak two hours in cold water. Cook in same water until soft. Remove stones, cut prunes in quarters and mix with one half cup sugar and two teaspoons lemon juice. Line pie plate with paste, cover with prunes, moisten with one tablespoon prune juice, add a few seeded raisins, dot with small pieces of butter and dredge with flour. Cover with upper crust and bake in a moderate oven.

SOUR CREAM CAKE.—One cup of sour cream, two eggs, one half teaspoon soda dissolved in sour cream, one cup sugar, two teaspoons baking powder, sifted with flour, one cup cooked, chopped prunes and one teaspoon of lemon extract. Bake half an hour in loaf or in layers.

PRUNE ROLL.—Beat whites of two eggs to a stiff froth, add yolks and beat. To this add one cup of sugar and stir all together with one cup of flour and one half cup boiling water and beat again. Now add one quarter teaspoon salt and one teaspoon baking powder. Flavor and beat well. Bake in quick oven, spread with mixture made of cooking prunes and raisins together to consistency of jelly and roll in a damp cloth. —MRS. C. HOPPE, Pomeroy, Wash.

PUFFED RICE AND PRUNES.—Heat your rice in the oven until it becomes a delicate brown. In the center

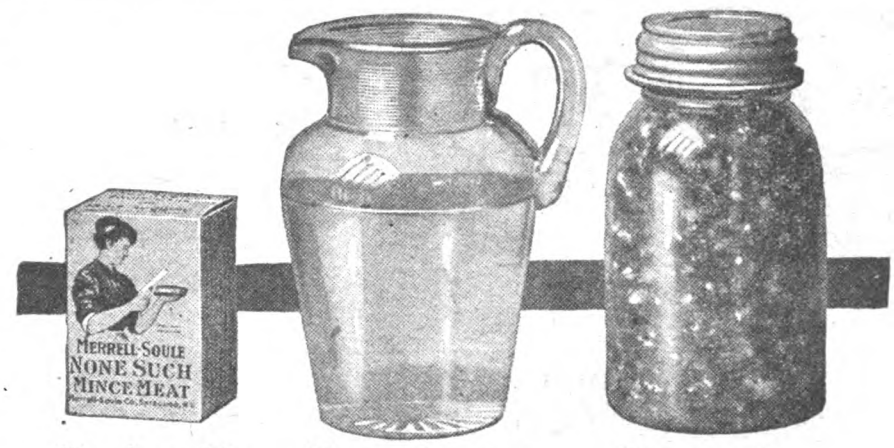


PUFFED RICE AND PRUNES.

of the platter pile up prunes that have been filled with whipped cream, surrounding them with the cream. The puffed rice should be used as the outer circle and is very much improved by the addition of the prunes and cream.—MARY HARROD NORTHEND, Salem, Mass.

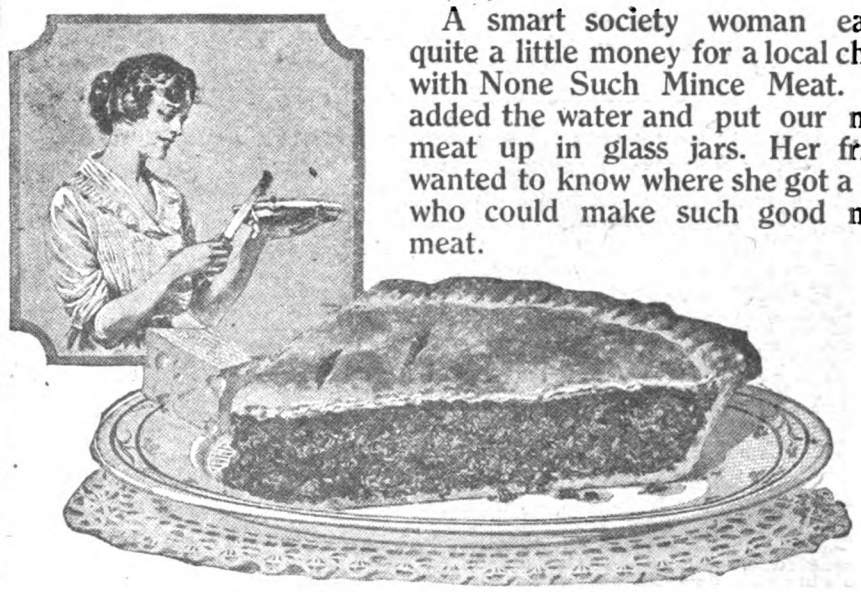
CAKE WITH PRUNE FILLING.—One cup corn syrup, one tablespoon lard or any shortening, one cup of boiling water with one level teaspoon soda dissolved in it, one half teaspoon cinnamon and salt, one cup barley flour, two cups white flour with two teaspoons baking powder sifted with it. Mix and beat thoroughly. Do not have oven too hot as it burns easily. All white flour may be used.

FILLING.—One cup of cooked and chopped prunes, one half cup chopped raisins, one half cup corn syrup, one tablespoon flour, pinch of salt, and one half cup cold water. Mix thoroughly and cook in double boiler until thick enough to spread. Cool cake and filling before spreading.—MRS. LIZZIE LAWLEY, West Frankfort, Ill.



You buy this You add water You get this

Mince Meat that is all *mince meat*



A smart society woman earned quite a little money for a local charity with None Such Mince Meat. She added the water and put our mince meat up in glass jars. Her friends wanted to know where she got a cook who could make such good mince meat.

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"Like Mother Used to Make"

Add 1½ pints of water to our 9-ounce package and you have a pound and a half of home-made mince meat. That's enough for one of those delicious, fruity, juicy mince pies that have earned None Such its wide reputation, or for any of these recipes women are following to have something new, wholesome, and appetizing on the table.

What is home without a piping-hot mince pie every now and then? And how your men folks do appreciate a tempting new dessert or relish once in a while.



None Such Jelly for Dessert



None Such Sandwiches



None Such Relish

None Such Jelly for Dessert—1 package of Jiffy-Jell (either lemon, orange, or loganberry), nuts and None Such Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and place a cherry in center.

None Such Pudding—(*Recipe using left-over biscuits*)—4 or 6 biscuits; 1 cupful dark corn sirup; 1-4 cupful brown sugar; 1-4 cupful butter substitute; 2 egg-yolks; 1 1-2 cupfuls of None-Such Mince Meat; 2 egg-whites.

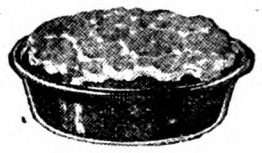
Soak biscuits in warm water until soft and add the other ingredients in the order given. Beat egg-yolks thoroughly before adding. Mix ingredients completely, put in a well-oiled baking-dish and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Make a meringue of the egg-whites, heap it on the pudding and allow to brown in the oven.

None Such Sandwiches—Cut slices very thin. Make a filling of None Such Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimentos. Use crisp lettuce leaf.

None Such Salad—None Such Mince Meat, oranges, grapes, celery and marshmallows. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf.

None Such Relish—Mix None Such Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions.

Tomato Stuffed with None Such—Scoop out tomato. Mix None Such Mince Meat, celery, green peppers and onions. Fill the scooped-out tomato and serve, after chilling, on plate garnished with parsley.



None Such Pudding



None Such Salad



Tomato Stuffed with None Such

Try other recipes printed on the None Such package

Merrell-Soule Co., Syracuse, N. Y.

Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



She plucked a bud from the roses, and fastened it to his lapel.



"I have her now!" he gloated "Stop me who can or dares."



Beryl, her lips moving voicelessly to frame a prayer, leaped out at the other side of the car.



"Neil, my husband! Where are you?"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nicholas Berdyne, past middle age, his face marred by dissipation, schemes with Hartley Trenwyck to win Beryl Grayson, whose father is dead. She is engaged to Neil Preston, who goes to Alaska in the interest of a mine owned by Grayson and which falls into Berdyne's hands. Neil Preston is reported dead by Dave Gorsline, who is hired by Berdyne to tell Beryl. In her sorrow and loss of wealth, she refuses continued aid from Berdyne. Mr. Jackman from Denver, wanting to repay a debt owed to Beryl's father, invites Beryl to his ranch, where she forms a friendship for Tonita, a beautiful Mexican girl, who advises her not to marry Berdyne through any mistaken idea of gratitude. Irma Lee, discarded by Berdyne, warns Beryl that he serves his own selfish purpose and that Neil Preston lives and is on his way to Jackman's Ranch. Berdyne, persistent that Beryl shall become his wife, Neil Preston, overhearing her denunciation of his baseness and treachery and refusing to marry him, confronts Berdyne who swears he will follow his trail. The day Beryl Grayson becomes Berdyne's wife, Morley Preston, opposed to Neil's marriage, will tender Trenwyck a check for five thousand dollars and Berdyne will give a like sum. He admits Beryl's trust in Jackson and that the letter written offering her the home was inspired by him, that he holds a heavy mortgage on the Jackman ranch, and with this knowledge they plot to separate the lovers who plan to be married the following day. Jackman, a tool in Berdyne's and Trenwyck's hands, drugs the wine which he gives Beryl when he drinks with her to her happiness, and she, feeling dizzy and faint, goes to her room and the door is locked. Neil Preston, returning for Beryl, meets Tonita. Approaching Jackman's house, an automobile is in waiting and a man with Beryl in his arms appears from the house and lifts her into the car. Preston strikes him down, and taking the auto, with Tonita, they make their escape through the night for San Francisco. Trenwyck advises Berdyne not to go too far.

CHAPTER X. (CONTINUED.)

He ceased abruptly, apparently thinking that he was going too far with his confidences. Trenwyck's eyes opened a little wider in the semi-darkness, and a half smile curled about his crafty lips. However, he did not press Berdyne for further information.

"Then Preston will take the girl north?"

"If I know him," said Berdyne, "he will not stop short of San Francisco. And he will not let any grass grow under his feet in seeking a minister. By Jove!" he exclaimed, under spell of a sudden thought, "I can send a telegraph message to all the towns between here and Frisco, telling the authorities to be on the lookout for a stolen automobile called the *Red Flyer*, and to arrest the man in charge of it. That's the idea, Trenwyck! I can foil Preston in the very midst of his triumph! Let us get back to San Jose as quickly as possible, and send the messages."

"It will not do, Berdyne," demurred Trenwyck.

"Why not?"

"If you have Preston arrested for the theft of your automobile, your dealings here will be aired, and not only you, but Jackman and I, will be caught in the net of the law. The move would prove a boomerang."

The logic of this appealed strongly to Berdyne. He had wealth, and wealth could do many things, but it could not save him from the consequences of his illegal attempts against the person of beautiful Beryl Grayson. It was a matter that had best not be aired in a court of law.

"Then what would you advise, Trenwyck?" Berdyne queried.

"There is a train out of San Jose that will get us into the Townsend Street station, in Frisco, at four in the morning. Let us catch that train. It may be," he added, grimly, "that we shall reach the city in time to greet Preston on his arrival. If you had some one there whom you could trust, some one who is not overscrupulous, you understand, that person could be set on the watch; then, in case Preston should reach his destination ahead of us, we might have some clue to work on."

"Gorsline," muttered Berdyne; "Gorsline is the man to help us now!"

"He is in San Francisco?" asked Trenwyck.

"Yes. When I departed from the city, to come here, I left him there. I had learned that Preston had returned from Alaska on the *Argonaut*, and when I hastened south, to be beforehand with my plans at Sunset Ranch, I gave instructions to my man Hargreaves to have Gorsline watch Preston and keep me informed of his movements."

"Then why did not Gorsline let you know that Preston was coming here?"

"He did; but I did not receive the telegram until after my visit to the ranch, this morning. It was put into my hands when I returned to San Jose, to wait for the *Red Flyer* and put it in readiness for the work I had in mind."

"Then let us make a quick return to San Jose," said the lawyer. "Before we take the train, you can send a telegram to Gorsline."

Thus the plotters agreed between themselves, and Jackman furnished a buggy, two draft horses, and a driver to convey the two men to San Jose.

In due course, the wealthy villain and his guileful henchman were set down at the San Jose railroad station, with still an hour or more before their train should leave. Berdyne's telegram to his hired ally in San Francisco merely stated that "the man from Alaska" had made off with the *Red Flyer*, ostensibly bound for the city, requested that Gorsline do what he could to locate him, and meet the four-o'clock train in the Townsend Street station to report.

The train was late, from some cause, and Berdyne consulted his gold watch time and again. It was a quarter to five when the train lagged into the railroad station that fateful but beautiful morning, and the two scheming rogues descended to the platform.

At the great iron gate through which the arriving passengers passed, a burly, vicious-looking man was waiting. As Berdyne and Trenwyck came through the gate the waiting rascal caught sight of them and stepped apart. The other two followed him.

"Well, Gorsline?" were Berdyne's first impatient words.

"The cove ye're lookin' for is in town, all right," said Gorsline, with a cunning leer; and a fierce joy shot through Berdyne's breast. "Leastways," the fellow added, "I've found the automobile, and, if Preston stole it, he can't be a great ways off."

"Luck is with us!" muttered Trenwyck.

"It wasn't luck altogether," grunted Gorsline. "When Hargreaves told me to watch Preston, I picked him up at a hotel on Market Street, near the Ferry Buildin', an' he went callin' two or three times at a house in Pine Street. First thing I done, when I got that telegram last night, was to go to the hotel. Our man wasn't there; then I nosed around the house in Pine Street. Didn't expect to have much luck, 'cause lookin' for a feller in Frisco is about like huntin' for a needle in a haystack—'specially when it's night, an' you're in a hurry; but the last time I went to that Pine Street house, about half an hour ago, there was the *Red Flyer* in front. I knowed this train was late, havin' found out about it over the telephone. As it was, I had to move lively to get here."

"Who lives in the house, Gorsline?" queried Berdyne. "Do you know?"

"A reverend gent by the name o' Bickerdyke."

"A minister!" exclaimed Berdyne, with a meaning glance at Trenwyck.

"That's what."

"We'll have to hurry," said Berdyne, starting for the street.

"What can we do?" demurred the lawyer, hastening along at Berdyne's side. "We're not at Sunset Ranch now, Nick. This is a big city, and the police will make things warm for us if we go too far."

"I shall claim to be the girl's guardian, and forbid the marriage—if we are in time; if the marriage has already been performed, I shall——"

Berdyne paused, his eyes smouldering with a desperate resolve.

"Well," he added, as he gained the sidewalk and hailed a taxicab, "I am not to be foiled this time. Gorsline is with me, and he will do whatever I tell him."

The taxicab drew up alongside the curb.

"Ride with the chauffeur," said Berdyne, to the man from the Barbary Coast, "and tell him where to go. Double fare for double speed."

With that he opened the cab door, pushed Trenwyck inside, stepped in himself, drew the door shut, and the motor rolled away.

It was ten minutes after five when Berdyne, Trenwyck and Gorsline jumped to the sidewalk in front of a small frame residence. The *Red Flyer* was still at the curb.

For the most part, the great, pleasure-loving city was still asleep, all unconscious of the doom whose approach could be numbered by pulsebeats, by the ticking seconds of a watch.

It was a rarely beautiful morning; and yet fate shuddered in the balmy air:

As though an earthquake smacks its mumbling lips
O'er the thick-peopled city.

CHAPTER XI.

RIVEN ASUNDER.

"My bride-to-be, my dearest love, we have reached the end of our journey. Thank Heaven! we are in San Francisco, and here is the home of the good minister who is to make you mine forever and a day."

Both Beryl and Tonita, cruelly worn by the events of the preceding day and evening, had slept on the cushions of the automobile during the latter part of their night ride. Well, indeed, was it for them that they were able to snatch even this small amount of rest, to buoy them up against the trials that lay before them.

Neil, stooping over Beryl, awakened her with tender words. Both girls were instantly wide awake.

"Why did you let us sleep, dearest?" cried Beryl. "It must have been very lonely for you."

"Lonely," he echoed, "when it was my happiness to keep watch and ward over such lovely creatures as you and Tonita?"

"Flatterer!" murmured Beryl. "But must we go into the house as we are, dear?" she added, with a fresh quiver of dismay. "Is there no time for me to secure something to wear that will be more in keeping with——"

He smothered the words with a kiss.

"I feel that I cannot delay one single moment, my darling. Even as we speak, Berdyne, with all his hateful cunning, may be in pursuit of us. The safest and surest way to defeat his base schemes is to carry out our plans at once. Is it not so, Tonita?" and he turned to the Mexicana.

"You speak truly, senor," she returned, in her soft, rippling voice.

He assisted them to alight, and they stood for a few moments on the walk beside the car, enjoying the freshness of the morning air.

"San Francisco," said Neil, "does not often have such mornings as this—clear, bright, sunny, the bay soft and sparkling, not a trace of fog, and the air trembling with a hint of spring! It is an omen, my heart's own!"

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," caroled Tonita, brushing her lips against Beryl's velvety cheek. "It is early for a bridal; and everything, even to our own inappropriate gowns, tinges the event with romance. It seems," she added, with a little spasm of ecstasy, "almost like an elopement!"

Beryl echoed Tonita's laugh with a soulful happiness there was no mistaking; then both girls followed Neil, who had mounted the steps to the house door. The good rector must have been sound asleep, for it took several rings of the bell to bring him to the entrance. He came, in gown and slippers, a grave, elderly, gentle-faced man, and cried out in astonishment at sight of Neil and the two fair ones beside him.

"Why, Neil!" he exclaimed. "What brings you to my home so early?"

"An affair of some importance, reverend sir," answered Neil. "I would have you unite me to the woman of my choice."

"A marriage!" he murmured, his wondering eyes passing from Beryl to Tonita. "Ah, he added, with a troubled look, "there is some mystery here!"

"Let us in, sir," said Neil, "and I will explain."

"Pardon me!" The rector drew back and held the door wide.

Neil presented his two companions, as soon as they were all in the hall, and noted with loving exultation how the good man's eyes rested with ill-concealed admiration on the lovely face of Beryl. The girls were given kindly greeting, and shown to chairs in the parlor, while Neil in another room, explained matters to the minister's satisfaction.

The minister aroused his daughter, who served as his housekeeper, and she led the girls to an apartment on the second floor, where a few hasty preparations were made for the bridal.

Beryl was back in the parlor some minutes before Tonita and Miss Bickerdyke. In spite of her plain house dress, the little bride was never more bewitchingly lovely. In her hands she carried a bouquet of La France roses.

"My pearl! My heart's idol!" cried Neil, his deep love springing instinctively from his lips. His arms opened, and Beryl nestled closely in his strong embrace. "I can hardly realize," he went on, gazing down into her violet eyes, "that at last you are to be mine! At last, after the weary months of separation, we are to be united, never again to part."

His love was shining in his glance, and it glorified his handsome face. A sigh of rapture, a sigh that was half a sob, rose to Beryl's lips. Bowing his head, he kissed her.

"The past is gone, sweetheart," said Beryl; "let us live in the present and the future!"

"The present is all the more bright by contrast with the past, my darling," he murmured.

"When was it you first began to love me, dear?" she asked, seeking to go back to those long-gone Denver days, when first they met. Those days were in the past, too, although sorrow bridged them to the present.

"The moment my eyes first rested upon your beautiful face, dearest," he answered; "I loved you from that moment and would have dared death itself for your sweet smile."

She plucked a bud from the roses, and fastened it to his lapel.

"Miss Bickerdyke gave me these," she said, nestling her blushing face in the blossoms. "She wore them at the opera last night. She would have loaned me a gown for the occasion," Beryl said, with a sweet smile, "but I told her that I preferred to go to you as I am."

"My precious one," he murmured. "Silks and satins, veils and orange blossoms are nothing to the hearts that love."

At that moment Tonita and Miss Bickerdyke entered the room, and presently, in full robes, came the rector.

"If you are ready, my children," said he gently.

Then they stood before him, with the other two on either side. The sun, shining through a nearby window, tangled its beams in Beryl's hair, kissing it into gold.

In deep, solemn tones the minister pronounced the beautiful service, and, at the fitting moment, Neil placed a magnificent gem on Beryl's finger. It was not the wedding ring he had intended to use, but another, which he had purchased for Beryl and intended to give her later. The haste of the preceding hours, however, had left him no alternative.

The last words were hardly said, and Neil had barely released his joyful bride from his arms, when an emphatic summons fell on the hall door.

"Who can that be?" murmured the minister.

A suspicion rushed through Neil's brain, a suspicion that was reflected in Beryl's startled face, and turned it pale.

"Courage, darling," Neil said reassuringly; "we have no one to fear now."

"It is Senor Berdyne!" came breathlessly from Tonita, who had stolen a glance from the window.

Neil straightened his supple, manly form.

"The door is locked against that scheming scoundrel!" exclaimed he, starting across the room. "Yet," he went on, with a flash of anger, "I will speak to him; I will tell him how vain are his despicable plots, and that now Beryl and I are man and wife!"

"Neil," called Beryl, stretching out her hands appealingly, as though she would restrain him and keep him from threatening danger, "my love, my husband!"

"Hush, dearest!" he answered. "I must have a word with that man."

But the word was never spoken. Ere Neil could gain the hall, in a flash, and by a process swift as thought, came chaos!

Those in the little parlor had but time to exchange one agonized, bewildered look. That moment of rigid suspense ended, a thunderous roar sounded in their ears; there was a sickening swirl of motion, the floor heaved under their feet, the walls swayed, the ceiling appeared to crack apart. Furniture crashed, books were thrown from their shelves, a piano in one corner glided half across the room and back again, sounding a jumble of shrill, discordant notes.

Then came a wild, brain-racking crash. A great gap appeared above as the bricks of a chimney tore their way through the roof and ceiling into the very room where the bridal party stood.

A despairing cry was wrenched from Neil's lips, and he reeled and fell prostrate. A scream burst from Beryl. She would have hurled herself upon her husband's form had not the door been broken open, and Berdyne, leaping in, caught her up in his strong arms. Despite the roaring and grinding of the earthquake, the thunder of falling chimneys and walls, the screams of women and children, Berdyne's evil spirit was in no wise dismayed.

"I have her now!" he gloated, his husky voice rising high over the tumult. "Stop me who can, or dares!"

Another moment and he had passed from the room like an evil specter, bearing the hapless Beryl with him.

CHAPTER XII.

WEDDED AND PARTED.

The dark soul of Nicholas Berdyne rose superior to that awful situation. Although walls crumbled about him, towers tottered and fell, and the very pavement tilted and heaved beneath his feet, his exultation left no room for fear.

As he descended the steps of the minister's home the cries of women came from near and far. A whitish-yellow dust hung over the street like a fog, and through it he caught glimpses of disheveled forms fleeing for life from the racked buildings.

At first, scream after scream had come from the lips of poor, hapless Beryl. Tortured on account of her husband, whom she had seen stricken down before her very eyes, dazed by the fury of the visitation of nature's forces, and distraught by the coming of Berdyne, she had swooned ere her bearer had passed the entrance and begun descending the steps.

In that hour of chaos and confusion there was none to question the strong man's right to bear his victim from the house. There were others, who still kept their heads, assisting the maimed and injured to places of safety. Had those others time or thought for question, their curiosity could have been easily parried. But every refugee was intensely occupied with his own immediate affairs.

Blinded and choked by the dust, Berdyne peered toward the curb. But one vehicle remained there, and that was the automobile. Near it he saw a figure, but whether it was Trenwyck or Gorsline he could not tell from that distance. As he pushed forward another form raced out of the whitish-yellow pall toward the man by the automobile.

"I want that automobile!" shouted the distracted voice of the man who had rushed at the *Red Flyer*; "my wife is injured, perhaps dying!

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Begin the New Year Right

Don't pay out money for things you can easily obtain without expense by a little effort during spare time.

Lots of useful, necessary, beautiful, stylish articles listed in COMFORT'S new Premium Catalogue, and any of them can be had free as club premiums. It is easy to get COMFORT subscriptions now at 50 cents a year—the price will be higher soon.

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Free

Aluminum Dessert Molds

We supply dessert and salad molds—molds worth 50c each—to users of Jiffy-Jell. Note our offers below. Send now for these molds—one or more of them.

Jiffy-Jell
Real-Fruit Desserts
Flavored with Condensed Fruit Juices in Liquid Form, in Glass



Jiffy-Jell
Fruit-Juice Dainties
Desserts, Salads, Mint Jell, etc.



A Bottle Like This In Each Package



A Bottle Like This In Each Package

These Rich Fruit Juices

In Condensed Form—in Bottles—Come in Jiffy-Jell Desserts

Millions are now serving a new-grade quick gelatine dessert. If you are not, we urge you to try it now.

Jiffy-Jell contains real fruit juices, in liquid form, condensed. There's a bottle in each package.

We crush the fruit, condense the juice and seal it up in glass. So you get the real fruit—not an artificial flavor—in Jiffy-Jell desserts.

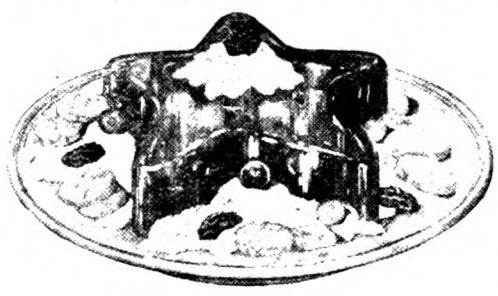
The fruit is abundant. For instance, we use half a pineapple to flavor a pint dessert. And we use lemon or grape to acidulate it. So Jiffy-Jell tastes as though filled with fruit. It has fruit virtues and delights.

You Need Fruit

Everybody needs fruit daily. It is rich in earthy salts. The lack of it leads to many ill conditions.

Mere flavors will not do. Fresh fruits and canned fruits are expensive. So Jiffy-Jell is an essential in these winter months.

It costs a trifle. One package serves six people in mold form, or twelve if you whip the jell. They get a real-fruit dainty, rich in fruit, for less than the fruit alone would cost you if you made it.



Dessert for Six
A real-fruit dessert made with one package of Jiffy-Jell and costing a few cents

Made in an Instant

Jiffy-Jell comes ready-sweetened and acidulated. Simply add boiling water, as per directions, then the fruit-juice from the vial, and let cool.

In this way, eight of the finest fruits are ever at your call.

Zestful Salads Also

Lime-fruit Jiffy-Jell makes a tart, green salad jell. Serve with your salad, or mix the salad in and make a loaf. Or mix in meat scraps and make a zestful meat loaf.

Mint Jiffy-Jell has a bottle of mint-leaf essence. Serve with hot or cold meats, or as a side dish.

We Pay You to Try Them

We offer these molds to induce you to try a few flavors. Try Loganberry, Pineapple, Lime and Mint, also others that you like.

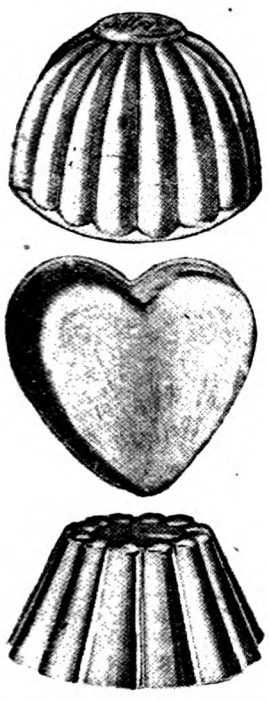
Try them now while this offer is open. They will show you how to make countless dinners more healthful and delightful. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Ten Flavors in Glass Vials
A Bottle in Each Package

Mint	Lime	Lemon
Strawberry	Pineapple	Orange
Raspberry	Cherry	Loganberry

Also Coffee Flavor

Gifts



Individual Dessert Molds
Aluminum Molds in assorted styles, six to a set. The six will serve a full package of Jiffy-Jell. Send five (JJ) trade-marks for the set—value 60c.

Free



Jiffy-Cup
For Measuring

An aluminum half-pint cup. Fill twice with boiling water to dissolve one package Jiffy-Jell.

It also holds exactly one cup, as called for in many recipes. Ordinary cups vary in size, so recipes are often spoiled. You need this exact cup, with markings showing fractions of a cup.

Send two of the (JJ) trade-marks for this cup.



Send These Circles
The (JJ) trade-mark in the circle from the front of each Jiffy-Jell package. Send front trade-marks only.

Check the Molds Wanted

For each mold send the circles from as many Jiffy-Jell packages as our offer calls for.

.....Style—B—Heart-shaped Pint Mold (5 circles).
.....Style—C—Pint Mold, fluted (5 circles).
.....Style—D—Pint Salad Mold (5 circles).
.....Style—E—Pint Mold with pinnacles (5 circles).
.....Style—H—Star-shaped Pint Mold (5 circles).
.....Set of Six—Individual Dessert Molds (5 circles).
.....Jiffy Cup for measuring (2 circles).

514

Jiffy Dessert Co.,
Waukesha, Wis.

MAIL THIS

I enclose.....(JJ) trade-marks for which send me the molds checked at side.

.....

.....

.....

Cubby Bear Sees a Flying Machine

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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SHINYBLACK CROW flew down into the forest in a state of great excitement.

Cubby Bear and Racky Coon were marking out a hopscotch diagram on the smooth ground in front of Bunny Rabbit's house. Wollie Woodchuck sat on the ground waiting until the game should be ready, and Dr. Squilly Porcupine, medicine case in hand, stood watching them, and wishing he did not feel it beneath him to play hopscotch with them.

"Come, quick, quick!" called Shinyblack Crow. "Come to the clearing by the big pine tree, where you can get a better view. Run on ahead of me, while I tell some of the others!"

"A better view of what?" asked Cubby Bear.

"Why, where are your ears?" asked Shinyblack Crow. "Haven't you heard that roaring, rattling sound in the sky for the last ten minutes?"

"I—didn't notice," faltered Cubby Bear. "We were talking."

"I heard it," said Wollie Woodchuck lazily, "but I thought it was maybe just an earthquake or something."

"What is it?" asked Dr. Squilly.

"Why, a great, gay-colored creature up in the sky, that flies this way and that, up and down, and—you may not believe me, but it turns over and over in the air without falling! I don't know what to make of it! Why don't you start for the clearing? It may go away soon! If it flies very low, run for your homes, for *a man is flying with it!* I went near enough to it to see him."

They started off without more ado, only stopping at Mamma Bruin's house to take her along with them.

The strange, rattling noise was growing louder.

"Oh, oh, I see it!" cried Cubby Bear, suddenly, pointing upward.

A strange creature it was, indeed, sailing gracefully through the air, far above them.

"It looks like a giant dragon-fly!" said Mamma Bruin.

"It's song is not musical," said Wollie Woodchuck, yawning. "I would far rather hear Robbie Reddie." Wollie lay down on his back, and stretched out comfortably, where he could watch the flying monster at ease.

One by one the little woods people came hurrying into the clearing—Busy Beaver, Brother Binny Beaver, Minnie Mink, Foxy Reynard, Woozie Weasel, Chirpy Chipmunk, and others, all curious to see the wonderful sight.

"Look at him, look at him!" shouted Brother Binny Beaver, tossing high his hat in his excitement. "Turning right over, upside down! He'll fall! He can never keep his balance!"

But the monster did not fall. Instead, it righted itself gracefully, then tilted slowly over sideways until it had turned again completely.

"What is that black speck up there in the sky?" asked Mamma Bruin.

"I have been wondering, myself," answered Shinyblack Crow, "but cannot quite make out. I'm going up and see."

"Do not go too near," warned Cubby Bear, as Shinyblack Crow spread his black wings for flight.

He soon came down again, quite breathless with the news he had to tell.

"It is Edric Eagle!" he said.

"Edric Eagle!" repeated the others.

This was a wonder, indeed! For Edric Eagle, aged, stern, and keeping quite aloof from all companionship, lived in his rocky eyrie on the heights of a distant mountain, and few of the little woods people had ever seen him.

"*What* is he here for?" asked Cubby Bear.

"He does not mean to be outdone by anything that flies!" said Shinyblack Crow. "See how far above the new monster he is!"

"He is coming lower! Look, you can see now that he is a bird, with wings."

Chirpy Chipmunk stretched his tiny paws aloft.

"Oh, that I, too, could fly!" he cried. "I would like to be up there, with the man, in the flying monster!"

"Then you would only fall, and be killed," Busy Beaver told him. "You are much better off where you are."

"No man can be up there," declared Foxy Reynard, "for a man would fall, too, when that great flying thing turns upside down. A man can do wonderful things, I know, but even he cannot stand on his head in the air!"

Shinyblack Crow's feathers were ruffling, and he took a defiant step toward Foxy.

"A man *is* up there!" he said firmly. "Did I not tell you I saw him?"

Foxy Reynard backed away, but muttered to Woozie Weasel, "I can keep my own opinion, I suppose."

Both the flying machine and Edric Eagle were nearer the watching crowd. Whatever the airplane did, the huge bird tried to do, too—rising straight up, swooping suddenly lower, darting straight ahead.

Never had Cubby Bear been so excited since the night of the merry-go-round.

"Ha!" shouted Squilly Porcupine, "Edric will have to give up now! The thing is getting



"HE IS COMING LOWER! LOOK, YOU CAN SEE NOW THAT HE IS A BIRD WITH WINGS."

ready to turn another summersault, and you'll see Mr. Eagle flying off home to hide his head."

"He'll never give up if it kills him," murmured Tillie Turtle, sagely; "I've heard my mother tell how proud he is, and how determined. She knew him well. Stubborn—why, nothing could compare with him! I've no doubt he can sail topsy-turvy if he likes."

But no one paid any attention to what Tillie was saying.

The airplane, still keeping up its loud rattle, headed straight downward, turned over slowly, and came upright again.

Then, downward pointed Edric Eagle's curved beak. With a mighty effort he lurched over on his back.

"Good for Edric Eagle! Hurrah!" cried Racky Coon, while Mamma Bruin snatched off her apron and waved it wildly in the air.

But the eagle could not right himself as the airplane had done.

"He's falling!" shrieked Tillie Turtle, and stretched up her small, dark claws as if to catch him.

"Alas it was true! Straight downward plunged the mighty bird.

"The rockery!" gasped Shinyblack Crow, who, poised in air, saw the danger that threatened.

The rockery was not far from the pine tree clearing—a large, rock-covered place where scarcely a blade of grass or weed could find a foothold.

Away the animals hurried through the bushes, while the birds flew lightly overhead. The roar of the airplane grew fainter, as it went flying away into the distance.

They found poor Edric Eagle, his stately grandeur gone, lying limp and helpless among the rocks.

Dr. Squilly Porcupine hurriedly scrambled over the rocks to the fallen eagle, while the others crowded around.

"Stand back," ordered Squilly, sharply. Then he looked his patient over carefully.

"I am glad to tell you," he said, after what seemed a long time to the waiting crowd, "that Mr. Eagle is still alive. His wing is broken, and he is badly bruised, but he will soon be himself again. Where can we take him?"

"To my house," offered Mamma Bruin. "There is no other place large enough."

With Mamma Bruin's apron for a stretcher, Edric Eagle was carefully carried through the woods by Busy Beaver, Brother Binny Beaver, Mamma Bruin and Cubby Bear, while the others followed in solemn procession.

Edric Eagle awoke lying on Cubby Bear's bed. He was grim and silent at first, but such kindness as Mamma Bruin and Cubby Bear showed him, yes, and old Grandma Bear, too, quite won his friendship.

"Say nothing to him about his fall, Cubby Bear," kind Mamma Bruin said. "He is proud, and would not like to be reminded of his failure."

Edric told Cubby Bear stories of his long, lonely life among the lofty crags of his mountain home. How day after day he sat in stately dignity, breathing the high, pure air, rejoicing in the fierce storms that swept the mountain, the beautiful dawns and sunsets.

"Lesser mountains and hills I can look down upon," he said, "rivers and valleys, lakes, forests and towns—and I am king of them all. Sometimes the clouds gather around my mountain top—the cool, gray clouds—and sometimes I am *above* the clouds, and watch the storm below me. I love the thunder storms, with the bright flashes, the zigzagging streaks of lightning, and the sound of the thunder rolling and crashing about me."

The broken wing was not long in healing, and Edric Eagle rejoiced as each new day brought back his strength. Few callers came, for Cubby's friends feared the great bird, with his keen eyes and silent ways, but Dr. Squilly called daily.

"I shall leave you tomorrow," said Edric one day.

Squilly looked anxious. "No, no," he said, "your broken wing is not strong enough yet for such a flight."

"I shall start," said the eagle, "and go as I can. I stifle here in the lowlands. I need the bracing air of the heights."

So the next day he bade them all good by.

"I shall not forget you, Cubby Bear," he said, "and some day we shall meet again."

Then he started on his homeward journey, taking short flights, with long rests between; a lonely figure, going to his lonely home.

"I am sorry he was hurt," said Cubby Bear to Mamma Bruin as they watched him go, "but I am glad, glad, to have another friend."

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FEBRUARY COMFORT

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"Cubby Bear Goes Coasting" The forest animals have a coasting party and Cubby Bear gets a wetting.

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January, 1920.

Crumbs of Comfort

Be vigilant.
Love your life.
Envy is always ignorance.
Joy shared is joy doubled.
Do not despise your work.
Human clay is a porcelain.
Delay of justice is injustice.
As is the man so is his God.
Tears never yet saved a soul.
Buy the truth and sell it not.
Right alone is the royal ruler.
Chant the beauty of the good.
Breed is stronger than pasture.
A day may save or sink a kingdom.
Ambition's cradle is often its grave.
Hearts may agree though heads differ.
God is a creditor who has no bad debts.
It is much safer to obey than to govern.
To the guilty the world is made of glass.
Look for storms, but do not make them.
States are great engines moving slowly.
A character is a completely fashioned will.
Farmers are the first makers of civilization.
A spur in the head is worth two on the heels.
Anticipate difficult deeds by doing well the easy.
Gentle and quiet words are the most powerful ones.
Thoughts take up no room and are the best baggage.
The ruin of most men dates from some idle moment.
Men build statues of snow and weep to see them melt.
To do good to men we must pity and not despise them.
Force is all-conquering, but its victories are short-lived.
Love is the strongest in pursuit; friendship in possession.
Let us do the work of men while we bear the form of them.
Do not let the wrinkles on your face extend to your heart.
Happiness is nothing but the conquest of God through love.
Collect the words of the wise and virtuous as you would pearls.
Civilization tends to corrupt men, as large towns vitiate the air.
An infinitude of tenderness is the chief gift of all truly great men.
We should not inquire how rich a man is, but how much goodness he has.
Knowledge and timber should not be much used until they are well-seasoned.
Everything wise has already been thought; one can only try and think it once more.
Abundance consists not alone in material possessions, but in an uncovetous spirit.
Every evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor; we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.
False friends are like shadows: close to us when we walk in the sunshine, but leaving us the instant we pass into the hades.
If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.
Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends on the mood of the man whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

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WHILE you are climbing up onto my lap, I will wish you a sane and sensible New Year. If any of you have Bolshevist tendencies don't display them around here unless you want to interview the undertaker.

The Omaha saturnalia of mob violence and bloody beastliness I've not yet had a chance to comment on, but it is all of a piece with what is going on, or would be going on, if force did not hold out its restraining hand all over the country. I told you recently that humanity was sick. The sickness has passed off, now the world is crazy, lawless and vile. At least half, however, of the American people are sane, sensible and law abiding. They are the backbone of our nation but if they go to sleep in this hour of world crisis, as good American people generally do, while the criminal elements of society on the other hand, like the Kaiser and his gang, are ever awake, ever plotting, then you might just as well have stayed out of France, saved the splendid lives you sacrificed and submitted to the tyranny of the Prussian, for I tell you right now, you would have had a better chance under the mailed fist of the Hohenzollern than you will ever have under the rule of the mob, the criminal, and the degenerate; for what these beasts are capable of doing is amply demonstrated by what happened on that terrible night in Omaha when the fiends broke loose and tore everything to pieces. If you think for one moment that that mob of criminals had no other thought in mind than the mere lynching of a negro murderer, you are mightily mistaken. That was a mere incident, simply an excuse to let loose the flood-gates of their devilish lust for blood and destruction. Deep down in the best of every man there is a remnant of the barbarian from whom we are descended. You saw that barbarism let loose like a flood of lava when the Hun threw off his thin veneer of decency and civilization, and burned, slew, ravished, pillaged and plundered everybody and everything in his path; but even the Prussian hordes were under the command of their officers, and would probably have been willing to have made peace, had they got the terms they wanted, terrible as those terms would have been. But the mob is under no control. You cannot treat with or reason with it for it is comprised of frenzied fools, crazy lunatics, impelled by every passion that is vile, horrible and criminal. All you can do with it is to shoot it up—destroy it before it destroys you. The mob is the abysmal beast, a monster masquerading in human form, whose appetite for blood is unquenchable. To think that we have reared this beast in our bosom is horrible to think of. In the days of old, when fighting and murder were man's chief occupation, mob violence was to be expected. But there is absolutely no excuse for such outbursts today, except that men want to let the beast within them get the upper hand and wallow in the muck and mire like swine. Now listen to what the editor of the Omaha World-Herald has to say upon this subject. His words of fire ought to burn deep into every heart that is human:

"There is the rule of the jungle in this world, and there is the rule of the law. Under jungle rule no man's life is safe, no man's wife, no man's mother, sister, children, home, liberty, rights, property. Under the rule of law, protection is provided for all these. Omaha was humiliated and disgraced by a monstrous object-lesson of what jungle rule means. The lack of efficient government in Omaha, the lack of government foresight and sagacity and energy, made the exhibition possible. It was provided by a few hundred hoodlums, most of them mere boys, organized as a wolf pack is organized, inflamed by the spirit of anarchy and license, of plunder and destruction. Ten thousand or more good citizens, without leadership, without organization, without public authority to organize for the anticipated emergency, were obliged to stand as onlookers, shamed in their hearts, and witness the hideous orgy of lawlessness. It would be impossible to speak too strongly in condemnation of the rioters or in the uncompromising demand for their stern and swift punishment whoever they may be, wherever they may be found. They not only foully murdered a negro they believed to be guilty. They brutally maltreated and attempted to murder other negroes whom they knew to be innocent. *They tried to lynch the mayor.* They wantonly pillaged stores and destroyed property. They burned the courthouse. In the sheer spirit of anarchy, they pulled valuable records from their steel filing-cases, saturated them in gasolene, and burned them. They burned police conveyances and cut the fire hose, inviting the destruction by fire of the entire city. Their actions were wholly vile, wholly evil and malignantly dangerous. There is not one of them but should be sent for a long term to state prison. We have had an experience with lawlessness. We have seen what it is. We have seen how it works. We have felt, however briefly, the fetid breath of anarchy on our cheeks. We have experienced the cold chill of fear which it arouses. We have seen as in a nightmare, its awful possibilities. We have learned how frail is the barrier which divides civilization from the primal jungle—and we have been given to see clearly what that barrier is. It is the Law! It is the might of the Law, wisely and fearlessly administered! It is respect for and obedience to the Law on the part of the members of society! When these things fail us, all things fail. When these are lost, all will be lost. May the lesson sink deep."

The Omaha incident is all a part of a carefully prepared plan of the disgruntled, the ugly, the vicious, the criminal, the depraved, the degenerate, to destroy our existing social order and replace it with a dictatorship of thugs, felons and gun-men such as exists in Russia. I talked preparedness to you for years, but most of you laughed in my face. You turned a deaf ear, believing that nothing could happen to you, until the Kaiser had his sword at your throats. Not until the draft call came and the President threw his idealism aside and said "Force! Force! Force! without stint!" did you wake up. If you had only awakened a couple of years earlier, the world would not be a jungle today, loaded with debt, ravaged by disease, thousands of our best doomed to lives of misery, blinded, gassed and condemned to unspeakable torture; Russia would be a republic instead of a slaughter house and bughouse, and you would not be menaced by the red ruin of anarchy which is now knocking at every door in the land. Those incarnate fiends, Lenine and Trotzky, with their propaganda are fooling the honest dub and inciting the crack-brained to deeds of violence the world over. By a process of boring from within, their paid agents are disrupting the labor unions, driving men mad with their devilish doctrines. In the first nine months of 1919 we had three thousand strikes. Most of these strikes were caused by the Red element who defied the leaders of their organizations. Those who struck, with rare exceptions, were not striking for better conditions of living, for the billions that have been spent during the war have simply flooded the country with money and labor is getting not only its share but often more than it knows how to spend sanely and sensibly. The extreme radicals, who are just plain Bolshevists, will tell you that every strike is simply another blow at American ideals, institutions, principles and government, and everyone who is not fighting these red terrorists is consciously or unconsciously aiding them. We have enough laws to make these rats run into their holes and stay there for all eternity, but these laws are so laxly enforced that these vermin defy and laugh at them. On every street corner in every big city in the land, these rascals dispense their venomous red dope, which the low-brows and gullible eagerly swallow. They who make coalbins out of their bathtubs and chicken coops of their parlors, defy the police and parade our streets, carrying banners inscribed: "Deport us to Russia where there is freedom!" It is to Russia they'd go in a hurry if I were running things, and there they'd find hell and tyranny and no freedom. Nothing satisfies the foreigner in America. The Jew who has been treated like a wild beast in Russia, gathers here in his ghettoes by the thousands, and though he has prospered, plots the destruction of our institutions. He, like others of his kind, wants to alter and run everything to suit himself. Other nationalities who are so powerful politically that I dare not even mention their names, are doing the same thing, and you must be blind indeed if you do not know who they are and what their purpose is.

The Omaha editor says there was lack of efficient government. Ah! there the gentleman put his finger on the crux of the whole trouble. The lack of efficiency in government, the lack of law enforcement, are all due to rotten politics. Politicians cannot hold jobs without votes and to get votes they are ready to sell their souls, to make law a farce and cultivate the vilest elements of our population. As I write, Congress, instead of appealing to the best elements in American life is reaching out for the votes of men who cheered with joy when the Lusitania was sunk, and danced with delight when your sons were shot and gassed. There are other arrogant racial groups filling the land with their raucous yaps and to curry favor with these groups politicians have for a long time been attacking the nations who were associated with us in this war, so as to please the voters back home. What utter folly! Meanwhile the strikes go on and the higher the wage the smaller the product. People want the low prices of 1914 and the high wages of 1920 and the poor idiots who are simply cutting their own throats, swear they will go Bolshevik if they don't get what they want. The fact is, people have become so pleasure crazy and so enamored of loafing and high living, they won't work at any price. Lenine found that out in Russia and he quickly solved the problem as a dictator can solve anything, by turning guns on the loafers and shooting them back into the factories. Remember every wage boost is a price boost, and not until the world creates what war has destroyed can things get back to normal. Only fools want to do the dog act and chase their own tails. Wealth is created by work, not by theorizing.

Now let me suggest that the foreign trouble-makers who only came here to rake in their pile and to use us as a convenience, and also the agitators and red rascals who plot but never work, be rounded up and deported. If fifty-thousand of these vermin were sent kiting home, the balance would be as meek as lambs. We've fooled with these scamps too long, the time has come for a show-down between foreigners and Americans. A cancer is growing in our midst that will destroy us, even as the Hun would have destroyed us, and that cancer has got to be cut out—there is no other way. The doctrine of these terrorists is force, as is the doctrine of every criminal and degenerate. Let your answer, too, be force, give them a dose of their ow medicine until they squeal for mercy. Have a machine-gun mounted on a motor lorry in the back yard of every courthouse of every city of any considerable size, and some that are not considerable. That howling mob in Omaha would have melted away like ice cream at a church social if they had had to face machine-guns. It is time that Uncle Sam ceased being Uncle Sham and Uncle Clam and woke up and applied the big stick to the dastards, who, because we are free-and-easy going and allow people to do much as they like, think they can stand us on our heads. If the law were strictly enforced, these impudent rascals would respect us, crawl into their holes and behave. We are not willing and will not permit alien plotters or home-bred soreheads to turn this country into a jungle. Now let all good citizens combine and organize. Evil has declared war to the death on good and the fight is on. Some of you may think I am hard on men simply because they are foreigners or of foreign parentage. But let me tell you I would rather have one wideawake, patriotic American of foreign birth, who keenly appreciates the advantages this country offers him and who is loyal and true to the principles of our government, than a thousand sleepy-headed, indifferent, half-baked Americans, who can trace their ancestry back to '76. You have had the Kaiser and you have had the flu, now you are threatened with the red terror, and you must fight the last to the death as you fought the other two. The art of being kind would save the world, but kindness is wasted on bums and anarchists. The noble art of being *blind*, alas, is the only art the average American seems to understand, and that art, if persisted in, will destroy us. The Hun is no longer without, he is within and far more dangerous than the Hun we fought across the sea, because he wears no uniform and is hard to detect, and, like a plague, he infests every corner of the land. You must destroy him or he will destroy you, your home and your children, for he is only a gorilla in human form. Make your lawmakers throw these anarchists out or elect men who will do it. We have played too long, talked too much. Now is the time for action. You can't let George do it, this is a job you must attend to yourself or perish. God speed your work or America is lost. P. S. The Rochester Herald says: "Almost a year since the armistice was signed and the only democratic nation on earth still making a fool of itself." For pity's sake quit fooling and go to work.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My picture book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the picture book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

MOULTON, R. R. 5, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am certainly proud that I live in the good old U. S. A., for I think it is the grandest place on earth, and Moulton, Lawrence County, the grandest place of all. The County high school is situated at this place, which I have so long attended, this being my fifth year. I am in the senior class with sixteen other classmates, which I am deeply in love with—twelve girls and five boys. I am also a member of the Lee Society, there being two rival societies, the Lee and the K. W. G. Have always lived and worked on the farm and am proud of it. We have been readers of COMFORT for years and it certainly is a comfort. I want to read the book, "The Trial of the Lonesome Pine." Will return when read and pay postage. Let's all live a life that is worth living while we can, and we can if we but listen to the dictates of our own conscience.

ELIZABETH RYLANT.

Am glad to meet with a young lady who is proud to live in the U. S. A. A lot of lunatics and cranks seem to have got tired of this country, though they came here broke and now have money to burn. There is nothing in the U. S. the Bolshevist soreheads seem to like. But here's the funny thing, when they are gathered in by the police and threatened with deportation, they have forty-six legal societies, many of them financed by wealthy highbrows and crack-brained dreamers ready to hire the best legal talent to keep these vermin from being deported. I think I told you some time ago of sixty-eight of these rascals being rounded up in Seattle and one or two other places in the U. S. and brought here to Ellis Island, N. Y., for deportation. Now it turns out that only eight of these gentlemen are to be deported, or have been deported; the other sixty have been turned loose on us to work more devilment. In reading accounts of the Seattle Bolshevist upheaval which was squelched by Ole Hanson, one got the impression that every "Red" in all the gang who planned and carried out that effort to overturn the government by force, was rounded up and being sent east for deportation. The chief firebrand in this assault on our institutions was, of course, a Russian Jew with an English name. A price was offered for his capture, and the whole country was being scoured in an effort to locate him. Now I discover that this same red-eyed rascal is at liberty and stirring up more trouble. No wonder Senator Poindexter, on October 14, offered a resolution in the Senate requesting the Attorney General to advise that body why the Department of Justice has failed to take legal proceedings for the arrest and deportation of aliens who have preached anarchy and sedition and have openly advocated the unlawful destruction of industries, the destruction of property in pursuance of a deliberate plan and purpose to destroy and impede business essential to the propsperity and life of the community. Our grand old Uncle Sam today reminds me of a soldier who has been in the trenches and is smothered with cooties and is too lazy or indifferent or too fond of the cooties to submit to a delousing process. Oh, Lord, wouldn't I like to do that job for Uncle Sam! He does not know how to do it for himself but I know who the cooties are and how to get them. So you are deeply in love with your sixteen classmates, of whom (not of which) five are boys. Loving five boys all at once is going some. Even one is too much for a young lady of your age. Glad you are a member of the Lee Society, but keep away from the K. W. G.'s, as I understand that means Kaiser Wilhelm's Germans, and they have got to behave themselves and become Americanized, in this country at least, if they ever want to be friends of ours. I'm sorry to hear you are putting the lonesome pine on trial. I don't know what the lonesome pine has done, but, anyhow, if it is put in jail it will receive the same treatment accorded the other Bolsheviks and trouble makers for the last few years. It will be jailed one day and let out on bail for a thousand years the next. Billy the Goat has written a song which is dedicated to the Kaiser, entitled: "The Trial of the Lonesome Swine." I presume that Billy refers to the gentleman who was known as the Beast of Berlin. Don't stray far from the lonesome pine for if the Bolsheviki and the I. W. W. get the upper hand, it will be expedient for you, if you value your safety, to climb into the top branches and hide.

GASTONIA, N. C.

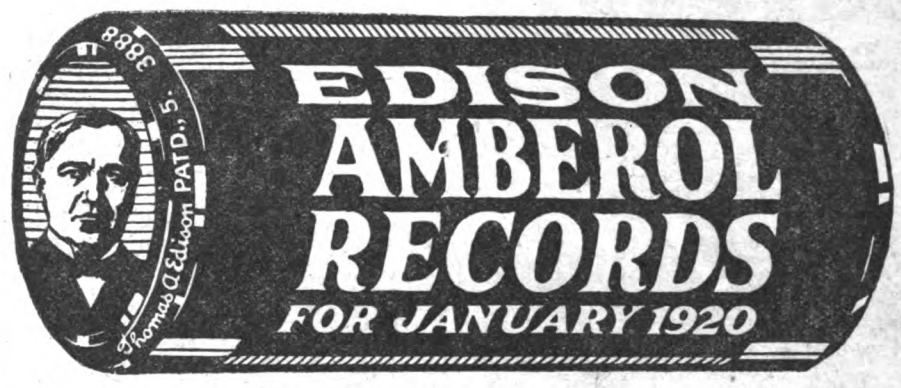
DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

The letters in your corner are just fine and you answer them so well. How do you do it? Gee! I know I shall make a mess of this one of mine. I'm old enough to write a better letter, but did not have enough patience to remain in school long enough to get a good education. I am a working girl and guess I can get through with the education I have. Do the rest of you girls like the boys? I do, and I just can't help it. There is one that comes in to see me every night. He kisses me and the worst part of it is I like it, though we are not engaged, but he just will do those things anyway. Is it because he loves me or is he just trying to make me silly about him? He hardly ever dresses up when he comes, just comes in his work clothes. I live not far from where he boards. Gastonia is a great cotton mill town. We have about thirty or forty mills. Love to all the cousins.

MARY.

Mary, if you want to improve your letter writing, go to a night school if there is one in your city. It only needs the will to do and a little self determination and you can make yourself a hundred per cent more proficient and efficient in anything you take up, provided, of course, you keep your mind on your task and cut out all the foolishness for a few months. This country is divided into various belts, the pie belt, which cuts dyspeptic New England from the rest of the world, or did until the beckoning hands of the golden west drew the descendants

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



Amberola Owners! These Records Will Make the New Year Happy for You!

START the New Year right by going to the nearest Edison Amberola dealer; listen to these new Amberol records for January and carry a big selection home with you. When these Amberol records enter your door the last vestige of gloom will fly out of your window. They're guaranteed to keep all the family happy all the time! Hear "Uncle Josh and Aunt Nancy Put Up the Kitchen Stove" in Record No. 3890—you'll laugh till your sides ache. Let the Premier Quartet sing "Breeze, Blow My Baby Back to Me" for you—No. 3888. It's great! Next, "You're My Gal", an uproariously funny coon song with a tune you'll keep humming in working hours. Then have Margaret Freer sing "I Know What It Means To Be Lonesome" in her beautiful, clear soprano voice—a splendid ballad. Just look over this January list of the latest and best music—you won't be satisfied until you've heard them all.

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3887	We'll All Go Home the Same Way—Scotch Song	Glen Ellison	.60
3888	Breeze (Blow My Baby Back to Me)—Male Voices	Premier Quartet	.60
3889	Western Land—Fox Trot—for Dancing	All Star Trio	.60
3890	Uncle Josh and Aunt Nancy Put Up the Kitchen Stove	Cal Stewart and Ada Jones	.60
3891	Flirtation Valse—Intermezzo	Conway's Band	.60
3892	Wait Until the Roses Bloom—Saxophone Solo	Wheeler Wadsworth	.60
3893	You're My Gal—Comic Coon Song	Al Bernard and Ernest Hare	.60
3894	I Know What It Means To Be Lonesome—Ballad	Margaret A. Freer	.60
3895	My Desert Love—Popular Song	Lewis James	.60
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27189	Le Mimoso	Hector Pellerin	.60

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When Betsy Balked

by William L. Young



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I AM old-fashioned in this respect—I love a good horse. I have a flivver for quick or long trips, but when there is no need for hurry, I like to drive a spirited animal that pulls on the reins and makes you feel there's something alive ahead of you. Maybe that was one of the reasons that slick stranger had no difficulty in selling Betsy to me. When I looked at the keen eye, the beautifully poised head, the glossy coat, the good action, and then heard the price—I bit! Perhaps you have already guessed what kind of a horse she was, but never you mind, even if I did have all kinds of trouble, I'm not sorry I bought that mare. And somebody else says she isn't sorry, either. But that's getting ahead of my story!

The very first day I tried that mare out I found she wasn't a slouch. She had a long stride and an easy way of reaching out that just swallowed up the road. When I saw how really good she was, a suspicion entered my mind that maybe the chap had sold me stolen property, since he was willing to sell at such a ridiculously low figure. This was worrying me a little that day as we slackened our speed on the first hill.

"Take your time, old girl," I said.

She had come to the same conclusion, for she stopped.

"Gidap!" I tapped her gently with the lines. But she wouldn't!

"Now you get out of here!" I ordered; and I emphasized it with a touch of the whip. She threw her ears back, switched her tail savagely, and rolled her eyes wickedly till the whites showed.

"Possibly something is wrong with the harness," I muttered to myself. I jumped out and looked things over carefully. Everything seemed all right.

"I'll lead you a little piece, Betsy." I reached up, petted the soft nose, and then pulled forward on the bit. She set her forefeet, tossed her head, and wouldn't budge. Then I knew what I was up against—Betsy had balked!

I dropped my hand in surprise, for here was something different. I scratched my head and tried to think. I had never owned a balky horse before in all my life. Something had to be done and that immediately, for I didn't want anybody to catch me in such a predicament and spread the news over the whole county.

So I tried to think of all the plans I had heard were good for a case like this. The first that came to my mind I immediately rejected—to start a little fire under the stubborn nag. That was too cruel. Also, I knew a man who lost a load of straw trying that way—his horse moved just far enough for it to be off and the wagon over the fire. Besides, wouldn't I have been a pretty picture at that job if somebody would have happened along?

The next one that came to my mind I didn't relish, either. It was to bite the left ear of the stubborn animal until it changed its mind. That method seemed rather primitive, and then, too, who would want to be an "ear-chawer"?

The only other plan I thought of was to unhitch the balky critter and lead it around in a circle. I had heard that this was a sure cure. It was claimed that as soon as you would hitch up again, the unruly animal would go right off. This method was easy enough, so I unhitched Betsy in a hurry, and she and I started to play "ring-around-a-ros-ee" till my head swam and my feet wouldn't track. When I couldn't stand it any more, I hitched her up again, crawled into the buggy, and said, "Gidap!" Betsy didn't seem to understand.

"Gidap, Betsy!" But Betsy didn't budge.

Again I repeated with emphasis, "Now, Betsy, gidap!" But she stood stiff-legged, with the firm resolution to fight it out on that line if it took all summer.

I didn't like the idea of staying there that long. What Betsy needed, I decided, was a good tanning. I took the whip, walked to her head, grabbed the bit, looked in her eye, and said, "I hate to do it, old gal, but now you are going to get it!"

No man ever hits a horse over the head; only a brute does that. I let her have it around the forelegs! Swish! Swish! Swish! the whip sang.....

"Young man, I don't think much of a big brute like you beating a poor dumb horse like that! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

My whip and jaw dropped at the same time. I looked up amazed, and I tell you I got an eyeful!

Right behind me, seated in one of those high traps, was the Girl. When I say "the Girl," you know what I mean. Ever since I had first seen her three weeks before, I had been scheming and planning some plausible way of meeting her so her first impressions of me would be a help to my plans. But instead—this! You could tell she wasn't thinking nice things about me; her eyes were burning with scorn, and the color coming and going in her cheeks showed me she was downright mad—so mad that she had entirely forgotten the wilted-looking chap in horn spectacles who sat by her side.

I was surprised all right, but after a few moments of confusion I decided I wasn't such a criminal, after all. Besides, here was my opportunity, and I had to make the best of it. So I looked her boldly in the eye, took off my hat with a flourish you would never associate with a bachelor owner of a hog farm, and said, "Miss, I am very sorry to say I'm not ashamed a bit! That mare deserved all she got and more!"

"No, she didn't!" the Girl asserted with emphasis.

"Yes, she did!" I retorted. "That nag there is balking!"

"That doesn't make any difference! You shouldn't abuse any dumb animal! Be patient with it, and talk in kind tones to it as you would to a child, and you can do more with kindness than you can with a dozen whips."

"You got to show me!" I asserted, stubbornly.

She jumped from the trap, went to Betsy's head, stroked the silky nose, whispered something in her ear, and, wonder of wonders, Betsy started off as though she had wanted to all the time!

"For the love of Mike, Miss," I said, "don't stop her! I'll climb in while you lead her, and maybe she will keep a-going!"

I jumped in, took up the lines, and Betsy didn't stop as the Girl let go. As the buggy caught up with her, I said, "Miss, you are a wonder. I dare not stop to tell you all I think, but I promise you I won't use the whip on Betsy again even if she balks on the railroad track!"

"I hold you to your promise," she replied, with the warmest kind of a smile in her eyes.

As I drove to town I had plenty to think about;—"a big brute like you," and that hurt; then the warm little smile and that helped a bit.

* * * * *

My business didn't keep me long. Within an hour I had turned Betsy's nose homeward. Away we went! People turned to watch us. What speed! What action! Ah, this was worth while, I thought, forgetting all about Betsy's contrariness on the trip in. If I could meet the Girl now,——

"Faster yet, Betsy!" I touched her with the lines, and then it happened again!

In the midst of her stride she started to stop! Her muscles were tensed, she lit stiff-legged, the buggy stopped with a jerk that almost pitched me out on her back.

My first thought was to grab the whip, but I remembered my promise, and that stopped me. Peeping cautiously up the road past Betsy's ears, I saw something that saved her, for there in the distance was the trap returning.

I jumped from the buggy, walked to Betsy's head, turned away from the coming trap, petted the mare's nose, and when I was sure the Girl was sure enough to hear, I began to speak in words that just dripped honey, "Betsy, dear, I would be ever so much obliged if you would just gidap!" "My own little Betsy, won't you please condescend to go on just a tee-ny, wee-ny little bit farther? If it's not too inconvenient for you, Betsy, let's go home!"

Then the Girl laughed.

Looking around as if astonished at her presence, I exclaimed, "Oh, how you surprised me! You see, Betsy has balked again! I am trying to be patient with her and talk to her in kind tones as I would to a che-ild, for I feel I can do more in this way than if I would wear out a dozen whips on her!" And I looked at the Girl and grinned.

"But she doesn't go," she said.

"Maybe she would for you," I suggested.

She jumped out of the trap, hastened across to Betsy, and again the mare listened to her whispered appeal.

"Miss," I said, "if that mare balks once more, I am going to give 'er to you!"

She smiled, jumped into the trap beside the be-spectacled chap she called Dickie, and drove away.

* * * * *

During the week that followed, Betsy was on her good behavior. Not once did she balk. Her coat became glossier, she held her head higher, and for style—there was no better in the country.

I made it my business to find out more about the Girl, and the news wasn't good for me! I knew her father. He had been a farmer before he bought the mill in town, and he had lots of common sense. Her name was Mary. She had just returned from an eastern school, and this weak-kneed Dickie boy had hot-footed it away out here after her. People said this young fellow had more money than was good for him, and that Mary didn't look on him with disfavor. What I couldn't understand was why her dad didn't turn that dude so he faced east and kick him on the sunset side hard enough to give him a flying start over several counties on his way back home. But he didn't, and everywhere that Mary went, that lamb was sure to go.

And then we met again. I was driving Betsy to town. She was feeling frisky and I had trouble to hold her. Faster and faster we went till suddenly we came to a turn in the road hid by a high bank. I was just thinking I had better slow up when an automobile dashed around the curve. The glare of the sun on the lamps and windshield, and its sudden appearance, were more than Betsy could stand. She started to waltz on her hind feet—then, with a snort, tried to turn a handspring over a ditch and a high fence. I yelled and yanked and jerked and tried to stop her, but she wouldn't be stopped. She made a fizzle of the handspring, however, but succeeded finally in knocking off the right forewheel against a telephone post. Then the shafts came off, and I was dragged by the lines over the dashboard, landing easily and gracefully on my chin. I let go of the lines and doubled up my stalwart frame. Betsy, pretty well tangled up by this time, shivered a little, and stopped dead still.

In that auto were the Girl and Dickie. She was driving. When she saw how she had scared my horse, she threw on the brakes so suddenly that the hind wheels skidded. A moment later she was kneeling beside me and looking with troubled eyes down into my face.

"You!" I murmured, pianissimo.

"Are you hurt?" she demanded.

I knew I wasn't, except for a scratch or two, but I didn't want to disappoint anybody. "Sure!" I replied, and I looked up in just the right way. I knew how, for sometimes I go to the "movies," too.

"Are you badly hurt?" she asked; I could see she was terribly worried.

"You bet I am!" I said enthusiastically. "You just feel how hot my head is!"

She did. I placed my hand on top of hers to help, closed my eyes, and wondered how long it would last. Finally she must have realized the pressure on her hand wasn't a sick man's, for she pulled it away.

"Don't you think you could walk to the machine?" she asked. "Then I could take you to a doctor!"

"I don't know!" I replied. "I'm willing to try." I reached for her hand to help me up; so supported on one side by her and on the other by the Dickie boy, I limped over and crawled into the car.

"Dickie, I will take this gentleman to the doctor. Will you ride his horse to our stable, and see she is taken care of? Now, that's a good boy!"

"But that's a vicious creature!" Dickie demurred. "It's hard to tell what it might do!"

"Look, how quiet she stands! If you're afraid, I'll take the horse and you take the car!" she replied, rather indignantly.

"Oh, I can do it all right, but I hate to spoil our whole afternoon just on account of that fellow!" he said, as he reluctantly and timidly approached Betsy.

The girl jumped into the car beside me and away we went. "I'm sorry for it all, Mr. Morning," she said. "I'll have father pay——"

"How do you know my name's Morning?" I looked at her in astonishment.

"You keep still. You're supposed to be hurt," she replied with a smile. Then she dropped her eyes—"If it will help your health any, I've heard Father mention your name several times——"

"Say," I demanded boldly and bluntly, "is that Dickie boy back there anything to you?"

"That's none of your business, sir!" she answered, saucily, but her eyes weren't as impudent as her words.

Then, though I didn't know what to say, a great hope warmed my heart.

We were silent a moment but after a time she turned to look back. I did the same, and what we saw probably more than what we thought caused us to say in unison, "Poor Dickie!" For back in the distance there was an equestrian statue in the middle of the road. Betsy had balked!

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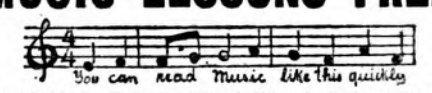


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The Talcott Treasure

By Anne McQueen

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CHAPTER VI.

"NANCY—is it a *coffin!*" stammered Eleanor's stiff lips, as her shovel clattered weakly upon the soft earth; clattered with a thud that sounded loud as a clarion to her startled ears—the sound was so—suggestive!

But Nancy, saneness returning to her practical, everyday mind with a comforting calm, after the brief period of hysterical fear she had felt when her spade struck something that was not earth, had again seized her graveyard implement with capable fingers and was wildly but surely digging away the clay from some lumpy, bulky objects that were dimly assuming shape in the moonlight. She paid no heed to Eleanor's horrified question—or exclamation, rather; Nancy was too busy, just then, to even think of Eleanor!

Now she sat flat upon the ground and began scratching away the lumps of soft soil from the objects with her hands. "Eleanor, turn on the flashlight," commanded Nancy, in such clear, unafraid tones that Eleanor, though her fingers still trembled convulsively, managed to press the big bead of light full upon the thing—a knobby, bulging object which Nancy held aloft.

"What is it? Oh, *what* is it, Nancy?" breathed Eleanor, her voice tense with excitement.

"It's a bag," said Nancy, solemnly. "Eleanor, child, I believe to my soul we've found the treasure!"

"Thank heaven," sobbed Eleanor, shakily, "thank heaven it isn't——bones!"

"Goose!" scoffed Nancy, sternly, "don't you dare taint or—or anything, Eleanor! Of course it isn't bones—who expected to find 'em? I knew it the gold was buried here, it wouldn't begin to——reach down to *bones!* Sit down here and help me dig 'em up! My lands, there's a *heap* of them—quick, Eleanor!"

Obediently Eleanor began to help uncover the bags—leather bags, clinking thrillingly as she shook them. At last, piled beside the open grave—or mound, as Nancy insisted upon terming it—were—*ten* bags of leather! Was the Talcott gold found at last?

"The flashlight, Eleanor," commanded Nancy, "turn it this way. I'm going to open one of these bags and *see* what's in it! Feels right, but I may be mistaken."

Surely her fingers fumbled with the knot of the buckskin thong tied securely about the mouth of the pouch; Nancy felt strangely steady and calm, now that the task was ended the weird shadows were now but friendly trees, the mysterious moon but a kind candle, lighting their way, and the slabs of the grassy mound seemed positively benevolent looking—all horror had vanished with the success of the undertaking.

Slowly the knot yielded, the thong untwisted, and Nancy poured into her lap a slow stream of coins—eagles and double-eagles, hard gold of the United States mint—the Talcott treasure was found at last!

A prayer of thanksgiving trembled on Eleanor's lips as she viewed the gold; and Nancy, joyous Nancy, felt strangely solemn at the sight—the dream come true at last!

In another moment she had struggled to her feet, and was piling the bags in a wheelbarrow that Bahama used to haul away the dead leaves that dropped constantly from the trees and shrubs. Then, aided now by Eleanor, whose hands trembled nearly as much from joy as they had from fear, she began to mound up the opened treasure-hole, even as it had been; sweeping up the soft bits of clay, and at last covered it with a sprinkling of leaves from the pile in the corner of the enclosure. They also spread leaves in a thin shower over the trodden ground where they had stood—when the task was ended to Nancy's complete satisfaction—turning on the flashlight to observe discrepancies, and correct them, they trundled the barrow back to the house, laden with its precious argosy—a veritable golden fleece in eagles and double-eagles—the fortune that was to make the Talcott place again blossom like the rose with beauty!

Arrived in their room with the golden hoard—one bag, the one Nancy had untied, left out, and the others stored snugly in the depths of Nancy's trunk, that young lady immediately felt the need of a stimulant, and, lighting her spirit-lamp, proceeded to brew two cups of strong tea for the steadying of their shaken nerves.

As they drank their tea, the two girls talked happily about the beautiful things to be done with the money.

"You can make the old place a paradise, Eleanor—a veritable garden of Eden," said Nancy, as she drank her last sip, and began to pour out the coins to count them and see if the bag really contained five thousand dollars. "Dear me, how I long to see it!"

"This bag is for you, Nancy, a wedding present for you," said Eleanor, softly, as she ran the golden coins through her slender fingers, "you deserve at least half, but I know you wouldn't take it."

"No, ma'am—there are a few things I'm pretty pig headed about," agreed Nancy. "And I won't take a single, solitary bag of your gold-money, honey-child! But I *do* want a wedding-present the worst way, and I'll tell you what it is: A whole set—a replica, in fact, of china like yours—with my monogram in the middle of each piece! I'm fairly crazy about the gold-banded dinner-set; if I have one as like it as two peas in one pod, my soul's desire will be satisfied! I want it," Nancy's eyes twinkled, but a rose-flush deepened charmingly upon her dimpled cheeks, "I want it for my——descendants. Think how lovely it will be for them to say: 'This china belonged to great-great-Grandma Carr—she that was Nancy Dare—a wedding present from her best friend.' I declare it is a beautiful thing to have ancestors, isn't it? That's what I, being a plebian of the plebes, most long for, Eleanor-darling," said Nancy, with a nod of finality, "and *that* is what I'll have—or nothing at all!"

"It shall be done, great-great Grandma Nancy," laughed Eleanor, her own velvet-brown eyes dancing, her own lily-white cheeks now a delicate rose with pleasurable excitement. "Now let us count this bag very carefully, and then you shall tell me what to do with all of them."

When it was counted, very carefully, and found to be correct to the last eagle and double-eagle of the whole five thousand, they poured back the glittering rain—rather dull rain, in truth—and placed the bags with the rest in Nancy's trunk.

Then, lying comfortably in bed, but very, very wide awake, they planned—or rather Nancy planned—the disposal of the wealth.

"Tomorrow John Carr will be in Savannah, he wrote," said Nancy. "I'll go to Mr. Jake Louder's store—heaven be thanked for it!—and telephone a long-distance message. He'll be here right away, and he can tell us what to do better than anybody else. My advice is to let him deposit it in some bank in a city, where it won't be talked of all over creation—I think, for the the present, I'd keep the news—old Mrs. Warner is the only person interested, and she has gone back out west, to see about her grandbaby's teeth. Mr. Jake Louder told me the other day that folks in town said all the family were to go, because the old lady won't stay home and take care of them. Then, in a city, John would find some sure way of making investments, so that you will have an income without touching your principal—only enough to put things in shape out here."

"I'll be glad to leave it all to him," agreed Eleanor, fervently. She sighed, and her head nestled drowsily in its pillow. "Now, honey, let's go to sleep—and forget! I'm so heavenly happy that I feel like singing a song of thanksgiving every minute—but, oh, Nancy, I don't think I'd go through those awful moments again, even to find a fortune!"

"It was pretty tough—pretty tough, I'll admit," conceded Nancy, "but well worth while. Still, unless I was certain-sure, I'd hate to tackle another such job, right away!"

Nancy was out of bed early next morning; Eleanor was still sleeping, the deep, dreamless sleep of utter weariness. Cautiously Nancy slipped on her clothes, and tiptoed out of the room, and out of the house, on her way to Mr. Jake Louder's store, to send John Carr a long-distance 'phone message; and, incidentally, to meet David Muir at the hour and place they had previously agreed upon, in the event of the grave-robbery coming off, to report results to that young man, whom Nancy found restlessly pacing under a tree by the roadside, smoking his pipe, and with his hands in the baggy pockets of his breeches.

"Joy, joy, forever! My task is done—
The gates are open—and heaven is won!"

sang Nancy, in the words of Peri on regaining Paradise. "David Muir, man, your hunch was a hunch sent right straight from the little god o' good-luck!"

"So?" observed David Muir, quietly taking his pipe out of his mouth and smiling upon the radiant girl very tenderly. "How about the gates being open for *me*, pal?"

"I think they'll open very, very wide, so that you can come riding through with all ease. The whole ten bags were there, my son—intact, for we counted one of 'em."

"I'm glad it came to me—that hunch," said David Muir, with a sigh of relief. "I began to think about it that day you told me of the unknown grave—seemed likely that they'd hide the treasure in such a place, you know. Well, how is my princess? Did she stand it all right? Must have been pretty gruesome business—I wanted awfully to help, but it wouldn't have done, of course."

"No, indeed—and she's well—she's radiantly happy, planning all sorts of improvements. Man, in a few months you won't know the old plantation—and Eleanor will be the dandiest neighbor one could wish, for she can return favors, and visits, and feel your equal even though she has only fifty thousand—a mere bagatelle to you big rich folks."

"Plenty of money, *I* think," declared David Muir, emphatically. "And now, Nancy Dare, tell me like a good fellow. When can I come, do you think?"

"I'm going back with—a certain drummer man who's coming," said Nancy. "Eleanor doesn't know it yet, but I am, for I gave him my promise to marry him without a frock to my back as soon as our treasure-quest was ended. Then—remember, Eleanor knows nothing about these clandestine meetings of ours—you be Johnny-on-the-spot, and come to tender first aid to the lonely. Now that she has money, she won't be at all offended for you to offer to return the money for that truck Methusela-mule ate up. Once inside the gates, I trust you can find your way about!" And Nancy looked upon the young man with laughing eyes of understanding.

"Sure!" echoed David Muir, with a like glint in his own blue orbs. "Once inside, trust me to find the way—to my princess's heart, I hope," he added, softly, and Nancy, with a sympathetic squeeze of his hand, whispered amen!

John Carr came at once. Nancy met him down at the gate, and the two had a very confidential talk, which resulted in John's promising, with joyous acquiesence, to carry out her plans in all things, in consideration of Nancy herself fulfilling the promise made to him—viz: to marry him at once and leave the next day for New York, to which city he was on his way at last, for a permanent stay.

Eleanor, though rather dazed at Nancy's decision graciously acceded. "You've been too heavenly good to me, Nancy-love, for me to stand in the way of your happiness a minute," she declared. "The only thing I regret is that I can't give you the wedding—for you won't wait!"

"But don't forget the wedding-gift," warned Nancy. "I can take, carefully wrapped, one of each of the pieces, and have 'em duplicated—I don't want foreign ware, home-products are good enough for me. And I'll take the safest care of them. But I warn you, young lady, it's going to cost you a pretty penny indeed!"

And so, with the gold safe in their possession, and a good, crisp check-book on a perfectly sound bank in New York in Eleanor's, they all went, next day, to the town, where Eleanor saw her friend married by a bewildered minister, who was told that he must hurry the ceremony because they had to catch a train!

David Muir struck while the iron was hot; the very day after Nancy's departure, Daphne, with perturbed face—account of having a certain silver dollar in her pocket—came in to inform Eleanor that Mr. Muir was waiting on the porch, to see her on, what Daphne declared was "powerful 'ticklar business."

And Eleanor, with a strange fluttering, like a little bird in her breast, went straight out to greet the "half-stranger" with simple cordiality, and a light in her eyes that made his own heart sing for joy at the sight.

"The mule? You want to return the money for the damage, which wasn't worth mentioning?" pondered Eleanor, who had, for the moment, forgotten all about the unfortunate Neddy. "Oh——I remember, now! But, really, Mr. Muir, you must keep the money—I am sure the manager's estimate was just. But I thank you," she added, with a smile that set his heart a-flutter, "because it was a neighborly thing for you to do, of course,—thinking about me, and that little bit of money, when you were so far away."

"My mother is coming down next week," declared David Muir, knowing that his parent lived but to please her son. "You'll call on her, won't you, Miss Talcott? She'll be so very lonely, for there won't be anybody but me. We—we want to plan some alterations for the winter."

"I'll love to!" said Eleanor, warmly, and David Muir, thanking the god of good-luck, went straight back to his estate of Green Lands, called his mother up in her summer home in the far north, and commanded her to come at once down south—if she loved her boy!

Eleanor, conveyed by Mr. Jake Louder in his buggy, went to town next day; the purposes of her visit being very numerous. First of all, Eleanor went to the really good department-store and bought her some fetching little frocks—things she had not had time or money to think about since she left the city. Then she bought one or two simple but vastly becoming rose-wreathed and floppy hats, and some dainty shoes, and other toilet accessories which she had considered superfluous for so long.

After that, under the guidance of Mr. Louder, who possessed a critical eye for horseflesh, she bought a darling, butterball of a pony, and a carriage to match, thrilling at the thought of the pleasant drives she would now be able to take, and mourning because Nancy could not share them.

Then she saw sundry workmen—paper-hangers, plasterers carpenters, engaging them to come out immediately and begin work on the old house, hoping, in her heart, that they would finish before Mrs. Muir should come down from the north.

With money all things—nearly—are possible. In the sunshine of prosperity the old mansion began to glow with some of its former cheeriness; the grove was cleared, the avenue graded, fences—good wire—enclosed the grounds, with handsome iron gates; hammer and saw sounded noisily throughout the old walls, Daphne had a housemaid to assist her, and Bahama found himself superintending the labor of half-a-dozen brawny black men with much joy—it was truly, the old darkeys told themselves, like old times; they wondered a bit how Eleanor came into her money, but had vague ideas that somebody had left it to her, as was perfectly natural. Bahama, being closely questioned by Mr. Jake Louder, went so far as to state that "somebody—some o' Miss Eleanor's kinnery up Norf done lef' her 'bout a milyun dollars—or maybe more!"

As the North was a country very vague and far away, where people were wont to count their money up into such sums, Mr. Louder gave the tale ready credence, and repeated it, with additions, to all his customers, so that Eleanor soon acquired the reputation of being a millionaire, like the "big-rich" Muirs from the North.

Eleanor saw no more of David Muir till his mother came, when he promptly appeared to inform her of the fact, and to beg that she would call as early as possible, to cheer that lady's loneliness.

A wise man was David Muir, and bided his time—he would not storm his lady's heart, as an embattled fortress, but coax it winningly, as a shy, white dove, which one must gentle before it comes to nestle willingly within the tamer's bosom. Eleanor, he knew, must be wooed and won—if possible—in such manner.

For David Muir was no cock-sure young man, confident in his own success in affairs of the heart. He loved Eleanor—he had meant to win her; but each day, seeing more and more of what he was wont to term, in his heart, her matchless perfections, and becoming more and more impressed with his own utter unworthiness, his hopes sank, till his mother, wise woman, one day asked him abraptly:

"Well, dear boy, how long am I to wait down in this awful summer weather? Surely you don't intend to deprive me of the entire season!"

Then, being a woman who knew her kind, she went to her boy, and, mothering him softly, murmured: "*Of course* she will—she *does*, foolish child! No woman on earth is good enough for you, but she comes nearer than most of them! And a woman loves a man who *knows* he is worthy of her!"

Fate led them to meet, that very morning, upon the road at the letter-box by the tree with the grapevine hanging down with its burden of tiny green grapes.

"Do you remember," asked David Muir, softly, "that day a stranger-man gathered grapes from that vine for you?"

And, seeing a swift flame leap in rosy rushes over face and throat, and quick drooping of heavy lashes to hide the velvet shyness of the soft eyes, David Muir knew, instinctively, that his mother's words were true, and his humility and diffidence fell from him like a discarded garment, so that he boldly folded his lady to his breast, in the shadow of the great tree, where no passer by could see, and whispered his love in words that burned straight into her heart—once more he was a man, and masterful, sure of his mate, at last!

"Since that day, sweetheart," he whispered into the little crumpled pink shell of an ear, kissing away the soft tendrils of hair to find room for his lips to tell his secret more softly, "since that day I have loved you, and wanted you, and longed for this time to come that I might tell you I love you—love you—love you!"

He needed no whispered word to assure him that his love was returned—he knew it, as men do, by the face close-hidden on his breast, and the little hands that fluttered and lay still, like homing birds, in the clasp of his own; and the rose-flood that warmed the sweet, white neck, and the thousaml signs that a lover's eye knows well to mean the answer he craves.

It was later, when they wandered in the depths of the protecting woods that would now belong to both, that David Muir, serenely masculine, now that the white dove had come to nestle in his breast, looked into his sweetheart's shy eyes and commanded her to tell him truly when she first began to love him.

And Eleanor, rose-flushed with shame, star-eyed with love, obeyed the mandate of her mate, and answered truly:

"Since that day I first saw you—the day you gathered the grapes!"

"If we had only lived in the stone-hatchet age," groaned David Muir, "I would have seized you by the hair of your head that day and borne you away to my cave, to live happy ever after! As it is, we've wasted so much precious time that I'll swear I won't stand it much longer! If you don't want to be toted bodily away to my abode, darling of my heart, you must hurry up our wedding day!"

"As soon as the house is finished, and—and a wedding-frock made for me," smiled Eleanor, "and Nancy comes, and——"

"No more!" commanded David Muir, imprisoning his lady in the fortress of his arms, "now, mate of mine, here you stay till this question is settled!"

But there was much to do, though Eleanor obediently hurried, aided by Mrs. Muir, by David, who sent a new staff of workmen, and by Nancy Carr, who came at her friend's summons, leaving her John desolate in their charming New York apartments.

But it must be confessed that the brunt of things fell upon Mrs. Muir and Nancy, for Eleanor and her David shamelessly deserted them, spending idyllic hours in the greenwoods, and in his car, on the wide, free roads, and shirking responsibility in a manner entirely foreign to Eleanor, who but followed the fashion of her ancestral women in yielding obedience to her chosen lord, and doing his lordly will.

"I wouldn't have believed it," wrote Nancy to her John, "but since I've seen it with my own eyes, I know it's nature—she's just reverted to type.

"'Eleanor,' I'll say, "'tell us how you want this done?'

"'Oh, Nancy-honey, just do it as you please,' answers my lady, and hies her away to where David's whistle—yes, John, his *whistle*—sounds at the door, to stroll in the woods, or race on the road, or ride horseback, or do anything her liege-lord commands. She even let me—and her future mother-in-law, who is really a dear, not high-and-mighty a bit—choose her trousseau, merely stipulating that it won't cost over a certain very modest sum, for a lady who has come into a fortune of her own, and will shortly possess countless—more or less—millions.

"But she insists that it shall be an old-fashioned home wedding, with a supper, and a dance afterwards, and the gold-banded china, and the fine cut-glass, and all the silver of her ancestors displayed, and the house beautiful with flowers, and two or three nigger fiddlers to make the music—and Mr. Jake Louder and his family, and Bahama and Daphne, and all the servants, present. Says her mother told her, when she was little, that her own mother had that sort of a wedding—all the poor-whites, and all the niggers were there; the first as the most courteously treated of all the guests, because that class are known to possess acute 'feelings', and the latter as spectators of their white-folks' happiness, and partakers of the feast, which must be bountiful, and old-timey.

"You will be surprised beyond utterance when you come to the wedding and see the old place, and the wonders that money has wrought. Fresh-painted, fresh-plastered, fresh-papered, new roofed, new polished and brightened and cleaned, with the light of heaven pouring fearlessly in upon the shining, satin-rubbed furniture that it has always contained, restored and rejuvenated, and come into its own again.

"My heart has sung paeans of joy over the new curtains, and new carpets, and new hangings and furnishings that had to be bought fresh from the shops, for my heart, as you know, John-boy, doesn't live in the past. But I must say the old satiny rosewood and mahogany and ebony furniture suits the house, perfectly, and the old china and silver is glorious to behold. Nancy's mother-in-law will be proud to have her kin from the North come down and see the abode of her Southern daughter-in-law.

"And she and David will always make this their winter home, for he says that Green Lands, his mammoth estate, belongs to his mother, during her lifetime, and as the Talcott place belongs to his wife, he will of necessity have to live upon his womenfolk, anyway, so he prefers that his wife shall do her marital duty by giving her husband a home!

"Of course he has decided on this for Eleanor's sake—he knows that it will always be the dearest spot on earth to her—and he owns castles, and ranches, and what not in the North and West.

"But the crowning joy of this transformation is seen best in the complete making-over, so to speak, of old Bahama and Daphne, whose cottage in the back-yard is elegant in new paint and new furniture. The old darkeys themselves are splendid. Bahama has a suit of livery—to be worn first on the night of the wedding—of blue broadcloth and gold buttons that make him look like some foreign potentate; and Daphne, good, faithful soul, has a black silk dress and a lace cap, and broad, gold hoop earrings, and a fine linen, lace-edged apron, and accessories, that will make *her* look, upon the eventful evening on which she will wear her new clothes, like a regular African queen, at least.

"But, oh, John-dear, I tremble to think what would have become of poor Eleanor if it hadn't been for that blessed money! David Muir says he would have found a way, but I don't know—she so—*powerful*-proud that I'm afraid she would never have consented to go to her King Cophetua as a beggar-maid. However, it's settled, thanks be, by that heaven-sent treasure!

"I'm so busy I don't hardly have time to breathe, or eat, or do any other normal and accustomed thing, except think about my jo-John, and wish for him every blessed minute, and pray for the time to come when he'll come hurrying down to his own

WIFE, NANCY."

At last the long-looked-for day arrived, and the old house brave in flowers and glorious with lights, and gleaming with silver, and shining with fair old furniture, opened wide its doors to receive within its portals the wedding-guests of its fair young mistress, who, purely-clad as a white lily, stood by her bridegroom's side in the flower-decked halls, and listened to the words of the old minister who was an ancient friend of the former mistress of the old mansion, and who had performed for her the last rites due the dead.

Then it was all funereal dreariness, now it was all light, and music and flowers, and smiling faces—emblems all of a fair future for the twain made one.

And, after the ceremony, and congratulations from the new relatives, and the poor-whites, and the darkeys, and Mistress Nancy, matron-of-honor only less fair than the bride, and John Carr, rosier and chubbier than ever, under Nancy's kindly ministrations, there was the banquet—the old-fashioned wedding-supper, served by Daphne, who superintended the cooking of every old-time dish, and who guaranteed the feast to be a faithful replica of those given by her white-folks in the good old days before the war.

For days the feast had been preparing, the wide-throated kitchen-chimney had smoked valorously with the fires of pots, and spiders and skillets and ovens set upon the broad hearth, cooking such things as no modern range could dare to attempt.

Out in the yard there had been fires going up, also—meats barbecued, after the good old way—lambs and pigs and chickens; with pots of mammoth size full of delectable game stew—the celebrated Brunswick stew, whose composition is supposed to be unknown to benighted Yankees.

There was a bride-cake, which Eleanor cut, with much laughter from the guests, who found their fortunes in the thimble, the coin, the ring, it contained. Such a cake as nobody but an old Southern darkey, instructed by an old-time mistress and inherited instinct, could have concocted; there were turkeys, and game, and vegetables and desserts, all unknown to most of the guests, and thoroughly enjoyed for the novelty as well as for their perfection.

"One would think we were living in the middle of the past century," marveled one of the northern guests—"this is a banquet like those you read about in old books—it is perfect!"

"Eleanor insists upon preserving the traditions of her family," declared the elder Mrs. Muir, complacently—she was very proud of her beautiful daughter-in-law, and, being herself a member of a family whose money was "made in trade," felt a proper respect for the ancient aristocracy. "She isn't rich, of course, but I always say blood is to be preferred to money, and she is fortunate in being descended from a very old and honorable family, which, unfortunately, is extinct, except for herself. David and I are enormously proud of her."

After the supper there was an old-fashioned dance in the broad hall, with the negro musi-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

"America First" Was Roosevelt's Motto And Should Be the Aim of Every Citizen

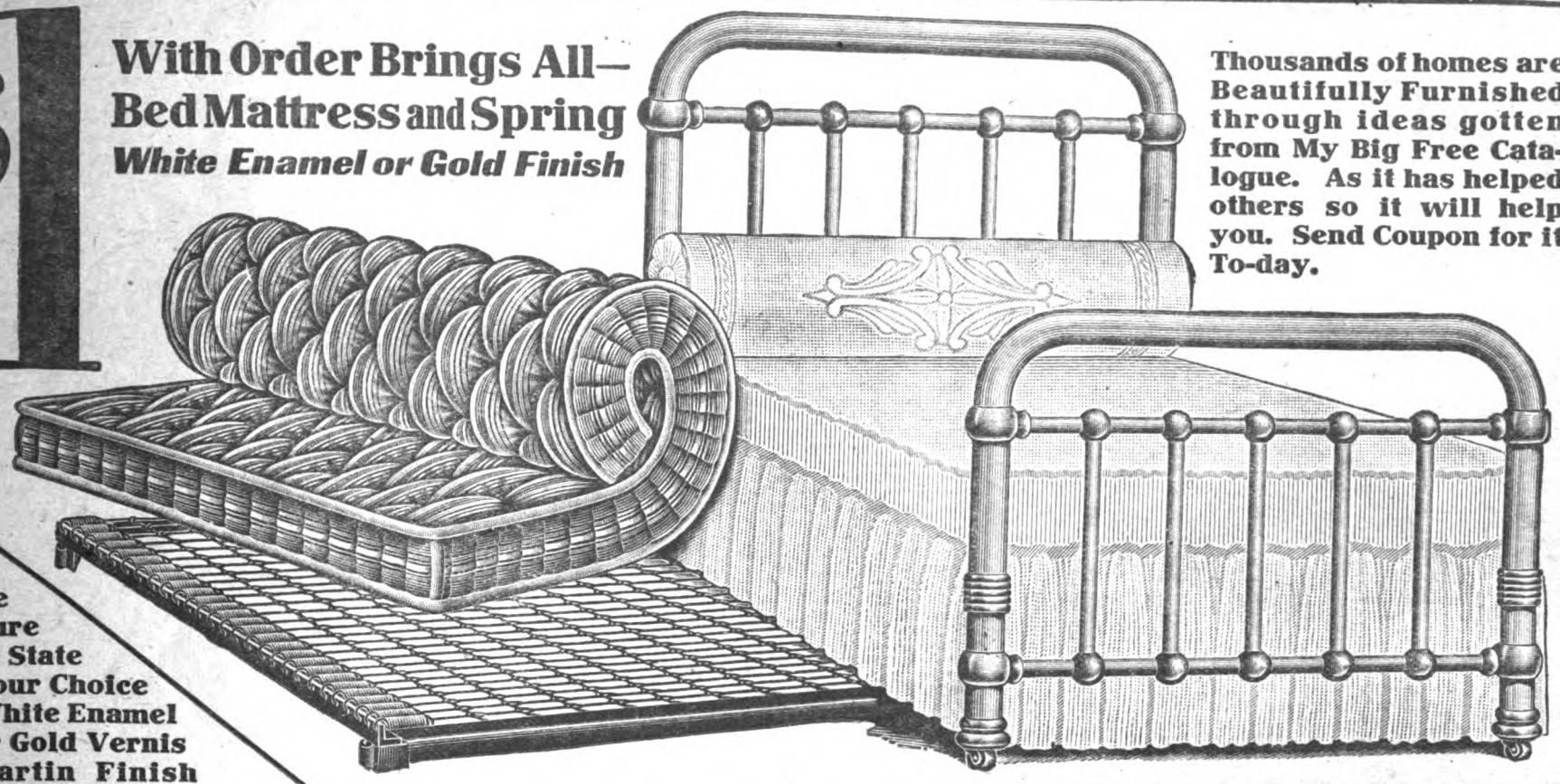
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Instead of saving and waiting—instead of worrying along year after year with dreary, old, worn-out things you are ashamed of, get Now, from me, the furniture you have long yearned for. You don't need the cash. You will be surprised at the long time I will give you to pay. My prices are always Bargain Prices. I guarantee them to be from 10 to 30 per cent lower than cash down prices right in your own home stores.

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Every single thing I sell—stoves, beds, rugs, carpets—everything is sent on 30 days' trial and use. This means that you see and use the furnishings every day for 30 days and then decide. If you are not perfectly satisfied, you can return the goods and not be out a penny. I will refund your first payment and all freight charges. There are no strings to this offer. I have made it for years. **Fill in and Mail Coupon Today.**

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Your Good and Bad Points

I THINK one of the most foolish things any of us can do is to wear our hair done low because Polly looks so pretty with her hair that way, or done high because Margaret is so stunning with her high coiffure; or our dresses wide at the hip because Ernestine is so fetching with her bunched draperies, or scant and slinky because tall, graceful Dorothea is so delightful to look at in sheathlike gowns.

There is only one safe method to follow in deciding upon gowns, coiffures, even deportment—to study one's self and adopt the style which harmonizes with our height, weight, mannerisms, idiosyncracies. Some cunning young girl perches herself on a porch railing and thrums the ukelele. Immediately Sadie, who weighs 160 pounds, is short and somewhat clumsy of movement, purchases a ukelele and painstakingly imitates the abandon of Polly, aged seventeen, weighing about 105, and naturally vivacious.



A DUTCH NECK AND AN UPTURNED BRIM.

It can't be done!

In choosing gowns and hats, be not led astray by their becomingness for someone else. It is you who have to wear them. Take the necks of gowns, for instance. Jane can't wear a square-necked gown—it is quite unbecoming and makes her figure look broad. When Jane wears a neck which slopes to a graceful V, her figure looks graceful and not at all broad. Nothing is prettier than the Dutchneck, with its lovely youthful square, but unless it is becoming to your figure do not wear it. A very thin chest or a very broad chest cannot take a square neck satisfactorily. The V is the better mode for them.

Then consider hats. Just because one of your friends wears a hat which turns up straight from her forehead, do not attempt the same fashion until you have experimented and found that it is the most becoming style for you. Perhaps you will look a thousand times better in a hat which, while it does not shadow your face, yet has a bandeau or inner brim which fits down about your head and forms an attractive setting. Such a bandeau may be of flowers, or feathers, or merely of crushed ribbon or cloth of gold. Whichever kind of a hat you wear, always let a little of your hair show below the line of hat which fits to your head. A hat which fits down on a bare forehead is not becoming to anyone.

As to skirts, don't wear extremely short skirts, though they happen to be fashionable, unless you look well in them. A very tall thin girl looks ridiculous in short skirts; so does a fat girl.

In other words, my dear, use your own good judgment, and look at yourselves as if you were someone else altogether, considering carefully what sort of clothes look best on that particular person. Only in that way will you make the most of your good points and conceal your bad ones.

Answers to Questions

NEVADA.—I am afraid you can't get rid of the hairs under your arm for good," as you put it. But you can remove them with a depilatory if you do not like shaving them. They will come back, and you will have to use a depilatory over and over again, but that is not such a very great amount of trouble. There are many satisfactory depilatories on the market which are safe for under-arm use. Look through our dvertising columns.

ROSE H.—I am afraid I cannot be a great deal of help about the scrofula scars and surgical scars. The best I can do for you is to suggest that you massage them daily, quite gently but persistently, with a good massage cream. And that when you are dressing to go out, you rub in a little cold cream, wipe off the surface with a soft cloth, and then dust on some powder and gently wipe the surface. Keep your skin in the best condition possible and the scars will be least noticeable. I am sorry I cannot recommend any proprietary remedy in these columns but it is against the rules of every magazine. There are many good face creams advertised, and depilatories as well. Do not use the latter on your face, however.

MAY B.—I think quite likely you have been using soap and hot water on your face too frequently. Soap eats away the outer skin, and hot water carries away the oil which should lubricate the skin and keep it soft. Do not use soapy water more than once a day, and that at night, and be sure to rinse thoroughly afterward. Do not use hot water, but warm water, for this special face bath, and the rest of the day use only tepid water without soap. If your face becomes actually soiled during the day, wipe it off with a little cold cream. The dirt will be removed and the skin not harmed. Soap used too often roughens the skin and inclines it to wrinkle. Hot water enlarges the pores and makes them lazy so that they stay open instead of keeping closed. To prevent this, always dash cold water on the face after bathing it, to close the pores. Never do this unless the face is spotlessly clean, however, or the pores will close up with dust inside—result, blackheads!

VIOLET.—No, raw eggs will not help to add weight, but they are an extremely good food, giving you strength and making you strong. The foods which add fat are potatoes, rice, bread and butter, milk, cream, cereals, gravies, and a certain amount of sweets. Too much sweet food has the opposite effect, as the stomach will not digest it. Chew your food properly, eat at meals only, and you will get the most good from what you eat. To take the milk diet, you should for the first week eat no solid food except for one meal, at night. On rising in the morning, eat half-a-dozen prunes which have been thoroughly washed, then soaked in warm water over night. Chew these thoroughly and drink the juice. Fifteen minutes later take a glass of milk, chewing each mouthful before swallowing. Thereafter, take a glass of milk every hour until about four o'clock. Eat your one meal at six or six-thirty. Between that hour and going to bed drink two glasses of hot water. Continue this for one week. At the end of the week, drop all solid food and drink two glasses of milk every hour, beginning, say, at 7.30 in the morning and continuing to and including 6.30 at night. If you begin later, continue just so much later; if you begin earlier, stop just so much earlier. Take your prunes in the morning, as before, and your hot water about an hour before retiring, or at any time between your last glass of milk and the hour before bedtime. Continue this treatment for at least six weeks. You will gain from one to three or four pounds a week. Weigh on the afternoon of the last day of each week.



A V NECK AND A FLOWER BANDEAU.

L. G.—Your general health is to blame for your hair. Look to that. In the meantime, shampoo once in two or three weeks, brush the hair *gently* each night, and braid before retiring, letting it down in the daytime when you can spare fifteen minutes, and sit in the sun, shaking and lifting the hair to air it and to let the sun shine on it. Before going to bed, massage the scalp. Dip the fingers in olive oil very lightly, then slip them against the scalp, one on each side of the head. Holding the fingers firmly in place, with the flat of the tips against the scalp, move the skin back and forth on the skull. Do this a few times, then move the fingers to another spot, and so continue until you have gone over the entire scalp, loosening the scalp. Hair is never healthy when the scalp is tight, and such massage stimulates the action of the blood cells, and sends a healthy flow to the scalp. It might be a good idea if the night before a shampoo you used a medicine dropper filled with oil, and, parting the hair, ran the dropper down the part, parting again in a new place and repeating the treatment, and so continuing until the whole scalp has been thoroughly anointed. Tie the hair up in a towel, and let stay until your shampoo the next day. This loosens any dandruff. The flu has no doubt depleted your bodily force and your hair is paying the price. You must feed yourself up, rest yourself, pay special attention to brisk body rubs daily, and do all the other things which will put your entire body in good shape. Until that is at normal, your hair will not be healthy.

MRS. W. A. P.—I am sorry it is against the rules of the department to answer letters except through the columns of the paper. The ammonia you are using is all right. The other of which you speak is the same thing, somewhat diluted, colored and perfumed. It would not be as efficacious. Keep right on. If you use the ammonia one day and the peroxide the next day, and do not skip one treatment, you need not be afraid that the hair will grow. The ammonia dries it up in time.

A FRIEND.—To enlarge your bust by exercise, practice the following:

To Develop Bust

Standing with heels together, toes out, chin up, back straight, chest out, raise your arms on a level with your shoulders straight in front of you, palm to palm. Now throw your arms back vigorously as if trying to make them meet behind your back, being careful that the arms are not below the level of the shoulders. Bring them forward again, then throw them back. Of course they will not meet, but each time you will do a little better, and you are vigorously exercising the chest muscles. Exercise means perspiration and perspiration means decrease of flesh. Breathe in as you throw your arms back, exhale slowly as you bring them back to first position. Wrapping the bust in hot, wet Turkish towels, replacing with fresh hot ones as fast as they cool, will induce perspiration and help in reduction. Epsom salts in the water is a further aid. This should be kept up for fifteen minutes at a time. Your exercises should be taken at least twice a day, but never with your corsets on or other close-fitting clothing. You must be perfectly free of movement when exercising. Swinging dumb-bells or Indian clubs will help, using a punching bag and playing tennis.

TWO SISTERS.—White spots on the nails are usually caused by striking the nails against something. If you are careful of your nails, they will grow out and the white spots will disappear in the growing, then you need not let new white spots come. The flu does deadly deeds to hair. See what I said to "L. G." Tetter is a skin trouble. Anthing which keeps the blood pure and healthy will help any skin disease. As to dandruff, see answer to "L. G." and use the oil treatment the night before shampooing. For the dark complexion, it may be a perfectly good healthy complexion; but if it comes from some bodily trouble, you can overcome it by eating proper things, bathing daily, and being especially careful that your bowels move very freely at least once a day. The latest hair dressing? Well, that depends on age and becomingness of style. Bobbed hair is perfectly fashionable for the age of either of you. Hair parted from ear to ear, or from just back of the ear to just back of the opposite ear, can have the back portion braided, while the front portion is parted a little to one side, then each portion of the front gently rolled back from the face becomingly, and the ends braided in with the back hair. Other girls roll the ends of the back hair under and pin it in a roll, giving it a bobbed effect; while the front hair is parted, and each side rolled a little bit low over each ear.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.



Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

Don't Spoil Your Hair By Washing It

When you wash your hair, be careful what you use. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

USE MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Night and Morning. *Have Clean, Healthy Eyes.* If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago



HAIR-DYEING COMB

Produces any shade by simply combing, without staining the scalp; perfectly harmless, durable, undetectable. Saves time and money, and is the only practical way of coloring the hair. Write for particulars.
H. BIENECK, Dept. D, 1821 Gleason Ave., New York.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.
D. J. MAHLER, 13481-L, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Advt.

NO MORE GRAY HAIR

You can now have back the hair of your youth with its original color restored. Kolor-Bak now makes this possible. Not a muddy, mussy, greasy dye or stain, but a scientific hair preparation that stimulates into renewed activity the fading pigments which give the hair its natural color. Clean, colorless and stainless. Absolutely harmless. Try it at our risk. If it fails you get your money back. Users say they never dreamed anything could restore gray hair to original color so quickly and with such wonderfully satisfactory results as does Kolor-Bak. Two applications guaranteed to remove dandruff. Stops falling hair. Keeps scalp clean, cool and comfortable—no itching, scales or soreness. No longer any excuse for gray, unlovely hair when Kolor-Bak is so easy to get and costs so little, with absolutely guaranteed satisfactory results. Write today for free book giving positive proof and full explanation. Hygienic Laboratories, 68 W. Washington St., Dept. 153, Chicago, Ill.

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FOR REMOVING HAIR

Successful for over 80 years. Removes hair the dainty way—quick and certain. Leaves skin white and smooth. For armpits, face, limbs and arms—does not coarsen later growth. A liberal quantity of the powder and complete outfit including handy mixing cup and neat horn spatula. 50c at all dealers or mailed direct. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price out of U. S. 75c.
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Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using Stillman's Freckle Cream. Prepared for one purpose only—*clearing the skin.* If you have freckles, write us today for our Free Booklet "*Wouldst Thou Be Fair?*" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you.
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Drive away eczema with



Resinol

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap easily heal eczema and most other eruptions not due to serious internal disorders. Sold by all druggists.

Cuticura Stops Itching and Saves the Hair



All druggists: Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

Little Things You Shouldn't Do

By Dr. J. W. Campbell

Begin the New Year right by following these instructions for the benefit of your health.

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DON'T clean your spectacles with paper money. Next to the hands, there are more germs of all sorts on paper money than anywhere else outside a culture tube.

If your eyes happened to be inflamed, or there happened to be a scratch about your eyelids, you might contract an extremely bad case of sore eyes. There are millions of germs on paper money, all sorts of germs from all sorts of people. It is not at all improbable that some of these germs would adhere to the glass and from there get into the eyes or an abrasion near them. Then the sore eyes would result and you would wonder how on earth you happened to be afflicted.

There are many other dangerous little things people are in the habit of doing. Use precaution and omit worry, and you will lessen the dangers of contagion one half. No one should be frightened over these little things. But after knowing about them, there is no excuse for overlooking them or becoming careless.

One of the most common but worst habits is that of rubbing the hands over the face. Upon the human hand are more germs than anywhere else. The hand is constantly coming in contact with door knobs, stair rails, and almost everything else. Yet a great many people will sit, especially when in thought, and meditatively rub their hands over their face, or purse up their lower lip with their fingers, or rub their chin, or absent-mindedly stroke their nose.

There may be a little abrasion on the face. With a man it may be a slight scratch from shaving. With a woman it may be a tiny scratch or a blemish. But if some poisonous germ is transferred from the hand to such an abrasion, a variety of serious things may happen from severe blood poisoning to other and worse germ diseases. The germs have been transferred to the hand first in a street car or store or public place.

Probably when most of the present grown-up generation was at the school days long ago, they were told not to put a lead pencil in the mouth because it hardened the graphite and spoiled the pencil. Today there is a far more important reason for teaching children never to put the point of a pencil in the mouth. If the point is wet it will pick up all sorts of dust. Germs are in dust. They travel as particles of dust. The pencil is thoughtlessly poked into unsanitary corners of the school desk or dropped on the floor, and then—away it goes into the child's mouth. A little crack in the lip or abrasion of the inner surface of the mouth, furnishes a lodging place for germs where they may work into the blood and serious things result.

Never moisten the tips of the fingers on the lips when counting money. The reason is apparent. And many a time a man has had blood poisoning of the face and blamed the barber shop when in reality it was through the careless habit of rubbing his fingers over his face or chewing the end of a lead pencil or wetting his fingers and counting money.

I know of a mother who scolded her little girl and told her to "never-never-as-long-as-you-live" drink out of a public drinking cup.

"But I'm so thirsty, mamma," said the little girl.

"Come with me, dear, and I will get you an ice cream soda," the indulgent mother answered, and she took the youngster in a store and fed her the ice cream from the long-handled spoon.

All the washing that spoon had received for at least four or five hours was when it was thrust into a glass of cold water after it was used. Probably twenty-five or thirty people at the least had thrust the same spoon between their lips that day. What the conditions of these people's hands and mouths were, no one knows, but with all nationalities and classes of people, one can imagine that not every one of them was a paragon of neatness or health.

This is not very pleasant to consider, but it is important. A spoon coated with germs might soak in cold water a month and not a germ would be killed. As a matter of choice, the public drinking cup is preferable to the ice cream soda spoon at the average fountain, where it is merely thrust in a glass of water between customers.

Biting the finger nails is another common danger. It is by no means a little danger. This has long been regarded as a bad habit because it spoils the nails. It does more than that, it endangers the health. Even with the very best of care, there are some germs beneath the nails. One cannot go half a day without picking up various things and every time this is done, dust and dirt and germs lodge beneath the nails.

In biting them, bits frequently sliver off into sharp points and prick the lips or gums and then the danger of blood poisoning is at hand.

The use of common soap, the soap found in hotels and other public places, is being discouraged. It is really just as dangerous as would be the use of a common tooth-brush. Better wash without soap than use a cake which scores of people have rubbed over their hands.

How many women in street cars and in shops thoughtlessly put coins in their mouths. It is extremely dangerous. And many women at their home correspondence, wet the gummed flaps of the envelopes with the tips of their tongues. These envelopes may have been gummed by machinery, as are the postage stamps, but who knows how the gum was mixed and what went into it, or what workman's fingers rubbed along the edges of the envelope?

If the child gets a splinter in his finger, he runs to mother, who invariably takes a needle or the point of a penknife and removes it. The needle may have gathered dust from the floor, or a fly with "typhoid feet" may have alighted on it. Dust flies up from the floor and settles in the work basket. The knife tip is surely far from perfectly clean. There is no great emergency in removing the splinter. Dip the needle in boiling water first, because you have to pry into the flesh with the point and into the tiny veins. If there's a germ on the tip of the needle you may force it into the hand, when blood poisoning is likely to result. Always drop a bit of antiseptic on the spot where the splinter came out.

Whenever a woman travels she is careful to take along a case for her tooth-brush. But at home she will allow it to hang uncovered in the bathroom. The maid goes in there and dusts at least a couple times a week. In summer, dust blows in from outdoors, and some of it in time may lodge in the brush and in this dust there is bound to be germs. Some of them may be of the harmful sort. Keep the tooth-brush guarded in a case in the home, just as when traveling. A little traveling case with ventilating holes in it.

But all the carelessness is not on the part of the woman. The smoker will thoughtlessly lay his cigar down on a table. He allows the burning end to extend over the edge, naturally, in order not to burn the table. The moistened end of the butt, from his lips, rests on the table. What was on the spot before? No one knows, but the smoker complacently picks up his cigar and transfers whatever germs are on it to his lips.

And this same man may chide his wife for leaving the tooth-brush exposed, while he allows his shaving brush to remain exposed. This will gather ten times as much dust as the tooth-brush, and there is always the danger of a slight scratch while shaving. The germs are mixed with the soap and rubbed into the scratch.

Sometimes you are suddenly called upon to shake hands with a stranger. To refuse is impossible. Yet, absurd as it may seem, there are times when it is advisable to wash your hands after such a hand clasp, especially if the stranger does not appeal to you as strictly hygienic.

After all, it is better to be safe than sorry. But do not get the idea from this that every germ is a monster in which either sudden or lingering death lurks. Not half the germs are dangerous; some of them are healthy, like the germs in buttermilk for instance, yet now and then the really dangerous germs float along, germs of all sorts of blood diseases and even of other diseases.

And because of this, there is always the chance that carelessness will result in contagion which develops some dreadful perhaps fatal disease. Constant care and common sense will lessen this danger to the minimum.



A bluing of clear indigo coloring rolled dry onto paper. It dissolves instantly and does not streak nor spot the garments. It is made in strips, each strip being measured to perfectly blue 3 gallons of water.

It is clean and satisfactory—no bottles to break, freeze or spill; no sediment to stain and color the clothes. Try it and all bleaching troubles will be over.

Send us 16¢ in stamps with your name and we will mail you, postpaid, a full package of 20 strips of Paulco Strip Bluing with a helpful domestic science treatise on washing clothes—"Why blue clothes?"

PAUL SALES CO.,
817 Dekum Bldg., Portland, Oregon.

The Talcott Treasure

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

cians tuning merrily their fiddles in an alcove—Virginia reels, and country-dances, and cotillions, and the graceful dances of the past, before the bride was spirited away to don her going-away frock, and steal away with her husband, in his big touring car, to disappear from the haunts of men for their honeymoon, which was to be spent away off in the north woods, in a glorious camp beneath the white stars, with the river rushing by, and the pines overshadowing it; there, David declared, he would teach her the true beauty and charm of the woods that she had never seen—the wonderful woods of the great northwest.

But before they had slipped away from the merry dancers, Nancy led David Muir to a secret place, and, closing the door from all observers, confronted him with eyes that danced.

"I have somewhat to say to you, young man," quoth Nancy, "which is not fit for the ears of the public to hear—least of all, for the ears of your wife, who, something tells me, has been shamelessly deceived."

"Oh, come now, Nancy, that's a good fellow," pleaded the bridegroom, on whose face a look of alarm had flashed, "don't be too hard on a chap, you know—reserve your accusations for some time in the far future, can't you?"

"No time like the present," declared Nancy, who was fumbling in the folds of her frock for a mysterious unseen pocket. Finding this hidden receptacle, Nancy fished out something bright, and hard, and shiny and round—in other words, a gold coin, which she laid solemnly on David Muir's outstretched palm.

"Honor-bright, cross-my-heart and hope-I-may-die-if-I-tell," said Nancy, impressively, "but will you cast your eagle eye upon the date of that coin—which did *not* come from the top-layer of the bags taken from the—mound, but from one of the bags beneath, which, it is needless to say, were not opened—by Eleanor. I took this out merely as a lucky-piece. She never saw it—and she never will! But oh, David, David, why didn't you tell me? You'd have saved me premature white hairs, and possibly an early decease! The tortures I underwent that night were only surpassed by those endured by Eleanor, you know."

"It wouldn't have done," grinned David, shamelessly, "you'd have balked—I knew that—you've got pride of your own, young lady! And consider *my* feelings, will you? Great Jehosophat! When I think of going through with all I *did* go through, I'm amazed that my own hair isn't white! Suppose I'd gone deep enough?—but I didn't, you bet! I'm a self-convicted criminal—but for the love of Mike, don't ever tell Eleanor!"

The date on the coin was 1866—and Nancy never told!

THE END.

God hides some ideal in every human soul, and life finds its noblest spring of excellence in this hidden impulse to do our best.—*Robert Collyer.*

New Method Makes Music Amazingly Easy to Learn

Learn to Play or Sing in Spare Time at Home—Every Step Made Simple as A B C by Print-and-Picture Lessons That You Can't Go Wrong On.

TRY IT ON APPROVAL

Entire Cost Only a Few Cents a Lesson—and Nothing Whatever to Pay Unless You Are Satisfied.



HOW often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?



How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," or, "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

At all social gatherings some one is sooner or later sure to suggest music. When the others gather around for the fun, the one who can take no part feels hopelessly out of it—a wall flower—a mere listener and looker-on.

Or those long and lonesome evenings at home, when minutes seem like hours—how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin "talk," or in enjoying some other instrument.

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

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Organ,	Sight Singing,
Violin,	Guitar,
Viola,	Ukulele,
Banjo,	Hawaiian Steel Guitar,
Tenor Banjo,	Harp,
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Flute,	Trombone.
Saxophone,	
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I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time tried and proven. Over 225,000 successful pupils—in all parts of the world,—and including all ages from boys and girls of 7 to 8 to men and women of 70—are the proof. Read the enthusiastic letters from some of them, which you will find printed at the right—samples of the kind of letters I am receiving in practically every mail. My file contains thousands of such letters. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

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Crisholm's Adventure on New Year's Eve

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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"WHEN I feel blue, I try to make someone happy."

The thought came to Marshall Crisholm as he sat in the parlors of the Genevra Club. The thought was not his own. He had heard it voiced by a pretty salesgirl in a haberdashery store that morning when he went to buy a pair of gloves.

But not of the salesgirl is this story, except that it was her remark that led to the amazing adventure Crisholm indulged that night.

Marshall *was* feeling blue. And when a man, possessed of a fine personality, millions of dollars and plenty of friends feels blue, there is but one reason for it—a girl.

It was Miss Diana George in his case. He loved her yet was at a loss as to how to woo her, because she was like unto the goddess after whom she was named, beautiful, clever, very independent and seemingly beyond the allurements of love. Nor was she given to clinging-vine tendencies and Marshall was afraid sentimentality would be frowned upon if he used it to gain her.

And then, while he was trying to make up his mind as to best ways and means, along came Monroe Arbuckle, fresh from the West. It cannot be gainsaid that Arbuckle "had a way with him" that was refreshing—he could laugh heartily and no one would be shocked; he could be bluff and such a solecism was forgiven him, and he had a way of talking with women that savored of his manner of talking with men which was rather engaging and so naturally all the girls took to him. Had they known where he acquired that manner they might have shuddered, but they did not and thought it quite novel and refreshing.

Crisholm often felt like punching Earle Barrett's head for introducing the bounder (as he thought of Monroe Arbuckle) into their set, but the thing was done and the westerner and his millions were admitted everywhere. The worst of it was that Diana seemed to be taken with him, and when Marshall called upon her and told of two tempting seats which he had secured for the opera for New Year's Eve and a table reserved at the Sunken Gardens, quite the smartest restaurant in town, she refused, saying that she had already accepted Arbuckle's invitation to escort her to the Gardeners' New Year Eve Ball. That was quite the limit, and as Crisholm couldn't decide whether her regret was sincere or merely formal, he felt murderous and no doubt one easily guesses who the victim would have been had he carried his feelings into practice.

He had not much time to mull about it, however, for he was a young and energetic business man, but now with the evening coming on, and the thought of Diana being in Arbuckle's company that night, he was plunged into the very depths of the blues.

"When I feel blue, I try to make someone happy."

Suppose he were to try the experiment? But who could he make happy? Surely none of the people all about him. They were loaded down with riches, but in spite of that were either downright discontented or else had developed a calm acceptance of that horrible state, satiated selfishness. No bluebird of happiness roosted in their homes—or, perhaps more to the point, their apartments.

Crisholm dawled about a bit longer, then with a snort of disgust, he got up, called for his hat and coat and went outside.

It was bitterly cold, but the air was chastely clear and the stars were brilliant. He hailed a taxi and got into it.

Being a truly democratic chap, he did not hold the taxi-driver at a distance, but at once engaged him in conversation.

"I suppose you boys will have a pretty busy night of it," he began, "but nothing to what it used to be on New Year's morning before prohibition went into effect, eh?"

"Yes, sir," the driver responded civilly. "'Twas a caution some of the things we bumped up against in those days. Where do you want to go?"

"Oh, I don't know. I just want to kill time."

"And on New Year's Eve?" the chauffeur murmured.

Crisholm caught the murmur.

"Could you suggest how I could spend the evening?"

"Well, I know how I would if I had the money," the chauffeur said.

"How?"

"Well, I'd go to a show and get the best seats. Then afterwards, I'd go to a swell restaurant and have a bully feed. Gee, that'd make me and the wife happy."

"Suppose you do it then?" suggested Crisholm.

"What do you mean?" queried the chauffeur.

"Just this: I've got a couple of seats for the opera. 'The Jewels of the Madonna' is to be sung and it is a spectacular opera, so that if you don't understand the music, you'll enjoy the wonderful stage pictures. I've also got a table reserved at the Sunken Gardens and supper ordered for two, so that the only expense you'll have will be to tip the waiter—and I'll give you ten dollars for that. Do you want to go in my stead and take your wife with you?"

"Quit your kidding," the chauffeur retorted.

"I'm not kidding," Crisholm protested, "I'm in earnest."

"What will I do with my car? Take it back to the garage and tell them I want the evening off? I see where my job'd be tomorrow."

"I'll take your place as chauffeur!"

"Gosh, fellow, you ain't crazy, are you?" queried the chauffeur in alarm.

"Not at all, but I'm sick of those things that you'd enjoy. And I, in turn, would relish the experiences you would have tonight at your job as taxi-driver. Turn around and go back to the club. I'll loan you my dress suit and I'll put on your togs."

"What?" he exclaimed, jamming on his brakes so suddenly that the machine skidded.

"Just what I said. Will you do it?"

"No," the driver returned shortly, now evidently convinced that he was driving a lunatic.

"Come on, now," Marshall coaxed. "I'm not 'nutty.' I'm just bored to death and want to forget something that won't be forgotten."

"How do I know you're responsible? I turn over to you a taxi-cab worth several thousand dollars——"

"Let me identify myself then. My name is Marshall Crisholm and I have offices in the Reddiston Building, I live at the Genevra Club. Look at these cards of membership in various clubs and associations that I carry. See my initials in my hat, my coat and dress suit. They serve to identify me, do they not?"

The driver sat up at all these genuine references, and looked half inclined to give in to the wild suggestion.

"Drive to the club," Crisholm said, "we'll make the change and both be happy in doing each other's work.

His wheedling tone won. The driver turned about and in a short time they were before the Genevra Club.

Crisholm was admitted deferentially by the doorman, and was greeted by his mates as he passed them to the elevator.

"If you want further identification," he said as they stood waiting for the elevator, "look! Here is my picture with my name below it," and he pointed it out in a large frame which contained the photographs of all the club's members.

This dispelled the last doubt in the chauffeur's mind and he entered into the spirit of the thing.

"What's your name?" Crisholm queried as they entered his apartments.

"Dan Kent," the chauffeur replied.

"Well, Kent, here we are. Are you game?"

"Yes!" Kent exclaimed. "But let me call up my wife, so's she can get ready. I got her a classy party dress for Christmas so I guess she'll go all right."

He did so.

"She thinks I'm crazy," he said as he hung up the receiver, "but she'll be ready when we come. What excuse will I make to the Company?"

"Tell them that Marshall Crisholm, who has a charge account with them, has taken your car for the entire evening and you'll report when he dismisses you."

Again Kent 'phoned, then:

"All right, again," he announced.

"Then let's change clothes," Crisholm said.

Kent was a clean-cut young fellow, with a handsome, good-natured face. So that when the change was effected, outside a little self-consciousness he made quite an acceptable clubman, while Crisholm fitted the role of chauffeur even as well, except, perhaps, that he looked somewhat too refined and intelligent for his job.

They left the club and soon were speeding down the street, and the way Crisholm handled the cab assured Kent that he had left the machine in experienced hands. It was not long before they reached Kent's home, where they picked up Mrs. Kent. Then tracks were made for the opera house, which was reached just in time for the overture.

"I'll pick you up at the Sunken Gardens at any time you're ready after one o'clock," Crisholm said as he drove off.

He was filled with the excitement of the thing.

"I ought to see some sights tonight," he commented.

As he drove along, his eyes fell upon the flashing electric sign of the Lariat & Pommel Club, a rather blatant organization patronized by western millionaires and at which Arbuckle was staying.

"I wish that chump would want a taxi. Wouldn't I like to get him for a fare! I'd drive like the devil and try to break his neck," he thought, Christianly.

Now, perhaps fate was waiting to call his bluff, for just then Arbuckle did emerge from the club and hailed.

Crisholm scrambled to get him.

"Where to?" he asked respectfully, keeping his face as well hidden as he could.

"No. 3709 South Drive," was the reply.

Diana's home! Crisholm's heart gave a jump. Was he going to take her to the New Year Dance in an ordinary taxi? But that was just like the bounder.

However, he only nodded and drove to the address. Arbuckle got down and went into the house.

What torture Crisholm suffered. He thought of his rival's reception, while he sat, a menial, awaiting the word to take them to the gay New Year Dance.

In a few moments, through the great glass doors, Diana appeared, with Arbuckle behind her. What a picture she made in the glow of the hall lights! She was gowned in white and silver, with a great bird of paradise in her hair. And how gracefully she drew on her opera wrap, a thing of deep old rose lined with delicate yellow and topped with white fur! Her very movements were enough to quicken one's heart beats!

The couple descended and entered the cab.

"Take the North Drive, son," Arbuckle said, "and I'll give you further instructions later on."

The North Drive! That was not not the way to the Gardeners'! "The bounder is going to propose and wants to have her all to himself so that she can decide before they get to the dance," Crisholm thought, as he savagely jammed in the clutch and started the car. "But I'll listen, and find out if he does."

He drove very carefully, for he had a most precious fare now. The streets were icy and the chains crunched on the slippery pavement. Soon the North Drive was reached, snowy, deserted and dark, for something was the matter with the electric lights and they were not illuminated.

Crisholm shamelessly listened to the conversation of the couple in the machine, noting the little hints which Arbuckle dropped, but which Diana simply ignored, until the westerner without mincing words further, flatly proposed.

"Why, Mr. Arbuckle!" Crisholm heard Diana say, "have my actions been such to warrant the honor you wish to confer?" There was no surprise, however, in her voice.

"You accepted my invitations and I thought I had a right to hope."

"I did that because I considered you a stranger entitled to our courtesy."

"But now that I have broached the subject, you really do not find me objectionable, do you?" he asked.

Diana paused, and Crisholm clutched the wheel so tightly that, had it been green wood, he'd have crushed water from it.

"Hardly," Diana replied at length, and her voice told the pseudo-chauffeur that she was placing Arbuckle's heart in the discard where she had been obliged to put so many other unsolicited ones.

But Arbuckle did not know the tone, for he continued eagerly:

"Then I may hope?"

"No, Mr. Arbuckle," very quietly but firmly. "I like you very well and I believe that it was the fact that you treated and spoke to me as man to man that made me more liberal in my acceptances of your favors than I otherwise would have been."

"Then you don't feel about this as I do?"

(If Crisholm had been in a position to do so, he would have knocked the man down.)

With hauteur, Diana replied:

"I don't like your tone, Mr. Arbuckle."

"Say, Miss, I've been bragging around the Lariat & Pommel Club that I was going to marry you, and I'm going to. The boys said I'd have a time, but I know how we do things out West. If we want a girl, we get her——"

"You insulting brute!" Diana cried angrily. "Chauffeur! Stop! I wish to get down."

"You go on driving, you shrimp!" stormed Arbuckle, "or I'll blow your head off! See?" and he whipped out a revolver.

"Oh, don't shoot!" begged Crisholm in terror, "I'll do what you want! Don't kill me. I got a wife an' kid an' I'm their only support."

"Well, behave yourself, but remember, I'm pretty quick with a gun."

"You coward!" Diana blazed at the chauffeur.

"I'm sorry, lady," Crisholm whined, "but I got a wife an' kid an' I'm——"

"Shut up and keep your eyes peeled for a minister's house."

"How can you marry me without a marriage license?"

"Who said I didn't have one?" Arbuckle queried. "I got it this morning." He took the license from his inside pocket, displayed it, then thrust it back.

"I'll never consent to marrying you. I'll tell the minister of your contemptible conduct."

"You'd better consent for I'll make him go through the ceremony even at the point of a gun," Arbuckle retorted.

"Your cave-man wooing is not without interest," Diana remarked, veiled contempt in her voice. "I hardly expected that I was going to commence the New Year as a bride."

"Well, it's a good time. And you might make a resolution to look up to me as a dutiful wife should and forget those notions of independence and being an old maid. You see, a woman's independence is nothing when she gets into the power of a strong man."

There was an element of truth in this. Diana made no reply.

"Say, you mutt," Arbuckle went on, addressing Crisholm, "are you watching for a minister's shingle?"

"I just was going to tell you I saw one," Crisholm said. "I——I——wish you wouldn't point that gun at me, sir. I'm afraid it might accidentally go off, sir, an' I got a wife an' kid dependent upon me, sir."

"Shut up and drive up to the house."

Crisholm did. In the window of the little house, an illuminated sign told the world that John Cloverdale of ——— Church resided there.

"There you are, sir, an' sir——kin——kin I go back to my wife an' kid, sir?"

"You stay here and take my directions."

"Yes, sir," Crisholm replied very humbly. "But may I cover the engine, sir, so she'll keep warm sir?"

"Go ahead."

Arbuckle and Diana had gotten out of the taxi. Now they waited while the trembling chauffeur lifted the seat and drew from under it a blanket. His terror was so evident that Arbuckle laughed brutally and dropped his revolver into his pocket.

"Come on," he ordered, and they started for the house, Crisholm following with a hang-dog air.

But they had not observed that their chauffeur had filched a heavy little tool from the machine. So while they stood on the porch waiting for someone to answer their ring, something suddenly landed with a thwack that crushed in Arbuckle's hat and crumpled him upon the floor.

And then when the door was opened, the light fell upon the spectacle of a chauffeur evidently robbing his victim. And to the terrified minister who had opened the door, Crisholm said:

"Tell this bird when he comes to that we've got the goods on him and if he doesn't check out tomorrow (if he's able) somebody'll see that he does. He ain't goin' to scare me for nothin', me with a wife an' kid to support." He thrust the marriage license inside his coat, then suddenly caught up the dumbfounded Diana in his arms, rushed with her to the taxi, placed her in it, slammed the door and started like Jehu for her home, all the while listening and standing ready to assist her if she should faint or develop hysterics.

But Diana did not, and so he continued to drive, and after a while her home was reached.

Crisholm got down and respectfully opened the door.

"I got you from here, ma'am, so I'm bringin' you back," he said.

"Come into the house, my good man," Diana said, "you have rendered me a service and I must see how I can reward you."

"Yes'm," and Crisholm followed her into the house and to the library, where she lit the lamps and then pressed the electric button which set the electric radiator in the grate to glowing.

"Sit down, my friend, and tell me how I can repay you," and waving her hand to a chair that stood beside the grate, Diana sank wearily into one opposite it and closed her eyes.

"You kin repay me, ma'am," he began humbly, "by bein' good to Mr. Crisholm, and giving him the right to protect you the rest of your life. He loves you but doesn't know how to go about wooing you. He was afraid sentimentality would be frowned upon and evidently cave-man stuff can't do the trick, either. Tell me, Diana, where is the path to your heart?"

When he started to speak, Diana listened with closed eyes; then as he continued she sat erect and then finally ejaculated.

"Marshall Crisholm! What are you doing in chauffeur's livery? I thought I had been rescued by a man who had a wife and child. And you follow with a proposal after that—that—other?"

"It is because I love you, Diana, love you as I never loved you before. Shall I tell you what led up to this wild adventure?" And then when she nodded, he told her the whole story.

And at its close, he finished:

"Diana, Diana, have I a chance? Can I show it? Can I prove it?"

He was very earnest now, and going up to her, he stood before her, his hands clasped, his eyes burning.

And Diana, looking away, said demurely:

"I think you have already shown and proved it."

"Then how—how may I claim you?"

She looked at him, then threw her hands from her and stood, in surrender.

He caught her to his heart and she nestled there.

"I think it was my name, Marshall, she whispered. "Everyone thought I considered myself beyond the allurements of love. I did want the love of a good, true, honest man, but those who courted my favor were not the ones I wanted. I think I must have unconsciously been waiting for you, for your kisses and the feel of your protecting arms about me."

Crisholm renewed his caress.

"It pays to try and make others happy," he said.

"Those poor people will be wondering why you do not come," Diana reminded. "The man will probably want his livery back so to be at work tomorrow."

"This livery hallowed by the touch of your dear face?" Crisholm exclaimed aghast. "He'll never get it. It is too sacred. "I'll buy it from him."

"To think that I am allowing that 'cowardly chauffeur' with a wife and child to embrace me," murmured Diana.

"I'm some actor, eh, what?" Crisholm said. "I guess Arbuckle thought he had me completely buffaloed."

"I wonder if we'll see him again?" and Diana shuddered.

"Just let him come around. I'll use that wrench with such force next time that he won't ever wake up."

Just then there came from outside the crash of church bells, the blare of whistles and the firing of shots.

"New Year's morning has dawned," Diana said. "Must I let you go to get those people? I'm afraid I don't want to let you."

"We'll call them up at the Sunken Gardens and make it all right. My role of chauffeur has been played out with the dying of the year. I assume my new one tomorrow, your accepted lover," he whispered.

"It will start a new year for me, too," Diana replied, snuggling closer. "Oh, Marshall, my dear! It is so pleasant to be just a woman!"



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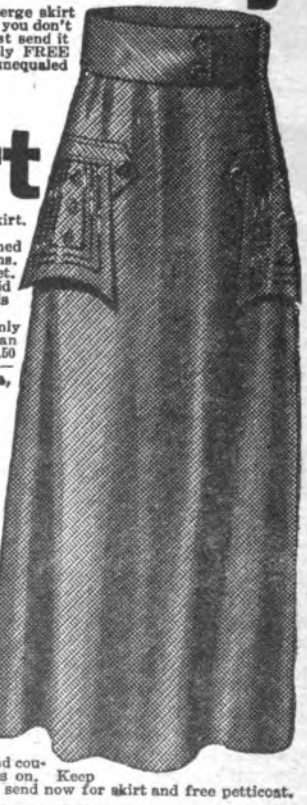
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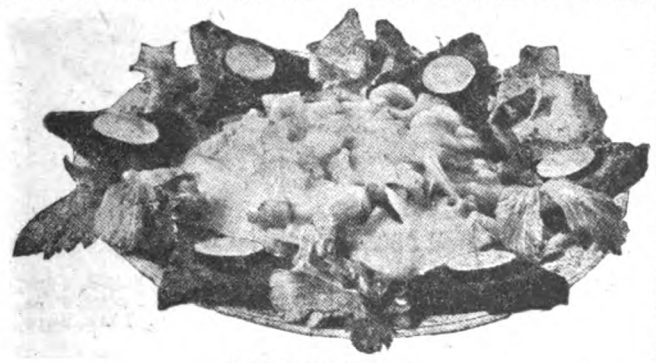
Milk and Potatoes

By Violet Marsh

Milk the Cheapest of Animal Foods

WHETHER the use of less milk will reduce the cost of living is at the present time a much mooted question. The producer who finds the cost of production constantly increasing may be tempted to reserve less milk for family consumption, and the housewife who pays a higher cash price per quart for milk may be tempted to cut down the family allowance. Let us therefore come to a clearer understanding of what a complete variety of necessary body building material milk contains and then decide whether, as a matter of economy, we shall reduce or increase the family supply.

It is a commonplace saying that "milk is a perfect food," and if given a right place in the diet, this statement is entirely true. Milk contains materials which children need for growth and which young and old alike need for the repair of their bodily machinery. Milk also supplies heat and the energy necessary for work. It should not be understood, however, to mean that it has these ingredients in such proportions that it can serve satisfactory as an exclusive food for a grown person or even a child. Comparing the nutritive values of animal food, one quart of milk supplies practically as much of both fuel and energy as three quarters of a pound of beef of average composition or eight average eggs. Thus, while other animal foods (meat, eggs and cheese) are desirable to give variety to the diet, it may be assumed that milk may be used as an economical substitute for any one of them, and when combined with the vegetable foods as in milk soups, chowders, and gravies, milk will be found the cheapest animal food when considered from a nutritive standpoint. Again, from the point of view of the need of the body, it is extravagant to add milk to the bill of fare when meat, meat soups, milk custards or milk sauces on vegetables are served.



COMBINATION DISH.

What Milk Contains

The tendency to think of milk as a beverage rather than as an important source of nourishment comes partly, no doubt, from the fact that it is a liquid rather than a solid, and that most liquid foods, such as clear soup, coffee and tea, contain very little that feeds the body. It is natural, therefore, to associate milk with these rather than with the really nourishing food materials. Hence it may be helpful to get an idea of the classes into which the solids contained in milk are divided. These are: (1) proteids, (2) fats, (3) sugar, and (4) mineral matter. The fat and sugar serve as fuel, and the mineral matter is chiefly valuable for the making of bones and teeth and serves certain other physiological purposes. The proteids serve as fuel like the fats and sugar, but they are used also to make and repair the muscular tissues of the body. This double usefulness indicates why proteids are so often referred to as the most important part of milk.



SAUSAGE AND BROWNED POTATOES.

If all the water were to be driven off from a quart of whole milk, there would be left about half a cupful of the very best food substances, including butter fat, a kind of sugar not so sweet as granulated sugar and known as "milk sugar," and also materials which are needed to make muscles, bones, teeth, and other parts of the body. Besides all this nourishment, milk contains a very small amount of a substance or substances now thought to help the body of the child to make good use of other foods. Apparently nothing can serve so well as the basis for the diet of the healthy child.

The Practical Use of Milk in the Diet—with Recipes

BREAD AND MILK.—This may well be the chief, if not the only, dish in the supper of little children. If the milk is not very rich, the bread should be spread with butter. Use well-baked bread, at least a day old, or toast, or occasionally crackers. In cases of fatigue, or when colds or other causes destroy the appetite, a bowl of bread or cracker and milk in place of other foods is highly advisable.

SKIM MILK.—Fresh skim milk may be used in all recipes calling for milk, for in gravies and soups the addition of butter restores the whole milk flavor. For those who cannot digest a beverage with a content of fat such as found in whole milk, cocoa, or chocolate, skim milk will prove most valuable, and if allowed to thicken and then beaten with an egg beater with the addition of a little sugar and cinnamon, a delicious food and beverage is obtained. Skimmed sour milk is an excellent liver tonic, as also is buttermilk. Rice, cooked in an uncovered double boiler, or in a pan in a very slow oven, can be made to absorb about six times its volume of skim milk. No water is used.

MILK GRAVY.—There are two ways of making milk gravy. One is to melt two tablespoons of butter, then smooth into this two of dry flour, and when it bubbles add one cup of hot milk slowly. Cook several minutes. The second way is to bring the milk to a scald in double boiler and then slowly add the flour previously mixed with a little cold milk. Add the butter and a little salt. Many also like the addition of a little cheese. This gravy is used on vegetables fish, crisp toast, and baked potatoes.

MILK SOUPS.—A large variety of soups may be made the means of utilizing not only whole or skim milk, but also left-over portions of vegetables, cooked cereal, rice, or a bit of fish. In making them, allow one half tablespoon of flour to each cup of liquid including milk and the juice and pulp of vegetables, and one level tablespoon or more of butter. Onions, corn, asparagus, spinach, peas, beans, celery, or a little dried fish which has been soaked and freshened, make excellent soups.

KOUMYS.—Warm until tepid in double boiler one quart of sweet milk then stir into it one tablespoon of sugar, a pinch of salt, and one sixth of a compressed yeast cake which has been dissolved in a tablespoon of tepid water. Divide equally into three pint bottles; cork and tie in the corks. Place on sides for twenty-four hours where the temperature is about eighty degrees. Shake occasionally. Chill before serving.

Appreciation of Our Good Friend the Potato

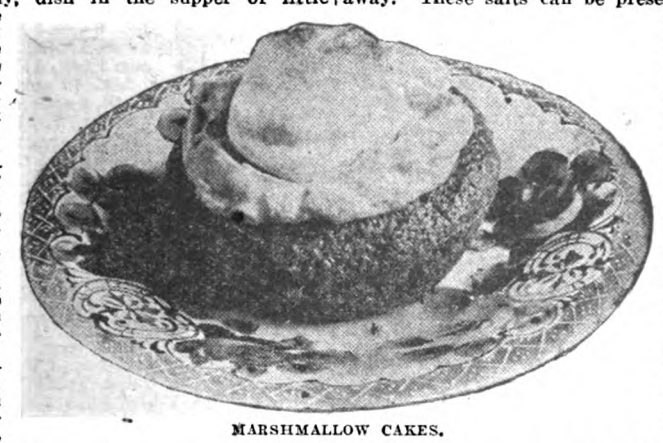
We are told that Columbus on his first voyage of discovery searched eagerly for gold at all places at which he touched in the New World. He found very little gold. But among the specimens of the natural products of America which he brought back to Spain in his ship was the potato, which, wrote Washington Irving, was worth more to the poor of the world than all the gold that was ever dug.

Every housewife can add her tribute to that of Irving in appreciation of the potato which is as valuable as it is common.

From the point of view of dietetics, potatoes furnish starch in a readily digestible form. They also contain mineral substances of importance to the body, and—a fact less generally known—tend to make the tissues and fluids of the body alkaline, so counteracting the tendency of meat, eggs, fish and like foods to create acid conditions. Since the body does its work best when its condition is either neutral or slightly alkaline, potatoes, like most vegetables, perform an important function in the diet besides furnishing energy-producing material. This scientific fact justifies the custom that is prevalent in most families of serving a goodly supply of potatoes with each helping of meat.

Potatoes, however, while a valuable addition to a mixed diet, alone are not suited to meet the needs of the body because of their poverty in proteins and fat. Of these latter important elements, protein is furnished in meats, eggs, fish, milk, beans, peas and similar foods, and fat in butter, bacon, table oils, and the fats and oils used in cookery.

Greater care than is commonly exercised should be taken in peeling potatoes. Very often twenty per cent of the potato is pared away. This results not only in the waste of considerable potato but also in the loss of one of the most valuable portions of the tuber, since the soluble mineral salts are present in the material near the skin, which would be removed and thrown away. These salts can be preserved by a more careful removal of the skin, as by shallow paring and rubbing, and also by boiling or baking the potatoes in their jackets.



MARSHMALLOW CAKES.

Quite often in a pan of potatoes will be found several of a bright green tinge, or one end only will be green. This not being the natural potato color, the housewife is sometimes uncertain as to their wholesomeness. The fact is that such potatoes have been exposed to the light and will have a better flavor next to the skin. Regarding this taste, also about potato water and potato skins, I will quote from Dr. Wiley in Good Housekeeping: "The potato sprouts and fruits contain a bitter glucosid, solanin, which in large quantities is considered poisonous. When potatoes are exposed to warmth and light, this bitter principle is developed. It is found also in the eyes and in some instances in the skin. There is no danger whatever in using the water in which potatoes have been boiled, provided they have not commenced to grow and the eyes have been cut out. Aside from flavor, there is another objection to throwing away the potato water. It contains soluble vitamins and minerals which give to potato skins one of their chief hygienic values."

How to Cook Potatoes

Steaming and baking cause the least loss of food value.

BOILED POTATOES.—Select potatoes of uniform size, wash and scrub with a brush. Slice the peel from the seed end. Drop into boiling salted water; just enough to cover. Cook until soft but not broken. Drain at once and set uncovered on back of stove to dry off.

BAKED POTATOES.—Put into moderately hot oven. When soft, pierce several times with a fork so that the steam will escape and prevent the potatoes becoming watery and unwholesome.

MASHED POTATO.—Boil, and mash into same kettle which should be kept on back of stove. To each pint of mashed potato add a scant half teaspoon of salt, one tablespoon of butter, a little pepper, and hot cream or milk to moisten. Beat with a spoon or fork until light.

POTATOES AU GRATIN.—Bake medium-sized potatoes, cut a slice from each side and scoop out the inside. Season with butter, a little hot cream, salt and pepper, and to every three potatoes add the beaten white of an egg. Refill the potato shells which have been kept hot in the oven, sprinkle with grated cheese and bread-crumbs, dot with butter and return to oven to brown.

POTATO SOUP.—Pare, boil and mash four potatoes. Scald together in a double boiler three cups of milk, two teaspoons of minced onion, one teaspoon of salt, one half teaspoon of celery salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, and a pinch of white pepper. Add mashed potato. In a saucepan put three tablespoons of butter and when it warms and just bubbles, work in one and a half tablespoons of dry flour. Add to milk and potato and cook five minutes. More milk may be added if too thick.

HASHED-BROWN POTATOES.—Hash the potatoes very fine but do not mash. Put only a little fat in a frying pan which must be very hot when the potatoes are put in. Smooth into a thick, even layer and do not disturb until a thick crust is formed on the bottom, then fold once, omelet style, and serve.

POTATO SCALLOP.—Slice raw potatoes very thin; about one quart. Place a layer of potato in the bottom of a baking dish, sprinkle lightly with dry flour, a little salt, pepper and butter. Repeat layers until the potatoes are all used, and then pour over enough rich milk to cover. Cover and bake in a moderately hot oven about one hour. Remove cover the last twenty minutes to allow potatoes to brown. At no time should the potato boil, but kept at a simmering heat. Some like the addition of a little cheese to this dish.

SARATOGA POTATOES.—Peel and slice thin and soak in cold water. Drain and dry in towels. Fry a few at a time in deep hot fat. Sprinkle with salt as they are taken out. These are very nice cold.

SAUSAGE AND BROWNED POTATOES.—Make your own sausage meat if you want to know what you are eating. Weigh meat carefully, allowing one third the amount of fat that there is lean. Use only good, sweet pork. Put through meat chopper, using the fine cutter. To each pound of meat, use one scant tablespoon of salt, one scant half teaspoon of white pepper and one tablespoon of finely sifted sage. The home dried sage is the best. Sausage meat will keep the best in cotton bags. These are made by sewing together strips of clean white cloth, washing again and then dipping into a solution of strong hot salt and water. Dry, and then fill closely with the meat, pressing it in with a round, flat-headed stick the size of the bag.

Boil potatoes, steam dry and peel. Bake sausages in a hot oven in a shallow pan, and when half done, drain off most of the fat, and put the hot boiled potatoes in the pan to brown while the sausages finish cooking.

SNOW MAN FOR THE CHILDREN.—Drop full-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

You Are Welcome

To This Ten-Day Test

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



See What it Does for Your Teeth

This is to urge a ten-day test of a new, scientific tooth cleaner.

You have found, no doubt, that brushed teeth still discolor and decay. The methods you use are inadequate. There is now a better way.

The cause of most tooth troubles is a film. It is ever-present, ever-forming. You can feel it with your tongue.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

That film is clinging. It gets into crevices and stays. So, despite your brushing, it may do a ceaseless damage. Teeth are safer, whiter and cleaner if that film is absent.

Science Now Combats it

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Years of careful tests under able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Now leading dentists all over America are urging its adoption. It is now used daily on millions of teeth.

This film combatant is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is offered to every home for testing.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

For long this method seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And that discovery opens a new teeth-cleaning era.

The results are quickly apparent. A ten-day test is convincing. We urge you to make it at our cost and learn what clean teeth mean. Lest you forget, cut out the coupon now.

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Now advised by leading dentists everywhere

Look in Ten Days

Make this ten-day test. Note how clean teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. In ten days let your own teeth tell you what is best.

202

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Dept. 22, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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Designs in Filet and Plain Crochet

Scarf in Floral Filet

BY MRS. LAURA MATHEWS.

MATERIALS—No. 40 white mercerized crochet cotton, suitable size steel crochet hook.

Of these materials the finished scarf would measure about thirteen by forty-eight inches.

Begin with ch 214 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c, in 4th st from hook, 1 d c in each of next 2 sts, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c in next st, this makes 1 blk, repeat making 67 more blks, 4 d c, in last 4 sts, ch 2, turn.

2nd row.—3 d c, 68 blks, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

3rd row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c over next 2 sps (2 blks), 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, repeat making in all 11 groups of 2 blks with 4 sps between, ending with 3 blks, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

4th row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, repeat ending with 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

5th row.—Same as 4th row.

6th row.—Same as 3rd row.

7th row.—Same as 2nd row.

8th row.—3 d c, 26 sps, 1 blk, 41 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

9th row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 35 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 17 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

10th row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 34 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

11th row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 18 sps, 3 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 7 blks, 12 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

12th row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 14 sps, 9 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 10 sps, 3 blks, 19 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

13th row.—3 d c, 25 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 7 blks, 18 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

14th row.—3 d c, 18 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 6 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 27 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

15th row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 23 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 17 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

16th row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 20 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 21 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

17th row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 17 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 5 blks, 19 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

18th row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 20 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

19th row.—3 d c, 21 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 25 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

20th row.—3 d c, 25 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 20 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

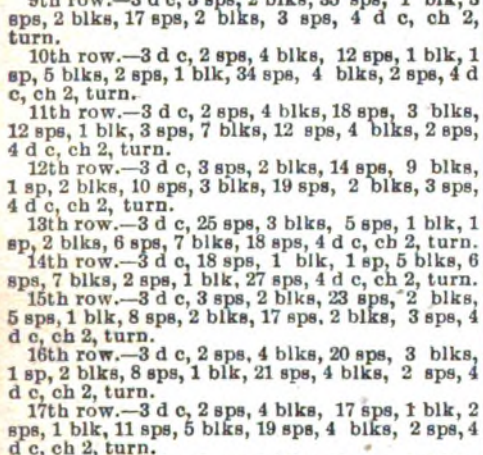
21st row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 14 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 7 blks, 19 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

22nd row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 19 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 14 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

23rd row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 15 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 30 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

24th row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 33 sps, 4 blks, 21 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

25th row.—3 d c, 23 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 34 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.



FAIRY BLOCK EDGING.

26th row.—3 d c, 29 sps, 5 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 24 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

27th row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 34 sps, 1 blk, 23 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

28th row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 22 sps, 1 blk, 33 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

29th row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 24 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

30th row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 12 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 24 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

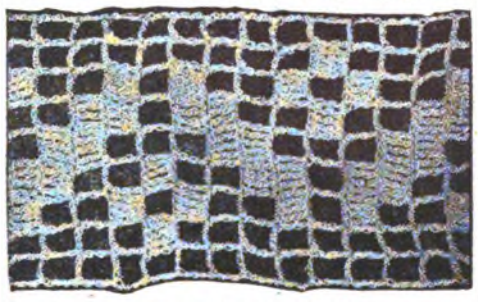
31st row.—3 d c, 30 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 17 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

32nd row.—3 d c, 20 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 25 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

33rd row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 19 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 12 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

34th row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 11 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 17 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

35th row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 16 sps, 8 blks, 3 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 22 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.



FAIRY BLOCK INSERTION.

36th row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 21 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 17 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

37th row.—3 d c, 22 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 27 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

38th row.—3 d c, 26 sps, 10 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 25 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

39th row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 20 sps, 12 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 21 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

40th row.—3 d c, 2 sps, 4 blks, 20 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 10 blks, 20 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

41st row.—3 d c, 2 sps. 4 blks, 20 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 20 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

42nd row.—3 d c, 3 sps, 2 blks, 21 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 22 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

43rd row.—3 d c, 31 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 22 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, turn.

44th row.—Beginning with this row one can now copy the pattern running through the center from the 10th row, while the motifs which form the border on either side can be repeated as heretofore.

To Finish the End

Work in this way until the work is as long as one desires then finish the end with one row of 11 motifs as on the other end following with two rows all spaces then 1 row of 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 56 sps, 1 blk, turn and beginning to narrow down for the pointed end work as follows: Sl st over double on end, ch 2, 2 d c in first sp, 1 d c on d c, 53 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, turn, sl st over blk, ch 2.

2nd row.—1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 52 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, turn.

3rd row.—1 blk on blk, 52 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk on blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

4th row.—1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 50 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

5th row.—1 blk, 35 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, turn.

6th row.—1 blk on blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 8 blks, 26 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

7th row.—1 blk, 22 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

8th row.—1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 8 blks, 23 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, turn.

9th row.—Blk on blk, 20 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2, turn.

10th row.—1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 8 blks, 21 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2, turn.

11th row.—1 blk, 17 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, turn.

12th row.—Blk on blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 8 blks, 19 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2, turn.

13th row.—1 blk, 15 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 13 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2, turn.

14th row.—1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, 8 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, ch 2.

15th row.—Blk on blk, 13 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 13 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

16th row.—1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, 8 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

17th row.—1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 13 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 2.

18th row.—Blk on blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, 8 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk ch 2.

19th row.—1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 23 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

20th row.—1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 31 sps, 1 blk, ch 2.

21st row.—Blk on blk, 31 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

22nd row.—1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 29 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 3.

23rd row.—1 blk, 28 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, ch 2.

24th row.—Blk on blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 27 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

25th row.—1 blk, 26 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

26th row.—1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 24 sps, 1 blk, ch 2.

27th row.—Blk on blk, 24 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

28th row.—1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 22 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

29th row.—1 blk, 21 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 2.

30th row.—Blk on blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 20 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

31st row.—1 blk, 26 sps, 1 blk, sl st over blk, ch 2.

32nd row.—1 blk, 24 sps, 1 blk, ch 2.

33rd row.—Blk on blk, 24 sps, 1 blk, ch 2.

34th row.—1 blk in each sp.

Finish the other end with the same flag design working into first ch of work.

Scallop Border

In corner opposite first row of work make 1 double treble crochet (thread over hook three times), ch 2, 1 d tr c in same st, repeat making 6 d tr c in all, 1 s c in end of 3rd row, scallop of 6 d tr c in end of 5th row, 1 s c in end of 5th row, continue working this way along the side. In each corner of the scarf below the flag make double scallops of 12 d tr c, continue around to first scallop.

2nd row.—2 s c between each of the first two trebles, ch 5 for picot, 2 s c between each treble to point of next scallop, 1 picot, repeat.

Fairy Block Lace Edging

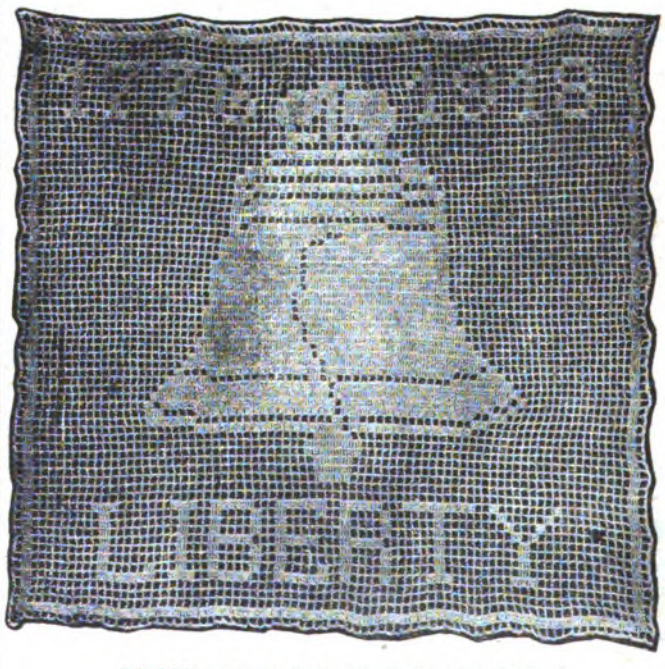
Begin with ch 47 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, 1 d c in each of next 3 sts (1 blk), ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c (1 sp), repeat making 6 more sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 12, turn.

2nd row.—1 d c on 9th st, 3 d c in next 3 sts, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 d c in the next sp, ch 3, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 12, turn.

4th row.—1 d c on 9th st, 3 d c in next 3 sts, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 3, 1 s c on d c, 1 s c under ch 3, ch 3, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.



PILLOW TOP OR TIDY IN FILET CROCHET.

5th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 6, 5 s c, ch 6, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—1 blk in first sp, 1 sp, 1 blk under ch 6, ch 5, 3 s c, ch 5, 1 blk under ch 6, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th tow.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk under ch 5, ch 3, 1 d c on s c, ch 3, 1 blk under ch 5, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, repeat pattern from 1st row.

7th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch, turn.

8th row.—3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

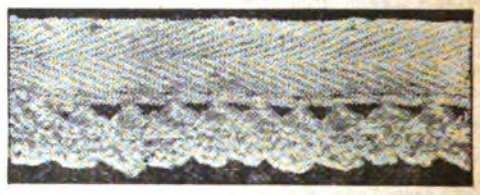
10th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

Repeat from first row for length desired.

Crocheting into Tape

An idea which will be appreciated by busy mothers who wish to have their children's clothes dainty, is passed on by a COMFORT sister.

Instead of crocheting directly into the edge of flannel skirts or other garments, work into a narrow tape, then when the garment is worn out the trimming can be transferred very easily, as often a well-made crocheted lace outwears a garment.



CROCHETING INTO TAPE.

The edging illustrated is made as follows:

Fasten thread to tape, ch 5, turn, shell 7 d c in 3rd st, sl st to edge of tape, turn, ch 3, 1 s c in 4 d c, ch 3, turn, 7 d c in last st, ch 3, 1 sl st in tape, repeat.

Deeper edging can be made in the same way.

Pillow Top or Tidy in Filet Crochet

Materials, No. 20 mercerized crochet cotton, No. 10 steel crochet hook.

Begin with ch 246 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, repeat making 80 sps in all, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d c on d c, 2 d c under ch 2, 1 d c on d c, 2 d c under next ch 2, 1 d c on d c, repeat across working thus over 78 sps and finishing with 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 blk of 4 d c on 4 d c, 76 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

4th and 5th rows.—Same as 3rd.

6th row.—1 blk on blk, 9 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 3 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

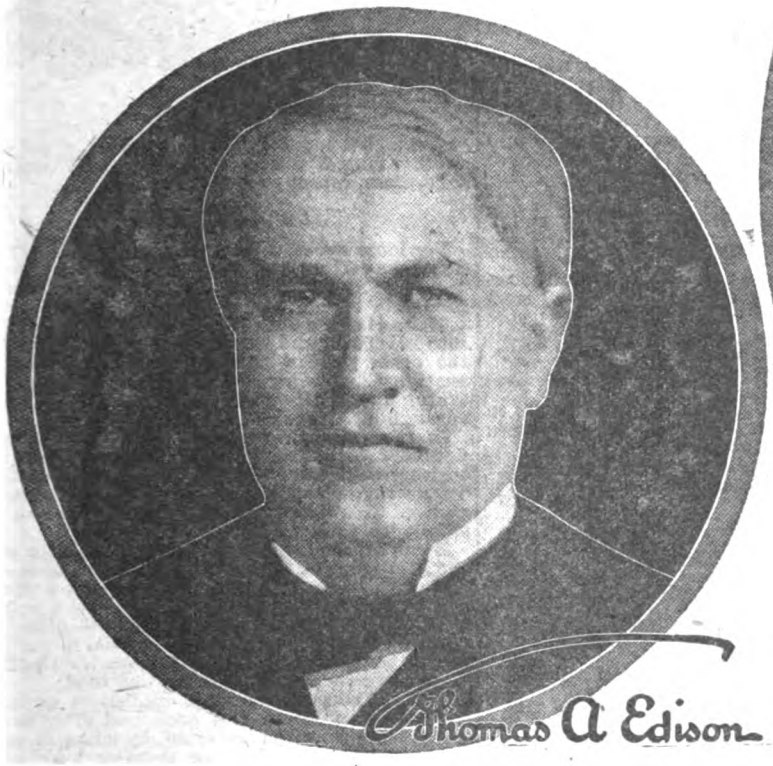
11th row.—1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

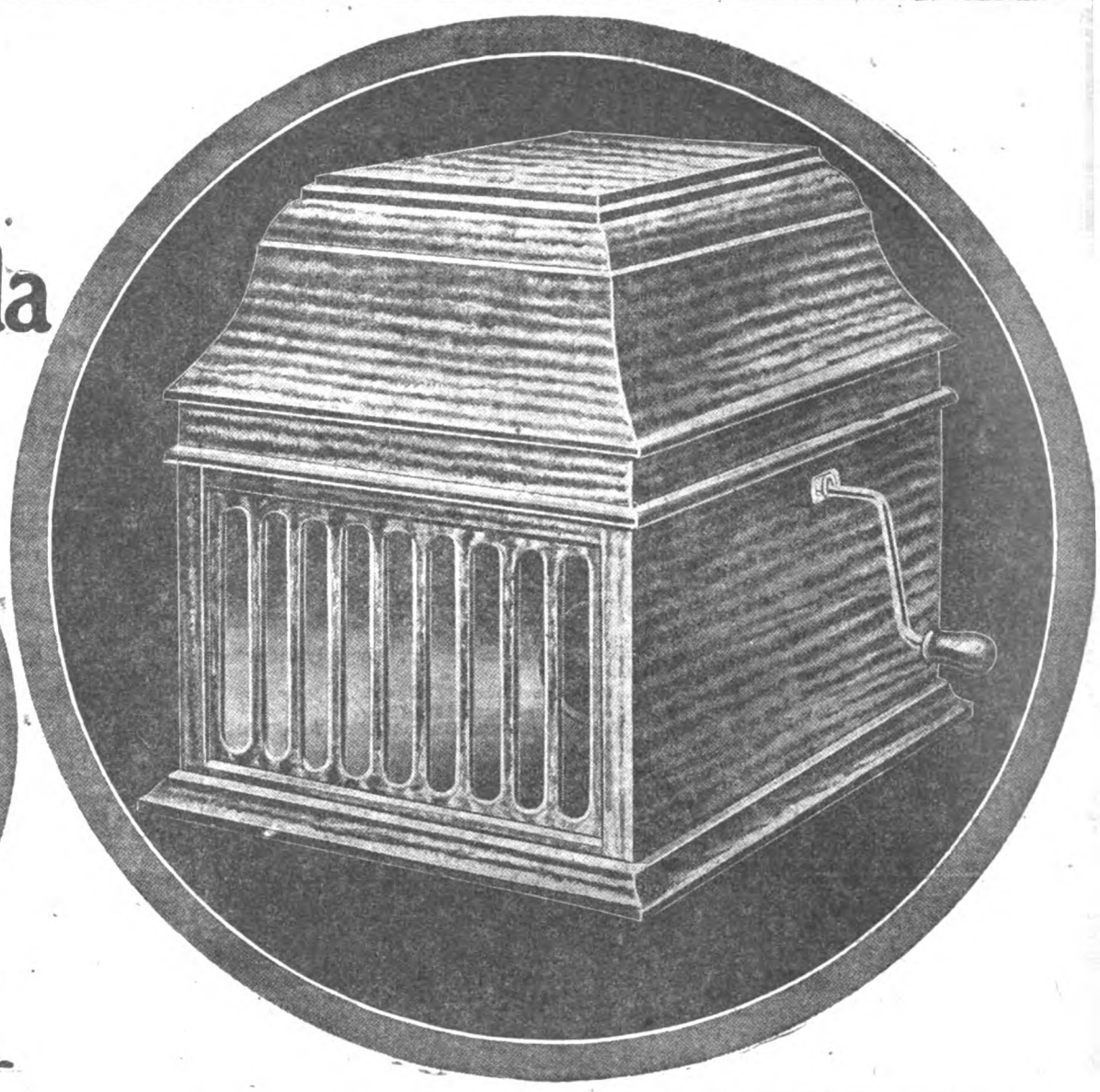
12th row.—1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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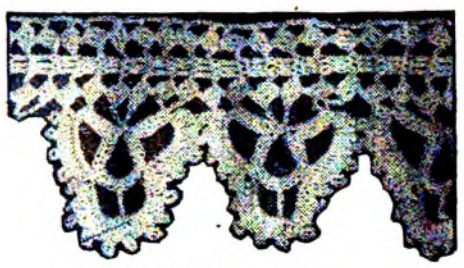
Attractive Work for Nimble Fingers

Deep Point Lace

MAKE a ch of 22 sts, turn.
1st row.—1 d c in the 7th, 8th and 9th sts from hook, ch 4, sk 3 sts, 3 d c in next 3 sts, ch 4 3 d c in the next 3 sts, ch 4, 3 d c in the next 3 sts, ch 7, turn.

2nd row.—3 d c on ch 4, ch 4, 3 d c on the next 3 d c, ch 4, 3 d c on the next ch 4, 1 d c in the top of the 3 d c on first row. This makes the edge. Ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—3 d c on ch 4, ch 4, 3 d c on top of



DEEP POINT LACE.

the next 3 d c, ch 4, 3 d c on ch 4, ch 7, turn.

4th row.—3 d c on ch 4, ch 4, 3 d c on top of 3 d c, ch 4, 3 d c on ch 4, 1 d c in top of last row, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—3 d c on ch 4, ch 4, 3 d c on top of the next 3 d c, ch 4, 3 d c on ch 4, ch 6, sl st to ch 7, ch 17, sl st on the 7 ch, ch 6, sl st on the next 7 ch, ch 1, 8, h d c on ch 6, 15 h d c on ch 17, 8 h d c on the next ch 6, ch 9 sl st to the side of 17th ch that has been filled with h d c, ch 9 1 d c in top of ch 17, ch 9, sl st to the other side of ch 17, ch 9 sl st to 1st of ch 6, ch 2, 3 d c on ch 9, 1 picot on the 3 d c, fill these chains with d c, making 1 picot on every 3 d c. This completes one scallop, 3 d c on ch 4, ch 4 3 d c on top of 3 d c, ch 4, 3 d c on ch 4, 1 d c on top of last row, ch 5, turn, proceed as before.

To make the lace hang smoother, join the first scallop to the second with a sl st.

MRS. FANNIE BALDWIN.

Knitted Insertion

With No. 70 cotton, No. 17 steel knitting needles cast on 48 sts. Knit across plain.

1st row.—K 3, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 32, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 3.

2nd row.—K 4, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o twice, p 2 tog, k 26, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 2.

3rd row.—K 3, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 2, p 1, k 28, p 1, k 2, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 3.

4th row.—K 4, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 34, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 2.

5th row.—K 3, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 34, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 3.

6th row.—K 4, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, o twice, k 22, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, o twice, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 2.

7th row.—K 3, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 2, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 25, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 2, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 3.

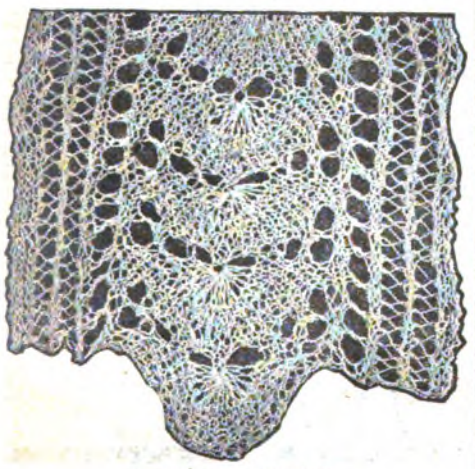
8th row.—K 4, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 39, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 2.

9th row.—K 3, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 39, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 3.

10th row.—K 4, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o twice, p 2 tog, k 2, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, o twice, p 2 tog, k 20, o twice, p 2 tog, k 2, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, o twice, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 2.

11th row.—K 3, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 2, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 22, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 4, p 1, k 2, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 3.

12th row.—K 4, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k



KNITTED INSERTION.

14, p 17. Knit loosely so as to make large stitches. K 14, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 2.

13th row.—K 3, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 13, o, p 17 tog, o, k 15, o, p 2 tog, k 1, o, p 2 tog, k 3.

Repeat pattern from first row. This lacy pattern I learned from my mother 60 years ago.

MRS. L. FLECKENSTEIN.

Pillow Top or Tidy in Filet Crochet

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—1 blk, 8 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 9 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

15th and 16th rows.—Same as 3rd row.

17th, 18th and 19th rows.—1 blk, 36 sps, 4 blks, 36 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

20th and 21st rows.—1 blk, 35 sps, 6 blks, 35 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—Same as 19th row.

23rd row.—1 blk, 21 sps, 15 blks, 1 sp, 18 blks, 21 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

24th row.—1 blk, 15 sps, 6 blks, 17 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, 2 blks, 19 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

25th row.—1 blk, 17 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 16 blks, 1 sp, 17 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.

26th row.—1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 21 blks, 1 sp, 18 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

27th row.—1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 21 blks, 1 sp, 21 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

28th row.—1 blk, 17 sps, 20 blks, 1 sp, 22 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

29th row.—1 blk, 17 sps, 7 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, 5 blks, 18 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

30th row.—1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 13 blks, 1 sp, 15 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 18 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

31st row.—1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 18 blks, 1 sp, 16 blks, 20 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

32nd row.—1 blk, 21 sps, 14 blks, 1 sp, 20 blks, 20 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

33rd row.—1 blk, 21 sps, 19 blks, 1 sp, 13 blks, 22 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

34th row.—1 blk, 22 sps, 12 blks, 1 sp, 19 blks, 22 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

35th row.—1 blk, 23 sps, 18 blks, 1 sp, 11 blks, 23 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

36th row.—1 blk, 23 sps, 11 blks, 1 sp, 18 blks, 23 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

37th row.—1 blk, 24 sps, 18 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 23 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

38th row.—1 blk, 23 sps, 10 blks, 1 sp, 18 blks, 24 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

39th row.—1 blk, 24 sps, 18 blks, 1 sp, 9 blks, 24 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

40th row.—1 blk, 24 sps, 9 blks, 1 sp, 17 blks, 25 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

41st row.—1 blk, 25 sps, 16 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 24 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

42nd row.—Same as last row only in reverse order.

43rd row.—Same as 41st row.

44th row.—Same as 42nd row.

45th row.—1 blk, 25 sps, 16 blks, 1 sp, 9 blks, 25 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

46th row.—Same as 45th row.

47th row.—1 blk, 25 sps, 14 blks, 2 sps, 10 blks, 25 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

48th row.—1 blk, 25 sps, 12 blks, 2 sps, 12 blks, 25 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

68th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 23 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

69th row.—1 blk, 76 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

70th and 71st rows.—Same as last row.

72nd row.—8 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

73rd row.—80 sps. Finish by working 3 s c in each sp and 9 s c in each corner sp.

BERTHA GILBERT.

New Bibs for Baby

Fashions even effect such little things as baby's bibs, and this being so, the small ones which required pinning to keep in position have given place to an improved style.

This new model is either pointed or rounded and then either side of the front a band extends around the body, under the arms, and fastens in the back.

Sheer linen or batiste lace trimmed and made up over a cotton, padded under bib, or heavier linen or pique may be used.

Large Knitted Doily

BY MRS. ANNIE OSGOOD.

This mat is made in twenty sections or gores.

Use No. 12 knitting cotton and No. 16 steel needles.

Cast on 31 stitches.

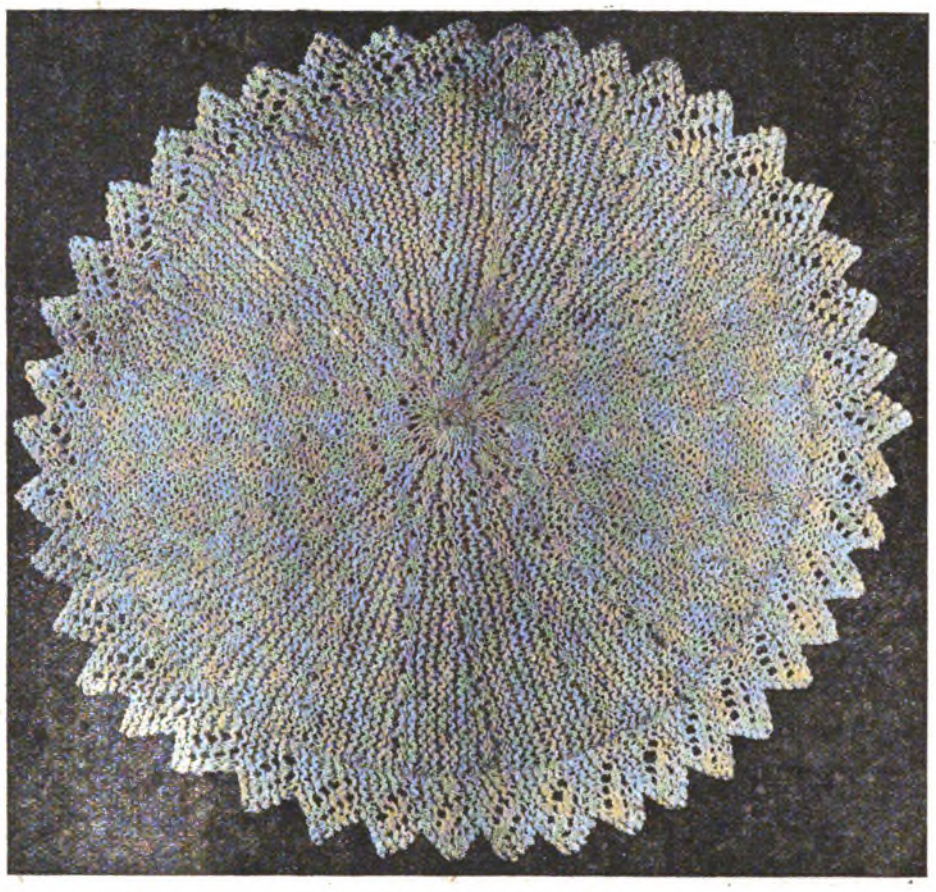
1st rib.—K 4, turn, k back.

2nd rib.—K 7, turn, k back.

3rd rib.—K 10, turn, k back.

Continue in this way adding three stitches to each rib until but three of the original stitches remain; knit these and then purl back.

Repeat from the beginning until there are 20 gores. Bind off and sew together.



LARGE KNITTED DOILY.

49th row.—1 blk, 25 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 16 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 26 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

50th row.—1 blk, 26 sps, 2 blks, 16 sps, 7 blks, 25 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

51st row.—1 blk, 25 sps, 25 blks, 26 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

52nd row.—1 blk, 26 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 18 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 25 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

53rd row.—1 blk, 25 sps, 5 blks, 18 sps, 2 blks, 26 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

54th row.—1 blk, 26 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 18 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 26 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

55th row.—1 blk, 26 sps, 4 blks, 18 sps, 2 blks, 26 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

56th row.—1 blk, 27 sps, 22 blks, 27 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

57th row.—1 blk, 28 sps, 2 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 29 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

58th row.—1 blk, 30 sps, 16 blks, 30 sps, 1 blk. 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

59th row.—1 blk, 32 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 32 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

60th row.—1 blk, 32 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 32 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

61st row.—1 blk, 31 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 32 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

62nd row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 6 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

63rd row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

64th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

65th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

66th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

67th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 21 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

Narrow Point Edging

Cast on five stitches.

Knit across plain.

1st row.—K 2, o, k 1, o, k 2.

2nd row.—K across plain.

3rd row.—K 3, o, k 2 together, o, k 2.

4th, 5th and 6th rows.—K plain.

7th row.—K 4, o, k 2 together o, k 2.

8th and 9th rows.—K plain.

10th row.—Bind off 5 sts, k 4, sew on around edges of mat.

Knitted Wool Mitten

(Five- or Six-Year Size)

Cast on 20 stitches, using either split zephyr or twofold Saxony, on each of three No. 12 steel needles.

Knit one round plain.

Next 20 rounds k 2, p 2.

To Begin Thumb

K 5, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1 and knit plain balance of round.

Throw thread over to widen at the right of the first purled stitch and the left of the last purled stitch in each round, until one has 18 stitches between the two purled sts.



KNITTED WOOL MITTEN.

To form the gusset, cast 5 stitches on the right-hand needle, knit one round plain, narrow once in center of 5 sts for three rounds. Knit 23 rounds plain, K 7, narrow, repeat all around. K 5, narrow, repeat around. Knit 3 rounds plain, k 4, narrow, repeat around. Knit 3 rounds plain. K 3, narrow, repeat around. K 2, narrow, repeat around. Narrow twice on each needle till but 2 sts are left on each. Bind off.

Draw end through to the wrong side and secure it by a few stitches with needle and thread.

The Thumb

Fasten the thread to the right sts, take up sts on two needles. Knit round to gusset, take up on a third needle 5 sts at the base of the 5 cast-on sts, narrow once on these 5 sts in every round until but 3 sts remain.

Divide stitches, having 7 on each needle. Knit 12 rounds plain. Narrow in center of each needle, every other round, until but 4 stitches remain on each needle, then narrow twice and bind off the 2 stitches on each needle. Finish on wrong side securely.

MRS. DRENNAN.

Tatted Edging

3 d s, p, 2 d s, p, repeat 7 times, 3 d s, close. Ch 6 d s, p, 5 d s. Ring 5 d s, join to 7th p of



TATTED EDGING.

last ring, 9 d s, p, 5 d s, close. Ch 5 d s, p, 6 d s, another ring 3 d s p, 2 d s, p, repeat 7 times, 3 d s, close, repeat to length desired.

Sleeping Socks

For loose socks which will reach half way up to the calf of the leg, one will need two ounces of Shetland floss and a medium bone needle.

Make 44 chain and work 44 double crochet into it. Turn, and work double crochet into the other side of the chain stitches. Join neatly, then work double crochet around, taking up only the top portion of each stitch throughout. Work 17 rows in all.

In the 18th row turn back after the 22nd double crochet, and with one chain at each turning work 12 rows to and fro on these 22. Turn wrong side out and, putting the two corners of this piece together, connect the two sides with a row of double crochet.

Break off the thread and join to the center of the heel—that is, to the connecting stitches—and work a row of double crochet down the side of the heel into each double crochet across the front and up the other side; continue working around and decrease one in each second round at the corner between heel and front until the stitches are reduced to 38.

Work 10 rows of 38 double crochet in each; then, making 18 for the back and 18 for the front, narrow stitch between by taking it up with the 18th and working the two loops as one.

Decrease in the same place in every second row for 10 rows; then, placing the two edges together, connect with a row of double crochet on the wrong side, rounding off the corners.

Fasten the thread to the joining at the top of the sock, make one double crochet, miss one double crochet on the edge, and put * 6 treble into the next, miss 1, 1 double crochet into the next, miss 1, and repeat from *.

These socks are not meant to fit exactly; the directions here given are for about a four or five foot. If yours is very small or very large, measure accordingly.

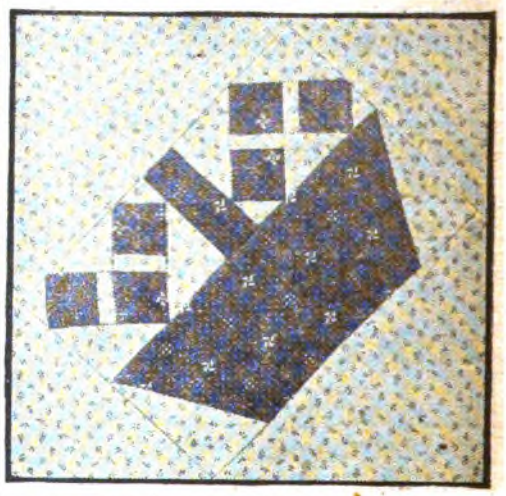
Quilt Block in Basket of Flowers Design

BY JANIE BECKER.

For the basket and flowers any color may be used but will look more natural if tan is used for the basket and different colors for the squares representing the flowers, not more than two being the same color, or each one may be different, one pink, one blue, yellow, red, lavender, etc. Before piecing, the basket measures eleven inches long at upper edge, five and three-fourths at lower edge, and four inches wide; the handle three inches long and one and one-half inches wide.

The pieces for flowers one and three-fourths inches square, the narrow pieces between flowers not quite seven-eighths inches wide, and there are three sizes of half squares besides the large one at each corner.

The light piece at each end of the basket is four and one-half inches long on the straight



QUILT BLOCK IN BASKET OF FLOWER DESIGN.

edge and two and three-fourths inches wide at lower edge.

The piecing is all straight seams, no corners to turn.

Instructions for Stockinette Stitch

Ravel both edges until all stitches are perfectly clear. Thread needle with one of the ravelings, then thrust the needle down through one stitch and up through the stitch next to it, then do the same on the opposite side—down through one and up through the next—then back to the first side, place the needle down by the side of the thread in the stitch where you brought the needle up before and bring it up in the stitch next to it, then do the same on the opposite side. Down through one up through the next, then do the same on the opposite side. But if the thread is drawn up just right, one would have to hunt for the knot to find where a garment was mended if done with the stockinette stitch.

By means of this stitch one can mend any knit goods invisibly, make over underwear for children, and repair gloves without a seam.—Mrs. S. C. Talbot.

Why We Celebrate New Year's Day

By C. L. Cheever

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"WHERE did our holidays come from?" so many ask. That depends; we all know how the celebration of July 4th came about and how old Thanksgiving Day is; we understand why we ought to honor the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln and why we keep Memorial Day. But these are all American holidays—what about this one that is just at hand and that is celebrated all over the world, New Year's Day?

We shall have to go back a long way to find the beginning of this day, and we will start with a man, Martin by name, who lived at least 1600 years ago. He was a bishop of the Christian church—that was a new thing in the year 316—and it is said that he worked miracles and did other wonderful things, and suffered much for the sake of the new religion, so that afterward the Roman church set apart a day, a saint's day, on November 11, in which his memory was to be honored, and called it Martinmas. One of the sweetest legends of those old days is the story of St. Martin and the beggar. The bishop was riding along and a beggar asked alms of him. Noticing how cold the man was and how poorly clad, the saint tore his cloak in two and gave him half of it. The next night there was a vision given to the bishop and he saw Christ Himself with the piece of cloak about him telling the story of the saint and the beggar to a group of angels.

St. Martin was very dear to the Germans and they decided to make his feast day, which you remember was Nov. 11, a day in which to celebrate the birth of the New Year. That arrangement was appropriate enough, for the Germans, like other early peoples, divided their year into two seasons, winter and summer. The winter season began in November, when the ground was barren and frozen and they were compelled to drive cattle and sheep to shelter because the pasture was all gone. At this time of year they changed their whole mode of living; they deserted the fields and gathered around their own firesides, and there were all sorts of festivities and amusements. Other nations looking on, adopted the idea of making the winter season a time of jollity, beginning with Martinmas, and soon the celebration of the day became popular in Gaul and Britain.

Meanwhile, down in Rome they had made a calendar which placed January first at the beginning of the year. They called the month Januarius, in honor of their god Janus, a deity with two faces, one looking forward, the other looking backward. That was a suitable idea, for we of today follow the example of Janus and look both ways on December 31.

Presently the Romans swept up into Germany, bringing with them many of their customs, which were afterward adopted by the natives. Festivals became more and more common, but we are told that the one that fell on Martinmas was the jolliest of them all.

After a time the Roman calendar was accepted, and then the New Year's festivities fell on January 1, though it was not for hundreds of years that the legal beginning of the year was fixed on that date for the whole world.

Eating and drinking had a good deal to do with the New Year celebration, but gifts were made, especially to sovereigns, and they say that Queen Elizabeth replenished her closets and jewel cases every New Year's Day. Gloves were a favorite gift to ladies, and they were as expensive in those early days as any part of a wardrobe. The sports of the time were rough indeed. "St. Martin's game" was a boar fight. The people went in crowds and watched two boars inclosed in a ring, fight until they had torn each other to pieces. When it was over the meat was distributed to the spectators.

By a remarkable coincidence the most of the world has revived the celebration of November eleventh because of it being the anniversary of the surrender of Germany which ended the World War.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

of Miles Standish, Cotton Mather, etc., from their old homes. New England is rapidly becoming New Ireland, but the Irishman does not have it all his own way, for there are more Greeks in Lowell than there are in Corinth (Greece, not Mississippi, if you please), and the factory hands of the latter city and of Lawrence are almost entirely foreigners, who will hike for home, as is customary with these peoples of eastern Europe, as soon as they have made their pile. It is hard to determine just where the banana belt begins or ends, but, oh joy! the spooney belt and the love and romance belt start right at the Mason and Dixon line, and, Mary, you have evidently got that belt tightly clasped around you. I am strong for belts, but I strenuously object to getting my hands all tangled up in a jungle of pins, and I never knew a safety-pin that did not have its business and waiting ready to jab a fellow. Of course all real girls like boys and all real boys like girls, but the girl that's boy crazy and the boy that's girl crazy are both abnormal types, and if you only knew what a terrible amount of misery, crime and wretchedness these two types cause themselves and society when their wild emotions carry them into paths of danger, a lot of you beardless boys and half-fledged broilers would put the brakes down hard before it is too late. Kiss and bliss are synonymous. Old Dame Nature attended to that, for if there had been no kisses there would have been no misses, and without sex attraction only the animals would occupy this world. If young ladies, however, make their lips a slobbering board for every man that comes along, and do not keep those lips chaste, clean and pure for the one man who will regard them as the shrine of his heart's desire and who for life will stand guard over those ruby portals, then we shall all become akin to the animals and the world will be nothing but a jungle. We have been drifting in that direction for the last few years at a terrible pace and it is time someone called a halt. Ask the gentleman to produce an engagement ring before he kisses you the next time. It seems to me that he cannot hold you in very high regard or he would at least go home, clean up and put on his Sunday best when he calls on you. If the poor man is suffering from the high cost of clothes and can't afford anything but overalls and a flannel shirt that's all cotton, we'll pass the hat to get him a suit and will throw in the hat as well. I suppose a professional swimmer is the only gentleman who would be prohibited from calling on his heart's adored in his working clothes. Whether or not *he* loves you I don't know, but if he does not think enough of you to doll up and make a decent, clean, wholesome appearance, I don't think he respects you, or at least he thinks you are easy and holds you cheap. Love without respect is not love but something to be ignored and abhorred. Keep away from it.

EGGLESTON, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Uncle, I have always loved you from the depths of my heart and am tickled to bits with the way you roast our enemies within and without. I'm glad you didn't go to France. We had plenty of men that could shoot and use a bayonet but no other could use a pen as you have done. You put over a barrage and went over the top here in America as well as the best of us ever did in France. It was just as necessary to fight our enemies in the rear as in the front and you were the one who knew how to do it and who did it. I was on the front almost two months without a rest and in the thickest fighting at Dead Man's Hill and Montfaucon and through the Argonne Forest and across the Meuse River on Nov. 10, and heard the last shots fired at 11 o'clock on Nov. 11, the day the armistice was signed. Was in the 80th Division heavy field artillery. Am 27 years of age, still single, love fun and sport, teach in our Sunday school and received a diploma three years ago. Have traveled over most of France and a small part of Belgium. Much love to you and all the cousins.

EDWARD H. LAWSON.

Thank you, Edward, for your lovely and most complimentary letter. Glad you appreciate the work I have tried to do in fighting Huns, slackers, whining pacifists, crack-brained dreamers, treacherous aliens who camouflage as socialists but were Kaiser cuddlers to a man, and all the verminous hordes who feed on the life-blood of a nation, call for protection when in trouble, assume all the rights of citizenship, but refuse to bear any of its responsibilities. It has been a hard and terrible fight for me this last five years and it has sapped what little strength I had and left me pretty much of a wreck, but as long as I can wield a pen I shall do my best to keep the fires of patriotism burning and prevent our people so far as possible from being infected with the universal madness which seems to have seized the world and which, if we are not careful, will make vain all the sacrifices of blood and treasure offered up in this great world war, and enable the Hun to get on top again. There are racial groups among us, who are frantically striving to arouse hate and drive a wedge between us and our Allies. The hyphenated hordes who are attempting to put this job over never become truly Americanized and if at any time they shed their blood for America it is only because they expect later on to own and control it for the benefit of subtle foreign interests which dominate them, and which will dominate all of us if we don't watch out. Here is a symptom of the disease, which I gather from the New York Times of Oct. 16, 1919, and which will, if persisted in, eat out the heart of this nation: "William R. Hearst in that Borough (Brooklyn) has endorsed Major Michael A. Kelly * * * now a candidate of the so-called Liberty Party for president of the Board of Aldermen. Major Kelly is making his appeal chiefly to the Irish element among the voters and to voters of German and Austrian extraction." If we are ever to have a country that is not a grade higher than that which we find in a monkey and parrot cage where national elements are ever at war with other national elements, every man who runs for office should be immediately thrown into the discard if he appeals to his constituents on any other grounds than that of pure Americanism. As we have a million and a half foreign born residents in this city, you can see the menace that lies in these racial appeals. I hoped the cement of patriotism would, as a result of our late struggle for existence, bind us all together in one indissoluble whole. But, alas, it seems it is not to be, unless splendid boys of your type, Ed., set your foot down hard, keep men out of office who are tainted with the least suspicion of pandering to the undigested alien groups who are such a menace to our existence, all of whom have axes to grind and not one of which, as a rule, is to be used for a strictly American purpose. If a man can't get into office without riding in on a Sinn Fein, Hun or Austro-Hun back, then for heaven's sake keep him out.

ADON, WYO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Few people live in this part of the country. There are large ranches and some small farms or homesteads as we call them. My family owns about 2,300 acres of land. We live in the hills close to some small mountains. Am fourteen years old, have brown hair and blue eyes, five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds. This is a healthy place to live. In the five years we have been here I have only been in bed twice and that was when we had influenza. Our nearest town, Gilette, is twenty miles away. We have a small schoolhouse and eleven scholars. I'm the only girl around here for fifteen miles. All of the other sex that I see are cowboys. There is a big ranch, close to here where they have twenty thousand head of cattle and some horses. My sister and I do all the riding. You ought to see the vast numbers of longhorn white-faced cattle that roam the hills and plains out here. There has never been a death in our family, which consists of seven girls, three boys and our parents. People who love excitement and gaiety don't like it out here, though the people are the jolliest and best natured I have ever met, and why shouldn't they be, their money comes and goes easy. It is dry out here but my father and some others irrigate.

Your niece, CHLOE JACKSON.

Chloe, yours is a delightfully interesting letter. I know well all the country around where you live, and when my weary brain cries out for something inspiring and refreshing, I think often of the Teton Mountains, like cathedral spires towering into the heavens. Glorious Teddy Roosevelt, God rest his soul, knew the joy of living in a country like yours, and so do I, but idiotic, crazy people prefer a miserable existence in the dirty city slums to a real life among the plains and the mountains. Healthy as Adon is, I would strongly suggest, Chloe, that you take a little more rest than you are getting. A young lady who has only been in bed twice in five years will surely ruin her health if she does not watch out. Something is radically wrong when a young lady only goes to bed twice in five years. Is the trouble with you or the bed? Now you see with me it is the other way about, I've only been out of bed twice in twenty-three years. I can't stand up, and from your letter it would seem that you can't lie down. It is a sad state of affairs for both of us and I don't know which is in the worst fix. You say your sister and you do all the riding. From that I infer that the cowboys have to walk. That is pretty tough on the cowboys. A cowboy without a horse is almost as bad as a saloon without booze. You say that it is dry out in your vicinity but that your father and some others irrigate. Irrigation ceased on July the first, so I guess it will be a case of the old oaken bucket and the water wagon from now on for those who live in the U. S. A. Once, more, Chloe, thank you for your most interesting letter.

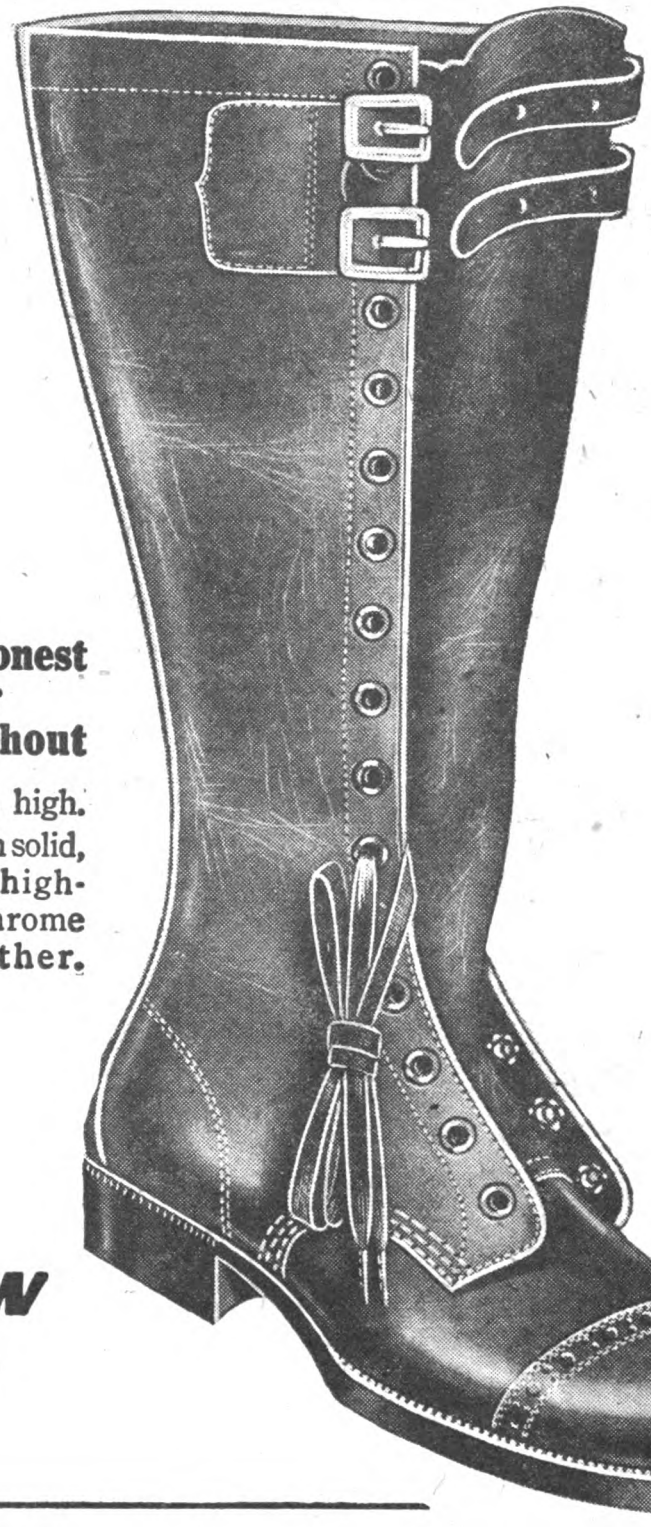
WOODLAWN, R. R. 1, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am writing a few lines to greet you on your birthday. My mother has taken COMFORT for a good many years and I want to tell you that your page is the first I turn to, for I love you from the depths of my heart and soul for your fearlessness and unselfishness, in the talks that you give for the good of all humanity. If people would only pay heed to your warnings what a better world this would be to live in, and when I read a letter that you put in from anyone that insults you it makes my blood boil to think what little sense they show. Well, dear Uncle, I certainly hope and pray that God will spare your life until the great world struggle is ended and peace is restored at last, for, as you say in your September issue, the whole world is sick. It is a hard proposition getting people to think right. I was telling myself a year ago that if Uncle Charlie were here for another birthday I would write and let him know how I for one appreciate and love him.

Yours truly, MRS. A. KELLEY.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

Thank you, Mrs. Kelley, for your note which reached me on my birthday and touched me deeply, as did hundreds of others that came to me on that momentous occasion. Just when I feel that life is not worth the living, that humanity in the mass is not worth fighting for, that it is sordid, horrid, ugly, brutal, greedy, vile and contemptible, then along comes a letter like yours, and my heart and soul are refreshed and I know that there is a little leaven of love, goodness, purity and sweetness that will in God's good time leaven the whole lump of wiggling, squirming, fighting, snarling, biting, inhuman *beans*, and make them decent members of society. But you can't bank on anything just now, for the late war was the biggest upset the world has ever known, and though God was with us and saw that right triumphed over might, I should not wonder if in view of what has happened since the armistice was signed, that He had turned His face from the world in disgust. With a sick world we could deal, but the sickness the world is suffering from today, is a thousand times more dangerous than the flu or any other epidemic we ever had, for today the world is one big bughouse of clawing, grabbing, bloodthirsty lunatics, madmen, schemers and agitators. To deal with a condition of this kind is far more perilous than fighting Kaiserism. Kaiserism, like a skin disease merely afflicted us from without. The madness that is now raging is of a different type and is rending us within, tearing at our very vitals. If we could take these millions of madmen, put them in straitjackets, give them sixty grains of bromide, tie a chunk of ice on their heads and send them into dreamland and keep them asleep until war hysteria and the mania of greed, hate and lust for power had worn off, then we'd have a dear old peaceful world once more. A free press and free speech are the fundamentals of liberty and are guaranteed by our constitution, but the best government and the finest institutions in the world can never stand up against a lot of dirty, filthy, contemptible sheets that turn decent citizens into Bolsheviks and madmen by the tens of thousands daily. Thousands of greasy, fiendish rascals are standing on their soap boxes, from which they carefully remove the soap (an article they never use), inflaming the passions of the credulous and filling the minds of honest, decent workers with ideas which will mean the destruction of everything humanity has tried to build from the time when men lived in caves and trees tens of centuries ago. They are determined to tear our government and institutions to pieces, bring about a bloody revolution, fill our land with plague, famine and disease, lust and devilishness and convert it into a shambles. I know what honest agitation is for I have been an agitator and a soap boxer myself, but the ideas and ideals which I and those who associated with me advocated, Christ Himself could have endorsed, and they would never have harmed the hair of even a Rockefeller's head. The ideas, however, that are being spread abroad today are those that will bring death and starvation to the decent, honest, God-fearing people of our land and put all of us who are not insane under the domination of hordes of thugs, criminals and hoodlums. Burn these reptile sheets, send the agitators to Russia or to jail. Hang a few of the worst of these vermin and let Ole Hanson do the job, for he seems to be the only man in the country who has a backbone, and we will have peace. Once more, Mrs. Kelley, I thank you, and if Mr. Kelley has no objections, I'm returning the love you sent me with interest.

GRAND JUNCTION, R. R. 1, MICH.

A GIRL'S LAMENT.

Although I am a woman, for housework I don't care,
I hate to wash the dishes, but I'd love to kill a bear.
I'd love to sally forth and hunt the jungle through
For lions, tigers, bears and things, but I'd hate to make beef stew.

I envy boys their freedom to go sailing o'er the sea,
If I could travel o'er the deep, I'd shout and sing with glee.
But girls must sew and mend and bake, and hunt for brother's things,
For "Sister" every time is blamed when hammer and fish hooks take wings.

But when the bill collector comes and says a payment's due,
I'm reconciled to wearing skirts when father looks so blue.

GRACE KNIGHT.

Grace, you are both a poet and a philosopher and you have a keen sense of humor. That is what the Kaiser and the German people lack, and that is what makes them so dangerous. If the Kaiser had had as keen a sense of humor as you have, he would have seen what a lot of rot all this military goose stepping was and there would have been no war. I don't, however, approve of your desire to go out and in the name of sport kill everything that comes in your path. You don't love to wash dishes, and for that matter few people do, and I suggest that instead of going out and killing a bear, you go out and kill the man who invented dishes. He has made more trouble for housewives and their daughters than any man since the beginning of time. You say you hate to make beef stew, why not make kidney stew instead—that may come easier. You say if you could travel o'er the deep, you would shout and sing with glee. Now as a matter of fact you would be the sickest girl on earth and you'd be either leaning over the rail feeding the fishes or lying in your bunk yelling for the steward to bring you the basin. If you don't like sewing and mending, I advise you to join a clotheless tribe of unclad Africans in the heart of the Dark Continent. But even there you could not escape the cooking infliction, for in that nice, hot, thousand-degrees-in-the-shade climate you'd bake all right. If brother has been to France and in the trenches, he has doubtless had to do so much hunting for cooties that he is by now a professional hunter, and when the hammers and fish-hooks become aviators and take wings and fly, you won't be called on to do the sky pilot act and chase after them. I'm glad you realize that papas, who are generally regarded as a necessary evil, tolerated only because there is no legal way to dispose of them, are handy pieces of domestic furniture to have around when the bills have to be paid. In these days of high prices I don't wonder that papa looks blue when he is paying the bills, but if father's color scheme does not appeal to you on these painful occasions, you can easily remedy it by daubing him all over with a de Valera Sinn Fein coat of Irish green. If you do that you will always have a greenback in the house and papa can't go broke. Once more, Grace, thank you for your very clever little "pome."

AVERY, IOWA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I notice you are very severe on the Bolsheviks in Russia, and I write to set you straight on them. There is no use to go to extremes, and, give the devil his due, the Bolshevik is certainly making a thorough-going revolution in Russia. I'm afraid if you had lived during the time of the French Revolution, you would have railed against it just as much as you do now against the Russian revolution, but it is conceded that the French Revolution was a good thing for Europe. You have to have a thorough-going revolution in order to make any effective change in a country and Russia needs it now as France did, and you can't have revolutions that will amount to anything unless there is more or less bloodshed. You get changes and the poor have a chance to come into their own and perhaps get a piece of land as it is impossible now. The radical socialists in this country won't be happy until they have tried out their theories in practice. Have Uncle Sam set some large tracts of land aside and induce a lot of the most radical to settle on it and try themselves out. Let him furnish him with some means to carry out their theories in practice. I believe it would be better than to jail them as you advocate.

—AXEL PETERSON.

Axel, a little knowledge and superficial thinking are dangerous things. Sorry, but you are afflicted with both. You say "there is no use to go to extremes," and then you contradict yourself by saying "you can't have revolutions that will amount to anything without bloodshed." If that's the case, suppose we start the bloodshed on you. That would knock some of the red rubbish out of your head. I note you publish a little sheet called "The Avery Boomer," and that you are boosting capitalist enterprises, so that puts you in the bourgeois or middle class which the Bolsheviki intend to wipe out. Axel, you are doomed and I will write your epitaph: "Here lies a chump who was killed by his own theories." There was no need to go to extremes in Russia. Russia had a free hand and all the world wished her well. She had only to finish her work of helping the Allies to lick the Central Powers, and then if she had wanted a republic or even a liberal constitutional monarchy (which is about all she can handle for a generation, for what she needs is soapiets and not soviets), the world would have watched her experiment with interest and have rendered every assistance. But she preferred the poison of Lenine and Trotzky and spurned the reason of Kerensky. Like curs, the Russians turned their backs on their friends while the red fiends dispersed the Constituent Assembly which the people had elected, and started a reign of terror. The poison of the German agents, Lenine and Trotzky, did its work. The soldiers deserted the firing line and rushed home to rob and plunder not only the big estates which would in time have been divided up, but to rob and kill their more propsperous neighbors. Then the dictators let the German hordes in and stole every dollar they could get

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)

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Bond Shoe Makers, Dept 219, Cincinnati, O.

DRIVER AGENTS WANTED



116-inch Wheel Base — 158-inch Spring Suspension

5-Pass. Touring

To drive and demonstrate 1920, 4-cyl., 37 H. P. BUSH Car—Timken Bearings—Willard Batteries—2-Unit Stg. & Ltg.—Full Floating Axel. Write at once for the best Automobile Offer in existence—don't wait—prompt shipments. Money-back guarantee.

BUSH Address J. H. Bush, President, Dept. A9, MOTOR CO., Bush Temple, Chicago, Illinois

FREE Book of Styles

Latest styles and wonderful bargains in men's, women's and children's clothing shown in our Style Book and Catalog. Just send postcard with your name and address to Chicago Mail Order Co., 26th and Indiana, Dept. 222, Chicago

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To make friends and to introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains, send 20 cts. for a year's subscription, and this Ring, your size and initial will be sent FREE, postpaid. M. McPhillips, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 11-DF, New York.

"Sugar 4½c per pound." See Big 4 Announcement on page 26.

Fifteen Days' Trial

—in your home, before you send us a penny of the purchase price. Ship back at our expense if it isn't the greatest value ever offered you.

Any beautiful Geneva Phonograph you choose will be shipped to you on this prove-before-you-buy plan.



This is the Geneva Model 50. Several other styles from 41 to 47 inches high. Any one shipped on 15 days' trial

Only $1.00 First Payment After 15 Days' Trial

or more as your first payment. At the end of the 15 days' trial. Then the balance in small monthly payments of $3.50, $4.00 or more until paid. Just about the easiest and most convenient terms ever offered. What possible excuse could you have for denying yourself and family the music and pleasure that a phonograph would bring to your home? If you wish to pay cash, you may do so, and secure your Geneva at our cash discount figures—cash at end of 15 days' trial—or cash in advance with order, subject to quick return to you, if by any chance you are not fully satisfied at end of 15 days' trial.

$3.75 worth of latest Disc Records FREE!

Until further notice, we will include $3.75 worth of the VERY LATEST double-disc records FREE with any Geneva Phonograph. The latest in music and song, enabling you to enjoy your Geneva as soon as you have received it in your home on trial.

There is a big shortage of phonographs. Prices are constantly increasing. A first class phonograph costs you less money now than it will six months or three months from now. Don't put off the purchase. Sign and mail the coupon below and upon receipt we will send you complete information postpaid and without any obligation on your part to purchase.

All Styles of

Geneva Phonographs

Play ALL Makes of Disc Records

Without change of parts, Geneva Phonographs play all makes and sizes of disc records. The possession of a Geneva not only permits you to enjoy all phonograph music, but it reproduces the different records in a wonderful manner, due to the large size sound chambers and perfect sound-box and tone arms. But a Geneva is more than a phonograph—it is a beautiful article of furniture at the same time. Several different models, in handsome designs, oak and dark shade of mahogany finish. Cabinets contain larger shelves, giving plenty of space for holding records. Equipped with all steel, double spring motors, tone modifiers, speed regulator, and all exposed metal parts highly finished. You'll be glad to own a Geneva. You'll enjoy it day after day. You'll regard it as the best investment for your home and family that you ever made. But prices of phonographs are mounting higher and higher. The demand is twice as large as the supply. We are the sole distributors of Genevas. We have no selling agencies—no travelers—no salesmen. We sell only direct to the home. We are able to take care of orders promptly NOW—so arrange for your Geneva on trial NOW, before we, also, are obliged to raise prices because of increasing cost of both labor and material.

Midwest Phonograph Co., Dept. C
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CLIP OUT, SIGN AND MAIL NOW!

To Midwest Phonograph Co., Dept. C,
809 Association Building, Chicago, Illinois

Mail to me at once, without obligation on my part, Art Portfolio of Geneva Cabinet Phonograph, order blanks and full information as advertised.

Name .....
Address .....
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"USED WHILE YOU SLEEP"

The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp."

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 24.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

Mrs. Parlette.—A letter such as yours should put to shame the sisters and brothers who are more able, physically and financially, to help Uncle Charlie than you and your afflicted husband are. He will appreciate your generous donation all the more because of the spirit in which it is made.—Ed.

MASS, MICH.

TAP! TAP! TAP!

Dare I hope I heard "Come in?" I knocked very timidly because I tried once before and was denied admittance but try again is my motto.

God bless you, Verne Ellis, for once more taking up Uncle Charlie's Home Fund for discussion and reminding us of our duty to him whom we, as one, profess to love and admire. Sisters, wake up! How do you know that tomorrow will be just as good a day to send your money? Do it now. Just think, we were able to buy Liberty Bonds and War Saving Stamps and there was no great difficulty about it but because this calls for a dime or a little more (dollars if you can spare them), we allow it to go on, thinking one dime won't be missed or won't swell the fund any. Now sisters, and brothers, suppose we had thought that our Liberty Bond or Thrift Stamp wasn't going to win the war? Where would we be now? I'd tell you if you didn't know but every COMFORT reader knows. Uncle Charlie has done his best that we should know.

Really I don't believe there is another paper published that is so indispensable to its readers as COMFORT is and it is always growing. What I like about it is that the sisters are all God-fearing, God-loving women, which is not so common in this chaotic age.

Young Wife, in October issue, your experience is much like mine. Would you mind writing to me? I also was married when very young, at sixteen, and married my first love. I was only fourteen when we first met. We've been married now over seven years and we are still lovers. Of course there have been sunshine and showers—even storms, but the sunshine is always brighter after a shower. We have two of the dearest children, Anna Melbra Lauraine, aged four, and Raymond Leslie, aged six months.

Once more I plead, don't forget the fund. Isn't it rather a shame to have the men folks remind us of our duty as we started out with so much enthusiasm? Let's finish with the same spirit! Forward, march! to that little hoard, wherever we all happen to store it and then what a happy New Year we can make.

Love to all. MRS. SENIA HILL.

SIDNEY, BOX 564, NEBR.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

A few days ago I read J. Fred Macdonald's letter in COMFORT and now, before I forget it, I am going to write my third letter to the Sisters' Corner and also send $1.00 to Uncle Charlie's Home Fund. I had been wondering what ever happened to it. If any one thinks more of Uncle Charlie than I do, show me.

I am a widow with not so much of this world's goods; five acres across the street from the city limits and an old hen coop, but it is Home Sweet Home. I am taking care of my mother. She will be 83 if she lives until June 27, 1920, so I have not much of a chance to earn money as she has been in bed nearly three years and I don't do much else but take care of her.

I'll tell you how I earned the money for Uncle Charlie. I sold house plants. I have very good luck with flowers.

I don't see why we can't get together and get the money for a home for him. It would be much better than a monument after he is gone. I'd rather have the flowers while I'm living. When I'm dead I won't know anything about it.

I have taken COMFORT fifteen years and expect to take it as long as I live. My subscription is now paid until January, 1922.

I would like to correspond with someone from Oregon, southern Colorado or California.

I will close my letter with a description of myself. Five feet, four inches tall, 43 years young, grey-blue eyes, golden hair and weigh 170 pounds.

Best wishes to all. H. B.

LEBANON, PA.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

After reading the letters of Verne Ellis and J. Fred Macdonald I can keep quiet no longer and must join the boosters for Uncle Charlie's Home Fund. Just think of writing some of our rich men asking help for Uncle Charlie when if each one of the COMFORT readers would give their bit he would have that home for which his heart yearns and have it through the efforts of friends who love him and appreciate the good work he is doing. Must we delay till too late? Let us do our bit now while Uncle Charlie is with us. A home will bring him happiness and enable him to get the rest he so sadly needs, while a tombstone, no matter how grand, after he is at rest, will be of no use at all.

Come on, true friends of Uncle Charlie, and make the Home Fund increase to such an extent within the next few weeks that the first of the year will see him in a home of his own.

Sincerely yours, MRS. J. S. NAGLE.

LINCOLNTON, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I've been thinking for a long time that I would write but put it off from time to time. In a recent issue I saw something about Uncle Charlie's Home Fund and that the money can be sent to you. I am sending $1.00 and truly hope others will send the same amount, or more. I earned mine picking cotton and this being my first year in the cotton patch it took me an evening to pick thirty-five pounds; at a cent a pound it took several evenings to earn one dollar. I am sure all can earn it some way and we enjoy giving when we earn what we give. Let us all pray that by Easter, 1920, enough will be sent for Uncle Charlie's home.

I read the sisters' letters and husband reads the others to the children. The print is so fine. We had an automobile accident in 1918 and my eyes are still affected from the nervous shock. I was unconscious a week and after that for a while I saw double.

I should be glad to have a letter shower on my birthday which will be January 11. Before my marriage my name was Hagar Hunt. Should any of my old schoolmates see this, I hope to hear from them.

With love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters,

MRS. R. E. YODER.

ONTARIO, ORE.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have just read the letters in the Sisters' Corner, signed Verne Ellis and Fred McDonald. I am with them in boosting for Uncle Charlie's Home Fund. Let's give him a home while he is alive to appreciate it; not wait until he is dead and then praise his good works and deeds. He does not work for fame but for the good of humanity, although deeply afflicted himself. You who have subscribed for the Roosevelt Memorial, subscribe one tenth of the amount to Uncle Charlie's Home. Roosevelt has passed away and what you give toward his memory will do him no good but Uncle Charlie needs a home while he lives. I am an old subscriber, seventy years old, and have not much of this world's goods but am sending my mite.

A SUBSCRIBER.

PINETOP, ARIZ.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT all my life. I see Verne Ellis and J. Fred McDonald are boosting Uncle Charlie's Home Fund Again. If all the readers of COMFORT would send ten cents he could buy a home for himself. I believe he has earned it and there are many who could give him from one to five dollars and not miss it. Just think, we are getting $500.00 worth of literature for only 50 cents a year so surely we can donate a few dollars to the fund. Come on, let's not be pikers. Let's donate enough by January first to buy him a good home. I am enclosing money order for $1.00.

With best wishes to Uncle Charlie and all the COMFORT readers, JOHN W. ADAIR.

SWISSVALE, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

Will you allow me a little room in your corner? I have read COMFORT for years and have enjoyed the Sisters' Corner as well as the rest of the dear old paper.

I, like Verne Ellis, wonder why we cannot go over the top with Uncle Charlie's Home Fund, that was so well started but never finished. I, for one, think we are all real slackers for not finishing this worthy undertaking. Uncle Charlie has done and is doing more for the betterment of mankind than any other one man living, I believe.

Let's get together in a hurry and finish this before the new year. There is hardly a reader of COMFORT who is not able to give something. We, who profess to love and admire him, should be ashamed for ever allowing this to lag as we have done. You could not give to a more worthy cause and I am sure what little we give will not be anything compared with what he has done for us.

I am enclosing my mite and hope and pray this will be the cause of thousands of others helping to put Uncle Charlie's Home Fund over the top.

Best wishes to all, FRANK M. BRYANT.

Soliloquy

I declare, these letters from the readers of COMFORT do flatter me, and they are interesting.

There are two from Mrs. Sippi, one from Alabama, one from Georgia—by one of my own name—one from Illinois, two from Kansas and one even from this city of sacred walls; and I am told there are more on the way.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

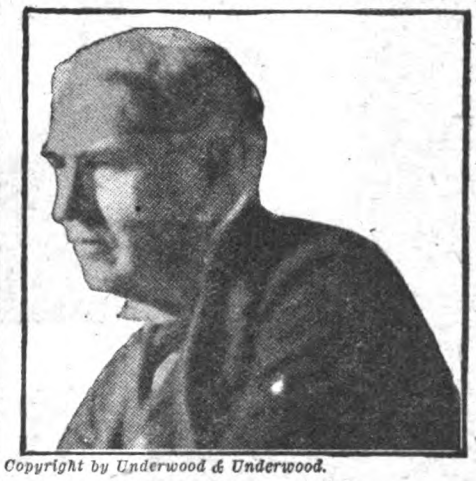
Fortunes Founded Through Luck

THOMAS ALVAH EDISON.

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THE boy life of Edison, the "Wizard of Menlo Park," the greatest electrical discoverer of the age, was indeed a hard one. Born in the village of Milan, Ohio, his mother was responsible for the greater part of his schooling, for she herself taught him, and when he was only twelve years old he had to go to work and earn a living as newsboy on the Canadian Grand Trunk Railway, whose terminus was Detroit.

This was hard, disagreeable work, monotonous,



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THOMAS ALVAH EDISON.

too, and you may be sure he didn't get much time to sleep. But the boy Edison had an insatiable appetite for work—and for knowledge. Electricity attracted him, and in his spare moments he studied it, later adding chemistry, for he decided that the two went together.

Then came what was, perhaps, his biggest streak of luck—his being on the spot at the very instant a little chap was about to be crushed to death beneath a train. The boy Edison snatched the child from beneath the wheels, and in gratitude for saving his son's life, the father taught Edison telegraphy. During the day the boy sold papers on the train, his nights he devoted to study of the telegraph keys. He was fourteen then. When he was seventeen he was an expert telegrapher.

But for several years the germs of great inventions had been gathering in the boy's unusually keen and active mind. When, in 1862, the startling news came in of the Battle of Pittsburg Landing, the boy was greatly excited. He divined that fame and fortune awaited the man who could get such news to way-stations throughout the country in a few moments. But in those days, such a feat was impossible. Nevertheless, the boy determined to get the news of the battles over the wires, somehow. So he bought 1,500 copies of the newspaper, and induced operators to telegraph ahead that he was coming. As a result, great crowds were waiting at the various stations, and his papers went like hot cakes at fancy prices.

Then he started a paper of his own, the Grand Trunk Herald, which he edited and printed in a box-car loaned him by the railroad company. His newspaper went up in smoke, however, for an accident set the car afire.

After his luck in saving the child from certain death, which resulted in his becoming a telegraph operator, he worked in various places in this country and Canada as operator, largely increasing his practical knowledge of electricity.

Then began his long series of truly marvelous inventions, and he built first one electrical plant, then a larger one, finally the present laboratory at West Orange, N. J.

A few of Edison's inventions are the automatic repeater, quadruplex telegraph, printing telegraph, and, later on, the phonograph, incandescent lamp, kintescope, kintephone, etc. He has received patents for more than 900 inventions and, at 74, is still "going strong." He has won medals, been decorated by foreign governments, and many American colleges have conferred degrees upon him.

After his big stroke of luck when he was 14, what is the secret of Edison's success? Work!

At an age when many boys smoked cigarettes, wasted their spare time playing pool or the races, or in "shooting craps," the young Edison was putting in every second he could spare in studying electricity, telegraphy and chemistry.

He was equipping himself to wrest mighty secrets from Nature, and so become what he is today—the world's foremost inventor and one of mankind's greatest benefactors.

Saving a child's life was the luck that led to his fame and fortune.

SEND NO MONEY

How We Build Wear Into Our Heavy Shoes.

The secret of why this and all our men's heavy shoes wear like iron is graphically shown here. See how we've built in real tough service. Note carefully every strengthening feature the arrows point to. No wonder Boston Mail Order House has built up such a tremendous business. The leather uppers are specially selected for superior wearing quality. The extra thick overweight soles are of genuine Forest Oak leather. Work all day in the barn, the field, the pigsty, the milk shed—anywhere. Let the uppers get wet. They won't break or crack. They will stay soft, tough and flexible. They will give you blessed comfort all day.



Gentlemen: Received my shoes and am very proud of them. They are the best shoes I ever had on my feet. They are a perfect fit. Thank you for your promptness.
I. Peterson, Drew, Miss.

We Pay Postage

HUSKY ARMY LAST WORK SHOE
for real hard wear

Send coupon only for your pair of these husky Work Shoes. See for yourself what wonderful value they are. Staunchly and solidly built of tough leather, to wear like iron. Genuine Munson Army Last. Extra heavy, genuine Oak leather soles. Splendid uppers of selected leather. Colors, black or tan. Customers write: "These shoes look good after 6 months' hard wear." **Why pay $7.00 to $8.00 elsewhere? Order DIRECT from the shoe market of the world. Pay only $4.39 on arrival. Money back promptly if not highly delighted.** Remember, send no money. Just clip and mail Coupon NOW.



The shoes you sent were all you claimed them to be and more. The best I ever saw and most comfortable I ever had.
Barty Chestnut
Allsbrook, S. C.

Only $4.39 On Arrival
Postage FREE.

Army Work Shoe. From the Oldest and Largest House selling Direct from the Shoe Market of the World.
Save money. Buy direct from the Shoe Market of the World.

Read Our Guarantee

We are the oldest and largest Mail Order Shoe House selling DIRECT from the shoe market of the world.

SMART, STYLISH DRESS SHOE To You On Approval

The very latest style is beautifully expressed in these very dressy shoes.

Latest winter model made in a high class way. Splendid leather uppers and shapely, graceful vamp. Prettily perforated top and plain toe. Choice of high French heel or military low heel. State whether you want stylish dull black or rich dark tan and give size. Send for these smart shoes on approval. See how well they look on you. All your friends will admire their style and handsome appearance. You will be delighted with their comfort **Don't send a penny. Just mail coupon below. Pay only $5.85 for them on arrival. Your money promptly returned if you do not think them well worth $10.00. You take no risk. Send coupon NOW.**



Dear Sir:
The shoes were just perfect. They are the best wearing shoes I ever owned. I must say they are the best shoes for the money I have ever seen.
Mrs. Edna Lucas, Lamison, Ala.

We Pay the Postage

Only $5.85 On Arrival
A Very Big Saving on This Shoe.

Orders Shipped Within 14 Hours

MEN'S BUSINESS OR DRESS SHOE

To convince you that Boston Mail Order House values are really amazing, we will send you this pair of Dress Shoes ON APPROVAL.

Note their beautiful, smart appearance. See their excellent style. Observe how well they are built. You will say, "Here at last are the kind of shoes I have been looking for." They are certainly superior in every particular. Genuine, tough oak leather soles and solid, broad, low heels. Selected extra quality leather uppers. Nicely perforated tip. Built for real five-toe comfort. Black only, all sizes. Just what well dressed men are wearing. Your friends will admire them. **In fact they are so good that we ask you to compare them with the best $8.00 shoe you ever saw. Just send FREE INSPECTION Coupon for them. Send no money. Pay only $4.98 on arrival. Your money back promptly if you want it. You take no risk.**



Only $4.98 On Arrival
Postage FREE.

Tell your friends where you bought this shoe. Let them save money on their shoes also.

Send No Money. Your Choice on Approval Simply send Coupon.

WOMEN'S WARM FLEECED LINED SHOES



Comfort, warmth and neat appearance combine to make this just the shoe for cold weather. Black cloth tops are lined with warm, soft, velvety fleecing. Real Cabretta Kid vamps and extra good wearing leather soles. Comfortable, sensible military heel. Your feet will rest easily on the soft felt sole lining. Black only. All Sizes. Women, this is one of the best shoe values of the year. Easily worth $7.00. Pay only $3.98 on arrival. We pay the postage. You make this substantial saving by buying DIRECT from the shoe market of the world. Send Coupon only, NOW.

Only $3.98 On Arrival
Postage FREE.
Warm Feet Protect Your Health.
Your protection against the "Flu."

We Guarantee that these shoes are $7.00 to $10.00 values; that they will give satisfactory wear or we will send you a new pair FREE

Boston Mail Order House, Dept. 1121, Boston, Mass.

Kindly send me shoes marked by "X" in the square. I take no risk. If shoes don't satisfy me you are to return my money at once.

Order one or more pairs AT OUR RISK!

- ☐ Husky Work Shoe $4.39. Size?.....
- ☐ Women's Dress Shoe $5.85. Size?..... Color? ..... Heel?.....
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Name .....

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50 EGG



READ the letters shown on this pag
tell you how Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic
of loafers, doubles the egg yield — yes, trebles
sometimes quadruples the egg yield. How it makes
of the average backyard, barnyard hens, and puts lots of money in

The price of eggs has already gone to $1.00 a
cities of the country. The demand for eggs is greate
a year ago this time as proven by market quotatio
laying is speeded up, there won't be eggs to be had an
$1.00 a dozen. This means big profits for poultry
time to get all the eggs you can sell at high prices.

Got 117 Eggs Instead of 3

That's what one subscriber wrote. Read below a few of thousands of letters.



Nothing Equals "More Eggs"
Dear Mr. Reefer: I don't think there is anything to equal your "More Eggs" Tonic. I am getting 8 eggs a day off 9 hens. Before I was getting one or two a day, and sometimes not any at all. That Egg Tonic is certainly doing great work. — Yours truly, MRS. WILLIAM DEER, Steele, North Dakota.

Wants Wonderful Offer on Reefer's "More Eggs"
Dear Mr. Reefer: The "More Eggs" Tonic that we got from you was all right. We were getting about 3 or 4 eggs a day when we got it, and now we average from 26 to 30 a day. I am enclosing money order for your wonderful offer.—From your friend, MINNIE HAWKINS, Cloversport, Ky.



27 Eggs Instead of 1
I began feeding "More Eggs" Tonic to my flock of hens in November. At that time I was getting one egg every other day. Then, on Dec. 5th, I brought in 27, which is very good for this time of the year. I think "More Eggs" Tonic is fine.—MRS. E. H. PALMER, Dundee, Mich.

1,368 Eggs After One Package
Last fall I bought a box of your "More Eggs" Tonic, and would like to have you know the result. From January 1st to July 1st my hens laid 1,368 eggs.
A. E. WHITE, Scranton, Pa.

A Great Help
E. J. Reefer: Please send me $1 worth of your tablets. I think they are a great help in chicken raising.—MRS. RAY RUCKER, Hazelton, Kans.

Doubles Egg Production
I have been using "More Eggs" Tonic for 3 or 4 weeks now. My egg production has been doubled.—J. C. KOENINGER, Paradise, Texas.

633 Eggs in 28 Days
Dear Mr. Reefer: I want to tell you what "More Eggs" Tonic has done for me. I had only been getting 6 or 8 eggs a day, and I have now reached 35. From 50 hens I got 633 eggs in 28 days. I never shall be without "More Eggs" Tonic, and sell it to my friends.—Yours sincerely, MRS. WM. De BERRY, Ridgeley, Tenn.

Comfort Readers Praise "More Eggs"

We wrote to about 2,000 Comfort Magazine subscribers asking what they thought of Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic. The most enthusiastic answers were received. All told of wonderful increases in egg production. The same chance is now given all other Comfort readers who raise chickens and who want to get ***more eggs*** and ***more money*** from their flocks. Surely, what "More Eggs" has done for others, it can do for you. Read below a few of the letters received by Mr. Reefer from among the

400,000 Users!

of his great egg producing tonic. These are but a few of thousands of letters:

Surprise to Everyone — Neighbor Gets More Eggs
Dear Mr. Reefer: Three weeks ago I sold E. F. Schainer a package of your "More Eggs," and I saw him this morning. He told me he was very much surprised that he had only been getting 6 eggs a day and now he is getting 30. I, myself, am surprised. I was getting one or two eggs a day, and now I am getting 22. —Yours truly, CHARLES VARENHOHL, Greenville, Ill.

Here's Absolute Proof
Dear Mr. Reefer: I have been using "More Eggs" Tonic and think it is fine. I was getting only 5 or 6 eggs a day, and after a few weeks I got 25 or 30 a day.—Yours truly, J. R. WEATHERTON, Montana, Arkansas.

$200 Worth of Eggs from 44 Hens
I never used "More Eggs" Tonic until last December — then just used one $1 package, and have sold over $200 worth of eggs from 44 hens. "More Eggs" Tonic did it. — A. G. THODE, Sterling, Kas., R. No. 2, Box 47.

20 Times as Many Eggs
Dear Mr. Reefer: The $1.00 size of "More Eggs" Tonic you sent me was a success from the start. From one and two eggs a day from about 40 hens I have brought them up to 22 a day.—Yours very truly, LOUIS H. HILL, Lawtey, Fla.

Laying More Than Ever
E. J. Reefer: I had a box of Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic and I like it fine. I have 36 hens and they are laying more than they ever did; so please send me another order.—Yours truly, KATE T. TERRY, Dubois, Illinois.

Increase from 8 to 36 Eggs
I am well pleased with your "More Eggs" Tonic. I was only getting 8 or 9 eggs a day —now I am getting 3 dozen a day.—WM. SCHMIDT, Shady Bend, Kansas.

1,200 Eggs from 29 Hens
The "More Eggs" Tonic did wonders for me. I had 29 hens when I got the tonic and was getting five or six eggs a day. April 1st I had over 1,200 eggs. I never saw the equal.—EDW. MEKKER, Pontiac, Mich.

Gets Eggs in January
Dear Mr. Reefer: I began feeding my flock your "More Eggs" Tonic the 22d of January, and have fed it every day. I am now getting from 20 to 27 a day.—Yours truly, MRS. T. J. MITCHELL, Pocahontas, Arkansas.

36 Hens — 36 Eggs Daily
Dear Mr. Reefer: Enclosed you will find $5. Please send me your $5.00 offer of "More Eggs." I have 3 dozen hens, and I was not getting an egg when I began using your "More Eggs" Tonic. Now I am getting from 30 to 36 a day.—Yours truly, N. WARREN, Academy, Calif.

"More Eggs" Makes $300
I used "More Eggs" Tonic during the winter. I was able to sell $300 worth of eggs. Good record. — JOSEPHINE BEVARD, Derby Iowa.

75 Per Cent Laid Every Day
The "More Eggs" Tonic I ordered from you last winter proved out very satisfactory. Fully 75 per cent of my hens laid every day.—H. C. RADER, Greenville, Tenn.

"More Eggs" Puts Hens in Fine Condition
Dear Mr. Reefer: Your "More Eggs" Tonic is wonderful. I never saw such a change in poultry as your "More Eggs" makes. It is fine.—Yours respectfully, F. E. SCHAMP, Minnie, W. Va.

Finish Moult—Lay Quickly
E. J. Reefer: I used Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic, and I know it did my old hens good, for as soon as they got through moulting they began laying. Please rush me a supply.—Yrs. respectfully, E. C. McCALL, Williamsburg, Pa.

Alabama Praises "More Eggs"
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The Million Dollar Merchants' Bank of Kansas City, Mo., guarantees that "More Eggs" Tonic will produce results. This million dollar bank guarantees to refund your money if you are not satisfied in every way. So you can start using Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic—see what it will do in increasing your egg production and bringing bigger, BIGGER profits — then if it doesn't make good on your hens it won't cost you a cent. So you run no risk. Don't delay. Act NOW.

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The one thing necessary to assure a big egg yield is the feeding of Reefer's "More Eggs" to your hens. You will be amazed and delighted with results. **This famous tonic has already been tried, tested and proven by 400,000 chicken raisers. It has stood the test of years and is acknowledged the best and most successful egg producer on the market.**

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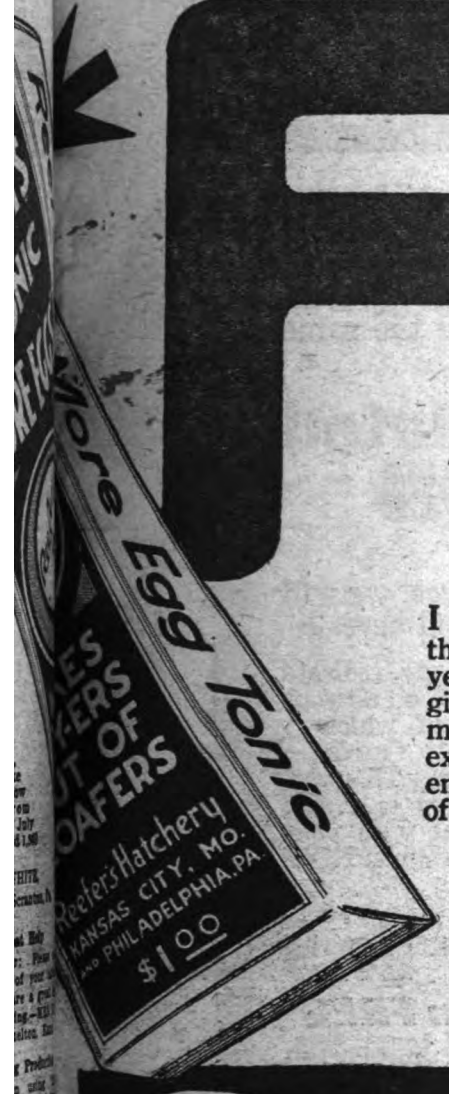
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Name.....

Address.....

His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

the terms I have proposed?" he inquired, without deigning any reply to the vindictive retort.

His manner was so calm and self-contained that Wilhelm Mencke imagined that he was upon the point of yielding to his demands, rather than have the risk of having the jewelry pawned, and he replied, rather more rudely and emphatically than he might have done, perhaps, could he have foreseen how the interview was to terminate:

"Yes, sir, I do," a horrible oath completing the sentence.

Wallace very deliberately slipped the box into a drawer in his desk, locked it, and put the key in his pocket.

"Then, Mr. Mencke, a court of justice will have to decide to whom this property rightfully belongs, and what disposition shall be made of it," he said, with a quietness and self-possession which utterly confounded his companion.

CHAPTER XXV.

WILHELM MENCKE MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY.

"Wh—what do you mean, you—you—upstart!" Wilhelm Mencke finally exclaimed, starting to his feet, his face flushing to an almost purple hue with anger, his huge, fat fists threateningly uplifted.

He was an extremely repulsive-looking object in his impotent rage, and his blustering manner would have cowed and alarmed a less courageous man than Wallace.

"You had better sit down, Mr. Mencke, and compose yourself," he quietly remarked, but without so much as the flinching of an eyelid.

"Give me that box!" hissed the man, savagely, and shaking his fist in close proximity to Wallace's nose; yet his look shifted uneasily before the young man's calm gaze.

"I shall not give you the box, Mr. Mencke," he returned, without the slightest variation in his tranquil tone.

"I shall have you arrested for theft," blustered the irate man, but with not quite so much confidence as before.

"Sit down, sir," Wallace now sternly demanded; "I wish to talk with you further about this matter."

The man instinctively obeyed him and sank back into his chair, but with much muttering and grumbling about being "swindled out of his rights by a low-born beggar."

Wallace paid no attention to his abuse, but resumed, with inflexible decision and in a business-like way:

"Now, sir, I will make terms with you. The contents of that box belonged to my wife, Violet Huntington Richardson—almost every piece of the jewelry is marked with the initials of her maiden name, and there would be no difficulty whatever in having it identified. That she was my wife can be readily proved by a certain document which I have in my possession and which you have already seen. These two propositions being established, another can be deduced from them—namely, that the husband of Mrs. Richardson would have the first claim upon whatever personal property she might have possessed at the time of her death. Now, Mr. Mencke, if you wish to have me arrested for theft, you can at once institute proceedings against me, and we will have the matter decided in court."

Wilhelm Mencke had grown as white as it was possible for his beer-inflamed face to become during these remarks, for he saw the force of Wallace's reasoning and realized that he had made a grand mistake in refusing to accept the young man's offer to him, and a greater one in allowing the box of jewelry to go out of his hands.

But he could not curb his rage, and he broke forth again, furiously:

"You are a —— robber; you have my property and you have taken an unfair advantage of me; you cannot prove that those jewels belong to any one else——"

"I am not a robber, sir, while I can prove—and fortunately at this very moment—that those articles of jewelry once belonged to my wife, Violet," Wallace calmly answered, as, reaching out his hand, he touched an electric button beside his desk.

A musical ring from the adjoining room responded to the pressure, and the next moment a clerk opened the door to ascertain what was wanted.

"Albert, is Lord Cameron still in the office?" Wallace inquired.

"Yes, sir," was the respectful reply.

"Ask him to please step in here for a few moments."

The clerk disappeared while Wilhelm Mencke's face grew blank with chagrin and mortification. Chagrin—for the mention of Lord Cameron's name told him that Wallace could indeed prove his statements—mortification because he could not endure the thought of meeting the young earl in his present reduced circumstances.

Lord Cameron entered almost immediately and instantly recognized Wallace's visitor.

The two men had not parted in the most cordial way, for the meanness and treachery of the Menckes having been revealed, the Camerons had not hesitated to show their disapproval and that they no longer desired their acquaintance. Accordingly his lordship only bowed distantly and coldly, as he now addressed the man by name, and then turned to his friend to ascertain why he had been summoned.

"Cameron, Mr. Mencke has called upon me this morning to dispose of some articles that once belonged to Violet," Wallace began, as he unlocked the drawer in his desk, and drew forth the contested box, "and I simply wished to ask you in his presence to identify them."

"Certainly, if I can do so," Lord Cameron readily replied, but losing a trifle of his color at the mention of Violet.

"They are the jewels which she used to wear," Wallace continued, as he uncovered the box and passed it to his friend. "Will you tell me if there is anything there that you recognize?"

"Why, yes, I recognize almost everything there is here," his lordship returned. "These rings I have often seen her wear—all save this plain heavy band; the bracelet, one pair of which were my own gift to her; also this lace pin of violets with the diamond center. Why, of course there can be no doubt that they were hers," he added, as he turned them over with reverent hand, "for nearly everything is marked with her initials."

"As I remarked before, Mr. Mencke wishes to dispose of them; he has offered them to me for the sum of two thousand dollars," Wallace said, carefully returning them to the drawer of his desk as his friend passed them back to him.

"What!" exclaimed the young earl, with a frown and look of astonishment; "he wishes to sell them, and to you?"

"Yes, and he demands the sum that I have named, or he threatens—at least he did threaten—to pawn them."

An expression of disgust swept over Lord Cameron's fine face; then he exclaimed, indignantly:

"Why, Richardson, that is beastly! But he has no right to the things at all; Violet was your wife, and every article belongs by law to you."

"So I have told him, and so, I think, any judge would decree," said Wallace. "Still, I could not think of allowing them to be pawned, and, as I did not wish to take any advantage of Mr. Mencke, who says he is in need of money, I have offered to go with him to any reliable jeweler and give him whatever sum may be named as their value, besides fifty dollars for the sake of associations."

"It is more than he ought to ask or even expect, Wallace—it is a very generous offer," said his lordship.

"But he refuses to take it—he demands two thousand dollars or nothing. I could not stand such extortion as that, and so have taken possession of the box, with the determination to have the matter settled by law. He claimed that I could not prove to whom they had belonged, therefore I took the liberty to call you, in order to show him that it would be a very easy matter to do so," Wallace explained.

"You did perfectly right," Lord Cameron responded, heartily, "and I will willingly give my testimony in the presence of both judge and jury, if need be."

Wilhelm Mencke began to realize that he had made a serious blunder—that he had overreached himself in his exorbitant demands.

He had no wish to have the matter decided by law—he would not have it made public upon any account, for it would then get into the papers, and that would bring about the very *denouement* which he was so anxious to avoid—that of uniting the young husband and wife.

He was terribly disappointed to be thus baffled in his plans, but he saw that he could not help himself, and that it would be wise to make the best of a bad situation, and take what money he could get from Wallace.

"He claims that I am a thief, and says he will have me arrested," the young architect observed, with a slight smile.

"Let him—the sooner the better; and it would be the better way to decide the matter; you should not be obliged to pay for what rightly belongs to you," said Lord Cameron, with a contemptuous glance at the discomfited man.

"True, but I am willing to stand by my word," Wallace gravely replied, for he also shrank from any publicity of the matter, "and I will not withdraw the proposition I have already made. "How is it, sir,"—turning with a quick, business-like air to Mr. Mencke—"will you go with me to some jeweler and take what he states to be the value of these things?"

"I don't see how I am to help myself," the man sulkily returned; "you have obtained the advantage of me and I am forced to submit; but I'll be even with you yet."

Wallace's lip curled at the cowardly insinuation and threat, but he did not reply to them.

"Will you accompany us, Cameron, so that there will be no suspicion that there is anything wrong about the transaction?" he asked his friend.

Lord Cameron readily assented, and the three men went out together.

They proceeded directly to Tiffany's, where an expert in the establishment soon set a price upon Violet's pretty ornaments, whereupon Wallace paid out the sum, together with the bonus which he had promised, to Wilhelm Mencke.

"Now, sir," he said, in a low, stern tone, as the man took the money with a hang-dog air, "let this transaction conclude all relations between us. I trust that we shall never meet each other again."

He turned abruptly away and walked out of the store, with his friend, leaving the discomfited schemer inwardly raging over what he considered a paltry sum, and the failure of his plot to "bleed" Wallace copiously, and secretly vowing that the disappointing transaction should not conclude all relations between them.

"I reckon you'd willingly give me twenty times this amount, my high-headed beggar, for a little secret there is in my possession," he muttered, as he went his own way, "and I'll manage yet to make you shell out handsomely; you shall pay dearly for riding, rough-shod, over me as you have done today."

That same evening when Wallace was alone in his room—a pleasant, luxurious apartment in an up-town house—he again examined the contents of that precious box.

All day long, since the interview of the morning, he had been heavy-hearted, and he had longed to get away by himself, that he might give vent to the grief which he found so hard to control.

He spread out those voiceless yet expressive mementoes on the table before him, and now almost every article seemed to arouse memories so tender, and yet so bitter, that he was forced to abandon himself to their sway, and, bowing his head upon the glittering jewels, he sobbed as only a strong man can sob, when the barriers are broken away from a long pent-up sorrow.

He sat there for hours, giving way to a hopeless grief; then he gathered up his treasures, one by one, with reverent touch, pressing them to his lips, while great tears rolled over his wan cheeks, and replaced them in the box upon a layer of cotton, covering them with another, and shutting them from his sight.

"I believe I will never look at them again," he murmured, as he locked them away in his trunk. "It seems almost like looking into her grave, and I could not bear many seasons of grief like this."

The next day he purchased a beautiful casket of carved ebony, inlaid with pearl, having a golden key, and when he again returned to his room, he locked that other box within it, then burying it within the depths of his trunk, he attached the tiny key to his watch-chain, beside the little charm that Violet had given him so long ago, and felt almost as if he had just locked his dead away in her tomb.

While Wallace had been indulging his long-pent grief in the solitude of his luxurious chamber, Wilhelm Mencke was alternately smoking his pipe and drinking beer from a capacious pitcher, in his miserable and comfortless lodging, reading meanwhile from a Cincinnati paper, which he took regularly, in order to keep himself posted upon what was transpiring in the city where he had formerly lived.

He had come to feel quite reconciled to the sum that he had managed to secure from Wallace that morning, though his hatred of that young man did not diminish one iota, and he thought he could not better improve the evening than by drinking to his own health and continued prosperity.

To be sure, he had not secured the two thousand which he had intended to wring from the young architect; but the sum he had obtained was no mean one, and he was planning to invest it in a small beer saloon, and thus start business for himself again.

All through the evening this plan was floating through his brain, as he read his paper, which, somehow, did not prove as interesting as usual.

But suddenly his eye alighted upon an article which caused an ejaculation of astonishment to escape him, and straightway put every other thought to flight.

"What is this?" he cried, sitting erect, throwing aside his pipe, and rubbing his eyes, as if to clear them from a mist which seemed to obscure the sight.

Then he read the paragraph through again, his face expressing first incredulity, then wonder, and finally, as he comprehended it more clearly, intense delight.

"Aha!" he cried, bringing his huge fist down upon the table with a force that made the beer slop over the edge of the pitcher; "my lucky star must be in the ascendant again. There will be no need of keeping a fourth-rate beer-shop now. Just let me work my cards aright, and I can hold up my head among the proudest once more," he concluded, with an exultant chuckle.

The paragraph which had produced this sudden excess of joy in this usually stolid man, read as follows:

"A singular case of unclaimed property has

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

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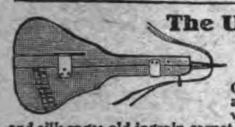
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A Jolly Trading Party



By Leslie Gordon

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A "TRADING" or "Swap" party makes lots of fun for people of all ages. It is a good entertainment to be given at home, or it can be held at a church sociable or form a jolly informal diversion for the ladies' society to hold at the Grange Hall. If liked, a small admission can be asked and the money given to the church or to some charitable purpose. It makes an enjoyable entertainment for a New Year's Eve party.

If it is a private party held at a home, the invitations should request each guest to bring some article that he or she would like to trade off for something else and to wrap the parcel in such a way that its contents cannot be told at a glance. When the "Trading Party" is held on a semi-public occasion such as a church supper or anything like that, it is well to have the ladies who are getting up the affair provide a table of securely wrapped articles which can be sold to those who come to the affair unprovided with goods to barter. These things can be any little trifles that the ladies of the society can make themselves or beg from their friends, such as sachet bags, tiny button bags, iron holders, a few home-made candies in a box, a bunch of assorted vegetables tied up like a bouquet and put in a box, anything that will raise a laugh or make an acceptable little souvenir. These things should be sold for ten or fifteen cents each, but they must not be examined before purchasing. At a certain hour, usually when most of the company have assembled, a bell is rung and the trading begins. The object of the traders is to swap articles as many times as possible in the hour or hour and a half devoted to the business.

It is permissible to look at each article before trying to trade it off, but this must be done discreetly so that no one but the would-be trader will see what it is. Then it must be wrapped up again and swapped without telling what the parcel contains. And this trading is kept up until the bell rings as a sign that the exchange is closed and the business is over. Each trader can, if he likes, keep what he has after the first swap, but in this case he stands no chance of winning the prize that is given to the "best business man or woman," that is the one who has had the briskest trade.

Before the trading starts, every participant is given a piece of paper or a plain card wtih his or her name written across the top on which to "keep the "books" of the "business." This is a very simple operation and consists of making a record of all the different articles that pass through one's hands. The person who has swapped the largest number of articles during the time of trading gets the first prize. When the bell rings, each person keeps the article that is in his possession at that time. Occasionally something that has been the rounds gets known by its size and everyone fights shy of it. For while some of the things traded do not appeal, others are decidedly worth having and the uncertainty of just what you are going to get each time helps to make the trading interesting. At a very jolly party that I attended not long ago, a large bandbox that looked as if it might contain something really wonderful was obtained by me for a small bundle done up in pink tissue paper that held a tiny cretonne button bag. As I have all the bags I can possibly use and more besides, I was glad to swap it for the bandbox. But when I surreptitiously peeked in the box, imagine my disappointment to find it contained nothing but a large cabbage. I suppose that owing to the high cost of living I should have been delighted, for cabbages nowadays, when they are of good size, are by no means cheap, but unfortunately I do not like cabbage, and anyway I was boarding, so I hastened to dispose of it. But I found to my dismay that it had been the rounds and everybody seemed to know just what the box contained. So I went into the next room, removed the cabbage from the box and made a neat square package of it, stuffing the inside of the parcel with wads of paper so that it would not show by its shape what it was. Then I came back into the trading room again with an air of triumph and my cabbage quickly found its way into other hands, leaving me when the bell rang with the prettiest little sachet bag imaginable. For few people had noticed my absence and everyone supposed I was offering something entirely different.

In entertainments of this sort much of the fun depends on the state of mind of the participants. Two or three jolly people can make the trading go with a great deal of vim, especially if they are quick at repartee and clever at persuading would-be swappers that the parcels they are trying to swap contain wonderful bargains just suited to the one on whom they are trying to work them off, but offered for exchange because they "have something just like it at home" or because "the color does not harmonize with their best clothes," or some nonsense of the sort.

The first prize for the best trader can be a small account book because this could be used by either a man or a woman, or there could be two first prizes, one for a gentleman and one for a lady. The lady's prize could be a box of home-made candy on which was written, "Swap a piece or two for Thank you's from your friends." The man could have a penknife or a paper knife for which he must swap a penny with his hostess or the president of the society in accordance with the old superstition that it is unlucky to be given a knife unless you give something for it.

It is amusing to make the supper an affair of swapping also. To do this, all the food must be wrapped in parcels and piled on trays that are passed to each person and every one is requested to take two bundles. When these are opened there is usually a great mixup. One guest will find he has two packages of delicious chocolate cake, another has drawn nothing but sandwiches, etc., so a merry exchange begins until all have obtained a little of everything that has been served. The coffee or lemonade or whatever drink is decided upon had best be passed in the usual manner and if ice cream forms a part of the feast it should also be passed as it is too easily melted to stand the wear and tear of "swapping."

If preferred, this same idea can be given quite a literary flavor and made much more "high brow" by having each guest write on the top of his parcel a name of a book or poem or even a "movie play" which it illustrates. For instance, a burnt-out electric bulb encased in a dainty box could be called "The Light That Failed," a dill pickle wrapped so that no one could recognize it would represent that popular book, "Eat and Grow Thin." One of those five- or ten-cent whistles with a tiny balloon-shaped bag on one end that when blown gives a blood-curdling screech, could be appropriately labeled "The Call of the Wild," while three or four feathers pulled out of an old feather duster might be named after that wonderful new moving picture of Mary Pickford's, "Less Than the Dust." But the title should have "er" added in small letters after it, to make it fit the duster. These things should be placed on a table at first and the guests invited to guess the contents on all others but their own bundles. The first to guess the contents correctly gets the article. The hostess should take charge of the table and as every one hands in his or her bundle he or she whispers what it contains. The hostess immediately puts this down on a list which she keeps for herself and shows to nobody. She numbers each box in pencil as she receives it and places the same number on her list opposite the name of the article it contains. In this way she can tell instantly whether or not the guesses are correct. After the boxes have been awarded to the people who are lucky or clever enough to guess by their titles just what they contain, they can be swapped. Sometimes two or three are offered for one. The person who gets the greatest number of articles either by guessing or swapping receives a prize. This is usually a book. This last variation of the Trading Party is best suited to a small informal entertainment given in the home.

Two Wonderful Foods

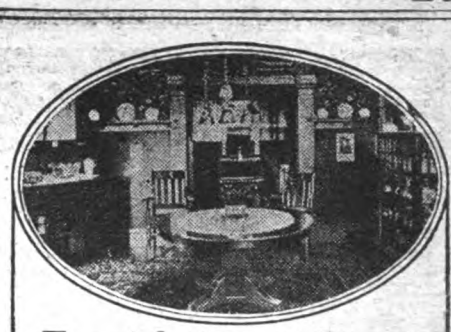
(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

length strips of macaroni in boiling salted water and cook until soft. Drain, plunge into cold water and drain again. Arrange in four nests as illustrated. Take one half of a large-sized boiled beet and scoop out the center, and use as a foundation for the snow man which is shaped from hot well-seasoned mashed potato. Place in center of nests of macaroni and set into hot oven until all is hot enough to serve. Garnish with bits of parsley or other green, and for eyes, nose and mouth of snow man use pieces of the red beet.

COMBINATION DISH.—Boil tripe twenty minutes; dry and cut into inch pieces. Put into sauce-pan with a little butter, pepper and salt and lightly brown, stirring constantly. Boil small-sized onions, drain thoroughly and set into oven to keep hot. Make a sauce by putting two tablespoons of butter into a sauce-pan and when it bubbles smooth in two tablespoons of flour. Add slowly to this one pint of hot rich milk and cook three minutes. On a hot platter arrange the boiled onions and tripe and over it pour the hot sauce. Around the edge of platter arrange three-cornered slices of toast well browned and buttered. This is an excellent one-dish meal.

MARSHMALLOW CAKES.—One cup of molasses, one scant tablespoon of ginger, one half teaspoon of salt, and one teaspoon of soda mixed thoroughly together. Add one third cup of softened butter and beat again. Add alternately one cup of milk with three even cups of sifted pastry flour and beat hard. Bake twenty-five minutes in a moderate oven.

Boil together without stirring one cup of granulated sugar and one third cup of boiling water until it threads when a little is poured from a spoon. Pour in a fine stream into the well-beaten white of one egg and a scant quarter of a teaspoon of cream of tartar, beating continuously. Into this put six marshmallows cut in fine pieces and as soon as all is blended pour in mounds on the ginger cakes.



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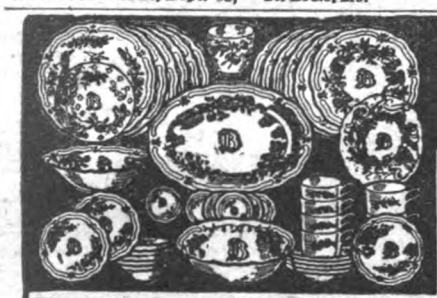
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Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

I must take her away to some place where she can have medical attention."

"You can't have the car, see!" returned the surly voice of Gorsline. "It belongs to a cove as jest went in the house, and I'm keepin' it for him."

"I will have it! It is a matter of life and death!"

There was a rush, a quick and cruel impact of blows, and the man who was doing his utmost for the woman who was dear to him was stricken in a senseless heap to the pavement. Berdyne had heard the altercation, and was close at hand when Gorsline used his merciless fists.

"It's an earthquake," cried Gorsline, turning his evil gaze upon Berdyne, "the biggest 'Frisco ever had! The town is wrecked!"

"It came at a good time for me!" exulted the villainous Berdyne. "Where's the taxi?"

"The chauffeur hiked away like he was shot when the shake commenced."

"Where's Trenwyck?"

"He was scared out of his wits, and ran as if the fiend was after him."

Berdyne cursed under his breath.

"Well," he added, "get into the car and help me. We must get out of this and make for Sausalito."

"Not I—not on your life! The pickin' will be too good."

The ghoulish spirit had already taken hold of the depraved soul of Dave Gorsline. Berdyne laid Beryl on the front seat of the automobile, then reached for his revolver with the intention of driving Gorsline into the car at its point—but the weapon had been lost. Abandoning the hope of taking Gorsline with him, Berdyne jumped into the car; and, as he switched on the power, a look behind showed his accomplice leaning over the prostrate form on the walk, rifling it of valuables.

The street was fissured and gashed, and in places rendered almost impassible by heaps of debris. Berdyne was eager for speed, but could only pick his way along at a snail's pace. Again and again he was all but stopped by frenzied men and women, clad in their nightclothes, or such articles as they could catch up in their hurried flight, beseeching him to take them in and carry them to some point of safety. Every request of this kind he refused with brutal oaths.

At the first cross street he turned south, with the vague idea of gaining Market Street and the ferry. He had a chartered yacht riding in the waters off Sausalito, but the comprehensiveness of the disaster to the city, which impressed him more and more as he proceeded, filled him with despair of ever reaching the boat. If he could get across the bay to Oakland, or to Alameda, or to Berkeley, he felt that his crafty brain could find ways and means for keeping his lovely prisoner safe.

Suddenly, from somewhere, a policeman darted in front of the car. "Stop!" he called, raising his club.

"What do you want?" demanded Berdyne, leaning forward and peering with determined eyes into the officer's face.

"I want that automobile," was the sharp rejoinder. "Every car is being impressed to take prisoners from the Hall of Justice to the Presidio, where they can be guarded by the military. Get out quickly; I must have the machine."

"I am taking my wife to the hospital," shouted Berdyne, "and neither you, nor all the officers in the city, can take this car from me."

The officer saw the pallid, beautiful face of Beryl lying unconscious against the back of the cushioned seat. Whatever sentiment lurked in his heart will never be known, but he stepped aside and permitted the vehicle to pass.

"The Mechanics' Pavilion is to be turned into a hospital," said he, "and perhaps you had better go there. Most of the city is in ruins."

With a low, crafty laugh, Berdyne turned on the speed and sent the car ahead.

"Luck is with me this day," he gloated: "Preston is dead, and the beautiful Beryl Grayson is in my power! On, on to Oakland or Alameda or the Berkeley Hills! There we shall find refuge, and there my love shall finally win the day."

Another automobile loaded with men, women and children swept by him.

"Where are you going?" some one yelled to him.

"To the ferry!" he answered back.

"Useless!" came the cry. "The boats are not running! Fires are starting everywhere, and the water mains are bursted! If you would save yourself, take the San Bruno Road and go south!"

The other car dashed on through the tumult and clamor that came from all sides and swept over the fated city like a requiem for the lost.

Dismay gripped its strangling fingers about Berdyne's throat. He had first set his heart on Sausalito; then on the Berkeley Hills; now he was thinking of the houseboat in Belvedere Cove. Would it be possible to reach the water front and hire a launch?

Unlike most in that dazed and stupefied throng of refugees, Berdyne had plenty of ready money in his pockets. Money would secure a boat; money would do anything! He turned into another street and started eastward, toward San Francisco Bay and the wharves.

Abruptly he heard a cry, and became sensible of a movement beside him. He looked, and there sat Beryl, erect, conscious, with a blank, bewildered look in her great violet eyes. Through all that had passed since leaving the minister's she had been as one dead; now her senses were struggling to shake off the numbing effects of what had gone before, and to realize where she was and what had been happening.

Fitting links into the dread chain of events was a slow and almost fruitless task. She was like one stricken. But the handsome, leering face of Berdyne, gloating over her as she sat beside him, struck terror to her soul and brought her realization, in part.

She sought to leap from the car, but one of his heavy hands stayed her. She fought for release like a madwoman, but was like a child in his grasp.

"Help, help!" she screamed.

Strange that among all that clamor of distress her one, small voice should find ears. Yet so it chanced. A strong man, his face calm in the midst of all that excitement, hastened toward the car. Berdyne would have given added speed to the machine, had not a heap of bricks barred his way and compelled him to turn toward the approaching stranger in order to get around the barrier.

"What's the matter there?" demanded the man aggressively.

"My poor wife;" cried Berdyne, in seeming anguish. "Her ordeal has turned her brain. I am seeking to convey her to some place where we can find refuge."

"I am not his wife!" screamed poor Beryl. "He is a monster, a fiend! Oh, save me, save me!"

She stretched out her little hands toward the man, but he shook his head sadly and drew back, impressed by Berdyne's assumed air and superb acting.

"It is sad," said the man, "but only one case among thousands. Make for the crest of Telegraph Hill, my friend; I think you and your poor wife will be safer there than anywhere else."

Berdyne thanked him, rounded the heap of bricks, and glided away.

Sick and despairing, Beryl could only continue her struggles. She was pitting her feeble strength against the physical powers and crafty brain of a fiend. Her soul sickened within her. She begged, she implored, she threatened, but her only answer was a mocking laugh.

"I am Mrs. Preston!" she cried, in her desperation. "You will be called to sore account for this, Nicholas Berdyne!"

"I do not believe it," he said tauntingly. "Yet, even so, you are Neil Preston's widow. Did you not see him struck down before you? You are mine, my ravishing little beauty! The earthquake has given you to me; and I shall keep you in spite of fate—in spite of Heaven itself!"

The mockery of the words must have drawn down the wrath of the powers above. At that instant some one—some one with the mercy to think of others in that fearful time—called out:

"The live wires! Look out for the live wires!"

But it was too late. A tangling wire struck against the front of the automobile, hissing, spluttering, and sending out sharp, bluish flames. Berdyne shut off the power and applied the brakes.

Suddenly his grip relaxed, all his great strength going from him in a flash. Drooping like a broken reed, he tumbled headfirst from the car into the littered road.

Beryl, her lips moving voicelessly to frame the prayer that welled up from her heart, leaped out at the other side of the car.

A few minutes later, Berdyne, who had been merely stunned, got unsteadily to his feet in the roadway. Beryl had vanished, and the *Red Flyer*, seized by some of the frightened refugees who had found it standing idle, was gliding out of sight.

Recovering himself quickly and lashed to fury by the mishap, Berdyne rushed blindly along the street, seeking the fair, unfortunate girl who had escaped from him.

CHAPTER XIII.

ALONE.

Beryl's every motion, for the time, centered upon the one object—escape from the hateful power of Berdyne. The echo of his venomous voice rang in her ears, goading her flying feet to swifter pace. The unreasoning instinct of fear had laid hold of her and smothered every thought, every desire, save that of escape. She knew not whither her feet were carrying her, but fled on and on, fancying each moment she could hear Berdyne behind her. At last she tripped and fell exhausted, unable to rise.

"Faith, miss," cried a stout Irishwoman, "ye needn't be runnin' so hard. Sure, there's plenty av time for ivery sowl that's alive to get out av the city. Glory be!" she cried, astonished at the marvelous beauty revealed when Beryl raised her face. "It's a purty dear ye are, and the city's a bad place for wan with an angel's face like yours."

The Irishwoman had a hat box in one hand and a caged parrot in the other; a bedraggled little bonnet was on her head, and a coarse shawl hung over her plump shoulders. But there was a look of deep commiseration in her flushed face as she stood studying poor Beryl. Evidently a foreboding arose in her heart which she hesitated to put into words; the only way she gave expression to her thoughts was by a doleful shake of the head.

"Too bad, too bad, so it is!" she murmured. "Have ye any people anywhere near, my dear?"

That simple question brought realization to the forlorn little bride, and her tears began to flow. She remembered Neil and Tonita.

"My husband," she sobbed; "he is somewhere in this awful city! Oh, take me to him, take me to him!"

The Irishwoman sat down her load and sank to her knees beside the distraught girl.

"There, there," she said soothingly, "'tis wan av the things we must make the best of. Ye know, acushla, there's no helpin' the earthquakes, at all, at all. There's a little tremblin' under us now—but never mind. The worst has gone, but Heaven knows 'twas bad enough. Look at me, will ye? Me man Mike, the childher, an' mesilf all schattered to the four winds, yet I put me trust in the saints, an' I know we'll come together ag'in somehow. Where did ye l'ave yer husband?"

In Pine Street."

"What number?"

"I don't know the number, 'twas at the home of Reverend Mr. Bickerdyke."

"I don't know the gintleman, deary, but take that street beyant, turn to the left, an' go five blocks. That'll bring ye to Pine Street, an' mebbe ye can find the place. I'd go wid ye, but I'm hurrying to my sister's, out by Golden Gate Park, to see if any av the family are there."

The kind-hearted creature took off her shawl, and drew it around Beryl's shoulders, then kissed her in a motherly way and went on.

Beryl tried to call out her thanks, but her voice choked on the words. Rising unsteadily, she looked fearfully around.

She saw people hurrying, some one way and some another, each with a set, determined face. But Berdyne, to her intense relief, was nowhere to be seen. Then, as every thought flew back to Neil, her full heart overflowed. She must return to her darling, she must find him, and so stumbled onward with tear-blinded eyes.

Following the Irishwoman's instructions, she came finally to Pine Street, making sure of the thoroughfare by a corner sign. But the place where she entered the street was unfamiliar to her.

She knew practically nothing of the great city. Once she had come there with Tonita upon a pleasure excursion, but they had not stayed long enough to familiarize themselves with the streets. She felt that she would know the minister's house if she saw it, and if it had not been too sadly racked by the earthquake. All she could do was to walk up the middle of the street until she came to the place she was seeking.

Painfully she made her way onward, tripping again and again over the debris that littered the street, but always picking herself up bravely and pushing dauntlessly on. She dared not let herself think how grievously Neil might be hurt; she only prayed for strength and struggled forward.

It seemed as though she walked miles, and she knew she must have gone far beyond where the house stood. Several times she asked people she passed if they could tell her where the Reverend Mr. Bickerdyke's house was, but none of them knew. In an agony of doubt and fear she turned back on her path.

Perhaps it was as well that her brain was numbed and deadened to all else save the object of her search. Her tender soul would have sickened at the mighty desolation by which she was everywhere surrounded. Once, on that weary backward journey, she paused beside something that lay sprawled out in the road at her feet. It was a human form, terribly mangled. She gave it one dazed, swift look, and continued on her way unmoved. At any other time she would have shrunk from the sight in horror.

Of one fugitive after another she continued to inquire for the home of the minister; and it chanced, after a while, that fortune was kind.

"You have passed the place," said the last man of whom she inquired. "The minister lives in the next block west."

So, as it turned out, she had passed the house twice without knowing it. And small wonder! The structure had been so twisted, torn and defaced by the first dread shock that the minister himself might have passed it by.

The dust driven off by falling walls had settled, so that Beryl was able to see quite clearly. Her own emotions, driven back upon themselves, had left her tearless, wide-eyed, and like one threading the mazes of some horrible nightmare. She was drawing close to that fateful moment when she should learn whether her dearest love still lived, or whether the flickering hope she nursed in her bosom was false and destined to die. Yet,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Sliding Gear Transmission

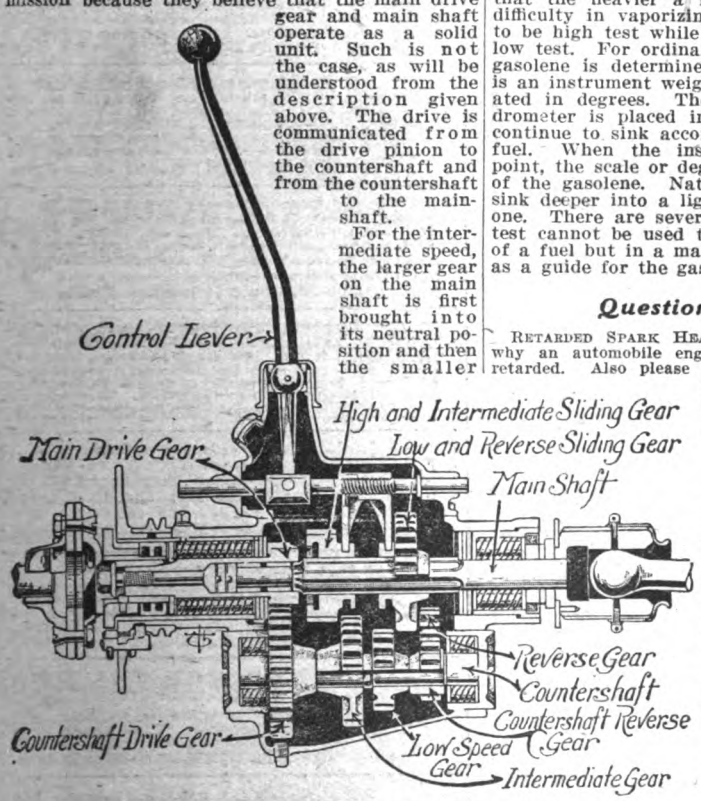
THE sliding gear is the type of transmission which has been accepted by the large majority of automobile and truck manufacturers. Stripped of technicalities, this type of transmission may be said to consist of a main drive gear, counter and main shafts and their gears. The main drive gear is formed at the end of a shaft which turns with the motor when the clutch is engaged. This gear is permanently in mesh with the large forward gear on the countershaft.

With the type of transmission at present considered (three speeds forward and one reverse) there are three gears keyed or otherwise securely fastened to the countershaft. On the main shaft there are two gears which are designed to be slid along and meshed with the gears on the countershaft. The larger of the two sliding gears is used to produce the low and reverse speeds while the smaller gear is for the intermediate and high speeds. The transmission is said to be neutral when the two sliding gears are riding free between their respective engaged positions.

Let us now consider that the operator has moved the gear shifting lever to the low speed position. His action would cause the larger sliding gear to mesh with the small gear on the countershaft. This condition would cause the main shaft to be revolved considerably slower than the engine and, of course, there would be a great reduction in the speed of the car.

In the writer's opinion, most people fail to comprehend the operation of the sliding gear transmission because they believe that the main drive gear and main shaft operate as a solid unit. Such is not the case, as will be understood from the description given above. The drive is communicated from the drive pinion to the countershaft and from the countershaft to the mainshaft.

For the intermediate speed, the larger gear on the main shaft is first brought into its neutral position and then the smaller



ILLUSTRATES OPERATION OF SLIDING GEAR.

gear slid along until it comes into mesh with a larger gear on the countershaft.

For the high speed, the small gear on the main shaft is taken out of mesh with the countershaft gear and is slid forward and in some manner coupled to the main drive gear so as to make the drive gear and main shaft one continuous shaft.

In some cases the sliding gear has internal teeth, in which case the drive gear is made sufficiently large to leave room for the meshing of the sliding gear.

Again, some transmissions form the high speed by dogs on the sliding and main drive gears. In this instance the gears clutch together to form the continuous shaft. The high gear is often referred to as the direct drive since it will be seen that the countershaft is not used for this speed.

For the reverse speed, with the two sliding gears in their neutral positions, the larger sliding gear is brought into mesh with a small idler gear which in turn is permanently meshed with a countershaft gear. It will be readily appreciated that through the use of an idler gear instead of engaging directly with a gear on the countershaft it is possible to change the direction of the main shaft.

Some sliding gear transmissions have four speeds forward and one reverse. Usually the third speed is used for the direct drive or "high" and the fourth speed is reserved for favorable conditions. The fourth gear speeds up the car without increasing the speed of the engine. It will be appreciated, however, that in order to make use of this gear it is necessary that the car be running under such conditions as to tax the engine but little for propulsion power.

Gear Set Arrangements

Sliding gear arrangements may be classified as using the progressive or the selective system for shifting. With the progressive sliding gear set a change can only be made from one speed to the next highest or the next lowest. For example, consider that the high speed gear was being used and it was desired to change to reverse. To bring about this condition it would be necessary to run through the intermediate and low speed gears in order to reach the reverse. In other words, the speeds must be taken in succession as it is impossible to jump a speed in order to reach a higher or lower one. As the name suggests, the selective sliding gear set permits the selecting of any speed without necessitating running through any other gears to reach it.

Some Useful Pointers

Guarding Against Freezing

When the car is stored in an unheated garage it is excellent practice to start the motor and allow the water in the cooling system to become warm after which to cover the hood and radiator with heavy robes or blankets. In many cases this practice will prevent the freezing of the water although the car is allowed to stand for many hours at a time. However, many new cars are being equipped with thermostats in the cooling system and it is therefore necessary to know that the circulation of the water is complete before covering the hood and radiator and allowing the car to stand. A thermostat is a device placed in the water line to prevent the water in the radiator from circulating around the engine until a certain temperature has been reached. It will therefore be appreciated that although the water around the motor may be quite warm, it is possible for the water in the radiator to be at almost freezing temperature. If the car is equipped with a thermostat, make certain that the motor is run long enough to insure the opening of the thermostat and the circulating of the water in the radiator. If an anti-freeze solution is used it will be unnecessary to warm up the water as above outlined.

Hard Starting

Difficulty in starting is to be expected during the cold weather. It is always a good plan to carry a squirt can filled with high test gasolene as priming the cylinders with this fuel will often effect a start when all other methods fail.

The Baume Test

Especially at this season of the year, one is very apt to notice that dealers advertise the gasolene as having a certain Baume test. Again, one may notice that gasolene is advertised as high or low test. Sufficient has been said about gasolene for the average motorist to appreciate that the heavier a fuel the more will be the difficulty in vaporizing it. A light fuel is said to be high test while a heavy fuel is said to be low test. For ordinary purposes the test of the gasolene is determined by a hydrometer. This is an instrument weighted at one end and graduated in degrees. The weighted end of the hydrometer is placed in the gasolene and it will continue to sink according to the density of the fuel. When the instrument finds its floating point, the scale or degrees is read at the surface of the gasolene. Naturally the hydrometer will sink deeper into a light gasolene than a heavier one. There are several reasons why the Baume test cannot be used to determine the real value of a fuel but in a majority of cases it will serve as a guide for the gasolene you buy.

Questions Answered

RETARDED SPARK HEATS ENGINE.—Please tell me why an automobile engine heats when the spark is retarded. Also please explain whether rich or lean mixture is best suited to slow speed, and which mixture is best suited to fast engine speed.

P. V., R. 1, Dixon, Ky.

A.—As you undoubtedly already know, the ideal condition is to have the spark take place in the cylinder when the piston passes top center and is just commencing on its downward stroke. You will appreciate that the explosion within the cylinder is extremely hot and with the piston in the position as above related, there will be only a small portion of the cylinder exposed to the intense heat. However, consider the other condition, viz., a late spark. By a late spark, we mean that the piston is about a third or a half way down. It is clear that when the explosion takes place with the piston in this position a considerable portion of the cylinder walls is exposed to the hot gases. It is quite evident that continued running of the motor due to the condition as outlined above will result in overheating. The gases in the cylinder are the hottest when the explosion occurs and they gradually cool as the expansion takes place. Another objectionable feature of a late spark is that the retarded explosion permits a flame in the cylinder when the piston is at the bottom of its stroke and naturally a certain portion of the flame will be forced through the exhaust valves, causing corrosion and warped stems. The safest policy to follow is to carry the spark to the farthest advance point without causing the motor to labor and knock. Whether it is a high or low-speed motor, in order to have full power and insure the best results there must be a mixture of gasolene properly proportioned to the air. If you will give the matter a little thought, you will probably realize that most of the modern carburetors adjust automatically to bring about this proportion. For example, when the motor is speeded up, naturally the greater suction causes more gasolene to be drawn around the spray needle. However, the same suction usually opens an auxiliary air valve, admitting additional air to mix with the gasolene and thereby maintain the proportion. The great requirement of a carburetor is to mix the fuel and air so as to maintain the proper proportion.

Home Mixing of Fertilizer

A very important saving in the fertilizer bill can be made by buying the ingredients and mixing at home. February is usually the time of slack work on farms in the South, and this will be an excellent time for farmers to lay in their supplies of fertilizing materials and do their home mixing, so that this work will be out of the way at the time of planting.



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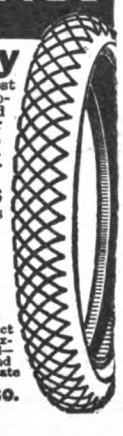


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31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.50
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

The Importance of a Good Brooder

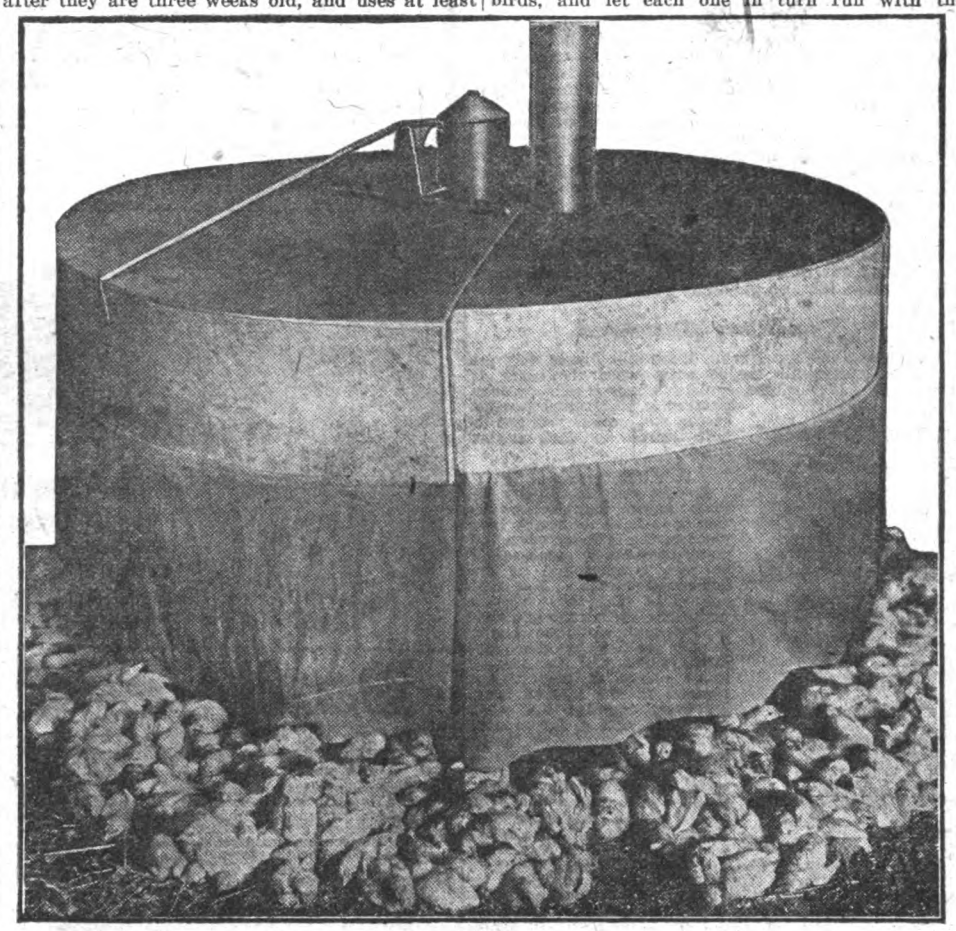
A GOOD brooder must be in readiness for chicks hatched in an incubator. I have tried all sorts of brooders, from the home-made fireless to the large sized brooder house equipped with a full steam pipe system, and until two years ago always advocated the use of the outdoor lamp heated brooder for people rearing from one to two hundred chicks, but now I have come to the conclusion that the beginner with only a small incubator had better use fireless brooders which he can make himself from empty boxes or a lard tub, or if not handy with tools, one of the small fireless brooders can be bought for a few dollars, but when stock and experience have grown sufficiently to make a moderate sized incubator necessary, the cheapest and most practical method of brooding is the coal burner brooder, which costs no more than three ordinary lamp brooders, takes care of from three to five hundred chicks from the time they are hatched until they are beyond brooder age. It can be used in any ordinary home-made house, and is just as simple to look after as a parlor stove, yet has such reliable self-regulating attachments that there is no possible danger of overheating or chilling and is certainly cheaper to operate than lamp brooders, for the average lamp brooder, which is supposed to accommodate one hundred chicks, can really take good care of only fifty after they are three weeks old, and uses at least a quart of oil every twenty-four hours. So for five hundred chicks, at the end of three weeks, it would take two and a half gallons of oil per day. And then, the time it takes each day to fill, clean and regulate the flame of ten lamps. Time is a very serious consideration, especially in the busiest season, when every moment is of the greatest value. But setting aside the value of fuel and time, the coal burning brooder has two paramount advantages, in my estimation.

First: safety from fire. The stove is built with such a tight firebox and ash receiver, and has such a deep, solid base, that all danger of accident is eliminated, and we all know that lamp heaters of any description are prone to develop unaccountable kinks. Wicks will occasionally burn unevenly, and run up, and create soot to cause trouble, no matter how careful one is about trimming and cleaning.

The second advantage, the absence of all smell. Go into the house or room where two or three lamp burners are working; the air is vitiated and lifeless. Every living thing needs oxygen. Baby chicks are no exception. The brooder for the stove that burns coal warms the air, but does not eat up its life-giving qualities. And then the hover which accompanies the stove brooder is so large and deep that even five hundred chicks have plenty of room to spread out, and a constant circulation of well warmed air during the nights. So I advise our readers to save their money at first, use fireless brooders in a warm room until they are in a position to hatch a hundred chicks at one time, and then to invest in a coal burner brooder which can be placed in any house which is not less than ten feet square. The question of chimney need not be considered, as the pipe can go through the roof or side wall. We cut a hole in the back wall of a house 12x20, put up two posts on the outside 12 inches apart, with a flat stone resting on the top ends, to make a support for a piece of tile which is run through the hole in the house. The stove pipe is put through the tile, all space between the pipe and the tile being filled with cement. On the outside of the house one elbow and two lengths of tile made a perfectly good, safe smokestack. The stove, hover, regulating device and thermometer are all covered by thirty dollars. So you see it is not a heavy outlay, and it means raising strong, good chicks. But you must remember that sufficient strength cannot be put into chicks after they are hatched.

Parent birds must be fully developed, active and soundly healthy; otherwise their offspring cannot inherit such qualities. What is more, a hen must be supplied with food containing the elements from which bone and muscle are made, or her eggs cannot contain them. A strong germ may develop into a weak chick for want of the right kind of sustenance during the period of incubation.

Select only the largest, brightest hens for the breeding pens. Reject any which have shown signs of illness at any time of their lives. When eggs are the main point, only the best layers should be selected. Be just as particular about the male birds. From seven to twelve birds are enough for one flock. If you haven't the coops, or a long house divided into compartments with accompanying yards, and can't divide your birds into small flocks, adopt the alternating plan. Keep several male birds in a house and yard separated from the hens, and let only one run with the hens at a time, alternating them every day or every week, according to the number of hens. For example, if I were compelled to keep fifty hens in one flock, I would keep seven male birds, and let each one in turn run with the flock, rather than allow three or four birds to remain with the flock all the time.



ONE MOTHER BROODING SEVEN HUNDRED CHICKS.

Now, having drawn your attention to the items which must be observed in the management of the breeding stock to insure constitutional vigor in the embryo chick, we will pass on to the several causes which may cause even strong chicks to die in the shell. First, we will take the case of eggs set under hens. It often happens that hens will sit well until the last twenty-four hours, then get nervous and fidgety. Sometimes Biddy gets hungry or thirsty and leaves the nest. This is often the case when hens are allowed to sit in the chicken house or steal their nests around the farm buildings. But if no one happens to notice them when they come off to feed, they may go back to their nests with only a half-filled crop on the nineteenth or twentieth day, which will compel them to leave the nest again before the hatch is completed. As the warm weather advances in the spring, vermin may worry a hen into leaving her nest. Rats often scare a hen into leaving her nest when she is sitting outside, or another hen may fight her when trying to claim the nest to lay in. In fact, there are, of course, numerous accidental causes for the hens getting off the nest during the last forty-eight hours, when they should sit undisturbed.

Perhaps the most frequent cause of chicks dying in the shell when eggs are set under hens, is the owner's anxiety to help things along. During the last thirty-six hours, it is imperative that all the warmth and moisture generated by the developing chicks and the body of the hen should be retained in the nest, and if some one is perpetually lifting the hen from the eggs to take away hatched chicks or see what is happening, much of the moisture is allowed to escape, and the last two or three eggs fail to hatch, though they often contain fully developed chicks. An extremely dry season generally brings lots of complaints about chickens dying in the shell. The best way to combat adverse conditions is to remove broody hens from the chicken house and set them in clean nests in a house or shed which can be closed so that a quantity of whole corn and clean water can be left in readiness for Biddy to feed herself with whenever she comes off of the nest. It is well also to put a shallow box of fine coal ashes in the house where the hens are sitting, so that they can dust themselves every time they leave the nest. If it is a dry season, sprinkle water on the floor of the house every two or three days. When it comes to hatching time, listen, and if you hear any peeping in the morning, restrain your curiosity until late in the evening, then carefully slip your hand under the hen and remove as many dry chicks and broken egg shells as you can find easily and in a short space of time. It won't hurt to leave one or two chicks under a hen, but don't make the mistake of going to the other extreme of leaving nests entirely alone, because if you do, you are very apt to find chicks crushed or dead.

The next day, leave things to nature until late in the afternoon; then remove the hen to a brood coop, and give her the chicks which are hatched, for if there are any still in the shell, they will be too weak to amount to anything if hatched later.

When the incubator has been used, the cause for chicks dying in the shell is usually want of proper ventilation, or the heat running down, or the door being opened during the last forty-eight hours. Ventilation can be best gauged by the appearance of the air cell when the egg is held before the tester. The so-called air cell is the space at the large end of the egg. In a newly laid egg it is very small. After the egg has been in the incubator for seven days, there is quite a visible space, and as evaporation progresses, it increases until the nineteenth day, when it should occupy one fifth of the entire shell. If there is not sufficient ventilation in the incubator, evaporation will be retarded, and there will not be sufficient room in the shell for the chick to twist its head round and break its way out; and it will die, though fully developed. If the development of the air cell is too slow, the ventilator in the incubator should be opened a little wider, and the eggs aired a little longer each day when you take out the traps to air the eggs. If the development of the air cell is too rapid, reverse the conditions and put a sponge of hot water in the machine on the nineteenth day. After turning the eggs on the morning of the nineteenth day, don't open the machine again until the hatch is over, and be very careful that the heat does not run down during that time. It may go up to 104 degrees, or even to 105 without doing any harm, but it must not sink below 103.

Now, let us come back to the chicks themselves. They should be left in the incubator for the first twenty-four hours after they are hatched. Incubation takes twenty-one days. Remember to count from the hour you put the eggs in the machine. Say it is four o'clock in the afternoon. They will not have been in the machine a day until four o'clock the following afternoon. Lots of people count one day, no matter what hour they put the eggs in the machine, and eight or nine hours make a lot of difference when it comes to the end of the incubation period.

Remember, little chicks will get bowel trouble if they get chilled, so always use plenty of cotton in the top of the brooder, and never have less than twenty-five chickens in a brooder, for less than that number can't supply sufficient bodily heat to warm the air inside of the brooder, and never neglect to take out the cotton and air it near a fire.

Watch the droppings of all chickens, both brooder and those under hens, and at the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

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Poor Seed, Poor Policy

A FRIEND of ours who had his big garden patch heavily fertilized, deeply plowed and well pulverized at considerable expense, talked loud and long of the great crops of vegetables he was going to raise. He had moved from the city to its outskirts that he might have a large garden and immense supplies of green stuff, roots, fruits and flowers, and he certainly made a good start in the preparation of the soil. But then he made a terrible mistake and one that thousands of other men make each year, on a large or small scale, for he bought his supply of seeds from a *marked down* stock at prices that seemed most attractive as displayed in a grocery store window.

The price asked for the seed was a low one, compared with that charged by the professional seedsman on a nearby street, but it was tremendously high, in fact, and our friend found his investment a most expensive one as the days and weeks went by and weeds proved practically the only crop in his garden. For the grocer's stock of old, shopworn, "job lot" seeds was worthless. Few of them came through the ground, and those that managed to struggle up failed to make a vigorous or healthy growth. Had they matured, it is quite likely, too, that the varieties would have proved poor in quality or low in yield.

Another man of our acquaintance read in the winter time about the mammoth soy bean and what a fine plant it was to have grow along with drilled corn for the silo. He was converted to the soy bean doctrine by what he read and after getting his corn land into splendid condition—"like an ash heap," he said—a supply of soy bean seed had to be bought. His corn seed was first class in quality, for he had saved it himself, and testing showed that its germinating powers were well over ninety per cent, but where to obtain soy beans was the question. At last he heard of a man who had some to sell and from him he bought what he needed and "took his word for it" that germination would be satisfactory. He treated the seed with an inoculation culture of root nodule forming germs, but not a solitary bean sprouted. To find out what soy beans look like when growing, our friend had to visit a neighbor and view his flourishing crop produced from sound, live seed bought from the professional seedsman, who is a man of fine repute and great experience.

What poor, poor policy is this purchasing of poor seed! "Penny wise, pound foolish" policy it is, for although the poor seed was cheap in price, its use proved a most expensive piece of policy.

It is certain that one cannot too well fertilize and prepare the seed bed for any field or garden crop, and just as certain that when all is ready the only wise policy is to purchase and plant the very best quality of seed, of known, named, pedigree sort, tested and guaranteed strong in germinating powers and suitable for the district in which it is to be grown.

Such safe, profitable seed can only be obtained from a professional seedsman of experience and first-class reputation. The established seed house cannot afford to sell poor seed. To do so not only would be poor but ruinous policy, and it isn't practiced. Rather than disappoint his customers and lose their trade and that of their friends, the reputable seedsman rejects great quantities of doubtful seed each season, and it is ground for feed or disposed of for some purpose other than planting.

Readers of COMFORT should give these matters careful consideration, and before seeding-time arrives lay in a supply of reliable seeds or arranged to have them supplied at a certain time by a reputable seedsman. To that end they should send for the catalogues of seed firms that advertise, and study what is stated there about the seeds offered. Seed houses that advertise in COMFORT will give prompt attention to your request for catalogue if you mention that you saw their advertisement in COMFORT.

The great seed houses have the capital necessary to raise or buy sufficient quantities of the best seeds and to store and test them properly. From such firms one will be sure to obtain supplies that will prove satisfactory and profitable.

Sweet Scented Herbs for the Garden

No garden is complete without there is a place in it for the herbs which our grandmothers made so much use of and of which the modern housewife should learn the value for garnishing, flavoring and for making cordials.

Herbs for Perfume

For perfuming linen what can be more dainty than the lingering odor given by the sprigs of lavender laid among its folds?

The lavender plants may be raised from seeds or the bed started with plants. Many seed houses have these plants "pot grown" and as the plant is a perennial this is a very satisfactory way to start your bed as the pot-grown plant gets little or no setback from transplanting.

Herbs for Flavor

It is possible to give to the plainest soup a delicate and delicious flavor by utilizing many of the herbs which are so easy to grow and which the housewife should have in her garden in summer and which she can cut, dry and tie in bunches and have ready for use during the winter.

For flavoring cookies and bread, the anise and caraway seeds are good. Anise plants are a fine garnish and the flavor is used in making cordials. The stems and seeds of sweet basil add flavor to soups and sauces. The dill is splendid for making pickles and seasoning. The sweet fennel is a good salad plant. Everybody knows the use of sage leaves for flavoring cheese and stuffing for poultry, also summer savory for meats and soups.

Herbs for Medicine

Many herbs have medicinal value, such as the balm, castor oil bean, catnip, horehound and pennyroyal.

The woman on the farm who has plenty of garden room should have a good-sized herb bed, and even the city garden should include as many as possible of these plants which add so much to the savory of the cooking, the daintiness of the linen closet and no small addition to the medicine cabinet.

The Milk Sheet

No owner of even a simple dairy cow can afford to be without a milk sheet. But some one asks, "What is a milk sheet?" Simply this: A sheet of paper hung up in the barn or in some other convenient place on which is recorded the names of the cows and the number of pounds of milk given by each cow at each milking, both night and morning.

WHERE TO GET MILK SHEETS.—Make them yourself. Any sheet of plain paper, big enough, will do. Rule it both ways with a pencil. There should be at least sixty-three spaces up and down, two for each day in the month and an extra one at the bottom for the total. Across the top are enough spaces for the names of all the cows in the herd. Under these names are recorded in order the weights of the milk given by each cow at each milking. Or, if preferred, a weekly instead of a monthly sheet can be used, in which case fifteen spaces, two for each day in the week and one for the total, will answer. However, the monthly sheet is much better as will be seen later.

No one needs to make his own milk sheets. Most of the state colleges of agriculture prepare and distribute these sheets to farmers within the state and they can always be had free for the asking direct from the United States Department of Agriculture at Washington, D. C.

OF WHAT USE IS A MILK SHEET?—The milk sheet is the "intelligence office" of every well-ordered dairy farm. Near the milk sheet hangs a scale upon which the milk is easily and quickly weighed. Attached by a string hangs a pencil which can always be found for instant use. Only a moment's time is taken in getting and recording the weight. A glance across the sheet shows immediately how each cow compares with the other in the amount of milk she gives, and the farmer soon finds himself saying, "Nobby is the best heifer in the bunch," or "Topsy is no good." In other words, by the use of the milk sheet he soon forms the habit of comparing his cows in a way that he would never do without it.

What next? Better than all, he watches himself. Do the cows stand and shiver in a cold and drizzling rain? Instantly the effect is noticed on the milk sheet. Does he change in his feed? The milk sheet records the result. Pastures get short in summer. The milk sheet lifts a warning hand. The thoughtful farmer through the use of the milk sheet soons forms the habit of watching himself in his care of the cows.

GOOD LESSONS TAUGHT BY THE MILK SHEET.—Probably the first lesson that the farmer will learn in a way that he will never forget is that:

(1) *Cows must be protected from bad weather.* Rain or snow, sleet, hail, or a driving wind always lessens the milk flow. A dollar a day can easily be taken out of the income from a herd of ten or twelve cows at the present prices of milk by leaving them out in bad weather.

(2) *Cows must have plenty of salt and fresh water.* Salt the cows heavily and give them free access to pure, fresh water and the result shows in the milk sheet.

(3) *Cows must get plenty of protein rich feed to produce milk.* Feed cows hay, corn-stalks and ground corn and oats, or any other farm grown ration. Then add to this a pound or two a day of some especially rich-in-protein feed, like cottonseed meal, oil meal or bran and the milk sheet shows the result. By a little figuring it also shows whether it pays or not to increase the feed.

(4) *Cows must be milked regularly by the same milker.* Change milkers and the milk sheet shows the result. The effect of irregular milking also shows up in the milk sheet.

There is no other so great an education to the dairy farmer as the milk sheet. Get one and tack it up in the cow barn.

The Babcock Test

Having learned to use the milk sheet, the next big step in the education of the dairy farmer is the lesson that he can learn by using the Babcock Test. Practically all payment for milk the country over is made on the basis of the fat test. Cows cannot be compared on the amount of milk alone, but rather on the amount of milk taken in conjunction with the test. The questions to ask about any cows are, "How much milk does she give?" and, "How much does it test?"

In conjunction with the milk sheet there should be used the Babcock Test.

How to Use the Test

It isn't necessary to use the test every day or even every month, for that matter. Feed does not affect the test. Neither does weather or care affect it greatly. Poor health or bad conditions are about the only things which affect the test. A cow's fat test is "born in her," and once determined it changes little from month to month, or year to year. A high-testing heifer will be a high-testing cow, and a "low-test" heifer is pretty certain to develop into a "low-test" cow. It is only necessary then to determine the test of a cow at a few different times during the year. The average of these can usually be taken as her average test. Multiplying the total amount of milk recorded on the milk sheet by the average test will give you the true value of the cow as a producer for any given period.

How the Test Varies

It must be remembered that the test of any cow varies in two important ways. As the lactation period advances the milk gets richer, hence a "stripper's" milk is always richer than that of the same cow when fresh. *This must* be taken into account when computing the average test. It must always be remembered that as milking progresses the milk is constantly getting richer—the strippings always being much richer than the milk first drawn during the same milking.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

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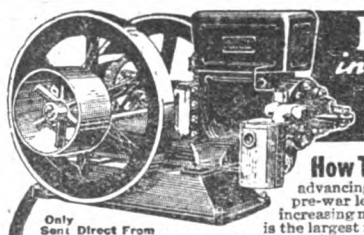
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Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

despite her stony fortitude, every sense was now strangely on the alert.

She observed how the upper part of the front wall of the minister's dwelling had fallen outward, covering the approach to the door with a heap of broken timbers. With critical eye she selected the best path across this mound of debris, and her step quickened with her eagerness to be over the barrier and within the house. Just as she was on the point of turning from the littered sidewalk her course was barred by a tube of shining steel.

"There is danger in the house, young lady," said a voice. "You must not go farther."

She turned with a gasp, and beheld a man in regimental blue, surveying her with firm but kindly eyes.

"Ah, do not stop me!" she begged. "The one I loved best in all the world was in that house when the shock came!"

The soldier marveled at her loveliness, at the marble beauty of her face.

"There is no one in there now, miss," said he gently. "Or, if there is——" He paused, for something deep in her eyes forbade his wounding her with what he was about to say.

She sank to her knees, and caught at one of his hands.

"Do not, do not stop me!" she whispered. "If the one I seek is dead, I pray Heaven that the walls may crush me down at his side."

The soldier was touched.

"I'm sorry, miss," he returned, "but I am stationed here to keep everyone from entering the buildings in this block. The peril is great, and——" He was interrupted by a crash as part of the wall of the next building tumbled over upon the rear part of the minister's ruined house. "You see how it is," he added, with a tightening of the lips.

"I care not for danger," she cried, springing up, "but I cannot rest, I will not know a moment's peace, until I learn my darling's fate."

"Your lover?" he asked.

"My husband!" she answered, straightening her lithe form.

"If you will wait here, miss," said he, gallantly, "I will go in there myself. 'Tis hard to deny anything to one so fair."

He turned to set down his rifle and carry out his generous offer, but the moment he turned Beryl bounded past him and over the rugged timbers.

"I cannot send you to danger," said she, with a hallowed sweetness, pausing a moment at the crest of the barrier.

Another moment, and the startled soldier saw her gain the door and vanish within the ruined edifice.

"If you do not return in a few moments," said he, "I shall go after you."

Although the words were called loudly, Beryl did not hear them. She was in the disordered room which had witnessed the happiest and the bitterest moment of her life. The furniture was overturned and broken; the floor was heaped with debris and thick with plaster which had fallen from the walls. But Neil was not there—no one was there!

"Neil, my husband! Where are you?"

Her anguished tones echoed quiveringly through the room. Heedless of every danger, she ran from one apartment to another, then up the stairs to the great, gaping void of the second floor, calling, calling, but receiving no response.

To the soldier, waiting outside, she seemed gone a fearfully long time. Reproaching himself for his carelessness in letting her pass him, he was on the point of following when she appeared in the doorway, scaled the barrier lightly, and was again at his side.

"You found no one?"

She smiled at him vacantly, and there was such a look on her beautiful face as smote him with pity. She turned silently, still with her gentle, unmeaning smile, and flitted away.

"Wait!" the soldier called.

She paid no heed, and quickly vanished from the sight of the guard.

"Too bad, too bad!" murmured the man. "But, in this city, today, there must be hundreds of cases like hers."

Thereupon, he shook his head sadly, shouldered his rifle, and continued his measured tramp.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Town Plants 900 Plants

New Bedford, Mass., set out 900 trees last spring and this town claims that it almost holds the record for the number of trees it possesses in proportion to street mileage, according to a report to the American Forestry Association, of Washington, whose campaign for memorial trees for soldiers and sailors was nation-wide and which was registering all such trees.



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

"I see not a step before me
As I tread on another year,
But the past is still in God's keeping,
The future His mercy shall clear,
And what looks dark in the distance
May brighten as I draw near."

ISN'T that a nice hopeful thought to start the new year with, and you never even suspected I was such a trusting young person as that, did you? Maybe I'm not always trustful of people, though I do give them the benefit of the doubt, but we never have occasion to do that with God, though I feel sure He must have to make all kinds of allowances for us, so let's resolve to be as little bother as possible throughout the coming year, and may it bring all of you that which you wish for most.

CURLY HEAD, Ala.—Your thirteen-year-old schoolmate is wrong when she says you are missing half your life because you do not have a fellow. And your uncle is wrong, too, when he tells you that as long as you love your schoolbooks and music you will never marry. The educated and accomplished girl should, and generally does, stand a better chance of marrying than the uneducated, unaccomplished girl, and of holding her husband's love once she is married. Home is the best place but don't stay there so closely that you won't know what to do when among strangers.

HARRY, Okla.—Girls are funny things, aren't they, Harry, and with the density peculiar to your sex you'll never be able to understand them. Can't you effect a compromise with this girl of yours? You to stay on with your work and visit her every few weeks? Or are you near enough for that? It is difficult for the average girl to forgive a man for accepting a position that takes him away from her, even if he earns more money there and she knows it is better for him. She wants him to want to be near her and not happy unless he is. Maybe it is her pride and not her love that is hurt. I've often wondered if it wasn't. Make sure the other fellow hasn't gotten the inside track before you give up a good position for her sake. You can get another girl easily enough. You don't know that you can never be happy without her any more than you know you could be happy with her. Old Father Time is the best doctor in the world and heals more broken hearts than he can count.

BROWN EYES AND BLUE EYES, of Gloryland.—A girl of fourteen may wear a coat suit provided it is something simple and girlish—Norfolks are particularly good, but she shouldn't wear high heels. (2) Either is correct.

MISS C., Indiana.—It is quite the proper thing to trust to Providence but I rather think you are overdoing it when you contemplate marrying a man who lets his old maid sister decide just what he shall do and who expects to have you do as she says. Have it definitely understood before you marry him that you are to be mistress in your own home and boss of your husband if anyone is to boss him.

G, Montana.—The man who just "hints" about marriage is no kind of a sport at all. He plays a safe bet all the time but it leaves the girl in rather an uncertain position. She is "neither fish nor fowl nor good red herring" or, in other words, she hasn't the freedom of an unengaged girl nor the rights of an engaged one, and the man, after monopolizing the best years of her life to the exclusion of some other man who would have married her, is free to walk away and leave her. You are young yet and can well afford to wait a while longer, but if he shows no disposition to ask you outright to be his wife, don't waste too much time on him.

MARY, W. Va.—A great many happy marriages have been founded on respect alone but whether it is as well to marry without love as with love I cannot say. That would depend upon the persons themselves and to circumstances to a great extent. I'd rather marry without love and with respect than love without respect, but the ideal combination would be love and respect, so why not wait until you find it? Marry someone you would like if you didn't love him.

QUESTION BOX, California.—It may have been all right for thirteen-year-old girls to have attended a nightshirt parade (I don't know whether they are respectable or not) but it was all wrong for them to go with some fellows to a town thirty miles distant and not get home until after midnight. California mothers must be careless indeed. You are only thirteen years old, no matter if you are as large as a girl of eighteen, and you should behave as nice little girls of thirteen should behave. Acting on your theory, I suppose if an eighteen-year-old girl were very small she should have bread and milk for supper and go to bed at seven? Your letter shows more brains than your questions would indicate.

A BUCKEYE GIRL.—I can understand about how you feel but I rather hesitate to advise you because I do not know you or your fiance and doubtless I'd hesitate just as much if I did. This giving advice for or against marriage is, in the majority of cases, an awful responsibility. Offhand, I should say that a girl of eighteen should never marry a man of thirty-six, particularly when she regards him more as a father than a lover. On the other hand, he might be so kind and good to her that she would be happier married to him than to a younger fellow who wouldn't be so kind even though she loved him more than she did the older man. An equal amount of love on both sides is the ideal combination but it doesn't always happen that way and you'll have to decide for yourself whether you'd be happier to love your husband more than he loved you or just the reverse. The selfish old-maid side of me would choose the latter, but do as you think best.

MAZIE, N. C.—Looking at the question from a sentimental viewpoint, you should continue to wear your engagement ring on the engagement finger even though your fiance died in service. But if you do it will tend, or should anyway, to keep other men away who might become interested in you if they thought you were free.

TEDDY, Ky.—I should think from your description that you should wear your dresses nearly to your shoetops, but have them girlish, one-piece dresses and do your hair in a simple manner, preferably down your back, and don't dress old just because you are larger than the average girl of your age. Your letter was very well written and you seem to be a sensible girl. I almost said "little girl."

ANCIOUS GIRL, Wis.—What a paradise for housewives Wisconsin must be. To think of a girl washing dishes for twelve people, waiting on table, making beds, sweeping, dusting, ironing and helping with the cooking all for $2.00 a week. You underrate your value. Don't exchange smiles with any man if he thinks you are chasing him. Tell me, why the "e" in anxious?

GLADYS, W. Va.—If he is so neglectful as a lover what do you suppose he would be like as a husband? Nay, nay, Gladys, don't take any foolish chances.

MICKEY, W. V.—It would be all right to forgive him and give him another chance if you want to, but don't take him back if he strays again. That would be a bad habit for a husband to have.

EULA, Texas.—If I knew a safe and sure method of winning a man's love you don't suppose I'd be an old maid, do you? Why, I'd have six husbands anyway. (2) "What is the cheerfulest subject to talk on when you are out with your fellow?" There are a number of cheerful things to talk about, but an interesting subject—to the man—is to let him talk about himself. The dear things love to do it; it bores one to death sometimes but it is the surest way of making men think you are interesting.

ANNIE, S. C.—Hope chests are like grab-bags, they can contain almost anything. It would be well to start with the necessary articles for a home, such as quilts, sheets and pillow cases, plain or embroidered, towels—bath, guest, dish and all other varieties. Crocheted or tatted doilies and centerpieces and dresser scarfs and silver and dishes all belong there. Start in anywhere and you will be all right.

CHUMS, Texas.—Your letter was received too late for me to answer your first question in time to be of service but in case it comes up again I'll tell you that in my opinion you are too young to go to dances with boys even if they are "sure cute" and have automobiles. That's a combination hard to resist, I know. It would be all right if your mothers went along, too. (2) No, it isn't right for girls your age, or any age, to paint. The length of your skirts should be determined by your size, but don't wear 'em too short. (3) What does it mean when a boy winks and smiles at you at the same time? Are you sure he didn't wiggle his ears? He didn't? Well, well, that's too bad. If he had, it would have been a sure sign that he was madly in love with you. Now I fear he isn't.

MRS. C., Okla.—Well, aren't you the spineless creature! Do you think for a minute if I were a pretty young wife of seventeen that I'd sit down and cry because my forty-year-old husband talked about the pretty girls he had seen during the day? I should say not. I'd smilingly agree that she was a very pretty girl and that beauty ran in the family because she had the nicest looking brother, cousin, father or grandfather that I had ever seen, and the nicest dressed, etc., etc. For every nice thing he said about some girl I'd say something much nicer about some man who is better looking than he is. That ought to cure him.

HILDA, Ind.—Your woman friend has no right inflicting such cynical views upon your young mind, simply because she had been unfortunate in her experiences with men. A great many men are untrue to their wives, but don't let anyone make you believe that all of them are. (2) From your description I think your friend must be an exceptionally fine fellow.

It is so much easier to be good if people are kind, so I tried to be extra kind this month and not scold very much.

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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

Hence, *the sample for testing must always be taken from the entire milking, thoroughly mixed,* never milked directly into the test bottle.

If the farmer will bear these two things in mind and test his cows occasionally to get their fat test and then use it in connection with the milk sheet, he can soon have a herd of high-producing cows.

Full Feeding for Dairy Cows

Readers of COMFORT have been advised many times that if one is to get from a dairy cow a maximum production of milk and butter fat content she must be adequately fed. The general rule to that end is to feed at least one pound of a properly composed concentrated feed ration for each three or four pounds of milk produced daily, and somewhat more if the milk is very rich in butter fat. Many farmers, on the contrary, feed just enough to keep the cow alive through the winter and she generally comes out thin and weak in spring. A cow so underfed may produce some milk and the amount yielded is accounted a profit by the owner. That is a poor way of figuring in the dairy business. It only pays to keep and feed cows that are bred to produce a large amount of milk and butter fat and to so feed such cows that the maximum possible through heredity may be obtained. Starvation rations may bluff the cow, but they also cheat the dairyman of the profit he should have from his capital invested and work expended.

To help farmers feed properly, the Wisconsin College of Agriculture, Extension Division, has sent out a most useful and practical little circular on the subject of dairy cow management and feeding and from it we take the following items of interest and instruction:

In addition to the concentrated feed mentioned, a dairy cow requires 30 pounds of corn silage and 10 pounds of hay, or 30 pounds of roots and fifteen pounds of hay, or eight pounds dried beet pulp soaked for 24 hours, and 10 pounds of hay, or 20 pounds of clover or alfalfa hay, or 20 pounds timothy, prairie, or marsh hay with one to two pounds of oilmeal.

Some properly balanced concentrate rations are advised, as follows: Ground oats, 200 pounds, corn and cob meal, wheat bran, oilmeal and gluten feed or dried brewers' grains, of each 100 pounds; mix. Or ground oats, cornmeal or barley meal and wheat bran, of each 100 pounds; cottonseed meal and oilmeal, of each 25 pounds. Or ground barley, 400 pounds; wheat bran, 200 pounds; gluten feed and oilmeal, of each 100 pounds. Or ground oats, cornmeal, and gluten feed, of each 200 pounds; wheat bran, 300 pounds, and oilmeal, 100 pounds. Or ground oats, 200 pounds, wheat, 100 pounds, and oilmeal, 50 pounds. Or ground oats, ground barley and wheat bran, of each 200 pounds, and oilmeal, 100 pounds.

When fed with silage and good clover or alfalfa hay, it may not pay to give ground oats, ground corn or ground corn and cob meal, or barley meal alone. On the contrary, it may pay to sell some of the home-grown grain and buy protein-rich feeds to balance the ration. The above quoted combinations show how this may be done.

Saving Feed

Feed is worth too much to waste, yet how often do we see farmers wasting feed! Perhaps wasting it without even giving a thought to its value. Or else, they waste it because they think they cannot afford the necessary buildings or equipment to save it. Or they waste it because they haven't time, or think they haven't time, to harvest it properly.

WASTING CORN.—One great waste is the corn that is left on the ground after cutting with a binder. This binder always knocks off a great many ears which should be picked up and fed to stock. If the field is so that hogs can be turned in, which is often the case where the corn has been cut into the silo—hogs will clean up this waste. If not, then the corn should be picked up. There is no other way where the hired man can earn so good wages for the farmer as in picking up this corn.

Another way that corn is badly wasted on many farms is in feeding it to hogs. It is thrown into the mud and rooted over and tramped in—and lost. Hogs ought to have a table to eat on just like other folks, where their food will be kept clean. A good feeding floor can be made of planks, rough side up to prevent hogs from slipping in wet weather, but the best feeding floor for hogs is made of concrete with a rim around the edge to prevent the corn from being pushed off into the mud.

SELF-FEEDERS.—The use of self-feeders is a good way to save feed. If properly constructed the hogs or other animals help themselves. Of course, self-feeders can only be used where it is intended that the animals are to have all the feed they want. By the use of self-feeders, however, every bit of the feed removed from the feeder is eaten. What is left over remains inside the feeder. None is wasted. If hand fed it often happens that the left-over feed is entirely wasted.

KEEP FEED UNDER COVER.—If possible, feed should be kept under cover. It is not a good plan to feed daily from the stack, since rain and snow always spoil a good deal of the feed. If feed is taken from the stack to feed it is the best plan to cut down the stack clear to the bottom and haul the "cut" into the barn or put it some place under cover so that none will be wasted by weather. Straw and corn-stalks, while much cheaper feeds, are less wasted if kept under cover while feeding. It is a very wasteful plan to let cattle run to the straw stack as much straw is pulled out and tramped into the ground around the stack. Corn fodder should be hauled and put under cover in a dry time when the stalks are perfectly dry. If they are left standing in the field they rot in wet weather and if they are put into the barn when damp they mold under cover. Stalks should be kept dry when feeding in order to avoid waste.

SWEEPING UP.—Much feed is wasted on many farms because it isn't kept "swept up." Very dry alfalfa will scatter badly. The dry leaves that break off in feeding are the best of feed, about the equal of bran pound for pound. This should never be wasted. Keep the feeding floor swept and give the sweeping to pigs and chickens. Alfalfa sweepings are the finest feed in the world to make hens lay.

The same care should be used in sweeping the feeding trough after feeding bran or other mill feeds. The hogs will eat what the cows leave if given a chance. Have you ever stopped to think that there is no kind of concentrated feed that now costs less than two cents a pound? At present quotations, farm grains are worth nearly three cents a pound, and a pound isn't much. It pays to save the sweepings.

OVERFEEDING.—A good deal of rough feed is wasted by overfeeding. Stock is given more than it will clean up. In other words, it is overfed. After hay or other rough feed has been once "nosed over" by cattle they refuse to eat it and then it is wasted by being thrown into the beddings. Don't feed too much, but just what the stock will clean up clean if you want to save feed.

Legumes—Lime—Livestock

This has been chosen as a slogan in many parts of the country—But why legumes? And if legumes, why lime? And what relation do they both bear to livestock?

Perhaps it would be clearer to state it the other end to: Livestock—Legumes—Lime.

A NATION OF MEAT EATERS.—We are a nation of meat eaters. If we are to eat meat we must grow it. Only one other country—South America—eats more meat than we do, and we used to eat more than we do now.

In the Argentine the average meat consumption per year is nearly three hundred pounds to the person. Here we eat a little over half of that or about one hundred and sixty-five pounds a person or not quite half a pound a day. Some European countries consume less than a pound a week per person. How does it happen that we eat so much meat? And why is this consumption growing less?

The answer is simple. Most everybody likes meat and when meat is cheap much is eaten. Cheap land means cheap meat. High-priced land means dear meat with small meat consumption.

CHINA A GOOD EXAMPLE.—Land is high priced in China. Population is dense and every foot is needed to raise food for human beings. Hence little meat can be grown, and consequently little can be eaten. Give us time enough and we will reach the same condition unless we devise better systems of farming. What we need first is quick-growing, easily fattened livestock to keep up our meat supply. Only a minimum of grain fit for human food should be fed to livestock. We need to make our meat as quickly and as cheaply as we can make it.

THEN WHY LEGUMES.—Meat and milk are much more dependent upon legumes—such as peas, beans, soy beans, clover and alfalfa. Fed to livestock, legumes produce rapid, rangy healthy growth. They make quick growing meat. Hence, on every livestock farm we need quick growing legume feed both for dairy cattle and for meat animals.

WHY LIME?—On old farms that have long raised crops, legumes do not grow well. The soil has become sour from continuous cropping. This sour soil must be sweetened before legumes will grow on it. Lime is a soil "sweetener." Not burned lime but ground lime rock. When this is applied to sour soils legumes are grown, livestock can also be grown rapidly and cheap meat results. Hence the slogan, *Legumes—Lime—Livestock.*

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

HOW TO FEED PIGS.—I will thank you to answer the following questions: (1) About how much feed is required to feed and fatten a pig from weaning time until it weighs 250 pounds, provided the pig is thrifty and is fed on corn, oats and bluegrass pasture? (2) I have 120 bushels of corn and 20 bushels of oats. How many pigs can I feed and fatten to weigh 200 pounds on this quantity of grain? (3) How much corn and oats are required to feed a sow pig from weaning until she weighs 200 pounds and have her in good condition for breeding? R. M., Coldwater, Mich.

A.—If pig has a little skim milk to go with the grain feed, it will take from three to four pounds of grain for each pound of grain. You ought to raise a pig from weaning to 250 pounds weight if kept growing steadily, on 10 bushels each of corn and oats with a quart or two of skim milk a day. Four bushels of oats to twelve bushels of corn would be a better combination. (2) On the basis that it takes four pounds of grain to make one pound of pork, you ought to feed and fatten from nine to ten pigs on this amount. With skim milk and pasture in addition, you should be able to raise from 10 to 12 pigs on this. (3) A good brood sow should have skim milk and pasture with some protein-rich feed like middlings, oil meal, or tankage. She will not need so much grain. Two or three bushels of corn in addition to the above will be sufficient. As a general rule, it is safe to figure one pound of grain for each four pounds of feed fed to pigs under 200 pounds.

ROOTS FOR HORSES.—Kindly tell me whether carrots and potatoes are good feed for horses, and, if so, how they should be fed. MRS. M. A. M., Olney, Mont.

A.—Carrots are the best of all roots for a horse. Wash them clean and feed them whole or sliced. Start slow and watch the bowels. Do not allow enough to make the bowels too loose. Too many carrots fed suddenly may cause colic or scours. Raw potatoes are good for clearing worms from the bowels of colts, but seem to have little feeding value for horses, and sometimes cause choke. Carrots, parsnips and rutabagas are greatly to be preferred.

Soy Beans as Green Vegetables.

Hahto soy beans, introduced from Japan, are excellent for the production of green beans similar to lima and butter beans. About 115 days are required for the bean to make sufficient growth for use as a green vegetable. Although the Hahto bean is best adapted for growing in the southern states, it may also be successfully produced as a green vegetable during favorable seasons throughout the corn belt, according to specialists of the United States Department of Agriculture. Being a bush variety, it also is adapted for forage producton, its yield of green feed or seed being superior to many other varieties on the market. In a dry form the Hahto bean cooks up easier than other varieties and has a better flavor. This bean is to be grown extensively by boys' and girls' gardening clubs in the southern states during the coming season. —*U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.*

Clothing Prices Reduced by Large Manufacturer.

CHICAGO.—Mr. James D. Bell, head of the Bell Tailors, Adams at Green St., Chicago, Ill., said to be the largest made-to-measure clothing establishment in the world, recently stated that his firm is now able to quote prices on spring and summer suits 35% below what others ask. To prove his point he showed the writer a very attractive piece of all-wool cassimere for which they ask only $25 a suit, made to individual measure, whereas the same fabric is now being offered by others at $35 to $40 per suit. Even larger savings are offered on their higher priced suits. Every reader of Comfort should write Mr. Bell for his price list and a free copy of his style book No. 442 which contains large cloth samples of many beautiful patterns.—Adv.

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Traps and Thrills on an Iowa Trail

By George J. Thiessen

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CHAPTER V

ADVENTURE WITH A COON.

THE animals were soon skinned, and, as they were fat, we decided to render some oil. "Dago," our leader—for we had accorded him that place of honor—stated that we could easily sell several dollars' worth, judging from the price asked at his uncle's store. We were highly pleased at this information and all of us had visions of getting rich quick. If we could make twenty or thirty dollars a day from pelts and five or ten from oil, certainly nothing better could be desired. And with that we began to lay our plans for even greater efforts so far as skunks were concerned. All of us had forgotten about the instructions we had recently received at home. Right then, we saw—and talked of—nothing but money and our work.

The afternoon passed quickly. Already the sun had sunk in the west. By the time we walked to town, darkness had fallen. Our catch was taken to an old icehouse, long abandoned, which stood on the McKerron property, and placed on boards. Jim's father helped by making the stretchers with a draw-knife, thereby saving us much labor.

Gradually, winter came. The winds swept over the prairies and chilled the very marrow in the bones. Lower went the thermometer. Already ice covered the creek and muskrat trapping got very poor. For a while we kept the slides open by placing coarse salt in sacks under the sets but even this failed during the cold weather. There was nothing to do then but pull up our Victors. This we reluctantly did and placed them for mink. As St. John said, little could be caught in such weather except mink. The pelts had primed up and he expected good prices. Accordingly, we confined our attempts to springs and flowing tiles, places the animals visited despite the blustery winter.

To a degree we were successful. Fred, who gave particular attention to these fur bearers, made practically all the sets. In some way, he knew just where and how to place the traps to get results. Soon a number of fine skins were added to our lot. But constant trapping makes even the less cunning animals shy, and toward the first of the year we were hardly making enough to pay us for running our line. Of course we shortened it as much as possible, and instead of having ten or twelve miles to cover, were content with three or four. And with the thick ice, most of the territory could be reached on skates.

Then something happened. Jim had received a light for Christmas and delighted to use it in looking into dark places where fur bearers might travel. On one of our trips he discovered tracks in the mud where it was shallow, under the ice.

"Look," he shouted, excitedly. "A regular trail and——"

We pushed him away. Sure enough, a spot was discovered where traps might be placed to advantage. Accordingly, we lost no time in arranging our sets and covering up the hole so the light would not penetrate. Next morning we had a large brown mink.

With that, our enthusiasm mounted. We would get more fur. Naturally, the next day—our school had let out for a week's vacation—we went along Rock Creek and cut holes in the ice where we thought there were chances of making a catch. By this method we were able to put out several traps.

Where flowing tiles emptied into the stream, furnished, however, the best locations for our traps. Experience taught us that with the use of bait—muskrat flesh was ideal—we could get a number of mink which otherwise might pass by. Hence, we depended mostly on such sets.

Skunk trapping was not to be thought of at this time. With snow two feet deep, the animals had denned up and did not run. Only once in a while did we discover a track. I was for digging the animals out but after trying the frozen ground with pick and spade, gave up the attempt.

Next morning we caught but one fur bearer, a small mink. Jim stunned it with a club and then drowned it—or thought he did. When life seemed to be extinct, he put the carcass in his coat pocket and started for home. On reaching it, he threw his clothes into a corner of the room and changed to others. Later, after he went to get the animal, we found it gone.

"That's funny," Fred said. "We must have lost it on the way in. I'll go back and——"

Something stirred in the corner.

"What's that?" I asked, pointing.

Mr. McKerron grabbed a shoe-last and made for the animal, which we supposed until that time was an ordinary rat. Through the shoe shop raced the missing fur bearer. Four of us pursued. Finally, Jimmy hit it with a mop and gathered in the prize. This time we made sure it was dead. "Gee!" I suggested, after the excitement was all over, "just suppose you had put your hand into the pocket and it would have bitten you?"

"I didn't," was the answer. "And what is more, I'm going to take no chances in the future." We had learned a lesson,—respect for the sharp teeth and powerful jaws of the cunning animal.

One by one the traps were gathered in. After we had finished with them, we washed the outfit in strong lye water and hung it in a dry place. We knew the traps would be in good condition for the next season.

With little prospects for furs, we did not spend much time on the line except to look at some sets for mink which promised good returns. On one of these trips, early in the morning, we discovered a raccoon high up in a cottonwood which, like a lonely sentinel, stood guard on the banks of Rock Creek. It was the only tree of its size and kind within miles of Stanwood.

This fur bearer, by the way, was scarce in that locality. I had my twenty-two rifle along, so felt reasonably sure that we should add another skin to our collection. So, quietly, I began to approach the ring-tail in the hopes of getting a good shot. The animal, however, seemed aware of my intention and slowly started toward a hollow in the trunk. Once we let him get there and we knew the chances of getting him were slim. With the small caliber I had, even a fair shot was not certain to kill.



AS HE REACHED FOR THE COON, SIGNS OF LIFE BECAME APPARENT.

"Shoot," my companions shouted, excitedly.

Fully sixty yards were between me and the game. To make matters worse, small twigs were in the way. However, I took quick aim and at the crack the 'coon seemed untouched. Just as I was about to load once more, the fur bearer fell and lodged about ten feet lower in a crotch.

"Whoopee!" shouted Jim.

"I knew you'd do it," cried Fred.

But since the carcass was nearly forty feet in the air, the only way to get it was to climb the tree. Fred, pulling off his shoes, volunteered.

We gave our partner all the aid we could. The trunk was fully four feet in circumference and hard to grip. Twice were trials made that ended in failure. "Get a board," Fred pleaded, gaining his breath. "And hurry, for my feet are getting cold and wet."

Jim and I did our best. A quarter of a mile away in a fence corner we found exactly what we wanted. Dragging it back, we put the rail against the cottonwood. The trapper gained the first crotch. As he reached for the 'coon, signs of life became apparent. The raccoon was far from dead, ripping the trapper's hand open with its claws and nearly causing him to lose his hold. How he escaped falling, no one ever knew.

The animal was bleeding but regaining strength fast. Fred had backed away in the direction of the hole in the trunk. Unsuccessfully, he searched for a limb he could break off and use for protection. In the meantime, the animal continued to come slowly toward him.

As is usually the case in such emergencies, the empty shell stuck in the chamber. Frantically, with a knife, I worked to get it out. At last the little bit of copper was pried loose and another shot inserted. With Fred in danger, I took a chance and fired a second time at the game within a few feet of him. Never once did I think that my aim might not be true and the bullet, glancing from the cottonwood, strike my companion. But luck was with me, and as the smoke curled from the barrel the 'coon crumpled up and came crashing to the ground. It was dead when we reached it and one of the finest fur bearers I had ever seen in that part of the state.

Fred slowly climbed down. "I was scared stiff," he said, "when the thing bit me," exhibiting his bloody hand, "and worse when it came in my direction. But when you shot! Say, that muzzle seemed to be pointed right at my head and I couldn't even holler. As the gun cracked I shut my eyes and the next thing I knew the 'coon was on the ground. Not until then did I realize the risk I had taken."

With Jim carrying the game, we hastened to Stanwood. There at the shoe store we exhibited our prize. Even the old hunters announced that the carcass was as large as any they had ever seen, and, in that place of swapping stories, we were satisfied indeed.



COMFORT'S Fur Forum

COMFORT trappers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired about trapping or marketing furs. Questions will be answered in these columns free by a recognized trapping authority of America. All questions must be signed with the writer's full name which will not be published if the writer so requests. Address Trapping Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Questions Answered

MRS. A. W., GA.—There are various tanning preparations offered by mail-order concerns. The beginner, however, generally spoils too much fur before he learns just how to cure his skins. Prices of pelts are too high nowadays to risk them with home preparations. Let some good tanner do the work. The expense is small and in this way one can obtain furs which make up well into garments. Will give you recipe for preparing fox and other small skins if you insist but think you make a mistake if you attempt tanning at home. Should the pelts be desired to ship to some fur firm, do not tan at all. Simply stretch and dry in a cool place where there is plenty of air.

C. B., WIS.—The reader who inquires whether it would pay to trap in the southeastern part of Wisconsin should be assured that the state as a whole is the best in the country for animals, number and quality considered. Big money will be made by pelt hunters in practically every rural community.

E. W., TEXAS.—The reason skunk are so high and civets so low is because of Fashion principally and the fact that the market for civets is Russia where most of the skins—practically all—were sold. Russia has not been an active fur market for years and the accumulation of stocks by dealers are so large that they do not wish to sink more money than is necessary in the pelts. (2) Fur farming is profitable. However, where animals are "cooped up" they do not fur up as well as when wild and therefore do not, as a rule, bring the best prices. An experienced grader is able, as a rule, to pick out "tame skunk" in a dark room where there are hundreds of skins. Fur farming is profitable from the standpoint of marketing pelts only when conditions are such that the animals can be raised the same, or nearly the same, as when wild. (3) Northern Texas, considering quality in fur, would not be so good as Iowa, Nebraska or other states farther north. (4) Skunk farming would surely be more profitable in Texas than fox farming. It is doubtful if the black, silver, cross, etc., could be raised successfully in Texas at all. They inhabit the colder latitudes. (5) There is no telling whether furs will remain as high as now for eight or ten years. The best one can do—even with the well informed—is to guess. (6) Silver fox are found in the U. S. It is not unusual to take both this and black in Wisconsin, Maine, Michigan and nearby territory. The animals are most numerous in Canada and Alaska.

B. B., Ohio.—Ground hog skins have no value with fur firms and cannot be sold to any concern, so far as the writer knows.

D. B., Miss.—It is a hard matter to say whether birds or flesh—and by flesh I presume you mean beef, muskrat carcasses, etc.—are best for opossum. Both give good results at places and times when properly employed. A study of attractors reveals the fact that the fur bearers are much like people; what one species likes at a particular place or time may be unsuited at another. Constant experiments are necessary to draw the fur bearers to best advantage. The paste lures offered by the various fur firms and concerns are excellent also. No one can positively state exactly what is best for opossum or any other animal, strictly speaking, so far as decoys are concerned. Other good baits are smoked and fresh fish, salmon canned or sardines put up in oil.

C. A., Nebraska.—It is reasonable to suppose that muskrats if not caught or molested will continue to use a burrow for a number of years. Constant changes, no doubt, will be made from time to time to accommodate conditions.

MRS. H. W., West Virginia.—Any furrier or custom tanner should be able to do the work. The cost will be from eight to fifteen dollars. Kinds of lining, style in making up and other things enter into the matter. The very latest style, head mounting, etc., including tanning of skin, etc., costs $13.50 or about this much. You should obtain a style catalog from the one who is to do the work so as to select the kind of neckpiece wanted.

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If you can match these shoes for less than $6.00 elsewhere return them and get your money back. **You risk nothing.** Write today for our **Big Catalog of Shoe Bargains at factory prices** for all the family. **"Best Shoes at biggest savings."**
United Stores Co., Box 501, Lancaster, Pa.

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Prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, Interurban Motormen, Colored Train Porters, $150-$200 per month to start.
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United States Government Inspected Men's $10 Long Legged Rubber Boots, only ..... $4.45 plus parcel post
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For Tanners, Fishermen, Teamsters, Firemen, Automobile Washers, Street Laborers, Sewer Repairmen and any others who work out of doors.
Simply send your size and these Army Rubber Boots will come to your home at once. The risk is ours. These must delight you or no sale. Pay only $4.45 plus parcel post. $10.00 United States Government Inspected Hip Rubber Boots $4.45 plus parcel post.
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$6.50 Knee Rubber Boots $3.45 plus parcel post.
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Name ..... Size .....
Address .....
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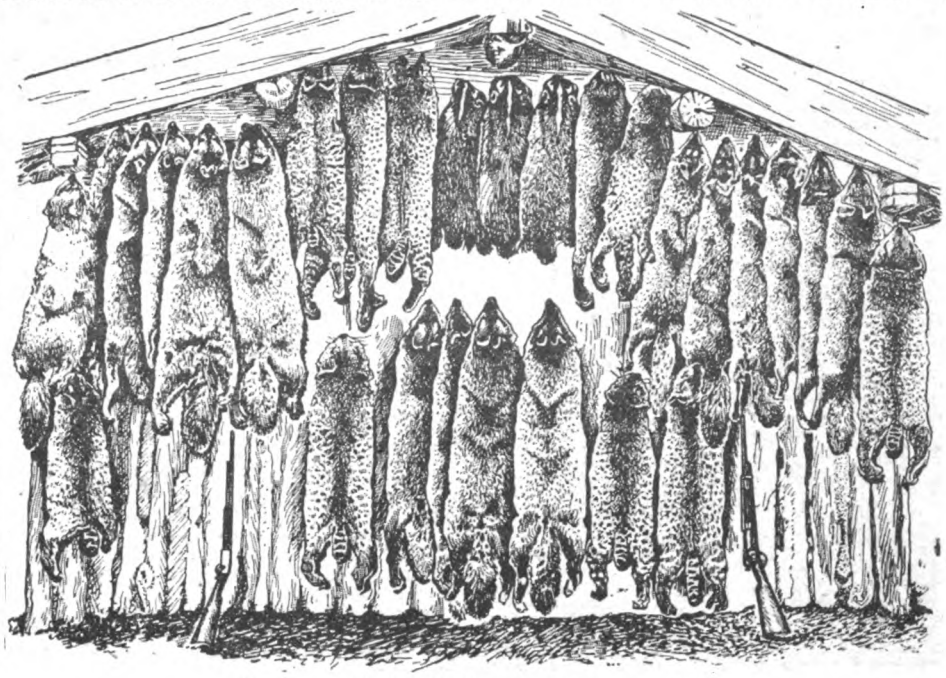
Letters and Photographs from COMFORT Trappers

Nevada Trappers

We began trapping last season about November 10, and trapped until March 20, 1919. Our catch consisted of 18 coyotes, 35 lynx cats, 8 badgers and 4 civet cats. We used about 30 No. 3 traps and used jack rabbit for bait. All the furs we got were salable. The coyotes averaged about $11.00 apiece, the lynx cats about $8.00 apiece, the badgers 70 cents and the civit cats 40 cents each. The largest lynx cat we caught measured, when stretched and dry, 51 inches from the end of its nose to the end of its tail. It was the largest lynx cat that had ever been caught around here. The fur was a beauty. Coyotes began to get prime in this section about October 20, lynx cats not much before January 1. Badgers are not prime until about the first of January but they stay prime longer than any other fur in the spring, sometimes up to May.

In trapping lynx cats, it is always best to make the set on the south end or side of cliffs or rocks. The best bait is rabbit. Fasten the bait securely to a bush, rock or tree. Then make a corral around the rabbit about 3 feet by 3 feet and about 3 or 4 feet high, of brush or limbs. Leave an opening 12 or 14 inches wide. Procure a large stone, flat on one side. Lay the stone just a little out from the opening and set the trap just inside the corral next to the stone and a little lower. Cover with underbrush or broken up cedar bark. The idea of the stone is to keep the animal from scratching and uncovering the trap. Always fasten the trap to a stick about 5 feet long and about 4 inches in thickness. Fasten the chain in the middle of the stick. By doing this way, the animal will never break the chain and get away with the trap.

We are yours very truly,
CROFUT BROTHERS, Nevada.

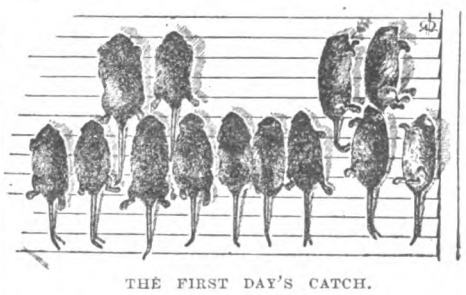


PART OF THE CATCH OF TWO NEVADA TRAPPERS.

Earns Money Trapping for College Education

I entered the trapping season last fall with the determination of making enough money, to go to college on this summer, out of school hours. I have succeeded fairly well. I started out with about 30 traps, and trapped mostly for skunk and muskrat.

Altogether I have caught 204 muskrat, 19 skunk, 5 opossum and several weasel. I find that trapping muskrat is the most profitable, as they are easily caught and easily handled.



THE FIRST DAY'S CATCH.

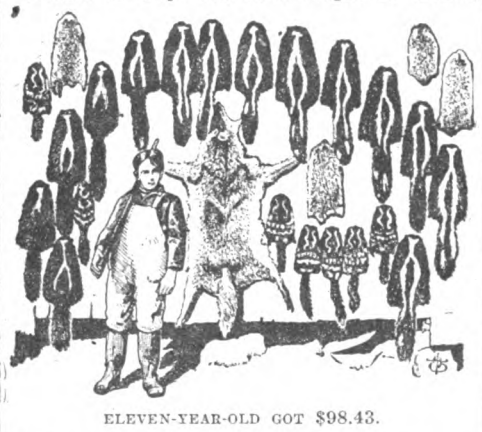
My favorite method of catching muskrat is setting traps at their runways. I never set at the den as it causes them to become wary after one has been caught.

I am sending a photograph of my first ten days' catch.

E. DALE KNIGHT, Indiana.

Good Work for Boy

I have 42 traps and have caught 17 skunks,



ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD GOT $98.43.

18 civet cats, 10 opossum, 3 mink and one large coyote.

They were all salable. The lot brought me $98.43. Don't you think that is pretty good for a little 11-year-old boy?

ANDY BLAND, Kansas.

Coons His Specialty

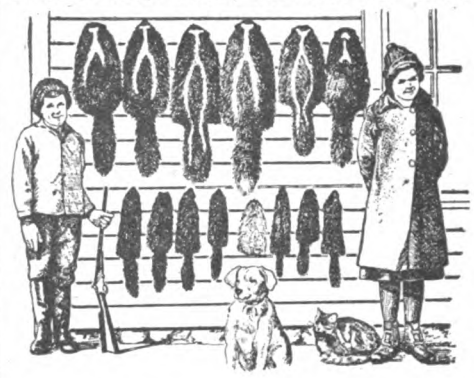
I used 50 traps last season and caught 44 skunks and nine raccoons. I sold five skunks and I got $22.00 for them. I sold 38 skunks and got $115.00. Here is my story, how I caught my raccoons:

Before I catch raccoons I go and find their trail. When I find it I put a bait about two feet above the path. I put the trap under the bait and I go away from it. I never set a trap with my bare hands as the raccoons can smell it. The best place I find the raccoon is down along the river. I also caught some raccoon alive. I have one for a pet and he is very cute. When I put candy in my pockets he goes in after it no matter how deep my pockets are. I still have six live raccoons.

LAWRENCE KEPPLER, Minnesota.

Boy and Girl Make Good Catch

I caught last season 6 narrow stripe skunks, one short stripe skunk, one mink, one weasel,



THIS BOY HAD GOOD HELPERS.

one muskrat and seven civet cats. I received $28.40 for them.

Most of the furs I caught have been trapped at their holes. A good way to keep the traps from being frozen to the ground is to put a piece of rabbit fur or a piece of cotton under the trap. Another way to trap skunk is to build a three-cornered pen with a narrow entrance at one side. Set a trap at the entrance. Tainted meat is best for bait. The bait should be placed inside the pen. The pen should be covered to keep the crows from getting the bait.

LYNN MIGHELL, Iowa.

$322.75 Not Bad for Good Trappers

To begin with, I advertised through one of our local papers here last October for a partner who had had experience. Well, I got a good pard, one who knew every angle and trick in the business and who was a perfect woodsman. His name was L. W. Well, Lem came to me with two hundred traps and a full equipment for the trapping line, and I having over two hundred myself.

The first night Lem's set went big. He had four skunk, five opossum and eleven rats, and down my way luck wasn't so good, but it was my own fault, in a way, as I overslept myself and didn't get to my line until six forty A. M., and the results were: In my first three traps I had three front feet only, but along the whole line (50 traps) I had seven rats and one big coon. Each afternoon Lem and I met at my house and as I had a motorcycle we took our catch and skinned them together and worked together. We only put out 50 traps apiece to feel out the fur situation. After that we put out 150 each and we had good catches.

The most things to trap were rats and a few opossum and squirrels, but during February things got slow, so we sold what we had and Lem went back home. We had just 225 rats, 2 coons, 9 skunk and 14 opossum.

We sold our furs and got in return $322.75; $280.50 for rats, $20.25 for skunk, $8.00 for coons, and $14.00 for opossum.

JAMES WILSON, New Jersey.

Stretch these furs *fur side out:* Coyote, wolf, fox, marten, fisher, lynx, lynx cat and wolverine.

Stretch these furs *pelt side out:* Muskrat, mink, skunk, opossum, civet, otter, ringtail cat, house cat and white weasel.

Stretch these furs as nearly *square* as possible: Raccoon, bear, badger and wild cat. Beaver should be stretched *round.*

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Stone mottled in all manner of colors imaginable Bits of real silver in stone make colors beautiful in the extreme. Measures 1 inch long, 1-4 inch wide To make friends and introduce our Magazine, and Ring Bargains, send 20 cts. for a year's subscription and this Gold filled Ring, warranted 3 years your size, will be sent FREE, postpaid. M. McPhillips, Secy., G15 W. 43d St., Dept. 2-DF, New York.

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Wins Back Good Looks

How a Complexion Disfigured With Pimples, Blackheads, Muddiness, And the Sallow Appearance Gives Way Before the Wonderful Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

You might look at half a dozen girls who have made their complexions beautiful by clearing their



skin with Stuart's Calcium Wafers and be puzzled to decide which is the prettiest. It is remarkable what happens when those unsightly pimples, blackheads, etc., and the muddy, oily appearance disappear. Beautiful skin is lovely in the extreme.

Stuart's Calcium Wafers bring in a short time a more beautiful complexion. By cleaning out the pores, throwing off all skin discolorations, they do their work of beauty building almost before anyone can believe it.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

VIVIAN, Williston, N. D.—Suspenders are a most respectable article of dress, and we do not think the habit of wearing them should disqualify this young man who is paying you attention—and particularly when he is otherwise of the sort that everyone thinks you are "lucky to have." It is only of late years that belts have taken such a prominent part in manly attire and have so largely replaced the humble but more comfortable "gallus." It is very certain that Abraham Lincoln wore suspenders, such as you despise, to hold up the presidential trousers, and that he did not write the Emancipation Proclamation, nor make his famous Gettysburg Address, with an uncomfortable half-inch leather strap buckled tightly about his waist. However, if you think this young man is too neglectful of his dress, why not drop a gentle hint or two? You should be able to do this safely and pleasantly. But take our word for it that a kind and honest heart is worth more than the illusive pleasure given by any glass of fashion or mould of form. (2) Your spelling is correct and your handwriting good.

PUG NOSE, Belton, S. C.—There is probably nothing in your own conduct to cause these various boys to come and go in their attentions to you. It is simply that they are young and fickle—just as you are doubtless fickle and young. And you should know very well that at seventeen you should not be wishing any steady "sweetheart." There will be time enough for you to find some admirer more stable during the next year or two. (2) You may say a simple "Thank you" to anyone who offers to hitch your horse for you when you are at church or elsewhere.

R. H., Walnut Ridge, Ark.—Most certainly you may wear your wedding ring without an engagement circlet ater your marriage. Although it is not required, the initials of the bride and groom and the date of the ceremony may be engraved inside of the wedding ring. But we think this rather an unnecessary trouble and expense.

DOLLY DIMPLES, Wyo.—You may do as you like regarding offering your hand when a young man is introduced to you. We think it is more pleasant and cordial to shake hands, although etiquette does not require that this be done.

K. B., Mt. Olivet, Ky.—It would be very foolish to give up your friendship with a boy because other boys do not like him for no other reason than that he is too good looking. If you like him, you should have mind enough of your own to stand by him. (2) If any young man is so foolish as not to know that you are too young to marry at sixteen—why we think that it would be safe to enlighten him by telling him this.

E. B., Muncy, Penn.—There are no set phrases for occasions of the sort you mention. You may respond, *"I* am very glad to have met *you,"* or you may only give a bow, a smile and a handshake.

HOPPY, Swifton, Ark.—Your difficult complexion will probably clear itself as you grow older. You can help by avoiding sweets and pastry; by drinking plenty of water, and by bathing often. Every night before retiring, wash your face carefully with warm water and some mild pure soap and dry gently with a soft towel. (2) Wear your hair back from your forehead in simple schoolgirl fashion.

SWEET SIXTEEN, Bonnerdale, Ark.—We have no hesitation in saying that in these days of high prices, a boy with a "lot of money" would be more desirable as a husband than one without—other qualities being about equal. However, we are sure that any boy with this "lot of money" would want a wife with a lot more spelling book experience than you seem to have, and we advise you to take a little time from all of these boys that are flocking to see you and spend this time on your lessons.

E. R., Cal.—In the introduction the lady's name should come first; for instance, "Miss Blank, I want to present Mr. Dash." In the case where a young lady is brought for introduction to a couple who are standing together, the introduction between the two ladies is first made and the gentleman is then presented in his turn. (2) In leaving a restaurant or ice-cream parlor it would be correct for a young lady to proceed slowly toward the door while her escort was settling with the cashier, or she may, if she wishes, remain by the man while the bill is being paid.

HONEST MAID, Clay City, Ky.—When on the street, a gentleman is always supposed to walk on the side of the lady which is nearest the curb; the idea being that he can thus protect her from street traffic, mud, etc. Indoors, at receptions and other affairs, a gentleman places himself where he can, if need arise, offer his left arm. (2) If you know a "charming boy" you wish to have like you, we can only advise you to be as much of a "charming girl" as possible.

SWEETIE, Holly Springs, Miss.—If this man told your cousin that he "was thinking of marrying you," this is probably as near as you can get to any information on the subject from one you say is so habitually "close-mouthed." You will have to take into consideration his reputation as a flirt. You do not draw a very encouraging picture of him as a future husband, and we are sure that a man who is a flirt [illegible] us and bad tempered is hardly good material from which to build a happy married life. Perhaps your parents are justified in their dislike of him. Do not let him think that he can make you do all that he wishes or that you care too much for him, and possibly this treatment may have a good effect upon his disposition. But red-haired men are apt to be cantankerous creatures and we advise you to go slow.

I. H., Irvingsville, Ky.—You may receive proper attentions from boys if your parents do not object and it does not interfere with the completion of your education. Your handwriting is correct and legible.

BROWN EYES, Waverly, O.—Our advice is exactly that of your mother who is dead, and we are glad to know that you are sensible enough to realize that she was right. Suppose you simply pass on to these young men what her instructions were to you.

M. L. R., Grand Rapids, Mich.—It would be the girl's place to mention when she wished to return. (2) See answer to E. B., Muncy, Penn., in this column.

E. P., Dunsmith, N. D.—A man should be several years older than the woman he marries. Twelve years, in the case you mention, would not constitute too great a difference in age.

IS YOUR BLOOD HUNGRY FOR IRON?

Modern Methods of Cooking and Living Have Made An Alarming Increase in Iron Deficiency in Blood of American Men and Women

NUXATED IRON Helps Make Red Blood

The Kind That Puts Roses Into the Cheeks of Women and Force Strength and Courage Into Veins of Men.

"Is your blood starving for want of iron? Iron is red blood food. If you were to go without eating until you became weak, thin and emaciated, you could not do a more serious harm to yourself than when you let your blood literally go hungry for want of iron—iron that gives it strength and power to change food into living tissue," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital.

"Modern methods of cooking and the rapid pace at which people of this country live has made such an alarming increase in iron deficiency in the blood of American men and women that I have often marveled at the large number of people who lack iron in the blood—and who never suspect the cause of their weak, nervous, run-down state. But in my opinion, you can't make strong, sturdy men and women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still insist in dosing themselves with metallic iron simply, I suppose, because it costs a few cents less. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the packages. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have increased their strength and endurance in two weeks' time while taking iron in the proper form.

Who Should Take Nuxated Iron

The Elderly Inactive Man

The Tired Nervous House wife

The Run-down Business Woman

The Exhausted Business Man

His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

just come to light in this city, and is exciting the interest and curiosity of people who have known the parties intimately connected with it. Many years ago Jonas Huntington, a brother of the late Eben Huntington, formerly a wealthy pork-packer of Cincinnati, went to India, presumably to seek his fortune. A few years later it was reported that he was dead, and, as time went on and nothing more was heard either from or of him, the report was credited by his relatives. A few months ago, a prominent lawyer of this place received a package of legal papers from a brother lawyer of London, England, and upon examining them, was astonished to learn that Jonas Huntington did not die in India, as reported, but lived to carry on a prosperous business as a dealer in ivory, for many years. Last year, about this time, he arrived in London, with all his fortune. He was on his way home, to visit his relatives, and to choose his heir, as he had no family of his own. But he was suddenly taken ill just when he expected to sail, and was told that he had not long to live, whereupon he at once made his will, naming Miss Violet Huntington, the younger daughter of his brother, Eben, as his heir, and directing that an old friend, Ralph Middleton, if he were still living, and practicing law, should be the administrator of his estate, which is said to consist chiefly in bonds and legitimate stock to a very large amount.

"Now comes the perplexing and romantic part of the story. Miss Violet Huntington is dead, having been accidentally drowned at Mentone, more than a year ago, and just on the eve of her marriage with an English earl. Her only living relative is Mrs. Wilhelm Mencke, recently a resident of Cincinnati; but the Menckes, who were so unfortunate as to lose all their property soon after the death of Miss Huntington, have disappeared, no one can tell whither, and cannot be found, although they have long been advertised for; consequently there is no one to claim this large fortune left by Jonas Huntington, and the estimable lawyer who has it in charge is considerably puzzled to know what to do with it."

TO BE CONTINUED.



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He who invades the strong shows a courage which does something to redeem his violence; but to tread on the neck of a helpless, friendless fellow creature is to add meanness to wrong.
—*Channing.*



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Send name and address for 18 of the most beautiful *Good Luck Calendars* and *Art Scenes*, in colors. They sell for 15 cts. and 20 cts. like lemonade at a circus. When sold, send us $1.75 and keep balance, or select wonderful premium from our large list of watches, cameras, etc.
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Look At Me!



I Have Curly Hair

I'm All Dressed Up!

I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll in Toyland and You Can Have Me **FREE!**

YES, this beautiful, **curly-haired** doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she **looks** in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot high.** She has a **strong, durable, stuffed body,** and an indestructible head. You can make **her stand up, sit down in a chair** and assume all sorts of **natural positions.** Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the **catest** and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her **and take her out to play.** Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free,** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 9502.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Girls! Be In Style—Wear A "Victory" Necklace!

The Newest Fad! **The Latest Hit!**



32 Inches Long **Blue And Coral**

SHOW the folks in your town that you are right up-to-the-minute in style by wearing a "Victory" necklace. Thousands of women and girls in the big cities are wearing them—the craze is spreading over the entire country.

It is 32 inches long—a combination of chain and beads. The chain is silver-bright, cable links, with strong spring fastener as shown in illustration. The beads are large, perfectly round with a dainty ornament in filigree where the chain joins, and comes in two different colors—blue and coral. Please be sure to state color desired when ordering.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a "Victory" Necklace free by parcel post prepaid. Please mention color wanted. **Premium No. 9292.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

FREE



GRAY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS NATURAL COLOR

Not an experiment but an absolute success. **Rhodes' Hair Rejuvenator** will positively restore gray and faded hair to its original color, youthful beauty and rich lustre. It is a scalp and hair food that relieves dandruff, and all scalp humors. Nourishes the roots of the hair and makes it grow luxuriantly. Harmless and undetectable. It is not a dye and will not stain the skin or linen. It relieves itching and sore scalps.

MAKES HAIR GROW

Let us convince you. Send 5 cents in postage for free trial bottle, book on the Care of the Hair, etc. Large bottle by parcel post $1.00. Address the hair and scalp specialists.

A. T. RHODES & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

Instant Bunion Relief
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my **"Fairyfoot"** treatment **Free.** I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send it to you absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and **"Fairyfoot"** will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.

FOOT REMEDY CO.
3661 Ogden Av., Dep. 31, Chicago

The Quick Way to Stop a Cough

This home-made syrup does the work in a hurry. Easily prepared, and saves about $2.

You might be surprised to know that the best thing you can use for a severe cough, is a remedy which is easily prepared at home in just a few moments. It's cheap, but for prompt results it beats anything else you ever tried. Usually stops the ordinary cough or chest cold in 24 hours. Tastes pleasant, too—children like it—and it is pure and good.

Pour 2½ ounces of Pinex in a pint bottle; then fill it up with plain granulated sugar syrup. Or use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup, if desired. Thus you make a full pint—a family supply—but costing no more than a small bottle of ready-made cough syrup.

And as a cough medicine, there is really nothing better to be had at any price. It goes right to the spot and gives quick, lasting relief. It promptly heals the inflamed membranes that line the throat and air passages, stops the annoying throat tickle, loosens the phlegm, and soon your cough stops entirely. Splendid for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of Norway pine extract, famous for its healing effect on the membranes.

To avoid disappointment ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

MADE-TO-MEASURE 2.95

Express or Postage Prepaid

Guaranteed for 2 years solid wear or your money cheerfully refunded. These pants are a "Wonder-Value" worth $6.50 sent to you for $2.95 as a sample of fine tailoring.

AGENTS WANTED

EARN $50.00 a week in your spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for our

BIG FREE OUTFIT

with dozens of the newest styles and attractive woolen samples to choose from. Everything sent FREE.

WASHINGTON TAILORING CO.
Dept. 1101 Chicago, Illinois

Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION 25 CENTS

6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

Indoor Toilet
Convenient – Sanitary

The Comfort Closet for Homes, Factories, Stores, etc. A comfortable, sanitary, indoor toilet entirely protected from cold, stormy weather.

Invaluable for Women
and children in winter. Easily installed in any room. Easily cleaned. Plumbing unnecessary. Only closet with porcelain container.

Entirely Odorless
Scientifically ventilated. Contents dissolved by chemicals and easily disposed of. Approved by U. S. Health Bureau and Boards of Health. **30 DAYS FREE TRIAL.** Booklet FREE. Agents make $60 to $100 Weekly. Exclusive territory.
Comfort Chemical Closet Co., 1141 Factories Bldg., Toledo, O

FREE

GOLD SIGNET RING GUARANTEED 5 YEARS

All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25 cts. Needed in every household. Sells easily. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 6 pieces are yours.

U. S. SUPPLY CO., Box 329, Greenville, Pa.

HANDSOME CLUSTER RING, FREE.
Gold filled, warranted 3 years. Set with one large Doublet and two Brilliants. To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains, send 20 cts. for a year's subscription and this Ring, your size, will be sent FREE, postpaid.
M. McPherson, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. C-DF, New York.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

L. B. L., Sweetwater, Tenn.—Yours is but one of the many inquiries this department receives from COMFORT readers who would like to get into the "movies." For your benefit and that of others, we state that the matter of becoming even a very minor artist of the screen presupposes some dramatic experience and ability. It is a requisite that the applicant have a face which will photograph or "register" well, and which may conform to some certain type. There are people who have faces which from some trick of feature or expression are totally unfit for screen use, and such persons could not be of value in any moving picture studio even though they had great dramatic ability. In fact it generally requires a test before the camera to find out if any particular person is of a type which registers effectively in the celluloid drama or comedy. The eyes, their color, size and expression, are of much importance. You would gain nothing—probably not even a reply—by writing to the great moving picture directors and managers. The only thing to do, if you are serious in your "movie" ambition, would be to apply in person to some of the big studios in either New York City or California and see if you could obtain employment in a supernumerary capacity. Hundreds of "extras" or "supes" are employed in big productions where crowds, mobs, soldiers, etc., are required to appear in large masses. Employment in this way, which is not always difficult to secure and not badly paid, would give you a chance to see if you are fitted for the work, and the acquaintance which you would gain with conditions and opportunities in the profession would enable you to mount higher if you really have the ability and the required screen qualities.

E. C. B., South Haven, Mich.—Send your inquiry to the Hon. J. A. Calder, Minister of Immigration and Colonization, Ottawa, Canada, for full information as to homestead lands and laws in Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan, Canada.

MRS. W. M. C., South Haven, Mich.—See above answer to E. C. B., South Haven, Mich.

MRS. J. D., Lafferty, O.—If this girl's father is an American citizen, there would be no difficulty concerning her return to this country from Europe where she now is. It would be well to supply her with a copy of her birth certificate to bring with her. This would avoid any delay with the immigration authorities.

L. P., Iola, Kans.—There is no "government patent attorney." There is, however, a U. S. Patent Office, which can be addressed at Washington, D. C., and from where you may obtain information concerning securing a patent.

M. M. J., New York.—Most certainly if any composer furnished music for a song poem he would expect to be paid for his work. The price paid such composer would depend upon the length of the song and the reputation of the musician. Ordinarily it would range from ten to a hundred dollars. Also royalty arrangements are often demanded and made. Any song poem should be typewritten and submitted directly by the author to the publisher. Should any publisher purchase verses from you that were afterward made into a song, your name would appear upon the title page of the composition, together with that of the composer. If you arranged to sell the poem outright, it is doubtful if the publisher would agree to any royalty as extra compensation, although this is done in the case of well-known authors of particularly desirable compositions. This department could not furnish you with the name of any individual composer who might care to collaborate with you. You might get in touch with such persons by placing an advertisement in the columns of one of the periodicals which are read by musicians.

F. A. O., Evansville, Ind.—We are unfamiliar with the tax laws of your particular state, but in the majority of states and cities bank deposits are classed as personal property and may be so taxed. If your question concerning taxation on municipal and corporation bonds refers to the new conditions established by the Federal Income Tax law, we answer that you will find all rulings and exemptions stated on the blank forms which you can obtain from the Internal Revenue Collector for your district. They are too long and complex for us to list them here.

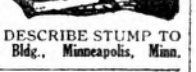
T. L., Glen Allen, Ala.—We have no knowledge of any institution founded to educate tuberculous persons, although many states and municipalities maintain free sanitoriums for the care of those afflicted with tuberculosis. We advise you to make inquiry of your local physician or that you write to the Department of Charities of your state.

F. P., Beuld, Ill.—Cowboys are a dwindling race in the West, and this being so, you can imagine that there is but little demand for "cowgirls" as an occupation to be followed by your sex. We feel quite sure that your state of Illinois can offer you no opportunities as a corraler of cows, although we are sure that there are plenty of girls driving automobiles and farm tractors about the roads of your justly famous agricultural state. Why not restrict your ambition to that of becoming a "chauffeurette?"

MRS. B. E. M., Yarmouth, Me.—You should be able to obtain some particulars regarding the death of your brother from the one who was in command of his company at the time of his death. If you do not know this, you will perhaps get some result by starting an inquiry through the Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C. State your brother's company, regiment and division exactly as you gave them to this department. Also the date of his death and the date you received notification. Ask to be informed, if possible, of the name and address of your brother's company commander.

R. R. S., Green Forest, Ark.—Pumpkins may be successfully canned by cutting into small pieces, removing the rind and boiling until soft enough to put through a rather fine colander. Let as much liquid as possible drain off the pumpkin, then reheat until scalding hot, using care not to burn. Place in carefully sterilized glass cans and keep in a dark, cool cellar. Add no salt spice nor sugar to the pumpkin. These may be added when cans are opened for use. (2) We cannot tell you where you can obtain the words of "My Mother's Prayer," a poem by W. S. Wheeden. Perhaps some COMFORT reader can aid.

Automatic Fiber Limbs



Easy Payments — Do Nature's Work.
AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
WORMAN CO., 307 Andrus Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



FREE WATCH 5 year guarantee
Fine stem wind and set watch. Just sell 12 boxes 53 Mentho-Nova Salve at 25c (great for corns, burns, etc.) Order to-day. Hundreds of other premiums FREE.
U. S. SUPPLY CO. Box 603, Greenville, Pa.

NUTS

We buy New Pecans. Send Samples stating quantity and price to
H. J. BERENDES PECAN CO.
101-102 S. Fourth St., Evansville, Ind.

Guaranteed 5 years



SENT PREPAID.

American movement, stem wind and set watch, fancy design back, wonderful timekeeper, for selling 20 large, colored pictures or 20 packages post cards at 15c ea. Order your choice.

FREE

GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 525 CHICAGO

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO ANY FAMILY

I will send anyone anywhere one free Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin—What is Your Address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need my Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.

YES. I TAKE MY OWN MEDICINE!

I know what old people suffer with their bowels for I have been a family physician in my county since 1875, and I am old myself, past 80 years of age; born 1839, and still strong. I don't know of a remedy that is better for old people than my Syrup Pepsin, and I'll tell you why: It is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe, and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. I know this by using it myself, by prescribing it since 1875 and by manufacturing it since 1892. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

WHO NEEDS SYRUP PEPSIN

I want to send a free trial bottle of my Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness, and the many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way write for them.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL
"As I Am Today"

SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

In spite of the fact that my Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every store in the U. S., I want you to become acquainted with it at my expense, and then, if you find it as I claim, buy it of your nearest dealer. Just now send me your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself, by filling out the coupon below, by postal or letter. I have given many thousands of these bottles away and I know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Address me today.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell,
553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.
I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. **Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.**

Your name.....

St. or R. F. D. .....

Town and State.....



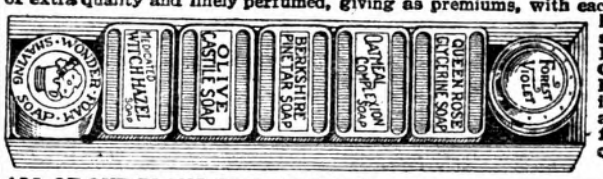
MAGNIFICENT DINNER SET FREE.

The Most Gigantic Offer Of The Century.
You Need No Money. We Trust You. We Pay Freight.

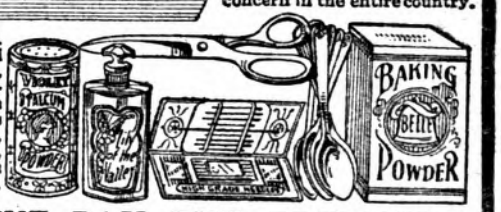
To gain a wider distribution for our strictly pure, first quality groceries and family supplies, we now offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, a magnificently embossed, artistically floral decorated, full size

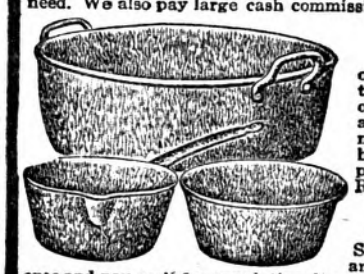
46-PC. DINNER SET for sale of 11 BOXES OF SOAP

of extra quality and finely perfumed, giving as premiums, with each box of 7 large cakes, Baking Powder, Perfume, Talcum Powder, Teaspoons, Shears and Needles (as per Plan 2351) here illustrated. QUALITY as well as QUANTITY are in this offer, as we buy in such large lots that we can afford to give more good goods for less money than any other concern in the entire country.



ALL OF OUR PLANS SELL AT SIGHT. One pleased customer brings another and with our other Offers of Household Supplies, Groceries, Toilet Articles, Notions and Jewelry, you will get duplicate orders and earn some of our many useful premiums such as Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Linen Sets, Lamps, Clocks, Silverware, Furniture, Graniteware, Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel, or anything you need. We also pay large cash commissions.





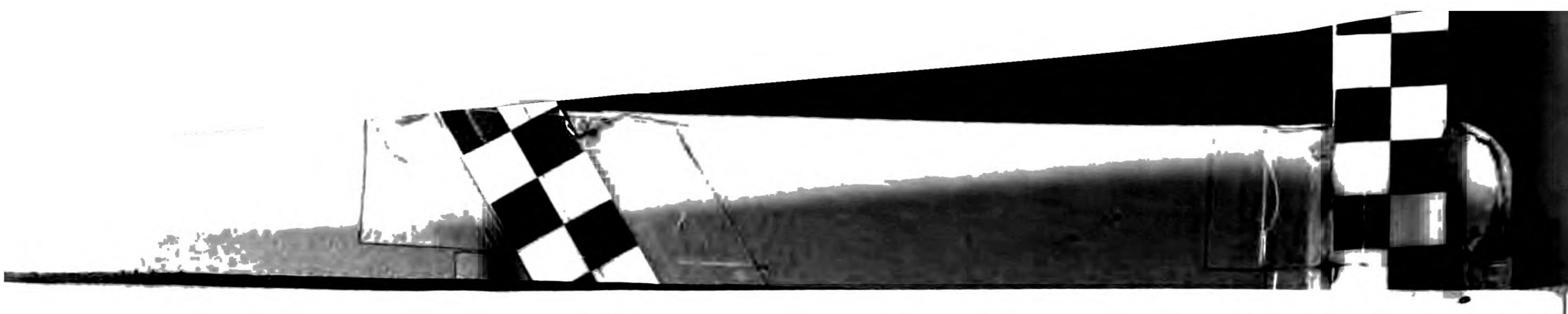
WE PAY THE FREIGHT

on Soap, Dinner Set and Premiums, allowing you plenty of time to examine, deliver and collect before paying us. Write at once for **FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT** and other things. If, after receiving them, you decide not to get up an order, you may keep everything we send you FREE of charge for the trouble of answering this advertisement. No license needed. We protect you. Our methods are honest. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reference: First National Bank, Provident Bank, Postmaster.

SPECIAL FREE PRESENT.

We give a 3-Pc. High-Grade Granite 10-qt. Dish Pan, 3-qt. Sauce Pan and 3-qt. Pudding Pan, FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. We also give Beautiful Presents and pay cash for appointing Agents to work for us. You advance no money. You have nothing to risk. Remember, the SPECIAL PRESENT AND SAMPLE OUTFIT are both absolutely free. A stamp or postal card is your only expense. Established 1897. WRITE TODAY. DON'T DELAY.

THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 422 PEARL ST., CINCINNATI, O.





The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MISS E. L. G., Olpe, Kansas.—Dryness of the feet and hands, in the main, is due to some lack of innervation of the parts. The salve and glycerine that you have been employing is injurious and contraindicated in every way. Use instead a cold spray to the spine, wear stockings with a silk bottom, massage the feet and take five drops of nux vomica tincture after meals.

MRS. A. J., Gannett, Idaho.—A cold douche to the spine, with the feet in hot water at the time of douche, will do much to relieve the numbness of the leg. Add to this massage of the back and leg.

MRS. W. G. B., Cold Springs, N. C.—Have a bunion-shoe made to order. The arch support will do no good. Apply at night to the bunion an ointment of ichthyol, twenty per cent in strength.

MRS. M. M. J., N. Y.—Your gain in weight, no doubt, is due to proper food and not to the medicine mentioned. As to question about cancer, the answer is—no. Fibroid tumors may return in another part after removal, but this is not the rule—they are benign growths. Indigestion can be cured after the cause is ascertained. Try American oil, in teaspoonful doses, with your meals, and see that your bowels are free and regular.

MISS B. I. S., Rockford, N. C.—Go to any large city, as New York, and you can be treated successfully for the removal of hairs. Done with care, and skillfully, there is no irritation or scar left after removal.

MRS. J. H., Binghampton, N. Y.—For your husband's persistent cough, have him stop smoking at once, and have him spray and gargle the throat with Dobell's solution.

MRS. A. G. P., Tappan, N. Y.—Try one teaspoonful of Jamaica dogwood, in water, after meals, for the painful menstration. For the dandruff, use a two per cent solution of resorcin, in water, to which a small amount of grain alcohol has been added.

MRS. W. S., Ruddle, West Va.—Try glycerine or soap suppositories at bedtime for the constipation. Also give the baby teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia three times a day.

R. S., Curtice, Ohio.—Have your doctor remove them by using the actual cautery.

R. S. K., St. Louis, Mo.—Remove the blackheads with the comedone extractor, and apply at night lotio alba, referred to, in COMFORT so often. This lotion can be obtained from your local druggist.

MRS. A. J., Soldiers Grove, Wis.—For your itching dandruff and falling hair, fill the hair with raw linseed oil at night; wash out with a tar soap the following morning, and apply to the scalp a two per cent solution of resorcin. Repeat the resorcin every three days.

MISS A. H., Murray Cross, Ala.—Ichthyol ointment in any strength can be obtained at any reliable drug store. We do not send medicines to any one.

MISS G. K., Memphis, Mo.—You are probably somewhat neurotic. Besides, you have the ear trouble and the lump in the breast. Both should be operated on, and at once. Lumps in a woman's breast are always dangerous; and an operation is indicated. If, as you say, you can live on one meal a day and be more comfortable than by eating more, do so, and let that meal suffice. You might also take three assafœtida pills a day, five grains in strength.

MRS. C. H., Monument, Oregon.—Epilepsy, or petit mal, is, in our judgment, incurable. At best it can only be temporized with and the attacks possibly made to occur less frequently. One of the most important things to look after in a case of this kind is the diet. It should be simple, almost free from meat or nitrogenous foods, also sweets should be avoided in any form. Water should be drunk freely, and the bowels be moved at least two or three times a day. As to the treatment, bromides are indicated. Elixir of the four bromides is a good remedy. This and all medication should be carried on only under the advice and care of the local physician.

B. B., Fulton, Ala.—Try Basham's mixture in tablespoonful doses after meals for your run-down condition caused by over-work. This will build you up and no doubt remove your back pains and, in general, help you.

MRS. E. D. P., Three Lakes, Wash.—Give her compound cascara sagrada mixture, three times a day, or often enough to give her a good movement of the bowels. This remedy can be obtained at any drug store.

MISS L. C., Jacksonville, Ala.—For your itching and painful lids, bathe the eyes daily in boric acid solution. One teaspoonful boric acid to the pint of water. Apply at night, to the lids, a little yellow oxide of mercury ointment—one per cent in strength.

MRS. W. R., Yucanville, Ohio.—Try, for the extra weight, the remedies we have so often published in COMFORT. A quart of skim milk in divided doses as follows: One glass in the morning, one at noon, one at four o'clock and the last glass at night. Use this diet on alternate days, and, on the other days, live on a non-starchy diet. Avoid sweets of all kinds. Dandruff can be cured by using resorcin in alcohol and water. Use two per cent of resorcin in this solution. Electric needle is the only remedy for superfluous hair. Freckles can be removed by applying a solution of bichloride of mercury to the parts. Both of the above remedies must be applied and prescribed by your local doctor. There are several effective corn remedies on the market.

MISS F. VAMP, Tiffin, Ohio.—American oil and all similar oils come from oil wells. They are reliable and safe to be taken at any and all times. Pure olive oil can, no doubt, be gotten at any wholesale grocery house. Best oil of this nature comes from Italy.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

I do not waste any more paper and ink than is necessary, but I was squatted by my desk, trying to decipher just when it was that I had dropped into the sisters' quarters and what I had said about their "Uncle" at 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, and was about to write severe words to the mailing department of COMFORT, asking them to have Uncle Samuel bring me the October number immediately when the landlady appeared at my room with two copies in separate wrappers and eight seconds later I was wading through the voluminous pages and in forty seconds more found my name in the "Corner" where the sisters meet; and there set up in type was a letter I had written to COMFORT'S Editor.

One thousand is rather a small number of the COMFORT readers but if that many will promise ten dollars each toward Uncle Charlie's Home Fund I will be the odd fellow and also give ten dollars and will pay same on demand at any time, any day of the week and at any hour of the day. Everybody but the baby knows that there are eleven thousand, eleven hundred and eleven listed among the subscribers who could give ten dollars each and forget it in two weeks. Selah.

Furthermore, if it can be done legally or otherwise honorably to affix a ten-cent war tax upon every subscriber then I will give the first or last dime according to order.

A cousin of the weatherman says there are no slackers among the COMFORT subscribers but all of them have not learned the lesson in the parable of the ten guests who "slumbered and slept."

MACDONALD.

Mr. Macdonald.—Now aren't you glad you started something? Just look at all the dimes, quarters, dollars and even five dollars, you (and Verne Ellis) were instrumental in bringing to Uncle Charlie. Come again.—Ed.

VIRGINIA.

DEAR SISTERS:

Third time is out, they say. This is the third time I've rapped. I do believe I hear someone coming. Yes, it is surely Mrs. Wilkinson. Good morning, dear. I will sit by Nelle Fischer if she doesn't mind. Isn't it a blessed privilege to air our views through this blessed corner?

Criss, I certainly enjoyed your letter. Come again.

Thanks, Jude, for the compliment to Bachelor Bill. It may have taken some of the conceit out of him but nearly all of us are conceited one way or another.

I'll bet you are getting curious as to my looks so I'll enlighten you. Five feet, four, blue-grey eyes, medium complexion, brown hair, and age—between sixteen and twenty-two. Am another one cut out for an old maid, but I should worry.

I am sending a little poem which I think is very pretty.

It's Sunshine and Music

"A laugh is just like sunshine,
It freshens all the day,
It tips the peak of life with light
And drives the clouds away;
The soul grows glad that hears it,
And feels its courage strong—
A laugh is just like sunshine
For cheering folks along.

"A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart,
And where its melody is heard
The ills of life depart;
And happy thoughts come crowding
Its joyful notes to greet—
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet."

(Author Unknown.)

Isn't that true, sisters? We should try to make happy those that are unfortunate. Give them a smile or a cheery word and see the difference it makes. We should cultivate a happy, smiling disposition.

I agree with the sisters about naming farms. Here are some I like: Pine Grove, Forest Dale, Lakeview, Rocky Branch, Greencastle, Verbena and Silver Dale.

With best wishes to one and all,

A COMFORT Friend, SADIE E. W. P.

SOMEWHERE IN INDIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON, SISTER'N AND BRETHERN:

Seeing how numerous the old maids and bachelors are becoming in our corner has encouraged me to brace up and seek to gain admittance, something I never expected to have courage enough to attempt.

I am an ancient spinster of thirty-two and while I'm not exactly tickled over it no one need waste any sympathy on me for I really do not need it. In fact, I'm rather proud that I've reached such a ripe old age without coming to some worse end than spinsterhood.

We live in the fertile river valley of the good old Hoosier State, where 'most anything can be grown, but wheat, corn and timothy are the three great crops. Land sells for around $200 per acre but it is very hard to buy as it is continually increasing in value and the owners do not like to give it up. I am all the "women folks" in our family and have been the housekeeper for ten years. I do not know what it is to be lonely as I always have more work planned than I can ever accomplish. I do a great deal of church work and while the war was on our Uncle Sam kept me rather busy. Then there's always the neighbors to help—and I do have the loveliest neighbors.

Have lived in the country all my life and, of course, think it *the* life, and yet there are times—for instance, last harvest when I had been cooking for threshers for a week and had another supper yet on my hands, and it was ninety in the shade, and the perspiration was determined to drip off my long nose into the noodles, and my little flivver stood lone and lorn in the shed with a flat tire and dirt streaks up its back—and then the town people, their day's work done, began passing in their shining cars, going down to the river to spend the evening on or in the water—well, then I might have exchanged places.

Aren't the letters interesting? And I like the babies' pictures, especially the twins and triplets! And how Bachelor Bill's ears must burn. Now I rather enjoyed his letters and I know he doesn't hate us. And wasn't Sweet Sixteen just a wee bit catty? Dear child, there are worse fates than to be an old maid though perhaps I didn't think so when I was sixteen.

Mrs. Wilkinson, dear. I know you'll never print this letter and I shan't blame you one bit. On the contrary, I haven't the least doubt but that I shall feel relieved if you don't for though I've written for publication half my life I never see anything of mine in print without an awful "sneaky" feeling, just as I felt in a horrible dream the other night. I dreamed that I went to church and on arriving there found I was clothed only in my "nightie."

With love to everybody, I will sign myself,

CONTRARY MARY.

Contrary Mary.—Do you feel that way, too? Here's a secret: I never read any of my comments without thinking, "Wasn't that a fool thing to say? Why don't you say something that is clever and will help someone?" But my scoldings are all in vain.—Ed.

CAROLINA.

BON JOUR:

How many of the sisters like to read? I find great pleasure in it. I think good books are written for a purpose. Example: "The Scarlet Letter," by Hawthorne, shows that the consequences of sin cannot be escaped and that many lives are influenced by one wrong deed. Take the poem, "The Rainy Day," by Longfellow; it develops in us the qualities of patience, resignation and hopefulness. All our days cannot be golden. Some must be dark and dreary. If you do not care as much for poetry, read "Martha-by-the-Day," by Lippman, and "The Amazing Adventures of Letitia Carberry," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Both are fine to drive the blues away if you ever get 'em. Martha and Letitia are such good-natured characters that you'll fall in love with them.

Wouldn't it be grand to have a stack of good, clean books, and interesting magazines? And supposing that stack were in a cozy room with a wood fire. Who

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

SECRET OF WOMAN'S SUCCESS



How You Can Have a Winning Personality

IF YOU WISH

SO many imagine that *charm* is a rare gift accorded by the fairies at birth. If the gay sprites have put their mark of favor upon you, you are singularly fortunate, but if they passed you by you are just plain unlucky, and there is nothing you can do about it. This is wrong, so wrong. The secret of charm, of a winning personality, of a presence which draws others to you as the magnet draws the needle, can be gained by any woman who truly wishes it.

WHY I KNOW

I make this statement confidently, for I know whereof I speak. During my years, both here in America and abroad, I had boundless opportunity to study intimately women in all walks of life, women of high and low degree, the grande dame, wrapped in priceless furs, motoring in the Bois du Boulogne, and the *chic* little milliner from the specialty shop on the Rue de la Paix. **So many wonderful things have come out of France** that it is scarcely surprising that her women have the ability to enwrap life and those about them with a rose-colored glow which is one of the many secrets of the **French woman's irresistible attraction.**

THE MAGIC WAND

If you had the ability to remake yourself, if you could wave a wand and be just what you have always dreamed, would you do it? I am sure you would. Now, I have this wand, this magic stick which has so often transformed the ugliest duckling into a beautiful swan. I may be the Fairy Godmother to your dearest dreams. Possibly it is some trifling habit that stands in the way of your having a truly winning personality. If you only put the proper rules into use you should improve amazingly.

You no longer need to envy other women. You have it in your power to obtain admiration, to command attention, to become winsome—to succeed in your aims.

HOW TO HOLD THE INTEREST OF MEN



Juliette Fara

For all they are so confident and masterful, men are "only boys grown tall." They are not so hard to please—if you know how! Often you will hear someone ask: "What do big men see in those tiny fluffy women?" The tiny fluffy women have, possibly, the gift of adaptability. They know how to fit into a man's moods—to hearten him when he is down, to charm him when he is glum.

THE FRENCH WOMAN'S ALLURE

This ability is native born with most French girls and is another of their secrets of attraction. What they have done and do is possible for you, also. It does not require any great skill or expense. It takes only two things—the desire to accomplish plus understanding. The desire to accomplish must come from you. The understanding I can give you, if you will let me.

HOW TO WIN

You should adopt some of these secrets of the French women. They are easily acquired. Remember, I refer to winsome ways which the most modest and respectable person may use. And I am sure this includes you, dear reader.

I WANT SO MUCH TO HELP

After coming back from abroad I decided that, beyond everything else, I wanted to see the American girl wear a world-wide crown as "The Girl with Super-Charm." So I collected all the data, methods and experiences I had obtained in France to put at your disposal. I wanted every American woman and American girl to share with me the secrets of fascination.



ADORABLE VIRGINIA PEARSON

What an artist she is! How she keeps you spell-bound with eyes, lips, gesture and pose,—while in private life she is known as one of the most lovable and loyal of women.

Next time you see her watch how she uses just those secrets which Juliette Fara would like to share with you. Read what this charming film star has to say.

"Success in life is due largely to personality. A girl who ordinarily might be unnoticed—I mean the commonplace sort of girl—should be able to take Juliette Fara's course "Winning Personality for Women," and become a shining light in whatever sphere she is best adapted. It is really astonishing how many secrets of personality are to be found in this Course."

(Signed) VIRGINIA PEARSON.

YOU CAN BE ATTRACTIVE

It is not necessary to be a great beauty or to possess a brilliant mind or to wear stunning clothes to have this power of fascination. How many times in your own experience have you watched a really homely woman, surrounded by men, the very center of attention? How many times have you seen a self-made girl, one who has perhaps only **just** managed to finish grammar school, the most feted and courted girl of your acquaintance? Can't you recall the first time you saw Emily Deane, who, apparently without effort, became engaged to the most eligible young man in town? **You looked at her and remarked cuttingly: "Why, she hasn't even clothes.** She's only a plain little thing! How did she get him?"

Oh, yes! Emily was a plain little thing; she wore a skirt that was shiny, but she had that something which is greater than beauty, or brains or clothes. She had the charm of an attractive personality.

CULTIVATE WINSOMENESS

So often I have seen possibilities in some woman, some young girl, that needed only a hint to bring out all the best qualities in her. Dozens of times I have felt like going up to some woman and saying: "I know a secret which will completely change your whole life! Will you let me tell it to you?" But I couldn't very well so accost a stranger, could I?

But, oh! I do so want to share my knowledge with the hosts of eager-eyed girls and women in this America that I love. I want to let you profit by my experience. I know it will benefit you and make you happier and more alive, as well as markedly successful.

THE VALUE OF PERSONALITY

I have been astounded at the difference in outlook, in opportunity, that the absence of personality makes in the lives of those who, lacking this one necessary attribute, really lack everything. I have made an exhaustive study of this subject—in railway carriages, on board ship, in the dining-rooms of the great hotels, not only in England and on the Continent, but right here in our own America. I know that there are hundreds of women who need certain private information to change from wall flowers and failures to popularity and success.

OVERCOME YOUR IMPERFECTIONS

If you are shy and bashful I can show you how to overcome these failings.

If you are aggressive and brusque I can show you how to tone down so that you will attract where heretofore you have repelled. If you are vain, or boisterous, or one of those who, without earning it, demand that you be the center of attention, I can give you a friendly, helping hand, so that you will be sought after rather than snubbed.

A BOOK FREE TO YOU

I have put some of my secrets into a little book called **"How"** that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send without delay for this free book **"How."** I know that you want to possess happiness and contentment and gain all those good things of life which come to you as the result of having a winning personality. **"How"** will show you the way.

Juliette Fara



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Simply cut out this coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to us, with your name and address written very plainly, and we will send you Madame Juliette Fara's little book entitled, "How." Address,

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Special Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 9242.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

would stop to eat? Not Mrs. Wilkinson, I'll bet. Neither would I.

What is your favorite hymn? I have so many I can't tell which one in particular but one is "Nearer My God to Thee."

Now for a joke. Here's a good one. Can you beat it?

Tom.—"They say them German guns carry twenty miles."

Terry.—"That's nothin', our big 'uns simply ask, 'Wot address?'"

Bon Soir, SUNSHINE.

Sunshine.—"Goodnatured" may be the word to use in describing "Tish" but I'd say that "strong-minded was better. Martha is a dear and a most lovable character. We always need something to laugh about so why wouldn't it be a good idea for all the sisters, or those humorously inclined, to send in a funny joke—the joke that makes you laugh every time you think of it. Want to? —Ed.

BATTLEFIELD, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Since I was knee high to a grasshopper I have read good old COMFORT, from cover to cover and then I read the covers. After that I read most of it over again. Nothing escapes me that is printed in COMFORT. Last week my oldest son came from the mail box and said, "Mamma, be sure to renew for COMFORT, our time's out. Let's not miss any." The whole family told me the same thing so I am sending the renewal price under separate cover and am making my first attempt to enter the enchanted circle called COMFORT'S Sisters' Corner. If this passes censor I would be pleased to see it printed—for—

You say my time for COMFORT'S out,
And oh, my lawsy daisy!
It will not do to have it stop,
The family would go crazy.
For Cubby Bear suits little Joe,
The poetry for Fannie,
Uncle Charlie, Lewis loves,
The Veterinary, Danny.
Edward hunts up Traps and Thrills—
And Papa reads the stories;
Then Mamma gets the paper down
And in the letters glories.
Then Talks with Girls and Beauty Hints
At once catch Ersha's eye,
Manners and Looks and Farmers' page
Lester and Orville spy.
Auto Hints and Engine Helps
Is what the men desire;
Is there a recipe for pie to eat?
We now hear Ruth inquire.
Poultry Farming we all like
And think the pictures dandy,
While all the book, from front to back,
Is every bit as handy.
I've read the paper ever since
I was a little girlie,
And now my children watch for it,
And read it late and early.
Please count my sub in on a chair
For someone who'd enjoy it,
I cannot think of any place
I could as well employ it.
Would like to see this rhyme in print,
It is the first I've written,
The letters all are each so fine,
I doubt if this is "fitten."
But when you wrote, "Your paper's out,"
Oh my, lawsy daisy!
Every person on the place
Came 'bout nigh runnin' crazy.
And so I'm sending in the price
Of another year's subscription,
I think this news will strengthen them
Without an M. D.'s prescription.

—A. M. G.

WISCONSIN.

JASPER, ALA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have read COMFORT only one year but have learned to like the Sisters' Corner very much.

I am five feet, six inches tall and have dark hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion. Am 26 years old and weigh 120 pounds.

My husband is a carpenter and we have only land enough for a garden and sweet potato patch. We keep fifty chickens.



CHESTER AND LESTER ELLIS.

I am the mother of five children. Lish, aged seven, is in the Deaf and Dumb School at Talladega, Ala. Ruth is five. Marlin died when he was one year old. Chester and Lester are the twins and I am sending their photograph which I would like to see in COMFORT. They are nineteen months old, though only one year old when this photograph was taken.

With best wishes to all COMFORT readers,

MRS. LETTIE ELLIS.

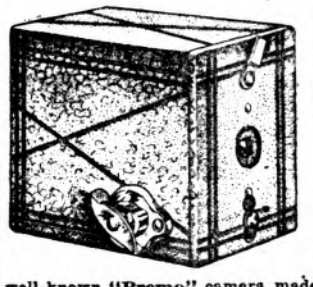
BUTLER, PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am a constant reader of COMFORT and enjoy it very much, and like other readers I would like to ask

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

slightest indication of looseness of the bowels, remove the drinking water and replace with cold tea or rice water. It is a good precaution to feed boiled rice two or three times a week whilst the chicks are little, and if they develop any serious trouble, keep them under cover; or if with a hen, keep the hen shut in a brooder coop, for then she is much more likely to brood than if allowed to run alone.

Leg weakness rarely if ever develops if the chickens are properly fed. Green food and animal food must form part of their rations. There is a meat meal on the market which is very good if you can buy in small quantities, but it is not safe to buy a large bag which can't be used up in two or three weeks, so it is usual for the ordinary farm to depend on curd cheese and an occasional hard-boiled egg, chopped up fine without removing the shell. And as for green stuff, I don't think there is anything so good as young clover and the sprouts of young onions, of course chopped fine enough to be acceptable to little chicks. If you are where you can get beef's liver, it is the best of all animal food when about half boiled and chopped and fed in small quantities. If your birds have had any kind of animal feed from the start, it is quite safe; but if you suddenly commence feeding it after four or five weeks, you must go very carefully for some time, until they become accustomed to it. A rusty nail or two, or a few drops of tincture of iron in the drinking water is a good tonic, and it is advisable to use it if chickens commence to look pale around the bill, or droopy in any way.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

M. D.—Stronger chickens and better results are generally obtained by using two-year-old hens in the breeding pens. The best way to work up a flock of good layers is to select the earliest and heaviest layers from year-old stock, and allow them free range with good grain and vegetable food, but no extra stimulating rations, to force production of eggs during the second winter. In this way your two-year-old hens will be full of strength and vigor in the spring, when you want their eggs for hatching. But I don't think the trouble which you have been having during the last four years has been caused entirely by using pullets which have been forced for eggs during the winter as breeders. From your description of the spots on the livers of the chicks which you examined after death, I am inclined to think that you have got some hens in your flock which are slightly infected by the microbes which cause the disease of the liver which most frequently attacks turkeys and is commonly known as blackhead. Until the last few years it was generally supposed that the disease was confined entirely to turkeys, but now we know that all fowls are subject to attack, though they rarely show any outward symptoms, and the disease never gains very much headway with them, though the germs are spread broadcast through the agency of their droppings, and when picked up by young chickens or turkeys, enter the digestive organs with their food or drink, and an inflamed condition of the intestines causes rapid death among the young stock. The condition of the liver is caused by the blood carrying germs into the liver, when numerous centers of the disease appear, and show yellowish spots, which, when cut across, will be found to be irregularly-globular in shape. It is not positively known whether the germs of this disease are present in the eggs laid by the affected hens or turkeys, but there is no doubt that they are present on the shell, which collects the germs from the bird as the egg passes through the egg passage. It is for this reason that all eggs should be wiped with alcohol before being put under the hens or in incubators. The germs of the above diseases are apt to linger in incubators and brooders, and frequently originate in old hay, moldy ground or other waste matter. So, as a matter of prevention, incubators should be disinfected after each hatch, and brooders before each new set of chicks is put into them, and nesting material for setting hens should be clean, sweet hay. As you have a good flock of hens, it seems a pity to part with them, and really not necessary, if you will work along the lines of prevention. Thoroughly clean and disinfect all the houses at frequent intervals. Have the yards or ground where the hens are in the habit of congregating covered with fresh lime, which should be turned under after twenty-four hours. If it is possible to seed the ground, so much the better—it will sweeten it. Add a thimbleful of permanganate of potassium to every four quarts of drinking water until February. This will kill the germs which the hens may be carrying. For young chicks once attacked there is no cure, though giving them sour milk to drink from the time they are hatched is supposed to act as a preventive.

C. C.—The birds have *coccidiosi*, a disease produced by a very small form of animal life called *coccidia*, which are very widely distributed in nature, but with poultry the disease is nearly always the result of direct contagion. It may attack the digestive or the air tubes. In your flock the air tubes are evidently the seat of the disease, to judge from the condition you found in the windpipe. The best treatment is to put three grains of copperas, or 15 grains of catechu in every four quarts of drinking water. They should also have two doses, twenty-four hours apart, of castor oil. Give two tablespoonfuls of oil, mixed with six drops of oil of turpentine, as the *coccidia* may be present on eggs laid by infected fowls. It is well to be very careful at this season of the year about eggs for hatching. This form of contagion is very difficult to eradicate, so use very strong disinfectants on all the fixtures, drinking and other dishes, and remove and burn all scratching material. Burn the carcasses of all birds that die, or that you think it best to kill.

D. H. W.—You haven't given me sufficient information about the birds and their condition to form the slightest idea of what the trouble may be. If you will send me a fuller description, I shall be very glad to help you.

C. J.—This is a case of canker—a mildly contagious disease. Mix equal parts of pulverized camphor, boric acid, and subnitrate of bismuth. Blow into the bird's throat and nostrils with a straw or glass tube, using about one third of a teaspoonful each time.

D. L. W.—The turkeys have what is commonly called blackhead, a disease of the liver which has gained its common name from the fact that the turkey's head sometimes turns black, or rather dark purple. The disease once having a firm hold on birds, doctoring is of little use. The only really practical way to fight the disease is along the lines of prevention. Please read answer to M. D. in this issue. It will give you some ideas about how to safeguard your young birds during the coming season.

A. B. C.—I think the young birds must have been overcrowded, or the chicken house is damp and poorly ventilated. If the birds are crowded close together on the roost at night, they get overheated; especially in the fall, and chilled when they get off the roost in the morning. If you have glass windows in the house, take them out, and cover the openings with canvas, so that there is plenty of fresh air in the house. Drafts, damp and dirt, are chickens' worst enemies. As the symptoms you describe all belong to cold, and bowel trouble resulting from colds, birds which show no signs of illness would be all right for the table.

L. E. S.—Your late summer and fall chickens suffered from gapes, a disease which is caused by a small parasite worm which enters the bird's windpipe. It originates on the ground on which poultry has run for some time. Young chickens get infected by picking up and eating small earthworms which act as hosts to the parasites. Your spring chickens possibly escaped the trouble because they were kept more closely confined; besides which, in the early spring the weather is not warm and damp enough to encourage the development of the gapeworm. To safeguard this year's chicks please put your brood coops or brooders on fresh ground where poultry has not been in the habit of congregating, or, if that is not convenient, cover the old ground with fresh lime, and after twelve hours or so, have it plowed under, and sow to oats, rye or grass.

C. P. O.—There is a non-freezing drinking fountain on the market for which you have to use a lamp. But your birds will be just as well off if you will give them fresh warm water three times a day. I think turkeys do better when they roost in an open shed. Stop the use of any germ killer by the first of February. Read answer to M. D. in this issue. It will help you.

J. T.—The chickens must have got some poisonous material. Have you been using fertilizers or fresh lime on farm land, or is there any stagnant water about the place? Not knowing the exact cause of any of the surrounding conditions, I can only suggest that you give each bird a dose of castor oil as soon as you see any signs of sickness—about two tablespoonfuls for each bird.

H. A. M.—This is a case of vent gleet. The disease generally originates through an egg being broken in the egg bag, which causes inflammation, septic poisoning and finally develops vent gleet. From the hen the male bird becomes infected and spreads the disease through the flock. If you wish to doctor them, proceed in the following manner: Hold the bird's vent in hot water to which has been added some strong antiseptic. After fifteen or twenty minutes, wipe with a clean, soft rag and rub the vent all round with unguentine or mercury ointment. Be very careful to wash your hands in disinfectant after handling the birds, and burn all the rags used in drying.

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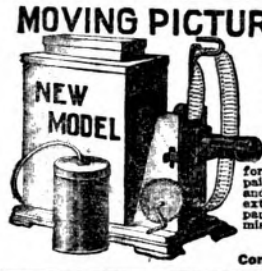
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Why suffer? **Dr. Kinsman's Asthma Remedy** gives instant relief. 25 years of success. 60c. at all druggists. Avoid all substitutes

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ASK FOR A-K TABLETS

15 EGGS A DAY FROM 23 HENS, IN WINTER

Mr. Duni's Hens Increased Every Day. Plan Is Easily Tried.

"We have 23 chickens and hadn't had an egg all winter. In five days after feeding Don Sung we got four to five eggs a day; in three weeks we were getting 10 to 12 eggs a day; in five weeks we got 15 to 19 eggs a day."—John Duni, Box 102, Cherry Valley, Pa.

Mr. Duni started giving his hens Don Sung in January, in zero weather. He now keeps his hens busy in cold weather, when hens usually stop laying. A trial costs nothing. Here's our offer:

Give your hens Don Sung and watch results for one month. If you don't find that it pays for itself and pays you a good profit besides simply tell us and your money will be promptly refunded.

Don Sung (Chinese for egg-laying) works directly on the egg-laying organs, and is also a splendid tonic. It is easily given in the feed, improves the hen's health, makes her stronger and more active in any weather, and starts her laying.

Try Don Sung for 30 days and if it doesn't get you the eggs, no matter how cold or wet the weather, your money will be refunded by return mail. Get Don Sung from your druggist or poultry remedy dealer or send 50 cents for a package by mail prepaid. Burrell-Dugger Co., 445 Columbia Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.



The Aches and Pains of Muscular Strains

AFTER this job come the after-effects — soreness and stiffness of muscles, exposure results — *rheumatic twinges, lumbago, sciatica.*

And then — Sloan's Liniment, with its prompt, soothing pain-and-ache-conquering relief, its known ability to put you in ship-shape for the day's work ahead.

Sloan's Liniment is the ever-ready, ever-effective, standard remedy of its kind. It leaves no stained skin, no plaster or ointment mussiness. *Penetrates without rubbing.* It goes further, acts quicker, relieves better. For 38 years it has been the favorite liniment of families everywhere.

Three sizes—35c, 70c, $1.40, the largest lasts longer and costs less. More than your money's worth, whatever the size.

Sloan's Liniment is always sold by DEALERS you know and can trust.

Sloan's Liniment The world's KEEP IT HANDY

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

a question of some of the COMFORT sisters and will return favor in any way I can.

I paint a little with oil paints and would like to know how to burn the china painted to keep paint from washing off. Can any of the readers tell me how. I would be very thankful for the information.

With best regards to all, MRS W. C. G.

Mrs. W. C. G.—Mindful of a resolution made some years ago, to do one good deed each day, I wended my way to the Public Library where I procured several books on china painting and spent part of an afternoon in an effort to learn something that would help you. I learned more than I ever knew about the subject before but space is too limited to take it up fully but it would seem that complete instructions would come with the kiln for, of course, you know that the colors are burned in. My hopes of a career as an artist were dashed to the ground years ago when a little girl, my youngest pupil, said, "Oh, lo-o-o-ok at the lo-o-o-ve-ly dandelions teacher made." The "lovely dandelions" in question being so natural (as I thought) looking chrysanthemums I had painted on her Thanksgiving booklet. Wasn't that enough to discourage anyone? I shall be glad to help in buying kiln or instruction books if you wish me to.—Ed.

STRUTHERS, 320 Bridge St., OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Have you room in your corner for a little "soldier" girl? I returned from France last fall where for eighteen months I drove a Red Cross ambulance.

It surely is great to be back in the land of Old Glory after having spent so many months at the battle front. I enlisted in the Motor Corps at Pittsburg over two years ago and spent four months in training school and then I came home one morning early to bid my dear mother and father good by—I had been ordered to France.

I won't go into detail about my voyage over, although I was very sick. I spent a few days in Paris before leaving for the front. I took an active part in several small battles. After the men had "gone over" the top" we drove up in the ambulances and picked up the wounded men and drove to the nearest field hospital. At times I have gone for three days and nights without closing my eyes. At night we were never allowed a light on our car. The reason for this was so an enemy airplane could not see us and send a shell down on us. At times when I was driving over the battlefield, shells have burst not two feet from my car and three times I had shells go through my car, but, thank God, I came home without a scratch.

And what wonderful work the Salvation Army lassies did for us. The K. of C. and Red Cross were very good to us also. If the people at home could have been "over there" as we were and seen what brave people they were, they would never need to solicit for the money would roll in by the handful and there would be no need of a "drive" for funds.

My dear sisters, I shall never forget the brave boys I have seen die. Many times I have closed their eyes and have written down their last words to send to loved ones back home. If you could have seen the German soldiers and have known what beasts they were you would say the war should never have ended until every German had been killed. My brother was killed in France and I am well and home now but if I thought I could avenge my brother's death by going back tomorrow I would go willingly.

MARJORIE A. SMITH.

Maid Marjorie.—You are a brave girl and we are glad to have you with us. Come again. There must be many more "soldier girls" among COMFORT's subscribers and letters from them would be gladly received.—Ed.

ASTORIA, 52 Ninth St., OREGON.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have, for a long time, been a reader of dear old COMFORT but have never written for I have always found the other letters more interesting than anything I could write, but now I want to ask a favor.

My sister lost her only son during the war and is anxious to hear from someone who was with him. As COMFORT visits so many thousand homes we thought some of the boys who were in his company might see this and write to us so we could learn the particulars of his death.

Corp. Fred E. Prosser, enlisted at Fowler, Cal., July 30, 1917, in the 34th Co., 1st Replacement Bat., U. S. Marines and sailed for France, Feb. 1, 1918. Was transferred to Co. L, 5th Regiment, on June 18, 1918, and was killed June 24, 1918, while operating a machine gun in Chateau Thierry. This was during the fighting in Belleau Woods.

Hoping to hear from someone, I am, sincerely,

MRS. J. A. SHAW.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)



FREE WATCH & RING This handsome stem wind & stem set Watch, fully Guaranteed, also a Fine Ring for selling only 25 Jewelry articles at 10c each. Write for them. EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 242 EAST BOSTON, MASS.

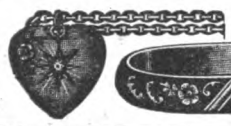
Crooked Spines Made Straight



If you are suffering from any form of spinal trouble you can be relieved—and **probably wholly overcome** your affliction—right in your own home without pain or discomfort. A wonderful anatomical appliance has been invented by a man who cured himself of Spinal Curvature. Its results are marvelous. It is nature's own method. Eminent physicians are endorsing it. The Philo Burt Method relieves the pressure at the affected parts of the spine, the whole spine is invigorated and strengthened, all soreness is taken out of the back, the cartilage between the vertibræ is made to expand, the contracted muscles are relaxed, and the spine is straightened. There is bright hope for you, no matter how long you have suffered. We have strong testimonials from every State in the Union. Each appliance is made to order from individual measurements and fits perfectly. There is positively no inconvenience in wearing. **We guarantee satisfaction and let you use it 30 days.** Write today for our new book. It gives full information and testimonials.



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Yes, absolutely free this beautiful three-pint water pitcher of dainty extra thin blown glass and six half-pint tumblers to match. Each piece with any initial you want in sterling silver and silver wreath and edge. Will adorn any sideboard. Given free for selling only 40 large packages of high grade assorted vegetable or flower seeds at 10c per package. We have many other premiums. Send for catalog. Address, **Good Seed Company, Dept. No.702, Dunkirk, N.Y.**

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The little matter of **15 cts.** in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder **13** weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its **27th** year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but **$1** a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, briefly—here it is. Send **15c** to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends.

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Oh Boys, Girls! Great Sport with CLAXOPHONE Voice Thrower

Throw your voice under the **table, back of a door,** into a **trunk,** desk in **School,** any old place. **Big FUN** fooling **Peddlers, Policeman, Friends,** anybody. This **Claxophone** is a small device that lays on your tongue unseen, **always ready** for use by **anyone. Claxophone** with **full instructions; also Set of Secret Writing Tricks,** all sent for **One Dime—(no stamps). 10c**

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FREE We give your choice of 2 pair beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains or 3 Rings and Bracelet, gold plated guaranteed, **Free** for selling our famous **Rosebud** at 25c a box. Used for 25 years. Easy to sell. We send 8 boxes postpaid on credit. Trust you until sold. Big Catalog of other premiums—watches, silverware, jewelry, etc. sent with order. Write today and get started, our plan is easiest and best!



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Guaranteed time keeper GIVEN for selling only 40 packs vegetable seeds at 10c per large pack. Easily sold—EARN BIG MONEY or premiums. Get sample lot TO-DAY. Send no money. We trust you till seeds are sold.

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GENUINE—Everbright Silver—Friendship Bracelet—Given



To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains, send 30 cts. for a two years' subscription, and this bracelet to fit your arm, any initial engraved will be sent FREE, postpaid. Mr. McPhillips, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 22-DF, New York.

Complete Crochet Outfit Given



THIS offer is for the woman and girl who "loves her crocheting" and insists upon having the **best of everything** to work with. In this outfit we give you any desired quantity of **Dexter** Cordonnette "Silko" crochet and tatting cotton, and three of the highest grade crochet needles. There is no better crochet and tatting cotton than **Dexter** "Silko"—a fact already known to thousands of our women readers. It is made of the best Sea Island cotton with a twist that makes it lie flat, is highly mercerized and actually improves with washing. It is smooth to the fingers and will not kink. With **Dexter** "Silko," crocheting is more easily done—and the finished pieces are far more beautiful and useful than if made with cheaper grade cotton. **Dexter** "Silko" for crocheting comes in all the popular colors—white, ecru, pink, rose pink, light blue, delph blue, king blue, sapphire and sea green, and in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50 and 70. The tatting cotton comes in the same colors and of the size always used for this work.

The three steel crochet needles are the finest made, 5 inches long, nickel plated, perfectly formed and balanced, with flattened finger hold, and a nickel cap that slips on over the end, protecting it when not in use. This cap also prevents the sharp point from doing any damage when carried in the pocket, handbag or work basket. We give you three different sizes of needles—8, 10 and 12.

We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate this offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit as this without expense. We will send you this complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crochet and tatting cotton free upon the terms of the following special offers.

Offer No. 8563. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the three crochet needles, one ball of **Dexter** "Silko" crochet cotton and three balls of **Dexter** "Silko" tatting cotton free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8563.**

Offer No. 8251. We will furnish you with extra balls of the crochet cotton at the rate of **two** balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8251.**

Offer No. 8261. We will furnish you with extra balls of the tatting cotton at the rate of four balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 8261.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Beautiful Dolls



This is Jerry **This is Mary Elizabeth**

FREE 2 Lovely DOLLS

The sort that every child wants. Unbreakable, American made. And we are giving them away. This is a wonderful opportunity. They are 18 inches high, with indestructible heads and hands. Jerry and Mary Elizabeth—that's what we call them. Jerry is a fine sailor boy and Mary Elizabeth is dressed in lovely pink gingham. They are really play dolls and will sit up. Every child who sees them, loves them. Write us at once.

Don't Wait—Send Us Your Name Now

Anyone can get this set. All you have to do is to distribute twelve large, wonderfully engraved pictures among your friends on our special 35c offer. A few minutes will do it and the dolls are yours. When you have distributed them we will send you Free and Prepaid these wonderful American dolls. Isn't that perfectly easy?

But don't wait. Hurry up before the dolls are gone. Sign coupon and send it right away to

The Doll Dept. 25 E. Lake St. Dept. 2531 Chicago, Ill.

The Doll Dept. Dept. 2531 25 E. Lake St. Chicago, Illinois

Please send me the 12 large pictures so that I can get the lovely dolls free.

Name.....

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American Woman, (mo.) 1 Yr.
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} Our Price $1.00 for all five

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YOUR PICTURE Hand-painted in colors, on the back of a pocket mirror, for only 75c.
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FORD CAR GIVEN
Solve This Puzzle. Win Fine Prize

9	23	1	14	20
20	15	23	9	14

The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell four words. What are the words?



To Men, Women, Boys and Girls
All can share in these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address. Besides the Auto I am going to give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc. and cash prizes. Send your answer. Win the Auto.
Duane W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 30, Chicago

DIAMOND CUT **4 RINGS FREE** YOUR BIRTHSTONE



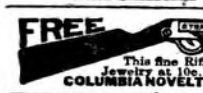
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Diamond Cut Brilliant, 1-8 carat size. Signet with your initial, Birthstone and Wedding Ring. Solid Gold Shell. Guaranteed 3 years. Order 15 pkgs. of Bingo Perfumed Ironing Wax. Sell at 10c ea. Easy to sell. Big demand. Order today. Send no money. Get 4 beautiful Rings FREE.
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13 HATCHING EGGS from pens headed by cockerels related to "Lady Victory," World's Champion Leghorn, given for selling only 40 packs of vegetable seeds at 10c large pack. Sell easily. Write today for big sample lot. Send no money. We trust you with seeds until sold.
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FREE  **BOYS AIR RIFLE**
This fine Rifle free for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c. each. Write for Jewelry today.
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Quaint and Novel Design. A very striking and uncommon ring made of gunmetal. Skull and crossbone design, with two brilliant, flashing gems sparkling out of the eyes. A never failing object of interest. A very unique ring that you will take a pride in wearing. To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains, send 20 cts. for a year's subscription and you will receive this handsome ring FREE. M. McPhillips, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 26 DF, New York.

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A real American-made Moving Picture Machine and one genuine Charlie Chaplin film free. You can make real money showing this film. Given you for selling 20 of our latest pictures at 15c each. No money in advance. Order pictures and sell them first. Send us the money. Machine and film will be sent the same day money is received. Write at once.
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In any condition, broken or not. We pay up to $35.00 per set. Also full value for old gold, jewelry, silver or platinum. Cash by return mail. Packages held 15 days awaiting your approval of our price. American Tooth Co., 453 Washington St., Boston.



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at home. Wonderful moving picture machine, complete with gas generator and 3 sets reels, all different (96 views). Powerful lens, showing large, clear pictures. Given for selling 20 large colored pictures, or 20 packages beautiful post cards at 15c each. Order choice today.
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Gold Filled BIRTHSTONE RING FREE. This gold filled ring is warranted 3 years. To make friends and introduce our Magazine and Ring Bargains, send 20 cts. for a year's subscription and this Ring, your size, set with your Birthstone, will be sent FREE, postpaid. M. McPhillips, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 7 DF New York.

Your Own Birthstone Set In This Stylish Gold Pendant!

Birthstone Pendant And Chain



We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For a Club of Three!

ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women and girls who like to be up-to-date are now wearing the Birthstone Pendant and Chain, also called Lavalliere. The one offered here is the prettiest design we found among a large assortment submitted for our approval by the largest jewelry manufacturer in the United States. It has a cable chain, the pendant 15-inch gold plate plate and set with your is also made of gold own birthstone and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful imt. Baroque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. All of the stones are solitares and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. When ordering be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.

8173	Jan.	Garnet, Symbol of Power.
8183	Feb.	Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
8193	March	Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage.
8203	April	Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
8213	May	Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
8223	June	Pearl, Symbol of Long Life.
8233	July	Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
8243	Aug.	Peridot, Symbol of Happiness.
8253	Sept.	Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
8263	Oct.	Opal, Symbol of Hope.
8273	Nov.	Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
8283	Dec.	Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

CLUB OFFER. For only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. Be sure to mention number of stone wanted.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Buy Pure Drugs

IT is highly important that any drug used for farm animals shall be pure and of known efficiency. Often drugs not sold by experts or reputable druggists are adulterated. Such may fail to do what is expected of them and it also is possible that some of them may prove poisonous.

Some of the turpentine now on the market is adulterated with pine oil or wood naphtha. It is known as "turpentine substitute" and is intended for use in paint. But turpentine of that "fake" sort may be sold if one buys his supplies at a paint store, or from a painter, or elsewhere than at a drug store. That often has occurred and the adulterated drug has killed horses. It causes severe pain, scouring, cramps and finally death. Only the purest or rectified turpentine should be given internally to a horse for worms or to a cow or sheep for bloat, or to swine to rid them of intestinal parasites.

Turpentine often is given in raw linseed oil; but that oil is very expensive now and so one may be sold cheap, adulterated oil instead of the pure article. Boiled linseed oil is poisonous. It has killed many a horse. Buy raw linseed oil at the drug store and have the druggist guarantee that it is the pure article, telling him that it is to be given internally. If pure raw linseed oil cannot be bought at a fair price, then give the dose of turpentine in new milk. Medicinal mineral oil may be used instead of raw linseed oil, as a physic, and gives very good results. There is no danger in using it and it therefore is to be preferred to linseed oil about which there is any doubt.

Insect powders often fail to destroy lice, fleas or ticks on animals. They are much used during winter when a fluid cannot well be employed. The reason that they prove ineffective is that they are adulterated. Mountaineers in some parts of the country collect and dry ox-eye daisy flowers and trade them to the local merchant for groceries and other supplies. These flowers are ground and mixed with pyrethrum, Persian and Dalmatian insect powders to make them cheaper. They also dilute the poisonous properties of the powder. Microscopic examination readily detects the added alien flower fruits. Add powdered tobacco, or sabadilla, freely to the ordinary insect powder before use. Also add flowers of sulphur.

ABNORMAL MILK.—What ails my cows? One is nine years old and the other is five and both are in fine condition, showing no sign of any disease. When first milked it looks all right. After a thick, heavy cream rises it is dark and watery looking and has a slightly salt taste, not fit to use after a few hours, turns a pinkish color and never clabbers as it should. The udder and teats are in good condition. MRS. O. D. P.

A.—Bacteria in the milk utensils or wash water commonly cause such conditions in milk and cream. Set a sample of milk from each quarter in a separate vessel to see if all of the milk is similarly affected. It is barely possible that milk from one or two diseased teats may be causing the trouble. It is much more likely that bacteria are to blame. Perfectly cleanse, scald and sun dry the milk utensils and set the milk in a new, clean, well ventilated place. Use only boiled water for cleansing purposes. Also sterilize the churn.

CHRONIC COLLAR SORES.—My mare has sore shoulders. I stopped working her for months. As soon as I work her again they become sore. V. S.

A.—The only effectual treatment in such cases is to have the old sores cut out by a trained veterinarian and then wet the wounds two or three times a day with "white lotion" composed of one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc in a pint of soft, cold water. Label the bottle "poison" and shake it well before use.

BLOOD IN MILK.—Please tell me what ails my cow. Her appetite is fine and she appears to be in the best of health, but when I milk her she gives bloody milk from the hind teats. Sometimes there will be one or two milkings without any sign of blood in it, and then the next time I milk it will be back again. It is when I finish milking that it shows. MRS. J. R.

A.—It is probable that growths in the teats bleed from irritation at milking time and if so an operation for their removal might succeed. If the growths are high up in the teat, however, it often is best to let a calf suck or to dry off the milk flow in the affected quarters. When growths are not present, treat by bathing the quarters twice daily with cold water and vinegar and giving the cow a teaspoonful of dried sulphate of iron and three of salt in her feed once daily, provided she is not in calf.

AILING COW.—I have a cow five years old, that at times seems stiff all over. She has the hollow horn at times. I would like to know what to do for her. O. T. D.

A.—There is no such disease as "hollow horn." In malignant catarrh, however, pus may get into the hollow cores of the horns as they connect with the nostrils and sinuses of the skull. We suspect that the cow has tuberculosis, which is contagious and incurable. To determine the matter, you should have the cow tested with tuberculin. Any trained veterinarian can apply the test. The milk of a tuberculous cow is dangerous to man and animals.

STRINGHALT.—I have a two-year old colt that became stringhalted when one year old. Is there a cure for it? MRS. M. W.

A.—The operation of peroneal tenotomy often succeeds in such cases, but it can only be performed by a trained veterinarian. The good effects of the operation do not always become manifest at once; but should occur inside of two or three months. Consult your local graduate veterinarian about the matter.

SICK HOGS.—I have a fat hog that has large sores and scabs all over it. My hogs are dying. I lost a fine sow the other day. She had five pigs four weeks old. She was well at night, ate her food, and was dead the next morning. I also lost a nice shoat, and a young sow with several pigs. Every case worked differently. W. I. D.

A.—Dip the hog in a solution of coal tar dip made according to directions given by the manufacturer and add enough crude oil to coat the surface at time of use. Repeat in ten days if thought necessary. Such sores usually come from wet and filth in pens, beds or yards. Clean up, disinfect and whitewash the houses and pens. Your troubles will be likely to lessen if you provide sanitary quarters for the hogs; but a qualified veterinarian should be employed at once to determine if a contagious disease is present, and if that proves to be so he can vaccinate the remaining hogs.

LAME COW.—I have a cow nearly six years old that has very sore feet in the split part of the hoof, swelling some above the hoof. I feed corn and clover hay. She gives three gallons of milk a day. Is it fit to use? W. D.

A.—Place the cow in a roomy, clean box-stall and bed with shavings or sawdust. Keep her in until she is well. The milk may be used. Perfectly cleanse the affected feet, removing lodged corn-stalks or other foreign objects and cutting away all rotten, loose or under-run horn of hoofs. Then immerse for five minutes in hot water containing two ounces of sulphate of copper (bluestone) to the pint. Afterward saturate oakum or cotton batting with a five per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant and bind upon the sore parts with bandages. Renew the latter dressing once daily.

FITS.—My pet dog, a poodle, has spells when he trembles and trembles as though he had chills. He falls over and can't get on his feet. He has been this way for three years. I keep him most all the time in the house. What can I do for him? MRS. K. D.

A.—Let the dog run out daily and give it only one small feed each evening. Do not feed potatoes or sweets. Treat it for worms with medicine which you can buy at the drug store ready for use. Repeat the treatment in two weeks.

THRIFTLESS COLT.—I have a four-year old colt that was in fine condition until the middle of last March, when all at once he quit eating corn, losing flesh and eating just enough to keep him alive. I have tried all the remedies of which I know, but none have helped him. A. A. S.

A.—Without an examination we cannot tell what is wrong, but it is quite likely that blood worms are causing the weakness and emaciation. If so, you will find that the membranes of the eyelids are pale and that there is a fur of dandruff substance around the anus. Feed crushed oats, wheat bran and oilmeal, along with best of hay, and roots or a little silage. Milk is good for a colt in that condition and it should be well sweetened with blackstrap molasses; indeed, molasses should be freely fed. Have the teeth attended to by a veterinarian as milk tooth crowns or shells may have to be removed. Give half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning, after giving less doses daily for a week. Stop this medicine gradually when no longer needed.

DEATH OF CALF.—Will you tell me what was the matter with my calf? It was healthy until it was three months old, when it began to pant and was sick about eight days. I gave the calf epsom salts. What should I have done? MRS. M. L. W.

A.—The calf no doubt suffered from indigestion and may have had fits; but it is as likely that the dose of epsom salts went the wrong way into the lungs and caused death. Castor oil in milk would have been better treatment for indigestion and great care has to be taken not to cause suffocation.

LUMPS ON BODY.—I have a horse that has small lumps all over his back. They don't seem sore or itch. I would like to know the cause and a remedy. C. F.

A.—Sudden change of feed or a mild attack of indigestion often cause surfeit, also called nettlerash or urticaria and similar to hives in a child. It is not dangerous and soon passes off. Bathe affected parts twice daily with soft water containing an ounce of granular hyposulphite of soda to the quart and mix a tablespoonful of the same form of soda in the feed once daily. Always make all changes of feed gradually.

NAME "BAYER" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

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"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," to be genuine must be marked with the safety "Bayer Cross." Then you are getting the true, world-famous Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over 18 years.

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Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.



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This letter from Hon. Boyd Watkins, member-elect Mississippi House of Representatives, and Mrs. Watkins, should interest every parent of a crippled child.

Our son Raymond walked on the toes of his right foot, due to Infantile Paralysis. He was in your Sanitarium exactly 4 months when he came home with a straight foot, walking perfectly flat and with ease.

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This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have **not a wrinkle on my face** now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment **is a God send** to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to quickly remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A 227, 3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

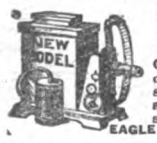
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.)

MICHIGAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have read the letter from June Rose and she is having the same experience I had with my little girl. I will whisper it—I thought she was a dumhead and was ashamed to send her to school, for I couldn't teach her anything. One day I got up courage to visit the school and I was thunderstruck. That girl of mine was reading! I asked Miss B. how she did it and she said they learned by playing and they don't know they are studying. She drew a ladder on the board and put letters and words on each round of the ladder then they tried to see who could climb to the top of the ladder, by pronouncing each letter or word. If they could get to the top she pinned a flower or ribbon on their dresses or waists to show that they had their lesson perfectly. Many little games are played with their lessons and it is surprising how fast they learn and how anxious they are for each lesson.

I enjoy COMFORT and think the crochet patterns are fine.

Good night to all, MICHI-GOOSE.

TRACY CITY, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of dear old COMFORT ever since I learned to read and I like the Sisters' Corner best of all.

I am five feet, six inches tall and weigh 138 pounds.



VICTOR FLOYD GROSS.

Have blue eyes and brown hair and am twenty years of age. I am married to one of the best of men.

I am sending my baby's picture which was taken when he was five months old. His name is Victor Floyd Gross.

If I am admitted this time I will come again.

MRS. EDGAR H. GROSS.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

Remove peach stains with spirits of camphor.

Grind tea leaves and you make your tea last longer.

Dampen grease stains with kerosene and wash as usual.

The syrup of sweet pickles may be used in place of cider in making mince pies.

Sprinkle starched clothes with soapy water and they will iron with a gloss.—ELSIE, LA.

When washing clothes put a teaspoonful of turpentine in boiler and the clothes will be much whiter.

Keep your stockings from getting runs by putting a row of machine stitches around each stocking, near the top.

It takes more sugar to sweeten fruit if added before or during the time the fruit is cooking. Cook first, then sweeten.

Before baking potatoes let them stand in hot water for fifteen minutes and they will bake in much less than the ordinary time.

When a loaf of bread becomes hard, wet it all over with cold water or milk and wrap it in a damp towel and place it in a hot oven for fifteen minutes.

Sprinkle a handful of finely crushed bread-crumbs over the top of berry pies before putting the crust on and the juice will not run out.—MRS. D. M., New Hampshire.

Sprinkle sugar under the fruit instead of on top when making fruit pies. By doing this the juice boils up through the fruit and not out of the crust as it is apt to do when sprinkled on top of fruit.

Straw matting makes a good dining table pad. Lay two strips across the table, letting the selvages come together in the center. Cut to fit table and bind with strip of cloth.—MRS. L. V. F., Greenfield, Ill.

TO REMOVE LETTERS FROM FLOUR SACKS.—(Requested). Soak in lukewarm water. Spread out on washboard and soap well and sprinkle with salt, then roll up and let remain ten or fifteen minutes. The letters should wash out then.—MRS. A. H., Ashwood, Texas.

Remedies

BED WETTING.—Make a tea by steeping half a package of water plantain, dried and crushed, in a pint of water for half an hour. Sweeten to taste. Give child half a teacupful twice a day.

HEADACHE.—Take a piece of brown paper about as wide as one's hand and long enough to go around the head and saturate it with vinegar and tie around the head.—MISS SADIE PRINTZ, Luray, Va.

COLD.— Take one half pint each vinegar and water and into it put one teaspoon of butter, a pinch of salt, sugar to sweeten and put on stove and let it get as hot as can be taken. Drink before retiring.

HAIR TONIC.—Mix powdered quinine one quarter part to three quarters part petroleum jelly and massage the scalp with this two or three times weekly. Get as little as possible on the hair and wear a cap to bed to avoid soiling the pillow. Shampoo the hair every two weeks.—SAUCY OKLAHOMAN.

CONSTIPATION.—The first thing on arising in the morning drink one pint, or two pints if need be, of tepid water, the same temperature as the body or perhaps a little warmer. After drinking, if your stomach feels disagreeable, just pat it briskly first on one side then on the other and in a moment it will pass out of the stomach and flush the bowels and kidneys and constipation vanishes. Do not eat anything before drinking the water.—VIOLA GARDNER, Salem, Ore.

Requests

How to pickle pig's feet.

I would like to get the book Lady Isabel's Daughter. Please write first.—MISS SADIE PRINTZ, Luray, Va.

I would like to get a June, 1917, number of COMFORT.—MRS. M. J. FLEMING, Buchanan, Box 12, N. Y.

Will some sister send me the August number of Good Stories.—MISS EDITH DEARING, Velpen, R. R. 2, Ind.

Will some reader of COMFORT send me the book or last two chapters of Russel Anthom's Double.—MRS. JOEL V. CARPENTER, Meridian, R. R. 3, Idaho.

Would like to have someone send me the January and February, 1917, numbers of COMFORT. Also the December, 1918, number of The Illustrated Companion.—MARY FLOYD, Keavey, Ky.

Will someone who has The Illustrated Companion for July, 1919, kindly loan it to me. Will pay postage and return favor. Please write first.—MRS. ROBERT LIDDLE, Du Bois, R. R. 2, Pa.

Will some of the COMFORT sisters send me the January, February and March numbers of the People's Home Journal for 1919. Will send books or papers in return.—MISS JESSIE BLACKINAN.

Will someone please send me the June number of the Illustrated Companion for 1919 and the March and June numbers of the Household for 1919. Will return Postage.—MRS. G. B. GRESHAM, Bucklin, Kansas.

Will some kind sister send me the July, 1918, issues of the Ladies' Home Journal and Woman's Home Companion. Will return favor in any way I can.—MRS. RESSIE FULP, Walnut Cove, R. R. 4, Box 6, N. C.

Virgie Wright, Mardela Springs, Maryland, would like poem beginning:

"We were hunting for wintergreen berries,
'Twas one May day long gone by."

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. A. Singer, Park, Wis., would like information concerning the whereabouts of Charlie and John Singer, ages about 57 and 59 years.

Will some soldier who served in Co. C, 16th Inf., A. E. F., please write to Fred Johnson, Willa, N. Dak. Mr. Johnson is trying to get some trace of his brother who has been missing since July 18, 1918.

Clarence Gillam, Jean, Texas, would like to know the whereabouts of his mother, and stepfather, Will Stapleton.

F. A. Haven, Brooklyn, Ky., will be glad to receive any information of her brother, Oscar L. Flener, age 39, last heard from in Erie, Pa.

Mrs. Mary A. Smith, Thompsonville, Conn., R. R. Box 51, is very anxious to learn some news of her son, William M. Smith, who left home and went to Minnesota seven years ago to work on the wires as lineman. Last heard from over four years ago when working in the Stock Yards. Any information about her son, whether he is dead or alive, will be gratefully received by Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Beatrice Shandy, Bundy, Mont., would like information of her brother, Sergeant Earl Christensen, dark red hair, hazel eyes, 5 feet 10 in. Was in a Casual Detachment, Aero Field, No. 2, Barrack 15, when last heard from.

Canadian subscribers please read:—Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Henry Derendorf or Joseph Derendorf, of German nationality, please communicate with their brother, William Derendorf, Box 133, Virden, Ill.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Patrick and Joe McNally, natives of Belfast, Ireland, kindly communicate with his sister, Kate McNally, care of Mrs. H. S. Dunn, 496 E. 189th St., Bronx, N. Y.



Wrist Watch FREE

This is the very latest design in a wrist watch and is all the rage. The dial is very unique, being oblong in shape. It is just the size of a half dollar. The case is nickle with protruding sides as illustrated, the strap passing thru the heavy metal sides so there is no chance of losing the watch. This is a watch you will be proud to wear and your friends will admire because few people, except in large cities, have them.

SEND NO MONEY I want to give one lady or girl in each locality one of these beautiful watches FREE for just a little work, which you can do in an hour or two. If you want one write me today. A postal card will do.

V. A. KEMPER, 122 Friend Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

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YES, you can have a rose garden next summer—one that you will be proud of—and it won't cost you a cent. By special arrangement with the largest and best known firm of florists in the United States, COMFORT is enabled to give you **six** of the finest Hardy Everblooming roses in cultivation. There are six different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the **prize** of its class, noted for its hardy vigorous habit of growth, liberal blooming qualities, symmetrical form and bright, clean foliage. You should have no trouble at all in growing them. They will thrive in any good garden soil if given a little care and attention. Each bush is **one year old** and in a **growing condition** when delivered to you.

No matter where you live, our florists will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You will receive them packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we **guarantee** that they will reach you in perfect condition. If for any reason they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you **free of all cost.** Following are brief descriptions of the different varieties of beautiful ever-blooming rose bushes given you free on this great offer. Please read them and remember that it is not too early to send in your order **today.**



Six One-Year Old Rose Bushes For One Subscription!

Hoosier Beauty In color, glowing crimson-scarlet, with darker shadings. The bud is of good length, ships well in the close-cut state, and opens into a magnificent bloom, quite dazzling in velvety brilliance. As soon as thoroughly established in the soil it sends out long, stiff growths with a bud on every shoot. It does not need to be pinched like Killarney or Richmond, but produces, naturally, stems two to three feet in length; each plant keeps up a very close succession of bloom, and again unlike Richmond it is a good summer Rose. It is a clean grower and very fragrant.

Francis Scott Key It is very fitting that such a fine new Rose should be honored with the name of the author of the "Star Spangled Banner." The flowers are from large to very large, with sixty or more petals opening to a high center. The color is a magnificent deep red rose. Wherever it has been staged this Rose has swept all competitors from the boards and secured every prize it has entered for.

Madame Marcel Delanney A surprisingly beautiful novelty raised by the introducers of the popular Rose Jonkheer J. L. Mock, and honored with the award of the Gold Medal of the Bagatelle Gardens at Paris, 1915. It is distinct and peculiar in color, a pale soft pink or rose shaded with hydrangea-pink. The flowers are very large, full and fragrant, perfect in form, and borne on rigid stems. The growth is vigorous and very floriferous.

Sunburst This magnificent giant yellow Rose is a fine forcer; it stands head and shoulders above all others of its color, and ranks with American Beauty and the Killarneys in value and grandeur. The color is orange-copper or golden-orange and golden-yellow; edge of petals lighter; all intense shades, extremely brilliant in effect. Some call the color cadmium-yellow. It is the yellowest of all Roses in the everblooming class.

Red Dorothy Perkins A combination of the brilliant Crimson Rambler flower on glossy, varnished Wichuraiana foliage. The defects of Crimson Rambler are its unsightly foliage in unseasonable weather, and its defoliation by insects, but the infusion of Wichuraiana blood assures an ornamental climber which is nearly evergreen. The flowers are very double, produced in large trusses of thirty to forty, and almost every eye on a shoot produces large clusters of flowers. The color is intense crimson-maroon, the tips of the petals tinged with scarlet. The finest of all red climbing Roses.

Florence Forrester Clear snow-white with a lemon tinge; as the flowers age they become a pure white; the blooms are even larger than Paul Neyron. Its habit is absolutely perfect, and the freedom with which it flowers is marvelous. This Rose is the grandest of all whites for bedding. For size and substance it has no equal among Hybrid Teas. Is very sweetly perfumed. Gold medal, National Rose Society.

Send Your Order Now—Supply Of Bushes Is Limited

OWING to the unfavorable weather last season which cut down the production of young rose bushes, the growers inform us that they may not be able to accept orders after February. For this reason you should send in your order **at once,** with the understanding that the bushes will be forwarded to you at the proper time for planting in your locality.

Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents and we will give you the above described six rose bushes, sending them by prepaid parcel post, and guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. **Premium No. 8571.**

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MRS. M. F., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your husband deserted you immediately after your marriage, without any better reason than the one you state to us, you can compel him to provide for your support in a manner commensurate with his means and station in life, unless you have independent means of your own sufficient to provide for your support; we think it may be necessary for you to bring an action or proceeding against him to enforce your right to support from him.

A. H. B., Missouri.—Unders the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, his widow would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and a child's portion absolutely in his personal estate; we think he could leave his whole estate to his widow by will if he desires to do so.

MISS F. T., Missouri.—We are of the opinion that the laws of Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming prohibit marriages between first cousins.

E. B., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the estate of an intestate descends to the surviving wife or husband, where no children or descendants of children are left by such intestate. An intestate is a person who dies without leaving a will.

MRS. L. R., New Jersey.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think your husband can compel you to support him if he is able to support himself. If you never had any child born alive to the marriage, we think you can bar your husband from any interest in your estate by will. The laws of your state have been somewhat unsettled of late years as to the wife's right to bar her husband from curtesy in her real estate by will; in order to establish a husband's right to curtesy in his wife's real estate it is necessary that a child must be born alive to the marriage. This right is established to the husband even though such child predeceases the husband. The husband's right of curtesy was abolished by the laws of New Jersey a few years ago but there has been some question as to the validity of the law.

MRS. S., Missouri.—We can form no opinion as to your sons' rights under your deceased husband's will without an examination of the will and a complete knowledge of the facts in connection with the administration of the estate.

MRS. F. I. H., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will provided the testator possesses testamentary capacity, and provided no undue influence is exercised upon him, and provided the will is legally drawn and executed and expresses the testator's true intent. If the testator was under undue influence at the time he made the will you mention and if such influence caused him to favor one of his children more than the others, we think the probate of the will should be contested or an action brought to have same set aside, unless there are circumstances, in connection with the matter, not mentioned in your communication to us.

MRS. E. S., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man or woman, leaving no will, and leaving no surviving husband, wife, child or descendant and no father, the whole estate would go to the mother to the exclusion of brothers and sisters. The decedent's estate would include any vested interest in another estate, even though such other estate was still unsettled at the time of decedent's death.

E. A., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that if you sell your property and turn the proceeds of sale over to your husband to pay for property standing in his name, such money will become the property of your husband and would not go back to your children upon your death, but would continue the property of your husband, and upon his death would be disposed of according to the terms of his will, or go to his heirs-at-law and next of kin, in case he leaves no will.

MRS. J. L., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a stepchild has no rights of inheritance from his or her stepfather's estate unless some provision is made for such child by the will of the stepfather.

W. Z. M., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the estate of an intestate descends to the surviving wife or husband where no children or descendants of children are left by such intestate; but in case a child, children or descendants of a child or children are left by such intestate, then one half of the estate goes to the surviving wife or husband and the other half to such child or children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

P. N., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your neighbor had a legal right to remove the limbs of his peach tree overhanging your property.

MRS. C. B. V., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, leaving no child or descendant, and leaving no will, you would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, the remainder going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left; we think it will be necessary for your husband to leave a will in your favor if he desires you to receive the entire property.

MRS. G. T., Montana.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that it is necessary for the wife to join her husband in signing a deed or mortgage of his real estate in order to bar her right of dower in his real estate.

E. E. J.—We are of the opinion that the remarriage of either the man or woman you mention, during the lifetime of a husband or wife from whom they are not divorced, and in case the prior marriage has not been legally annulled, would be a bigamous and illegal marriage and would subject the man or woman who contracted such illegal marriage to punishment for such act.

MRS. H. H., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, if he left no will, his homestead descended to you for life with remainder over to his children, the issue of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

MRS. E. M., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that upon the death of your son-in-law, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, his whole estate, subject to the payment of his debts and the expenses of administration, descended to his widow, and that upon her subsequent death, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, her estate would go to her father and mother in equal shares, or, if but one survives, then to such survivor; we think any just claims against your son-in-law's estate would be entitled to a priority to your claim by inheritance from your daughter.

MRS. L. C., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired by the husband and wife during marriage by onerous title is considered the common or community property, and during the marriage may be disposed of by the husband without the consent of the wife, and upon the death of either party, such of the community property as is not disposed of, goes one half to the survivor and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased, unless otherwise disposed of by the will of the deceased. We think the property of an insane person would be subject to the expense of the care and maintenance of such person and would be administered by the person appointed by the proper court for that purpose.



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These Funny New Yorkers

By Frances L. Garside

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FOLLOWING the fortunes of the Bixby family, whom I met shortly after coming to New York, was like coasting down hill, with an apartment with a liveried footman at the top and the most squalid home in the Bronx at the bottom, and every move made with an optimism that would make a joy ride out of a funeral procession.

He was an inventor, which explains much. Or, rather, leaves nothing to be explained. He was always hopeful today because of the fortune he was to make tomorrow. He was cursed with hope; so was his wife. They had more hope than sense, and this was the reason they were so very happy. Indeed they were so happy they put Pollyanna, Trotty Veck and all the other apostles of joy out of the running.

They had reached the lowest depths of poverty when his father died out in Iowa, and left Mr. Bixby four hundred dollars. The senior Bixby could not have chosen a more fitting time to Go Hence; even Mrs. Bixby admitted it when I went out to congratulate her on receiving the money. "He was deaf and blind and his mind had failed," she said, "and we needed the money so badly I think we would be hypocrites to mourn." Her husband, she said, agreed with her. "He had gone," she said, "up in the country where he had learned he could buy a small piece of ground for two hundred dollars, and the family would move on it at once.

I congratulated her, for living in New York is very high, and six mouths to feed had been a hard problem even for two who were cursed with hope. "And just think," I added, "you will have two hundred dollars left for putting up a little home."

She looked embarrassed. Then, laughing, she replied:

"But we haven't the two hundred dollars left. Mr. Bixby bought an automobile with it, and said you were to stay and go riding with us tonight."

I was stunned. For a moment I imagined I dreamed it. Then, knowing their hopeful dispositions, I realized that I was wide awake, and it was true. I stayed. I had that evening the first joy ride in my career.

The automobile was a second-hand Ford that had seen hard service and showed it. There were five of us, counting the baby, in the back seat, and two in the front, and I thought when the engine began to work it would shake all the wood-work loose. Every part of the car was trying to shake loose from some other part, and we sounded as we moved like a milk-wagon full of empty cans with firecrackers going off under the horse's feet. We shook, we rattled, we squeaked, we banged; I thought that there was no noise we did not make until Mr. Bixby squeezed the siren. He evidently hurt it, for the blast it let forth sounded like cats at midnight, a bag of banshees and a menagerie at feeding time. After that it became a contest between the box-work and the siren as to which could make the greater noise, with the siren a few laps ahead.

He squeezed it every time he saw a cat crossing the road or lying peacefully dozing in a window. He squeezed it half way across every block for the next crossing, and men shrank back in fear at the sound, women turned pale, and nurses grabbed up their charges and fled. A mounted policeman gave chase, and just as he neared us Mr. Bixby saw another cat, and being very humane, squeezed the siren for it to get out of the way and save all of its lives. The policeman's horse heard the siren; they say it is impossible to frighten a New York horse, but this horse reared, plunged, turned, and ran away.

Mrs. Bixby's face would have been a model for a painter. Such supreme bliss was never before pictured before on a human countenance. "Isn't it grand?" she said loudly above the noises; "Isn't it grand? We intend to take you often."

Mr. Bixby turned in to a curb. "We will all have to get out here," he said, "and you folks can take a street car home. I can't take you home for I haven't learned how to turn around."

My last view of the car was as the center of an idolizing group of six. I wondered as I waved good by to them from the steps of a street car when and under what circumstances I would see this happy family again.

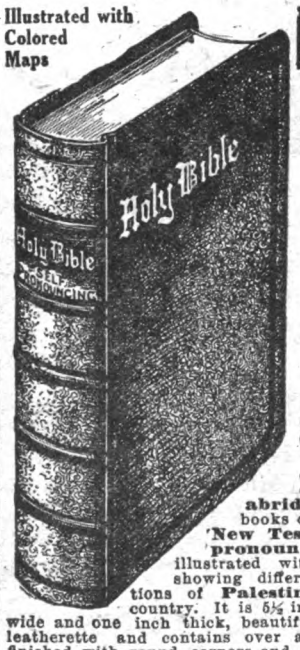
Three weeks later she called on me. "We sold the car," she said. "Why, do you know they had the nerve at the garage to say it needed repairing, and we couldn't afford that. A nice car like that! The idea!"

She sniffed her disdain. "But that is not what I have come for. I have come to ask you to lend me five dollars. We haven't a cent in the house."

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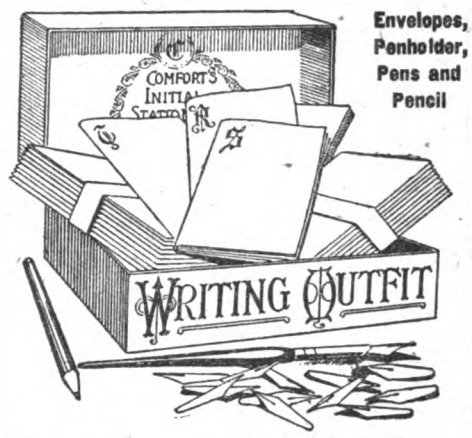


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WE realize that it is hard for our readers to secure the latest up-to-date Valentine novelties so we have had this special assortment made up for us **at a great bargain.** Just see what it contains:

1 Large Lace Two Leaf Valentine Folder with Envelope, 1 large Lace Heart Canopy Folder with Envelope, 1 large Pergola Valentine with Envelope, 1 Magic Turnover Valentine, 2 Heart Valentine Folders, 2 Assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-Outs, 2 Juvenile Valentine Hearts, 1 Embossed Valentine Enclosure Card, 1 Handsomely Colored Valentine Bookmark, 5 Gold and Color Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

Our illustration is, of course, greatly reduced in size. One lace Valentine is 6½ inches long **and** 5 inches wide, of **fine lace work** with a **heart and gold decorated base** and a charming illustrated verse on the inside. Then there is a dainty lace pattern on an embossed card over 7 inches long and nearly 5 inches wide, over the pretty face of a **young maiden** giving the **popular pergola effect.** Another is a pretty **heart-shaped canopy** of elevated lace **paper** on a background on which is shown the face and figure of a beautiful girl. **The magic Turnover** Valentine is a genuine novelty and shows a **smiling little girl and boy** riding a bicycle. We also include in the collection **two pretty embossed Valentine folders** with verse inside, **two choice assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-Outs, two red and gold illustrated Valentine Hearts, one Valentine Bookmark,** and **five handsome Valentine Post Cards embossed in gold and many bright colors,** each with some suitable sentiment expressed by an appropriate verse.

We will send you this choice Valentine collection **free and postpaid** if you will accept our special offer printed below. Be sure to send your order early so as to get it in time for St. Valentine's Day.

Our Free Offer! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this big package of handsome Valentine Novelties free by mail, postpaid. **Premium No. 7291.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

COMB AND BRUSH SET



FOR LADY OR GENT

For A Club Of Three!

THERE has been no Premium offer in years that has been so pleasing to our friends as this new **Comb and Brush Set.** The great beauty of this latest style dark green or Malachite finish on the back of brush with the SILVERINE shield for engraving initial or monogram has made this set one of the best as a present for birthday, wedding or any special occasion. The brush is **nine inches** long over **2 1-2 inches** wide with splendid firm white bristles well fastened and should last for years. **The Comb** is **black, seven inches** long and **one & one half inches** wide with **coarse and fine teeth.**

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send this Set Free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8483.**
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Whole Toy Town!

Boys and Girls—Can You Imagine it? A Complete Village Of Houses, Stores, Shops And All! You Can Build And Re-build It As Often As You Like!



25 Different Buildings With Yards And Streets

FUN, fun, fun—that's what you'll have when you get this **wonderful new toy town,** with its streets, yards, houses, stores, shops and men, women and children, just like any real town. **Only think!** Twenty-five different buildings—and you can build them, take them down and build them again as often as you please. You can call it "your own town" and talk to the people living in the houses, walking and driving in the streets and working in the shops—the blacksmith at his forge in the blacksmith shop, the children going to school, the customers in the stores and hotel and even the little boys and girls playing "Indian" and "soldier" in the dandy big tent on the bank of the beautiful river that flows under the bridge. Remember—twenty-five buildings make quite a big town—bigger than some **real** towns we know of.

Premium No. 8522

In this wonderful toy town village there are thirteen handsome up-to-date houses, a tent, church, high school savings bank, hotel, clubhouse, barber shop, bakery, blacksmith shop, express office, garage and police station, besides all the streets, yards and flowers, river and bridge. They are made of thick heavy cardboard printed in **natural colors** so that they look like **real houses** while the streets, yards and flowers are **colored true to life.** Full directions tell you how to put all the different buildings together, how to lay out your town and place the houses on the streets. When the houses are all up your town will measure nearly three square feet in size.

We will give you this wonderful toy town complete as described above on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this big toy town village of twenty-five different buildings free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8522.**
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ROYAL SALES CO., Box 28, South Norwalk, Conn.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



"The Blunders of A Bashful Man"

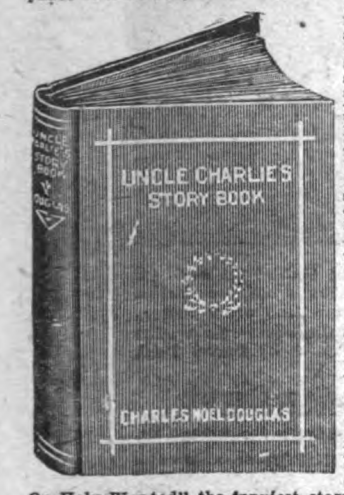
Premium No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it **better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world** and it has the circus and vaudeville **beaten a mile.** This great story is the **world's champion funny book** and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight **the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses** of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly **bashful** young man who stumbles on through a succession of **astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments** that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of **exploding** from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib-tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and **you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.**

Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and postpaid. Premium No. 8221.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

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Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. **A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each**—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and **beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped.** Free for **three subs at 50c.** each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only **two subs at 50c.** each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid **poems** and **song book** will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

their hands on and started a revolutionary campaign against the whole world. Then flannel-headed idiots wonder why we are trying to localize by means of a blockade, etc., this epidemic of mental madness and degeneracy and keep these red devils from spewing themselves all over creation!!! You will notice that Germany, which is largely responsible for this welter of blood and madness, ordered Noske with machine guns, flame throwers and poison gas to put down symptoms of the disease when it displayed itself in little old Germany. The German knew his business. Pity we don't know ours half so well. He didn't want any of the poison he had prepared for the rest of the world. Wise old Fritz. If I had been alive during the French Revolution, I should certainly have objected to the needless bloodshed, the horrible butcheries and the vile attitude of the revolutionaries towards all religion, an attitude which is adopted in Russia by all who embrace Bolshevism. These mad and unnecessary excesses made way for the dictatorship of Napoleon and the reaction which followed. France, after all, had to have her emperors back again. We know that good came out of that revolution, but it did not come from murder and bloodshed; it came from new ideas of man's relationship to the state and his fellow-man, and those ideas which would have saved France endless bloodshed and misery were deep rooted in the British mind hundreds of years before the French had dreamed of them. If blood is your argument, it may interest you to know that Lord Robert Cecil recently stated that Great Britain had gained more liberty by one peaceful Bill of Rights than France had by three revolutions. That shows the difference between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon temperament, and proves we can have reform without violence, progress without destruction. Our institutions provide for peaceful reforms. God help those who attempt by violence to attain their ends. Socialists have tried colonizing and every attempt has been a tragic failure. The socialist ideal is international; the socialist must have the whole world or nothing to carry out his schemes, and it is going to be nothing unless you can breed a race of humans that are not only human, but angelic. The sane socialist who wanted a Christ world, left the movement in disgust. Nationalism was his stay but universal fraternity was his hope. The God-hating Bolshevists want only a jazz world created at other people's expense, with the usual accessories of bloodshed, degeneracy, free love and lunacy, of which you can get lurid examples in our own country without going to Russia. These fanatics want to run things to hades, but they won't be allowed to do it here. P. S. Yes, violent revolutions bring about changes and reactions. You dump one set of tyrants and get another set fifty times worse but you never get liberty or democracy. The poor man grabs his bit of land and the Red Guards steal his crops and murder him. Sense, soap, right living, right thinking, kindness and love of God are man's only hope. Load up on these—especially the soap—and you'll need no bloody revolutions.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for January.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Rosella Daniel, Lassiter, N. C. Widow. Has only one arm. Poor and needy. Has three little children, seven, nine and eleven years of age. Would be grateful for second-hand clothing and financial assistance. Fulton R. Lowe, Sheppards, Va. Invalid for many years. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. James Gilliam, Klondike, Tenn. Helpless cripple for forty years. No means of support. Very sad and worthy case. Send him a greenback shower. Annie Arthur, Ona, R. R. 1, Box 63, W. Va. Cripple for 23 years. Unable to support herself. Needy and worthy. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Amer. Thacker, Ridgeway, Va. Widow with four small children. Sick, poor and needy. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send her. Myrta Eshbaugh, Tionesta, Pa. Invalid for many years. Aged mother her only support. Needy and worthy. Send her a greenback shower. Callie D. Barefoot, Four Oaks, R. R. 2, Box 20, N. C. Helpless shut-in from rheumatism for 32 years. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Lillie Smith, Carico, Ky. Suffers from kidney trouble. Poor and needy. Send her some financial assistance. Mrs. Lillie Bourquin, Yountville, Cal. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Marcus B. Porter, Inman, Box 81, Nebr. Invalid for nine years. Has spinal trouble. Unable to walk. Needs money for treatment. Highly recommended. Who will help him? Arthur Whitt, Fountain, S. C. Cripple for 18 years. Would appreciate cheery letter shower. No financial assistance needed. Very interesting individual. Miss Ellen Mayes, Carmi, Ill. Invalid. Send her some cheer. Well recommended.

Start the year right by doing something for these poor suffering creatures. Don't be a selfish tightwad all your life, don't leave all the giving to others. You can't start the New Year better than by trying to be human, trying to be Christ-like. Here's the opportunity to be both.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Help You Start the New Year Right!

No matter how gloomy the world is, Uncle Charlie's Poems are sunnier than ever. They make you laugh, scream, yell and forget your troubles. They are the best medicine in the world. Uncle Charlie's Poems is a gorgeous, silk, cloth-bound, 160-page volume of riotous fun. No home can be complete without this excruciatingly funny book. You will yell with delight as you peruse its enchanting pages. Among the laughs you will find a few tears and an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie, and pictures showing him preparing the monthly talks you enjoy so much. This superb volume free for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Contains 28 of the Dandiest Songs!

You can't beat Uncle Charlie's Songs. Every one is a hit and the book is a crackerjack; big and handsome with full music for voice and piano. Worth a hundred-dollar bill to any one who loves real, classy, melodious music and entrancing words. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. This wonderful book free for a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Both books free for a club of five. Work for them today.

Are You A Woman Who Wants To Become A Better Cook—A Better Housekeeper?

IF so, you need this new book just published by COMFORT.

It is, we believe, the most valuable, most **helpful** book for the American housewife ever written. For it will help any woman to become a **better** cook and a **better** housekeeper—and at a saving of money almost unbelievable in these days of high prices.

Its scores upon scores of tried and proven recipes call for only the most common, inexpensive ingredients, yet you will find them to be the most **wholesome, appetizing, satisfying** dishes ever eaten in your home. No grandmother of olden days ever made more delicious bread, pies, cakes and puddings than you can make with the aid of these prize-winning, money-saving recipes—to say nothing of the waffles and muffins, turnovers and puffs, cookies and doughnuts, tarts and all kinds of toothsome pastry.

The secret of correct mixing proportions, with tables of cooking weights and measures, are described, as are also the right way to use eggs in cooking and the best methods of cooking and serving meat, fish, chicken, and all kinds of vegetables.

There are pages of special cooking hints—instructions on how to plan and prepare an economical breakfast, dinner and supper for the average family—what to cook for the sick—Christmas cakes and candies—Easter luncheons—how to keep food from spoiling in any weather—how to eliminate food waste by making use of "left-overs"—and other bits of helpful advice all contributed by women who are expert cooks and know what they are talking about. But this book is

More Than A Cook Book!

In it you will also find countless household hints and suggestions that will enable you to make, with your own hands, and at practically no expense, many new labor-saving devices for the kitchen and articles of needed furniture and decorative furnishings—you will learn how to have an **efficient** kitchen—how to save fuel, oil and gas—to care for, clean and conserve clothing and household utensils—to take "short cuts" in washing, housecleaning and the other hundred and one housewifely duties in the home.

It also explains how to prepare and can all kinds of meats, vegetables and fruits by steam pressure—how to can and preserve fruit in season, with special recipes for jam, jellies, etc., etc.,—how to dry vegetables and fruit—how to salt, pickle and ferment green vegetables for winter use.

Then there are pages devoted to home and the care, culture and housing of winter plants and winter blooming bulbs, all of which are of unusual interest and fascination to the wife and mother, while for the men folks there are articles on the use of paint, and light and power plants.

There is still more in this great book but lack of space prevents a further description. Let us send you a copy—it will cost you nothing if you accept our free offer below. It is a handsome book of 192 pages, 6 inches by 8½ inches in size, and many illustrations, printed on fine paper, durably bound, with illustrated colored covers.

FREE OFFER. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you a copy of this book—"COMFORT'S Home Maker's Help and Family Guide"—free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 8301.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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1000 SHOT ALL STEEL MAGAZINE AIR RIFLE FREE
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Choice of Six Guns (on four easy plans) for selling our Magic Healing Wav-o-Lena at only 25c Box. WE TRUST YOU! Order Six Boxes Today On Postal Card—We send promptly, Prepaid! Easy to Sell—the Healing Ointment needed in every home! Sell at once, return money, as we direct, choosing your Gun according to one of the Plans shown in our Big Premium List. 200 Other Gifts! Or Big Cash Commission! Just for promptness a Free Gift—SO ORDER TODAY
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A REAL CAR
5 H. P. Engine
This classy racer will do anything a full-sized car will do because it is built like a real automobile. It will even go where a big car can't go. Yet you need not take the dust from anyone. THIS CLASSY CAR CAN BE YOURS. Just look at the happy faces of the two 'kids' in this picture. Don't they look like they were ready for a real time. Wouldn't you like to be with them? You can own a Culver Racer if you send me your name and follow my instructions. When I tell you this auto is to be given free—I mean free.
Cy Seymour, Mgr. Dept. 20 Batavia, Ill.

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We Positively give a Genuine American Stem Wind, Stem Set Watch, Beautifully Engraved Case, guaranteed time-keeper, for selling only 20 of our Large, Beautifully Colored Art & Religious Pictures at 15c each. Order 20 pictures. We trust you. When sold, return $3.00 collected and this Watch & Handsome Stone Set Ring are yours. Big Premium list, showing many other valuable gifts sent with pictures. Liberal cash commission if preferred.
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THIS AIR RIFLE FREE
for selling 15 sets of Colored Postcards at 10c a set. Rifle first class in every way. When sold return our $1.50 and we will send rifle.
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Not necessary to have ears pierced. Set with 1-2 carat size Brilliants full of fire and brilliancy. Same as Actresses wear. These Ear Drops are easily taken off and put on. Suitable for Ladies and Misses. Ear Drops are the Fad in Fashionable Jewelry at the present time. To make friends and introduce our Magazine, send 20 cts for a year's subscription and you will receive these handsome Ear Drops FREE. M. McPhillips, Secy., 615 W. 43d St., Dept. 28-DF, New York.

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She is an awfully Noisy Baby. You can hear her all over the house! Sounds just like a live baby. Wears a long white dress, and baby bonnet. We send her free, by parcel post paid, for selling only six easy selling Jewelry novelties at 10c. each. We trust you. Simply send your full name and address to JONES MFG. CO., DEPT. 256 ATTLEBORO, MASS.

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Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Song Book 30 cents. Address
UNCLE CHARLIE,
care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

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with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb. No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet free.
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Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.
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Learn to throw your voice into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of FUN fooling the Teacher, Policeman or Friends.
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A little instrument that fits in the mouth out of sight used in conjunction with above for bird calls, etc. Anyone can use it. NEVER FAILS. A 32-page book on Ventriloquism sent with the Ventrilo for 10c (coin) and 2c postage. Also large catalogue of tricks.
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Our gold finished shells look like real dentist's work, and give you a GOLDEN SMILE. Fool your friends. Slips right on over tooth, readily adjusted, removed any time, without trouble. Guaranteed to fit and please. 10c each, 4 for 25c. 12 for 50c, postpaid.
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SILK REMNANTS, LARGEST Packages yet offered. Square of Stamped Satin free with every package. MFRS. AGENCY, Portland, Maine. 12c

MONEY $ for live men. Key for stamp. C. KERSTE, Box 256, Ottawa, Ill.

Every State Has Its Gems

WHAT precious stones are found in your state? You may be surprised to know that there are precious or semi-precious gems in every state in the Union, and another surprising thing about this is that North Carolina has the greatest variety, seventeen different sorts, while West Virginia has the fewest—only one. That one is the somewhat common rock crystal, so common that it is not generally listed even as a semi-precious stone.

Here is an alphabetical list of states and the precious and semi-precious stones to be found in them:

ALABAMA.—Beryl, blue and yellow; smoky quartz.
ARIZONA.—Agatized wood, azur-malachite, turquoise, garnet, peridot.
ARKANSAS.—Rock-crystal, smoky quartz, agate, diamond, novaculite.
CALIFORNIA.—Agate, benitoite, californite, diamond, quartz, tourmaline, abalone pearl, chrysoprase, kunzite morganite.
COLORADO.—Beryl, aquamarine, phenacite, garnet, amethyst, agate, gold quartz.
CONNECTICUT.—Beryl, yellow and green; rose quartz, tourmaline.
DELAWARE.—Pearl.
FLORIDA.—Chalcedony, conch pearl.
GEORGIA.—Ruby, beryl, amethyst, gold quartz, garnet.
IDAHO.—Opal, agate, obsidian.
ILLINOIS.—Fluorite, pearl.
INDIANA.—Pearl.
IOWA.—Fossil, corral, pearl, chalcedony.
KANSAS.—Chalcedony.
KENTUCKY.—Pearl.
LOUISIANA.—Chalcedony.
MAINE.—Tourmaline, beryl, rose quartz, pearl, topaz, amazonite, smoky quartz, rock-crystal, garnet.
MARYLAND.—Beryl, clam-pearl.
MASSACHUSETTS.—Beryl.
MICHIGAN.—Agate, hematite.
MINNESOTA.—Chlorastrolite, thomsonite, agate.
MISSISSIPPI.—Pearl, chalcedony.
MISSOURI.—Pearl, fluorite.
MONTANA.—Sapphire, berl, smoky quartz, agate, amethyst, agatized wood, obsidian.
NEBRASKA.—Chalcedony, pearl.
NEVADA.—Gold quartz, rock-crystal.
NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Beryl, rock-crystal, garnet.
NEW JERSEY.—Flowerite, willemite, prehnite, smoky quartz, agate, pearl.
NEW MEXICO.—Turquoise, garnet, obsidian, peridot, rock-crystal.
NEW YORK.—Beryl, brown tourmaline, rose quartz, fresh water pearl, clam pearl, chondrodite.
NORTH CAROLINA.—Aquamarine, beryl, emerald, almandite, garnet, rhodolite, pyrope garnet, diamond, cyanite, hiddenite, amethyst, ruby, sapphire, smoky quartz, rock-crystal, rutile.
NORTH DAKOTA.—Chalcedony, agate.
OHIO.—Fossil, coral, chalcedony.
OKLAHOMA.—Obsidian, pearl.
OREGON.—Agate, obsidian, hydrolite.
PENNSYLVANIA.—Amethyst, beryl, sunstone, moonstone, amazonite, almandite, garnet, pyrope garnet, rutile.
RHODE ISLAND.—Hornblende in quartz, amethyst, rock-crystal.
SOUTH CAROLINA.—Beryl, smoky quartz, rock-crystal.
TENNESSEE.—Pearl.
TEXAS.—Beryl, pearl, tourmaline.
UTAH.—Topaz, garnet.
VIRGINIA.—Amethyst, spessarite, garnet, beryl, moonstone, staurolite, allanite.
VERMONT.—Beryl, pearl.
WASHINGTON.—Pearl, agate.
WEST VIRGINIA.—Rock-crystal.
WISCONSIN.—Agate, pearl.
WYOMING.—Moss-agate, agate.

Millet from Ashes

By Carol C. Crain.

THE Czechs and Slovaks of northern Austria have dreamed of national liberty ever since their overthrow on the Field of the Blackbirds in 1389. When Russia was one of the allies, immense numbers of these rebellious Austrian subjects surrendered at every opportunity. When Russia backslid, the prisoners arrayed themselves against German influences and became the nucleus which resulted in the re-establishment of the eastern battle front.

They are a queer people, perhaps the best fighters of the old world. They have dozens of quaint customs, of which their wedding ceremony is one of the oddest. The matchmaker or procurator is a leading figure. It is he who takes the hopeful bridegroom to the sweetheart's home and there admits:

"Well-beloved neighbor, the bridegroom has too little. He has not seen the bride. If she is anywhere near or in the house, I will go and fetch her."

Where is the lady? Safely hidden behind the big stove or concealed in drapery. But a woman is found and brought forward; she claims to be the bride and asserts he has deceived her. This diversion amuses the watchers, and presently the true bride emerges from her concealment.

The youth sends the girl a present, which may be a silver wedding ring, a three-keyed girdle, a fur cap or a prayer book. She reciprocates with a beautiful gold-threaded shirt and a wedding ring. The wedding breakfast is given at the bride's home and each guest takes away a handkerchief as a souvenir.

At this time the procurator asks for the bride. The father hesitates and declares he must think the matter over. As the procurator is insistent, the old man doubts the wisdom of surrendering his daughter. The third request for his daughter brings the desired answer of "All in God's name."

The ceremony occurs at the village church with the groom wearing a crown of tinsel and the bride one of silver wire decorated with black velvet and pink ribbons. The young wife accompanies the husband to meet her mother-in-law, who extends a welcome with a cup of wine or coffee. The bride drinks and hurls the emptied glass over her shoulder; if it falls without breaking, good luck will follow the newly-weds.

The pair receive two slices of bread as an omen that they may never suffer dire want and to keep the bread she bakes from souring. Time brings mold upon the bread; if it first appears upon the husband's slice, it is thought he will die first.

During the meal that follows the ceremony the matchmaker places a mixture of ashes and millet seed before the bride; if she does a thorough job of picking them out, the husband knows he has a frugal wife.

RUPTURED? TRY THIS FREE

Wonderful Invention Sent on 30 Days' Trial Before You Pay.

Simply send me your name and I will send you my new copyrighted rupture book and measurement blank. When you return the blank I will send you my new invention for rupture. When it arrives put it on and wear it. Put it to every test you can think of. The harder the test the better you will like it. You will wonder how you ever got along with the old style cruel spring trusses or belts with leg straps of torture. Your own good, common sense and your own doctor will tell you it is the only way in which you can ever expect a cure. After wearing it 30 days if it is not entirely satisfactory in every way—if it is not easy and comfortable—if you cannot actually see your rupture getting better and if not convinced that a cure is merely a question of time—just return it and you are out nothing. Any rupture appliance that is sent on 30 days' trial before you pay is worth giving a trial. Why not tell your ruptured friends of this great offer?

We refer you to any Bank or Trust Co. in Kansas City.

EASYHOLD CO., 1033 Koch Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



GIVEN Boy's and Girl's Watches, Dandy Wrist Watches, Dolls, Lockets, LaValliers, Silver Sets, Lace Curtains, Bracelets and many other presents given for selling our large beautifully colored Art & Religious pictures at 15 cts. each. Order 20 pictures when sold, send us the $3.00 and choose premium according to big list sent with pictures. **RAY ART CO., Dept. 49, CHICAGO.**

Refined and Stylish **Will Fit Any Wrist**



A Stone for Every Month

WHERE is the girl who does not want one of these handsome and stylish bracelets? Set with a perfectly colored imitation gem denoting the month of your birth—with two tiny flashing white solitaires nestling in the dainty filigree design of gold—all of your friends will exclaim **"My, what a beautiful bracelet!"** the minute they see it. Filled with enough real gold to give it lasting wearing qualities, yet it feels light as a feather when worn. And you are assured of a perfect fit because it is **self-adjusting.** It will fit **any** size wrist. Here is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month represented by each:

No. 8353, January, Garnet: **No. 8363,** February, Amethyst: **No. 8373,** March, Bloodstone; **No. 8383,** April, Diamond; **No. 8393,** May, Emerald; **No. 8403,** June, Agate; **No. 8413,** July, Ruby; **No. 8423,** August, Sardonyx; **No. 8433,** September, Sapphire; **No. 8443,** October, Opal; **No. 8453,** November, Topaz; **No. 8463,** December, Turquoise.

You can earn one of these handsome gold-filled birthstone bracelets free by doing us a small favor as explained in the following offer. When you send for it **be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.**

CLUB OFFER. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these bracelets free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to give us the number of stone wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Send Only Three Subscriptions For This Cut Glass Sugar and Creamer—Or Two Subscriptions For The Pickle Dish Or Spoon Tray!



WE want to ask our women readers—did you ever see or hear of a more remarkable offer?

Just think of the small number of subscriptions required to earn any one or all of these beautiful cut glass pieces.

And it is real cut glass—of good weight and thickness—clear, brilliant, crystal glass, exquisitely hand cut in a new and beautiful design. Each piece is full size with the same handsome floral pattern that twines completely around the outside in graceful curves, while on the bottom of each piece is a heavily cut, many-pointed star. The rim of both sugar and creamer is deeply notched.

Do you wonder how we can make this offer? A certain factory, realizing that we shall probably use thousands of these sets, has made us an unusually low price. That's the whole story. And the result is we can give you your choice of this rich genuine cut glass absolutely free in return for the easiest half hour's work you ever did.

We Prepay Charges And Positively Guarantee Safe Delivery

Any or all of these pieces can be safely mailed by parcel post. We pay all postage and guarantee safe delivery to your home. If by chance a piece should become broken (something that rarely happens) we will replace it free of charge.

We know that every woman that receives one or more of these rich cut glass pieces will be amazed and delighted with the bargain she has obtained. It is easily the greatest value in a premium that we have ever been able to offer. We will give you your choice of the Sugar and Creamer, or the Pickle Dish, or the Spoon Tray absolutely free on the terms of the following special

Club Offers. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the Sugar and Creamer by prepaid insured parcel post. **(Premium No. 8883).** Or for two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each, we will send you your choice of **either** the Pickle Dish **(Premium No. 9402),** or the Spoon Tray **(Premium No. 9412).** Or we will send you the complete set of all four pieces free and prepaid for a club of seven one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each. **(Premium No. 7457).**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set

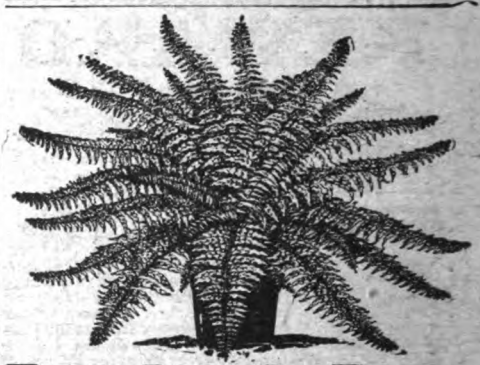
Yours Prepaid For A Club Of Seven



WE have in the past made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7397.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Four Lovely Ferns

THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Asparagus Plumosus or "Lace" fern, the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 6112.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled **Guaranteed For 5 Years**



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

DON'T SEND A PENNY

SUGAR 3c a Lb.

ALL CHARGES PREPAID

Sugar 3c a Lb.—Say It Over Again

Sounds Impossible but it costs only a 2c stamp to prove it. **Thousands Have Been Satisfied** and more are taking advantage of this extraordinary offer every day.

Sugar is only **One** of the many leaders in our **Introductory Bargain Book.** By taking advantage of the **Introductory** trial order offered in this advertisement you become one of our regular customers.

The Object of this trial order is to prove to you that we actually sell **High Grade Standard Merchandise** at these prices. Even though you don't believe it possible, we ask you to let us prove that we speak the truth. With your order, we will send **Free,** our **Introductory Bargain Book,** which is sent only to those who have manifested their interest by sending for a trial order.

This bargain book is brimful of unusual Bargains in groceries, shoes, clothing and other necessary articles.

A FEW LEADERS IN OUR CATALOG

SUGAR $3.00 Per 100 Lbs.

Best Granulated Sugar, per 100 lbs. - $3.00
Best Granulated Sugar, per 10 lbs. - .30

FLOUR $7.00 Per Barrel

Our Best Flour, per bbl, - - - $7.00
Our Best Flour, per 24½ lbs. - - .88

Other Catalog Bargains

Uneeda Biscuits, per pkg. - - - .02
Quaker Oats, per pkg. - - - - .06

GUARANTEE: If we don't satisfy our customers we don't satisfy ourselves. Every item you buy from us is guaranteed to be of the highest grade and to please you in every respect.

REMEMBER Our Don't Send A Penny All Charges Prepaid offer is Your Protection. Just think, without any investment on your part, as soon as we receive the order coupon filled out, we will send you the Introductory Trial Order and our Bargain Book charges prepaid. We want you to become one of our regular customers, and know that after you receive your order you will be glad to be considered a regular customer of the **House of Alben-Harley.**

IMPORTANT This trial order is only sold **Complete** as it stands—no items sold separately. However, you may order as many as 5 trial orders, which is the limit to one customer.

Introductory Order No. 2X234

	Our Price	
1 lb. Sugar (Pure Granulated) - -	$0.13	$0.03
1 can Sardines in Pure Oil - - - -	.25	.19
1 tube Concentrated Vanilla Extract -	.45	.29
1 lb. Baking Powder (Very Best) - -	.60	.39
1 pkg. Sav-An (Used in place of eggs for cooking and Baking, 1 pkg. equals 3 dozen fresh eggs) - - -	.35	.27
1 Large Box Face Powder (Extra Fine)	.75	.49
1 Tube Dental Paste (Unexcelled) - -	.39	.23
1 Bargain Catalog FREE - - - -	—	—
	$2.92	$1.89

Mail Coupon Today

REFERENCES: Our satisfied customers or any bank in Chicago.

ACT NOW Cut the high cost of living from this minute on—fill out and mail this order **today,** and the goods and our **Introductory Bargain Book** will be sent to you by **Parcel Post Prepaid.**

ALBEN-HARLEY

Dept. 2X234 Van Buren St. and Racine Ave., Chicago, Ill.

ORDER COUPON

ALBEN-HARLEY, Dept. 2X234, Van Buren St. and Racine Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: You may send me your Introductory Trial Order No. 2X234 by prepaid parcel post and include a FREE copy of your Introductory Bargain Book. When the order arrives I will pay my postman $1.89. It is understood however, that if after examining your goods I am not satisfied, I can return them to you and you will refund my money.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents $40 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2219 North Str., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Insyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. M P, 425 Broadway, New York.

Agents—$6 to $12 a day easy. 250 lightweight, fast selling, popular priced necessities, food flavors, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc. Agent's outfit free. Write today—quick—now. American Products Co., 1349 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Liberty Portraits Big Winners. Thirty days credit—36 Hour service—rejects credited. World's famous Peace Paintings now ready. Easy $100 weekly. Write quickly for catalog and free samples. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14-1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents: Reversible Raincoat. Two coats in one. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 117 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Steady Income Manufacturer of Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: 2 in 1 Reversible raincoat. One side handsome raincoat, reverse side fine dress coat. Something new. Latest style. Not sold in stores. Guaranteed waterproof. Big seller. Write for agency and sample to workers. Thomas Raincoat Co., 1519, North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid $1.19. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 453-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Big Earning Easy—startling invention. Banishes spark plug trouble. Saves gasoline. Sells like wildfire. Exclusive territory. Agents write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., Desk 413, Omaha, Nebr.

We Pay $36 A Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D1, Parsons, Kan.

Become A Prosperous Davis Agent—Beginners making $30-$50 weekly. Crew managers doubling that. "Lucky 11" pays you 200%. 37 other big winners. Big rush season from now to Christmas. Davis Products Co., Dept. 506, Chicago.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Box 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Live Wire Agents, We Want You! Take orders for The Liberty Line of Made-to-Measure combination Top-Coats, Raincoats and Automobile Coats. Hundreds of orders waiting for you. Our stock of materials is tremendous and deliveries are prompt. Complete selling outfit and Sample coat free. Biggest commissions paid. We deliver and collect. Join our sales force of the biggest money-makers by writing for particulars at once. The Liberty Raincoat Company, Dept. A-16, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. Beautiful light. No chimney. No mantle. Samples free. Experience not necessary. Write today. Luther Mfg. Co., Dept. 344, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Agents—with experience. Sell to consumers made-to-measure suits $27.50, $32.50 and $37.50. Build independent business with big money. Outfits furnished. Midland Tailors, 516 Occidental Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

$300 To $500 a year is being made by scores of men and women selling White K Laundry Tablets. We start you free. Send for free sample and agent's offer. L. A. Knight Co., 119 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

We pay $100 monthly salary and furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock Powders. Bigler Company, X314, Springfield, Illinois.

Agents: $100 weekly possible introducing sensational new winter automobile fuel. Specially adapted to cold weather. Starts easy. Adds power, mileage and reduces operating expense. Endorsed by thousands. Territory going like wildfire. Act quick. $28 sample outfit free. L. Ballwey, Dept. 113, Louisville, Ky.

Agents—$50 weekly and your spring suit free. Sell our famous popular priced made-to-measure suits, big steady income guaranteed. Complete outfit free. Act quick. Commonwealth Tailors, Dept. 120, 318 W. Washington St., Chicago.

County representative. Quality toilet articles, Automobile free if successful. Taymor Perfumers, P-335 Broadway, New York.

Men or Women—make $50—$75 week selling Joss Crystal Compound. Washes clothes quick without rubbing or boiling. Wonderful seller. Send 10c for Sample and Big Profit Plan. Utility Mfg. Co., Sta. D, Chippewa Falls, Wis.

MALE HELP WANTED

Thousands Men-Women-Boys-Girls, over 18, needed for Government Positions. Commence $100. Experience Unnecessary. List Free. Write, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Wanted—Automobile experts. $50 week. Learn easily while earning. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. N-810, Rochester, N.Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, $140—$200 Colored Porters, by railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 Railway Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Govt. Positions Are Desirable. $1000—$1200 to start. Let our expert (Former Government Examiner) prepare you. Free Booklet. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 5020, Rochester, N. Y.

MISCELLANEOUS

O. I. C. Boars, Bred sows and gilts. Best of Breeding and quality. Pr. pigs no kin $25. Ped. Furnished. W. Ruebush, Macomb, Ill.

Build a genuine Choraleon Phonograph and save over half. Fine profits building and selling. We furnish motors, tone-arms, and necessary parts. Send for our catalog and free blueprint offer. Choraleon Phonograph Co., 115 Monger Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

SALESMEN WANTED

Tobacco Factory wants salesmen; $125.00 monthly and expenses for the right man. Experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., E-19, Danville, Va.

Salesmen to sell Oils, Belting, Paint, Roofing, Roof Cement, General Supplies, to Garages, Factories, Mills, Stores, Auto Owners, Farmers, Threshers. Splendid proposition. Paid weekly. O. L. Doty, Dept. 41-B, Cleveland, Ohio.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Good Land on Credit! Big opportunities for you in Kalkaska and Antrim Counties, Mich. Make a home on hardwood land growing big crops of clover, alfalfa, grains, potatoes, fruit, etc. $15 to $30 per A. Easy terms. 10 to 160 A. Schools, churches, R.R., markets. Own your own home. Booklet free. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

Substantial Manufacturing corporation wants capable men to establish branch and manage salesmen. $300 to $1500 necessary. You handle your own money. Will allow expenses to Baltimore if you will qualify. For particulars address Secretary, 416 N. Howard St., Baltimore, Md.

Patents for Sale: to sell or buy or obtain patents write Patent News-43, Washington, D. C. Only inventors newspaper $2 per year, 20c copy.

HONEY

Honey of Superior Quality. Also Green County's Famous Cheese. Price list Free. E. H. Ross, Monroe, Wis.

Finest Quality Clover Honey. 30 lb. can $3.50. 10 lb. cans 2 9, and 5 lb. cans 30 cents per pound. Every order carefully packed and promptly shipped. Sample 15 cents. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

Make Money Fast—Small capital starts you with guaranteed professional Moving picture machine. Complete outfit on easy payments. No experience needed. Catalog Free. Dept. C, Monarch Theatre Supply Service, 420 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Make Money Fast. Start "Movie" with small capital. Buy complete outfit on easy payments. Openings everywhere. No experience required. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. C, Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago.

Complete Moving Picture Outfit professional machine film screens, chairs, light plant Easy payments. Large catalog free. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 23, 228 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

BOOKS

4 books, Crucified Seer A C Emmerich, Nativity, Egypt and Cana, for 20c. Klein Co., Brandon, Minn.

MUSIC

Send us 25c and names of 3 friends who buy music and we will send you three of our best 30c songs and big cut-price music catalog. Harold Rossiter Music Co., 319 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

FARMS FOR SALE

100 A., $3300; with Pr. Horses, 8 Cows and Bull, tools and implements, hay, fodder included for quick sale, easy terms. Convenient RR town, high school, 6 churches, creamery, markets, 50 acres fields, 16-cow pasture, wood, fruit. 9-room house, large barn, granary, corn, poultry, hog houses. Details this unusual bargain page 22 Strout's Fall Catalog, 100 pages Farm Bargains 23 States; copy free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B G, Nassau St., New York.

HELP WANTED

Get a Gov. Position through us. Position or money back guaranty. Thousands of men and women, 18 to 60, needed in Wash. and elsewhere for the years of "reconstruction" ahead. We'll coach you quickly by mail for civil service examination and appointment. Permanent; easy hours, paid vacations, higher salaries. Our free book RT 2004 gives list of positions. Write for it. Earl Hopkins, Wash. D. C.

Stop Daily Grind. Start Business Silvering mirrors, Auto headlights, Tableware, etc. Plans free. Clarence Sprinkle, Dep. CC, Marion, Ind.

Wanted,—Railway Mail Clerks. $1300 begin. Write for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. N12, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly Procured. Personal, Careful and Efficient service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send Sketch or Model for actual search and advice. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27B Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Free Book On Patents—Write today for Free Copy of "How to Obtain a Patent." Contains valuable information and advice to inventors. Tells how to secure Patents. Send model or sketch of your invention for opinion of its patentable nature—Free. (20 years experience) Talbert & Talbert, 4206 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made $30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Wanted—5 bright, capable Ladies to Travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 52, Omaha, Nebr.

Women—Become Dress Designers. $125 month. Sample lessons free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. N 851, Rochester, N. Y.

Women — Girls wanted. Government Census Jobs. $1140 year. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. N9, Rochester, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

FEMALE AGENTS WANTED

Free—Beautiful pair silk hose to any lady for selling 3 boxes "Seeroh" Beauty Cream. Seeroh Co., 92 Broadway, Detroit, Mich.

Send 15c for sample Lightning Cement. Mends Glass, China, Furniture, etc. Write for territory. Chambers, Old So. Bldg., Boston, Mass.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

NURSING

Trained Nurses. Earn $15 to $30 a week. Learn without leaving home. Send for free booklet. Royal College of Science, Dept. 49, Toronto, Ontario.

STORIES WANTED

Wanted Stories, Articles, Poems for new magazine. Cash paid on acceptance. Typed or handwritten Mss. acceptable. Send Mss. to Nat'l Story Magazine, 53 Vanderbilt Bldg., N.Y.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Guaranteed Boys Watch, Girls Gold plated Bracelet or Liberal Commissions for placing packet seeds with friends. Outfit Free. Eckert Seed Co., B-72 Cly, Pa.

Presents Free. Send 10c at once for sample Sachet & begin receiving Beautiful Prizes Free. Spfd. Perfume Co., Dept. 37, Springfield, Mass.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 4515, St. Louis, Mo.

PHOTO FINISHING

Mail Us 15c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Best material. Skilled operators. Get our book. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For 10c we will develop and furnish prints from one 6 or 8 exposure film, or enlargement 5 x 7 your favorite negative 10c to show quality and service. Associated Photo Company, Sta. A. 15, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Offer. We finish 6 exposure roll (one only) and furnish 6 select prints for 25c with order. Try us. Money back if dissatified. Moreau's Kodak Finishing Service, 822 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Do you take pictures? Write for free sample of our big magazine, showing how to make better pictures and earn money. American Photography, 130 Pope Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Films Developed Free—any size, 12 prints (trial order) 2c each. Quick—Satisfactory work guaranteed. Remit with order. Save money. Bennett Studio, Hyde Park, Cincinnati, O.

Disabled Soldiers Photo Service Co., 3864 N. Halsted St., Chicago. Films Developed 7c, Prints 3c each. Give us a trial.

Quality Kodak Finishing. 8 hour service. All size films developed 10c. Prints 2½x3½—3c. 2¾x4¼—4c. 3¼x5½—5c. Newt C. Eblin, The Kodak Man, 119B, Peachtree St., Atlanta, Ga.

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Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, N. Pothern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Own Your Own Orange Grove In Fruitland Park, Florida's finest lake-jeweled highland section, way above sea level. A few dollars a month will buy it. Plant peaches, a quick money crop, with oranges, and the peaches may be made to pay not only for your land and orange grove but yield a profit besides. We can produce you a better orange grove for less money than anyone in the State and in Florida's greatest section. Fruitland Park is best. We can prove it. Write for a book of actual photographs, the interesting story of a Fruitland Park farm and why peaches may pay for it. Lake County Land Owners' Association, 298 Palm Ave., Fruitland Park, Lake County, Florida.

Four Wheel Chairs in December

535 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four December wheel chairs go to the Soldiers' Friend Club, Galesburg, Ill., 150; James L. Nichols, Coweta, Okla., 149; Harold Johnson, Forest Hill, La., 104; Arthur W. Mahaffey, R. 2, Brevard, N. C., 86.

The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them, except that the 104 for Harold Johnson includes cash and subscriptions making total equivalent to 104 subscriptions for him.

The Soldiers' Friend Club consists of sixteen little girls ranging in age from seven to fourteen years and was organized by Laura Gleason in June, 1918 to aid in war work. Through entertainments given by the Club and by the sale of articles made by the members the little girls raised and turned over to the Galesburg Red Cross chapter more than a hundred dollars for the benefit of the soldiers, as told in the Sisters' Corner in September COMFORT where we also printed a group picture of the Club members. Since the war work ended with the demobilizing of the National Army the Soldiers' Friend Club has turned its activities to aiding local charities. Its latest achievement was the procuring of 150 COMFORT subscriptions and thereby obtaining a COMFORT wheel chair for use of the Visiting Nurse Association. The chair bears a brass plate on which is engraved "COMFORT Chair by Soldiers' Friend Club." Every community has its cripples and invalids in need of wheel chairs, and they could all be supplied with COMFORT wheel chairs if the people generally were as public spirited as these little girls of the Soldiers' Friend Club.

James L. Nichols, age 73, has been helpless from his hips down since last July, caused by paralysis and sciatic rheumatism. His wife takes care of him as his



BERNARD BEADLE ENJOYING HIS COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

children are all married and have families. Mrs. John Burress, who has been active in getting subscriptions for his chair, writes: "We want to surprise him with his chair, hoping it will cheer him up so he will gain his strength again."

Harold Johnson, age 8, has never walked, due to the effect of infantile paralysis when a baby. He is one of a large family of children and his parents are poor. The wheel chair will be a blessing to him and his mother.

Arthur W. Mahaffey, age 26, has been a cripple all his life and has no use of his legs. He is dependent on his aged father for support.

The friends of Bernard Beadle will be pleased to see the accompanying picture of him enjoying his COMFORT wheel chair. His mother's letter explains delay in furnishing the photo.

Why not follow the example of the Soldiers' Friend Club and that of some other local organizations that have procured COMFORT wheel chairs for community use?

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Thankful for Bernard Beadle's Wheel Chair

Osgood, Ind.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I enclose a picture of Bernard in his wheel chair for which I am very thankful. I should have sent you a picture of him some time ago but owing to his nervousness could never before obtain a good one. Respectfully yours,

(Mrs.) Grace Beadle.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Subscriptions.—The Soldiers' Friend Club, Ill., for visiting Nurse Assoc. of Soldiers' Friend Club, 150; Mrs. John Burress, Okla., for Mr. James Nichols, 14 subs and 25c cash; Mrs. O. W. Stephens, Okla., for Edna Mabra, 22; Mrs. William Wood, Colo., for Edna Mabra, 21; Mrs. Susan McKee, La., for own, 20; J. W. Powell, N. C. for own, 20; Miss Delma Stanley, Va., for P. M. Stanley, 15; Mrs. Hardy Mathis, Ark., for Mrs. Mary J. Johnson, 12; Mary Springer, Ark., for Clyde Reasons, 11; Mrs. J. F. Gypins, La., for Nella Gunter, 10; Nannie Ricane, N. C., for Hoyatt Dills, 10; Mrs. C. M. Roberts, La., for Harold Johnson, 9; Claude B. Horne, N. C., for Arther Mahaffey, 8; Mrs. H. A. Bullock, La., for Lewie Bullock, 7; Mrs. J. F. Gypins, La., for Arther Mahaffey, 6; Mrs. C. H. Miller, Okla., for Mrs. Elizabeth Collingsworth, 6; Mrs. Owen C. Dennis, N. Dak., for general, 5; Mrs. Bergin Hanell, Ark., for Clyde Reasons, 5.

Cash.—Mrs. Leona R. Ethredge, Miss., for Harold Johnson, $4.00; Mrs. M. C. Focht, Nebr., for general, $2.50; Edward Tregoning, Mich., for general, $1.00 and 2 subs; J. A. Stockman, La., for Harold Johnson, $1.00; Ralph Paul, La., for Harold Johnson, $1.00; J. Ditmer, La.; for Harold Johnson, $1.00; C. M. Roberts, La., for Harold Johnson, $1.00; Floyd Peninger, La., for Harold Johnson, $1.00; Mrs. O. J Pfoutz, Wash., for general, $1.00; Mrs E. C. Schallis, N. J., for general, $1.00; Mrs. Eunice Nessler, Ind., for general, $1.00.

Must Like Himself

She—"I wouldn't marry the handsomest man that ever lived."

He—"I am so sorry when I think how fond I am of you."—*Portland Express.*

Not the Only One

Hazel—"I hear that Fred lost an arm in France."

Helen—"No, but he lost his head over a French girl."—*Portland Express.*

Depends on the Brand

"Some people believe a man cannot smoke and be a Christian. Do you?"

"I never tried any of your cigars."

Selfish

He—"I don't mind Madge kissing her dog, but I prefer to have her kiss me before and not after."

She—"How selfish of you! Don't you suppose Fido has his preference, too?"—*Kennebec Journal.*

How Long?

"That is an eight-day clock, madam," explained the dealer; "it will go eight days without winding."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the customer. "And how long will it go if you wind it?"—*Ladies' Home Journal.*



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Study the illustration above. Consider carefully the completeness of this great outfit—its time, labor and fuel-saving features—the lasting satisfaction it will bring you to enjoy the best in kitchenware at a price so low and on such easy terms that you'll hardly know you're paying. This remarkable 42-piece "Longware" Aluminum Set is made from heavy gauge pressed steel aluminum. Absolutely seamless. Guaranteed to be the best, most serviceable aluminum ware made. Will not crack, corrode, chip or peel.

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VOL. XXXII
NO. 4

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

FEBRUARY
1920

ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL NUMBER



"AMERICA FIRST"

Five Great Champions of Sturdy Americanism

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN.

America First—the Destiny of Our Country Must Not Be Subject to Foreign Control

PRESUMABLY all our readers know that disagreement as to the expediency of joining the League of Nations on the terms prescribed in the proposed peace treaty is the obstacle that thus far has prevented ratification of the treaty by the U. S. Senate. But the document itself is so lengthy and complicated, and the issue has been so befogged by abstruse arguments and grandiloquent oratory that comparatively few people understand the real meaning of the League of Nations proposition and the menace to our country involved in accepting it in its entirety. Without discussing in detail the various intricacies of the treaty I will try to make clear a few salient points of vital interest which justify the persistent stand of the majority of our senators for a modification of the League of Nations program to the extent necessary to safeguard the rights, interests and independence of the United States.

These patriotic senators have been scandalously abused and unjustly charged by the so-called League of Peace advocates with having blocked the ratification of the treaty, although in fact the accusers are wholly responsible for the situation. It takes a two-thirds majority of the Senate to ratify a treaty. Last November a substantial majority, though less than two-thirds, of the senators voted to ratify the treaty, including acceptance of the League of Nations, but subject to certain modifications in the form of reservations in the interest, as stated, of the United States. The only reason why the peace treaty failed of ratification at that time was that a stubborn minority demanded acceptance of the European made treaty without the slightest change and voted solidly against the Americanized form. But it is expected that the minority will yield enough to allow the treaty to be ratified on an Americanized basis.

America First

IT should be distinctly understood that the majority senators, by their insistence that our acceptance of the League of Nations feature of the peace treaty be accompanied by, and conditioned on, reservations necessary to preserve the rights, interests and, above all, the independence of the United States, are pursuing the wise policy advised by Washington and advocated and carried on by Monroe, Lincoln, Grant and Roosevelt—five great champions of sturdy Americanism, of the policy of *America First,* of preserving our national independence by avoiding entanglement in foreign alliances, of keeping out of all wars in which our national honor or national rights are not menaced, of stoutly maintaining and defending our national rights and honor, of protecting our own vital interests by protecting the free nations of North and South America from aggression or conquest by European or Asiatic Powers—in short the policy of minding our own business on this side of the water and insisting that Europe and Asia shall mind theirs. Hitherto this has been the settled policy of our Government and has made our country great, powerful, prosperous and respected. The entrance of the United States into World War was not in any sense a departure from this policy. Through the first two years and eight months of the war our country remained neutral, until Germany's many dastardly attacks and wanton destruction of the lives and property of our citizens on land and sea compelled us to fight in defense of our national rights and honor; and even then we did not form any alliance although, of course, we joined forces with Germany's enemies as the most effective means to victory.

Senate's Americanizing Reservations

THE compass of this editorial does not admit of mention of all the peace treaty's snares and pitfalls that the reservations of the majority senators are designed to save our country from falling into; but the following samples will suffice to demonstrate how suicidal it would be for the United States to accept the League of Nations proposition unconditionally and without modification of such of its terms as are inimical to American interests. The League of Nations amounts to a sort of international super-government by the member nations for the purpose of exercising certain powers not only over the governments of its members but also over the whole world, and of enforcing obedience by war if necessary. It is specified in the peace treaty that Great Britian and her colonies shall have six votes while the United States is permitted only one vote in the governing body of the League. For the purpose of rectifying this gross inequality so far as American interests are concerned the majority senators demanded a reservation limiting the British Empire to one vote on all questions affecting the United States. Can you imagine any true American objecting to this reservation? And yet all the minority senators, except a very few, voted against it.

Other clauses of the treaty would, to a considerable extent, impair the independence of the United States by subjecting our country to foreign dictation not only in its international intercourse but even in the regulation and administration of its internal affairs. For instance, we could be required to submit to the judgment of a foreign board of arbitration as to our immigration laws, our Chinese exclusion act, the several State laws restricting or prohibiting foreign ownership of land, to which Japan so strenuously and impudently objects, and in fact almost any law that affects the interests of another nation or its citizens. The League is also authorized to limit the size of our army and navy.

The United States would be required to provide a military and naval force to be at the disposal of the League to enforce its rules, regulations, judgments and decrees against any disobedient nation; which means that we could be plunged into war, without the consent of Congress, at any time and in any part of the world to help settle a quarrel that in no way concerned us. This requirement of the peace treaty is in direct conflict with the Constitution of the United States which confers on Congress the power and sole responsibility of declaring war.

The war has made over the map of Europe. Some of the old countries have gained territory at the expense of their neighbors, and a lot of little turbulent states have suddenly sprung into independent existence from the wreck of the Russian, Austrian and German empires. Since the armistice they have had some twenty wars, mostly over disputed boundaries, and many of them are still fighting. They are to be admitted to the League of Nations, and by the clause of the peace treaty which guarantees the present boundaries of the member nations our country would be embroiled in their quarrels. At the earnest solicitation of the United States and the Allies China entered the war against Germany; and what is her reward? Her Shantung province containing forty million Chinese—more than the entire population of France—is taken from her and given to Japan by the peace treaty. And the United States is asked to confirm this outrageous robbery. The majority of the senators refused to sanction it, and even the minority members, who voted in favor of the proposition for fear of offending Japan, had to acknowledge that it was wrong. Would you wish the Senate to accept this treaty without reservations in behalf of America on all these points? Let us see how Washington, Monroe, Lincoln, Grant and Roosevelt dealt with such propositions in their times.

Washington's Prophetic Warning

FORTY-FIVE years of Washington's life were devoted to the service of his country, the larger part spent in fighting its battles in the French and Indian wars and in the war for Independence. He was reluctant to hold public office, loved peace and abhorred war, but never hesitated to lead in a just war. On retiring from the presidency, which closed his long public career, Washington issued his "Farewell Address to the American People" advising them as to the policies to be pursued for the welfare of the nation. The test of time has shown it to be a masterpiece of prophetic wisdom. As to avoiding war by keeping out of entangling foreign alliances he admonished:

"The great rule of conduct for us, in regard to foreign nations, is, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible.**** Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities.**** Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalship, interest, humor, or caprice? It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world;****"

The Monroe Doctrine

WE have prospered by minding our own business. Later it became necessary for President Monroe to proclaim, as the corollary of Washington's proposition, that Europe must mind her business by not meddling with the affairs of the independent nations of North and South America. Brazil was a former colony of Portugal while all the other South American nations were former colonies of Spain, but all had gained their independence prior to 1823 when Spain asked the then existing league of European nations, known as the Holy Alliance, to assist her and Portugal to reconquer their lost American colonies. It was to prevent this threatened aggression that President Monroe announced it to be the policy of the United States not to tolerate the conquest or colonization of any independent American country by a European power. This is the famous Monroe Doctrine which we have stoutly maintained ever since as the determined policy of America. As we were then a weak nation it is probable that the powerful Holy Alliance would have given little heed to President Monroe's warning if Great Britain had not deemed it advantageous to her commercial interests to support our side of the controversy.

The Monroe Doctrine has been the means of preserving the other American republics from annihilation by European powers, but the fundamental reason why we would go to war, if necessary, to enforce it is that European aggression and conquest once begun on the American continent would sooner or later menace our own peace and security. A further expansion of the Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by subsequent Presidents, notably by President Grant, to the effect that such European nations as have American colonies shall not be allowed to sell, swap or otherwise dispose of them except to the United States, or to make them free and independent. This policy blocked Germany's efforts to buy the Danish West Indies, which were afterwards bought by our Government and renamed the Virgin Islands.

Louis Napoleon's Defiance of the Monroe Doctrine Led to His Downfall

DURING our Civil War Mexico was in about the same condition of anarchy as at present. At that time Louis Napoleon was emperor of France, and, being ambitious to achieve some conquest in imitation of the exploits of his uncle, the great Napoleon, took

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"Who is sick here, miss?"



"Sing to me please—sing to me about the jasper walls and gates of pearl."



"Do not feel that you must decide the matter to night, Violet."



Suddenly he gathered her slight form in his arms, and leaped into the carriage.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

On a car, going up a steep hill, leading to the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, is Violet Draper Huntington. Opposite her sits Wallace Richardson. Nearly at the top of the hill, something beneath the car breaks. Wallace seizes Violet's hands and locking them behind his neck commands her to cling. The car crashes down, burying all the passengers beneath the ruins. They are the only two alive and hurried to Wallace Richardson's home, are cared for by his mother. Mrs. Mencke, Violet's sister provides a nurse and leaves orders for Violet to see no one. The nurse out for a walk, Violet goes to the adjoining room to meet Wallace and thank him for the life saved. As they become more friendly, Wallace realizes his danger and Violet is hopelessly in love. Violet asks Wallace to come with his mother to see her. Mrs. Mencke takes Violet to Saratoga for two months, then to Cincinnati, and home. The following day, picking up a paper, Violet reads of Mrs. Richardson's death. She goes to the Richardsons' house and expresses her sympathy to Wallace, who unconsciously calls her my darling, and asks her forgiveness. As she whispers, "I am glad," he knows she is all his own. Returning home, her sister demands where she has been, and learning it was at Mrs. Richardson's funeral, that she rides in the carriage with Wallace and Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Mencke denounces it as questionable and that she must drop him for all time. Wallace, calling upon Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke return and she introduces him and admits he is her promised husband. She overhears Belle's and her husband's scheme to place her in a convent. Mrs. Mencke, proposing a trip to Montreal, Violet refuses to go, and Mrs. Mencke takes Mrs. Hawley, who is to sail for Europe and chaperone Nellie Bailey, into her confidence and requests her to induce Violet to join them. Violet makes ready for the proposed trip and Wallace is at the steamer to say good by. Vane Cameron and Ralph Henderson join Mr. and Mrs. Hawley's party and before the voyage is over Vane Cameron surrenders his heart to Violet. Mrs. Mencke schemes that no letters pass between Violet and Wallace and later, joining the party in Europe, gives her permission for Vane to win Violet. Failing to get Violet's consent, she produces a notice of Wallace Richardson's death, which throws Violet into a severe sickness, leaving her sad and heartbroken. Vane Cameron, receiving an encouraging letter from Mrs. Mencke, appears, and tells Violet the wish nearest his heart is to make her his wife. Violet confesses to Vane her love for Wallace Richardson, her sister's opposition, concealing nothing. Knowing she is unhappy from causes other than Wallace's death, Vane urges her to allow him to give her his name, to shield her from sorrow and care. Violet, afraid to yield, and hesitating, faints. Ringing a bell, Mrs. Mencke enters. Recovering consciousness, Violet questions did she promise, and being assured by her sister that she has, she faints again. Mrs. Mencke informs Lord Cameron that Violet acknowledges the engagement, and later she consents to what he thinks best, but with many misgivings. Mrs. Mencke, entering Violet's room, finds the bed made and the room in order and no trace discovered of her. Four weeks later, Lord Cameron, returning from a fruitless search, sees a group near a cliff and the body of a woman upon the beach, clad in dark grey suit with bands of blue silk. Believing it is Violet, Lord Cameron selects a spot near the sea. The next day a stranger appears and requests to meet the woman reported to have married Lord Cameron. Being questioned by the Menckes his right, he produces the marriage certificate and Vane Cameron confirms it by Violet's admission of it to him, the treatment received, her disappearance and later the finding of her body by drowning and the burial. Wallace falls unconscious and Lady Cameron and Vane remain with Wallace through a severe illness, after which he returns to New York, building up a fine business. In the meanwhile, Wilhelm Mencke squanders all at the gaming table and Mrs. Mencke goes to Cincinnati from which place she suddenly disappears. Violet comes to New York, securing a position as governess for Bertha Lawrence, who is partially blind and possessed of a strong will. She wins her affections, Mr. Lawrence treating her as a member of the family, and alone with himself determines to win Violet. Wilhelm Mencke secures Violet's address and learns that Wallace Richardson is in the city. Calling upon him and desiring to raise money, he offers Violet's jewelry for two thousand dollars. Wallace objects. As the husband of Violet, he is the legal heir and will give a sum which may be named as their value and fifty dollars. Jonas Huntington dies, leaving a fortune to his niece, Violet Huntington. She, supposed to be dead, the nearest heir is Mrs. Wilhelm Mencke, for whom search is being made.

CHAPTER XXVI.

BERTHA IS CALLED AWAY.

WILHELM Mencke, after reading the foregoing account over the second time, sat for a long time absorbed in thought, a cunning and malicious gleam in his small eyes, as if some deep and crafty plot were taking root in his brain.

"I must do it!" he muttered, at length. "I must get hold of Violet—get her into my power, and away from New York, where she is continually liable to meet that ——architect. Then I must find Belle. Where can the jade have been all this time? It is absolutely necessary that I find her, for she is—ahem! yes, of course, she is the next of kin; and if we manage things cleverly we can get hold of this handsome pile that Jonas Huntington spent all his life in hoarding, and hold up our heads once more. It is evident that Belle isn't in Cincinnati, or she would have seen the advertisements and have put in her own claim before this—the old girl isn't at all backward, where money is concerned, any more than I am. I can't believe she has remained in London all these months, for she could have had but precious little money, and she'd be likely to want to get back to her own country, if she had herself to take care of."

Once more he dropped into deep thought, but after a time began to soliloquize again.

"I wonder if it would be of any use for me to advertise in the New York papers for her," he mused. "It would be queer if she should be hiding here, as well as the rest of us, and yet there isn't a better place to lose one's self in, take the world over. I've half a mind to try it, for find her I must, or I can never get the handling of that fortune."

The next day there appeared in three of the morning papers a personal to this effect:

WANTED.—To learn the whereabouts of Mrs. B—— M——, formerly of Cincinnati. She will learn of something to her advantage if she will confer with W. M., No. 90 —— Street, New York City.

This advertisement was printed in each paper twice a week during the next two months, but without producing the desired information, consequently the crafty plotter could not carry out his schemes, and Jonas Huntington's great fortune still remained in the hands of the Cincinnati lawyer, Ralph Middleton.

Meantime, however, Wilhelm Mencke was on the alert about other matters.

He haunted the vicinity of No. —— Fifth Avenue, trying to learn something of Violet's movements, and to carry out the plot which he had laid for her unwary feet.

Once or twice he saw her go out to ride with Bertha and her father, but after that he did not get another glimpse of her for long weeks, while every day he saw a doctor's carriage stand for half an hour or more before the palatial residence of the wealthy banker, and he began to think that Violet herself might be dangerously ill.

One evening just at dusk, after a long watch in the vicinity, he accosted a servant coming out of the basement door, and, raising his hat politely, he inquired:

"Who is sick here, miss? I see a doctor's team here every day as I pass from my work."

"The young lady of the house, sir," responded the girl, regarding him wonderingly.

"What, the poor, pretty little thing whose eyes are bad?" he asked, in a tone of affected sympathy.

"Yes," the girl said, tears springing to her own eyes, for, since Violet had been in the house, Bertha had grown to be a different girl, and the servants all loved her now.

"What is the matter?" Vilhelm Mencke asked, secretly disappointed to learn that it was not Violet who was sick, for it would be much easier to get possession of the fortune that had been recently willed to her if she were out of the way.

"She had a bad fall, sir, a while ago. The doctor says her spine is fractured in two places, and she'll never be well again," the girl explained.

"That is bad enough, but not so bad as if there wasn't plenty of money and good friends to look after her," the man returned.

"That is true, sir," said the girl, growing communicative under the interest which her companion manifested, "and she does have the best of care and attention. Miss Huntington, the governess, is just beautiful with her—so kind and gentle, and Miss Bertha can't bear to have her out of her sight a minute."

"That is very nice of the young lady, to be sure; but does she stay with her the whole time?" inquired Mr. Mencke, who desired to post himself thoroughly regarding Violet's movements.

"Mostly—except nights."

"She'll be getting sick herself. Doesn't she go out to get the air at all?"

"Well, for half an hour or so, about noon, when the master makes her go with him."

Ah! this explained why Wilhelm Mencke had never seen her out.

His dinner hour was at twelve, and, as that meal was the most important one of the day to him, he was always busily engaged when Violet took her airing.

He resolved to govern himself accordingly after this; though, if Mr. Lawrence always accompanied Violet, he feared he would be unable to accomplish his purpose.

"Your master must be a very kind man to take such an interest in the governess," he slyly remarked.

"Law! Next to Bertha, he sets his eyes by her. There's nothing he wouldn't do for her; and"—with a significant laugh and toss of her trim head, for the girl dearly loved to gossip if she could get any one to listen to her—"there's a bet between me and the coachman—a pair of new bracelets against a new hat—that she'll be the mistress here yet."

Wilhelm Mencke started.

He had not thought of anything like that happening in connection with Violet; but now it suddenly occurred to him that, if the banker had fallen in love with her, he might turn this fact to his own advantage also.

If the fair governess should happen to disappear, in some mysterious way, the wealthy man might offer a handsome reward for tidings of her, and if he was shrewd he might line his pockets with an extra amount of gold.

He had now learned all he cared to, for the present, and so, after paying the girl a compliment or two, in return for her volubility, he bade her good evening and sauntered away.

* * * * * * * * *

It was true that Bertha had had a terrible fall and now lay at the point of death.

A day or two after that happy afternoon at the opera, she was going down stairs, singing, as happy as a bird, when one of the rods which held the carpet in place—having become loosened from its socket—suddenly flew out and tripped her, causing her to fall nearly the whole length of the staircase.

She was unconscious when her father, who had heard the fall and sprung from his library to her aid, picked her up and carried her to her room.

The physician, on his arrival, made a careful examination, but could not at that time decide just how serious her injuries were. Later, after a consultation with another surgeon, he declared that her spine was fractured in two places, and that she could never recover from the injury—in all probability she would not live more than a few weeks.

The poor child's sufferings were terrible, but she was a patient little thing, and only when exhausted nature could bear no more did she complain of her hard lot.

Violet was with her continually, and did much to cheer and comfort her, while she did not spare herself in any way in her efforts to relieve her pain.

"How good you are to me, Miss Huntington," Bertha remarked, affectionately, one day, when she had had a longer interval of ease than usual.

"And why should I not be, dear?" Violet asked. "I am sure I love you dearly, and would do anything in the world to spare you suffering."

And she emphasized the assertion with a fond kiss upon the girl's pale brow.

"I almost wonder that you do love me," Bertha said, with a sigh.

"Why, my dear child?"

"Because I was so naughty and disagreeable when you first came here."

"But that was a long, long time ago, darling, and I never think of it—you have grown to seem like a dear little sister to me."

"Have I?" cried the child, eagerly, her wan face brightening. "How I wish I could always have had you, dear Miss Huntington. I know I should have been a much better girl, but I am glad that I have had you even for a little while."

"I am glad, too, Bertha, and I hope we are going to enjoy each other's companionship for a long while to come," Violet answered, with a sudden heart sinking at that last remark.

Bertha lay quietly thinking for several moments, then she asked gravely, almost appealingly:

"Miss Huntington, do you believe that little girls who are blind here on earth will see in heaven?"

A shock of pain went quivering through all Violet's nerves at this significant question; but she answered as if there was nothing unusual about it:

"Why of course I do, dear; whatever of ill we may have been afflicted with in this life all will be removed in the future world."

"What makes you think so?" Bertha inquired, with tremulous eagerness.

"Don't you remember, Bertha, that beautiful promise in Revelations? 'There shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.'" Violet returned, a deep tenderness in her tones.

"Those are very comforting words, aren't they?" said Bertha, a glad light illuminating her face, "and I believe them, too, besides a good many other things that you have read to me. It will be very beautiful to be able to see everything clearly and plainly, and never have to grieve any more because you are not quite sure that you know just how those you love look. I think," she went on, with a tender smile on her lips, "that I am going to see and know mamma very soon. I'm glad that I'm going, for I do so long to have my poor eyes opened. You don't know how I have longed, when I have been sitting at the window and knew that papa was on his way home, that I could see him a great distance away and watch him as he came nearer; but," with a heavy sigh, "I could never tell that he was near until I could hear his step."

Violet was so overcome to hear the child talk thus that she could make no reply—she knew that she should burst into tears if she attempted to do so; she could only grasp the small hand that lay upon the counterpane, and fondle it tenderly.

"Do you know," the young girl rambled on, after another interval of silence, "that I never thought much about heaven, or of going there until you came here, Miss Huntington, and I never liked to hear any one read from the Bible, but somehow you made everything sound differently; it did not seem like the stiff Bible verses; but more like a story about beautiful places and things. I am glad now, that you would never begin lessons until you read in the Testament all those lovely things about the blind men, and those others whom Jesus healed. Do you suppose He will touch my eyes when I get to heaven? I think it would be very pleasant to feel His hand laid upon me, and then look up to see Him first of all."

Violet bent down to kiss the little invalid before replying.

"There is no doubt, darling, that you will see Him, for you know that He has told us that every eye shall see Him; while He is to be the light of the heavenly city," Violet whispered—she could not trust herself to speak aloud.

"Sing to me, please—sing to me about the 'jasper walls and gates of pearl,'" Bertha pleaded, turning wearily upon her pillow.

Sing! When her heart was nearly ready to burst with grief because her little charge was dying.

It seemed impossible, but calling all her will to her aid, she softly sang the hymn of which Bertha had grown very fond, and before she was through the child was quietly sleeping.

She never awoke again; the shock and injury of her fall, together with the suffering that followed it, had worn out her young life; her breath became fainter and fainter, and before morning she had gone peacefully and gently into a brighter sphere, where, with vision unimpaired, she would forever find delight in the beauty and brightness of that world prepared for those who have here learned to trust in the great Healer of men.

Mr. Lawrence felt as if he were heavily afflicted in thus losing his only child, and in such a sad way, too, and for a time he seemed almost inconsolable.

Had it not been for Violet in his time of trouble, he felt that he could not have borne it.

She proved a true comforter in every sense of the word, and was so thoughtful and helpful, that the whole household regarded her with deeper love and admiration than ever.

It was she who suggested many pleasant little things, connected with the last ceremonies for Bertha which no one else would have thought of, and which robbed the occasion of much of its gloom.

She asked Mr. Lawrence's permission to arrange the house as she chose, and he had told her to do just as she wished about everything.

She would not have the room darkened, as was the custom; she threw open every shutter, and let in all the sunlight possible, to make the rooms cheerful.

Then she spread a great white fur rug, upon which it had been Bertha's delight to lie, just under the arch, between the two statues which Mr. Lawrence had so recently purchased, and directed that the beautiful white casket containing their loved dead, should be placed upon it.

She scattered lovely flowers all about it, and upon the still form—not set pieces, but carelessly, as if a shower of fragrant blossoms had suddenly fallen upon and around the dear child.

She would have nothing but green and white about Bertha, but everywhere else there were spots of warm color and bright hues, and Mr. Lawrence afterward said that the sunlight, with this warmth and brightness, was infinitely comforting to him.

Violet forgot nothing. She sent a little note to the soprano of the choir, connected with the church which they were in the habit of attending—a Miss Humphrey, a lovely girl, as well as a beautiful singer—asking if she would arrange for some music during the service; and so sweet voices chanted a heavenly requiem above the still form, and the delightful strains lingered long in the memory of those who heard them.

Violet thought she had never listened to anything sweeter, and as she passed Miss Humphrey on her way out to the carriage, when all was over, she bent down to her with a sudden impulse, grasped the fair songstress' hand, and whispered, while her lovely eyes flashed a look of gratitude into hers:

"Thank you! Angel music could not have been sweeter—I shall never forget it."

Miss Humphrey pressed the hand clasping hers in mute and sympathetic response, thinking that she had never seen a lovelier face; but neither of them had a suspicion how they were to meet again, or how intimately their future lives were to be interwoven.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Save Money through Our Premium Offers

The approach of spring brings to light new wants of things for household or personal use, but at present high prices it is expensive if you have to buy.

You can supply some of your needs without any expense through COMFORT'S premium offers.

If you don't find just what you want among the club premiums offered in this magazine write today for our New Premium Catalogue, sent free on request.

Begin getting subscriptions at once. It is easy to get COMFORT subs now at 50 cents a year—the price will be higher soon.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

JUST when I was saying to myself, "Oh, dear, there's nothing new to write about," I opened a letter from one of the good sisters, Mrs. Gertie Pope, Alabama, and found therein the following poem which opened my eyes to the lovely "new" things of everyday life. Never again shall I say, "There is nothing new under the sun." It is too bad Mrs. Pope did not give the name of the writer so we could thank him or her for something good to think about.—Ed.

The Commonplace

"The smile upon a friendly face
Holds nothing that is commonplace.
It's fresh as sunlight and the dew
And through the years is ever new.
Though other joys grow cold and stale,
The charms of friendship never fail.

"Men weary of the world, they cry,
And I can only wonder why,
For every rising of the sun
Brings splendid things to look upon,
And every day we wake to view
The least of us is born anew.

"Who wearies of the friendly hand
That's waved to him across the land?
Who, when he opens wide his door,
Does not rejoice to hear once more
His neighbor's salutation gay
At the commencement of the day?

"Who is not glad that he can see
Day after day the self-same tree?
Who cannot turn his eyes on high
And find new splendors in the sky?
And who would stamp as commonplace
The beauty of a loved one's face?

"In all men are, in all they do,
There is a thrill that's ever new.
Despite the care and pain of strife,
There's no monotony to life.
Though nothing new exists, we're told,
The truth is, there is nothing old."

GALESBURG, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

We are all happy and enthusiastic since our picture appeared in the September number of COMFORT for we are daily receiving letters of thanks and encouragement from all over the United States, from returned soldiers of the late war and other interested parties. All letters received are read at our monthly meetings so every member may be able to enjoy them. We wish to express our thanks for the kind letters and also wish to say that we only tried to do our duty and feel that our sacrifice was very little beside the great sacrifice of our dear heroes who were over there, and we are glad we were able to give the assistance we did to the Red Cross.

We are enclosing a check and list of 150 subscribers for which we hope to receive a wheel chair which we are going to donate to our Visiting Nurse Association that has more calls for wheel chairs than can be furnished. The check also contains $1.85 as we are each giving a dime toward Uncle Charlie's Home Fund.

Wishing you all the best of luck, we remain,
THE SOLDIERS' FRIEND CLUB.

Greetings, Girls of the Soldiers' Friend Club.—We feel honored to have such loyal workers with us and are sure you deserved every bit of thanks and encouragement you received, and ever so much more.—Ed.

WEST VIRGINIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Three cheers for Verne Ellis! I was going to write a letter something like his but as he beat me to it I will send two dimes instead of one. Sisters, let's get up an excitement among ourselves like the menfolks do around election time and just see how many dimes we can send in for Uncle Charlie's Home Fund.

While writing this letter the gude mon came walking along and said, "Did you say you were going to send a dime to Uncle Charlie?" I said, "Yes." He said, "Well, I will send one, too." Then I asked Boy if he wanted to send a dime and he said "Yep," so that makes four.

I don't agree with Elizabeth Wagner about changing the name of COMFORT'S Sisters' Corner to COMFORT'S Friends' Corner. If the men want to write letters to our corner that's all right (provided they send a dime to Uncle Charlie).

I have always been a great admirer of Mrs. Wilkinson. She seems just like "one of us," and takes so much interest in all our troubles and pleasures. One sister says, "All in favor of Mrs. Wilkinson sending her picture, signify by a rising." I am standing on tiptoe.

With love and best wishes to everybody,
MEDDLESOME MATTIE.

Mattie.—I positively refuse to call you "Meddlesome". To say you regard me as one of you, is the very nicest thing you could say. That is what I try to be. Why shouldn't I take an interest in your troubles and pleasures? I'm just another woman with troubles and pleasures like yours. I haven't had as much sorrow in my life as some of you have, but maybe I've had more than some others. As for pleasures, I've found if we enjoy the simple pleasures, while we have them, and not look forward to something greater, that we get much more happiness out of life.—Ed.

COLORADO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you let me in just for a minute? I am not a subscriber but the Daddy of a subscriber.

I want to say in regard to the family money that what will work in one family might fail in another. In my case I tried them all and they all failed so we dissolved partnership. I am a firm believer in equal rights but, like charity, it begins at home. If there is any place that equal rights should be practiced

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE ready response to my request for recipes is very gratifying, for this month it was a regular shower of favorite recipes, from almost every State in the Union, and including everything from cider jelly (in spite of the 18th Amendment) to chocolate roll. Fussy indeed must be the person who cannot find something pleasing, as well as economical among the lot. My thanks to all who were kind enough to send these recipes. Here are some of them.—Ed.

VALENTINE CROQUETTES.—Two cups of finely chopped ham, two unbeaten raw eggs, two cups of bread-crumbs just moistened with cold water, seasoning of salt, pepper and powdered sage. Beat all together and if the mixture is too dry to handle, add a little cold water. Wet the hands and form mixture into heart shapes about an inch thick and roll in flour. Fry a rich brown in deep fat. Take piece



VALENTINE CROQUETTE.

of celery cut to form an arrow and press nearly upright in center of croquette.

EGG TOAST.—Cut inch slices of stale bread into heart shapes, remove centers to correspond with outer edge, dip in cold milk and drain then in lightly beaten egg, and fry in the croquette fat.

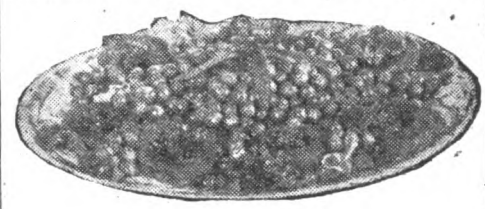
CIDER JELLY.—Take two quarts of cider and let it come to a boil and stir in two quarts of sugar, gradually, until it thickens. Keep the juice hot and stir it until the sugar is all dissolved. Remove from stove and put into glasses.—ANOTHER YOUNG WIFE, Virginia.

CHOCOLATE ROLL.—Cream together three eggs, one cup of sugar, two tablespoons of butter and two tablespoons of milk. Mix one teaspoon of baking powder with one cup of flour. Stir both mixtures together and add one teaspoon of vanilla. Bake in a long tin. Turn on sugared paper and spread with chocolate filling and roll as you would a jelly roll.

FILLING.—Two squares of chocolate, melted, one half cup of sugar, one half cup of cream. Stir well and add one half teaspoon butter, two teaspoons cornstarch mixed with one half cup of milk. Stir constantly until the mixture boils, then beat until smooth when it is ready to spread on cake. This should be done while cake is warm.—MRS. OLIVE HESTON, Highland, Ill.

MEAT PIE.—Take one and one half pound of ground mutton, beef or veal, one finely chopped onion, season to taste, and enough canned tomatoes to make as thin as cake batter. Have bread dough ready and roll out one half inch thick and cut in six- or eight-inch squares. Place a portion of the mixture in each square and fold over and place in greased bread tin and let rise for three quarters of an hour. Then bake until dough is a nice light brown.

VEGETABLE SALAD.—This dish may be made from all kinds of cold cooked vegetables, such as Lima or string beans, carrots, turnip, onions, peas, cauliflower, beets, etc. Celery, cucumbers and green peppers add



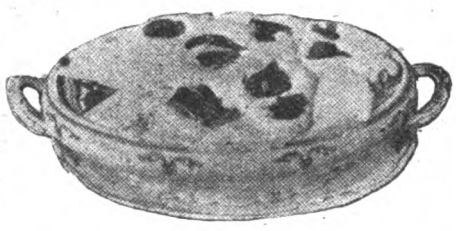
VEGETABLE SALAD.

flavor and crispness. They should be cut fine and served very cold to get the best flavor. The French cook when making a vegetable salad will rub the inside of salad bowl with a slice of raw onion.

ITALIAN STEW.—Take one pound of any desired stew meat and fry in shortening. When well browned, add half-a-dozen onions, finely chopped, and several sticks of celery, cut into small pieces, and let cook until brown. Then add about three quarters of a cup of canned tomatoes, salt and pepper to season and a dash of cinnamon, cloves and nutmeg. Let boil one hour. Add water to keep it from burning. Any of the following ingredients are added to finish stew. With pork, use ripe olives and potatoes. With beef, potatoes and canned peas. With chicken, mushrooms. Rosemary is always used by us in pork; and garlic and chopped parsley before we put in the final vegetables.

PICKLED MEAT.—To pickle pork, put the spareribs, back bones or pieces of meat into a jar. Pack tightly. To every gallon of water used add one pound of salt, one half pound of brown sugar and one tablespoon of black pepper. Boil all together and pour over meat while it is boiling hot. Let set for three days, then pour brine off, boil and pour over the meat again. Be sure the brine covers the meat. Set in cool, dry place. Beef put up in this way will keep almost any length of time. The sugar preserves the meat and at the same time kills the taste of salt and it is almost like fresh meat.—MRS. W. C. LYNN, Bethesda, Ohio.

QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.—Soak one pint of fine bread-crumbs in one quart of fresh milk for three quarters of an hour. Beat the yolks of four eggs until light, and then beat in one cup of sugar and add to milk and crumbs, with the juice and grated rind of half a large lemon. Bake in a pudding dish in a moderate



QUEEN OF PUDDINGS.

oven thirty-five minutes. Whip the whites of four eggs until light and frothy, then add four tablespoons of powdered sugar and beat again until dry and stiff. Spread a layer over the pudding, then dot generously with firm jelly, and add the remainder of white of egg. Return to oven and lightly brown. This pudding may be eaten warm or cold.

CABBAGE TAMALES.—Use either beef, veal or mutton. I take one and one half pounds of ground beef, one cup of rice (well washed) and one half can of tomatoes. Salt and pepper to taste. Mix well, then take cabbage leaves from head of cabbage that has been wilted in boiling water. Roll about two tablespoons in a leaf and place in kettle until you have used all the mixture. If there is any cabbage left, that should be added also, with the remaining half can of tomatoes. Put plate, weighted, on top so the leaves won't come unrolled. Add one quart of water and more if needed to cover well and boil one hour.—MRS. E. L. ZUMBRUMEN, Kemmerer, Wyo.





None Such Pudding



None Such Jelly For Dessert



None Such Gems



None Such Sandwiches



Tomato Stuffed with None Such



None Such Salad



None Such Relish



Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling

Mince Pie

"Like Mother Used to Make"

is only one of the nourishing, delicious dishes you can make with little labor from

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

If you like to delight your family with new and wholesome dishes, look over these recipes.

You can, for instance, break the deadly sameness of breakfast by serving hot None Such Gems with the morning coffee. You won't bake enough of them the first time, nor probably the second time. They disappear very fast.

Then there are None Such Sandwiches for luncheon—nourishing, and easy to make; and None Such Stuffed Tomato, that looks good and tastes better; and once your family has tasted one of the None Such Jellies or Desserts, that particular dessert will be called for loudly again and again.

These are all appetizing and wholesome, and None Such adds body and flavor to the stuffing for duck and other game; but don't forget to bake a batch of mince pies for the family once in a while to make them remember they're at home. What is home without a piping-hot mince pie every now and then?

TRY THESE RECIPES

None Such Pudding—(*Recipe for using left-over biscuits*) 4 or 6 biscuits; 1 cupful dark corn-sirup; 1-4 cupful brown sugar; 1-4 cupful butter substitute; 2 egg-yolks; 1 1-2 cupfuls of None Such Mince Meat; 2 egg-whites.
Soak biscuits in warm water until soft and add the other ingredients in the order given. Beat egg-yolks thoroughly before adding. Mix ingredients completely, put in a well-oiled baking-dish and bake thirty minutes in a moderate oven. Make a meringue of the egg-whites, heap it on the pudding and allow to brown in the oven.

None Such Jelly for Dessert—1 package Jiffy-Jell (either lemon, orange, or loganberry), nuts and None Such Mince Meat. Before serving, cover top with whipped cream, sprinkle with finely chopped nuts and place a cherry in center.

None Such Gems—Make a pie-crust dough. Use gem pans, greasing them as usual. Roll dough moderately thick. Line each gem pan with dough in the same manner as for pie, fill with None Such Mince Meat thickened with flour. Make a covering of dough. Serve hot.

None Such Sandwiches—Cut slices very thin. Make a filling of None Such Mince Meat, to which may be added onions, celery, pimentos. Use crisp lettuce leaf.

Tomato Stuffed with None Such—Scoop out tomato. Mix None Such Mince Meat, celery, green peppers and onions. Fill the scooped-out tomato and serve, after chilling, on a plate garnished with parsley.

None Such Salad—None Such Mince Meat, oranges, grapes, celery and marshmallow. Chill and serve on lettuce leaf.

None Such Relish—Mix None Such Mince Meat with green or red peppers and onions.

Oatmeal Cookies with None Such Filling—*Cookies:* 1 cup sugar, 1 cup shortening, 3 cups oatmeal, 3 cups flour, 1-2 cup milk, and 1 teaspoonful of soda. *Filling:* None Such Mince Meat—2 cups; 1 cup water. Boil till thick and spread between cookies.

NOTE:—None Such Mince Meat, prepared in the same manner as for mince pie, is the basis for all these recipes. Use it according to the directions. Try some of the other recipes suggested on the None Such package.

Merrell-Soule Company, Syracuse, N. Y.

Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



"Is there something you want?" the nurse asked. "My wife," returned Neil.



He started off hurriedly in the direction the soldier had indicated.



Twice the ghoulish Dave Gorsline had been fired at.



"Sir," she spoke up eagerly, "I am, or was, Miss Beryl Grayson."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nicholas Berdyne, past middle age, his face marred by dissipation, schemes with Hartley Trenwyck to win Beryl Grayson, whose father is dead. She is engaged to Neil Preston, who goes to Alaska in the interest of a mine owned by Grayson and which falls into Berdyne's hands. Neil Preston is reported dead by Dave Gorsline, who is hired by Berdyne to tell Beryl. In her sorrow and loss of wealth, she refuses continued aid from Berdyne. Mr. Jackman from Denver, wanting to repay a debt owed to Beryl's father, invites Beryl to his ranch, where she forms a friendship for Tonita, a beautiful Mexican girl, who advises her not to marry Berdyne through any mistaken idea of gratitude. Irma Lee, discarded by Berdyne, warns Beryl that he serves his own selfish purpose and that Neil Preston lives and is on his way to Jackman's Ranch. Berdyne, persistent that Beryl shall become his wife, Neil Preston, overhearing her denunciation of his baseness and treachery and refusing to marry him, confronts Berdyne who swears he will follow his trail. The day Beryl Grayson becomes Berdyne's wife, Morley Preston, opposed to Neil's marriage, will tender Trenwyck a check for five thousand dollars and Berdyne will give a like sum. He admits Beryl's trust in Jackson and that the letter written offering her the home was inspired by him, that he holds a heavy mortgage on the Jackman ranch, and with this knowledge they plot to separate the lovers who plan to be married the following day. Jackman, a tool in Berdyne's and Trenwyck's hands, drugs the wine which he gives Beryl when he drinks with her to her happiness, and she, feeling dizzy and faint, goes to her room and the door is locked. Neil Preston, returning for Beryl, meets Tonita. Approaching Jackman's house, an automobile is in waiting and a man with Beryl in his arms appears from the house and lifts her into the car. Preston strikes him down, and taking the auto, with Tonita, they make their escape through the night for San Francisco. Trenwyck advises Berdyne not to go too far. Not to be foiled in capturing Beryl, they take an early train to San Francisco, wiring Gorsline to watch for the auto, the *Red Flyer*, which he locates near the residence of a minister, who is called early to perform a marriage ceremony, which is scarcely over, when there is a summons from the door. Berdyne enters, and Neil, struggling to defend his wife, reels and falls to the floor mid the chaos of an earthquake, while Beryl is borne helplessly away. Making her escape, she wanders back to Pine Street, searching the wrecked house in vain for her husband.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEIL BEGINS HIS SEARCH.

NEIL drifted back to life as out of a horrid dream. The supreme joy that had been his was blurred and blotted by the awful cataclysm that had shaken the minister's home like a house of cards. He dimly realized what must have happened, but he remembered only the rap on the door, Tonita's announcement that Berdyne was without, Beryl's outstretched hands and loving, pleading face, then the crash as the avalanche of masonry crunched its way through roof and ceiling. Now he awoke to find a white bandage about his temples, and himself lying on a mattress on the floor of a great hall.

On every side of him were mattresses and improvised cots. Anxious-faced women were moving about, ministering to those who suffered, or assisting physicians in their work of mercy. Here and there a white sheet spread over a silent form told a gruesome story that sent a shudder to Neil's heart. He lifted himself on one elbow, and a nurse, observing his movements, hurried toward him.

"Is there something you want?" the nurse asked.

"My wife," returned Neil, continuing to peer about him. "Is she here?"

"You were brought here by a young lady who hurried away as soon as the doctor told her you were not seriously hurt."

"Hurried away?" repeated Neil blankly.

"Yes. The young lady seemed in great excitement. She brought you in a wagon, which carried a number of other injured people from Pine Street. Do you feel better, sir?"

"There does not seem to be anything the matter with me."

The nurse smiled indulgently.

"You had a narrow escape," she said. "A brick from a falling chimney struck you a glancing blow on the head."

"But the young lady who brought me here," he persisted; "what was she like?"

"She was very dark——"

"Ah! It must have been Tonita."

"She looked like a Mexican girl, sir."

"How long have I been here?"

"Not more than an hour. This is the Mechanics' Pavilion, in temporary use as a hospital."

"There has been an earthquake?"

"The city, it is feared, has been destroyed."

"Beryl, my Beryl!" groaned Neil. "I wonder what has become of her while I have been lying here unconscious?"

He had not seen Berdyne when the latter swept into the parlor of the minister's home and bore Beryl from the room. At that moment he was lying prostrate and senseless.

"Perhaps," said the nurse, drawing a scrap of paper from her bosom, "this will give you some news of her you would find. It was left by the Mexican girl."

Neil took the folded paper, read it, and a low moan was wrenched from his tortured spirit.

The note was indeed from the Mexicana, and, although very brief, was of startling import:

"SENOR PRESTON: Berdyne has carried away our poor, dear Beryl. He used the automobile, and swept away with her under our stricken eyes. The city is in a turmoil, and search will be difficult; but, nevertheless, I go to do what I can. TONITA."

The paper fluttered from Neil's nerveless fingers, and he fell back on the cot, his face in his hands. Was there no defeating the vile plans of Berdyne? Was he to triumph, after all?

But, no! Beryl was now Neil's wife! In the midst of his grief Neil took some comfort from the thought. His pure, innocent darling would be saved from the crafty snare of that fiend in human form, and he—Neil—was the one to do it.

In a flash his mood changed, and he arose to his feet with a face full of fierce determination.

"Do you think you had better leave?" asked the nurse pityingly.

In the brief period the temporary hospital had been in operation, she had beheld much misery and learned of many broken hopes, yet no case had impressed her more deeply than that of this strong, noble young man whose bride of a moment had been snatched while he lay unconscious.

"I am no weakling," answered Neil, "and there can be no rest for me while my hapless darling is in the hands of one like this man Berdyne."

He took his hat, thanked her for what she had done, left a twenty-dollar bill in her hands to help on the good work of the hospital, and fared away in his search for Beryl.

A mighty task lay before him, as he realized as soon as he had reached the street and saw the devastation that surrounded him, but love was his inspiration. And when was there ever a task which love pronounced impossible? Heaven itself would be his Beryl's safeguard, and eternal justice would point him on!

Whither should he turn his steps? He could think of no place but the house in Pine Street. Perhaps in that place he would be able to pick up some clue which would lead him swiftly and surely to Berdyne. And, when he once found the man—— His strong right hand clenched with the thought, and his handsome face flamed with righteous wrath.

"I will find her," he murmured, over and over, "I will find her!"

As he took his way along Larkin Street, wending northward through crowds of stony-faced, half-dressed men and women, he observed a high structure on his right—a bony framework surmounted by a dome and rising out of a tangled heap of disrupted masonry. It was the ghost of the once lordly city hall, and his soul shuddered at the completeness of the ruin. Here and there he could see little spirals of smoke ascending, and he learned from those he passed that fires were starting and that the broken mains rendered the fire fighters helpless. The only way to fight the flames was with powder and dynamite, and he heard blast after blast from the regions around him.

He saw the gallant soldiers from the Presidio, who had appeared on the scene as if by magic, marching their measured beats; he saw a ghoul attempting to strip a dead body, and heard a shot from a soldier's rifle, which laid the robber lifeless across the form he had been despoiling; he heard women crying aloud for husbands and children, and he saw men searching frantically for the dear ones from whom they had become separated. Again and again soldiers turned him aside from the direct course he was following toward Pine Street.

His heart sickened with the thought that Beryl was abroad in that stricken city, worse off by far than if she had been alone. He groaned in his anguish and prayer to the Father to direct him, to guide him quickly to the place where his love and his vengeance might accomplish their double purpose.

His silent prayers were answered in part, in a way that seemed well-nigh miraculous. In Jones Street he came upon the wreck of an automobile. The car had been wrecked by a toppling wall, an immense stone having crushed the machinery forward of the front seat.

The flaming red of the car struck him as familiar, and his heart leaped with the discovery, a moment later, that it was the *Red Flyer*.

Berdyne's flight with his helpless victim had been interrupted. If compelled to proceed on foot, then Beryl could have appealed to those around her, and it would have been impossible for Berdyne to hold her against her will. How slight a thing will sometimes give ground for hope! Neil took heart of grace, and pressed onward toward Pine Street with feverish eagerness.

He came at last to his destination. The awful ruin of the minister's house filled him with horror. His darling could not be there; nevertheless, he would have gone dumbly into the falling structure in the vain hope that some clue might have been left for him.

"Halt!" cried a stern voice.

He whirled to find an infantryman grimly approaching him.

"It is necessary for me to go in there!" cried Neil. "I will take the chances."

"I will not allow you to enter," was the determined reply. "Stand back!"

"Sir," said Neil, "I was taken from there unconscious directly after the first great shock, and I have only now come from the Mechanics' Pavilion, which has been turned into a hospital. I am seeking——"

A strange light gleamed in the soldier's eyes.

"You are seeking your wife?" he interrupted.

"Yes, yes!" came from Neil eagerly.

"A beautiful girl with hair like gold, and——"

"Ah!" Neil cried, his heart almost bursting with the hope that suddenly filled it. "You have seen her?"

"She was here," said the soldier, "and she forced her way into the house in spite of me, to look for you."

"Then she is in there, and——"

"No, no!" The soldier caught his arm, and held him back by main strength. "She came out, looking like one whose brain had been turned by some terrible disappointment. She left—not more than five minutes since."

"Ah, Heaven!" groaned Neil, in despair. Then, recovering, he asked: "Which way did she go?"

The soldier pointed.

"She was alone?" demanded Neil.

"Yes."

He started off hurriedly in the direction the soldier had indicated.

"If she comes back," he called as he hastened on, "have her go to Golden Gate Park. Tell her that I am well, and that I will find her!"

But Beryl did not return while that soldier was on duty. Later in the day the fire drove the soldier away, and there was not even a ruin for Beryl to return to for the words of good cheer which the boy in blue was keeping for her.

Beryl and Neil were hopelessly entangled in the destruction of the great city.

CHAPTER XV.

PORTSMOUTH SQUARE.

The presence of the regulars from the Presidio had made looting a dangerous occupation. Twice the ghoulish Dave Gorsline had been fired at, and he had so narrowly missed being hit by the bullets that he had thought best to give up his pilfering operations—at least for the time. He had profited largely, however, and his pockets were heavy with rings, watches, brooches, silver and gold. Wherever he had seen a helpless fellow creature, he had pounced upon him like a harpy and wrenched away his valuables with brutal haste.

Once the depraved wretch had been pursued, and had only escaped by darting into a pretentious dwelling on Sutter Street. This house had withstood the great shock admirably. Windows were broken, chimneys had fallen and part of the room had tumbled in, but the walls still stood. The occupants had deserted the place, and Gorsline, who had the courage of the sneak thief and the prowler, took his ease in the place for a while. He lounged on rich divans, raided a pantry for cold food, and a sideboard for wine and cigars, and sighed to think that he could not appropriate the silver and some of the luxurious furnishings.

In due course he sallied forth once more, but found the soldiers thicker than ever. Presently he found himself in Portsmouth Square, and under the menacing shadow of the Hall of Justice. He shook his dirty fist at the building, then drew back in awe as a file of men came from the near-by morgue, bearing sheeted forms which were being placed in hastily improvised graves. It was after nine o'clock, and the morgue was in danger of fire.

As Gorsline turned away from the grisly spectacle, he felt a hand on his shoulder. He whirled like a cat, fearing an officer; then his fears subsided in a raucous laugh.

"Trenwyck!" he exclaimed.

The lawyer's face bore traces of excitement.

"Where's Berdyne?" he asked. "Do you know?"

"Not me," answered Gorsline. "He went off down Pine Street in that gasolene wagon of his, takin' the girl with him. I thought you was out o' the city by this time."

Trenwyck's excitement increased. He paid no attention to Gorsline's last remark, as there was something else in his crafty mind.

"If Berdyne took Beryl Grayson away with him," said he, "then something must have gone wrong."

"How do you figger it?" queried Gorsline.

"Why, because the girl is here, in Portsmouth Square!"

The ruffian flashed the lawyer a startled look with his small, beady eyes.

"Sure o' that, Trenwyck?"

"I can't be mistaken."

"Is the gal alone?"

"Yes. What do you suppose happened to Berdyne?"

"Ask me somethin' easy."

"If we had some place to take the girl," muttered Trenwyck, "and if we could get word to Berdyne——"

"How are we goin' to get word to any one in a town all shook up like this?" grunted the ruffian.

"Berdyne has a yacht off Sausalito, and——"

"Take me close, so'st I can git a good look at the gal," interrupted Gorsline. "Mebby you've made a mistake."

The square was thronging with Chinamen who had poured out of Chinatown, which lay away to the west. Each Oriental had a heap of his personal effects with him, and by threading their way among the Celestials and their piles of goods it was easy for the two scoundrels to approach the Stevenson Memorial, near which the girl Trenwyck had in mind was sitting.

It was really poor Beryl, whose weary wanderings had carried her to that place. Again the net of fate was spreading to enmesh her. The blows of adversity, which had been rained upon her suffering spirit, had benumbed her faculties. When she had left the ruins of the minister's home, she knew not whither she was going, nor cared. On reaching the square, thronged with its motley refugees, she had become conscious of overwhelming fatigue, and had sunk down to rest on the first convenient object that offered.

The wistfulness and grief that were mirrored in her sweet face would have touched a heart of stone; but the hard, cruel natures of the two plotters were incapable of pity. Beryl was sitting on a trunk, leaning against another which stood upright behind her. One of her hands was raised to her face, and the rare gem Neil had given her sparkled its lure in the eyes of the heartless ghoul.

"Berdyne will certainly not leave the city while the girl is here," whispered Trenwyck. "I know him too well. Unless he is too badly injured, or dead, you may rest assured that he is searching for her this minute. If there was some place to which we could take her until we could find Berdyne, I should be in favor of it."

"In the first place," mutterd Gorsline, "we may never find Berdyne."

"That goes without saying. And yet, we may."

"I know of a house on Sutter Street that held together purty well, an' there ain't no one in the place. If we could get her there, we might run our chances o' findin' Berdyne. If we didn't find him, and things got too hot, we could let the gal go."

"I don't think she will know me," said Trenwyck cunningly; "and I believe I can turn the trick and get her to go to the house you mention. It's a safe house, is it?" he added anxiously. "I've no mind to let a chimney or a wall tumble on top of me. I was frightened out of my senses when the shock began."

"You haven't got much sand, Trenwyck," returned Gorsline, with an evil grin. "How'll you get the gal to come to the place?"

"Trust me for that. She looks as though she was crazed and half out of her mind."

"That may help you."

"How am I to find this house you speak of? That's the point."

"Get the gal to come with you, and I'll keep jest ahead—far enough so she won't see an' reckernize me, but not so far but what you can keep me in sight. See? When I turn into the house you turn in there, too."

"We'll try it," said the scoundrelly Trenwyck.

Gorsline stood where he was and watched, his greedy eyes still on the precious stone that flashed on Beryl's finger. Trenwyck stepped forward, halted in front of a woman whose painted face and bold eyes told her character, alas! only too well, and asked:

"Pardon me, but are you Miss Beryl Grayson? I am seeking a person of that name who was recently in Pine Street, and who has become separated from her friends."

The woman crouching on a wooden box looked up into Trenwyck's face with a flippant leer. Nevertheless, his ruse succeeded. Beryl heard the crafty lawyer's question, and, in her distraught state, failed to perceive the artifice of such a random query. A flash of hope and understanding crossed her lovely face.

"Sir, she spoke up eagerly. "I am, or was, Miss Beryl Grayson. Oh, tell me quickly why you seek me!"

She did not recognize Trenwyck. Indeed, while the lawyer was at Sunset Ranch she had scarcely seen him, and had not once met him face to face.

With a pleased look on his face, Trenwyck stepped up to Beryl.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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By Catherine Curtis Clarke

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IF you want a lot of fun, give a "Hearty Party" on the evening of the fourteenth of February. This is not a great deal of trouble and always affords a good deal of wholesome excitement for the young folks and is fun to prepare for. Even the invitations should be different from the usual thing and be intended to mystify the expected guests and make them curious. So let them take the form of hearts cut from red cardboard or from stiff white paper with a little red crepe paper pasted on the back, but get the red cardboard if you can for this is the most effective. On the red cardboard write in violet ink or on the white paper in ordinary black ink the following effusion:

"Here's a hearty invite
For St. Valentine's night.
Bring your heart and I'll bring mine,
There'll be hearts of every kind,
Hearts of red and hearts of blue
And hearts of other colors, too.
Hearts that are sweet and hearts that are sour,
Hard hearts and dear hearts and hearts made
of flour.

At eight o'clock just lift the latch,
You may get out without a scratch
Or maybe you will make a match.

P. S. My house is all rigged up for you,
So don't refuse whate'er you do.

Near the top of the right-hand lobe of the heart write your name and address, or, if the party is to be given by a young ladies' society at the Grange Hall or parish house of a church or in the town hall, write the name of the society and where the party is to be held and if there is to be a small price asked for admission write that also. In this case, line twelve of the verses must be changed right after the "P. S." from "My house" to "The hall," which will make it appropriate. Enclose each heart in an ordinary envelope, but paste a tiny red heart on the back like a seal.

If the affair is given by a society to raise a little money I think it will be much better not to charge any entrance fee, but make the money by charging for refreshments and for taking part in the pastimes I am going to tell you about. Before I forget, I want to say that there is no reason why the party should begin as late as eight o'clock, and if it is held by a society, six o'clock is a better time, and of course the invitation can be just as easily changed to read "six" as "eight."

But whether the party is given in your own home or in a hall, decorate the place a little so that it looks festive. This puts the guests in the right mood as soon as they enter the doors and everything goes off better in consequence. It won't cost much to do this as red paper is not expensive and anybody can cut out hearts large and small. Branches of pine, spruce, fir or other evergreen trees interspersed with hearts look very gay, indeed. In a prominent place tack up an enormous heart as large as a barrel head, put some pine tassels on it or better still, if you can get them, a bunch of pine cones, and underneath, right across the heart, print in big letters, "I AM PINING FOR YOU." Of course, anything else appropriate to St. Valentine can be used in the decorations. Old lace paper valentines, figures of Cupid, tiny bows and arrows, darts cut out of gold paper, etc., are all appropriate. Next get a small evergreen tree, or, if you cannot easily procure this, use branches tied firmly together and solidly mounted in a wooden box filled with stones and earth. Or, lacking any of these things, use a small kitchen clothes-horse with the rods painted green, or, if wanted for use again, covered with green crepe paper put on in stripes wound around it and held in place with paste. This, or the evergreen tree, is the Heart Tree, and on it are hung hearts of all colors cut from paper with a different fortune pasted on the back of each one. On the heart cut from gold paper is written:

Good as gold and wealthy, too,
Is the girl (or man) who's meant for you.

The red heart reads:
Now the fire of love will start
Red and glowing in your heart.

The green heart declares:
Through the country, through the town,
He (or she) is searching for you up and
down.

The inscription on the blue heart is:
Your love is loyal, always true,
Is the fortune of the blue.

On the pale blue is written:
Bright blue eyes and brownest hair,
Has the one your home will share.

The pink heart says:
A rosy future you will claim,
Don't you wish you knew his (her) name?

Lastly, the purple heart proclaims:
Crown of laurel, robe of fame,
Has your partner in life's game.

Of course, if the party is too large you will need a great many more hearts than these, so duplicate some of the fortunes, and on others discard poetry and write a line or two right to the point in prose. Such as, "You will marry soon, but your partner will have red hair and a mean disposition," or, "Cupid is saving someone for you with the best heart in the world and a lot of good sense, too." In writing these things try, whenever you can, to make them apply to either sex, but when this cannot be conveniently done put in two words, as, for instance, "Your future husband (wife) is waiting for you just around the corner." It is impossible to separate the sexes in this game and either a man or woman can pull a heart from the tree. Then besides all these, there are on the tree hearts cut from cotton batting, labeled, "Your sweetheart has a soft heart"; hearts cut from red cardboard and torn across and worded, "A broken heart"; hearts of sandpaper, labeled, "Rough but useful"; a heart cut from tin or lead and labeled, "A heavy heart"; a heart with a feather stuck on it for a "Light heart"; a candy heart labeled, "A regular sweetheart", and so on.

The Heart Tree, which presents a very gay appearance with its bright-colored burden, stands on the floor or is planted in a flower pot and placed on a table, according to the size both of the tree and the number of guests at the party. Each person is blindfolded and led to the tree, from which he or she must pick the first heart the hand touches. After the fortunes have been read and laughed over, an old-fashioned but very jolly heart game can be played. This has no name but is played exactly like the old-time "Donkey Party." Perhaps you remember how in your childhood you tried vainly to pin the donkey's tail in the right place. Well, in this case, a big heart takes the place of the much abused donkey and the idea is for the guests to pin a tiny heart in the exact center of it. They must of course be blindfolded one at a time and whoever gets his heart in the proper position receives a small prize.

Have several small tables scattered through the room at which different heart games are to be played.

At one table provide squares of clean white cardboard, with ink and pens, pencils or colored crayons, and see which pair can within the given time prepare the most attractive valentine. The verse and the pen and ink or crayon decoration are originated by the players and executed by them. Or you might have the man write the verse and the girl draw or paint the decoration. Have several squares on the tables in order that those who finish before the time is up and who wish to do so, may try to improve upon their first efforts.

At another table arrange a contest to see who can form most other words out of the word valentine. Each word so formed counts one point, but words of sentiment or relating to the occasion are to be rewarded with five points each, and the *one* who wins the most points gets a prize.

Another that is novel is Floating Hearts. Cut from celluloid, preferably pink, a quantity of tiny hearts each with a perforation in it to be used in fishing. Set these little shapes afloat in a bowl of water, and let the players fish for them, counting one point for each heart caught. Improvise little fishing poles with sticks, red string or baby ribbon and little gilt hooks attached to the ribbon.

Then, if this is not enough for the evening's entertainment and you want the affair to end with something elaborate, why not play "Cupid's Arrows"? Make up as many heart frames out of wire as there are guests. Cover these for the men with red tissue paper and those for the women with white. Make enough "darts" to go around. Make them out of heavy cardboard box covers and cut them arrow shaped—they should be made double and glued or stretched together to make them heavier. They can be thrown with the hand like any dart. You may paint the wooden tips red and gild the cardboard shaft if you like.

Hang up the tissue paper hearts on a wire or string stretched across a corner of the room or between double doors, because the object is to throw the darts through the hearts and if they are against the wall the darts will not go through. The darts are covered on both sides with paper and when making them a small envelope containing a fortune is hidden inside between the two thicknesses of tissue paper.

Go to the magazines for the pictures to be used in these valentine "fortunes" for the game is that, tucked away in these envelopes, are the pictures of the future husbands and wives of the guests. Worlds of fun may be had in preparing these. For the men, cut out little pictures of charming young women, perhaps a ballet dancer, a face-cream advertisement girl, and be sure and get one or two pictures of old witches or women as ugly as possible.

For the ladies, cut out the men shown in the advertisements, one of a man shaving, his face all lather, one of a very fat man, also some pictures of soldiers, sailors, clothes advertising men, one of a man advertising some well-known brand of underwear, some old baldheaded man, etc. Paste these on little cards and put them in envelopes.

Give each guest a dart, let the ladies shoot at the red hearts first. Give them five chances if they miss, but if they fail after five chances it means that they cannot shoot again and they will be old maids. Then let the men throw the darts. As soon as the dart goes through the tissue paper—one guest at a time throwing so as to avoid confusion—he owns the envelope in it and pulls the heart down. If it is a home party, the hostess should tell the guests not to open the envelopes but wait until the contest is over and then write each guest's name under the picture won and pin them up on the wall for all to see.

The refreshments served should be in heart shape as much as possible. Cut the sandwich bread in the shape of plump hearts and use cream cheese, potted ham or tongue, canned salmon or something a little soft to stick them together. It is pretty to have one side of the heart of graham or brown-bread and one of white. Have heart-shaped cookies covered with a pretty pink frosting, tinted with the juice from a can of preserved strawberries or cherries. This not only looks very pretty indeed, but tastes delicious. Creamed oysters or creamed chicken decorated with scarlet hearts cut from sweet red peppers are also appreciated. You can always get these peppers canned if those "fresh" from the cold storage warehouse are not available. Cakes in heart shape, jellies made in a heart-shaped mould, ice-cream in heart shapes, can all be served. Lemonade, orangeade, grape-juice, punch or coffee make suitable drinks. Salad may be served, if you prefer it to the hot dishes mentioned, but when you make it, don't forget to cut out a heart from a pickled beet to decorate each plate.

In selecting a prize for the valentine affair, one's purse is the first thing to be considered,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

Remember
The One-Cent Dish



The Delicious Food of Foods

A dish of Quaker Oats—the finest form of the supreme food—costs you but a cent.

A big, hearty dish of the greatest food that grows It is almost a breakfast in itself.

Note what that cent will buy, at this writing, in other foods which are excellent.

What One Cent Buys

A bite of meat.
A trifle of fish.
1-5 of an egg.
1 slice bacon.
1 slice of bread and butter.
1 large potato.
2 small prunes.

A cake of Hamburger Steak costs about as much as 5 dishes Quaker Oats.

There is no greater food fact to consider in your breakfasts.

The oat is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. A food which every mother wants her child to get.

And it costs one-ninth what meat costs, or eggs or fish, for equal calories of nutrition.

Cost by Calories

The calory is the energy measure of food value, used in Government comparisons.

At this writing, this is what some necessary foods cost per 1,000 calories of nutriment:

Cost Per 1,000 Calories	
Quaker Oats	5½c
Average Meats	45c
Average Fish	50c
In Hen's Eggs	70c
In Vegetables	11c to 75c



5½ Cents
Per 1000 Calories

Eat all these foods, but make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast to average up your food cost. Also make sure your people get elements they need.



50 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

Quaker Oats

The Super-Grade of Oat Flakes



70 Cents
Per 1000 Calories

For flavor's sake be sure to get Quaker Oats. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

This flavor has won Quaker Oats a world-wide fame. It makes the dish doubly inviting. And it costs you no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

Cubby Bear at the Coasting Party

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"YOU must rap louder if you are to rouse Cubby Bear," said Minnie Mink to Furry Otter. "A gentle tapping like that will not wake him from his sound winter sleep."

"He may not come out, after all," said Furry Otter, "but I shall try to coax him."

He rapped louder at Cubby Bear's window, calling, "Cubby! Cubby Bear! Wake up! Do you hear me?"

A fretful grumbling was heard inside, then a sleepy voice called, "It is winter, and time for sleeping. Please go away, and leave me alone, whoever you may be!"

"But, Cubby Bear," called Furry Otter. "*Please* do not go to sleep again yet! Wake up! I shall not half enjoy my party without you—do, please, tell me you will come!"

"A *party!*" cried Cubby Bear, and they heard him scrambling out of his warm bed. He came to the window, and threw it open. He was wide awake now. "A *party!*" he repeated, "and in the cold winter time!"

"Ah, but see what a fine night it is!" said Minnie Mink. "And the weather is mild for winter."

The snow-covered forest was lighted by a smiling silver moon, which rode high in the dark-blue, cloudless sky. Thousands of bright stars were twinkling gaily, winking at Cubby Bear in the most friendly manner.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"It is a coasting party," explained Furry Otter. "I have been getting ready for it for days, and have a beautiful, smooth slide on a little hillside by the Big Brook, not far above Busy Beaver's lodge. The company is gathering now, and I must hurry back. I did not invite you before, because I knew you would not like to be disturbed more than once."

"Get on your earmuffs and your red mittens, and come along with us," said Minnie Mink.

"My relatives have come from far and near," Furry Otter told Cubby, as they were on their way to the hill. "First, we shall slide as we like, to get in practice, and then there will be a coasting contest, and a prize will be given to the one who reaches the end of the slide the greatest number of times before the judge tells us to stop."

"What is a prize?" asked Cubby.

"Oh, a marvelous thing!" said Furry Otter; "the colors of the stars, all shining and beautiful. Busy Beaver gave it to me. He has had it in his lodge since last summer. Shinyblack Crow found it in the road, and gave it to him. Robbie Reddie, who does not fear to go about the village freely, says he has seen similar things hanging from ladies' ears."

"Ah!" said Minnie Mink, with a shake of her head, "human beings have such strange and unbelievable customs!"

Before they reached the hillside, they could hear the happy laughter and shouts of the coasters. It was a gay sight. Cubby Bear was surprised at the number of otters. He had seen none beside his friend, Furry Otter, before.

Busy Beaver and Brother Binney Beaver were there, Molly Muskrat, Foxy Reynard, Dr. Squilly Porcupine, curled up in a spikey ball, and Chirpy Chipmunk, who was skipping about briskly, trying to keep warm. Bunny Rabbit had not been able to come, as the Bunny Babies were sick with colds.

They drew near, to watch the coasters. Starting at the top of the little hill, all four paws spread out, they flew down the icy slide, going with a tremendous splash into the cold waters of the Big Brook at the foot of the hill. Cubby, watching them, gasped and shivered. Then, springing out, away they darted, up the hill at one side of the place where they went down, to slide again.

It was exciting sport. Otters were coasting past in quick succession, and Cubby Bear saw Busy Beaver and Mollie Muskrat go scooting by.

"Shall you slide, Cubby?" asked a voice at his elbow, and he turned, to find Racky Coon standing beside him.

"No; oh, no!" answered Cubby. "I have no mind to go splashing into the icy cold water in winter!"

"It is great sport," Minnie Mink assured him. "The exercise keeps one warm. Watch me!" And with a wave of her paw, she started off to join the merrymakers.

A young otter who was passing and had heard what was said, stopped, and looked at Cubby Bear with an unpleasant laugh.

"The *bear* slide!" he cried. "Not he! I laugh to think of it—with his slow, sleepy awkwardness! Why, he could not even get to the top of the hill. And as for diving in the brook—he would not dare!"

Cubby Bear looked at the otter in surprise, his face flushing beneath its furry covering. He was not used to such unkind remarks.

"Go on, Cubby. Do it!" urged little Chirpy Chipmunk.

"If you are still sleepy, it will wake you up," whispered Furry Otter.

"Show the rude stranger you are not afraid," said Brother Binney Beaver. "Come up the hill with me, and I will show you how to start."

Cubby hesitated. The steep glare of ice looked



"DOWN ON THE ICE—INTO THE WATER—OUT ON THE BANK."

"This is my friend, Cubby Bear," said Furry Otter, "and I have no doubt he could slide if he wished. Cubby—my cousin, Sammy Otter."

Cubby Bear determined not to be angry, and held out his red-mittened paw, but Sammy paid no attention to his friendly advances, and threw back his head laughing.

"I dare him!" he cried loudly. "I dare Cubby Bear to try coasting!"

dangerous, the dark waters cold. Then, "I will go," he said, and followed Brother Binney Beaver to the top of the hill.

"One slide will be enough," declared Sammy Otter.

"Spread out your paws," directed Binney, "to steer with. I am going down right behind you. All ready. Go!"

If his paws were to steer with, Cubby had no chance of learning. Down he went over the ice, and plunged into the Big Brook, so quickly he had no time to steer, or even to think.

The water closed over his head. Oh, he must breathe!

Why was he so foolish as to let a stranger laugh him into such a mad adventure as this? He struggled to the surface, gasping wildly. But here was good Brother Binney Beaver in the water beside him.

"Quick, Cubby!" he called, seizing him in a strong, helpful grasp. We must climb out, for others are coming."

They scrambled out, and Cubby shook the water from his shaggy coat.

"I will go again," he said, and shutting his teeth firmly together to keep them from chattering, he started to climb the hill once more.

"Good!" cried Brother Binney, and from the crowd of lookers-on, a cheer arose.

The second slide was not so terrifying, and when old Grandfather Otter, who was to time the race, called, in a high, squeaky voice, "Attention! the coasting contest will now commence!" Cubby determined to do his best to win. He took his place with the others at the top of the hill.

Sammy Otter was just beside him.

"*You* racing!" he jeered. "Ho, ho! why, everybody knows I shall win the prize. Even the other otters have no chance against me!"

Cubby made no reply, but stood ready with muscles strained, to start at the word "Go."

Down over the ice—into the water—out on the bank—tearing up the hill at their best speed—around and around and around went the racers in dizzying circles, while the watchers craned their necks to see, and shouted themselves hoarse.

Cubby Bear was out of breath, every muscle ached, he could not see clearly for the water in his eyes, it seemed as though he must drop out of the race, but still he did not give up. He must not let that Sammy Otter get an inch ahead of him!

Slide—splash—climb! Slide—splash—climb!

Was this a wild dream that he would laugh at next spring? *What* was it? He grew confused, but he did not stop, for Sammy Otter might pass him!

Slide—splash—climb!

"Time's up!" squeaked Grandfather Otter, just as Cubby plunged beneath the water.

A hard thump on the head confused and hurt him, and he cried out—it was Sammy Otter, who had made the plunge *just behind him!*

Then what a shout went up from the little people of the pleasant forest!

"Cubby Bear! Cubby Bear! Cubby wins! He's won the race!" a chorus of jubilant voices yelled, while Grandfather Otter called, over and over, until he could make himself heard.

"The coasting contest has been won by Cubby Bear. If he will come here, I will give him the prize."

A dozen willing paws pulled Cubby Bear from the Big Brook, and helped him up the hill.

Grandfather Otter held out the prize, saying, "Please accept this beautiful gold earring. Will you take it in your paw, or will you have a little hole made in your ear, so that you can wear it in the proper fashion?"

"In m-my paw, p-p-please. Tha-tha-thank y-you!" Cubby Bear stammered, having hard work to speak at all.

"He is all a-shiver and a-shake!" cried Dr. Squilly Porcupine indignantly, stepping forward. "Hear how his teeth chatter. He may be sick to pay for this night's work. I will take him home and put him to bed."

When they reached the house, Dr. Squilly roused Mamma Bruin, who was sleeping peacefully.

They started a fire, and warmed and rubbed the shivering Cubby, while Dr. Squilly Porcupine told Mamma Bruin of Furry Otter's party.

"I wish I had my medicine case here," sighed Squilly.

"I have some wintergreen leaves in the cupboard," said Mamma Bruin. "We will steep them, and give him the hot tea to drink."

When at last Cubby was tucked into his little bed, he murmured drowsily, "It was a fine party. I hope Furry Otter will have another next—nex——" and dropped off to sleep before finishing his sentence.

Mamma Bruin was yawning behind her huge paw.

"Good by, Dr. Squilly," she said, "and thank you for being so kind to my little Cubby. He is sound asleep now, and we shall not awaken again until the coming of spring."

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MARCH COMFORT

our Household Number will be loaded with information of permanent value to the busy housewife, helping to lighten the burden of her cares and labor. The following are a few of the

Special Features for March

"Making a House into a Home" How to give your home an air of comfort and cheer.

"Home-Made Soap" Make your own soap—cheaper and better than much that you buy.

"In the Sewing-Room" With the high cost of clothing, the art of sewing and mending becomes more important.

"Tempting Food for the Sick" In sickness much depends on the patient's food.

"Taking the Blue out of Monday" Practical helps that make washing easy.

"American Housewife's Mistake" Sensible advice to women on care of health.

"Tied and Dyed" A way to use dyes for unusual and fancy effects indress-goods and house furnishings.

"Stains on the Table-Cloth" How to remove them without injuring the cloth.

"Her Chiffonier Lochinvar" A charming romance of everyday life; but the ending is highly sensational.

"Cubby Bear Plays Follow My Fancy" And has a strange adventure.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 376 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive March COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed.

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February, 1920.

Crumbs of Comfort

Never quarrel.
Be self-reliant.
Love yourself last.
A promise is a debt.
Sorrows are the spurs of life.
Nothing costs more than glory.
Grief's best cure is employment.
The sky is a shadow of eternity.
Silence is a fence around wisdom.
The wisest man is the best prophet.
Ten refusals are better than one lie.
A smile is a good wrinkle eradicator.
Consider well, then decide positively.
If you mean to profit, learn to please.
Secrets are a mortgage on friendship.
Best scholars are not always wisest men.
God looks to pure and not to full hands.
To a rough question, give a gentle reply.
Quiet minds are generally the most happy.
Resolve to edge in a little reading every day.
Poetry is the morning dream of great minds.
The greatest of all wastes is the waste of time.
Success is generally the fruit of many failures.
Proverbs are the daughters of daily experience.
A thousand probabilities cannot make one truth.
Let us never think cheaply of ourselves or of life.
The use of reason is to restrain the irregular impulses of nature.
Human races are fleeting and changeful, but the human race remains.
A single grateful thought toward Heaven is the most perfect prayer.
The weakest spot in every man is where he thinks himself the wisest.
Let us move boldly on; we can make life a series of great conquests.
We cannot hear what some men say, for what they are sounds too loudly.
Good thoughts are no better than good dreams unless they are executed.
Some people are like a boy's rocking horse; full of motion and no progress.
If poverty has its inconvenience, it has also its independence and security.
Cultivate not only the cornfields of your mind, but the pleasure grounds also.
The world of reality has its limits, but the world of imagination is boundless.
Never let the anticipation of a coming pleasure cause you to waste present moments.
A man can be relieved and gay when he has put his heart in his work and done his best.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and give me your close attention, for I have a very important matter that I want you to ponder over; it is the subject of inquiry by Robert S. Lawrence, Newcomerstown, Ohio, who says in his recent letter to me:

"I certainly enjoy reading your discussion on various topics for they have been very helpful to me and to every sound-minded, patriotic person who reads COMFORT. What do you think will be the final outcome of this racial conflict, which is seemingly sapping the very vitals of our dear old U. S. A.? Do you believe our dear Old Glory will be wiped in the dust? Several well-informed men in the community have asked me to write and find out what you think about it."

Robert, I regret to say I cannot answer freely and frankly the vital matter you have asked me to discuss. I can only deal in abstract generalities and not concrete facts. This much, however, I can say: I am very pessimistic as to the future of this country. You can't build a house without good material, and neither can you build a nation, unless you have the cement of a common ideal, a common patriotism and brotherly affection to hold the various racial bricks together and make the structure durable. You have got to have national brotherhood before you can have international fraternity. Old-World discords have been planted in our soil, and, like noxious weeds, are flourishing amazingly, and are of more consequence to various irreconcilable groups than are those matters which vitally concern our nation as a whole. There is one racial group so aggressive and powerful politically and so perfectly organized that no editor or publication dare mention its name except to slobber it with fulsome and sickening praise. Our country will come under the control of those who will be able to grab most political power. Now watch the names of those who hold offices and you will see who holds the power and you will be able to determine who will eventually dominate us.

This country made a fatal and terrible mistake in allowing these shores to be made a dumping ground for all the races of the earth. We should have selected the ingredients that went into our national pudding with more care. We did not do so, and now, instead of a pudding, we've got a mess that I fear we can never assimilate or digest. If we breed from fifty different racial strains, we shall have a race, not of men, but of mongrels. The Puritan and the Pilgrim were the finest types of manhood, and, though far from perfect, the strongest in character and political and spiritual development the world had ever seen up to that time. If you are not aware of this, you are blind to the most vital fact in your history. It was Anglo-Saxon ideas, ideals, virtues, genius, respect for law, love of freedom and love of God, that made us a nation, and it was the spirit we imbibed from those great souls and their genius that has vitalized and given to our institutions all those principles that keep this national structure, now a very Tower of Babel, from disintegrating and falling to pieces. But the Plymouth strain is growing thin and anaemic.

Old Glory will wave just as long as those who believe in the ideals which it symbolizes are in the majority and ready and willing to get behind their flag, and not a second longer. If the majority of the people decide that they want the black flag of anarchy or the red flag of socialism; decide that they prefer the dictatorship of a group of proletarian fanatics, class consciousness to national consciousness; or prefer the tyranny of some racial group within or foreign powers without, political or ecclesiastical or decide they want to live in spiritual bondage under some religious sect or denomination (for nothing is impossible, as man has not yet found himself, but is still groping in the dark, hiding his eyes from the light, stumbling along the blind alleys of selfishness that lead to nowhere), then we shall have to submit to all sorts of agonies until men become sane, sensible and brotherly.

The struggle of various racial groups to dominate the politics of this country will continue so long as our affairs are run by pothouse politicians instead of statesmen. Partizanship, parochialism, sectionalism and all the other evil isms, that disintegrate instead of integrate our national life, are as rampant today as they were fifty years ago. A common danger drew us together, temporarily at least, during the war, but directly that danger disappeared, we all fell back into our narrow ruts of distrust and suspicion and began making faces at one another in the same old, stupid, inhuman way.

Without a common language and a common ideal, and we have neither, no nation can last, ours least of all, because we have stood idly by and let millions of inferior racial strains contaminate the blood stream of the great races who laid the foundations of this Republic. That contamination must stop. Immigration must, and will, be regulated, and the life-giving elements in our body politic strengthened and renewed. We should especially welcome those who speak our tongue, for ours is the language of liberty and freedom, and those who refuse to learn and speak the finest language on earth should be deported. As I have frequently said before, we must breed from within and not depend on growth from without, and we must breed citizens and not harbor undesirable plotters. Another thing, too, we must learn to do our own dirty, as well as our clean, work. The colored lady will no longer wash our linen and Rastus will refuse to polish our shoes. If we want coal, we must mine it ourselves; if we want tunnels dug, railroads constructed, mountains bored, it is our hands that must do it. We must appreciate the dignity of labor and recognize the fact that overalls can be just as closely associated with gentility and culture as high silk hats and dress suits. We should not allow any racial group to become so dominant and powerful that its influence can overawe and terrify Congress, as was the case with the German group, previous to the war. It is the custom for the members of a certain racial group to brag that there are from twenty to thirty million people of their blood in this country. Up jumps another racial group and claims another thirty or forty million, and these groups take particular pains to remind us that their blood-strain is superior to all others; and these unpleasant reminders which are a covert threat to the nation as a whole, come from people who are not Americanized, for if they were they would not, when making these boastful statements, add insult to injury, by dragging out the eternal and hateful hyphen when referring to their nationality. We killed the hyphen during the war, but it is flourishing again with all its old deadly and menacing virulence.

If complete Americanization is impossible, then all nationalities should at least keep perfect alignment. No one should step from the ranks, break up the formation and attempt to control the rest of us or make our Congress and our legislatures, not the abode of statesmen but mere political bargain counters. If there is any commanding to be done, Uncle Sam will do it. As regards the future of this country, Macauley, the great historian, writing in the Victorian era, said: "As for America, I appeal to the Twentieth Century. Either some Cæsar or Napoleon will seize the reins of government with a strong hand or your republic will be as fiercely plundered and laid waste by barbarians in the Twentieth Century as the Roman Empire was in the Fifth, with this difference, that the Huns and Vandals who ravaged Rome came from without her borders while your Huns and Vandals will be engendered within your own country and by your own institutions."

The great philosopher, Herbert Spencer, in a similar prophetic strain, wrote thus: "We have bad times before us, and you have still more dreadful times before you, civil war, immense bloodshed and eventually military despotism of the severest type." De Toqueville, who wrote a wonderful work, "Democracy in America," also predicted that "Aliens who had no stake in our country and were un-Americanized would finally ruin our republic."

We need not be discouraged by the gloomy prognostications of Macauley or Spencer, though their predictions will inevitably be fulfilled unless America is Americanized drastically and thoroughly. Every year or two a house has to be repainted and the roof tarred, or it soon decays. We have neither painted our house nor tarred its roof. We have let it get along any old way that it could and the result is it is sagging at the knees and threatening to fall about our ears. We have been so busy making money or spending money, so busy playing politics, and senseless politics at that, that enemies without and within, grown bold by your fatuous indifference and incompetence, now threaten to destroy the whole fabric of our government. But I feel confident there is too much good, sound, common sense among the better elements of the American people to ever permit a repetition in this country of the horrors that have taken place in Russia. But do not let us delude ourselves or push our heads in the sand and do the ostrich act as we did before the war, and shut our eyes to all that is taking place around us, or our necks will be severed and our bodies left to the tender mercies of the criminal buzzards and jackals that abound in every social state and look with eyes of envy on the things that the orderly and industrious have created, while these vermin plotted, loafed and idled. Remember that this is 1920 and not 1776. Science has demolished space and China is nearer Washington today than Rhode Island was 150 years ago. Our fortunes are linked up with the rest of humanity, and we must cultivate friendly relations with other nations. Not many generations ahead there will be a billion Chinamen instead of four hundred million; then, unless you have done your duty by him, you may have a real yellow peril on your hands. One thing we must do and do immediately, and that is to cultivate the friendliest possible relations with English-speaking peoples the world over, for our ideals, if not our interests, are identical, and it is ideals that always count in the long run. Everybody here must speak English, or American, if you prefer to have it that way. It is the language of liberty and freedom and the best language on earth. It is the language of trade and has become the language of diplomacy. The English-speaking peoples are the burden bearers of civilization; they must aid and shepherd their weaker brothers until they are able to take care of themselves. It is the Pilgrim stock that has opened up the waste places of the earth, made the waterways of the world safe for commerce and dumped more Bibles in heathen laps than Mr. Heathen will be able to digest in a century. But he will digest them eventually, for Christianity is the only live-wire religion. Even the Bolsheviks are beginning to ask: "Can man live without Christ?" Unless we accept this burden, the Christ burden, the civilization of the white man will perish. It is a heavy burden to bear but none of the other nations of the world are capable of bearing it. Though in terms of years the human race may seem old to you, it is still very young in all that makes for goodness, humanity and decency. Merely struggling to live right ourselves is not sufficient, we must help others to live right, and we must protest when others live wrong and do wrong, for what hurts one hurts all. Our work in the Philippines shows what can be done for a backward people. If there is any other than the Anglo-Saxon race that can do better than America and Britain have done, let it step forward and do it. All these world-opening and uplifting enterprises may be based on selfishness but without enlightened selfishness no one does anything, and after self has done its rough pioneering part, idealism will put on the polish. The merging of various radical elements for political ends is a very real menace to our existence. You will probably have a very vivid illustration of the workings of this menace at our next presidential election, which from all indications will be staged along racial lines and for purposes which do not vitally concern the interests of this Republic. Some loud-mouthed demagogue will eventually, for his own selfish political ends, bring one or two groups together, camouflaging the maneuver under a very deluge of flag-waving and fake Americanism, and Old Glory will be shoved in your faces, but you will not need much vision to look through its starry folds and behold the evil, destructive thing that lurks behind it. Kill the snakes of alienism, Bolshevism and anarchy and put men in office who are honest, unafraid and 100 per cent American, and the racial problem will settle itself.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter, is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only boy? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie Books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

JACKSBORO, R. R. 1, TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

As I am lonesome I will write you. Am five feet four inches tall, weigh one hundred pounds, have brown hair and light complexion. I live about half a mile from Cundiff. We have not any postoffice there so I live on a root. Cundiff is a small town fifteen miles northeast of Jacksboro. It has two stores, two garages, two churches and a new schoolhouse. I am in the seventh grade. My age is between twelve and fifteen. I surely am glad the war is over, are you not? November 11, was the day the armistice was signed. What do you do for pastime? I crochet and go to school. I had the flu but it was not at all pleasant. Uncle Charlie, if you want a job come down here and pick cotton for us. We will board you and pay you three dollars per hundard.

RUTHIE D. SMITH.

So, Ruthie, you live on a root, do you? Like myself, you are a first-class vegetarian. I hope, however, you have more than one root to chew on or your diet will become somewhat monotonous. Which root are you patronizing just now—carrots, parsnips, mangel-wurzel or beets? People eat too much meat entirely and it pleases me immensely to know there is a young lady in Texas, who has recognized the nutritive value of the root crop. Personally, I hope you are chewing on a carrot, as there is no more valuable food. My doctor makes me take carrot soup two or three times a week, and he even prescribes it for ailing babies with remarkable results. The only thing I have against carrots is, they store sugar and in the present sugar shortage I think such an act is little short of criminal. Money is the root of all evil, it is about the only root humanity will persist in chewing on. We have a very distinguished member of the root family in New York—Elihu Root. As Mr. Roof, however, is a lawyer, you had better not monkey with him or you will be liable to be bitten instead of getting a bite. Pity the President didn't take that Root to Paris to chew on. Had he done so the world might have been at peace and getting back to normal conditions. The war isn't over, my dear, and won't be for many years. We only won one round of the international scrap. We did not stay long enough to score a knockout. Germany is still in the ring and the ring won't hold her long. There are a lot of elements in this world that will never quit fighting until they get their own way, and as no decent human could live if they had their way, the fight has got to go on. Whenever you plant an honest crop, up grow the weeds and try to choke it. It is the same with the human crop. You've got to root out the criminal weeds and exterminate them or they will exterminate you. We went over to Europe to hoe up some very wicked weeds, but we did not stay long enough to do a thorough job and the result is the weeds are all coming back and laughing at us. It takes more than an armistice with shouting, screaming, yelling, singing, parading and a general exhibition of national hysteria to bring about a peace with Germany, let alone a world peace. There is a nice weed crop to the south of us in Mexico that may be under the hoeing process before these words are in print, though I have always fervently hoped the Mexicans would have sense enough to hoe up their own weeds. The Mexican, however, is about ninety per cent Indian and he does today what the Indian tribes did of old in this country when each tribe tried to exterminate the other. The world is tired of the weed crop and wants to get down to an honest, sensible plane of living. Unless we want to be choked by the weeds within and without, we shall be forced, whether we like it or not, for the sake of self-preservation, which is the first law of nature, to join hands with the honest-crop nations and exterminate the weed menace before it exterminates us. Ruthie, it is awfully kind of you to offer me a job picking cotton. If things continue as they are going at present I shall be very glad to accept your offer, for only the man who works with his hands is to be allowed to live and the brain worker is to be chased out of existence. After the brain workers, the artists, the thinkers, the poets, the writers, the musicians, the engineers the scientists, have been killed off, then you'll have a fine bughouse world worse than forty hells; for when the brains go the soul will go, and when the soul goes, the abysmal beast, the gorilla and the chimpanzee will take possession. I am glad to know the South is getting a high price for its cotton. What a contrast to when the war began and we were implored to buy cotton at ten cents a pound. It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good, after all. By the way, Ruthie, what is a hundard? The Goat says he thinks you mean a hundred. Let us hope so.

CHOUPIQUE, LA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am going on thirteen years of age and am in the sixth grade. We have not been taking the COMFORT very long, but I don't see what people mean if they don't take COMFORT and join the League. We live on a farm and have lots of peaches and figs. Daddy is going to get me a horse to ride to school this year if I want one. I can ride and go in the car. What would you do if you were me?

Yours lovingly, DANIEL LACY.

Vernie, I am not at all surprised to find that the transportation problem is so acute in Louisiana as it is in the country, and, for that matter, the world o'er. Once on a time a man had to hoof it if he wanted to go anywhere. Then he discovered he could move quicker if he tamed a wild horse and got astride its back. Later on he hitched the horse to a carriage; then the locomotive engine appeared on the scene and the street car. The automobile and the airship followed in quick succession. Man is a great success at moving his body, but in the mass he is an awful failure when it comes to moving his mind. He still lets that crawl, and it always crawls in a rut or on a single track. Mechanically, man has progressed marvelously, but economically, physically, spiritually, mentally, morally, he is still millions of years behind the material creations of his brain. In spite of the fact that wages have doubled, trebled and quadrupled in some cases and that everything that goes into running and constructing a railroad

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

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3903	Fancy Little Nancy—Saxophone Solo	Wheeler Wadsworth
3904	Train Time at Pun'kin Center—Comic Rube Sketch	Cal Stewart and Co.
3905	Same As His Faither Did Before Him	Glen Ellison
3906	'Twas an Old-Fashioned Song He Was Singing—Ballad	Lewis James
3907	Windy Willie—March	New York Military Band
3908	Love Blossom—Mixed Voices	Metropolitan Quartet
3909	Yelping Hound Blues—Jazz Fox Trot	Louisiana Five
3910	Floatin' Down to Cotton Town	Premier Quartet
3911	Nobody Ever—Fox Trot	Tuxedo Dance Orchestra
3912	Back Home on the Farm—Negro Sketch	Golden and Hughes
3913	I'm a Dancing Fool—Comic Song	Al Bernard
3914	I Love You Just the Same Sweet Adeline	Premier Quartet
3915	Carolina Sunshine—Popular Song	Vernon Dalhart and Cho.
3916	Love's Adieu—Ballad	Lewis James and Vernon Archibald
3917	Serenade d'Amour	Imperial Marimba Band
3918	Abandonado—Mexican Waltz	Peerless Orchestra
3919	Good-Bye, Beloved, Good-Bye—Old Melody	Virginia Rea and Lyric Male Quartet
3920	Henry Jones, Your Honeymoon Is Over—Comic Negro Sketch	Al Bernard and Ernest Hare
3921	A Picture of Long Ago—Sketch	Ada Jones, Len Spencer
3922	Broken Blossoms—Ballad	Helen Clark and George W. Ballard

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Little Stories of Roosevelt

By Carl Schurz Lowden

His Creed

"LET us therefore boldly face the life of strife, resolute to do our duty well and manfully; resolute to uphold righteousness by deed and by word; resolute to be both honest and brave; to serve high ideals, yet to use practical methods. Above all, let us shrink from no strife, moral or physical, within or without the nation, provided we are certain that the strife is justified, for it is only through strife, through hard and dangerous endeavor, that we shall ultimately win the goal of true national greatness."—From his essay, "The Strenuous Life."

The Only Licking He Ever Got

"He was a regular boy," said a Long Island coachman of the youthful Theodore. "Always outdoors, climbin' trees, and havin' queer things alive in his pockets. Sometimes it was even a snake."

Perhaps it was a snake that caused the tussle between Ted and his sister. No girl relishes the sight of a reptile. Anyhow the two of them staged a small battle in which the boy became cannibalistic and bit his opponent's arm severely.



HE HAD AN OLD-FASHIONED FATHER.

The girl cried out because of the pain and the sight of the blood. Presently their father came in and asked where the culprit was hiding. But Ted had gone into the kitchen, grabbed a wad of dough off the table, and then sneaked under it where the broad skirt of the cook helped to conceal him.

Daddy Roosevelt knew that the Irish cook and his son were very good friends and he surmised that Ted might have taken refuge near her. Accordingly he advanced into the kitchen and made inquiry.

He could obtain little information regarding his lost son. However, he hung around a while and kept an eye on the kind-hearted woman. Soon he observed her slyly looking beneath the table; and then, with the secret out, Ted promptly emerged from his hiding-place.

As the boy slipped through the door into the adjoining room, he hurled the bit of dough at his father, but the missile did not stop the chase. Ted started up the stairs. Alas and alack! At the half-way point the boy was caught, jerked across the parental knees, and given a Rooseveltian paddling. It was the only licking his father ever administered unto his namesake.

Indian Marauders

When Roosevelt mounted his horse near noon of a fine day to make an exploring trip to the north and east of his Elkhorn ranch, he scarcely expected a thrilling adventure. However, he kept his thinking-cap firmly on his head and afterwards spoke of the incident as trivial.

He had risen up a slight rise and emerged onto a small plain or plateau when five young Indians suddenly came over the opposite edge, yelled, waved their rifles, and charged. They were of the irresponsible age, neither babies nor men, and they meant mischief. Sometimes these red hoodlums would deprive a lone rider of his horse, rifle and money.

"Four Eyes," given the name because his defective vision necessitated the wearing of spectacles, waited until they reached a point one hundred yards distant. Then he halted his mount, jumped off, threw his rifle over the animal's back, and quietly took aim at the leader.



STANDING OFF THE INDIAN MARAUDERS.

Apparently the young bucks had expected to overawe the white man, but they did not know Roosevelt or they would have understood the impossibility of such tactics. When they saw him peering along the gun's sights, they immediately retreated out of range and parleyed among themselves.

Soon one of the group advanced alone, dropped his weapon, flourished his blanket, and assumed the attitude of a friend. He halted about fifty yards from the dismounted rider and pulled out his pass from the Indian reservation.

"How!" he warmly declared. "Me good Indian."

Roosevelt answered "How!" and told the leader to refrain from coming any closer. When the other braves edged nearer, the plainsman covered the leader with his rifle and advised the band to clear out.

They swore profusely but complied. A few hours later T. R. met a couple of trappers who asserted the young Indians had forced them to surrender their horses.

Roosevelt's Chivalrous Deference to His Wife

Among the interesting anecdotes told by Hamlin Garland in Everybody's Magazine under title of "My Neighbor, Theodore Roosevelt," is one which gives an intimate glimpse of Mr. Roosevelt's home life and his respect for and devotion to his wife. Mr. Garland was Mr. Roosevelt's guest at the White House on several occasions and he describes one of these as follows:

"One day I lunched with him in the small room just to the right of the door, for the main dining-room was being redecorated, and the sound of the floor-polisher was heard in the hall. Mrs. Roosevelt, Alice and two of the boys were present, and I had the pleasure of seeing President Roosevelt in the midst of his very lively family. To watch the mighty hunter and Chief Executive play the part of husband and father increased my regard for him. Powerful as he was, impetuous as he seemed, he was in truth consideration itself when he came into relationship with his wife. No matter what his impassioned discourse might be, the slightest motion of her hand, a lifted eyebrow, would arrest him at once.

"This chivalrous deference on his part moved me to announce that I had made a discovery.

"'A discovery,' he asked. 'What have you discovered?'

"'I have discovered the actual ruler of the United States,' I answered, with a glance at Mrs. Roosevelt.

"The President laughed heartily, and Alice, with a smile of roguish amusement, declared my discovery a true one. The President then said: 'You are perfectly right. I am only the public appearance—Mrs. Roosevelt is the force behind the throne.'"

The Kaiser Admired Roosevelt

Writing of his visit to the Colonel at his home at Oyster Bay in 1917, Mr. Garland says:

"Among other things our host showed us the drawing which the German Emperor had sent to him while in the White House, and also a remarkable series of photographs of the Kaiser and himself taken during a military review at Potsdam or somewhere else. On the back of each picture in the Kaiser's own handwriting were certain descriptive lines which testified to his high admiration of his great American visitor. "When we shake hands we shake the world," was the essential meaning of these inscriptions. Roosevelt showed them to me with a smile of comic significance. They were one of his most amusing "exhibits."

Backed the Kaiser Down

In 1901, Venezuela, a shiftless little South American nation, was deeply in debt to England, Italy and Germany. The three powers tried a "pacific blockade" but it proved ineffective. On December 8, 1902, Germany severed diplomatic relations, which act invariably precedes war.

With the Monroe Doctrine seriously threatened, Roosevelt got into the game. He asked the interested nations to arbitrate. England and Italy agreed to that method of settlement, but Germany wished to take temporary possession of the little nation and refused to consider any other plan.



"WHEN WE SHAKE HANDS WE SHAKE THE WORLD."
—WILHELM.

Thereupon the President summoned the German envoy to the White House and gave him some plain speech. He did not mince his words for he wanted Germany to understand his position in the matter.

"Dr. Holleben," he warned, "unless your country consents to arbitrate, Admiral Dewey's squadron will be given orders, by noon ten days from today, to proceed to the Venezuelan coast and prevent any aggression against that territory."

The ambassador began to protest. He said that his Imperial master, having refused arbitration, could not change his decision. Such action was a manifest impossibility.

"I am not arguing that question," our forceful executive answered. "I am simply giving you the information because you may think it of sufficient importance to transmit it to Berlin."

A week later the German called upon President Roosevelt but did not mention the Venezuelan controversy. When he arose to go the redoubtable Theodore asked him about the matter. No word had been received from the Kaiser.

"In view of this fact," the President declared, "I will instruct Admiral Dewey to sail a day earlier than the day I designated at our previous meeting."

Though Dr. Holleben implored and pleaded, Roosevelt remained as a stone wall. He insisted there must be an immediate acceptance of the arbitration method of settlement as, otherwise, the job would be turned over to Dewey and the navy.

The President named forty-eight hours as the period during which he would wait for a final answer. The cable must have been greased, however, for within thirty-six hours the ambassador returned to the White House with the Kaiser's compliance.

A real American had flourished the Big Stick and driven the Kaiser into his boots.

The Boy with the Black Eye

In his college days at Harvard the young citizen built up his health by boxing at the gymnasium at various times each week, but on Sundays he taught the Bible to a class of boys at the Dutch Reformed church in New York City. Today there are few Christians among boxers. Roosevelt saw no incompatibility between boxing for muscular development and teaching a Sunday School class as a part of his religious life.



REWARDS THE BOY WHO FOUGHT FOR HIS SISTER.

One morning a boy with a black eye appeared in the class. The college student noted the physical blemish and questioned the boy to ascertain how he got it. The boy admitted he had been in a fight and that his adversary had struck his eye.

Roosevelt worked with the boy until he got the whole story. A mean fellow had pinched his sister. He had warned the offender to desist. When the tormentor continued his obnoxious attentions, the brother interferred with his fists.

"You did perfectly right," Theodore commended. Thereupon he backed up his words by opening his pocketbook and extracting a dollar which he handed to the boy. "Take this," he advised, "and get a poultice for your bad eye."

This incident made the teacher very popular with his class, for every member believed the brother had done the right thing in endeavoring to protect his sister. The church authorities, however, were much displeased by the college student's act in rewarding the boy for fighting. Within a few weeks Roosevelt obtained a class in another church.

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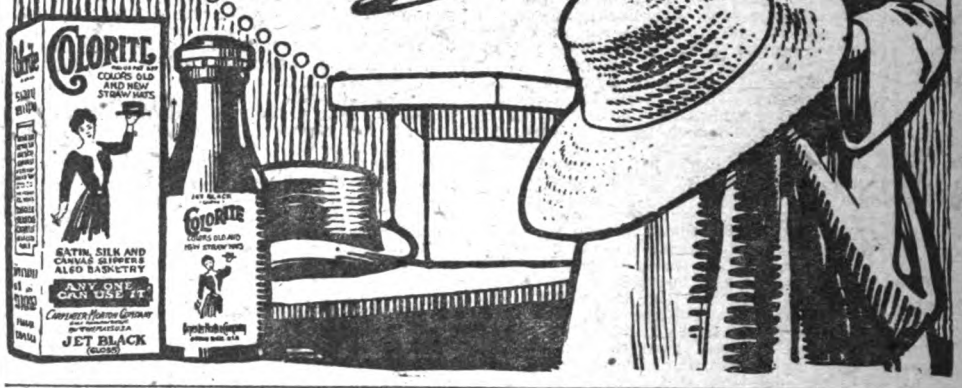
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America First—Editorial

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

advantage of the situation and, on the pretext of restoring order and establishing a stable government in Mexico, sent over a naval and military force by means of which he conquered the country, made it a monarchy and set up Maximilian, an Austrian prince, as emperor with a French army of occupation to uphold his throne. Because the exigencies of the Civil War were straining the resources of our country, President Lincoln could do no more than protest against this flagrant violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

General Grant regarded the French Emperor's performance as an act of war against the United States and believed that our Government should treat it as such as soon as its hands were free to strike. Accordingly he seized the first safe opportunity to put Uncle Sam's fist in Louis Napoleon's face by sending an army to the Mexican border to threaten Maximilian's French troops. This he did immediately after the surrender of General Lee, and he has hinted, in his "Personal Memoirs," that his haste was due to apprehension that his order might be countermanded by the War Department. The following is Grant's own description of the incident:

"After the surrender of Lee, therefore, entertaining the opinion [that the French intervention in Mexico was an act of war against the United States] here expressed, I sent Sheridan with a corps to the Rio Grande to have him where he might aid Juares [the leader of the Mexican patriots] in expelling the French from Mexico. *Those troops got off before they could be stopped;* and went to the Rio Grande, where Sheridan distributed them up and down the river, much to the consternation of the [French] troops in the quarter of Mexico bordering on that stream."

This threatening attitude brought about immediate negotiations between Louis Napoleon and our Government which resulted in the withdrawal of the French soldiers from Mexico. Maximilian refused to return to Europe with the French expeditionary forces, preferring to die Emperor of Mexico rather than live an exiled monarch. The Mexicans made short work of him after the departure of the foreign invaders.

Louis Napoleon had counted on the Civil War to ruin our country, but when he saw it emerge from the conflict with the largest, finest and best equipped veteran army in the world, prepared and determined to settle his case, he knew that resistance was hopeless and was forced to accept ignominious defeat which so lowered him in the estimation of his own subjects that he felt compelled to attempt conquest in another direction in order to recover his waning popularity and prop his tottering throne. And so he launched his short, disastrous war against Prussia, which resulted in his being deposed and banished by his own people, and in France having to pay an enormous war indemnity in addition to the loss of two rich provinces, Alsace and Lorraine (recently restored to France in the settlement of the World War).

General Grant said that "the signal failure of Louis Napoleon's scheme of conquest in Mexico was the precursor of his own overthrow. The beginning of his downfall was when he landed troops on this continent. To recover the prestige he lost in this enterprise he made war on Prussia—and fell."

One of the reservations demanded by the majority senators is designed to save the Monroe Doctrine by denying the League of Nations any authority over this exclusively American policy.

Roosevelt's Place in History

At the present writing it is but a year since Roosevelt left us, but already the library shelves abound in volumes narrating, interpreting and commenting on the deeds and words and the life lesson of this many-sided leader of American thought and action.

His ideals were high, his theories practical, his judgment sound, his talk sincere and unequivocal, his action straightforward, fearless and energetic, and with a strenuous nature and an amazing capacity for work his career is a record of wonderful achievements in the realm of public leadership. He was a living example of the patriotism, honesty, integrity and clean living that he preached. Like Washington, he was "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." Necessarily he made many enemies, but even those who opposed him now for the most part acknowledge his greatness. In the service he rendered to his country and to humanity he ranks with Washington and Lincoln. He gave and took hard blows in sportsmanlike manner, and even his faults were of the genuine and humanizing sort that seems to strengthen the bond of sympathy between a great leader and the commonality of the masses. No man's character and career were ever more carefully raked over and searched than his, and without the discovery of a mean trait or dishonorable act.

He was the apostle of the "square deal" in private and public affairs and in international intercourse, of peace with honor, of a strong and dignified foreign policy, of preparedness for national defense as a means of avoiding war, commanding respect for our rights and, if necessary, enforcing it.

He was noted for his broad views and progressive ideas, but he was steadfast in his support of the traditional policies that had contributed so largely to the growth of our country in prosperity and power. He had no patience with those who would have us cast aside as antiquated the advice of Washington or the policies of Monroe, Lincoln and Grant.

He believed in minding our own business. He preached "America First." He denounced treaties which subjected disputes involving our internal affairs, vital interests or national honor to the judgment and determination of foreign arbitration boards.

As President he forced the Kaiser to accept the Monroe Doctrine in the Venezuela controversy.

In his address on "Washington's Forgotten Maxim," he said:

"A century has passed since Washington wrote: 'To be prepared for war is the most effectual means to promote peace.' We pay this maxim the lip loyalty we so often pay to Washington's words; but it has never sunk deep into our hearts. Indeed, of late years many persons have refused it even the poor tribute of lip loyalty."

Roosevelt's death was untimely, for our country and the perturbed and distracted world, reaping the aftermath of war, needs his prevision and sympathetic understanding to help in guiding the work of reconstruction along progressive but safe and sane lines.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

A Hearty Party for St. Valentine

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

and without knowing what can readily be afforded, only suggestions are possible. A bouquet of pink blossoms or a flowering begonia, the pot covered with pink crepe paper, make attractive prizes for the ladies. Also for women there are candy boxes decorated with cupids, heart-shaped needle-books and pincushions and boudoir cushions are worth thinking about when the hostess is clever with her needle. For booby prizes, give the big candy hearts made of chocolate or sugar that can be bought at this time of the year or home-made hearts of fudge. For the men's prizes, have heart-shaped blotters or boxes of candy.



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Long fiber especially selected yarns are used to make this charming garment. It is knitted in a close even plain stitch above the waistline and a fancy rack stitch below—just like grandmother would do it. It is the first time that a sweater has leaped to the front as a really dressy garment. The weight is exactly right for all the year round wear.

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The graceful, youthful and becoming ripple effect is all the "go." This is attained by the fitted waistline which is beautifully offset with a contrasting color, run through with a knitted cord ending in pretty tassels, so that you may make the flare of the skirt part and the waist above just as pronounced as you wish. Below the waist the flare is extremely pretty, allowing the garment to drape in soft folds all around.

Being knitted form fitting, the shoulders set snug, the upper sleeves are just the right width, not bulky; while the stunning bell shaped cuffs give a fashionable touch that can only be appreciated in the wearing. These cuffs are caught at the wrists with a tighter knitted contrasting band, again run through with knitted cord.

The lovely rounded neck, so youthful and dainty, is also attractively set off with a contrasting color shell edge and knitted cord and tassels in front.

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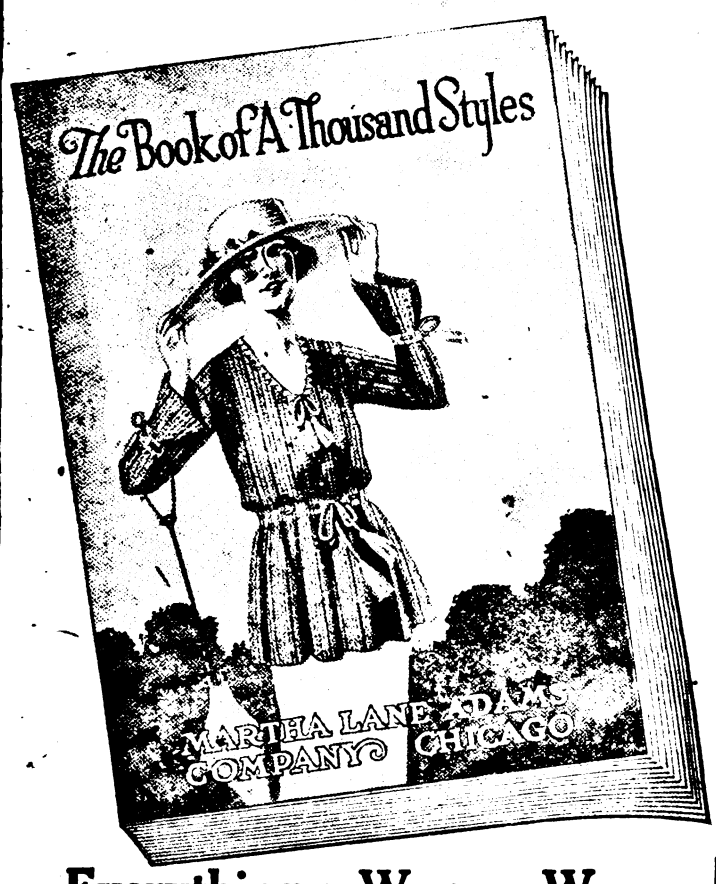
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It is always a matter of pride with me to display all the most beautiful and practical styles, no matter who creates them or where they originate. My own designs have come to be the most widely copied of all fashions shown anywhere. But even this doesn't satisfy me unless I can produce such stunning things at a cost below what others charge.

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For many, many years I was a buyer of ladies' wearing apparel. I got to know mills and makers everywhere. I learned where to look for the very choicest bargains. In my own business as I am able to apply all this experience and to make very wonderful savings.

I do away with all extravagances like fancy store space and high rents. I never have left-over stocks or sacrifice sales. My book is my only salesman. I have no high priced sales people. I deal direct with mills and makers, and I buy in such big quantities that I get rock-bottom prices. I cut out all the profits of the retailer, wholesaler and jobber.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

it is in the home. Fifty-fifty is right and just but go beyond that either way and wrong begins.

I wish to say a word for Uncle Charlie. If we had him for our President and a Congress that would back him up, wouldn't we have an ideal government? Let's give him a coin shower for his valentine. I want his name and address as I want to send him a check. I want him to endorse it and Billy the Goat to chew one corner of it so I will have both their signatures. Let everyone send him some money and Billy the Goat can have the envelopes instead of hay this winter.

My address is with Mrs. Wilkinson.

A WID.

Uncle Charlie's address is 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., and I am sure Billy the Goat will be delighted to chew the whole four corners off as many checks as you care to send—with never a thought of germs. I'll speak to him about it.—Ed.

PALMETTO, GA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

I have never seen a letter in COMFORT from this part of the state. I am not gifted with the pen as are so many of you but I certainly enjoy the letters. I often tell my neighbors that I couldn't keep house without COMFORT. I have just sent in a two-year renewal and I don't mean to be without it as long as I live.

We are very busy here; there is always something to be done on a farm.



HELEN AND ANDY PAUL DEMONIA.

I am sending a photograph of my two babies and hope Mrs. Wilkinson will find space to print them. Helen is five years old and Andy Paul is two and one half years. Their father died when the baby was four months old. No one knows how desolate our home is.

I am twenty-seven years old and have brown hair and eyes and weigh 135 pounds.

Wishing each one happiness and prosperity, I am your new sister, MRS. LENA B. DEMONIA.

GRANT, MICH.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

As I have never noticed a sister's letter from this vicinity and very few from Michigan, I am going to add my mite to the list. I have read COMFORT since I was a little girl at home and now that I am in my own home I see that my subscription never runs out.

Michigan is a great playground for tourists and well-to-do people who like to get out among the woods and lakes in the summer time and there is always a rush of automobiles, especially during July and August. There is a great deal of excellent farm and dairy land here. Naturally, I think it is the best state in the Union.

I enjoy reading the views of the different sisters on taking care of children and getting along with husbands. Some are very amusing. I don't have any trouble keeping in harmony with my husband and I would not think of publishing my troubles if I had ever so many.

I want to mention one thing of importance about our children—their teeth! I've never heard a peep out of any of the mothers about them. Be sure the teeth are brushed at least once a day, especially after the permanent teeth are cut, and keep a close watch for that first small cavity which will soon be a big one, and have a reliable dentist fill it at once. If we would have the small cavities attended to at once we would soon run false teeth out of existence, to a certain extent. From my own experience I know it is our *duty* to keep our children's teeth in good condition and they will carry on the good work from force of habit, if for no other reason.

I am twenty-six years old and married to a good farmer Elmer. We have a boy and girl, Lyle, seven, and Lois, three years old. I am one who stands for farm life. I would not care to live in the city during these days of high prices.

Best wishes to all who read, and to Mrs. Wilkinson who must get tired of so much chatter.

BESSIE TRAIN.

Mrs. Train.—A long and heartfelt amen to all you have said about the care of teeth. That subject has been given more or less prominence in COMFORT at different times in the past and is well worthy of being taken up to a greater extent by every magazine published. That's how important I think it is.—Ed.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE TRIUMPH OF WILHELM MENCKE.

The week that followed the laying away of Bertha was one of the saddest that Violet ever spent; but she strove to put her own feelings entirely out of mind and devoted herself to the task of cheering and comforting the unhappy father.

She never failed to make her appearance at the breakfast table, clad in a dainty and becoming manner, while she tried to enliven the meal with cheerful conversation and by relating interesting items gleaned from the morning paper and other sources.

At dinner time he always found a tiny vase, containing some fragrant flower, beside his plate, while Violet invariably had some pleasant plan to suggest for the evening.

All these little attentions to his comfort were very soothing to the sorrowing man, and it is not strange that he now regarded Violet as the light of his otherwise desolate home; and it can readily be imagined how like a thunderbolt her proposition to go away to find employment elsewhere finally burst upon him.

"Go away, Violet!" he repeated, grasping her hands, his face growing white with pain. "I should be desolate! I cannot spare you! No, no, you must not leave me."

"But, Mr. Lawrence," Violet gravely returned, as she gently released her hands, "I have no duties, no regular employment now, and I cannot—must not live in idleness."

"No duties—no employment!" he repeated, sorrowfully. "How can you say that when you do so much to cheer me and brighten my home?"

"I am very glad if I have been able to contribute ever so little to your comfort," Violet answered, flushing with pleasure at his appreciative words; "but, as I said before, I must not be idle, for—I have my own living to earn, and though I know you are very kind and would not mind giving me a home, yet it is not right, and I ought to seek another position."

"Come here and sit down—I want to talk with you," said Mr. Lawrence, placing a chair for her; then taking another near her he continued, gravely: "I do not need to tell you that I am a lonely old man—I do not need to remind you that my last object in life has been taken from me and I have nothing to look forward to in the future but the care of the wealth which I have amassed, and which I hoped and believed was going to contribute so much to the comfort of the dear child whom we have just laid to rest. It—this wealth now seems almost a burden to me, since I have no one with whom to share it. I have no relatives that I know of, excepting a cousin of whom I used to be quite fond in my youthful days; but I lost sight of her years ago, and have never been able to find her—she, perhaps, is also dead, and if I should be taken away, all that I possess would have to pass into the hands of strangers or be given to some charitable institution. Now, my dear child—and you have become very dear to me, you have won a large place in my heart by your unvarying kindness to my afflicted little girl—you also are alone in the world, and why will you not remain with me and take Bertha's place, so far as possible? Be to me a daughter in her stead, and let me, in return, provide for your future? Violet, do not leave me in my sorrow and loneliness—give me a father's right to care for you while you can do much to brighten my home with your presence, your youthful life and cheerfulness, and especially with your music which has been such a solace to me of late. Will you, my child?"

His appeal was both earnest and eager and Violet knew that he meant every word that he uttered.

She believed, too, that it did lay in her power to make his life brighter and happier, while it was no light temptation to be offered such a home, together with all the luxuries and advantages which his wealth and care would provide for her.

Violet longed, with all the yearning of her own lonely heart, to give him the promise he desired. She was an orphan, homeless, friendless; there was not a person in the world that she knew of who possessed any genuine affection for her, or upon whom she could rely, except this grand and noble man, who was a comparative stranger to her, yet who attracted her as she had seldom been attracted toward any one. It was truly a very alluring proposition, yet something seemed to hold her back—there was an instinctive shrinking within her from an obligation so onerous.

She could not have told, however, whether it was simply pride, resenting the idea of receiving such bounty from one whom she had known so short a time, or a feeling of independence, which prompted a desire to support herself.

"What shall I do in this great house, with no child and no object to live for," Mr. Lawrence went on, a note of keen pain in his voice, as he saw no signs of yielding on her part—"with only my housekeeper and servants for companions? What shall I do in this great world without a relative to feel any interest in me or give me a word of sympathy or comfort? Perhaps you may not realize this feeling of desolation as I do, in your youthfulness and enjoyment of life; but it is no light thing for a man to be left entirely alone at my time of life. Violet, I will have the necessary papers drawn up tomorrow, if you will only give me leave, and you shall at once become and be publicly introduced as my daughter and future heiress."

Violet lifted a flushed and troubled face to him.

She could not bear that he should suppose, for a moment, that she wanted his money.

"But that would not be right, Mr. Lawrence," she said. "If you should ever learn that this cousin, of whom you were so fond, was living, it would seem unjust that I, who am of no kin to you, should succeed to property which otherwise would be hers."

Mr. Lawrence's face lighted with a tender, genial smile at this evidence that there was nothing mercenary or avaricious about her.

"Well," he said with a little laugh, "if your conscience, which I have already learned is a very active and vigilant mentor, would trouble you on that score, I think I shall be able to settle the objection to your entire satisfaction. I will make my will, dividing my property equally—and such a division would make Mary Lawrence, if she is living, a rich woman—half to become my adopted daughter's at my decease, the other half to go to my cousin or her heirs, if she or they can be found."

"I wish you were not a rich man, Mr. Lawrence—if you were only poor now, I would gladly remain with you and be just as good a daughter as I know how to be," Violet returned, with pathetic wistfulness; "but——"

"Oh! so you would like the obligation to fall entirely upon me! Isn't that a trifle selfish, Miss Huntington?" her companion inquired, meekly, but with a roguish twinkle in his eyes.

"But I have so little to give you, and you offer me so much," said the fair girl, with a sigh, but flushing at his way of looking at the subject—she had not thought of it in that light at all.

"You can give me what no amount of wealth could purchase, Violet," Mr. Lawrence responded, gravely. "You have been giving me during these days of sadness, what no money could pay for—a bright and cheerful presence at my table, when I have been lonely and dispirited; numberless sympathetic words and little comforting atten-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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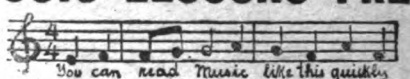


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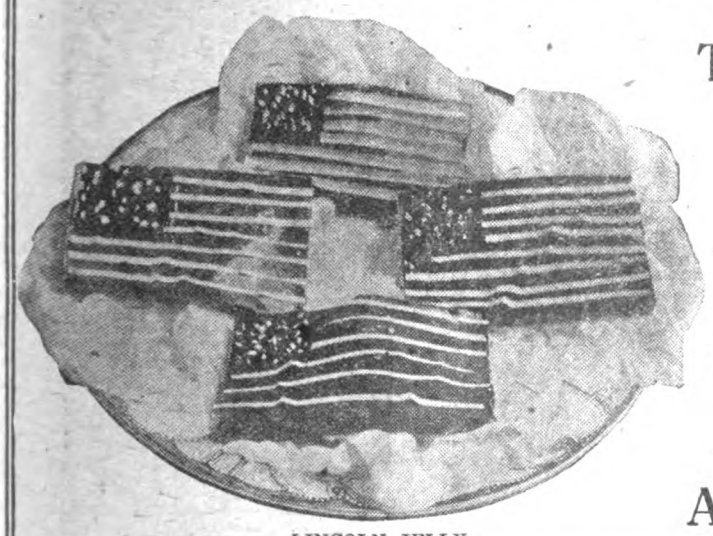
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MID-WINTER COOKERY



LINCOLN JELLY.

TO VARY THE DIET AND SUSTAIN THE APPETITE

By Violet Marsh

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Suggestions for St. Valentine's Day

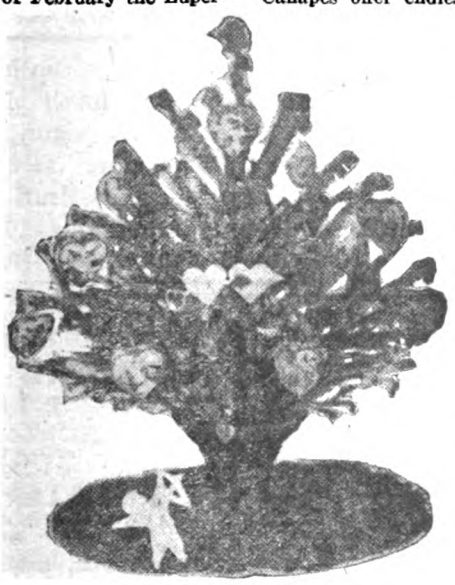
THERE is something very impressive about the fact that we still observe St. Valentine's Day, for it was in the year 270, on the 14th day of February, that this saint suffered martyrdom for his good deeds in aiding the Christian martyrs. There was an old-time custom in Rome to celebrate in the month of February the Lupercalia, a festival in honor of the heathen god Lupercus. It appears to have been after the death of St. Valentine that certain pagan elements of these festivities came into disfavor, and it was through the pastors of the early Christian church in Rome that in place of the Lupercalia a new festival was celebrated and named for St. Valentine because of his deeds of love and charity to all mankind. That we today celebrate St. Valentine's Day with messages and gifts to those we love, but proves once again that the good liveth forever.

In the year 1775, in a publication called the "Connoisseur," appears "A Girl's Valentine Charm" as told by herself and while the recipe it contains is not what we would indulge in more than once a year, it is humorous, which is my excuse for repeating it here in our cooking department:

"Last Friday was Valentine's Day, and I'll tell you what I did the night before. I got five bay leaves, and pinned four of them to the four corners of my pillow, and the fifth to the middle; and then if I dreamt of my sweetheart, Betty said we would be married before the year was out.

"But to make it more sure, I boiled an egg hard, and took out the yolk, and filled it with salt, and when I went to bed ate it, shell and all, without speaking or drinking after it."

A pretty and novel idea is the valentine bouquet. Bring from the woods one or more thick ends from evergreen branches, arranging them into round, compact shape. Decorate with paper hearts made from gilt, white and red paper, and within the twigs hide sweets of various kinds. This can be made into an attractive centerpiece and contain a valentine for each member of the family and invited guests.



VALENTINE BOUQUET.

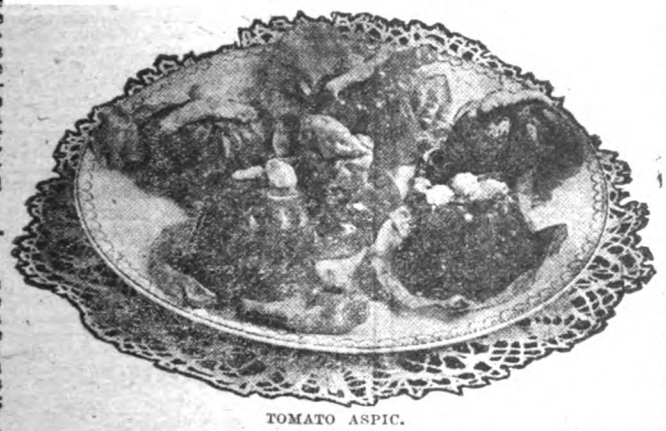
Mid-Winter Cookery

There always comes a time in winter when monotony in the variety of foods we have been serving seems unavoidable; the "taste" seems lacking and appetites lag. So with this fact in mind, I will suggest a greater use of cranberries, canned tomatoes, onions, cheese, and the making of more canapes which give a relish and starts the appetite for other foods.

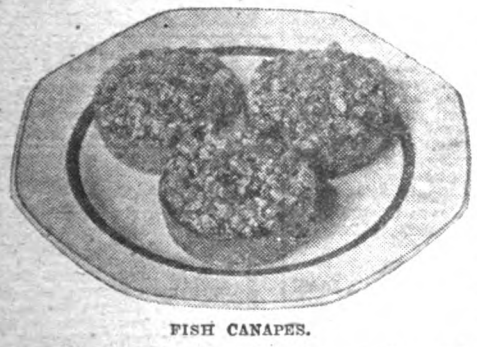
Cranberries in winter time make up in no small degree for the absence of the fresh fruit acids which we have in summer and fall. They should be used freely, and a pie, half cranberry and half apple, baked with strips of pastry in place of a whole upper crust, is very appetizing. The raw cranberries will keep for weeks if well rinsed in cold water, put into preserving jars, then filled with cold water to overflowing and sealed. Keep in a dark cool place.

The canned tomato in winter is of great value in the diet, as to a certain extent it counteracts the effects of eating too much starchy food and meat.

Onions are available at most any season, and of all the vegetables that can be kept on hand there is no other that retains so much of the quality of a fresh vegetable. That onions are wholesome, there is no doubt. They contain flesh-forming elements, are soothing to the mucous membranes, and are otherwise medicinal.



TOMATO ASPIC.



FISH CANAPES.

Cheese should be eaten more than it is. In winter it can be kept indefinitely, and in instances where fresh meat is unobtainable, cheese may be eaten as a substitute as it contains tissue-building material, and when compared with foods of a similar composition, it is found that at the same cost, more nutritive material can be bought in cheese than in any other body-building food. Cheese stimulates the appetite, and, like all concentrated foods, must be thoroughly masticated, and as with meat, eaten with potato and other vegetables, bread and sweets. When cheese is eaten in any quantity, pastry and other fats should be used sparingly.

Canapes offer endless ways of preparing left-overs into appetizing and "tasty" combinations. They might well be called "appetizers." Try them.

Recipes

BAKED BEAN CANAPES. Two cups of cold baked beans mashed fine and mixed with one well-beaten egg, two tablespoons of tomato catsup, one cup of very fine bread-crumbs, and enough of the bean juice to form a soft paste. Season highly with pepper and salt and add some cold boiled onions if on hand. Stir well, press into a tin and bake in a moderate oven. about fifteen minutes. Have ready hot buttered toast, spread thickly with the mixture and serve.

FISH CANAPES.—Put one onion chopped fine and as much finely chopped celery into a stew-pan with two cups of boiling water and cook slowly until tender. There should be about one cup of liquid when done. Add to this one cup of rich milk and when it boils, slowly add two tablespoons of butter and two of dry flour that have been previously stirred to a smooth paste. Season with salt and pepper and cook slowly for five minutes, and then add about two cups of cooked fish that has been picked fine with a fork. When at the cooking point, serve on rounds of hot oven toast. Tuna fish is excellent to have on hand for this purpose.

SARDINE CANAPES.—Boil eggs hard and mash yolks to a paste seasoned with salt, pepper, and lemon juice, or a liftle vinegar from pickles. Add to this as much again of sardines and mince all together. Put white of eggs through food chopper. Butter half-inch slices of bread and spread with the mixture, sprinkling the top with the chopped egg white.

COTTAGE CHEESE BY GOVERNMENT METHOD.—Take one gallon of sweet skim milk and stir in three fourths of a cup of sour milk. Raise the temperature in hot water to 75 degrees, using a dairy thermometer. Remove from heat and place where it is to remain until set. Add one eighth of a junket tablet thoroughly dissolved in four tablespoons of cold water; stir while adding. Cover with cloth and leave from 12 to 16 hours in even temperature of about 75 degrees. There should be a slight whey on the top, and when poured out the curd should cleave sharply. Drain through cotton cloth, not cheese-cloth. When whey has been drained out, work in one or two teaspoons of salt to the cheese, according to taste; one and one half to two pounds of cheese should be obtained from a gallon of milk.

Note: 75 degrees would be about a "tepid" heat.

BOILED ONIONS.—Remove the outer skins. Cover with boiling water and cook until tender. The water in which onions are boiled should not be changed while cooking as by so doing valuable body-salts are lost. It is best to let the water boil down and thicken it with a little paste made from mixing together equal parts of dry flour and butter. Season with pepper and salt.

BAKE ONIONS by first preparing as above, putting into serving dish, covering with buttered bread-crumbs and browning in a hot oven.

ONION SOUP.—Slice or cut fine one onion to each person to be served. Cover with boiling water and cook until soft and creamy, adding more water if necessary. Add enough rich milk to allow of one cup of soup to each person. When it boils slightly thicken with flour mixed with a little cold water. Cook five minutes slowly. Season with salt, pepper and butter, and just before serving add to each plate one tablespoon of whipped cream.

ONION AND POTATO SCALLOP.—Peel and slice thin, four medium-sized potatoes and two onions. In a baking dish put a layer of potato, a layer of onion, dot with butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper, and dredge lightly with flour, or bread-crumbs may be used instead. Repeat the layers until all is used and then cover with milk. Cover the dish and bake in moderately hot oven one hour from the time it begins to simmer. Do not fill dish within two inches of the top, and do not allow it to boil. Uncover the last fifteen minutes to brown. A grating of cheese over the top is delicious.

TOMATO ASPIC.—Stew one-quart can of tomato with one bay leaf about twenty minutes and then strain. Have one heaping tablespoon of gelatin soaked in quarter of a cup of cold water until soft and add to the boiling hot tomato with some onion juice, and salt and pepper to taste. Pour into individual moulds and set to harden. The tomato should be cooked until when strained it will be fairly thick. Arranged on lettuce leaves and topped with bits of cheese gives an appetizing flavor.

TAMALE PIE.—Put one pound of good lean meat through the food chopper and sear it brown in beef fat. Pour over one cup of boiling water, set on back of stove, cover and simmer slowly until tender. While this is cooking, chop three small onions fine and brown in beef fat; add one quart can of tomato, one rounding teaspoon of chili powder, and two green peppers if obtainable; if not, use black dry pepper. Salt to taste and cook slowly about half an hour. Make a corn-meal mush with one cup of meal, two teaspoons of flour, half a teaspoon of salt and two cups of boiling water. Mix the drys with one cup of cold milk and gradually add to boiling water. In the bottom of a baking dish put one half of the mush, and stir the other half of mush with the tomato sauce and cooked meat. Put the mixture over the mush and bake fifty minutes in a slow oven. Served with good bread and butter, this makes an excellent one-dish meal.

SCALLOPED TOMATOES.—Crumb two cups of bread fine and moisten lightly with melted butter. Cook one quart of tomatoes about twenty minutes. Put crumbs and tomato in layers in baking dish, reserving some crumbs for the top, season each layer with pepper and salt, a scraping of onion juice, and bake thirty-five minutes in a hot oven.

TOMATO SAUCE.—Grate one carrot and slice thin one onion; fry in a little rendered beef fat fifteen minutes, keeping it stirred. To this add two cups of canned tomato, and simmer fifteen minutes and strain. Thicken with three even tablespoons of flour made smooth in a little cold water; add a dash of cayenne pepper, one tablespoon of strong vinegar from sweet pickle, or some good table sauce, a pinch of salt, and simmer 20 minutes. Excellent with omelet, sweetbreads, hashes, fish, etc.

TOMATO BISQUE.—Stew two-thirds can of tomato until it will strain easily, add a pinch of soda, and strain. In a double boiler put one quart of fresh milk and bring to a boil. In a sauce-pan put two tablespoons of butter and when it bubbles add two even tablespoons of flour and rub smooth. Add part of the hot milk to this, and when smooth pour it into the double boiler with the rest of milk; cook fifteen minutes. Just before serving, add one even teaspoon of salt, a pinch of pepper, butter twice the size of a walnut, and the boiling hot strained tomato. Served with cubes of bread browned in the oven.

TOMATO SOUP.—One quart of tomato, three cups of water, half an onion and one carrot chopped fine, four whole cloves, half a teaspoon of sugar, and half a bay leaf boiled gently until the carrot is soft. Strain. Melt three tablespoons of butter, rub in two tablespoons of flour and slowly add some of the soup, and when smooth put all together and simmer fifteen minutes.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Why Pearly Teeth Grow Dingy and Decay

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



You Leave a Film to Mar Them

Millions know that teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay. This is the reason for it:

There forms on the teeth a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Brushing in the usual way leaves much of it intact. It may do a ceaseless damage. And most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film-coated teeth are cloudy and unclean. So dental science has for years sought a way to combat film. That way has now been found. Able authorities have proved it by careful tests. And leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

We Now Apply Active Pepsin

This film combatant is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent for home test to everyone who asks.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Only lately has this method been made possible. Pepsin must be activated and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now discovered a harmless activating method. And that method now enables us to fight that film with pepsin.

The results are soon apparent. You can see them for yourself. The 10-Day Tube which we supply will show. Get it and know what clean teeth mean. Cut out the coupon now.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists everywhere

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Send This Coupon

Then note how clean the teeth feel after using Pepsodent. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. In ten days you will know what is best.

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Dept. 69, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

That Double Chin

THERE'S more to a chin than you can see in your mirror, unless you are wise enough to view yours from every angle. Many of us who confront a perfectly respectable chin each morning when we make our toilet are shocked one day to have a graceless young nephew say, "Why, Aunt Inez is getting a double chin!"

"What?" we cry, and rush to the mirror, but we find no sign of any such calamity. Still that nephew of ours sticks to his assertion, and one day, as we sit in a comfortable chair reading, we find our eyes looking into a nearby mirror, and for the first time we discover that nephew was right.



THIS POSITION WILL EVENTUALLY RESULT IN A DOUBLE CHIN.

A double chin may come from the accumulation of fat, from sagging muscles, or—and here's the point, girls—from unlovely postures of the head.

The way to hold a chin is slightly elevated and a trifle forward. Then the skin is drawn tight and the line of the chin is sharply defined. If, instead, the chin is drawn in and dropped down, only the luckiest of us can escape the suspicion of a double chin.

Remember this, and keep the chin lightly lifted, without any straining or evidence of the effort. It is defeating our purpose—that of looking attractive and making the most of our good points—if we give the impression of working hard to create an effect. Nobody is really beautiful who looks conscious of the fact or who seems to be trying to appear beautiful.

In reading, do not follow the example of the pretty girl in our illustration, and put the book on a table, bending over it to read. If you do, a double chin will result. She hasn't one now, but just wait ten years! To read, lean back comfortably in a chair, and raise your book to a convenient level, dropping the eyes, but not the chin.

To keep down superfluous flesh under the chin, it is a good thing to practice neck-stretching exercises daily, lifting the chin slightly, then turning the head to look over the left shoulder, then to look over the right shoulder, then bending it back as far as it will go, then rotating the head upon the shoulders.

Dash cold water on the throat every time you bathe the face. This has two advantages—it keeps the skin drawn firm and tight, and it protects you against colds.

Study your profile, girls, in your mirror, with the chin lifted and with it dropped, and see for yourself just how you should hold it to get the best silhouette—then stick to that pose.

Answers to Questions

AN ANXIOUS KID.—I am extremely sorry to have to answer your question in just the way you do not want me to but when you question as to how you may dye your hair a dark brown, I must say, "Don't!" Not at all because there is anything wrong about wanting one's hair a different color, but merely because it is a difficult thing to do—so difficult that unless it is done by a professional who knows just how to go through the process, the result is apt to be something terrible. And, once dyed, there is no going back on what is done. If your hair should turn a greenish purple, it would have to stay that color, and then how dreadful you would feel, wouldn't you? I had a friend once, a very wealthy woman, who lived in Paris a great deal of the time. Her hair was beginning to turn grey, so she had it dyed at one of the most expensive and careful places in Paris. Later she came back to America on a visit, and going to one of our big Western cities, where ever so many things were to be done in her honor, she immediately had her hair shampooed. What was her horror when the hair dried to see that it had turned purple. Some chemical in the soap acted upon the chemical in the dye and produced this frightful color. The beauty shop people where this occurred re-shampooed the hair, rinsed it, tried everything, but the purple still remained. She had to return to her hostess's in a taxi and with her head concealed beneath a thick veil, and for the length of her stay in that city, she had to remain invisible to anybody but this friend. Word was given out that she was ill, and all the dinners and dances and theater parties which had been arranged for her were cancelled. She left for New York City in a compartment car, had her meals sent in to her, and went immediately to the best professional dyer in New York upon her arrival. After this she never had her hair shampooed except by her own maid and with a preparation furnished by the shop which dyed her hair. But, my dear, you and I haven't maids, and we can't travel in compartment cars across country to get our hair re-dyed when it does not look as it should. So why risk getting ourselves into such an awful mess? Home-dyed hair is almost inevitably the most awful failure, and the cause of many heartaches. Your hair may not be the color you wish, but at least it isn't purple or green as it might be after you tried to dye it. Why not shampoo it with great care at least once in two weeks, brush it every night gently but persistently, and practice dressing it becomingly? There is hardly any hair that won't respond to this treatment by taking on more life and color, and becoming good to look upon.

VIRGINIA.—It is against the rules of the department to answer by mail, so let me tell you here what to do about your hair. I am sorry it takes some time to give an answer to all the letters which come to me, but I know you will understand. It is quite likely that if you are only seventeen, your body has been pretty severely taxed by the growing-up process the past few years and hasn't had much surplus life to give to your hair, but you certainly ought to be able to produce better results now. First, let me remind you, as I am so often doing in these columns, that the hair depends upon the health of the entire body. I judge that typhoid fever pulled you down in strength somewhat and that you are not yet as robust as you might be. Well, make it your task to build yourself up. Go at it with a will, and keep at it every day. Eat plenty of good sensible food three times a day, but not between meals, drink quantities of water, sleep eight or nine hours every night, see that your eliminative functions are kept normal. Bathe daily, have fresh air in your room at night, and get as much outdoor life as you can. Eat plenty of fruits. Exercise! Now with the assurance that you are going to do all these things, let me suggest some specific things which will help your hair. First, investigate to see whether the scalp is tight to the skull or moves easily back and forth. If it is tight, right there is one trouble, for the blood cannot circulate freely if scalp and skull are bound together. Get to work to loosen the scalp. Do this by nightly massage, which is the best kind of tonic for the hair. It is a good idea to dip the fingers very lightly in olive oil before beginning the massage, although a dry massage is also excellent for the scalp. Loosen the hair, brush it gently, and shake it, then slip the palms of the hands with the fingers held close together, under the hair on each side of the head. Now, pressing against the scalp with the finger-tips flattened, move the scalp back and forth upon the skull. Do not lift the fingers or rub them back and forth upon the hair. After a moment of this, change the position of the fingers and repeat, and so continue until every portion of the scalp has been gone over thoroughly and is in a glow. Sleep with the hair hanging loose or loosely braided. Never brush the hair hard, but gently, and do not use a wire brush on your hair as it is apt to roughen the scalp. Also be careful in the use of a comb, which should be called into action only to comb out tangles gently, never to touch the scalp itself. Shampoo your hair once in two weeks, using a Castile or good white household soap, shaving it in hot water and letting it dissolve until a milky liquid is formed. Pour this on the head in shampooing—never rub soap on the scalp or hair. Be sure to rinse thoroughly many, many times, and dry the hair, when possible, in the sun. Here is a hair tonic which is recommended, and which you might use, although the thing you must get straightened out first of all is your general physical condition. Gain a few pounds of flesh, a few degrees of color in your cheeks, and see how quickly your hair will begin to improve.

A Good Hair Tonic

Castor oil, 80 grams; bay rum, 80 grams; tincture of cantharides, 10 grams.

To apply a hair tonic, use a medicine dropper and part the hair, running the dropper down the part, then parting again, do the same, until the whole scalp has been reached. Follow by a gentle massage as before directed. Good luck to you!

BLUE EYES.—A good hair tonic is given in the answer just above. As to the remedy for hair on and under the arms, which will not let it come back—I am sorry I can't give you such a formula. If I could, I should be rolling in wealth, for every woman wants just that. The best treatment of which I know for superfluous hair is the French method—dampening the hair with ammonia one day, and with peroxide of hydrogen the next day, letting the liquid in each case dry on. This will kill the hair in time, and it bleaches it during the process, so that it is really not greatly noticeable. For a quick removal (the peroxide and ammonia is a slow treatment), I can recommend the following for under the arms, but not for the arms themselves, as the hair will certainly come back. Under the arms it does not matter, because you can take it off again, and the part is not plainly visible at any time. Here is the formula:

To Remove Superfluous Hair

Equal amounts of sulphate of barium and cornstarch. Add enough water to make a spreadable paste. Apply to spot and let dry. When dry, scrape off with the blunt edge of a silver knife or of a paper knife—the hair will come off with the paste. But, remember, it will return again, and you should not use this depilatory on face or arms.



THIS IS THE LOVELY WAY TO HOLD THE CHIN.

NORTH DAKOTA.—Yes, you weigh somewhat too much, but it should not be a hard matter for you to reduce a few pounds. You are probably very fond of candy and other sweets. Cut them out for a time, and do not eat much potato or rice or macaroni. Do not eat fat meats or gravies, pies or cake. There will be plenty left to eat—any kind of lean meat, fresh vegetables, fish, poultry. And don't eat too much or between meals. The "little holes" in your face are enlarged pores. Be more careful in your diet, and you will help this condition as well. Also, do not use hot water often on your face, and when you do use it, always rinse afterward first in warm water, then in tepid water, and finally in cold water to close the pores. Using powder fills them and is apt to cause blackheads and pimples.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Advt.



Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!



GRAY HAIR RESTORED TO ITS NATURAL COLOR

Not an experiment but an absolute success. **Rhodes' Hair Rejuvenator** will positively restore gray and faded hair to its original color, youthful beauty and rich lustre. It is a scalp and hair food that relieves dandruff, and all scalp humors. Nourishes the roots of the hair and makes it grow luxuriantly. Harmless and undetectable. It is not a dye and will not stain the skin or linen. It relieves itching and sore scalps.

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All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

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Why waste your time with mussy, smeary, greasy hair dyes and stains that only produce temporary results when KOLOR-BAK RESTORES the hair to its original color no matter what it may have been—black, brown, auburn or blond? Results guaranteed. Your money back if it fails. Wonderfully quick results, too, because Kolor-Bak removes the CAUSE of gray hair. It stimulates the inactive hair follicles and renews the production of the pigments which give the hair its natural color so that, after even a few days' use, you notice a wonderful change. Kolor-Bak is clean, colorless, stainless and absolutely harmless. Tones up and invigorates the scalp and stops falling hair. Guaranteed to remove dandruff in two applications. Simplest treatment in the world. Write today for free book which gives positive proof and explains why Kolor-Bak is such a marvelous success. Hygienic Laboratories, 68 West Washington Street, Dept. 253 Chicago, Ill.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment—Your druggist or by mail, 65c. Free book. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



Be Careful What You Wash Your Hair With

Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy, and easy to to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

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My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.

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Stillman Cream Co., Dept. 10, Aurora, Ill.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

or any form of transportation has also soared to mountainous heights, and that the nickel which in the eyes of the average man is supposed to purchase anything and everything under the sun from a steam yacht to a toothpick, is now worth from two to two and a half cents, the average man still insists that his body must be carried seventeen miles for a depreciated nickel, just as it was years ago, unmindful of the fact that in the days of yore he was drawing $3.50 a day and is now pulling down $8 or $10. If Mr. Average Man can't have his body hauled around the universe for five cents, he starts to tear up the tracks or chase the street cars out of the city. Then in comes the jitney and charges him twice or thrice as much as he paid the street cars and for a day or two he smiles with delight to think he is driving a corporation into bankruptcy. After two or three weeks he begins to count his money and jitney excitement palls. He figures out, maybe, that he had better have paid the extra cent the companies asked to save them from going broke, than go broke from paying for risky rides in squeaky, unheated flivvers. Then the sober second thought prevails as it ought to have prevailed at first, and the street cars are invited to return, and Mr. Ford's musical boxes are, for the nonce at least, relegated to the dump. Vernie, from your letter, it seems to me you are trying to still further complicate the transportation problem. You want to ride horseback to school and travel in the car at one and the same time. Now riding to school on a horse inside a street car may afford you lots of excitement and give the poor gee-gee a much-needed rest, but what about the passengers? Think of their poor toes if Mr. Horse started stepping on them as he undoubtedly would. Think, too, if there be a fat lady in the car and Mr. Horse takes a notion to sit in her lap, and if while he's taking his ease and she's taking her squeeze, he observes a dignified gentleman seated opposite with long white whiskers and he mistakes these whiskers for a bale of hay and starts to devour them, then you'll be sued for a million dollars damages, while all you can do is to send the poor man a bill for a shave. I advise you, Vernie, either to ride on horseback to school or go in the car, but don't attempt to ride and go in the car at the same time. Of course everybody ought to read COMFORT and join the League, and if everyone had the good common sense that you possess, Vernie, they would doubtless do it.

VERNON HILL, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

How are you getting on? I am twelve years old, have light hair and blue eyes. I am four feet tall and weigh ninety-two pounds. We live on a large farm near South Boston. We raise corn, wheat and rye and many other things. We have a car. It is a Stewdbaker. Papa has a store. I can cook sew and take care of the children. I will come again soon. From your niece, CLEO POWELL.

Cleo, you ask me how I am getting on. Sorry to say I am not getting on at all, as a matter of fact, I'm figuring out where I am going to get off. I belong to that wretched, unhappy class of people, who have not only not profited by this war as most people have, but have been practically ruined by it. The world has suddenly discovered that it does not want brains, intelligence, soul or spirit. It simply wants its belly filled, just as the hog does. There is going to be no place in a state of society that is leveled down to a hog basis and soon even the hogs will get tired of it, and will look with horror on the havoc they have created. If I could only go out and pick coal, fry steel, load ships, make paper or set type and bind the books I occasionally sell, I'd have as swell a limousine as the gentleman who delivers our milk (not the farmer who produces it). It's tough when the man who sets the type for a book or prints it boosts his wages to such a dizzy height, that the man who writes and creates the matter that is being put into print has to crawl under the bed when the landlord comes. The Lord knows I want everybody to have all that they are honestly entitled to, but when one class starts to freeze and starve another class, and doesn't care a darn how many it kills so long as it gets what it wants, then we are worse than the Huns who turned Europe into a slaughter house. If Uncle Sam does not do something to regulate matters and see that those who have a right to live are allowed to live, then I'm going to complain to Officer Grogan on the corner and have Sam arrested, and you bet if Officer Grogan ever looks cockeyed at Uncle Sam, the old gent will get busy, for, though the Jews own New York, it is the Grogans who control it. After all, I won't complain to Uncle Sam. The intolerable conditions that exist and which will continue for years, are all due to the fact that thirty million men were withdrawn from constructive industry and forced to give the last ounce of their energy to making weapons of destructive deviltry. The world is flooded with fake money, a ton of which won't buy a lunch for a grasshopper. The world's cupboard has been swept bare and every strike tends to make it more barren. More work, more sacrifice, more production, more patience, more thrift, less extravagance, less ugliness, hysteria, discontent, and a broad and impartial view of world conditions, faith in our institutions—and God, with all the old-time American virtues, will pull us through. The world has been blown to pieces and millions have perished in the explosion. Now help, all you can, to gather up the pieces and stick it together again and don't blame Uncle Sam, Wall Street, Morgan, John Bull, France or Belgium for your troubles. That's old pro-German stuff that even the Huns don't believe in any longer. The gentleman who dynamited the world and who is responsible for all our troubles is one Bill Hohenzollern, occupation, woodchopper, residence, Holland. I can't quite understand about that car and the Stewdbaker. I know there are a good many bakers who have got stewed, and now I suppose, owing to prohibition and the scarcity of liquor, they have converted themselves into cars. One thing is sure, I would not care to have a stewed baker driving a car of mine. I suppose if the stewed baker ever sobers up there will be no more joy rides. It is time that the car was locked up for no one ever knows what a stewed baker will do. Papa must have his hands full taking care of a store and running a two-hundred-acre farm, and if Papa gets his hands full that's not living strictly up to the prohibition law. It's a tough job putting this prohibition law through, anyway. Even the ships that go up and down our bay are loaded, and if the whole country goes dry then the umbrella men will go broke and commit suicide. You have many accomplishments, Cleo, and I am glad you can cook and sew but don't cook the children as we shall need all we can get of them for the next great war, compared to which the last war will be a pink tea.

MIDDLEVILLE, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a boy eight years of age and I live on a farm of eighty acres. I have to large rabets. We raise quite a few pigs and in order to keep them from squealing my daddy has to husk corn by moonlight as well as by daylight. Sometimes I help him. I think it is fun. I live one half miles from school and our teacher's name is Miss Martain. We have 25 puplis at school. I have a brother and his name is Armand. If I see this in print I will write again.

Your little nephew, ALTON W. STIMSON.

Alton, it would do our hearts good if we could only see the large "rabets." What kind of animal are rabets, anyway, and to what use do you put them? Do you use them for pets, food, or to scare away the Bolsheviki, and how many acres does it require to hold one, let alone "to" (two) large "rabets"? In visions I see your poor daddy husking corn by moonlight in a vain endeavor to still the clamor of the pigs for more grub. The champion hog keeper is Uncle Sam. He has been husking corn for every variety of hog under the sun, but the more the hogs get, the more they squeal and the more they want. Uncle Sam has discovered that his farming methods have been all wrong and he is going to give the squealing hogs a new diet, at least he says he is (for Uncle Sam is such a good-hearted old softy you never can tell just how he is going to act). He is rounding up the squealing hogs and, instead of feeding them, his intentions are (if he does not change his mind) to kill off a bunch of them and ship the balance out of the country. That is the only way to treat overfed hogs who will insist on squealing and have made up their minds to eat us out of house and home and turn the whole country into one huge pig-pen. Uncle Sam has husked corn too long for these tens of thousands of disgruntled hogs and every time he has fed them they have tried to bite his hands. It is a shame that these hogs should be deported to other countries to do more squealing while others husk corn for them. If I had my way I would take them half way across the Atlantic or Pacific and then let them walk the rest. Then you'd hear some fine squealing in various languages. I am anxious to know about those 25 puplis you have in your school, Alton. Do you have to husk corn to keep them quiet, too, or do you just use a club? What is teacher trying to run, a dog pound or a school? Billy the Goat says that you mean pupils. We are greatly relieved to know that. We have too many disgruntled hogs of the two-legged variety and too many pups, but we can never have too many bright little boys of the Alton Stimson type. Miss Martain ought to be very proud of you, Alton, and if she isn't, your Uncle Charlie is, and if he were not scared of the "to" large "rabets" he would come out and help you put some of those hogs out of business.

LUNDY, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I live on a farm and go to school and am in the fifth grade. I can crochet and milk and do lots of housework. I can milk and sweep almost ever thing in the house. I have four brothers and one sister. One of my brothers is in Germany in the U. S. Army. He has been in the army for four years. I am the baby one at home. I hope you and Billy the Goat had a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. So I will close.

Your loving niece, GERTRUDE THOMAS.

Gertrude, you are a very bright, busy young lady, and I have no doubt your mother appreciates, even as I do, all your wonderful accomplishments as a housekeeper. Like most of my youthful correspondents, however, you did not put a single a in your letter. All your a's were o's. What the poor letter a has done, what terrible crimes it has committed, that it should be banished from the alphabet, I have failed to discover, and why o, which looks like a dumpling or a Salvation Army doughnut, should be so highly honored and so universally used, is more than I can comprehend. The Goat says it takes a little more trouble and care to make the letter a than is required in the case of the letter o. There you have it. All the woes of humanity have come upon us because we have preferred to be careless instead of careful. To be careful and to take pains to do things properly is the basis of all thoroughness and efficiency, and thoroughness and efficiency are the basis of greatness, genius and all that is best in life. Success in life consists in doing a multitude of little things and doing them well. To be careless is to be slobby and to be a slob is to be about everything that is repugnant and repulsive. The greatest of all our industries is the canning industry and yet our boys and girls don't seem to want to can, they all want to con, and people who go into the con business, sooner or later land in the pen. Boys and girls, show this letter to your teachers, it is they who are to blame, not you. Gertrude says she con, or rather can, crochet. I hope no canned crochet products will be sent to our boys who fought Germany, for our soldiers have suffered enough from German bullets in the front, without being crocheted in the rear. Gertrude, you are some housekeeper if you can milk and sweep almost ever thing, or everything as it should be, about the house. We are paying 20 cents a quart for milk of the cow variety. Now if you can extract milk from the parlor organ, the family sofa, chairs, tables, etc., there is a fortune in it for you and your conscience won't prick you when you get the poor, tired family cow out of bed just as she is indulging in her beauty sleep in the cold grey dawn of drowsy morn. You might send me a sample of parlor organ milk by parcel post and perhaps we can do business to our mutual advantage. I can't acquire any strength on even the most expensive grade of cow's milk but maybe if you could send me some lacteal fluid from the parlor organ I might get strength enough to go out and swat the stuffing out of the Bolsheviki, the I. W. W.'s and all the other pestilential cranks and rascals who are trying to turn this country into a nutty house. I hope your brother will soon return home safely. Comparatively few of our men have seen four years' service as he has done. Now mind the a's and don't forget the milk and let me hear from you as soon as possible.

DIXON, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl five feet and a half tall, weigh 116 pounds, have brown hair and eyes. To anyone who guesses my age I will send my picture, it is between fourteen and eighteen. Will some of you come over and help me watch the cows? My sister and I have to mind them from father's corn and you may know it is some job as we have fourteen to watch. I had one brother in the army overseas. He was gone nine months and we never heard a word from him. He has returned now. Will someone please send me the song "Texas Cowboy" and "Nellie Gray."

Your niece, MAY PEARL BARNETT.

May, you inform us that your picture is between fourteen and eighteen. Fourteen and eighteen what? Why leave us in doubt on this momentous question? Sorry I can't come and help you make those cows behave themselves. It must be terrible having fourteen cows trying to step on father's corn all at once. If I were father I'd go around on stilts, sit on the roof or send for the police. It is bad enough to have one cow step on your corn, let alone fourteen. I am not quite sure, from the way you word your letter, whether father has fourteen corns that need watching and one cow, or one corn and fourteen cows. Anyway, it is a sad predicament whichever way you look at it. The Goat says maybe you refer to the corn that grows out in the field and not those that decorate father's toes. That, of course, is another matter. But I am sorry for a field if it has to have its corns trodden on. I should think the best remedy for your trouble would be to plant potatoes, or else raise chicken which can fly every time they see the cows coming. Maybe you could get Luther Burbank to invent a new variety of cow that is warranted not to step on father's corn, spoil his crops and dispense milk at ten instead of twenty cents a quart. Sorry you did not hear from your brother who went overseas for nine months. Probably

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)



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Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your trial offer on the new model Edison Amberola.

Name.....

Address.....

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

NEW JERSEY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL COMFORT READERS:

This is my third attempt to have my little bit added to your very interesting corner, and I am hoping that neither Billy the goat nor his brother get hold of it before it goes to print.

I enjoyed Criss's letter very much; she voiced my sentiments exactly. I should like to correspond with her, if she cares to. Also Elizabeth Wagner of Indianapolis, Ind. She gave no street address, and I was afraid that a letter addressed that way would not reach her. I also enjoyed "Comfort Reader's" letter. I should like very much to hear from sisters living in Colorado and the southern part of California, as I expect to take a trip out that way in the early spring, and should like to know what opportunities there are of getting a position. I have a very good place here, in the busy city of New York, that of a private secretary, but I long for the great outdoors, as I have read and heard so much about the great Golden West that I just can't wait for the day that I will be boarding the train that will carry me safely to "God's Own Country." I certainly will appreciate any information that the sisters will send me, and I will try and answer all letters received.

Perhaps you would all like to know what the writer looks like. Well, there really isn't much to say, as I dislike talking about oneself. I am somewhere between twenty-five and thirty, weigh about one hundred and thirty pounds, five feet four inches tall, Irish blue eyes and dark brown hair. Just full of life, love everyone that is good and sincere, and try to get the most and best out of life. If my letter passes the board of censors, I will drop in again sometime. I will leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson, and will more than appreciate her kindness in forwarding the letters to me.

Best wishes to all COMFORT's staff, and all COMFORT's readers.

MADGE.

Madge.—Through you I want to apologize to Elizabeth Wagner for omitting her address. It was unintentional and I regret very much the inconvenience it has caused her. She wishes me to explain that letters written to her and held at General Delivery were returned to senders after being kept the usual number of days, and that she will answer all letters in the future. Her address is 1812 Singleton St., Indianapolis, Ind. And speaking of letters reminds me that in a recent issue I asked for the address of Old Maid, which I accidentally destroyed (I'm a very careless person, I assure you), and received addresses of three "Old Maids," each claiming to be the one referred to. Now, what shall I do? —Ed.

MARYLAND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you allow a girl from this part of the state to enter your corner and sit down for just a few minutes? I call myself a girl although I have been



EDWARD WILLIAM, MARYLAND.

married nearly four years and have a sweet baby boy just sixteen months old. He is walking but cannot speak a word. I am sending his picture, taken when he was seven months old, which you may use in COMFORT if you care to. His name is Edward William.

Best wishes to all.

PUG.

Pug.—Doubtless Edward William has it all reasoned out thus: "Why bother to talk when I have a perfectly good smile always ready?" We think he is a very nice youngster.—Ed.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

All Aboard for Saltair—All Aboard. Here we go! This is part of the residential district of Salt Lake City we are now passing through. This is the poorer locality, but it does not look very poor at that. There is very little poverty in Utah. That little stream of water we are passing over is called the Jordan River. It is fed by City Creek Canyon, and in turn empties into the Great Salt Lake.

Now we are out of the sage-brush land and that white substance you see on the soil is alkali dust and furnished Uncle Sam with potash during our struggle with the Huns, without which product our case would have been hopeless. We will see the Potash Plant further out.

This rather large pool is the "Black Slews." Wild ducks live here.

That white stuff piled up there in big heaps is the unrefined salt. The water of the lake is pumped out to the "salt fields" where it is run into the moulds, which are from two to three hundred feet long. The sun evaporates the water, leaving the salt crusted on the ground. Then more water is run and evaporated. When the mould is filled with salt, it is cut, piled on cars, and sent over to the refining plant. When it leaves there in bags, it is pure white and ready for the market. This brand of salt is called the Crystal Salt. Try it, sisters. It is said to be the saltest salt on the market. We never use anything else at home.

Now we are pulling in at the Saltair Beach. All off the train? Now, where do you want to go first? Bathing, did I hear someone say? Have you your suits and towels, and have you checked your valuables? Are you sure your cap doesn't leak, and have you a good supply of cold cream and powder, and a comb? Then run to your dressing-rooms and get ready. Unless you are awfully modest you will not wear stockings. I never do, and they are such a nuisance in swimming and besides the salt will eat the elastic supporters you wear and then your stockings will come off. But if you do wear them, make them cotton—the salt will eat the silk ones off your feet, it is so strong.

Don't you dare to dive! You will break your neck. That water is 37 per cent solids and 22 per cent of it is salt. You dip down until your shoulders are covered. Now you are not cold. Afraid to float? Come, Nelle Fischer, let's show 'em how. Just ease yourself backward, moving your arms forward. See how easy it is done. Your head reaches the water and your feet come up. Cross your feet and it will be easier to balance yourself. Keep up that forward movement of your arms, and you will glide along just like a rowboat. When you want to get up, draw your knees up under your chin, while pressing your arms backward and downward. See, you come up just like a cork bounces up when you have held it under water. Do you like to swim? I do. Now, put most of your weight on your feet, because, in salt water, your feet have a tendency to "sink" upward, where in fresh water they sink down. Do that overhand stroke, it is much less tiring. Let's all form a chain and float out toward Antelope Island. All right now, put your arms over my feet, and all hook on the same way. Ready, go. Backward arm movement everybody. Now, we are going at some speed. Can't touch the bottom out here, but don't need to, 'cause we can all float in if it comes to that.

Now we are all dressed and feeling fine; fresh and hungry. Which shall we do, eat at the Ship Cafe, or take "hot dogs" and soft drinks? I hear you say the latter.

A moonlight waltz? What could be more alluring than the dreamy, dreamy music played by that big band? Not much jazz to it, but good, wholesome music. There are pretty girls in light, summery dresses, and strong, healthy young men, "Utah's Product" all around you, seeming to float upon the air, they are so graceful. Utah is noted throughout the world for her pretty girls, and her manly, clean-cut young men.

Intermission at last. Let's try the new Roller Coaster or Giant Racer. You get in the red racer, and we will take the yellow one, and see who will beat. Up the steep incline we go, and now we are ready to go down that one hundred and twenty foot dip, built on an 80 degree incline. Did it take your breath going down, and give it back when climbing another one hundred and eight foot incline? Here is another dip, but not such a big one as the first. Racing, and isn't it fun?

Shall we go up to the Ship Cafe for some ice cream? Doesn't it look pretty—everything "ship shape" and everything white?

All aboard the steam launch for a thirty-minute ride on the lake. Hear the seagulls crooning? And can you hear the call of the wild ducks? Back again, and ready to go home. All the cars are filled with the dancers, all happy and all singing, pretty dreamy melodies. Now we are back in Salt Lake City, and I guess you want to know who your "traveling com-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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How many an evening's pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission "I can't sing," or, "No, I am sorry, but I can't play."

At all social gatherings, some one is sooner or later sure to suggest music. When the others gather around for the fun, the one who can take no part feels hopelessly out of it—a wall flower—a mere listener and looker-on.

Or those long and lonesome evenings at home, when minutes seem like hours—how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin "talk," or in enjoying some other instrument.

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I call my method "new"—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard to understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time tried and proven. Over 225,000 successful pupils—in all parts of the world, and including all ages from boys and girls of 7 to 8 to men and women of 70—are the proof. Read the enthusiastic letters from some of them, which you will find printed at the left—samples of the kind of letters I am receiving in practically every mail. My file contains thousands of such letters. Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

But I don't ask you to judge my methods by what others say or by what I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course, or with what you learn from it, then it won't cost you a single penny. I guarantee satisfaction. On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon, or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.



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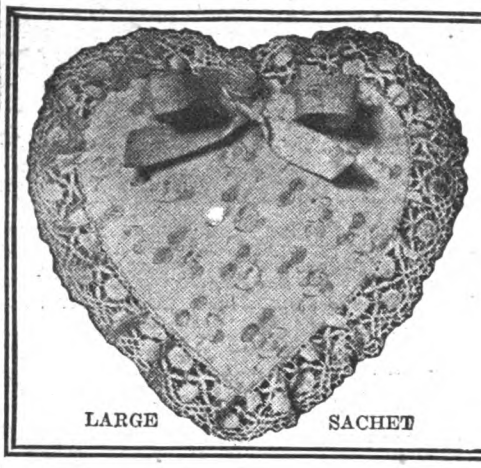
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HOME-MADE VALENTINES

By Paula Nicholson

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IT is very easy to make valentines at home and these dainty trifles are often much more acceptable than more expensive valentines that are bought in the stores, added to which the home-made varieties are generally useful, while the ready-made valentines are no earthly good to anybody once they have served their original purpose. Little girls especially enjoy making these valentines for their friends or perhaps for mother or older sister.



NEEDLE-BOOK—OPEN.

Mothers will most appreciate the heart needle-book shown on this page, which is made by cutting two hearts from cardboard. Three inches broad by two high is a useful size, but of course they can be made larger or smaller as desired. It is best to cut a pattern out of stiff paper before you cut into your cardboard. This pattern can then be folded in the center and the sides trimmed exactly alike until you have a perfect heart shape to cut by. Taking a little precaution in this way prevents the valentine from looking lopsided as hearts so often are when carelessly cut out. Cover each of the heart-shaped pieces of cardboard on one side with a bit of pretty silk, a piece of thin velvet, or even challie, satine or silkaline or best of all a bit of pretty cretonne. Put these covers on firmly, but not quite as tight as usual in articles of this kind, for these little hearts must be bent in the center as the needle-book folds over. The edges should be overhanded together and it makes a very neat finish to sew a cord on the edge as shown in the illustration. The leaves of the book can be made of white flannel or better still of pink or pale blue flannel if you have it. This is fastened in by baby ribbon through holes pierced in the cardboard.

Another easily made but very effective valentine is the heart-shaped frame shown in the large picture. First a large heart should be cut from cardboard. Either the brown or the gray-toned board that is sold for mounting photographs is ideal for this, but if you cannot conveniently get this, the cover or side of an old pasteboard box will serve, provided there is no printing on it. Cover this with crepe paper or paste on a piece of wall paper with a pretty flower. Partly covering this, there is another heart of white or tinted cardboard cut out in the center and glued at the top and bottom, but leaving a place through which a photograph or picture can be slipped, or if you prefer a pretty colored picture cut from an old magazine can be pasted in the larger heart and the white frame pasted right on top of this. A pretty ribbon at the top serves to hang it on the wall.

The tiny heart-shaped sachet makes a dear little valentine to slip in an envelope and send to a distant friend with a note of good wishes or even with that letter you have been so long owing. Any girl or woman would be very glad to get such a dainty little trifle to wear just under the blouse or to slip in the front of the corset, for everybody complains that the new low-cut corsets, especially if they have elastic tops, press into the body uncomfortably. But if a small flat pad is placed just under the top of the steels in the front this trouble can be overcome. This little valentine remembrance is just the exactly right shape to remedy this. It is made by cutting in heart shape two layers of cotton wadding with violet sachet or orris powder or any odor of sachet preferred scattered between the layers. This is covered with two heart-shaped bits of silk or satin. Embroider one of these pieces with a tiny design of forget-me-nots in pale embroidery silk or mercerized cotton. Overhand each side of the sachet together and as a finish trim with a tiny crocheted scallop or a bit of narrow val lace.



SMALL SACHET VALENTINE.

Another sachet illustrated is much larger, but just as useful in its own way. This is made of cretonne, silkaline, figured silk or satin and is intended to place in the top bureau drawer to scent the veils or handkerchiefs. It is very simple and easy indeed to make, but very pretty and acceptable for all that. About six inches wide by six from the top of the lobe to the tip of the point of the heart is the usual size, though, naturally, it can be as much larger or smaller as anyone wishes. It is lined with cotton wadding just like the tiny sachet described above. From four to six sheets of wadding are generally used for the purpose and sachet powder is sprinkled rather thickly between the layers and narrow lace is fulled slightly between the two sides when they are overhanded together. Trim the top with a bow.

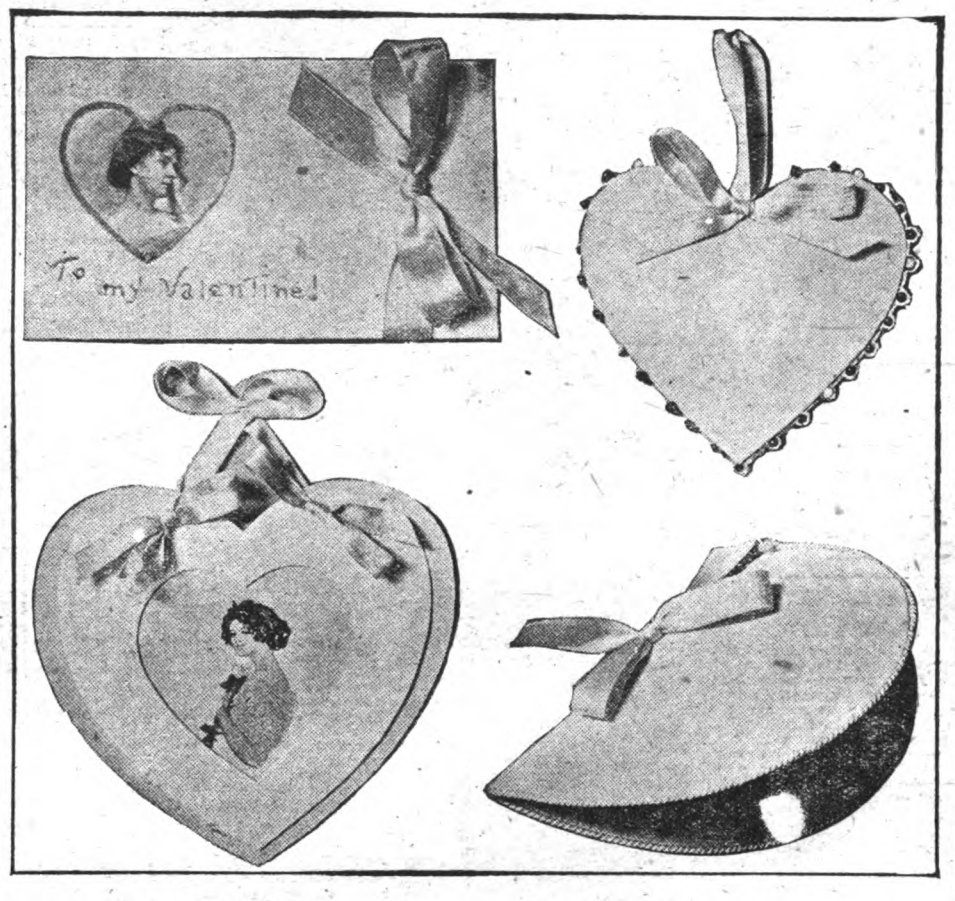
A valentine that any child can make is to take a small envelope of thick white paper and cut a pretty picture from a magazine. Make the picture heart shaped if possible. Glue around it the narrowest gold cord that comes or carefully make a border around it with a colored pencil or gold paint and print or write underneath, "To my valentine." Tie a pretty ribbon in a flat bow at one end and nail it to the one loved best.

Heart-shaped pincushions are not new, but they are just as useful as they ever were and exactly the thing to send to a girl's "best fellow." The prettiest are made by covering two heart-shaped pieces of the ever useful cardboard with a pretty bit of silk, satin or cretonne, but red silk, satin or velvet are decidedly the most appropriate for valentine purposes. These are overhanded firmly together and a ribbon hanger is sewed in at the top, and a row of alternate white and black pins stuck all around the edges.



VALENTINE BLOTTER.

Then there is the Valentine Blotter which is very quickly put together by cutting two or three pieces of blotting paper of any color preferred, in heart shape and making for these a cover of the shape of stiff white paper. With a fine brush paint a narrow border on this of gold paint and letter it as illustrated "For my lady fair," or "For my best friend," if it is intended for a man, or it can be lettered simply, "To My Valentine."



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Mid-Winter Cookery

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—Pick over and wash one quart of cranberries, put in an agate-lined saucepan with two cups of sugar and one cup of boiling water and cook without stirring for twenty minutes. Keep closely covered.

CRANBERRY RELISH.—Cut one pint of cranberries in halves, cover with cold water and soak about ten minutes. Drain. Cut one orange in halves and scrape out the inside, being careful not to get any of the white. Chop half a cup of raisins fine. Put all together with one quarter of a cup of good vinegar, and one cup of sugar, and cook until thick. Add a pinch of clove, one quarter of a teaspoon of ginger and one teaspoon of cinnamon, and cook a few minutes longer.

CRANBERRY PIE.—Line deep pie plate with a thin crust. Cut cranberries in halves and fill plate. Mix thoroughly one tablespoon of flour, and a pinch each of cinnamon and ginger with one cup of sugar and spread over cranberries. Over this grate a little orange rind, and add bits of butter. Put inch-wide strips of pastry across the top about one inch apart both ways to form squares. Bake in a moderately hot oven about forty-five minutes.

CRANBERRY ADE.—Squeeze the juice from cranberries by first putting through the food chopper. Add cold water and let stand a few hours. Pass through cheese-cloth bag. Sweeten with a syrup made from granulated sugar, or with honey. Add water, about two thirds as much as there is cranberry juice. This is very wholesome.

LINCOLN JELLY.—Cook one slice of red beet in two cups of water until a bright red color is obtained. Strain through cloth. Return to fire and when boiling add two tablespoons of gelatine which has been previously soaked twenty minutes in one cup of cold water. Stir until dissolved. Add to this one half cup of lemon juice and one cup of sugar. Stir until dissolved and strain. Pour about two inches deep into an agate-lined baking pan. When firm, cut into oblongs; the proportions of a flag. To produce the effect of stars and stripes, put boiled frosting which has not been cooked quite to the point of "threading" into a paper cornucopia and press through a small opening in lines on the jelly, leaving a square at the upper left-hand corner to be filled in with dots of the frosting. Served on white lettuce leaves, it is very decorative.

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"You had a friend, a Mexican girl?" he inquired.

"Tonita Morales—yes, yes!" answered Beryl, clasping her hands convulsively.

"Well," went on Trenwyck, "Miss Morales has taken refuge in a house on Sutter Street. It is my house," he added unblushingly, "and I told Miss Morales that I would try to find you. She has good news for you, Miss Grayson."

"At last, at last!" murmured Beryl, in tearful gratitude, lifting her eyes above.

Hope had opened the closed door of her emotions, for this stray gleam of joy seemed to promise fulfillment of her dearest desire. Tonita had sent for her! No doubt her "good news" had to do with Neil.

"Will you go with me?" asked Trenwyck insinuatingly.

"Without a moment's delay," replied Beryl. "Heaven will reward you for lifting a poor, forlorn girl out of her black despair."

She arose to his side and accepted the support of his proffered arm; then, together, they left Portsmouth Square. Trenwyck kept his eyes on the moving form of Gorsline, and there was another who kept her eyes on Trenwyck and the devoted Beryl—following them as steadfastly as they followed the ruffian in the lead.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOUSE IN SUTTER STREET.

It was strange that, on that first awful day of the shock when death stared the whole city in the face and women knelt in the streets and implored the Most High for mercy, iniquitous men could think and plan and execute for their own selfish ends. Yet, let it be borne in mind that such an opportunity for crime had never before come to the wicked in that great and ruined metropolis.

Greed was the mainspring of action in both Trenwyck and Gorsline. The unprincipled lawyer was to gain by separating Beryl from her heart's love; a proud and haughty family was to pay him his price for the fiendish work, even as was the wretched Berdyne in case the lovely prize should fall to him. As for the inhuman Gorsline, he had eyes for nothing but the priceless gem with which Neil had sealed his marriage vows.

There were no blue-garbed infantrymen to interfere with the brutal scoundrels as they proceeded in the carrying out of their dark designs. The smoke of fires eating at the city's heart was already hovering in the air, and the detonations of dynamite came fitfully from the region east of Sansome Street. San Francisco's doom was written in livid characters, for the trade wind had set in and was fanning the flames westward. And through it all these two unprincipled men, in the hope of gain, continued to weave their web of deceit about the destiny of the pure and helpless girl.

Constantly watching the swiftly moving form of Gorsline, Trenwyck led Beryl along Sutter Street and into the deserted house through whose door the gangster had flitted like an evil spirit. In one of the front rooms, whose appointments had been marvelously well preserved, the lawyer asked Beryl to be seated until he could go and bring Tonita.

Trembling with joy and her sweet face flushed with hope, Beryl dropped wearily into a chair. Trenwyck went out, and in a rear apartment held a whispered colloquy with his confederate.

During his first visit to the abandoned mansion, Gorsline had surveyed it pretty thoroughly. He now brought this knowledge to bear, and, as a result of the colloquy, the lawyer returned to Beryl, and the gunman fled up a rear stairway. In a chamber on the second floor he secured three or four sheets, which he twisted into ropes; then he stole down again, glided into a noble apartment luxuriously furnished as a library, and secreted these gathered materials. Next he sat out, on a table in the dining-room, some cold viands he found in the pantry, a silver pitcher half filled with water, and a decanter of wine. This work completed, Gorsline secreted himself.

Meanwhile, Trenwyck, with his lying face and false tongue, had returned to Beryl.

"I am very sorry, Miss Grayson," said he, as though deeply grieved, "but your friend Miss Morales has gone out herself to look for you."

A sharp cry of dismay broke from poor Beryl.

"All the rest of my family have fled from the house," went on Trenwyck, plausibly, "and only one servant is left. This servant tells me, however, that Miss Morales said she would return in an hour or so, and requested that if I was happily successful in finding you and bringing you here, you should wait until she returned."

"I must wait," said Beryl, resignedly, "for there is nothing else I can do. Besides, I am too weary to take another step."

"I am very sorry," pursued Trenwyck, "that some of the female members of my household did not remain, but they are all at our country place in Montery by this time. However, if you will accept of my hospitality and accompany me to the dining-room, I can offer you what food we have."

"Could you tell me, sir," returned Beryl, "what news Tonita has for me?"

"If I am not mistaken," answered the artful lawyer, "she said something about a Mr. Neil Preston. This gentleman, as I understand, is seeking you, and has appointed a rendezvous somewhere in one of the parks. Miss Morales, I believe, is to take you to him."

A half sob of joy broke from Beryl's lips.

"Oh, my darling, my darling Neil!" she murmured. "Is he well?" She reached up and caught one of the lawyer's hands with convulsive eagerness.

"He must be well, Miss Grayson," answered the crafty lawyer, "or he would not be able to look for you. But, come! May I conduct you to the dining-room?"

Fresh strength ran pulsing through her tired body. A wild joy had seized upon her heart, and she was disposed to think lightly of her present trials in view of the happiness that apparently lay before her.

"You are more than kind to me," said Beryl, starting up. "Will you tell me your name? I wish to remember it with gratitude till my dying day!"

"Percival," he answered, with an insinuating smile.

The girl's ravishing beauty, which had become radiant under the touch of hope, aroused something in his nature which he had never experienced before. He recalled Berdyne's exalted praises of Beryl's loveliness, and he now saw that, extravagant though they seemed, they had failed to do the subject justice.

Trenwyck envied Neil Preston the love which he had won, and he did not wonder that Berdyne should move heaven and earth in his attempts to gain so beautiful a prize.

In the dining-room, Beryl ate of the food set forth by Gorsline. The water, although too warm and insipid, she relished as a draft from the springs of paradise. No refreshment had passed her lips since Neil had halted the automobile at the wayside resort the night before. She would have none of the wine, although Trenwyck urged her to drink of it. The lawyer himself drank glass after glass, and his eyes brightened and his face reddened with his potations.

And outside the doom of the city was creeping stealthily and relentlessly onward. Yet poor, deceived Beryl, the half-intoxicated Trenwyck, and the greedy Gorsline seemed to think of nothing connected with their perilous situation.

"I think," faltered Beryl, troubled at the recklessness which was growing in the lawyer's manner, "that I will go back to the other room, Mr. Percival."

"Certainly, Miss Grayson, certainly," said Trenwyck, thickly, starting to his feet. "This room," and he walked unsteadily to a door and threw it open, "has suffered less from the earthquake than any other room in the house. You can wait there for your friend—quite comfortably."

"Thank you," answered Beryl, a vague fear rising in her breast as she caught the open and insolent admiration in Trenwyck's eyes.

In that moment a swift intuition of danger would have sent her flying from the house, but for her cherished hope of meeting Tonita. To go forth into that desolated city again, drifting to and fro with the aimless tide of refugees, and abandoning Tonita and her darling husband, was not to be thought of. She steeled herself to remain where she was, and passed into the library.

Trenwyck followed her.

"You are weary," said he, pointing to a broad leather divan. "Take a little rest, my fair one, and be assured that I will watch over your slumbers until—until your friend comes."

The boldness of his manner increased. Beryl stole a look about the rich apartment. Books were scattered over the floor, and the massive furniture had slid about into unwonted places. A white bust of Shakespeare hung half over the edge of a bracket. The windows had fallen out, and, as the library was on the first floor, she felt that those windows were so many avenues of escape in case she found it necessary to flee.

"You have been most generous and kind, Mr. Percival," said she, as calmly as she could. "Will you not continue to be so? Pray leave me for a little—I can rest better if I am alone."

"Jove!" muttered the lawyer, his eyes smoldering like coals. "You are beautiful as a houri, my girl. I do not wonder that you have turned the brains of men like Preston and Berdyne, or——"

A scream broke from her lips.

"Berdyne! What do you know of Berdyne?"

Her hands leaped to her heaving bosom, and she wondered if again—again she had been deceived! No, no, it could not be! She was there to meet Tonita, and Tonita would take her to Neil. If this hope were blasted, she felt that she must die.

"Oh, leave me, leave me!" she cried, frightened by the lawyer's manner.

"Not yet, my enchanting little beauty," he answered, starting unsteadily toward her. "If you will give me a kiss—only one——"

"Never, never!" she screamed, retreating before him.

It seemed as though he would accomplish his purpose in spite of her. But at that moment, as though the angels of innocence themselves had flown to her protection, the floor heaved beneath them, and the walls rocked. Many shocks had followed the great cataclysm throughout that momentous day, and this one, while far less severe than the first, was sufficient to jar down a few toppling walls.

The white bust on the bracket fell, and just at the moment Trenwyck was reaching forth his arms to grasp Beryl about the waist, the bust struck the half-tipsy lawyer on the shoulder, and bore him to the floor.

Beryl turned to gain the unglazed opening that marked the place of one of the windows. Before she could reach it, another man ran in.

"Fool!" shouted a husky voice; "you've tipped our hand now, an' spoiled everythin', for all I know. Get out o' here, if you're sober enough. Go an' find Berdyne!"

Beryl caught one glimpse of the fierce, lowering visage of Dave Gorsline. The next moment she was seized roughly, and hurled into a chair.

CHAPTER XVII.

NEIL'S DREAM OF HOPE.

Neil, heartsick at the workings of fate which had prevented him from finding his lost darling at the ruined rectory, hurried off in the direction indicated by the soldier. Poor, wandering Beryl was somewhere within a few blocks of him, but ah, how helpless he was to go directly to her, or to acquaint her with his presence in that part of the city! Like one demented, he raced through one desolated street after another, gazing staringly at all he passed, halting now and again at places where refugees had gathered, to call her name. Only a mocking silence greeted his cries, and at every step pitiless fortune seemed at war with him. Yet ever and always he kept repeating to himself, with the grimness of despair: "I will find her! I will find her!"

He seemed to have been made the sport of circumstances. Had he hastened a little faster on his way from the Mechanics' Pavilion, had he not been turned aside so many times by the soldiers, he would have reached the dismantled house in Pine Street in time to meet his dear one, to kiss away her tears, dispel her wild doubts and lead her to safety. How his spirit writhed with the thought of what a few minutes had denied him—and her. Still, "I will find her, I will find her!" he muttered through his tense lips, and kept relentlessly on.

He had scarcely slept since Irma Lee had sought him out, and told him that his sweetheart was at Sunset Ranch. Tuesday had been a day of happiness, of sorrow, and of unremitting action. Tuesday night, unceasing vigilance had been demanded of him in guiding the *Red Flyer*. And now Wednesday—that fateful Wednesday!—was calling upon him for his keenest faculties, his greatest energy, and he felt endurance failing under the strain.

His injury did not claim a single thought. In fact, the wound did not pain him in the least. His only pangs were those at his heart, and a sort of insensate fury because brain and limbs should rebel at a time when they were needed most.

His fruitless search brought him finally opposite a small store which had not yet been abandoned by its proprietor. He had no heart for food, yet knew that he must eat if he would revive his strength, so he filed into the dilapidated shop with others of the famished refugees.

Everything was free. One had but to help himself from the shelves, taking whatever he could find.

"Hurry," urged the proprietor; "it won't be long before the fire gets here, and then everything will go up in smoke."

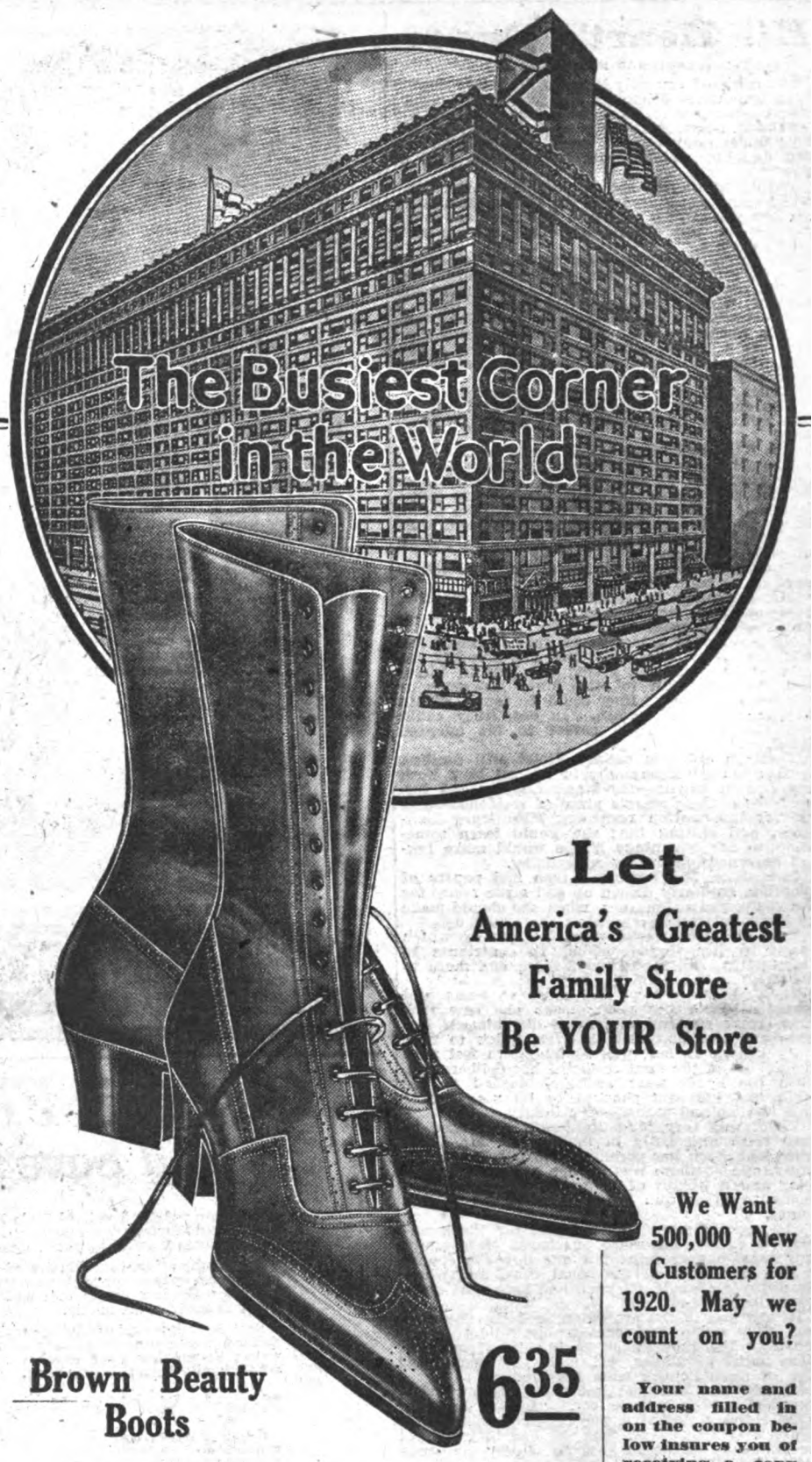
The proprietor of that little grocery store was a rare spirit! He even joked as he pointed out the food most suitable for the homeless and wretched ones to whom he was giving his stock. Somehow, the cheeriness of the man heartened Neil wonderfully. Neil was but one of thousands upon whom misfortune had descended heavily that day!

While the grocer's kindliness revived Neil's drooping spirit, the rough-and-ready fare exerted a wholesome influence on his waning strength. When he left the place it was with hope renewed.

He passed among the Orientals who had taken refuge in Portsmouth Square; he even halted for a space beside the very spot at the foot of the Stevenson Memorial from which Beryl had been conducted by Trenwyck. Near him stood two men, Americans. One was grizzled and gray, his hands horny and seamed with toil. The other was of fifty, or thereabouts, with a refined and intellectual face. The first carried a small tool box, such as carpenters sometimes use, and the second held in his hands a Boston bag.

"I was worth half a million this morning,"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)



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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

tions, which I can only liken to the lovely flowers that sometimes bloom at the foot of a glacier; sweet songs, that have been like balm to my wounded heart, and—but why enumerate? Do you understand what I mean, and will you be my daughter, Violet, and let me take care of you?"

"How good you are to me, Mr. Lawrence," she began, gratefully; but the look of perplexity on her young face still told him that she could not see her way quite clear, even yet to answer as he desired.

He sat thoughtfully silent for a few moments, then he said, with great kindness and gentleness:

"Do not feel that you must decide the matter tonight, Violet. Take a little time to think it over—a week, a month even, if you wish; only try to remember while you are considering that there is a lonely, anxious man awaiting a verdict, which will mean a great deal to him whichever way it is rendered."

Violet was relieved by this suggestion.

She could not decide now if forced to do so. She felt that her answer must be in the negative.

Oh, if he had never asked her to be his wife!

She could not readily forget and learn at once to regard him in the light of a parent, when he had so recently declared himself her lover. Had that declaration never been made, she would never have thought of such a thing, and thus she could easily have stepped into a daughter's place in his home.

Thus the matter rested for a time, and things went on as before.

Mr. Lawrence appeared much more cheerful, however, and was secretly confident that he would win his point in the end.

So assured of this was he that he made his will that very week, dividing his property, as he said he would do, giving one half to Violet and the other half to Miss Mary Lawrence or her heirs, if she or they could be found within a year after his decease. In case they could not, the whole should revert to his adopted daughter.

Then, in order to satisfy Violet still further, he inserted advertisements in several New York and Boston papers—for Massachusetts had formerly been the woman's place of residence—asking for information regarding Miss Mary Lawrence, and stating that she would learn something to her advantage if she would make herself known to the party advertising.

This done, Mr. Lawrence then had papers of adoption, regularly drawn up and made ready for the young girl's signature, when she should make up her mind fully as to what she would do.

Two or three weeks went by, during which Violet by her tireless efforts to contribute to his comfort, endeared herself more and more to the lonely man.

She, too, seemed to feel more at home and contented with her position, as she saw how much more cheerful and more like himself Mr. Lawrence was becoming, and he, quick to note every change in her, was beginning to feel very hopeful as to the final result of her deliberation, when his hopes were suddenly dashed to the earth and his soul shocked to its very center by a terrible and unforeseen calamity.

Violet was very fond of flowers, and liked to have them constantly in the house. Mr. Lawrence had given her permission to purchase more freely, and so there was always a spot of bright color and a breath of fragrance in the various rooms to greet him when he returned to his dinner.

She usually sent the coachman for them, unless she or Mr. Lawrence purchased them while they were out driving; but one day she forgot to give her order at the usual time, and when she did remember it, the man had been sent upon some other errand.

It was late in the afternoon, and the day had been very damp and cloudy, but Violet could not bear the thought of having Mr. Lawrence come home to dinner and miss the customary vase of fresh flowers from his table.

"I will run out and get them myself," she remarked to the housekeeper. "I have had no exercise today, and it is not far to the florist's."

Mrs. Davis remarked that she had better wait for John—he might be back in season—or send one of the other servants.

"I know Mr. Lawrence would much prefer to miss the flowers than to have you go out in the wet and cold for them," she said, in conclusion.

But Violet insisted that she would like the walk, and said she would not be long. So, robing herself in a long, warm ulster, and donning her sealskin cap—Mr. Lawrence's Christmas gift to her—she tripped away to Johnson's, only a few blocks distant, to get the coveted flowers.

The walk did her good; the air was raw and cold, it is true, but her blood was young and warm, and her cheeks glowed, her eyes were brilliant from her exercise when she reached the florist's.

There were several customers ahead of her, and she had to wait some time before her order could be attended to.

At last, however, her selections were made, and she hastened away.

She was surprised to find how dark it had grown as she came out upon the street, where a fine, cold rain that was almost sleet was falling; but the young girl hurried, only eager to get home and have her flowers arranged before Mr. Lawrence's return.

She did not mind the rain very much, for she was well and strong, but there seemed to be a heavy fog with it, and her heart beat faster than usual with a sense of fear at being out alone on such a night.

She had retraced about half the distance when, just as she was about to pass a narrow passage that led between two tall buildings, a strangely familiar voice called out appealingly:

"Violet! Violet, wait a moment. I have something to say to you."

Her heart leaped into her throat, while her face grew white and almost rigid with sudden fear of some impending evil.

But she involuntarily slackened her pace, or, rather, her limbs seemed to fail her all at once, and the next moment she saw looming up before her, out of the darkness and fog, the huge proportions and coarse visage of Wilhelm Mencke.

"What are you in such a tearing hurry for, little sister?" he asked, in a tone which he tried to modulate affectionately, as he turned and began to walk along with her.

"It is late, and I am anxious to hasten home," Violet panted, nervously.

"It is rather late, and a nasty night, too, for a girl like you to be out alone," her companion remarked, as he peered more closely into her face.

"Please do not detain me, Wilhelm, or I shall not get back in time for dinner," she urged, tremulously, as she began to quicken her steps again, and growing more and more frightened in his presence.

"You might let dinner wait a few minutes, it seems to me, for the sake of doing an old friend a good turn," the man said, in a reproachful tone.

Violet's sympathetic heart was always touched by the troubles of others, and even though she both feared and loathed her brother-in-law, in his present condition, she could not turn away from his appeal.

"What can I do for you?" she asked. "Do you want some more money?" and her hand sought the pocket of her ulster and drew forth her purse.

"Well, it's rather humiliating to confess it, little sister," Wilhelm Mencke returned, with a disagreeable laugh, "but I am rather hard up, and a little money would help me out amazingly."

Violet thought that the quickest way to get rid of him would be to give him what he wanted, so she stopped and began to unfasten her purse.

"Tut, tut, Violet; don't show your money on the street; some thief may be on the watch," her companion added glancing about him, with an air of suspicion; but he was not on the lookout for thieves, as will soon appear.

"Just let us step around this corner where it is a little more quiet, then you may give me a couple of dollars, if you please."

She followed him without thinking whither he was leading her, her only thought was to give him the money he asked, and escape from his disagreeable companionship as soon as possible; she did not even notice at first that a closed carriage was standing near, its door wide open, while the driver sat upon his box, his reins gathered up as if just ready to start.

Wilhelm Mencke led her close up to it, remarking that she could "see by that coach lantern as the street light was upon the opposite corner, and it wouldn't take but a minute to find what she wanted to give him."

All unsuspicious of any design upon her personally, Violet bent forward to count him out the money, when he suddenly gathered her slight form in his arms, leaped into the carriage, shut the door, and clapping his great, fat hand over her mouth, to prevent her screaming for aid, they were driven rapidly away in the darkness and thickening fog.

Violet struggled and fought desperately to release herself from the vise-like grasp of her captor; but without avail, for she was like a child in his clutch, while every now and then, as they passed a street-light, she caught a glimpse of his face—more bloated and revolting than ever in its close proximity to hers, and saw that it was gleaming with a look of evil triumph.

"I have you at last, Vio!" he chuckled, as he caught her terrified glance. "It has been a long and tedious watch—thought I should never catch you out alone; but I guess I'll get paid for it in the end. Now," he added, as she continued to struggle for liberty, "you may just as well be quiet and peaceable, for you cannot get away. You don't seem to enjoy a fond and brotherly embrace, eh? Well, all you have to do is to promise that you will be mum, and make no effort to attract attention, and I'll let you go. Will you?"

Anything would be better, Violet thought, than to be crushed against his breast in that rough fashion, with the hot fumes of his beer-laden breath beating upon her face, and she nodded her head to signify that she would make no outcry.

"Honor bright?" questioned her captor, cautiously, before letting her go.

She nodded her head again, and he instantly released her; but a smile of triumph lighted his face as he realized that at last he had snared his bird.

He had been prowling about in the vicinity of Mr. Lawrence's residence when Violet started out for her flowers, and felt that his time had finally come. He followed her to the florist's, then seeking a carriage-stand near by, he engaged a hack, the driver of which he knew and had partially engaged for a service of this kind some time previous, and directed that it should be driven a little way down the quiet street before referred to, and wait there until he came with his "game." Then he returned to the florist's, waited until Violet came out, when he followed her as far as the alley, and then accosted her as related.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

panion is," and what she looks like. I am five feet, one inch tall, weigh one hundred and three pounds, and have dark brown hair, and dark blue eyes, and a fair complexion—not even one teeny, weeny freckle. I will be able to vote by the time next election comes.

If Mrs. Wilkinson will permit me to come again, I will.

Utah's Child, CHERRY.

Cherry.—Since seeing your photograph I can understand why there are Mormans. I don't blame them a bit if all Utah girls are as attractive as you appear to be. You seem to possess brains as well as good looks so come again. —Ed.

NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

In a recent COMFORT there appears a letter from a little girl signing herself "Milly" who thinks a few words from C. A. M. of Neb. will be of help to her in working out her life's problem. So, such as they are, they are gladly given and with a prayer that she may find peace, soon. I think it depends entirely upon what was in her heart at the time the promise was made. If she thought overwork caused her mother's illness and if she believed that she would not again be ill if she were to do the bulk of the work; and made the promise with the thought in mind that she would renounce marriage merely that she might assist her mother in the raising of the smaller children; and those children are now grown up and the mother not in actual need of her help, or that there are now other girls that can take her place helping mother, then I think her promise has been fulfilled and it no longer binds her. If on the other hand she made the promise with the thought of sacrificing herself as a sort of peace offering, without any reservations or limit, then I fear God would be no more pleased to have her break her word, than she would should her lover make her a promise merely to gain her and then after a few years were to say: "Well you are now mine and I no longer need keep my vow." However, she is foolish to let her younger sister snub her. Younger sisters are very prone to do that very thing to a sister that has always given up everything to them and it will be a little hard to break her of it, but it can be done and for her own self-respect and the good of the sister, it must be done. Simply take your own rightful place and what is your share of everything, and do very little explaining or talking about it. God does not want any of us to be unhappy, and neither does He desire us to let others clean their feet on us, even though He did teach us to be humble and take the lowly places. There is such a thing as being too lowly and not only hurting ourselves but those we minister to as well. Why not go to the best hair dresser in town and tell her that you want her to fix your hair in the most becoming style for your face; and then make her try it several ways and after she gets one that suits you, you can dress it yourself that way. It will take a little of your time, and also the folks will probably make a few remarks but what of it? Some way, to know you look well gives a person confidence in themselves and it will not be long before you will discover that you are as happy as can be and also will find that there are so many things to do in this world that you will not find the time to grow old, and even though you never should feel free to break your vow to God, you need never grow into an "old maid" and should you like to write to me directly you may ask Mrs. Wilkinson for my ad-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

The Pest and His Valentine



by Joseph F. Novak

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I NEVER see the store windows blossoming out with valentines and love-tokens but what my thoughts turn to my own romance which culminated on St. Valentine's Night.

I often insist that I proposed to Harvey while he insists that I did not, so the question is still a mooted one.

But to go on:

I never saw the necessity of seeking a husband merely for the sake of getting married, for I was earning more than many men I knew. And so, to discourage possible admirers, I always assumed a more or less suffragette air to warn them away, for I was among the species most of the time, being stenographer and quasi-private secretary for the manager of a commission house.

In spite of this, the men tried to get into my good graces now and then, and started with small gifts and invitations to dinner and to the theater, but I always managed to squelch them with such finality that they never repeated.

But some men will not take "no" for an answer, and when Mr. John Reeves, bachelor, forty-eight, fairly good to look at and wealthy enough to keep an automobile, came around, I found I had met my match.

Had he been about twenty years younger, I might have considered him, for I was already twenty-four myself, but as it was, I didn't want to marry my father—nor anyone for that matter.

Mr. Reeves persisted in his attentions despite all my frowns and squelchings. Really such devotion should have been rewarded—but it wasn't.

At first I was amused, and then worried when I couldn't do anything with him, and when he finally did propose, I refused him with a blunt: "I should say not!"

Evidently he was expecting the answer, for he laughed and said that all girls refused, at least once, the men they married, and that he wouldn't take "no" for an answer.

How was I to get rid of him? At last, in desperation, I determined to fib outrageously and tell him I was already engaged.

And I did.

"But you're not wearing a ring," he replied.

"I know it, because my engagement is a secret. He's a soldier and I don't know when he'll come back and even when he does we'll have to wait until he saves enough before we can marry," was my answer. "He isn't rich, you know," and growing quite sentimental over my imaginary soldier, I daintily dabbed my eyes with my handkerchief.

It didn't deceive Mr. Reeves at all, for he sniffed as he retorted:

"Funny. Most of the boys are back. But if he's in the army and you're going to wait until he saves up enough from his soldier's pay, why you might just as well make up your mind to die an old maid."

"Nevertheless, I'll remain true to him," I replied belligerently.

"What does he look like?" continued my tormentor.

What did my imaginary soldier look like?

And then Harvey St. John came to my mind. I had known him from school-days, and the St. Valentine's Day when he sent me a gorgeous love-token, all gilt paper, lace and celluloid, and built on the sky-scraper plan so that when you straightened out the little tabs, the whole valentine looked much like a wedding cake, I decided that he was mine. And apparently I was his, too, for I give as a testimony, this verse printed on his offertory:

"This valentine comes
From a heart that is true,
Faithful and loving
Forever—to you."

But since those days, we were just friends, and while he was in France doing his bit as a doctor in the medical corps, I had corresponded with Harvey in the frankest, friendliest way, just as if I had been a man who through some inadvertency, had not been able to go to the front.

Why not describe Harvey to my persecutor?

"Well," I began, after a little hesitation, "he is tall and has a splendid figure." (I took a naughty satisfaction in this because Mr. Reeves is short and inclined to be fat.) "He has dark hair, cut quite short except on top which he wears in such a fascinating wave." (Mr. Reeves was a trifle bald.) "And when he's in uniform—ah!" I breathed romantically.

Mr. Reeves evidently felt that he suffered by comparison, for he retorted:

"I wouldn't trust a soldier that's handsome enough for the movies. Anyhow, I'm going to cut him out and I'm going to call on you some evening."

"You'd better not," I warned.

"Oh, yes, I shall," he answered, as he left.

I supposed he would. Now what should I do? I had thought that after I told him I was engaged, he'd quit the field. Not he.

I determined I'd be out whenever he called, but that didn't work for he came around every night for a week, which decided me to let him call if it would do any good.

In this exigency, I happened to meet Harvey. Of course, he wasn't in France; he had returned about nine months since and was already practicing.

"Why this sour-pickles expression?" was his greeting.

"I'm in trouble. The fact is, Harvey, I'm pestered to death by an old—yes, I'll say it!—an old fool who thinks he's in love with me. He comes to the office during the day and camps around the house at night. I told him I was engaged to a soldier in the hope of getting rid of him, but it didn't work."

"Why don't you get a soldier to come and pose as your lover then, and bear out your story?"

"I can't because I've described you," I wailed.

"Well, then, the next time that chap calls, call me up on the 'phone. I'll don my uniform and play my part."

"Oh, how splendid of you!" I exclaimed in delight and I caught his hand in mine. Harvey has firm, well-shaped hands and somehow when I touched them, I suddenly felt a queer little thrill shoot through me. But I thought, then, that it was caused by the prospect of the fun that would ensue when the two men met.

So when Reeves next called, I 'phoned Harvey and then returning to the parlor I was unusually sweet to my admirer, who probably thought I was weakening, for he got a bit gushy.

The door bell rang after a time and I went to answer it. With a shriek of joy, I pretended to drag Harvey into the parlor without even letting him remove his lieutenant's cap and introduced him with great pride.

"This is my friend, Dr. St. John, Mr. Reeves. He's home on a furlough."

Mr. Reeves said he was pleased, but he wasn't. Did this rid me of the man? It did not!

Reeves set about more determinedly to win out. He tried all sorts of things. But Harvey was interested in the game I was playing and so he came around often to find out how I was succeeding in nipping Reeves' grand passion now fully flowered, and thus they often met.

This went on for some weeks, when St. Valentine's Day approached. Would Reeves send me a valentine on the day of the Saint of Belles and Beaux? Of course he would! Most probably one of those immense things loaded down with doves and cupids and tassels and things, in a cardboard box as big as a packing case!

Before this I had always let the day slip by like any other, for no one ever sent me a valentine to remind me of the day. But this year, Stella Clayton invited me to a Valentine Dance she was giving in one of the down-town hotels. I told her that I would not attend as I had no escort, but she insisted and the day before the affair, she called me up to remind me of it.

While I was talking with her, Harvey came in. I was simply overwhelmed with surprise, for he never stopped at my place of employment before. When he heard me again refuse Stella, he asked if I really didn't care to go. Otherwise he'd escort me and was sure we'd enjoy it for the sake of *auld lang syne*.

So I agreed to go, my heart beating in a queer, flurried fashion. And somehow after I had accepted, I couldn't quite look Harvey in the eye in the old frank way. And I thought, too, there was a little difference in the way he bade me good by that morning.

When he was gone, my thoughts went to my wardrobe. What should I wear? I had many gowns, but I rejected them all, for no man wants to take a woman to a dance and have her dressed like a suffragette.

I decided that during my noon hour, I would go to a modiste's and get a new gown, a creation, in short, of the flimsy, spirituelle variety, so that Harvey need not be ashamed of me.

My plans, however, were interferred with as usual for my pest came to torment me with an invitation to lunch. I refused it, and when he persisted in following me, I decided to go to the modiste's first, and reaching the place, I told him that I was going to get a new gown—that a modiste's was no place for a man and that he'd better go.

He did—but afterward I learned that he went into the place and inquired what sort of a gown I had purchased. That gave him a clue as to where I was going the following night.

The following day was St. Valentine's, and though I thought of the dance from the moment I awoke, and wondered often how I should impress Harvey with my new clothes, I half forgot that it was the day for the exchange of love-knots.

But about eleven o'clock, as I was banging away on my typewriter, a messenger boy came in and placed before me a big box.

"Some horrible valentine, of course," I groaned as I signed for the package. Then I opened it.

A large, heart-shaped box done in red silk came to my view. Atop the box was an immense bow of red ribbon and in the center of it nestled a cluster of brilliant pansies. The box itself contained about five pounds of the choicest candy.

It was very beautiful, and I didn't need to read the card to tell me that it was from Reeves. I pushed it aside a little petulantly, and shall I confess that I thought what a different reception it would have received had it been from Harvey? For the thought did come to me. I dismissed it in a hurry, however, for why should I want or expect Harvey to send me a valentine? He called, it was true, and in Reeves' presence pretenced to be my lover, but I had dragged him into the affair and he was interested in the game, not in me.

A little feeling of pity, then, for the way I was treating Reeves came to me, and slowly drawing the box toward me, I picked up the card.

But immediately the pity went from my heart for on the back of the card he had written:

"Something is prompting me today,
A few soft words to thee to say,
Oh, may these flowers I send to thee
Make love bloom in thine heart for me."

Mush! From what had he copied it? Most probably from some old-time valentine.

There were a few more words scribbled, and I now noted these: "I'll see you at Miss Clayton's party tonight."

The day passed and I went home and dressed for the dance. I think I looked well, and I wondered if Harvey would be pleased. Somehow I felt just a little afraid of him now.

When he came, he brought with him a great sheaf of American beauties. How delighted I was.

"My valentine," he said, bowing low and offering the roses to me.

"Thank you. I received one this morning also," I returned significantly. "I seem to be rather popular for a suffragette."

Harvey smiled knowingly, then said with characteristic brusqueness: "Let's go."

We did, reaching the hotel just when the dance was at its height.

The place was appropriately decorated. Festoons of hearts were looped across the room, the ends of the festoons being fastened to the hands of plaster-of-Paris Cupids. In one corner was an elaborate booth in which love-tokens and valentines could be purchased, and nearby was a large be-ribboned box to hold the valentines sent that evening.

As Harvey and I entered the room, music sounded. He swung me into the bow of his arm and we danced as easily as if it were not the first time since high-school days that we had danced together.

The dance over, we sat down. I was delighted. But it didn't last long for suddenly I heard my pest's suave:

"How d'ye do?"

He sat down beside me, whereupon Harvey, with a peculiar look, said:

"There are quite a few people here I haven't seen in years. Will you excuse me? How long will you take care of Miss Marsh for me, Mr. Reeves?"

"For the rest of the evening, if you wish," he replied.

"Aren't you a bit selfish?" Harvey remarked, and again that peculiar look came into his eyes as he walked away.

"How did you know I was to attend this dance?" I demanded of Mr. Reeves when we were alone.

"I bribed 'Inky' to tell me where you were going. He heard you talking to Miss Clayton and learned the details which he gave me for a consideration. Bright office boy, is Inky. He'll be head of the house some day."

"The little wretch!" I exclaimed.

"I wouldn't call him that," Reeves returned. "With this information," he continued, "I came down, told the people here I hadn't a card of admission but that I was a friend of yours—and it was all right."

So he had used my name as an "open Sesame!"

"I've found out something else, too," he went on. "Dr. St. John has been home from France for over nine months and has been practicing ever since. You're not engaged to him but have been merely using him as a buffer. When I saw him that first time, I thought for a while that what you told me was true, though he didn't act like a lover. Listen, Miss Marsh. You certainly cannot question that I love you——"

"No," I murmured, interrupting, "especially when you sent the valentine you did."

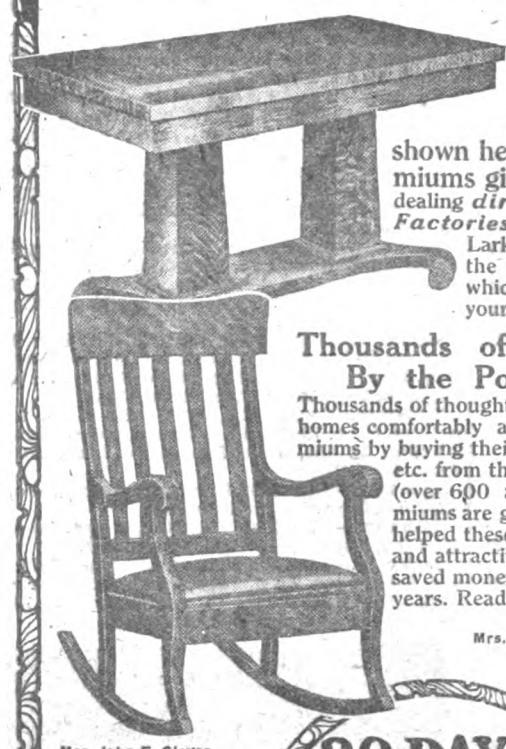
That, however, passed over his head. I had reference to the sentimental verse. He thought I meant the candy.

"Now, if you'll marry me, I'll do my best to make you happy and you can have anything within reason that you wish. If you really loved that chap, I'd quit, but you don't and he surely doesn't love you, for look how he's chattering with those young kids," and Reeves waved toward Harvey, who was amusing a half-dozen girls of the very younger type.

I pondered. Harvey didn't love me. But in that moment, I admitted to myself something I would not admit before. *I* loved Harvey. Since he didn't care for me, though, and was only

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

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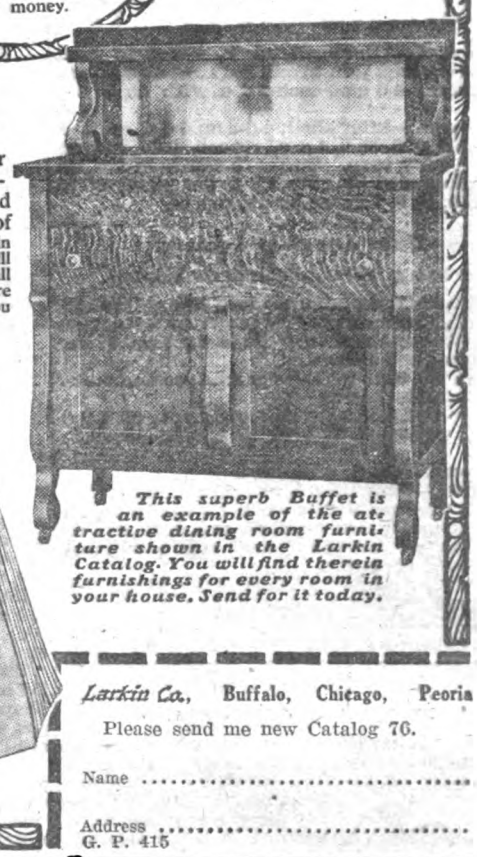
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is the complaint of too many American housewives, especially those on the farms.

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Our Big Household Number for March will show you many helpful ways to save time and labor in doing your housework.

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A Handsome Prize-Winning Filet Square

A Simple Edging

CH 25, turn.

1st row.—Fan of 4 d c in 4th st, ch 2, skip 2 sts, 1 d c, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, repeat making 3 more spaces, fan of 4 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—Fan 4 d c worked between second and third d c of last fan, ch 2, 3 d c under ch, 1 d c on d c, 3 sps, ch 2, 1 fan on fan, ch 3, turn.



A SIMPLE EDGING.

3rd row.—1 fan, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, ch 2, 1 fan, 1 d c, ch 3, turn.

4th row.—1 fan, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, ch 2, 1 fan, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—1 fan, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, ch 2, 1 f an 1, d c, ch 3, turn.

6th row.—1 fan, 5 sps, 4 d c, 1 fan, ch 3, turn.

7th row.—Same as 5th row.

8th row.—Same as 4th row.

9th row.—Same as 3rd row.

10th row.—Same as 2nd row.

11th row.—1 fan, 5 sps, 4 d c, 1 fan, 1 d d, ch 3, turn. Follow the pattern and at the end of 14th row ch 25 sts, and catch in end of 8th row, ch 2, turn.

15th row.—27 d c under ch 25, shell on shell and work as usual across insertion.

16th row.—On completing shell in this row, ch 3, 1 d c on 3rd d c, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat over 27 d c, join to end 6th, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—Work over scallop as in last row with ch 3 between doubles, work pattern in insertions.

18th row.—After shell, 3 d c in first sp, 1 d c on d c, repeat, join to end 5th row, ch 3, turn.

19th row.—1 d c on last d c, ch 5, sk 4, 1 d c, repeat.

20th row.—After shell, ch 2, 4 d c in each around scallop, join to end 3rd row, ch 3, turn.

21st row.—4 d c on each 4 d c with ch 3 between.

22nd row.—After shell, 4 d c on 4 d c, ch 2, 1 s c under ch 3, ch 2, 4 d c, repeat, join to end 1st row, ch 3, turn. Slip st to center of fan, ch 3 for picot, sl st over fan, ch 3 for picot, sl st over fan, ch 3, 1 s c under ch, repeat.

Filet Crochet Square

BY IDA C. FARR, Sixth Prize Winner.

This beautiful design made of fine cotton can be used as an insert in scarf ends or of coarse materials combined with linen squares of the same size for a bedspread.

Using No. 80 mercerized crochet cotton make a ch of 226 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 8th st from hook, ch 2, 1 d c in 3rd st, repeat, making 87 sps in all, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—87 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—2 sps, 250 d c, over 83 sps. In making doubles over sps always work 1 d c on each d c and 2 d c under each ch, 2 sps, ch 5, turn, as a ch of 5 is made at the end of each row it will not be repeated hereafter.

4th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps.

5th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 5 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 23 times (1 sp, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 5 sps (7 d c, 1 sp), repeat 2 times, 4 d c, 2 sps.

6th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 19 d c, 3 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c (3 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times (2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times (3 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times (2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times (3 sps, 4 d c), repeat two times, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 19 d c, 3 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps.

7th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 19 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, like 5th row to corner, 2 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 19 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps.

8th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 10 d c), repeat 4 times, 1 sp, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp (10 d c, 1 sp), repeat 4 times, 4 d c, 2 sps.

9th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c (1 sp, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 1 sp, 13 d c, 1 sp, 142 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c (1 sp, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 1 sp, 13 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps.

10th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 13 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 1 sp, 13 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 13 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 1 sp, 13 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps.

11th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c (8 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 13 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps.

12th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c (8 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 13 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps.

13th row.—Like 11th to center, 6 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 6 sps, like 11th to end.

14th row.—Like 10th to center, 6 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 6 sps, follow 10th row to end.

15th row.—Like 9th to center, 4 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, finish like 9th row.

16th row.—Like 8th to center, repeat 13th row for center and follow 8th row to end.

17th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 19 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 6 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 19 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps.

18th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 19 d c, 3 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 13 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 19 d c, 3 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps.

19th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 5 sps (7 d c, 1 sp), repeat 2 times, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 5 sps (7 d c, 1 sp), repeat 3 times, 4 d c, 2 sps.

20th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 9 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps.

21st row.—2 sps, 100 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 9 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 100 d c, 2 sps.

22nd row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 11 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 11 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps.

23rd row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 11 sps, 4 d c, 10 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 10 sps, 4 d c, 11 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 2 sps.

24th row.—(2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 11 sps, 4 d c, 10 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 10 sps, 4 d c, 11 sps (4 d c, 2 sps), repeat 3 times.

25th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 8 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 34 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 8 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 2 sps.

26th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 6 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 46 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 6 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps.

27th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 5 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 5 sps, 19 d c, 9 sps, 19 d c, 5 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 2 sps.

28th row.—(2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 10 sps, 13 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 13 d c, 10 sps, 10 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps (4 d c, 2 sps), repeat 3 times.

29th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, * 10 sps, 10 d c, 7 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 6 sps, 10 d c, work back from * to beginning of row.

30th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, * 9 sps, 7 d c, 7 sps, 10 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, work back from * to beginning.

31st row.—2 sps, 4 d c * (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, * 8 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 16 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, work from * to beginning.

32nd row.—(2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, * 7 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 2 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 10 sps, 7 d c, work back from *.

33rd row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, * 6 sps, 7 d c, 8 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c (2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 5 sps, 7 d c, work back from *. It will be noticed that border on both sides are alike, so I will not repeat directions for both sides.

34th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 7 d c, 10 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 7 sps, 7 d c, 6 sps, border.

35th row.—2 sps, 21 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 28 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 9 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 5 sps, 10 d c, 3 sps, 28 d c, border.

36th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c (2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 4 times, 5 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 10 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, border.

37th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 4 sps, 7 d c, 6 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 3 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, border.

38th row.—(2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 4 sps, 7 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, border.

39th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 31 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, border.

40th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 9 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 19 d c. 2 sps, 16 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, border.

41st row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c. 6 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 6 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, border.

42nd row.—(2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 7 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 10 d c), repeat 2 times (1 sp, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, border.

43rd row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 22 d c, 2 sps, 16 d c, 3 sps, 37 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, border.

44th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 37 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 22 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, border.

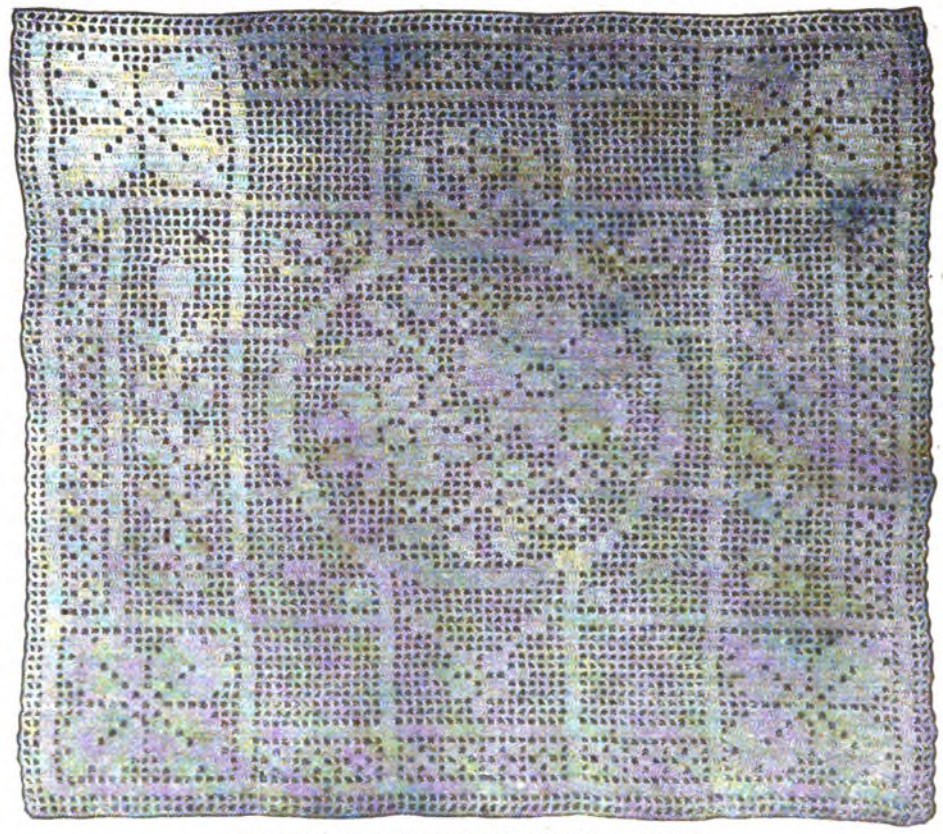
45th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 10 d c (1 sp, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 6 sps, 34 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, border.

46th row.—(2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 16 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c (1 sp, 10 d c), repeat 2 times, 5 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, border.

47th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 8 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, border.

48th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c (2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 4 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 16 d c, 1 sp,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



ORIGINAL DESIGN IN FILET CROCHET SQUARE.

Teneriffe Lace Collar

BY ORA ARMSTRONG HILL.

The lace collar illustrated this month can be easily made by any worker who is familiar with drawnwork or teneriffe work, as the sender suggests it would probably be easier to secure a pattern in point lace design, a part of which can be filled in with the narrow braids that come for this work, using lace stitches and the balance with teneriffe wheels as here shown.



TENERIFFE LACE COLLAR.

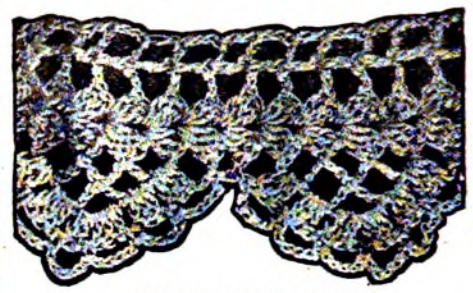
This unusually attractive piece of work results from combining various motifs of different sizes in a more or less hit-or-miss fashion and simply connecting with a network of lace stitches. The 21 different designs used in this particular piece of work were made on an ordinary bone teneriffe wheel, using No. 60 linen thread.

Narrow Edge Lace

Use No 30 mercerized cotton.

The pattern will measure about one inch in width. Begin with ch 12 stitches.

1st row.—3 d c in 6th st from hook, ch 2, 3 d c, in same st, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c in next st, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.



NARROW EDGE LACE.

2nd row.—1 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 shell of 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, under ch 2 in first shell, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 shell, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—2 sps, 1 shell, ch 3, 1 d c in last d c of 3rd shell, ch 3, 1 d c under ch 5, turn.

5th row.—1 d c on d c, ch 3, 1 d c in first d c of 4th shell, ch 3, 1 shell 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—2 sps, 1 shell, ch 2, 3 d c in two sps, 5 d c in next sp, 3 d c in each next 2 sps, 1 s c in end 1st shell, turn, ch 5, 1 s c between first two groups of doubles, ch 5, 1 s c repeat around to 6th shell.

Repeat pattern from 1st row.

MRS. T. B. GRAVES.

Star Doily

Commence by winding thread around little finger five times.

1st row.—Fill ring with 20 s c.

2nd row.—Ch 8, 9 d tr with ch 4, between.

3rd row.—Fill in with 56 d c.

4th row.—1 d c in d c, two d c in every third d c, repeat around.

5th row.—Same as 4th row.

6th row.—Same as 4th row.

7th row.—Ch 3, d c in d c 25 times, 2 d c in 7th, 14th and 21st d c, ch 6, 1 d c in same st and repeat around.

8th row.—Ch 3, 23 d c, (ch 3, 2 d c. Fastened under ch 6, ch 1, 2 d c, ch 3). This forms a shell fasten with d c, and repeat.

9th row.—Ch 3, 21 d c, in d c, ch 4 shell in shell, ch 4, repeat.

10th row.—Ch 3, 18 d c, ch 4, 2 d c, ch 1 and 2 d c, between the two d c of shell, ch 2, 2 d c, ch 1 and 2 d c on other side of shell, ch 4 and repeat around.

11th row.—Ch 3, 16 d c, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 2, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5 and repeat around.

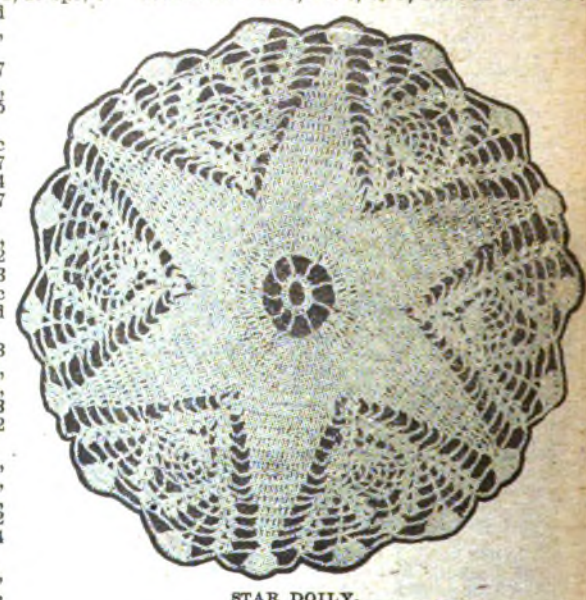
12th row.—Ch 3, 14 d c, ch 5, shell in shell ch 2, 9 d c, in top of the 1 d c (which begins pineapple), ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, and repeat around.

13th row.—Ch 3, 13 d c, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 3, fasten in first of the 9 d c, ch 5, miss 1 d c, fasten in next, repeat until 5 loops are made, ch 3, shell in shell, ch 5 and repeat.

14th row.—Ch 3, 11 d c, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 3 fasten with single repeat across pineapple, ch 3, shell in shell, ch 5, and repeat.

15th row.—Ch 3, 10 d c, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 2, fasten under ch 4, ch 4, fasten under ch 4, twice ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5, and repeat.

16th row.—Ch 3, 8 d c, ch 3, 2 d c in one side of shell, ch 1, 2 d c, fastened in same place, ch 2, 2 d c, ch 1, 2 d c, fastened in other side of shell, ch 3 and repeat around.



STAR DOILY.

17th row.—Ch 3, 6 d c, ch 4, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 1, fasten under ch 4, ch 5, fasten under ch 5, ch 1, shell in shell, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 5 and repeat.

18th row.—Ch 3, 5 d c, ch 4, shell in shell, ch 3, 1 d c, under ch 5, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 3, 1 d c, in d c, ch 3, shell in shell ch 4 and repeat around.

19th row.—Ch 3, 4 d c, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 4, d c in d c, ch 4, shell in shell, ch 1, d c in d c, ch 1, shell in shell, ch 4, 1 d c, ch 4, shell in shell ch 5 and repeat.

20th row.—Ch 3, 3 d c, ch 5, shell in shell, ch 4, d c in d c, ch 1, 1 d c in same d c, ch 4, shell in shell, 3 d c, in top of pineapple, ch 1, 3 more d c, ch 4, 1 d c in d c, ch 1, 1 d c in same d c, ch 4, shell in shell and repeat.

21 st row.—Ch 6, 9 d tr in top of star, ch 6, fasten in top of shell with s c, ch 6, 9 d tr, under ch 1, between the 2 d c, ch 6, fasten in top of pineapple, ch 6 and repeat around.



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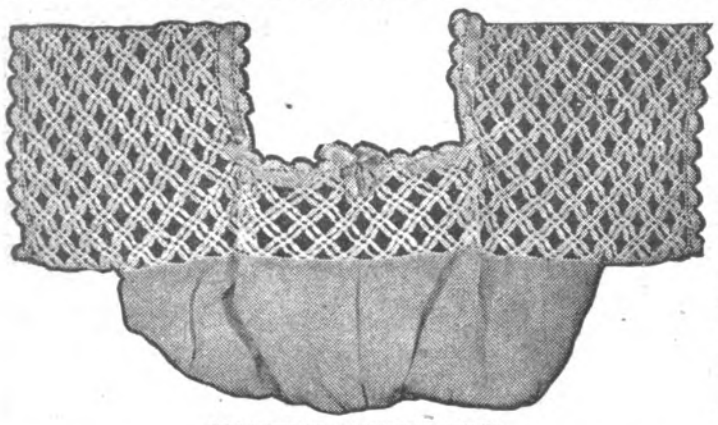
New Designs in Crochet for Home Use

Crocheted Camisole Yoke

BY MRS. JOHN GREGG.

MATERIALS.—For garment size 36. One-half yard flesh-colored crepe de chene, two yards No. 2 ribbon, three balls white mercerized crochet cotton, No. 12 steel hook.

This simple but effective all-over pattern as shown has a short sleeve, if one prefers however it can easily be omitted by beginning work on a ch 338 instead of 414 sts needed for sleeves.



CROCHETED CAMISOLE YOKE.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, 3 d c in next 3 sts, ch 5, 2 tr c in last double, ch 8, 2 tr c in 7th st from hook, now skipping 9 sts from group of 4 doubles on 1st ch, make 4 d c in next 4 sts, ch 2, sk 2, 4 d c, * ch 5, 2 tr c in last double, ch 8, 2 tr c in 6th st from hook, sk 9, 4 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 4 d c. Repeat from * across ending with 4 d c, sk 2, 1 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—3 d c under ch 3, * ch 5, 2 tr c in last double, ch 3, 4 d c under ch between 2 groups of trebles in last row, ch 8, 2 tr c in 6th st from hook, 4 d c between 2 groups of 4 d c in last row. Repeat from * ending with 2 d c over both 1st and 2nd doubles, ch 17, turn.

3rd row.—* 2 tr c in 6th st from hook, 4 d c under ch between group of doubles and trebles, ch 2, 4 d c under ch just beyond doubles, ch 5, 2 tr c in last d c, ch 8, repeat from * ending with ch 2, 1 double double treble (thread over 4 times) in doubles, end of 2nd row, ch 3, turn.

4th row.—3 d c under ch 2, * ch 8, 2 tr c in 6th st from hook, 4 d c, between 2 groups of doubles in last row, ch 5, 2 tr c in last d c, ch 2, 4 d c, under ch between groups of trebles, repeat from * ending with 4 d c, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—4 d c under beyond last 4 d c, ch 5, 2 tr c, and proceed as in 1st row.

Make 10 rows across, turn and work over only 7 or 8 figures or groups of two blocks, turn after working 4 d c between two groups of doubles, ch 22, 2 tr c, in 6th st from hook, 2 groups of doubles and copy pattern as before. Make 25 or more rows of this width, according to how large one wishes the sleeve, or shoulder band if making without sleeves.

Work both sides and then connect with ch 150 sts, work on complete width to match back.

One should make connecting ch after working row like 4th from edge toward center. On next row in working back on ch after making 2 blocks double, make 2 groups trebles as usual, 1 d c in 9th st of ch from last d c, 3 d c, in next 3 sts, ch 2, 4 d c, 2 groups trebles, sk 9, 2 blks with ch 2 between.

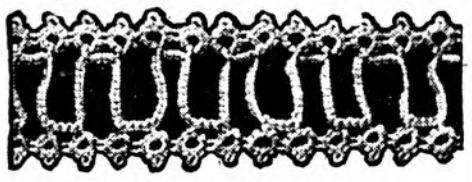
Finish neck running for ribbon as follows: 1 d tr c in corner 1 d tr c under front ch, ch 5, 1 d tr c, in ch, repeat all around.

Edging for Neck and Sleeves

1 d c in treble, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 5, ch 2, 1 d c in treble, repeat on the sleeves, work this row directly into edge chains of yoke. Scallop: Sl st over d c, ch 3, sk 1 sp, 2 tr c, 1 p, 2 tr c, 1 p, 2 tr c, 1 p, 2 tr c, ch 3, sk 1 sp, 1 s c, repeat.

Tatted Beading

For ring make 2 d s, 1 picot, 2 d s, repeat three times, close. With second thread make 10 d s, 1 ring as before then with second thread 3 d s. With shuttle thread make 2 d s and join to last picot of first ring and finish ring as before. Make 10 d s with second thread, 1 ring as before joining to last picot of second ring, 3 d s with second thread, 1 ring, 10 d s, etc.



TATTED BEADING.

This tatted beading is pretty worked with ecru and inserted into a linen pillow top, with a little spray embroidered in each corner with red or blue floss, and a ribbon the same color as the spray drawn through the tatting.

MABEL STUART.

Tidy Design in Filet Crochet

Material, white silkateen.

1st row.—Ch 235 sts, turn, 1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat making in all 75 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—75 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—44 sps, 10 blks, worked over the next 10 sps, by making 1 d c on each d c, and 3 d c under each ch, 21 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—21 sps, 10 blks, 44 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—14 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 20 sps, 10 blks, 21 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—21 sps, 10 blks, 21 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—13 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 21 sps, 10 blks, 21 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—21 sps, 10 blks, 21 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—11 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 21 sps, 10 blks, 21 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—22 sps, 8 blks, 22 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—11 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 18 sps, 6 blks, 23 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—24 sps, 4 blks, 19 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—10 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 20 sps, 2 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—25 sps, 2 blks, 48 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—25 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

16th row.—25 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 24 sps, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—23 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 25 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—25 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 23 sps, ch 5, turn.

19th row.—23 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 8 blks, 22 sps, ch 5, turn.

20th row.—35 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 23 sps, ch 5, turn.

21st row.—23 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 35 sps, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—36 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 24 sps, ch 5, turn.

23rd row.—25 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 37 sps, ch 5, turn.

24th row.—75 sps, ch 5, turn.

25th row.—31 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 21 sps, ch 5, turn.

26th row.—22 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 32 sps, ch 5, turn.

27th row.—8 sps, 2 blks, 22 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 22 sps, ch 5, turn.

28th row.—22 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 22 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

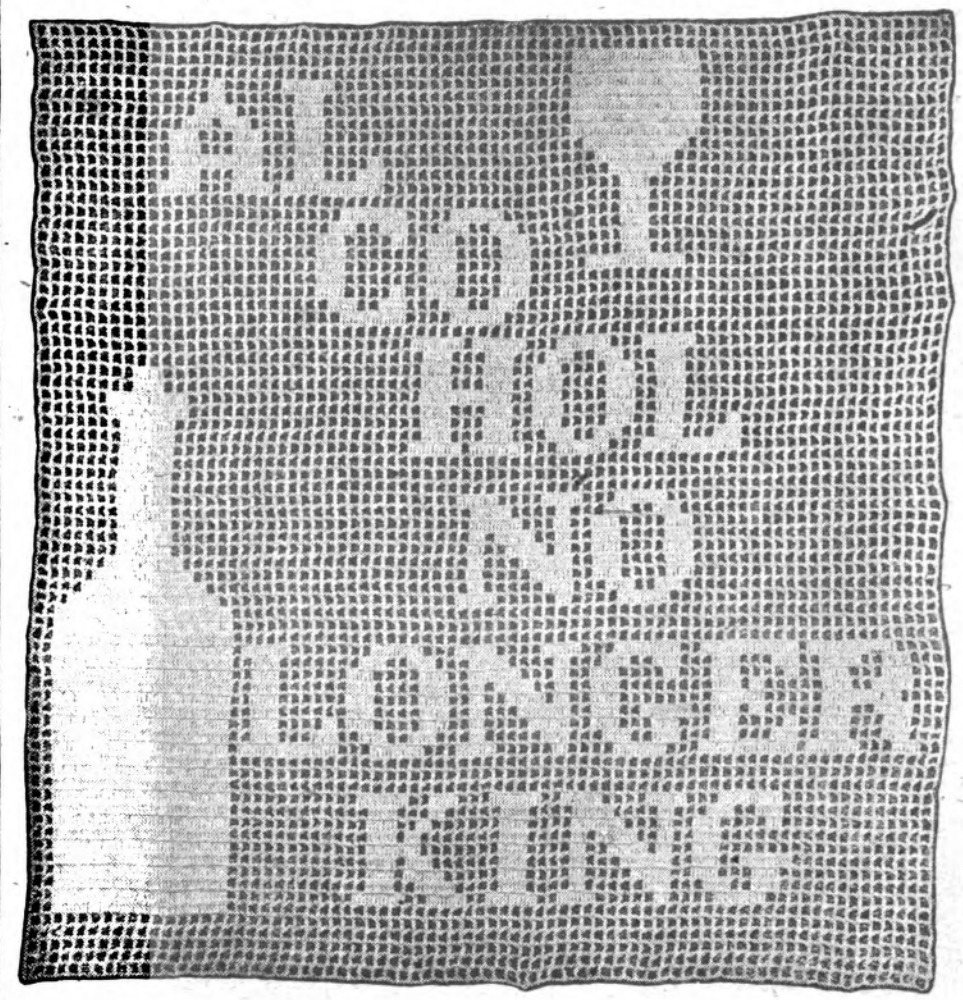
29th row.—6 sps, 6 blks, 20 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 22 sps, ch 5, turn.

30th row.—22 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 20 sps, 6 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

31st row.—7 sps, 4 blks, 21 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, ch 5, turn.

32nd row.—17 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 21 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

33rd row.—7 sps, 4 blks, 20 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 8 blks, 17 sps, ch 5, turn.



ORIGINAL DESIGN FOR TIDY IN FILET CROCHET. By Margaret Goodwin.

34th row.—All sps to neck of bottle, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

35th row.—7 sps, 4 blks, balance of row sps, ch 5, turn.

36th row.—Same as 34th row.

37th row.—7 sps, 4 blks, 24 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 23 sps, ch 5, turn.

38th row.—22 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 25 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

39th row.—7 sps, 4 blks, 25 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 21 sps, ch 5, turn.

40th row.—21 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 25 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

41st row.—7 sps, 4 blks, 25 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 21 sps, ch 5, turn.

42nd row.—21 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 24 sps, 6 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

43rd row.—5 sps, 8 blks, 23 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 21 sps, ch 5, turn.

44th row.—22 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 22 sps, 10 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

45th row.—3 sps, 12 blks, 20 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 23 sps, ch 5, turn.

46th row.—59 sps, 14 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

47th row.—2 sps, 14 blks, 59 sps, ch 5, turn.

48th row.—Same as 46th row.

49th row.—Hereafter making the bottle 14 blks, in width directions will only be given for the letters, in this row after the bottle 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

50th row.—3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, and bottle as usual, ch 5, turn.

51st row.—After bottle 2 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

52nd row.—3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 8 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, finish as usual, ch 5, turn.

53rd row.—After bottle 2 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 8 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

54th row.—3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, finish as usual, ch 5, turn.

55th row.—After bottle, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, finish as usual, ch 5, turn.

57th row.—After bottle, 1 sp, 8 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

58th, 59th and 60th rows.—All sps exceptfng 14 blks, for bottle.

61st row.—After bottle, 11 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 13 sps, ch 5 turn.

62nd row.—13 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 12 sps, bottle, ch 5, turn.

63rd row.—After bottle, 12 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

64th row.—18 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, bottle, ch 5, turn.

65th row.—After bottle, 12 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 18 sps, ch 5, turn.

66th row.—12 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, bottle, ch 5, turn.

67th row.—After bottle, 12 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

68th row.—13 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks. 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 12 sps, bottle, ch 5, turn.

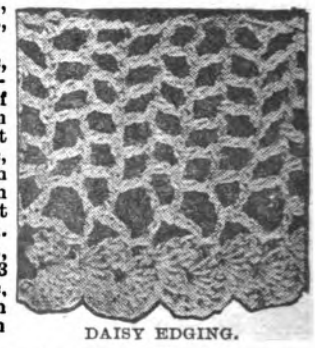
69th row.—After bottle, 11 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 14 sps, ch 5, turn.

70th row.—All spaces excepting bottle and finish with five or more rows all spaces.

Daisy Edging

Begin with ch 24 stitches.

1st row.—1 d c in 6th st, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, repeat making 5 sps, in all, ch 3, sk 2, 1 s c, ch 3, 3 d c, ch 1, 3 d c, in same st, turn.



DAISY EDGING.

2nd row.—6 d c, under ch 1, between groups of doubles 1 s c on 6th d c in last row, ch 3, 1 d c, under second ch 3, * ch 2, 1 d c in next sp, repeat from * ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—5 sps, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 3 d c, ch 1, 3 d c, working between 1 s c and 6 d c in last row, turn.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row. Repeat until desired length.

MRS. T. B. GRAVES.

Negligee Collars

Many of the boys in laying aside their uniforms, find they have completely outgrown their former clothes. Necks especially are larger, and there is a growing liking for the soft collars which always have been so comfortable in warm weather. Like other articles they can be successfully made at home.

To do this buy a pattern correct in style and size or rip and copy exactly a collar which pleases. One and three-quarters yards of linen will make one dozen collars.

Interline them with heavy white muslin, taking care that the lining and outside are both cut the same way, so the collar will not stretch in different ways when laundered, also use all materials only after well shrinking.

Double Fan Lace

This pattern is desirable for towels, pillow cases, scarf ends or aprons.

Begin with ch 54 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 5th st from hook, 2 more d c in same st, 3 d c in each next 3 sts, this makes a group of 12 d c together, ch 4, 1 sh of 3 d c, ch 1, 3 d c in next 5th st, ch 8, sk 7 sts, 12 d c in next sts, ch 4, sk 4, 1 sh of 3 d c, ch 1, 3 d c in next st, ch 4, sk 4, 1 sh, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—Sh on sh, ch 4, sh on sh, ch 6, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, repeat making 6 doubles over 12 d c with ch 2 between each, ch 6, sh on sh, 12 d c on 12 d c, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—1 d c on each d c, with ch 1 between, ch 4, sh on sh, ch 4, 1 s c, 2 d c, 1 s c in first space over center fan, repeat over each sp, ch 4, sh, ch 4, sh, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—Sh on sh, ch 4, sh, ch 10, 1 tr c over 3rd sp in center fan, ch 3, 1 tr c, ch 10, sh, ch 4, doubles with ch 1 between, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—4 d c in 1st sp, 4 d c in 3rd sp, repeat, making 6 groups in all, ch 4, sh, ch 8, 12 d c under ch 3, ch 8, sh, ch 4, sh, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—Sh, ch 4, sh, ch 6, 6 d c, 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c, repeat, ch 6, 1 sh, ch 4, shell of 4 d c on each 4 d c, ch 3, turn.

7th row.—6 shs of 4 d c, ch 4, 1 sh, ch 4, 1 s c, 2 d c, 1 s c in each sp over center sh, ch 4, sh, ch 4, sh, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5.

8th row.—Sh, ch 4, sh, repeat from * in 4th row, finishing edge by making 6 groups of 6 d c each, ch 3, turn.

9th row.—6 groups of 6 d c, ch 4, sh, finish the same as in 5th row.

10th row.—Same as in the 6th row. After last sh, ch 8, 1 s c in center of groups 6 d c on fan edge, ch 3, turn.

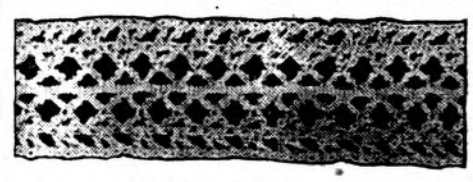
Repeat pattern.

MRS. OTTO PUTNAM.

Featheredge Insertion

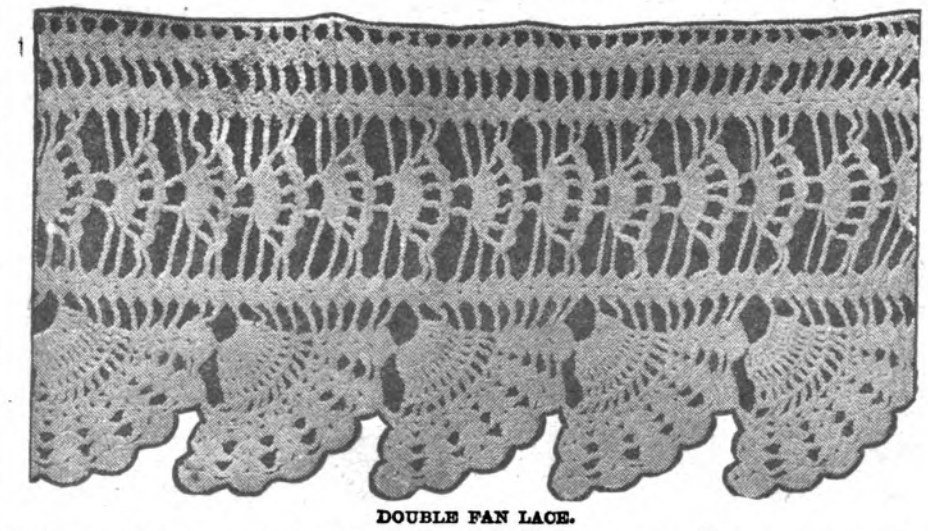
Materials.—Featheredge braid, crochet cotton No. 50 and steel crochet hook No. 11.

1st row.—1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c, in a point, 1 d c, in next point, ch 1, 1 d c, in same point, and repeat.



FEATHEREDGE INSERTION.

2nd row.—1 d c, in sp, ch 1, 1 d c, in same sp, ch 1, 1 d c, in next sp, ch 1, 1 d c, in same sp, ch 1 and repeat. Work in same way on opposite side of braid.



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Prepaid

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New Paris Model Hat

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Colors: A beautiful shade of rose, Copenhagen blue or gold. **If you don't agree it is worth $4 return it. Price, prepaid . . $2.68**

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Cloth Coats	4.98 and up
Millinery	.79 and up
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Men's Coats	9.98 and up
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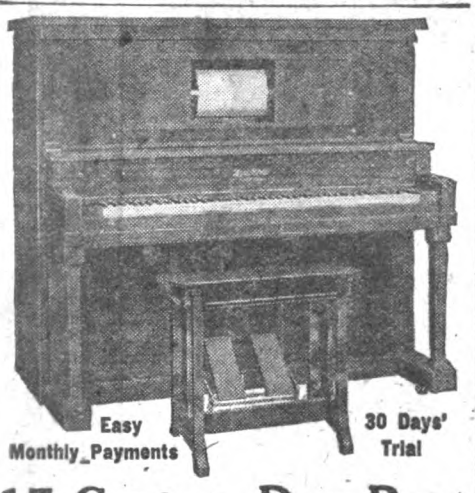
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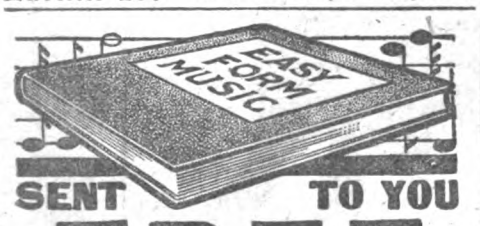
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The Pest and His Valentine

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

playing his part in my game with Reeves, why not end the comedy at once? Perhaps if I gave serious thought to Reeves—but to think that way made me shudder.

"I can't do it, Mr. Reeves," I said wearily. "I thank you but the prospect of my work at the commission house is far more attractive than being your wife," and catching myself half-way in my sentence, as too truly expressing my honest feeling in the matter, I tried to laugh it off.

"That so?" he queried. "Thanks. I didn't think you'd insult me."

"I'm truly sorry," I replied, for I really was, "but you simply would never believe I meant 'no' when I said 'no' and I had to resort to subterfuge."

Just then Harvey joined us, and the orchestra started to play.

"Shall we dance?" Harvey asked. I simply bowed, for I couldn't look him in the face now, and having admitted to myself that I loved him, the fascination of his uniform set me completely at his mercy.

As we whirled away, I said:

"You need not pay any further attention to me, Harvey. Mr. Reeves has discovered my trick. So enjoy yourself with anyone you please. I appreciate your having helped me in my hoax, but it didn't work. I guess I'm doomed to accept him."

"Why?" Harved demanded.

"Why? Simply because he's so 'gone on me' and I am at the end of my resources for discouraging him."

"I know one plan you haven't tried yet," he said, and he gently danced me into an anteroom, where we stopped. There was something tender and thrilling in his voice that seemed to respond to something within me.

But I tried to be merry though my heart was heavy.

"What? Suicide?"

"Oh, not quite as bad as that," he said. "But you might marry me to escape him."

"Marry you! Oh, Harvey! Why, I've always thought of you—well, to be trite, as a brother."

"Always?" he queried, very low.

"Well—well—" I began, but I simply couldn't go on.

Harvey helped me out.

"Have you discovered what I have? Have you found out that while we played at being lovers, fiction became fact, and that you love me even as I now love you? Could you be something nearer and dearer to me, Lorraine? May I offer myself as a valentine since today is the day of the saint of belles and beaux?"

"You're——you're rather an unexpected one, Harvey," I said, hardly knowing whether I should cry or not for I felt so queer and quivery, and happy.

"But none the less welcome, I hope," Harvey said.

I looked at him, and I'm afraid that I told him then that he had won.

"If I hadn't inveigled you into my game with Mr. Reeves, Harvey——" I began.

"I shudder to think what I would have missed," he interrupted.

Just then Reeves appeared in the doorway.

"They're cleaning up the valentine booth and love-tokens are going at any figure. I suppose, Dr. St. John, you'd object strenuously if I were to send your affianced a valentine?" and he tapped the bunch in his hand.

"I most certainly should," Harvey replied. "But save yourself the trouble, for we shall not wait until the valentine box is opened. Get your wraps, Lorraine, and I'll meet you in the corridor. But before you go——" he took me in his arms and kissed me with his first lover's kiss.

Then I walked away leaving Reeves speechless for a moment.

"Ye gods!" he exclaimed at length (so Harvey told me), "were you two sincere all the while?"

"Of course," Harvey answered loftily.

"Well, if such is the case, I must appear in the light of a comic valentine. I hoped to claim Miss Marsh tonight, and even a while back when she sat on me right, I hadn't given up hope. But now when you yourself confirm it——Oh, good night!" he finished disgustedly, and marched off.

Harvey and I slipped away. A short time after, we were married, and you may judge for yourself as to which one of us did the proposing, Harvey with his formal proposal, or I by accepting his offer to pose as the man to whom I was engaged.

Mr. Reeves wasn't such a bad sort, after all, for he remembered us with a handsome wedding present, and now and then he calls. He had gotten over his penchant for me, and is now so agreeable and friendly that Harvey and I, when we speak of him, in private and meaning no unkindness, call him our comic valentine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

dress and I will be very pleased to correspond with you.

Now, then, I must say a word to the sister signing herself, "Mrs. C. A. M." She reiterates that old saying: "That after all, men are only babies." Since the first day I was able to pick up a woman's paper I have read those same words or to that effect. I am willing to admit that, it is all too sadly true. But, oh! wouldn't it be a "Grand and Glorious Feeling" to be able to feel that once in a while that it was not so? That there actually were a few men tucked around in corners somewhere who said, along with Saint Paul: "When I was a child I thought as a child, spoke as a child," etc.—"but now *I* am a man and I will put away childish ways."

And to "A Lover of COMFORT," I want to say: That there can be such a thing as being too literally truthful. Do not, dear young mother, take all the beautiful mystery and romance out of the lives of your little ones. The sordid realities of life will come to them soon enough. The belief in Santa Claus and the beautiful practice of hunting the rabbit's nest for colored eggs at Easter time will do your children no harm. Have you forgotten that our own dear Lord taught his children to love the beautiful by telling them fables and teaching them with parables?

To the sister who is unable to procure the white iodine, although I am not much of a chemist, I think if she puts a little ammonia in the brown, it will bleach it. The druggist can make it for her by using ammonia to dissolve the crystal instead of using the alcohol as is usually done. Some time back I saw a request for the poem, "The Convict Ship," and as there does not seem to have been any response, I am sending it, hoping it may be used when there is space.

C. A. M. OF NEBRASKA.

WILKESVILLE, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

The first thing I saw when I opened my July COMFORT was the little Red Cross twins and then the Yankee Doodle boy and I thought I would send you one of my little girl and her baby cousin. Her name is Helen Claire Foley and his is Thomas William Duffey. She is about two years and three months



HELEN CLAIRE FOLEY AND THOMAS WILLIAM DUFFEY.

old when this was taken and he was six months old. We have now another little girl and call her Leila Frances.

I like the Sisters' Corner better all the time and am especially interested in the letters concerning children as mine are willful and hard to manage. Sisters, how do you manage a child that fights back when punished?

Save the best parts of used embroidery and lace to make over into children's clothes. When the yoke on baby's dress wears out you can replace it with a piece of embroidery and no one can tell the difference.

I will close by sending a little verse:

"If any little word of mine can make a heart the lighter,
If any little song of mine can make a life the brighter,
God help me speak that little word, and do my bit of singing
And drop them down in some lonely vale and set the echoes ringing."

MRS. IZEL FOLEY.

STRASBURG, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have taken COMFORT for several years. It was always good but I think it is getting better every year.

I notice among the letters from the different sisters that the family finances seem to be one of the biggest problems of the day so I venture to submit our plan to the sisters, hoping it may be the means of helping someone else along. On pay day my husband gives me his entire pay and is only too glad to get it off his mind as he knows it will be used as well as it can be in these days of high cost of living. We each have our allotted amount of spending money, according to the size of the pay, and after this is taken out I pay all debts and expenses, keeping an itemized account of each and every article, the amount paid for it and date of purchase or payment. In this way we

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



"USED WHILE YOU SLEEP"

Vapo Cresolene

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The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

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Take your choice. Just send your name and address and we will send to you at once any pair of these shoes to examine and try on at our risk without a cent of advance payment. We want to prove to you that there's no need for you to pay $6 or $7 or more for shoes when you buy direct from us for a great deal less. Order any pair you want and if you don't think them the biggest shoe bargain you can get anywhere, send the shoes back at our expense. You won't be out a cent.

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You must see these shoes to realize what a remarkable value they are. Give wonderful wear. Very stylish and dressy, too. Made of specially selected fine quality gun metal leather on popular Manhattan toe last. Blucher style. Solid oak leather soles. Reinforced shank and cap; military heel. Best workmanship. You won't pay $7.00 or $8.00 for shoes when you can have these at our low price. Only a limited quantity at this price. Order now. We send them at once. When they arrive, pay only $4.69 for shoes. If not a stunning bargain, return them and get your money back. You have nothing to lose, so send today.

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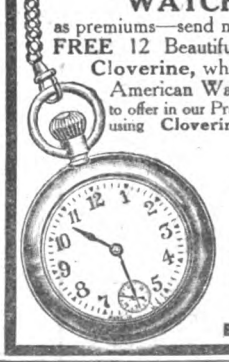
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Remember you don't need to send a penny with your order. A postal will do. Be sure to state which shoes you want and give size and width. We ship at once. When shoes arrive, pay amount stated for each pair ordered. Examine them carefully. If you think them the biggest shoe bargain you can find anywhere, keep them. Otherwise send them back at our expense and we will promptly return your money. Get your order in the mail today.

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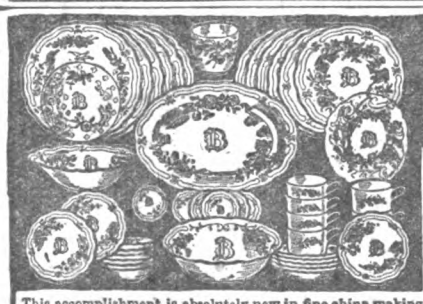
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This accomplishment is absolutely new in fine china making, and gives your set an added personal value—handsome and exclusive as an heirloom. Just think, we give it to you absolutely free for telling your friends and neighbors about

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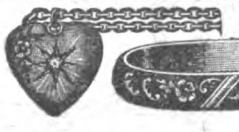


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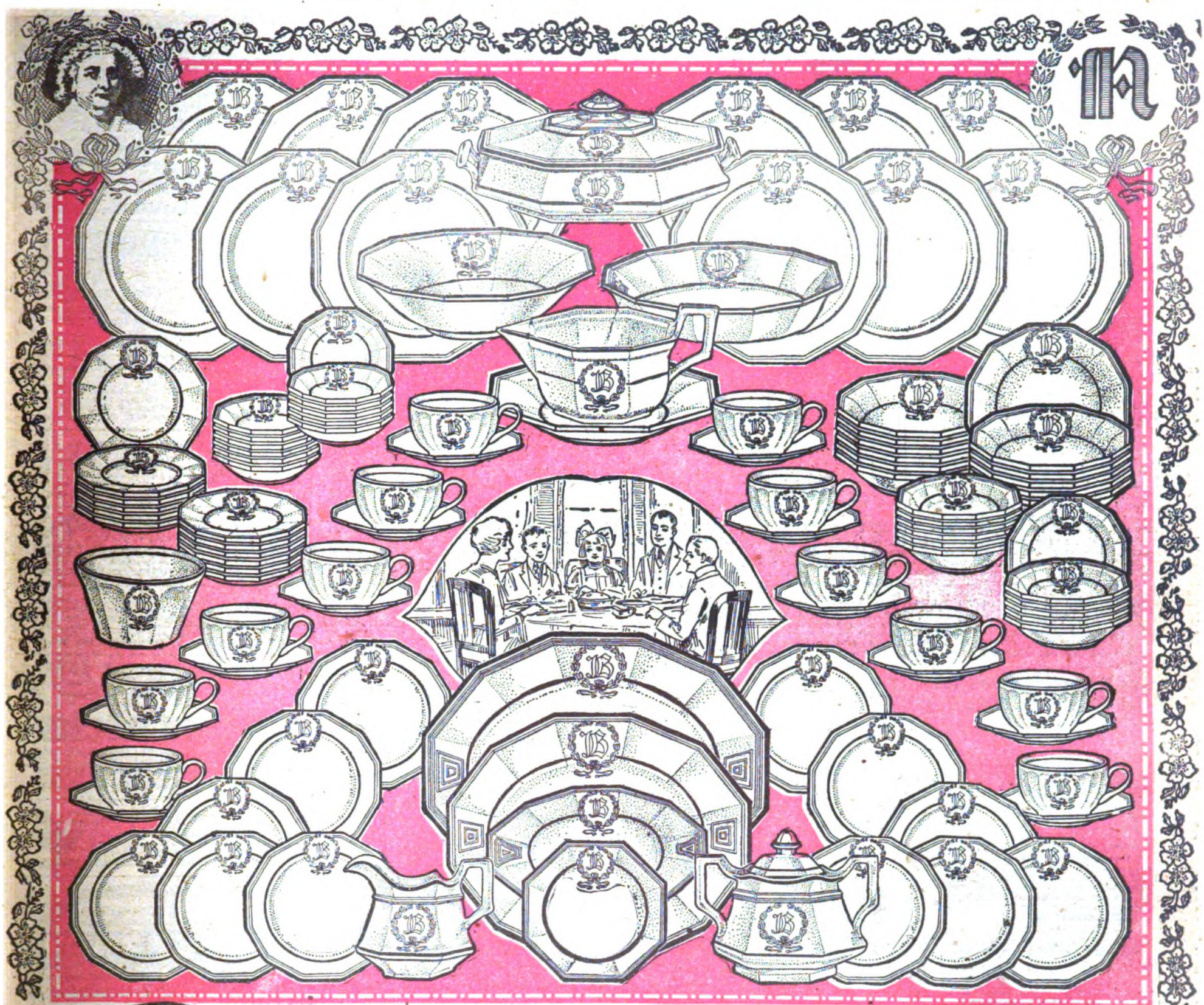
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How can we hope to give you even a faint idea of the exquisite beauty of this wonderful Golden Martha Washington Dinner Set? A picture can't do it because no picture can show the gleam of heavy, lustrous gold comprising the heavy decoration, or the snowy whiteness of each piece where it glistens through the heavy bands of rich gold and the wreath with your initial monogram also in gold. You must see the distinctive shape—the many and varied artistic indentations—which make this pattern so different from all others. It is a reproduction of the most expensive dinner set made.

With Your Initial Monogram In Gold



We want you to compare this set of golden beauties with the most luxurious tableware you have ever seen. In no other way can you appreciate how wonderful are these dishes. That is why we will send you this complete set of 110 pieces—full size for family service—for 30 days' use in your home. Send only $2.00 now. If not satisfied return the set in 30 days and we will return your $2.00 and pay transportation both ways. If you keep them, pay balance in easy monthly payments as stated below. Every woman instinctively knows fine quality tableware the instant she sees and holds a plate or cup in her hands. And so will you immediately recognize the extra fine quality of this elegant set. Each piece is fire glazed—guaranteed not to check or craze.

Complete Set Consists of

12 dinner plates, 9 in.; 12 breakfast plates, 7 in.; 12 soup plates, 7¾ in.; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 cereal dishes, 6 in.; 12 individual bread and butter plates, 6¼ in.; 12 sauce dishes; 1 platter, 13½ in.; 1 platter, 11¾ in.; 1 celery dish, 8¾ in.; 1 sauce boat tray, 7¾ in.; 1 butter plate, 6 in.; 1 vegetable dish, 10½ in., with lid (2 pieces); 1 deep bowl, 8¾ in.; 1 shallow bowl, 9 in.; 1 small deep bowl, 5 in.; 1 gravy boat, 7¼ in.; 1 creamer; 1 sugar bowl with cover (2 pieces). **Shipped from Chicago warehouse. Shpg. weight about 90 pounds.**

Order by No. 327BMA17. Price of complete set of 110 pieces, $26.85. Send only $2.00 with coupon; balance $2.50 per month.

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Be sure to get this great catalog. Thousands of bargains in furniture, carpets, rugs, stoves, phonographs, sewing machines, kitchenware, farm equipment, silverware, jewelry, etc.—all on Hartman's easy credit terms. Many pages in colors. Send postal today.



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I enclose $2.00. Send 110-piece Golden Martha Washington Dinner Set No. 327BMA17. I am to have 30 days' trial. If not satisfied will ship it back and you will refund my $2.00 and pay transportation both ways. If I keep it I will pay $2.50 per month until price, $26.85, is paid.

Name.....

Address.....

Occupation.....

Give Initial Wanted } ..... *Any One Letter*

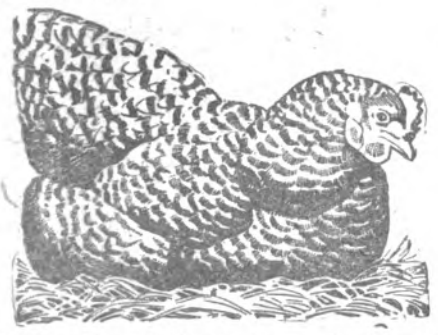
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"'More Eggs' Tonic is a Godsend," writes Mrs. Myrtle Ice, of Boston, Ky. She adds, "I was only getting 12 eggs a day and now get 50.

$1.00 Package

Free

If you wish to try this great profit maker, simply write a postcard or letter to E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 3042 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and ask for his special free package $1.00 offer. Don't send any money. Mr. Reefer will send you two $1.00 packages of "More Eggs." You pay the postman upon delivery only $1.00, the price of just one package, the other package being free. The Million Dollar Merchants Bank of Kansas City, Mo., guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned on request. So there is no risk. Write today for this special free package offer.

Poultry Raisers Everywhere Tell Wonderful Results of "More Eggs"

"More Eggs" Makes $300

I used "More Eggs" Tonic during the winter. I was able to sell $300 worth of eggs in 1917. Good record. Josephine Beyard, DERBY, IA.

Getting Lots of Eggs

I am very well pleased with Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic, and I am getting lots of eggs. O. D. Dervuen, Jr., BELL CITY, IOWA.

"More Eggs" Produces Results

Some time ago I got one box of your "More Eggs" Tonic and my hens are doing so well lately that I want another box. Yours for eggs Fred W. Hunerdosse, NEWBURN, IA.

"More Eggs" Paid the Pastor

I can't express in words how much I have been benefited by "More Eggs". I have paid my debts, clothed the children in new dresses, and that is not all—I paid my pastor his dues. I sold 42½ dozen eggs last week, set 4 dozen, ate some, and had 1½ dozen left. MRS. LENA McBROON, Woodbury, Tenn.

1200 Eggs from 29 Hens

The "More Eggs" Tonic did wonders for me. I had 29 hens when I got the tonic and was getting five or six eggs a day. April first I had over 1200 eggs. I never saw the equal. EDW. MEKER, Pontiac, Mich.

160 Hens—1500 Eggs

I have fed 2 boxes of "More Eggs" to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 white leghorns and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs. MRS. H. M. PATTON, Waverly, Mo.

$200 Worth of Eggs from 44 Hens

I never used "More Eggs" Tonic until last December; then just used one $1.00 package and have sold over $200.00 worth of eggs from 44 hens. "More Eggs" Tonic did it. A. G. THODE, Sterling, Kans., R. No. 2, Box 47.

Send No Money

Don't send any money; just fill in and mail coupon. You will be sent, immediately, two $1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS." Pay the postman upon delivery only $1.00, the extra package being FREE. Don't wait—take advantage of this free offer TODAY! Reap the BIG profits "MORE EGGS" will make for you. Have plenty of eggs to sell when the price is highest. Send today!

FREE $1.00 Package
E. J. Reefer, Poultry Expert
3042 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

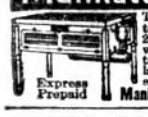
Dear Mr. Reefer:—I accept your offer. Send me the two $1.00 packages of Reefer's "More Eggs" for which I agree to pay the postman $1.00 when he brings me the two packages. You agree to refund me $1.00 if *both* of these packages do not prove satisfactory in every way.

Name .....

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Mankato Incubator Co., Box 748, Mankato, Minn.



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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Guinea Fowl

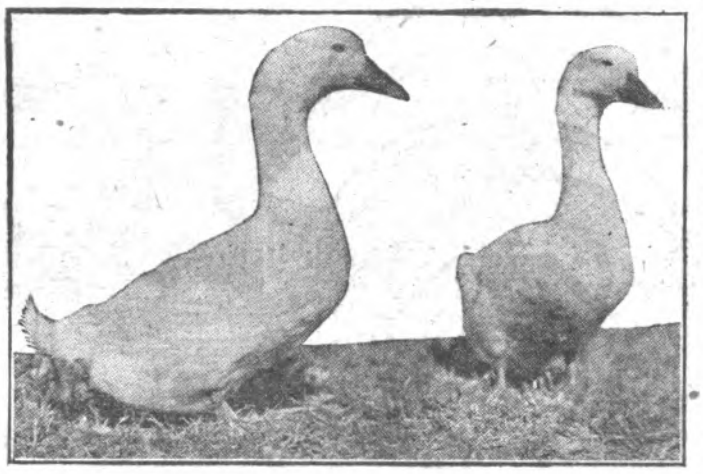
DUCKS and guinea fowl are very profitable stock on a farm, or where they can have plenty of range, for guinea fowl will find the larger part of their own feed. Even when the eggs are hatched under hens, the hen can be released at the end of four weeks, and the youngsters will come up at night with full crops; and until marketed in the fall they need have nothing but a little cracked corn at night, just to bring them home regularly and keep them tame.

The guinea fowl need no special house, all that is necessary for their comfort being a roost high up in a shed. If left to themselves they take to the trees, and in all probability will get frozen if the winter should be severe, so the safest plan with new birds is to cover the front of the shed with two-inch wire netting, just tacking it up lightly, so that it can be easily removed at the end of two or three weeks, when they are accustomed to their new quarters.

While they are prisoners, feed two or three times a day; about half a pint of mixed wheat and cracked corn night and morning, and at noon about half the quantity of grain, with a little chopped meat or ground bone alternating with vegetables. All this food should be cut quite small, or the guineas will not eat it. Like other birds, they must have a constant supply of sharp grit and fresh water.

As a market commodity, they have been growing in favor for the last five years, since, like squabs, they take the place of game during the closed season.

Guinea fowls commence laying when the first warm days come in April. As it is their natural instinct to be very secretive about laying, some patience and diplomacy are necessary to locate their nests. The usual spot selected is a hollow in the ground, by the root of a tree or a fence-post well screened by brush. Don't attempt to approach it while they are in sight. Go away, and return later armed with a long-handled spoon. The eggs are almost the color of the earth and often covered with fallen leaves, so it needs a sharp eye to detect them. Be very careful not to touch the nest with your hand. Guineas seem able to scent the human hand about the nest; they can also count up to three. For that reason, leave that number of eggs in the nest, removing the others with the spoon to insure there being no telltale clue left to arouse Mrs. Guinea's suspicion.



PEKIN DUCKS.

When you have stolen fifteen eggs, get a box a foot square, turn it on the side, and across the bottom of the open front nail a slat, behind which place a nest of soft hay. Stand this nest box inside (at one end) of another box, two and a half feet long, with sides a foot or more deep. Make a cover of wire netting for the large box, to open like a lid. Scatter sand on the floor, nail up a small drinking pan in one corner, and you have a safe, rat-proof coop for Biddy and the eggs. Another motive for the outer box is that baby guineas are so very little, so wild, and so easily frightened, that they are apt to quit the nest as soon as hatched, get lost, become chilled, and die.

It takes from twenty-five to twenty-six days to incubate guinea eggs. The brood coop to be used the first two weeks should be on the same principle as the nest boxes, and even when they are on the grass run, you must exercise the greatest caution to avoid anything like cracks or crevices in or around the side, for they are such mites, and have such capacity for crawling through the eyes of needles, that special care is necessary. If some knothole or some depression in the ground has escaped your notice, and a baby does go off, go about two yards away and remain perfectly still. Don't be impatient. It may be ten minutes before you hear anything. Then, unless all hope is over, you will hear a plaintive little cry. Do not move until it has been repeated three or four times, and you are quite sure where it comes from. Then make a sudden dive and secure the truant, which is usually under a tuft of grass or in some little hole. If you move about while hunting for him, there won't be a sound, and you may search all day with little success.

Bill of Fare for Baby Guineas

Give nothing for the first twenty-four hours, then the daily bill of fare should be as follows: First feed, 7 A. M.—Crushed hempseed, half a cup; stale bread-crumbs, half a cup; moisten with raw eggs.

Second feed, 9 A. M.—Millet seed.

Third feed, 11.30 A. M.—Chopped onion tops, half a cup of cornmeal that has been steamed as for chicks, half a teaspoonful of crushed mustard seed, mixed and fed crumblingly.

Fourth feed, 2 P. M.—Pinhead oats, crushed a little finer than when it is bought.

Fifth feed, 5 P. M.—Liver that has been half boiled, cracked wheat and corn, equal parts.

These bills of fare can be varied with pot cheese, custard, chopped lettuce or apple, bread-crumbs moistened with milk, hard-boiled eggs; but every day they must have meat (more than chicks need) and pepper or mustard seed crushed and fed in soft wood. Keep a small pan of powdered charcoal and sand in the sun, and, of course, water in a drinking fountain that will only allow the beak to get wet.

Ducks

The most important factor in making a success of duck raising is to provide them with dry, comfortable quarters, but a splendid house for twenty ducks can be made on any farm for a dollar, or even less. One man who keeps large flocks makes duck houses with hurdles of green boughs for walls and roof, the outside padded with leaves, straw, corn-stalks or cedar boughs. Each house is six feet by four feet, and two and one half feet high, and accommodates seven ducks and a drake.

Dry goods boxes, costing twenty-five cents at any village store, can be made comfortable for a small flock. The main point is to keep them dry, which depends almost more on the care given to the covering of the floor than to the wall of the house. Good dry bedding, changed at least twice a week, will keep them warm and happy through the coldest weather.

Ducks' eggs bring good prices during February and March. You can easily get them to laying by then, as it depends principally on feeding. Ducks, like geese or cattle, must have a good percentage of bulk material and green stuff, as well as concentrated grain feed. Clover hay, or even mixed hay, chopped and steamed, about half a pailful with a pint of coarsely ground corn meal and the same of bran mixed through it, is about right. If hay is short, chop corn-stalks small, and steam. Chopped vegetables of all kinds are good, but pumpkins, potatoes and beets are fattening; so, unless the weather is very cold, omit the corn when they are fed, using more bran or screenings in its place.

Ducks are such bad mothers that it is better to hatch their eggs under hens or in incubators. The first few eggs a duck lays in each season are seldom fertile. Eleven are a full setting, and it requires twenty-eight days for their hatching. Examine the nest for two or three days after setting the hen, for bad eggs. A weak germ that dies causes the egg to decompose, and the odor once smelled can never be forgotten.

Examine the nest when the hen comes off to feed, and take away the eggs that are dark and mottled. If you fancy an egg looks wrong, pick it up and smell it; that and its sticky touch should assure you, for the egg is porous. If you have been using an incubator to hatch chicks, you can test with a proper tester, and this must be done all the time from the fourth to the fifteenth day.

When the hatch is over at the end of the twenty-eighth day, have ready a box about a foot deep and three feet long, the top cut out and one end taken off. Place the open end against the coop door, so making a little run, with a board floor covered with an inch of sand or dry earth. Baby ducks need even more protection from damp than chicks; therefore, if the weather is bad, keep the coop and run under cover, and, if fine the shade of a tree is necessary, for the little fellows can't stand the full sun. After a week the hen can be removed, but keep them within bounds, on short grass, not letting them out until the dew is gone.

For twenty-four hours feed nothing. First week: Half a pint of rolled oats, some cracker or stale bread-crumbs, two hard-boiled eggs, chopped fine, half a cupful of coarse sand just moistened with milk. Feed four times a day just what they will eat in ten minutes.

Second and third weeks: Half a pound of ground oats, the same of wheat bran, one fourth of a pint of cornmeal, the same of coarse sand, two tablespoonfuls of beef meal, a pint of finely cut green clover, rye or cabbage moistened with scalded milk. They must be fed four times a day.

Fourth to sixth week: Boil a quart of hulled oats for an hour, add a pint of cornmeal, wheat bran, half a pint of grit, the same of beef scraps, and a quart of green clover or any kind of green food. Feed four times a day.

Sixth to tenth week: One quart of cornmeal, a pint of wheat bran, a pint of boiled oats, a pint of beef scraps, half a pint of grit, a tablespoonful of charcoal and a pint of clover. Feed three times a day.

They should be ready to kill the eleventh week.

Do not let the ducks, young or old, get frightened if you can possibly help it. They are nervous things. No matter what you feed, if they are frightened or made to run daily, they will not fatten. If you go about them gently, they are the easiest things to drive any distance, for where one goes, the rest follow; hurry them and they will scatter, and it is good by to them for hours.

The feed for those to be kept for stock is the same up to three weeks old, but from that on one quart of ground feed, one quart of bran, half a pint of grit and half a pint of beef scraps. Mix moist with milk, water, sour milk or buttermilk, and feed night and morning. If on free range, this is all they want. If not, you must add clover or vegetables, and feed three times a day. Remember always to have fresh, clean water before them.

When ducks are ten or eleven weeks old they should be in condition for market. Early green ducks should not weigh more than four and one half pounds, while later ducks cannot be too heavy. As a rule, early ducks mature very

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

How to Get More Eggs and Save Feed

—How to tell slackers and poor layers; how to get more fertile eggs, better hatches, stronger chicks and prevent bowel trouble is thoroughly explained in a bulletin which will be sent free to readers of this paper who write Prof. T. E. Quisenberry, of the American Poultry School, Dept. 317, Kansas City, Mo.—Adv.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

TEACHER, Denver, Col.—It is a perfectly practical thing for you to attempt to teach harmony and musical composition by mail to this small class, but your pupils' progress, you must remember, will depend greatly upon their natural aptitude. You will require no license or other form of permission to undertake this work.

J. R., Millstadt, Ill.—There are no less than 13,692,216 acres of vacant public land in the State of New Mexico, and in addition to this small empire, there are 5,423,338 acres which have not yet been passed under government survey. Of course, you will know that a great part of this land is unfit for agricultural purposes because of arid conditions and other reasons. Write to F. Delgado, who is U. S. Land Office Register at Santa Fe, New Mexico, or to Emmett Patton, who occupies the same position for the government, at Roswell, in the southwestern part of the State.

SUBSCRIBER, New Orleans, La.—The English language is only spoken in South American countries by Americans and Englishmen, and by those of other nationalities who have learned our tongue. The Spanish language and its variants is used by the natives of South America, except that Portuguese is the language of Brazil. Earnest efforts are being made by such organizations as the Pan American Society and others, to strengthen ties of relationship and friendship between this country and the growing republics to the south of us. It is to be regretted that, because of misunderstandings which education should erase, Uncle Sam is not as beloved and popular with the Spanish-speaking races as he deserves and tries to be.

B. E. L., Mooresville, N. C.—By becoming a resident of any town or city having a high school, you may enter such a schoo[l] you have had such grammar school or other preliminary instruction as would qualify you for entrance and enable you to keep up with your classes. Your ambition to secure a good education is a most credible one and by reading and home study you can accomplish a great deal. (2) Such a text book as you require could be secured from Hinds, Noble & Eldridge, 11 Union Square, New York City.

J. E. T., Georgia.—No one could pass upon the value and salability of your old piece of china without having made a personal examination. We can state, however, for your general information, that old Oriental vases and other pieces of ancient Asiatic production are seldom as valuable as the layman of our comparatively young country might imagine. It is rarity which adds value to anything sought by collectors. China, for instance, is a very old country and has produced, without doubt, thousands of vases like those brought from Tealand by your ancestors. In all large cities there are antique shops where articles such as you have could be appraised. Probably you could obtain such a valuation in Atlanta.

MRS. J. C., Williamsburg, W. Va.—Only a boy who is named after his father can be correctly called "junior."

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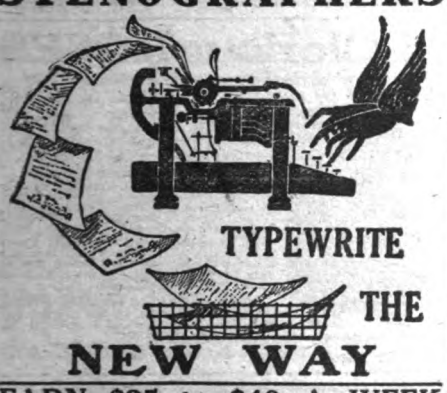
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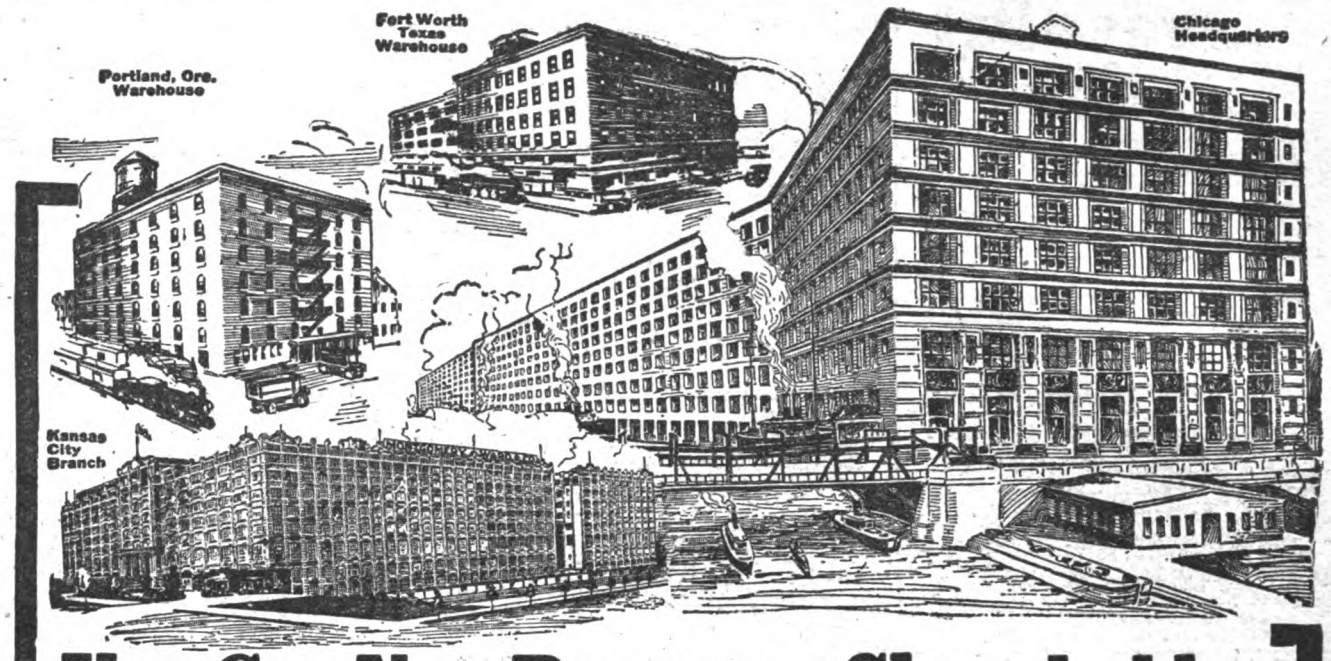
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DOUBLE X, Alabama.—You may address the Association Opposed to National Prohibition at their headquarters, 19 West 44th St., New York City. (2) The periodical, "Truth Seeker," is published from 62 Vesey St., New York City. (3) Write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., and ask for an application for copyright. Full information will be sent you.

SUBSCRIBER, Sadieville, Ky.—Your qualifying as an executrix under any ordinary will is a simple matter of legal routine. This can be arranged for you by some responsible attorney who will charge you only a small fee for such services as are necessary.

MRS. E. S. M., Springfield, Mo.—You are requested to write to John H. Cummings, Sheridan, Ark., who can inform you concerning Arkansas land.

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Thousands of housewives have found that they can save two-thirds of the money usually spent for cough preparations, by using this well-known old recipe for making cough syrup at home. It is simple and cheap to make, but it really has no equal for prompt results. It takes right hold of a cough and gives immediate relief, usually stopping an ordinary cough in 24 hours or less.

Get 2½ ounces of Pinex from any druggist, pour it into a pint bottle, and add plain granulated sugar syrup to make a full pint. If you prefer, use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, it tastes good, keeps perfectly, and lasts a family a long time.

It's truly astonishing how quickly it acts, penetrating through every air passage of the throat and lungs—loosens and raises the phlegm, soothes and heals the membranes, and gradually but surely the annoying throat tickle and dreaded cough disappear entirely. Nothing better for bronchitis, spasmodic croup, hoarseness, or bronchial asthma.

Pinex is a special and highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, known the world over for its healing effect on the membranes.

Avoid disappointment by asking your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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Folding Sawing Machine Co., 161 West Harrison St., Chicago, Ill.

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We will mail the following 28 Packets choicest Fresh, Reliable Vegetable and Flower Seeds for 10c. Money returned if not satisfactory.

BEET, Crosby's Egyptian, best, sweetest early sort.
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CUCUMBER, Emerald White Spine, great favorite.
LETTUCE, Cream Butter, tender, popular heads.
MUSKMELON, Sweetest Gem, best garden melon.
WATERMELON, Deposit Early, earliest, sweetest.
ONION, Prizetaker, weight 3 lbs., 1000 bus. per acre.
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Tells how to make a kitchen garden supply your table and reduce "high cost of living." Send today—140 pages of expert advice. Special booklet of Vegetable and Flower Collections included. Free Flower Seeds with orders of 50 cents and over.

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Our customers grow Big Crops of extra quality garden crops by using our Northern Iowa "Blizzard Belt" Seeds and Bob's "Double Crop" Phosphate Plant Food that we give free with seed orders. This food greatly increases the yield and makes all sorts of vegetables develop quickly and puts an added color and quality into them that is well worth while. In actual tests we have doubled the crops of sweet corn and other garden crops. Write today for generous samples. Catalogue of our entire line of seeds, plants, trees and other "Blizzard Belt" products Free.

THE GARDNER NURSERY CO., Nurserymen & Seedsmen, Box 5 Osage, Ia.



Feeding Young Pigs

WE have previously drawn attention to the fact that over-feeding of the sow soon after farrowing is oftentimes a fatal mistake as regards the young pigs and the use of unsuitable food or food that is sour or tainted in any way may have similarly injurious effects upon the litter. A herdsman of the Minnesota Experiment Farm, who has had plenty of experience with such matters, says that sudden changes of food should be avoided and that sour or acid food should not be given until the pigs have been weaned several weeks. We question if such sour or acid food should be used, for it is sure to derange the digestive organs and so retard growth.

At the farm referred to, the brood sows have been fed on shorts, corn and ground oats, in proportion of one half shorts, one half corn and one quarter oats by weight, and a small allowance of oil cake if not on pasture or getting green feed. The young pigs are allowed to run out in the sunshine as soon as strong enough and after they are a week or ten days old they run on pasture with their dam; of course, not very far away from the pen or for any great length of time at first. The idea is that young pigs require exercise just as do all young animals. As soon as the youngsters begin to eat or drink, usually in about four weeks, a little warm skim milk with a handful of shorts stirred in is given them in a trough for themselves, but where the sow cannot reach. The same authority is, like us, of the opinion that a grass or clover pasture is excellent for the brood sow in connection with her grain ration, and if there is no grass or clover, she should have a generous supply of peas and oats grown together, while rape, green corn and sorghum may be cut and taken to her. These green crops are also grand food to help out the pasture when it begins to get short and dry and should be provided on every farm where hogs are kept.

While there is a great difference of opinion as to the length of time pigs should be allowed to remain with their dam, if they only desire to raise one litter from a sow the same year at the Minnesota Station, the pigs are allowed to remain with their dam until they are about ten weeks old, but if two litters are to be raised they are weaned when six to eight weeks old. If the milk of the dam does not agree with the pigs, they should be weaned early, but if they are doing well it is better to let them remain with their dam some eight or ten weeks. If the young pigs are eating well before they are taken from the sow and there is skim milk to give them, they should go right on without any apparent stop in their growth. But if weaned too young and there is no milk to give them, they will not do so well. Last year at the station they had a few pigs that gained a pound a day when they were about nine weeks old, and while still sucking their dams. Usually they have found that they do not gain a pound until they are about ninety days old. After that age they often make a daily gain of more than one pound. After the young pigs are taken from their dam it is a good plan to feed them four or five times daily for a few weeks and later three times. When the pigs are weaned, the dam should be kept away from them and put on scant allowance of food for some time and then if she is thin in flesh or if it is the desire to breed her soon, she will require to be liberally fed.

At the station mentioned they feed sulphur and salt and give the hogs access to charcoal in the pens or yards, and find that while the best of care is absolutely necessary for the best results, even after all is done the results are not always all that could be desired. From what has been said it will be seen that they do not feed much corn, but believe, as we do, that an early ration of nitrogenous foods is best calculated to produce sound, healthy, profitable swine.

Pedigree Seeds Profitable

What are pedigree seeds? This is a very natural question. Pedigree seed are the same as pure-bred seed and pure-bred seeds are those that by careful handling have been kept pure and unmixed with other seeds through a period of years. Pure seed is the aim of every seedsman and the desire of every up-to-date farmer.

Pure Seed Is Hard to Get

Strange as it may seem, absolutely pure seed is hard to obtain. The chief reason is that it is so very easy for seeds to get mixed, in the field, at threshing time, in the bin and in many other ways.

This fact makes the production of pure seeds a real business.

Care Necessary to Produce Pure Seed

The seedsman takes the greatest of care to keep his seeds pure. Long experience has taught him how easy it is for seeds to get mixed. He therefore places his seed plots at safe distances apart, keeps alleys between the plots, carefully cleaned out, has all plots carefully labeled and a record made of each—and uses the utmost care to avoid all possible mixture after the seed is ripe and ready for harvest.

Many farmers engaged in the production of seed grains are equally careful to avoid such mixture.

Pure Seed Should Always Be Used

For the farmer or gardener to use any other than pure seed is a mistake. Mixed seed or "scrub seed" does not germinate alike, grow alike, or mature all at the same time. Either some is over-ripe at harvest, or else a portion is partly green. This condition does not give a good quality or yield and cannot command the best price. We often forget that the seed is half the crop, and are satisfied with any-old-thing just because it is cheap. Remember this—pure seed is *never* cheap seed. It is always the highest in price—it must be, because it costs more labor and care to produce it. Cheap seed is sure either to be damaged seed or else scrub stuff.

Damaged seed should never be used, and scrub stuff is little better. The rule then is: *Always* Avoid Cheap Seed.

Seed Frauds

The value of pure seed is so well recognized that it sometimes happens that unscrupulous persons buy up cheap seed or common stuff, give it a high-sounding name and sell it for big prices to the unsuspecting purchaser. Reliable seedsmen never do this, but seed peddlers running over the country, claiming to represent never-heard-of concerns, are the chief offenders.

There is little excuse for getting caught on this hook. Good seed properly advertised, sells itself. There is no use for the seed peddler. He is a pretty expensive proposition. He expects a high salary, and it costs money to pay automobile hire and other travel expenses for him. This, of course, is added to the price of the seed and the farmer pays the bill. Any-old-thing sold in this manner will cost as much as the best pure-bred seed bought direct from the reliable seed house that gets its business before the public by proper advertising.

Nasal Catarrh of Sheep

Under this head may be classed three distinct diseases which are, with one exception, comparatively common in our flocks. They are: (1) Acute nasal catarrh; (2) Chronic nasal catarrh; (3) and Malignant catarrh. The first disease is simple in its origin and treatment, and rarely proves fatal. It is brought on by cold wet weather in spring or fall or by inhalation of dust when driving on the roads, or pollen and dust from too ripe hay. The symptoms of this catarrh or cold in the head are, discharge from the nose, sneezing and wheezing in breathing. The second trouble is termed by most writers on sheep, "benign catarrhal fever," meaning that there is nothing malignant or contagious about it and that it usually runs a mild course. It follows acute catarrh when the causes which have produced the latter are permanent, such as damp weather, cold winds, etc. It is quite common in some flocks, and, according to a noted authority, young and weak animals may in the course of time succumb to the ravages of the trouble. Personally, we have found that the disease itself renders young animals weak, no matter how strong they might be originally, and the weakening renders them liable to death from other troubles, such as intestinal parasites, which otherwise might not lead to that result. The symptoms of chronic catarrh are a persistent discharge of matter from the nose which adheres tenaciously to the inner surface of the nostrils, often gluing them up and forming crusts. The third disease, termed malignant catarrhal fever, is without question infectious, but not common or perhaps present among sheep in this country. The agent of this disease is an infectious principle, which may be perpetuated for years in the same stable, and which may be transported to some distance. The trouble has been seen to break out in animals of sheepfolds which were entirely separated from those in which it existed. It is generally observed in an enzotic or epizootic and is much feared by sheep breeders.

The symptoms of the disease, set down in simple language, are as follows: In the beginning, there is a thick pus-like discharge from the nostrils; the wings of the nose are often glued together; the neighborhood of the nostrils is coated with thick mucous; a mucous discharge often runs from the nose when pressed; in other cases the discharge is offensive; the membrane of the nostril is red and swollen. To these symptoms are sometimes to be added cough, sore throat, bronchitis, and, in serious cases, bronchopneumonia or traumatic pneumonia. In the eyes will be noticed inflammation, ulcers and even abscesses of the cornea. The eyelids are red, swollen and glued by purulent, sticky matter; the hairs upon the inner angle of the eye are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

SEEDS

Reliable and Full of Life

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Made to build New Business. A trial will make you our permanent customer.

PRIZE COLLECTION Radish, 17 Varieties, worth 15c; Lettuce, 13 kinds, worth 15c; Tomatoes, 11 the finest, worth 20c; Turnip, 7 splendid, worth 10c; Onion, 8 best varieties, worth 15c; 10 Spring Flowering Bulbs, worth 25c—66 varieties in all; worth $1.00.

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Ey. Jer. Wakefield Cabbage	.10	Best Extra Early Peas	.10
Oxheart Carrot	.05	English Wonder Peas	.10
Golden Bantam Sweet Corn	.10	Ruby King Pepper	.05
Ey. Evergreen Sweet Corn	.10	Quaker Pie Pumpkin	.05
Early Fortune Cucumber	.05	Imp. Fr. Breakfast Radish	.05
Sel. White Spine Cucumber	.05	Crimson Giant Radish	.05
Earliest Forcing Lettuce	.05	White Icicle Radish	.05
Early Prize Head Lettuce	.05	Bloomsdale Spinach	.05
Select Osage Muskmelon	.05	True Hubbard Squash	.05
Tom Watson Watermelon	.05	Sparks' Earliana Tomato	.05
Yel. Globe Danvers Onion	.10	Pur. Top Wh. Globe Turnip	.05

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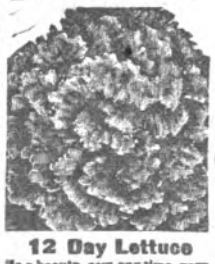
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Weighs less—costs less. Lasts longer. Guaranteed. Operates on wonderful leverage principle. A few pounds on handle exerts tons on stump. One man alone handles biggest, toughest stumps quick, easy, cheap. No other stump puller like it. FREE BOOK describes One-Man and Horse Power Models—gives our four easy ways to pay—and Special Agent's Proposition. Write today.

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Grow These Early Vegetables—25c Send 25c for these five varieties—one regular size packet of each kind—Just what you want for an Early Garden—Get ahead of your neighbors.



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Is a wonder for earliness, has produced radishes in 15 days from seed. Deep scarlet color, very crisp and tender.



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Is choicest strain cucumber in America for pickles, also good for slicing. Very early, producing great quantity of fruit and continue to bear all summer. Their beauty will surprise you.



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grows strong and erect plants, producing great quantity, large handsome red fruits, very early, perfect beauty.



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grows on vines, is an enormous yielder, fruit is about size of Peach, golden color, excellent for preserves and pickles. Recipes for cooking, canning and preserving with packet.

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THIS is **Your Opportunity** to secure full or part time employment in your own home. We need thousands of new workers, men and women, old and young, to make socks for us at home on the wonderful Auto Knitter, the machine that is better than a hundred hands, for it knits socks in minutes instead of hours.

This is not a "canvassing" or "open-a-store" scheme. It is a straightforward employment proposition on a liberal piece-work basis, just as you would make with us if you were to secure employment in our factory knitting socks for us on the Auto Knitter. We give you a printed contract to pay you a fixed wage no all the socks you supply us with, whether the amount be large or small.



We Supply Yarn Free—And Buy the Socks

THERE is a tremendous shortage of hosiery all over the world. In every Country, City, Town and Village there is a crying demand for more socks. This demand is your **personal opportunity** to add substantially to your income every week—to help you meet the constantly increasing cost of living.

You make this money pleasantly and easily in your own time, and in your own home, using the swift and wonderful Auto Knitter to do the work. As soon as you have some socks ready, you send them to us and we immediately send you your pay check and a shipment of yarn Free to replace the yarn in the socks you supplied to us.



We Need More Workers

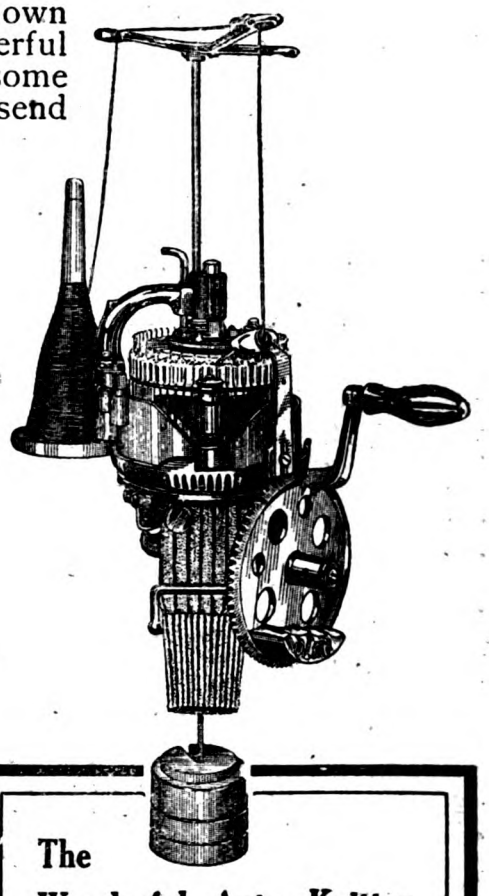
THE demands made upon us for hosiery are enormous—more than we can supply. For this reason we need all the additional workers we can possibly get to supply us with socks made on the Auto Knitter—need them badly. We need all that you and your family can make. We want you to devote just as much time as you can spare to the work—and when you have the Auto Knitter ready at your hand—ready to Knit Hours into Dollars—you'll be surprised yourself to find how much time you can give to the work. You know beforehand just what your pay will be—our written contract guarantees you a fixed wage for every dozen pairs of socks you supply us with, and, remember, we supply, Free, the yarn needed to replace that which is used in making the socks you send us.

The yarn we supply is the well-known Qu-No Quality Brand, made especially for the Auto Knitter. It is the Softest, the Warmest, the Strongest—uniform in quality, weight and shade, and always obtainable. Our Free Shade Card contains samples of Qu-No Quality Brand Yarn.

Our Wage Contract binds us to pay you for all the socks you supply us with—but it does not bind you in any way. You are at liberty to dispose of your output as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to supply all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton, as you prefer—at a remarkably low cost.

No Experience Necessary

NO knitting or mechanical experience is required to operate the Auto Knitter. Its operation is purely mechanical, just as is the operation of the sewing machine. You turn the handle and the Auto Knitter knits swiftly and evenly. Many of our best paid operators are men and women of advanced age who knew absolutely nothing of the operation of the Auto Knitter other than the instructions contained in our Free Instruction Book. Through the use of the Auto Knitter they are making good and steady wages in the comfort of their own home. You, too, should be enrolled in our army of happy home workers with a permanent wage contract in your pocket and a guaranteed customer for all the socks you can supply.



The Wonderful Auto Knitter

IT MAKES the entire sock or stocking—top, body, heel and toe—without removal from the machine. Just one turn of the handle knits 60 and more perfect, even stitches. Thousands of such stitches can be made in a few minutes by an operator of average experience. Many of our workers report that with the Auto Knitter a complete sock can be made in less than ten minutes. The Auto Knitter weighs about 20 pounds and can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand. Experience in knitting or familiarity with machines is absolutely unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to work the Auto Knitter are sent to every worker and you can easily and quickly learn to operate the machine swiftly and profitably. Many of our workers report earning as high as $4.00 a day with the Auto Knitter.

Read the following letters from a few of our workers:

Makes $35 in One Week

The Auto Knitter is one of the best investments anyone could make. I can make three pairs of socks in an hour. In one week I made $35.00 from private trade alone. It is the finest and cleanest work I have ever done, and I would not be without it.

WHEATLEY, ONT.

1300 Pairs of Socks

Since purchasing your machine I have made over one thousand three hundred pairs of men's half-hose, and the machine is in perfect running order.

My work has all been accepted and promptly paid for, and I have received the most courteous treatment at all times.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company does not exaggerate and lives up to all of its statements.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A Fairy Godmother

Received my check, also the 11 pounds of replacement yarn all O. K. It gives me great pleasure to thank you for same. The Auto Knitter is a wonder.

HUTCHINSON, KANS.

Handy When She Needs Money

I certainly am pleased. The Auto Knitter is speedy and easily operated. I work only during spare time.

It comes in nice when you want something badly, and don't have the money to get it. Just put your knitter to work and you will soon have the money.

STATE COLLEGE, PA.

Write for Our Liberal Wage Contract

In this advertisement we can only outline our proposition—we want to tell you more in detail all about our big Organization and the pleasant and profitable place in it that is ready for you. We want you to know of the substantial wages that even a portion of your time will earn for you. Read the letters from a few of our satisfied workers—we have thousands more like them. We want you to know how you can become independent from your work in your own home. **Remember No Experience Is Necessary**—the Auto Knitter does the work. **Write us now** for full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. It does not obligate you in any way. Enclose 2c to cover postage.

THE AUTO KNITTER HOSIERY CO., Inc.
Dept. 102 K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Co., Inc.
Dept. 102K, 821 Jefferson Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send full particulars about making money at home with the Auto Knitter. I enclose 2 cents postage to cover cost of mailing, etc. It is understood that this does not obligate me in any way.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

Comfort 2-20

Filet Crochet Square

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

10 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 10 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, border.

49th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp 4 d c), repeat 3 times (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 4 sps, 7 d c, 12 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 16 d c, 2 sps, 22 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, border.

50th row.—(2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 4 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 49 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 19 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, border.

51st row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 16 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 16 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, border.

52nd row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, border.

53rd row.—2 sps, 22 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 28 d c, 8 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 22 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 2 sps, 28 d c, border.

54th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c (2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 4 times, 6 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 22 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 6 sps, border.

55th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, repeat 3 times (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 6 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 6 sps, border.

56th row.—(2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 7 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 7 sps, border.

57th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 4 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 8 sps, 7 d c, 6 sps, 10 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 12 sps, 7 d c, 8 sps, border.

58th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 8 sps, 7 d c, 10 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 9 sps, border.

59th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 4 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 10 sps, 10 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 7 sps, 10 d c, 10 sps, border.

60th row.—(2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 4 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 13 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 15 sps, 13 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 4 sps, border.

61st row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times (5 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 3 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 16 d c, 9 sps, 16 d c (4 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 3 sps, border.

62nd row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 11 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 7 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, border.

63rd row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 11 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c (2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 4 sps, 28 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, border.

64th row.—(2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 11 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, (2 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 3 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, border.

65th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 3 times, 11 sps, 4 d c, 11 sps, 16 d c, 5 sps, 10 d c, 5 sps, 16 d c, 11 sps, border.

66th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 11 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 6 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, border.

67th row.—2 sps, 100 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 100 d c, 2 sps, turn.

68th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 13 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 13 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, turn.

69th row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 5 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, * 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, work from * back to beginning of row.

70th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 19 d c, 3 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, * 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, work back from *.

71st row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 19 d c, 1 sp, 19 d c, 2 sps, * 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c (2 sps, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, work back from *.

72nd row.—2 sps, 4 d c (1 sp, 10 d c), repeat 4 times, 1 sp, 4 d c, * 13 sps, 4 d c (2 sps, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, work back from *.

73rd row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c (1 sp, 7 d c), repeat 2 times, 1 sp, 13 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, * 13 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, work back from *.

74th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 13 d c (1 sp, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, 1 sp, 13 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, * 13 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 6 sps, 4 d c, work back from *.

75th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, * 13 sps, 4 d c, 6 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 6 sps, 4 d c, work back from *.

76th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, * 13 sps, 4 d c (8 sps, 4 d c), repeat 2 times, work back from *.

77th row.—2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, turn.

78th row.—Same as 10th row.

79th row.—Same as 9th row.

80th row.—Same as 8th row.

81st row.—Same as 7th row.

82nd row.—Same as 6th row.

83rd row.—Same as 5th row.

84th row.—Same as 4th row.

85th row.—Same as 3rd row.

86th row.—Same as 2nd row.

87th row.—Same as 1st row.

Thrift Stamps from Garters

Men's garters cost anywhere from twenty-five to fifty cents, but they can be made easily at home with a trifling outlay. Buy one and a third yards of elastic, which is enough for two pairs, cut it the desired length and fit it on the fasteners and pads made of the worn-out supporters. By following the pattern of the old pair, a new one can be made within a few minutes. Incidentally, the money thus saved will buy a Thrift Stamp from Uncle Sam.

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The little matter of **15 cts.** in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder **13** weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its **27th** year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but **$1** a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, briefly—here it is. Send **15c** to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends.

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THE PATHFINDER, Box 579, Washington, D. C.



Dressed from Head to Foot

$1.00 Down Brings You This

8-Piece Boys' Complete Outfit

We send you this splendid complete outfit, that dresses your boy from head to foot, for only $1.00 down. Don't delay. This offer is only for a limited time. Money back instantly if you ask for it after you see the outfit. Send the coupon today.

Complete 8-Piece Outfit

1 Double Breasted Norfolk Suit
1 Pair Black English Shoes
2 Pair Fast Black Stockings
1 Stylish Scotch Golf Cap
1 Fancy Striped Percale Waist
1 Reversible Poplin Tie
1 Fancy Lawn Pocket Handkerchief

Our "World Beater" Suit is all that its name means. Dependable fabrics, perfectly made, handsome, stylish and at the same time will wear like iron. Made in newest double breasted style. Pleated back with yoke and belt all around. Coat strongly lined with twilled serge. Knickers strongly lined. Comes in fancy wool mixed Cassimeres in Blue, Brown, Green or Gray. Sizes 8 to 17.

Solid Leather Black Shoes: Stylish and comfortable. English last. Strongly made for hard wear. Sizes up to 6.

2 Pairs Fast Black Stockings: Narrow rib, reinforced knee, heel and toe.

Fancy Striped Waist: Made from durable, washable Percale. Perfect fitting yoke back. Outside pocket and cuffs to button.

Stylish Golf Cap: Made of Imported Scotch plaids. Large visor fastens with snap. Leather sweat band.

Handsome Four-in-Hand Tie: Comes in solid colors in various rich shades. Double faced, giving two sides to wear.

Lawn Pocket Handkerchief: Made of good quality soft lawn with fancy border.

Boy's Club Button with Every Suit

Be sure to give size of shoes and cap also size and color of suit.

Order by No. S-12. Send only $1.00 with coupon. Terms $4.65 monthly. Total price $28.90

6 Months to Pay

Just a few cents a day buys this complete outfit. We don't charge a penny for the credit. No discount for cash. All business men use their credit. Use yours. We trust honest people everywhere. Buy on our liberal credit terms. See for yourself the splendid value we give you. Mail coupon today.

Order Now

There's only a limited quantity of these outfits. Don't be too late. Don't miss this splendid value. Remember, you take no risk. Mail the coupon with a $1.00 P. O. order or a dollar bill. Don't wait. Mail coupon now.

Write for our Free Catalog of Men's, Women's and Children's clothing on small, monthly payments.

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I enclose $1.00. Send the boy's outfit No. S-10.

Color suit..... Size suit.....

Size cap..... Size shoes.....

If I am not satisfied with the Boy's Outfit I can return it and get my payment back. Otherwise I will pay $4.65 monthly until $28.90 has been paid.

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Address.....

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

M. D., Fisher, Ill.—As the sister of this boy you so dislike is one of your good friends, we should think that you might get her to make her brother understand how distasteful to you were his company and continual attentions—which attentions, when they extend to the offering to purchase for you a new winter coat, are ridiculous and incorrect. You state that this boy is your brother's friend, also. In that case, you should ask your brother to explain frankly and clearly to your obnoxious suitor that you do not want him "hanging around."

M. S., Eden Valley, Minn.—It should be easy for you to drop some hint to your Sunday caller that you would like him better if he wore his best clothes on the best day of the week. (2) You may read any book of which your mother approves.

CURLY, Nekoma, N. D.—You say that this young man, when he "takes" you anywhere, always "kisses and fondles" you. If you read this column, you should know that these are privileges you may properly grant only to your fiance. Certainly you cannot consider yourself engaged to this over-affectionate suitor, for you state that "he goes out with other girls'"—and your common sense should tell you, if your self-respect does not, that he doubtless distributes his kisses among these girls, also. Suppose you try restricting his liberties, and if you cannot make him behave properly, you should tell him that you have decided to leave him to the "other girls." For love is a monopoly which must be established on the basis of "protection" and not of "free trade."

BROWN EYES, Liberty, S. C.—Yes, you may allow your fiance to kiss you. This is a privilege he would rightly expect to have granted him. (2) We cannot answer your second question because you do not mention whether you are to have a church wedding, or if the ceremony is to be performed at the home of your parents. You have our best wishes for your future happiness.

MRS. J. E. A., Ottumwa, Ia.—If your question refers to the setting of a table, we answer that the knife is placed on the right-hand side of the plate and the fork and any spoons are placed on the left. (2) Yes, a young married woman may enter a cigar store to purchase magazines if she knows that she will receive proper and courteous treatment.

ROSY CHEEKS, McAlisterville, Pa.—Ordinarily no reply is needed when a friend thanks you for some simple favor or courtesy. In certain cases you might say: "It was no trouble," or, "I was very glad to do it." (2) It would be best for you to accept no gifts from this boy friend, except simple ones consisting of books, candy or flowers.

DIMPLES, Nekoma, N. D.—There was no reason for the young man you write about to have become offended because you had made a previous engagement to attend the picnic at which he wished to have been your escort. Why should you think you need "ask his pardon"? If he cares no more for you than to drop his attentions on account of this slight and ordinary incident, you may consider yourself well rid of a grouchy and unenterprising young man. It was your duty, of course, to have kept the engagement you had already made to attend this picnic, and you could, under no circumstances, have been expected to have accepted the second invitation and changed your escort. And you must not use the word "guy" in your conversation or letters.

LITTLE ORPHAN, Enloe, Tex.—You may, if you wish, suggest to a boy friend that he should write to you if you know each other well. It would be proper to let him write the first letter. (2) It makes absolutely no difference, when a boy and girl who are acquaintances meet, which speaks first.

L. D., Oklahoma City, Okla.—Tell this young man that, because you and he are but friends, you think it best that you should meet without any exchange of kisses.

VIOLET, Grady, N. C.—No; the use of almond meal on the face, in place of soap, will not cause the growth of "superfluous" or any other kind of hair.

BLUE EYES, Pleasanton, Kan.—A man who was your escort at church would not be expected to make your contribution for you. You should have your own purse.

S. K., Blackford, Ky.—If this young man asked you to marry him over a year ago, you are certainly justified in asking him frankly when he means the ceremony to take place. Tell him that it is not fair to you to allow matters to rest as they are now. And as your mother and father are familiar with the situation, why not have them say a few words to this slow suitor who has been coming "14 miles" for so many months, but never arrives at the altar?

E. M. P., Truce, Kan.—You may go to the moving pictures with your boy cousin, if your parents do not object.

JUST A GIRL, Mich.—You would not be expected to remove your gloves at the funeral. (2) It has become almost the universal custom for a lady to remove her hat at the theater, or any like form of entertainment. At any informal gathering of any sort, you may remove your gloves if doing this adds to your comfort or convenience.

G. K., Duster, Tex.—We most certainly agree with your father's objections. It is wrong and absurd for a girl of fifteen, and in the seventh grade, to fancy she can receive serious attentions from a boy, and to consider any offer of marriage from him. Your sensible parent might well add an active strap to his objections. (2) Of course you should not wear a skirt so tight that you cannot step into a carriage.

M. S. and J. H., Humoke, Ark.—At twenty you should not fear commencing to be classed with "old maids." Of course, it is flattering to a girl to receive plenty of proposals, but only one good one is necessary as a stepping-stone to the marriage ceremony. We fancy the difficulty is that you are too popular. You say: "We keep company with lots of boys and have lots of love affairs." Try to be not quite so diffusive with your companionship and affection, and perhaps some young man will then concentrate in obtaining for himself only the accomplishments you have previously freely extended.

H. D., Mountainberg, Ark.—You ask: "What do you think of him?" And we answer that we have a very poor opinion of any man who profits by an opportunity to pass himself off as a single man when his wife is not on the scene to offer contradictory evidence.

BLUE EYES, Brownstown, Ill.—It was very sensible for you to show this card to your mother and to realize that at fourteen your mind and attention should be given to your school books. (2) Tell this boy you do not like him to put his arm around you. If he does not stop at your request, complain to your grandparents.

B. B., Sisseton, S. D.—The "first thing you should start eating" at the table, is whatever dish or article is served the first. When in doubt, watch others who are with you. (2) The department "Talks With Girls" may be addressed care of COMFORT.

TROUBLES, Nekoma, N. D.—As you do not say you were engaged to this soldier, we cannot consider that he had any right to demand that you received absolutely no other attentions from other young men. This would be a matter resting entirely with you to decide. Tell him this if any conversation occurs between you. Unless you care particularly for your dissatisfied soldier, there is no reason why you should not continue to accept the attentions of your second suitor. But you are young enough yet to have many "troubles" settled—and to profit by the old saying: "It is well to be off with the old love, before you are on with the new."

You Are Judged By Complexion

Stuart's Calcium Wafers Are of First Importance to Those Who Are Troubled With Facial Pimples and Other Disfigurements.

If you have wondered how you can have a beautiful complexion, the kind you have dreamed



of, the answer is, use Stuart's Calcium Wafers, and begin doing so without delay.

These wonderful wafers are for relieving the accumulation of all those impurities that lodge in the skin to cause pimples, blackheads, liver spots, blotches, and such kinds of skin eruptions. The presence of skin eruptions is proof of nutrient poverty and to purify it is the purpose of Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

This fact has been demonstrated by hosts of women and men who realized that the presence of skin eruptions, due to such disfigurements, detracted from their usefulness in business, pleasure, society and their own self-esteem. And since Stuart's Calcium Wafers will relieve the skin of such kinds of blemishes, why have such imperfections? You will find Stuart's Calcium Wafers on sale at 50 cents a box at all drug stores. Get a box today.

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Yes, we will send you this stunning, latest style splendid serge skirt without a cent of advance payment. Examine and try it on. If you don't say it is the most stunning serge skirt bargain of the season, just send it back. Besides, you get an elegant Taffetine petticoat absolutely FREE. Send now—no money—just the coupon. Judge it by its quality, workmanship, style and fit. Then decide whether you wish to keep it. Compare it with regular $6.50 to $9.00 skirts elsewhere and see what a wonderful bargain it is.

Amazing Bargain Serge Skirt



The smart style of this wool mixed serge skirt is such as you see only in high priced garments. Has separate belt, lined with good quality sateen and trimmed with two large ivory buttons. Novel patch pockets in two sections. Large flap is trimmed with 3 rows of all silk soutache braid and 3 small ivory buttons with large buttons to match. Skirt is cut full. All sizes. Navy blue.

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Petticoat of splendid quality taffetine. Deep flounce, air tucks, knife plaited ruffle. Length 32 to 42 in. Hips up to 46 in. Color black. Costs you nothing at all. Sent free with the skirt.

Send the coupon—no money now. Pay only $4.98 for skirt on arrival. Petticoat is FREE. Keep only if satisfied. If not satisfactory return and we will refund your money. Order quick by coupon or letter now while offer is on. Order by No. B15412. Be sure to give size.

Leonard-Morton & Co., Dept. 9674 Chicago, Ill.

Send the Serge Skirt No. B15412 and the free taffetine petticoat. When they arrive, I will pay $4.98 for skirt; nothing for petticoat. If not satisfied after examination, will return both and you will refund my money.

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Name.....

Address.....



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

VALENTINE greetings to all the girls, and this morning I feel as much of a girl as any of you, and why shouldn't I? This week, in spite of my years, dignity and before-mentioned adipose tissue, I've been skating, coasting and snowshoeing with a nice young man—twelve years of age. And I'm feeling so good natured that I couldn't be coaxed to scold, not even a teeny weeny scold. While I'm so much in accord with the universe, I'll go to work.

GOLDEN LOCKS, Texas.—There is a chance that the girl in another town is just an innocent fabrication on the part of your sweetheart to make others think he is a regular "divil among the women," but if she is a real person you should know about her. You might call his bluff by refusing to receive attentions from him on the ground that it would be unfair to her. (2) Don't go to the store where he is employed for a chat with him. His employer pays him to wait on customers and not talk to girls. If you don't go there, neither he nor the people can say you are "chasing" him. Some boys get a swelled head so easily.

ELSIE, Mich.—If you aren't thinking to yourself that you are sorry you ever wrote such a silly letter to me, then I am much disappointed in you. And you wrote such a good letter, too. Of course you aren't in love with a fifty-year-old traveling man, now are you? Regular joke, isn't it? Goodness, child, he may have children and grandchildren.

LILLIAN, Pa.—Complete your high school course before training for nursing. In fact, a high school education or its equivalent is required in most hospitals. You are rather small but if you are strong and healthy your size ought not to count against you. It is hard work, though. (2) You are not too old to wear your hair in curls but do it up before presenting yourself to the matron of the hospital.

EVA, S. D.—You should have allowed him an opportunity to explain and apologize. I don't think you have behaved in a very ladylike manner.

MRS. JAMES.—Don't ask me what I think of husbands. If I told you what I thought of some of them you would immediately stop your subscription to COMFORT. There are a number of good ones, though. Your husband should give you money for clothes, but remember he has to pay the rent, grocery bills, all household expenses, etc., and it costs a lot to live nowadays, so you should make your wants as modest as consistent with the climate and public opinion. However, if he is spending money foolishly and not saving any at all, you should demand your share of it, to save or spend as you please.

SMILES, DIMPLES AND CURLS, Kans.—The young man in question evidently believes there is safety in numbers and he should be complimented upon his diplomacy in keeping three girl chums guessing. I don't think he likes any of you "best" but likes all just the same, so instead of being three foolish Pandoras (and I think she was very unwise, don't you?) why not be content to let things go on as they are and all remain good friends?

WYSOX, Pa.—I cannot give you any information about the matrimonial club mentioned, having had no experience in that line. Doubtless you could get as good a husband through this particular club as you could through any mail-order-marriage club. Sometimes such marriages result happily but would advise you to go slow.

ANNIE, Virginia.—I agree with your father, in that you should give this unreasonably jealous person up. Your life would be miserable as his wife and you would be much more unhappy than you are now. Isn't it possible for you to go away on a long visit? A change of scene and people often works wonders and you may find that you are not so deeply in love with him as you think you are. Of course, if you find out that you love him and will be unhappy without him, you'll just have to marry him and be unhappy with him.

SCHOOL GIRL, Tenn.—If you have no objection to marrying a widower with three small children, then I am sure it is all right, but think well before you assume so much responsibility. Can you give the children a mother's love?

SUNSHINE, Texas.—You are the only one who can decide which boy you like better but don't turn No. 1 down because his father wasn't the right sort, if the boy himself is all right. And don't favor No. 2 because his parents are so respectable unless he is, too. Some of the cleanest and best fellows I know have the worst kinds of parents, and some of the worst boys I know have the best parents, so there you are. You can't always tell.

TEXAS TWINS.—You weren't responsible for the breaking down of the automobile so can't be blamed for being out so late but I have an idea you should not not have been out automobiling, unchaperoned, anyway. (2) Half past ten is as late as gentlemen callers should stay, even if your parents don't object if they stay till twelve and you think one-thirty all right. (3) The woman who marries a traveling "sailesman" must make up her mind to being left alone, so think it over before deciding. (4) No, of course it isn't any harm to fool a boy and get him to give you a diamond ring and then break the engagement and refuse to return the ring. No harm at all; it's just a little, mean and dishonest, but don't let a little thing like that disturb you, fair one.

SWEET SIXTEEN, Maryland.—You are about the right weight for your height, I should say, though it wouldn't hurt if you were a few pounds heavier. Keep right on thinking your angel mother was the best woman on earth and don't ever do anything that you think would displease or hurt her. I have no objection to the young man you mention and if you like him you have my blessing—to be held in store until you are older.

LILY, Conn.—It was good of you to let me know that my advice of four years ago helped. Very glad it did. Don't expect your fiance to give up smoking entirely but I do think he might cut the number of cigars down a trifle for your sake.

W. A. B., New York.—Give your husband a dose of his own medicine and if he humiliates you in the presence of others, "just to get your goat," find out what he is particularly sensitive about, and innocently(?) spring it on him at a time and place where it will do the most good. Or you might refuse to accompany him any place until he gave up such a mean habit. Surely you can devise some way of breaking him of this habit.

UNHAPPY WIFE, Indiana.—It seems to me that you are committing a sin when you continue to live with a man such as you describe. You should have left when you had only one child to care for instead of three—but that's better than four or five.

CLARICE, S. Carolina.—God might understand and forgive you for marrying again but the judge won't be so lenient unless you procure a divorce first. Don't be in such a hurry the second time.

BETSY, N. C.—You don't want a husband who has so little faith in you that he will believe false stories about you. Tell him so.

BEA, Maine.—A divorce would be necessary first. Then the second marriage would be legal.

GRACE, Texas.—Don't show so plainly that you are in love with him—if you are now. Let him do a little guessing. I'm rather inclined to agree with your Dad.

Wasn't I angelic? But beware, next month I may be as cross as the proverbial two sticks, but if I am, remember that it is for your own good, and I love you just the same.

COUSIN MARION.

Fortunes Founded Through Luck

CHARLES R. FLINT.

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IT was a brawl on the docks one day between two peppery Irish teamsters that constituted the piece of luck founding Charles R. Flint's fame and fortune as a financier. Young Flint, then only eighteen, slightly built but athletic, happened along at the psychological moment and nervily stepped between the irate combantants, either one of which, with one hand, could doubtless have flung



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CHARLES R. FLINT.

him into the river. But his rapid, resolute action daunted the rough teamsters, and what he said was even more to the point. Result was the two fighters shamefacedly "made up," one of them saying:

"Shure, it's yerself cud talk the birds off the trees, and it's the foine lad ye are, afther all!"

Now, a witness of the whole scene was one of the Grace brothers of New York, and it did not take him long to size up the "lad" as being just the one to fill a vacancy. A young fellow of his quickness, courage and resolution, he decided, would show the same qualities in a position higher up. So, following the young man, he made himself known, and this is how Charley Flint became confidential clerk to Grace Bros.

Flint, pleased with his changed prospects, entered upon his new duties with energy and enthusiasm, soon exceeding the firm's greatest expectations. But when he was twenty-one, the boy audaciously organized a firm of his own, Gilchrist, Flint & Co., ship-chandlers! His father, grandfather and great-grandfather, by the way, had all been shipbuilders, so he was only treading in their footsteps and destined soon to earn the title of "Naval Purveyor to South American Republics," for before long he was fitting out South American navies.

His friends laughed at his "folly." The idea of a lad of his age being so ambitious! However, he laughed back, pushed ahead, one enterprise following rapidly on another, and everything prospered with him.

At twenty-two his old friends, Grace Brothers, made him a partnership proposition, and Flint became a partner in both branches of the house, and himself founded a third branch in Peru, at Callao, where, in addition to attending to his business, he still found time to act as Chilean Consul and Charge-d'Affaires, and, later, as Acting Consul-General for Nicaragua and Costa Rica!

When he returned to the United States, brisk, alert, superabundantly energetic, he was almost twenty-three! And his ambition was greater than it had been. He glimpsed wonderful possibilities in South America, and, in fact, everywhere, for American trade and inventiveness, and, born organizer and executive as he was, he formed one corporation after another in rapid succession, soon becoming known as the "Father of Trusts."

For more than thirty years now he has been organizing, consolidating and managing the Rubber, the Chewing-gum, and innumerable other consolidations or so-called trusts. He has shown himself a shrewd financier, public-spirited and patriotic. At the outbreak of the Spanish War, the task fell to him, via President McKinley, to "corner" all available "on sale" warships of the smaller European powers and South American, and, needless to say, Flint & Co., Inc., bagged their game.

Mr. Flint's business affairs now cover the world. He owns his pack of hounds, fast yachts and other concomitants of wealth, and fishes and hunts here and abroad.

But he owes the start of his dizzily rapid climb to great wealth and influence to his lucky saunter on the dock when the two Irishmen pitched into each other, and he intervened. This was his first diplomatic job!

A Head of Gold

Did you ever draw a mule's head? You used a pen or a pencil, a colored crayon, charcoal or a brush. You did not pay twenty dollars an ounce for the material that composed or formed the outline, as that would be sheer waste.

Jacob Heatherington, an Ohio man, did. Over the door of his home he placed in a surface of fresh cement dozens of gold nuggets which accurately picture a mule's head. This picture of Jerry is the most expensive any mule ever had.

In the early days the man and his mule worked in a mine. The man used a pick and Jerry did the hauling. Riches came. Jerry grew old and died. But the millionaire remembered his faithful mule and pictured him in gold so that all comers would know that Jerry had not been forgotten.

That's the simple story of Heatherington, Jerry and the gold head. How many owners of mules and other working animals treat them as they would wish to be treated, if they were the mules and the mules themselves?

They Never Come Back

Exiled kings never return. Anyone who takes the trouble to brush up his history in these days will be surprised to find the verdict of the past. Here is an answer, no doubt, to the question often asked today as to whether the former Kaiser of Germany may return to his throne. Mr. Hohenzollern is the fourth German emperor to be dethroned in several centuries past. Like him, they were rich and powerful, but their influence ended once they left the throne. A list of scores of dethroned monarchs shows that the chances of returning to power is about one in a hundred. Once the tinsel which bedecks royalty has been torn away, its power disappears. —*Boys' Life for December.*



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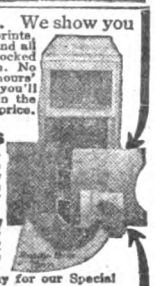
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

LICE.—I have a young draft filly two years old last May, that appears to be infected with lice. I have used lard and coal oil with no good results. Would it improve her for me to get on her back and exercise her? L. D.

A.—Do not ride the filly, but let her occupy a box stall and run out daily for exercise. Clipping would make treatment more effective. In cold weather, liquids cannot well be used to destroy lice, but if you dust the infected parts freely with a mixture of two parts of pyrethrum powder and one part each of powdered tobacco leaves and flowers of sulphur and then blanket the filly, that treatment should help. Repeat it as seems to be necessary. Cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the stable.

SWELLING UNDER JAW.—Please tell me what is the matter with my cow. A swelling started under her jaw about six months ago. It gets larger, instead of going down. It doesn't bother her in eating, and she seems in good condition. I feed her cottonseed hulls, bran and meal. R. O. L.

A.—This may be a case of lump jaw, but tuberculosis also causes swellings about the throat and under the jaw. It would therefore be well to have the cow tested with tuberculin. Meanwhile, clip off the hair and paint the lumps with tincture of iodine every other day.

SORES ON PIG.—I have had a Duroc-Jersey pig, two weeks, that has sores all over body and especially on shoulders and ears. I feed him good slop and a little corn. What is the trouble and remedy? L. M. L.

A.—Such sores usually are caused by wet and filth in the bed, pen or yard. Do away with such causes. Tub the pig in a warm solution of coal tar dip made according to directions given by the manufacturer and adding enough crude oil to coat the surface. Rub it in with a brush and repeat the treatment when it seems to be necessary. Dust sores with sulphur after the bath.

TUMOR.—I have a horse, seven years old, that has a lump on the lower part of his right collar bone. It came about three weeks ago and was soft, like a pus formation. Bathing it every day, it diminished, but left a long formation about three or four inches long that feels like gristle. He had a trouble of this kind last year and it had to be lanced and treated. It left no scar and is perfectly smooth. I drove him about six miles when two shoes were off and he was tender, but the swelling did not appear for thirty-six hours or more. His shoulders have always been very tender and require a great deal of care when worked. MRS. J. E. H.

A.—Bruising from any cause may cause such a condition, but the collar usually is to blame. Pus should have been liberated by lancing. A tumor now has formed and should be dissected out by a competent surgeon, after which treat it as a common wound. If you cannot have this done, clip off the hair and apply tincture of iodine every other day.

BAWLING COW.—I have a milk cow five years old that has always run in a pasture with other cows until two months ago, when I moved to town and moved her also. She bawls about all the time and so loud it disturbs the neighbors, and the longer she stays the more she bawls. She will stop eating and bawl at everything she sees or hears. I give her plenty to eat and she is hearty and gives lots of milk and is a good cow in every way. What can I do to keep her quiet? Is there something I can give her that will destroy her bawling and not hurt her in any other way? I am kind to her and pet her every day. She did not do this way until I moved here. MRS. B. B.

A.—Buy a calf and stable it with the cow for company. She is lonesome. We know of no remedy other than company or "back to the farm" for this cow.

SNEEZING CAT.—I have a cat which I raised from a kitten, and appears to be in good condition but sneezes many times each day. One of its eyes was weak for a time, but is better. Please tell me what to do. L. M. H.

A.—Let the cat live an out-door life, so far as possible and find its own living. So treated, it should become hardy and quit sneezing. The animal, no doubt, is soft from pampering.

OBSTRUCTED TEAT.—I have a cow which has lumps in all the teats, about the size of a pea. What is the matter and what can I do to remedy it? M. B. D.

A.—Warty or fibroid tumors are present in the teats and if they make milking difficult and cannot be removed by operation, the cow should be fitted for the butcher. If possible, have a qualified veterinarian examine the teat to determine if an operation would succeed.

SCOURS.—I have a mare, nine years old, that has bowel trouble. When she is worked she seems healthy, but as soon as she stands idle a few days in the yard or barn her bowels become abnormally loose. O. K.

A.—Stop feeding grain of any sort when the mare is idle. Strange as it may appear, we have found that the feeding of carrots sometimes proves beneficial in such cases. If medicine proves necessary, mix in feed twice daily a tablespoonful of a mixture of two parts of powdered wood charcoal and one part each of subnitrate of bismuth, powdered catechu and alum.

LICE.—I wish to know what to do for my pups. They are covered with little white lice and nits. They look something like chicken lice. MRS. N. R.

A.—Tub the puppies in a warm bath of coal tar dip or disinfectant made according to directions given by the manufacturer, and repeat when seen to be necessary. Provide a new, clean bed in a dry, sanitary place.

AILING PIGS.—I have a bunch of June pigs, weighing about one hundred pounds, and I have fed table scraps, corn meal, corn chops and shorts. They are all lame in hind legs and have their backs humped up. Their ears get stiff and sharp and if you try to move them they squeal as though you were killing them. What is the trouble and what can I do for them? J. N. H.

A.—Confinement and improper feeding cause such conditions in swine. They are rare when pigs are raised on green crops, especially alfalfa, clover and rape, and are also allowed plenty of milk daily. Improvement may follow if you allow the pigs their liberty and feed them well on milk and mixed meals and allow free access to alfalfa hay.

THIN HORSE.—I have a horse nearly four years old. He appears to be healthy and eats good. His hair is rough and bushy, skin is tight. I cannot get him fat. What can I do to make him look better? J. W.

A.—Have the horse's teeth put in order by a veterinarian, then mix a quart of blackstrap molasses with three quarts of hot water and stir it among cut hay, corn meal and wheat bran and feed it night and morning. Allow whole oats at noon and long hay at night. More than a quart of molasses may be fed twice daily, if that proves necessary.

THIN MARE.—I have a mare four years old that is thin and will not fatten. She is well fed and hearty. I have noticed that she grits her teeth quite often. What can I do for her? H. C.

A.—See answer to J. W.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26.)

are able to give an account of every cent of the pay envelope, should the occasion ever arise. A very good way indeed should Friend Husband think you did not use prudence and discretion. Some will say they are too busy for this but it really takes only a few minutes each day and once started you will never go back to the old way. We have been married three years and I have all my books showing where and for what purpose our money has been spent and my later books show a decided improvement over the former ones.

Very sincerely, MRS. EARL SPINDLER.

A Cozy Corner Critic

Rap, rap, rap! hello there, sisters dear—
How pleased I am to find you all so snugly gathered here.
And this is Mrs. Wilkinson, the dear old loving soul—
Who helps us all through tears and trials to reach a worthy goal.
And here is Uncle Charlie, too, I'll greet him with a kiss—
That is, if he'll accept it for I'm Mrs. and not Miss.
And there is Bachelor Billy. Why, Bill, how do you do—
Just keep on being grouchy and I'm sure that you'll pull through
Without the joys of wedded life, whatever they may be,
For there's often troubled water on the Matrimonial Sea,
And you may grouch just all you please, in your lonely bachelor home
Without a fear of a rolling pin descending on your dome.
And here is George L. Garrison—but say, it puzzles me
How such a kind, good man as that can still claim he is free
From the charm of dangling apron-strings. Why, George, look over there!
Can't you see the smiles the single girls are entrusting to your care?
And heavenly bliss, if there ain't Criss, from the state of the long leaf pine,
Hello sister dear, I'm glad you're here for your views correspond with mine.
And over there's Verne Ellis—and Fred McDonald too,
But I guess if I were to name you all I never would get through.
So I'll tell you how I look for it's quite too dark to see
And I know you're all awondering who on earth that freak can be.
I'm five feet four—in high-heeled shoes—I weigh one hundred and ten.
And I used to be a bad little flirt 'fore my prison days began.
My hair is straight, of a dark brown shade, my eyes are a hazel blue;
My complexion is fair—I've a roundish face—and I'll leave the rest to you,—
Except my age which is twenty-one—I was married three years ago.
I've a baby girl, just two years old. Guess that's all you'll care to know.
In the beautiful hills of Wisconsin is where we make our home,
But my nature is sort of restless—and I often long to roam,
To see the bigger things of life—to cross the wide, wild sea
And get a glimpse of foreign lands, which ever are wondrous to me.
But I fear you are growing weary so I'll shut off my speedy pen
And to each I'll say a "God Bless You 'Till We Meet Again."

G. E. S.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have enjoyed COMFORT ever since I was a child, for my mother was an old subscriber, and I have taken it ever since I was married. I enjoy the sisters' letters most of all but never had the courage to write until I read "Wife-in-Name-Only's" letter and then I just couldn't keep still, for once I had to face a problem almost exactly like hers, and I thought my experience and the way I solved it might help her.

Dear "Wife in Name Only," when I married, I was an orphan and as the years passed on and I never had any little ones with which to divide my love, I gave the whole of it to my husband, petted and spoiled him until he had no doubt of my whole undivided love—and let me say, girls, that is a sad mistake; you've got to keep a man guessing if you would hold him—but I didn't know any better then and went on loving, petting and slaving for him, until I broke down and had a very serious illness which left me a nervous wreck and almost helpless. It would take too long to go over all the horrible details of those darkest hours of my life; my case was almost exactly like your own; my husband fell in love with the pretty nurse that attended me, and I was so trusting that I couldn't see it until she herself told me that they loved each other, and that he told her that he had never loved any one as he loved her. It was impossible for her to stay after our talk, so she went away before my husband came from work, leaving me the whole day alone with my load of sorrow. But it was better for me to be alone a while to think it over for when he came home I was able to talk it over calmly although my heart was breaking.

We had no children to bind us together but he told me he loved me with a brother's love and wanted

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

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MRS. G. A., Texas.—If your mother's parents died forty years ago, and your mother has neglected to prosecute her claim for an inheritance left her by them for this period of time, I am of the opinion that she has little or no chance of now enforcing any claim she had at that time.

MRS. B. H., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think your father's second wife will, upon his death, have any interest in the real estate left him for life by your mother.

MRS. F. J., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your husband can be compelled to support you while living with him, in a manner commensurate with his means and station in life, but he cannot be held responsible for the acts and conduct of his adult children by a former marriage, unless he compels you to live in the same home with them, and their conduct to you is of such a nature as to amount to cruelty.

M. A., North Carolina.—We think you would be very foolish to sell your property and turn your money over to your husband; if, as you state, he does not treat you right now, we fail to understand how your condition would be improved by turning your property over to him.

M. S., Texas.—We think the man who beats his wife subjects himself to a liability of a fine or imprisonment. We think the wife should make her complaint to the local authorities and have him punished for his conduct to her.

MRS. E. G., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the general guardian of the minor children, who have now become of age, can be compelled to account and turn over the moneys of the estate belonging to these children, in the proper action or proceeding brought for that purpose.

J. K., Nebraska.—We do not think the statute of limitations runs against a deserter from the U. S. army; we think if the desertion took place a long period of years ago, that possibly no effort is now being made to capture and punish the deserter.

MRS. F. E. W., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your husband's life insurance is made payable to his estate, it will upon his death without a will, and after payment of his debts and expenses, go one third to you and the balance in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

C. F., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your property stands in your name alone, your husband has acquired no interest therein by paying the taxes on same. If he survives you, and you die without a will, he will be entitled to a life estate in your real estate with remainder to your children, and during his lifetime you cannot convey or mortgage same without his joining in the deed or mortgage; if you survive your husband, and he leaves no will, you would be entitled to receive one third of his personal estate, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance going to his child or children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

B. S. C., Texas.—If the land you mention in South Carolina has been abandoned since 1850, we think you now have little or no chance of recovering the same.

MRS. R. D., Oklahoma.—We do not think the loss of your marriage certificate will affect the validity of your marriage. (2) Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your husband dies, without a will, and without a child or descendant, his estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go one half to you and the remaining half to his father or mother, or if he leave both father and mother to them in equal shares; we think if you pre-decease your husband, he would be entitled to continue to hold all of his property, no part of the same going to your heirs-at-law or next of kin, as it will be necessary for you to survive him before you will have any vested or perfected interest in his property.

MRS. A. M., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that in the absence of a will, and after payment of debts and expenses, and subject to the homestead rights of the surviving spouse, estates descend one third to the surviving spouse and the balance in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share; we think that the estate of a decedent would include any vested interest belonging to such decedent in another estate.

MRS. B. M. C., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married woman may convey real estate without her husband's signature to the deed, unless such property has been registered as a homestead; upon her death, without a will, if she leaves also a child or children, her husband would receive one half of her estate, after payment of debts and expenses, the balance going to her children or their descendants; we think life insurance moneys are payable to the beneficiary, and form no part of a decedent's estate, unless made payable to the estate by the terms of the policy.

H. F. C., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired by the husband and wife during marriage, by onerous title, is considered the common or community property, and during the marriage may be disposed of by the husband without the consent of the wife, upon the death of either party, without a will, one half of the community property goes to the survivor and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased in equal shares. We think you should be able to establish your community rights in the property acquired during your various marriages. We think the signatures of your children will be necessary to convey their interest in the property of their dead mother.

M. W., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the husband is not necessary to the conveyance of the real estate of the wife, unless the property conveyed is homestead property of the wife.

MISS I. C., New Jersey.—Your intestacy rights, in the property deeded to yourself and brother, in case of your brother's death, depend upon the wording of the deed. We think you should have same examined by some competent local attorney.

MRS. L. K., Illinois.—We do not think you can compel your husband to convey an interest in his real estate to you, unless he voluntarily consents to do so; we think you can compel him to support you, unless you desert him, and in case he predeceases you, you will be entitled to an interest in his estate.

MISS E. F., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion that the personal estate of the woman who died, without a will, after payment of debts and expenses, would go, one third to the surviving husband, and the balance in equal shares to her children, the minor children's share being paid to their general guardian; we think the husband would be entitled to be appointed administrator of his wife's estate, and also to the appointment as general guardian of his children; we think the general guardian can be compelled to account and pay over the infants' share in the property upon their arriving at full age.

MRS. B. T., Mississippi.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will, and leaving no widow, and no child or descendant, his estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his brothers and sisters and their descendants, by right of representation, and to the father and mother, if living, or to the survivor.

J. W., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion, that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, his widow would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one half of his personal estate, absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses of administration.

MISS E. L., Wisconsin.—If you are over age, we do not think your stepfather has any right to dictate to you in regard to your property, which came to you through your father's estate. If you are under age, your property rights should be administered by your general guardian, who would have a legal right to compel your stepfather to turn your property over to you; of course, if your mother is your general guardian, and refuses to compel your stepfather to turn over your property, it may be necessary for you to bring a proceeding to have your mother removed from such guardianship, and to have some other guardian appointed who will compel your property rights to be protected.

A. M. G., Minnesota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that subject to homestead rights, in the absence of a will, the surviving spouse inherits an undivided one third of all other lands of which decedent at any time during coverture was seized or possessed to the disposition whereof, by will or otherwise, such survivor shall not have consented in writing, except lands devested by judicial partition proceeding, execution or judicial sale, by assignment for creditors, or by insolvency or bankruptcy proceedings, and subject to judgment liens, and subject in their just proportion to debts not paid from personal estate, the residue of such lands going in equal shares to the children of the decedent, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share, but if there are no children or descendants, the whole remaining estate, both real and personal, to the surviving spouse.

E. B., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, leaving no will and leaving no surviving widow, and no surviving child or descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his father and mother in equal shares, and if there be but one of the parents living, to the survivor alone.

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Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MISS M. B., Bethesda, Ohio.—For the rheumatic conditions you describe, massage the limb daily. Douche the spine with cold water before retiring, and take five-grain doses of sodium salicylate, three or four times a day. Of course you must abstain from too much red meat and fruit of all kinds. Keep the bowels open by using a teaspoonful of Rochelle salts, dissolved in hot water, before breakfast. Drink, also, plenty of good spring water—not less than two quarts a day.

MRS. M. R., Alberta, Canada.—Try ovarian extract, in three-grain doses, for the goitre. Take only morning and night, to start with, and watch the result. The moles are best removed by the use of the actual cautery.

MR. R. L. B., Mareville, Ark.—Take tablespoonful doses of Basham's mixture, in water, after meals.

MRS. G. E. A., Lynnville, Ky.—There is no rule about marking a baby. No! no! Keep snakeroot, and all such teas, from the baby. A tea of senna is a pretty good cathartic for grown-up people. Green stools are due to intestinal fermentation, and might be removed by the use of teaspoonful doses of milk of magnesia.

MRS. L. M., Trenton, Miss.—Lumps in the breast are always suspicious; not necessarily malignant; but they should be watched, and, if growing, should be removed at once.

MRS. R. B. B., Johnson City, Tenn.—No doubt your son needs a change to the mountains, and an out-of-door life for a few months. This will do for him more good than any medicine will do.

MRS. E. S., Texas.—Do not use carbolic acid to remove warts at all. Go to some good doctor and have them removed by using the actual cautery. This will remove them permanently, and leave no scar. For the headaches, have your eyes examined by a competent oculist, as eye-strain often causes all kinds of headaches.

MRS. W. E. R., Calham, Ga.—Poor circulation causes the "knots in the arm." Massage the arm, keep your bowels free, and take a tablespoonful of Basham's mixture, after meals, in water. Have the boy's adenoids removed at once.

MR. G. R. S., Walkertown, Ind.—A plastic operation, by some good surgeon, is the only thing that will remove the scar, mentioned in your letter. The other remedies referred to are not indicated at all.

MRS. F. H., Vessie, Mo.—You probably need exercise out-of-doors daily, also a plain diet free from sweets and pastry. You also should keep your bowels free by using some good cathartic, such as compound cathartic pills. Drink water freely, and with your meals use a teaspoonful of American Oil.

MISS S. F. D., Anderson, S. C.—You cannot buy carbon dioxide snow. And you cannot use it even if you could get it. It must be purchased and used by someone accustomed to its use, only.

MR. W. H. H., Gulfport, Miss.—Your neuritis is probably of malarial origin. Try tablespoonful doses of compound elixir of cincona after meals. A fly blister to the liver is also indicated.

MRS. E. M., Mills Point, Ky.—Leprosy is a contagious skin disease and can be only diagnosed by an examination. It is practically incurable.

MRS. E. W. S., Maggie, Va.—American Oil can be obtained at any good druggist's. If will, no doubt, do you good. You should take plenty of out-of-door exercise also.

MRS. C. S., McCall Creek, Miss.—Gall stones, to effect a cure, must be removed surgically. There is no remedy that will supplant an operation for this condition. Sometimes the use of a large quantity of olive oil seems to be helpful, but in the last analysis, where colics are frequent and the stones are impacted, the only thing is operation.

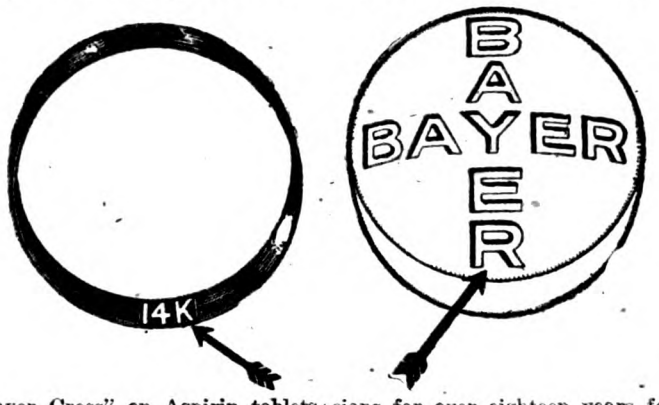
MRS. J. B., North Loup, Neb.—You may have kidney involment; but from the symptoms given you certainly have infection of the bladder. Get some five-grain tablets of urotropin and take one after meals. Also have the bladder washed out, with a weak solution of permanganate of potassium, daily. Of course the latter treatment must be given by your local doctor, who will determine the strength of the solution to be used. The backache will be relieved by this treatment. External piles, of long standing, can only be cured by operation. If of recent origin, suppositories of ichthyol will give relief. Use about ten grains of ichthyol to the suppository, and introduce, or use, the suppository at night. A hot sitz-bath will also be beneficial, and possibly relieve the bearing-down pains that accompany piles. Of course you must keep the bowels open. One of the best remedies for constipation is compound cascara sagrada mixture.

MISS J. P., Lake City, Minn.—The measurements of a "perfect man" have not been determined. The measurements vary as to height, age, environment, etc. The cure for flat feet is walking "pigeon toed", wearing shoes that are straight on the inside, and shoes that have a flat, wide heel, extending well under the arch.

MISS M. R., Demmon, Mich.—Bunions that are of long standing, are best removed by an operation on or near the joint of the offending toe. One of the best remedies for the local inflammation is ichthyol ointment, applied at night. Of course, one should wear shoes that do not press upon the joint, even if one has to have a special shoe made for this purpose.

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The photographs here show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost *immediate* relief even in the *most serious cases.* You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.



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Ford Auto

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

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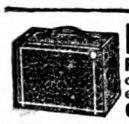
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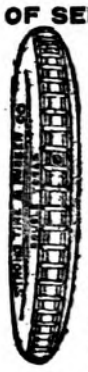
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30x3½	6.50	1.75	34x4½	10.00	3.00
31x3½	6.75	1.85	35x4½	11.00	3.15
32x3½	7.00	2.00	36x4½	11.50	3.40
31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.50
32x4	8.25	2.40	36x5	12.75	3.65
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Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$6.45	$1.75	32x4½	12.25	2.70
30x3½	7.25	1.95	33x4½	12.50	2.85
31x3½	8.75	2.15	34x4½	12.90	3.00
31x4	9.45	2.25	35x4½	13.25	3.15
32x4	9.90	2.40	36x4½	13.90	3.40
33x4	11.25	2.50	35x5	14.90	3.50
34x4	11.90	2.60	37x5	16.90	3.75

Remember a standard make *Spark Plug Free* with order. When cash is sent with order 5% discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied return goods at our expense. Specify S. S., clincher, non-skid, plain, and *size Spark Plug* wanted.

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FACTORY TO RIDER prices save you money. We make our bicycles in our own **new model factory** and sell direct to you. We put real quality in them and our bicycles must satisfy you.

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DELIVERED FREE on Approval and **30 DAYS TRIAL.** Select the bicycle you want and terms that suit you—cash or easy payments.

TIRES lamps, horns, wheels, sundries and parts for all bicycles—at half usual prices. **SEND NO MONEY** but write today for the big new catalog, prices and terms.

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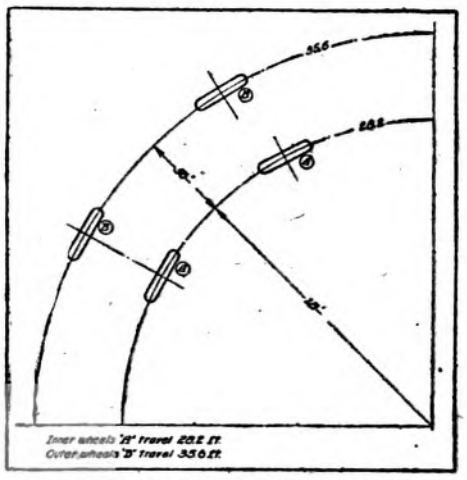
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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Rear Axle

SKIPPING such units as the universals, shafts, etc., the next important assembly in order is the rear axle. It is the final unit of the driving system. Encased so that it is not visible from the outside, is an assembly known as the differential. Due to its being enclosed and giving little if any trouble, this most important element is seldom studied by the average motorist. First, we will endeavor to get an understanding as to the reasons for using this assembly, and, later, go into the construction. Take any four-wheel vehicle and turn a corner. Notice the tracks made by the wheels and you will see that the wheels on the outer side complete a larger arc than do the wheels on the inner side. In other words, the wheels on the outer side travel a greater distance than do the wheels on the inner side. Let us now suppose that no differential was used on the automobile and that the rear wheels were rigidly fastened to the same shaft. Such an arrangement would necessitate both wheels traveling at the same rate of speed. As you can readily prove by noticing the tracks made by a vehicle after it has turned a corner,



WHEEL TRACKS TURNING A CORNER.

the inner wheels must complete a shorter arc than do the outer wheels. Therefore, if no differential was used and the wheels were rigidly fastened to a shaft as outlined above, the only manner in which it would be possible to negotiate the turn would be to have the inner wheel lose traction until the outer wheel had completed the large arc. Some types of vehicles do use the "lost traction" method on the turns. Take, for example, railway coaches and street cars. If you will observe closely, you will notice that opposite wheels are fastened to the same axle and that no differential is used. It must be taken into consideration that these vehicles run on steel rails and that there is metal to metal contact between the wheels and rails. At the turns, the inner wheels revolve at the same rate of speed as do the outer wheels, but, due to the slippery rails, no difficulty is experienced, due to the lost traction for the inner wheels. Several manufacturers are adopting a rear axle without differential for their long wheel-base trucks, and from the reports received no difficulty is being experienced with this arrangement. It is true that the inner rear wheel must lose traction at the turn, but, due to the length of the wheel base the action is not severe. Apply the same condition to the average passenger car mounted on pneumatic tires and it will not require a great deal of thought to appreciate the difficulty which would be encountered or the damage done. The natural tendency would be to start a skid, and, not least in importance, it would not require many turns to completely wear away the rubber tread and ruin the tires. Because of the reasons as above set forth, it has been found necessary to use the compensating arrangement known as the differential. For the average passenger car, the rear wheels are mounted on or driven by separate shafts and the differential in the center. By the use of the latter, both rear wheels are assured traction at the turns as the inner wheel is permitted to revolve at a slower rate of speed while the outer wheel is completing the larger arc.

Battery Test Explained

Almost every motorist owning a car equipped with a storage battery has had the battery tested to determine its exact condition. It will be recalled that some of the liquid was taken out of the different battery cells with a syringe in which was a hydrometer. This test is for the purpose of weighing the solution and comparing it with distilled water. For the sake of obtaining a standard, distilled water is considered to weigh "1". The solution in the battery cells consists of sulphuric acid and distilled water. Inasmuch as sulphuric acid weighs more than water, it will be plain that a mixture of the two will weigh more than clear distilled water. A completely charged battery will show a hydrometer test of about 1.280. In other words, the solution taken from the battery as weighed by the hydrometer shows that it weighs 1.28 times as much as clear distilled water. Let us now consider a different condition. The solution when weighed or measured by the hydrometer shows that it is only 1.17 times as heavy as distilled water. A reading of 1.170 indicates that the battery is discharged. One is apt to wonder why the addition of sulphuric acid to the solution will not bring the mixture up to the required weight and produce a fully charged battery. The answer is that the acid does not evaporate. Bear in mind that the original solution weighed 1.280, and, although the test doesn't show it, the original acid is still in the battery. The acid is not in the solution but it is in the battery plates and must be driven back into the solution by charging the battery from an outside source. Unless spilled out, the acid will remain in the battery, and only distilled water should be added in order to keep the battery plates covered with the solution.

Battery Precaution

A normal, fully-charged storage battery will not freeze unless a temperature below 40 degrees below zero be reached. Therefore, it is plain that the best protection against the freezing of the battery is to keep it fully charged. If you do not use your car during the cold weather, it is well to store the battery at a battery shop in your vicinity. However, if such a place is not convenient, first make certain of the condition of your battery. A hydrometer reading of about 1.275 would indicate that the battery is fully charged while a reading of 1.160 or less would indicate almost complete discharge. If you know that the battery is fully charged, you can feel almost certain that the battery will not freeze. It will be well to start the motor at least once a week and allow the generator to charge the battery for a few minutes to compensate for the slow discharge of the battery which continuously occurs.

Anti-Freeze Solutions

Although there are many anti-freeze preparations widely advertised at this season, it is poor practice to accept the claims made for them without first obtaining the opinion of the car manufacturer. Most manufacturers have a chemical laboratory and have already or are willing to analyze the different preparations to determine whether they are satisfactory for the particular make of cars. In the majority of cases, the preparation if used according to directions, will render the cooling system immune to freezing at certain temperatures, but the damage is apt to be done to the radiator or to the motor. Alcohol, either denatured or wood, is safe as an anti-freeze agent, and, to the writer's knowledge, the most satisfactory. This liquid readily mixes with water and has no injurious effects on rubber hose connections, gaskets or metals. However, it does have a low vaporizing point and will, therefore, require replenishing frequently in order to maintain a given specific gravity.

Many inquiries are made each winter concerning the use of kerosene as an anti-freeze agent. Kerosene and water will not mix. You may use half water and half kerosene and yet the cooling system may freeze. When the car is left standing, the two fluids will separate and naturally the water will freeze. Kerosene will not freeze and is sometimes used in the cooling system instead of water. However, it is not to be recommended when alcohol or glycerine are available. Kerosene has a low boiling point and if the car is driven on a mild day overheating is to be expected. Also, kerosene has an injurious effect on rubber and radiators have become clogged due to the breaking away of the material. Another objectionable feature is that the kerosene vapor is inflammable.

Some Useful Pointers

Gear Lubrication

This is the season that particular attention must be paid to the lubrication of the gears in the rear axle and transmission. During the warm weather you might have found a heavy lubricant which was satisfactory but you must now determine what effect the cold weather has upon this particular lubricant. It might happen that the grease becomes so stiff as to permit the gears cutting a path through it, which condition would of course rob the bearings of their required lubricant. Each winter many bearings are ruined due to being deprived of their lubricant. Either thin the lubricant in the cases with kerosene or change to one which is not affected by the cold.

Muffler Explosions

Muffler explosions are usually due to any of the following conditions: Ignition failure, cold motor and sticking exhaust valve. If ignition current is not furnished to a cylinder, the charge will not be exploded and will be discharged from the cylinder into the muffler. The hot exhaust gases from some cylinder which has just fired will follow the mixture into the muffler and cause an explosion at that place. A cold motor acts somewhat the same as ignition failure. Due to the coldness of the cylinder, the charge becomes non-combustible and is discharged into the muffler. Should a cylinder happen to fire, its hot exhaust gases will probably result in a muffler explosion. A sticking exhaust valve prevents compression and therefore a combustible charge is sent into the muffler with the result as above explained.

Right of Way

At some time or other, almost every motorist has met a machine which was driven at right angles to his own and has wondered who had the right of way. Although, to the writer's knowledge, there is no law governing the matter, it is customary to give all vehicles the right of way that are approaching from the right. For example, consider that you were driving down the street and met a vehicle which was being driven toward you on a street at your right. If there is any doubt as to whether you can cross without causing a collision, it is your duty to stop, and give the right of way, for the reason that the vehicle is at your right. On the other hand, if you met a vehicle coming from a street on your left, you have the right of way. The navigation laws form sort of a basis for this custom, they being to the effect that a ship running at right angles to a ship on its starboard must give the right of way to the second ship.

Questions Answered

The description furnished would indicate that the motor continues to run for a time after the ignition current has been switched off. If such is the case, the condition is probably due to a large accumulation of carbon in the cylinders. This carbon will become red hot and cause the motor to continue to run just as if ignition current was being supplied. Have the carbon removed and the valves ground in.

Although the writer never heard of anyone removing carbon by the use of warm vinegar and salt, it has been his experience to learn that there are but two satisfactory ways for ridding the motor of carbon. Scraping is the safest method known. Many manufacturers recommend that the carbon be removed from their motors only by scraping process. If the manufacturer has no objections, the oxygen method will clean the cylinders of all carbon. The chief objection to chemical action, which undoubtedly salt and vinegar has, is that the carbon incrustations break away in rather large pieces, and many times one of these pieces will become trapped under an exhaust valve, necessitating the regrinding of the valve and ofttimes the use of a new valve and recutting of the valve seat.

The chances are that your coil was not burnt out due to having left the ignition current switched on after the engine was stopped, as a burnt-out coil will deliver no current. You state that current is received at times, while at other periods the flow of current is irregular. Would first suggest that you go over the wiring very carefully, looking for worn insulation, touching wires and loose connections. Specially look for loose connections. If an improvement is not then noted, clean the breaker points and make certain they are properly spaced. Bear in mind that a spark may jump the points of a spark plug when it is out of the cylinder, but, due to the resistance in the cylinder, may not jump the points when the cylinder is in place. Do not have the points spaced too far apart. About the thickness of a thin dime is sufficient.

When You Work the Brake—and Your FORD won't Stop



When your Ford brake doesn't work good—when you have to press too hard on the pedal—when the car shakes and chatters as you operate the brake—have your garage or repairman reline your brake bands with Advance Cork Insert Transmission Lining. Then your brake will work quick and smooth for a long time.

He'll also reline the low speed and reverse bands with Cork Insert. Your Ford will then go into low and reverse without that jump and lurch. The three strips of Advance Cork Insert for relining the three bands come ready to install in the red and black Cork Insert box. Be sure to get Advance Cork Inserts for they will give you a better working Ford—keep your brake sure and save you money.

Your garage or repairman handles Advance Cork Insert or can easily get it, for every jobber handles it. Remember to ask for Advance Cork Insert next time your brake needs attention—and right now



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The Black Beauty is without doubt, the most magnificent bicycle made. It has **18 Exclusive Features,** including the famous Firestone Blue Non-Skid Tires. You'll positively be dazzled with its classy appearance and sturdy construction. And because we build it in our own big factory, you get it at **Factory Wholesale Price**—no middleman's profit.

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Merely a matter of a few second's assembling. Anybody can do it, and have a better, brighter and stronger light. The battery lasts longer than one that has lost part of its life from reposing on a dealer's shelf. Deterioration does not begin till battery is actually in use.

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Lowest priced High-Tension Ignition Engine ever sold at Factory-to-User Prices. High Tension is the only successful ignition for kerosene. All WITTE Engines are regularly equipped with H. T. battery, or Standard BOSCH Magneto on order. Write for latest prices. Quick delivery.

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Prepare as Firemen, Brakemen, Interurban Motormen, Colored Train Porters, $150-$200 per month to start.

Chances quick promotion. No experience necessary. Uniforms and passes furnished all roads. Mail us this advertisement, name and address and we will send Application Blank by return mail.

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JOIN our Everbearing Strawberry SHORTCAKE CLUB. Write for particulars and learn how you can grow up to 150 boxes of big luscious red strawberries on a rod square of ground the same season the plants are set. Our new Number 999 GIANT Everbearing variety is the result of ten years of breeding work and it is far ahead of older sorts. Has deep root system that keeps plant bearing big red berries all through the hot dry summer months. Write today for colored plate of life size box of these berries and our catalogue covering our entire line of Northern Iowa seeds, plants, trees and other "Blizzard Belt" Products.

THE GARDNER NURSERY CO.,
Nurserymen and Seedsmen, Dept. 5 Osage, Iowa.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

moist and stuck together by a brownish-yellow gummy matter. In the sheath are seen similar evidences of the disease. The general condition is greatly disturbed; the fever is slight, but sheep are depressed and emaciated; lose appetite; are constipated or loose; strain considerable; rapidly become weak and bloodless, with staggering gait. It is an incurable disease.

In all diseases characterized by discharge from the nose, the afflicted animal should be isolated at once and disinfectants freely used. The chief treatment should be good, sound, nutritious food; abundance of fresh air and liberal use of disinfectants. Tonics, such as the elixir of calisaya bark, iron and strychnine in teaspoonful doses three or four times daily in water, adding milk and raw eggs where the patient is weak. Chloride of lime sprinkled in small quantities about the pens also proves useful both as a disinfectant of the floors and of the sheep's nostrils, besides stimulating discharge from the nose.

Keep Your Cows Comfortable

Does it pay to make cows comfortable? Your milk sheet will tell you, if you have one. Just turn the cows out for two or three hours on a cold blustery day and then watch the milk sheet at night. As "sure as preaching" there will be a drop of a pound or two in milk for every cow in the herd. Or try this: Let the tank get filled up with ice and force the cows to drink ice water. Then watch the milk sheet that night. There's no two sides to this question. It *does* pay to make your cows comfortable.

WARM WATER IS COMFORTABLE TO COWS.—This does not mean hot water but water no colder than it comes from the well. Cows, to give milk, need water and plenty of it. A good dairy cow in full milk needs from 100 to 200 pounds of water a day. She can't drink this much ice water without chilling her badly and taking a lot of energy that should be used in producing milk to warm her up.

TANK HEATERS NECESSARY.—For open tanks in the barnyard a tank heater is necessary. The heater should either be kept going constantly or else the water should be warmed up so that all ice has melted before the cows are let out to drink. With this arrangement, the cows should be watered twice daily, both morning and afternoon, in order that they may drink all they want.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUPS.—A better way is to keep water constantly before the cows. This is best done by the use of individual drinking cups. Many tests have been made by dairymen to determine the actual cash value of drinking cups. One dairyman has shown that his cows produced three pounds of milk each more when water was before them all the time in cups than when they were turned out to a tank. Figure what this means in a herd of twenty cows. Not less than two dollars a day or over three hundred dollars a year at the present price of milk. Since it costs about two dollars a cow to install these buckets, this is a pretty good interest on the investment. This, of course, does not take into account the saving of time by letting the cow help herself to water any time she wants it, or the protection against spread of disease.

GIVE YOUR COWS COMFORTABLE STANCHIONS.—The old-fashioned stiff stanchion is a poor way to tie a cow. An animal kept constantly tied by this method never gets a good rest. Cows sleep naturally with their heads turned around on their sides, but the stiff stanchion prevents this, and cows so tied seldom get a good sleep. The right kind of stanchion to use is the swinging stanchion either hung on a chain or suspended by a swivel so that the cow can turn her head around at will. Cows kept in comfortable stanchions where they can rest at ease are better cows because they will keep in better condition. The better the condition of the cow the more milk she will give.

GIVE YOUR COWS A GOOD BED.—Cows should have a comfortable place to sleep. This means a soft warm bed. A concrete floor is a cold bed. Concrete floors should always be covered with plank under the cows; but plank, while warmer than concrete, are hard without bedding. Every cow should have a soft bed of clean dry straw on which to lie. The stables should be cleaned twice daily so that there will be as little filth as possible piled up behind the cow when she lies down.

COWS LIKE SALT.—Don't forget to salt the cows often. They like it and it makes them drink more water and increases the milk flow. Give the cows plenty of salt and often.

Laxative Foods for Horses

In the feeding of horses the owners must take into consideration the kind and amount of work to be done in making up a ration that will prove at once economical and nutritious. He can afford to feed in one way when the horse is idle or doing light work, but this feeding would be wrong and wasteful of animal tissue if the animal were at hard labor. The food at all times must supply a sufficient amount of material to maintain the horse without loss of weight. This is the food of maintenance. The latter food is sufficient if the animal is doing nothing, but must be augmented whenever the animal is to perform labor or produce a healthy fœtus. Where work is expected every day, the bowels must be so regulated that nothing of value is lost. When the animal is idle, work does not remove any surplus nutrients of the food not required for repair of tissue or actual maintenance. If the bowels in the latter condition should become constipated and the surplus matters be not removed through the kidneys and sweat pores, the liver and kidneys become surcharged and the blood sluggish and impure. These facts show the importance of a right use of succulent food for horses. While the horse is working hard, the succulent food is a positive injury, in that it tends to remove undigested, as a result of laxity of the bowels, food nutrients that are daily required for formation of muscle supply, or vim and vigor, and, in other words, repair of tissue waste.

The Idle Horse

Where, on the other hand, the horse is idle, the succulent food may be and usually is required to overcome the tendency to constipation and its accompanying train of evils. In the former case, the feeding of bran daily would be detrimental; in the latter case, it would be useful and profitable. The hard working horse keeps its bowels in condition by exercise and utilizes all of the food nutrients supplied him so long as his digestive organs are kept in good condition. If he be fed bran daily, he will continually suffer from what may be called sub-acute indigestion and fail to derive the proper amount of nourishment from the sound oats given him in addition to the bran. When Sunday arrives, however, his wonted exercise is stopped and he is unable to throw off the surplus food nutrients not needed by work. If he has been daily fed bran, he will now be liable to suffer from acute indigestion, if given a bran mash. This being the case, the feeding of a bran mash to a horse that has been taking dry bran throughout the week is a dangerous practice.

As to Bran Mashes

When the hard-working horse, not fed upon bran but getting large quantities of oats during

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

$ ONLY 2 DOWN

A Year to Pay





Top of Milk Tank is waist high—easy to fill

Milk and cream spouts are open—easy to clean

One piece aluminum skimming device is very easy to clean

All shafts are vertical and run on "frictionless" pivot ball bearings making the New Butterfly the lightest running of all separators

More than 175,000 New Butterfly Cream Separators are now in use

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Think of it! You can now get any size of the New Butterfly Cream Separator you need direct from our factory for only $2 down and on a plan whereby it will earn its own cost and more **before you pay.** You won't feel the cost at all. Our low prices will surprise you. For example:

$38 buys the No. 2½ Junior, a light running, easy cleaning, close skimming, durable, guaranteed separator. Skims 120 quarts per hour. You pay only $2 down and balance on easy terms of **Only $3.00 a month;** no interest to pay. No extras. Prices we quote include everything. We also make 4 larger sizes of the

New Butterfly

up to our big 800 lb. capacity machine shown here—all sold at similar low prices—on our liberal terms of only $2 down and more than a year to pay. Every machine guaranteed a lifetime against defects in materials and workmanship.

30 Days' Trial

You can have 30 days' trial on your own farm and see for yourself how easily one of these splendid machines will earn its own cost and more before you pay. Try it alongside of any separator you wish. Keep it if pleased. If not you can return it at our expense and we will refund your $2 deposit and pay freight charges both ways.

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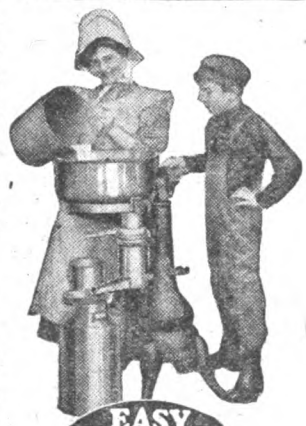
Why not get one of these big labor-saving, money-making machines while you have the opportunity to do so on this liberal self-earning plan? Let us send you our big, new, illustrated catalog folder showing all the machines we make and quoting lowest factory prices and easy payment terms. We will also mail you a book of letters from owners telling how the New Butterfly is helping them make as high as $100 a year extra profit from their cows. Sending coupon does not obligate you in any way. Write today.

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Manufacturers
2182 Marshall Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.

Gets ALL The CREAM

Made $61.38 More from Same Cows

"We made $78.61 worth of butter before we had the machine and in the same length of time we made with the Butterfly Separator $140 worth of butter from same number of cows."
THOS. S. KERMOSKY,
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EASY TO TURN

Twelve-Year-Old Child Runs It

"We would not do without our Butterfly Separator or exchange it for all the machines we have seen. Our little girl, 12 years old, runs it like a clock!"
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Ashland, Wis.



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Simplest, Easiest to Clean

"My son took a course in agriculture at Cape Girardeau and he worked with a dozen or more makes of separators, and he said this was the most simple and easiest cleaned machine of any of them."
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Ten of His Neighbors Have Bought the New Butterfly

We can recommend the Butterfly in every way, and I can recall the names of ten who have bought since I have this one. About a month ago I had your catalog sent to two other parties, and they both have ordered. Yours truly,
BERT I. VICKERY, Minooka, Ill.

ALBAUGH-DOVER CO.,
2182 Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Without obligation on my part, please mail me your FREE Catalog Folder and full particulars regarding your special easy payment offer on the New Butterfly Cream Separator.

I keep.....cows

Name.....

P.O.....

State.....R. F. D.....

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GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The world's standard remedy for kidney, liver, bladder and uric acid troubles. Famous since 1696. Take regularly and keep in good health. In three sizes, all druggists. Guaranteed as represented.

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Guaranteed for 2 years solid wear or your money cheerfully refunded. These pants are a "Wonder-Value" worth $6.50 sent to you for $2.95 as a sample of fine tailoring.

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SEND NO MONEY

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FOR MEN ONLY

$4.59 plus parcel post

This shoe is made of genuine Elk double sole—all solid leather, guaranteed to be the best shoe of its kind on the market. As a work shoe it is a wonderful buy for teamsters, lumbermen and all outdoor workers.

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Please send me C.O.D. . . . pairs of . . . . Shoe as advertised for $4.69. Since I am buying them on approval, my money back if I am not entirely satisfied.

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American
FULLY GUARANTEED
CREAM SEPARATOR



A Solid Proposition to send new, well made, easy running, perfect skimming separator for $19.95. Skims warm or cold milk; heavy or light cream. Different from picture, which shows larger capacity machines. See our plan of
MONTHLY PAYMENTS
Bowl a *sanitary marvel* easily cleaned. Whether dairy is large or small, write for free catalog and monthly payment plan. *Western orders filled from western points.*
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Bees for Profit

Make big money with little work. Small expense to start. Bees find own food. Honey brings good prices. We buy all you can spare. Bees are easily kept and cared for

The Root Way



Our special hives give winter and summer protection. We've made complete line of Beekeepers' supplies for 50 years. Tell us your occupation and whether you keep bees now. This helps us help you. Handsome free booklet, "Bees for Pleasure and Profit," packed with beekeeping information. Write for it today.

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$3.48 SEND NO MONEY
Biggest Value Ever Offered
Beautiful pants to your order, of fine quality striped worsteds, through and through weaves for dress or business, guaranteed to give you two solid years satisfying wear or MONEY BACK, tailored any style or size—No Extra Charges—parcel post or express prepaid. Biggest $8.00 value ever offered or money back. Write for 60 cloth samples. Free Special THIRTY DAY TRIAL OFFER, one Pair to a customer, $3.48
$3.48 Buys $8.00 Pants
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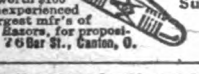
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WE TRUST YOU NO MONEY NEEDED WE PAY FREIGHT
Sell 11 boxes of 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap, and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles; a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair Shears and Package of Needles and the **Dinner Set is Yours.** Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or Cash Commission given for your time. **Special Extra Present** of a 6-Pc. High-Grade Granite Kitchen Set FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. You advance no money. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our **Big FREE Agents Outfit.** Don't delay. **THE PERRY G. MASON CO.,** Established 1887, 192 W. Pearl St., CINCINNATI, O.



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Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.38 C.O.D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.
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ANTI-KAMNIA AK TABLETS
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Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief
BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

the week, is given a bran mash on Saturday night, the effect will be good, and the practice is generally commended. Occasional bran mashes are also excellent for idle horses when fed upon corn, and a small quantity of bran will make the crushed oats fed to colts more effective. We say these things for the reason that bran causes opening of the bowels by irritating the bowels. It is indigestible and passes through the intestines in many cases wholly undigested. It acts as a laxative for the reason that it is a foreign body and is thrown off as useless by the irritated intestines. For this reason it is an excellent preparation for a physic ball, as when fed in the shape of a bran mash without any other food for two or three feeds, the bowels are opened up somewhat and rendered fit for purgative effects of an aloes ball. Carrots act in a somewhat different manner. They do not prove laxative on account of any irritating effect, but on account of real succulence, and have the special power of acting nicely upon the pores of the skin. They may be fed to a horse in poor condition, when bran would only aggravate the impoverishment. Roots are relished by horses, and digestible, but bran must be fed with caution.

Making Barn Work Easy

Is it hard to work around the barn? Well, that all depends. If the barn is properly built, if its furnishings are conveniently arranged, if it is supplied with the proper labor-saving devices, then barn work is easy. No one need dread "chore time" around such a barn.

THE LITTER CARRIER.—About the first thing that a barn needs to make work easy is the litter carrier. But a litter carrier cannot be easily installed if the barn is not built right. In a barn so built that the cattle stand in two long rows with their tails together and a driveway between, a single-track litter carrier is very easily installed. A single-rod track attached to the barn at one end and anchored to the post at the other is all that is necessary to support the basket. If, however, the cattle are arranged in rows facing each other, a rigid track is necessary. With either outfit the barn work is made much easier. The manure is loaded onto the carrier and shoved out into the yard where it may be dumped automatically onto the manure spreader and thus disposed of with one handling. This takes all the backache out of the old-fashioned way of loading into a wheelbarrow and pushing out into the yard. Besides, there is no reloading onto the spreader. The use of the manure carrier is by far the easiest way of cleaning the barn.

THE FEED CART.—Another time and labor saver is the feed cart. All the feed is put in the box at once and easily pushed down the alleyway where it is distributed to the cattle in proportion to their needs. The entire load is taken at once. There is no running back and forth and no heavy carrying. Next to the litter carrier the feed cart makes barn work easier.

THE ADJUSTABLE STANCHION.—Another invention that makes barn work easy is the adjustable stanchion. This makes it possible to line all cows, both large and small, up along the gutter. Instead of being forced to lie in their own filth, they are all kept perfectly clean. Since all droppings fall in the gutter, there is no extra cleaning of the barn required. Neither is there necessity for extra cleaning of the cows before milking. Thus the adjustable stanchion becomes a time and labor saver.

Two New Kinds of Silage

Two new kinds of silage are being tried out somewhat extensively over the United States this year. One of these is made from sunflowers and the other from the leaves of sugar beets. It has long been known that good silage could be easily produced from the waste product of the canning factories, pea vines, but until recently the waste of sugar beet fields, beet leaves, had not been tried.

SILAGE FROM SUNFLOWERS.—Sunflowers have a rank and heavy growth. They produce from 25 to 30 bushels of highly nutritious seed and 15 to 20 tons of stalks and leaves to the acre. This is considerably more than the total yield of corn per acre. It is thought then that the silage made from sunflowers may prove to be a better and cheaper food than corn silage. To test this, many of the experiment stations throughout the Middle West have filled silos with sunflowers. The silage is now being tested by feeding it in comparison with corn silage. The outcome will be watched with great interest, particularly in those localities where sunflowers grow with ease.

SILAGE FROM BEET LEAVES.—In the sugar beet sections beet leaves have been made into silage and farmers are already claiming that beet leaf silage is equal in feeding value to one half its weight of alfalfa hay. In many places the farmers have dug a hole in the earth, lined it with straw and filled it with beet leaves. This valuable feed is now being removed from these pits and fed to stock with remarkable results.

Who Eats Dairy Products?

Cheese Eaters

It may surprise many of us to learn that while Americans are the greatest dairymen in the world, they eat comparatively little of dairy products. According to figures recently announced by the U. S. Department of Agriculture, the Dane is the greatest cheese eater of the world, averaging 12.3 pounds of cheese a year, nearly four times as much as the average American, who eats only 3.8 pounds in the same time. Below is a table showing a comparison on the cheese consumption of the leading dairy countries:

Denmark	eats	12.3	pounds per person yearly.
England	"	11.2	"
France	"	8.1	"
Holland	"	8.0	"
Norway	"	7.1	"
Switzerland	"	5.3	"
Italy	"	4.8	"
United States	"	3.8	"

Where the Butter Goes

Here again the average American is way down the list, at least four other countries having a higher average annual consumption of butter. Here is a list that shows the rank as indicated by the figures of the U. S. Department already referred to:

Australia	eats	25.6	pounds of butter per pound yearly
New Zealand	"	21.7	"
Denmark	"	19.0	"
England	"	19.0	"
United States	"	17.5	"
Canada	"	16.3	"
Norway	"	14.0	"
Holland	"	11.3	"
Switzerland	"	11.0	"
Italy	"	2.1	"

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

FROZEN SHOCK CORN SILAGE.—I would like to know how corn that is frozen in the shock would turn out if I should cut it into silage. How long will it have to lie in the silo before it can be fed to cattle?
J. S., Strandquist, Minn.

A.—Shocked corn makes poor silage, comparatively, but it is better than the dry fodder as a feed for cows. It has to be made wringing wet at time of cutting into the silo and should go through the heating process before being fed. We cannot tell you the exact time necessary to fit it for use as that varies.

BITTER MILK.—Please advise remedy for my cow that gives about a quart of milk at a milking and it is bitter—tastes something like quinine. She will be fresh in February. H. L. W., Hamden, Mo.

A.—Dry off the milk secretion at once and the cow may give good milk when she calves. When a cow has milked for a long time, is nearing calving and gives so little, the milk often is strong, as you describe. It is unfit for use.

BITTER BUTTER.—I have a fine Jersey cow that seems to be in the best of health. She is given a good feed of bran, shorts, oats and corn chop three times a day, and has plenty of hay and fresh water. At times, her butter and buttermilk are so strong and bitter that the butter is not fit for use the next day after it is churned. We churn every other day. Please tell me what is the cause and advise as to the remedy.
F. A. H., Centerville, Iowa.

A.—The cow is not probably to blame for this condition, as bacteria in the milk utensils are the common cause. Exposure of warm milk to strong odors, or feeding strong-smelling and tasting feed, such as old cabbage or roots, also may cause such conditions. Perfectly sterilize all milk utensils and set the cream in a different place. If necessary, get a cream "starter" from the local creamery.

STRONG MILK.—Please tell me what is the matter with my cow. Her milk has a strong taste after standing for a while. She seems to be in perfect health. We first thought it was caused by something she got to eat, but have changed her feed until we know that is not the cause. She was fresh last April and gives as much milk as usual.
D. H., Rockford, N. C.

A.—See answers to two preceding questions regarding "Bitter Butter" and "Bitter Milk." Your trouble probably is due to one or other of the causes there explained. First try the remedy advised in answer to "Bitter Butter."

Save Your Body Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First
"I Would Not Part With It For $10,000"
So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

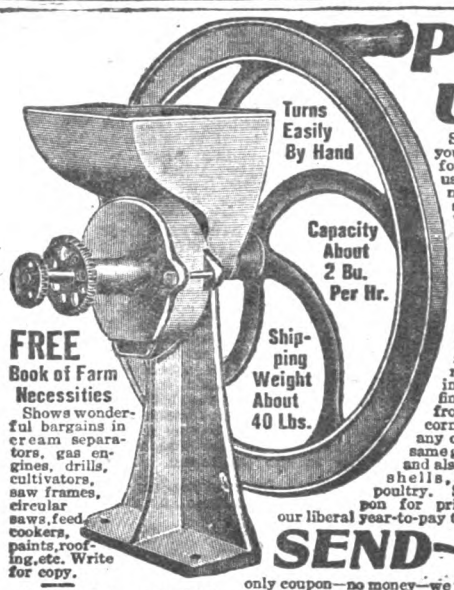


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Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of MEN and WOMEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.
Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders, develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures; constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear. Keep Yourself Fit. Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our liberal proposition.
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Pay Nothing Until 60 Days



Send no money—just mail coupon—and we will send you this strong, durable Majestic Hand Feed Grinder for Table Meal and Poultry Feed, for 30 days' free use. If you decide to keep it, make first small payment in 60 days and take a full year to pay. If not satisfactory, return it in 30 days at our expense and we will pay transportation both ways.
MAJESTIC HAND FEED Grinder
For Table Meal (All Grains) and Poultry Feed
Has special universal grinding plates which are quickly and easily adjusted for fine or coarse grinding. Burrs made of special white metal rigidly tested and inspected. Grinds fine table meal from oats, barley, corn, wheat, rye or any other grain; same grains coarse and also dry bone, shells, etc., for poultry. See coupon for price and our liberal year-to-pay terms.
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Shows wonderful bargains in cream separators, gas engines, drills, cultivators, saw frames, circular saws, feed cookers, paints, roofing, etc. Write for copy.
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Send Feed Grinder No. 4SJAMAG9.
If satisfactory, I will pay $2.00 in 60 days, balance in payments of $2.00 each every 60 days until price of $6.70 is paid in full. If not satisfactory, will return in 30 days and you will pay transportation both ways.
SEND only coupon—no money—we will ship the grinder on the 30 days' free trial—with nearly a year to pay if you keep it. No fairer offer ever made. Send now. If you don't order grinder send post card for big Free Catalog.
Name .....
Address .....
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The Hartman Co., 3964 LaSalle St., Dep. 2452, Chicago

Mother Pins Her Faith to Musterole

In days gone by, mother mixed a mustard plaster when father had bronchitis or brother had the croup, but now she uses Musterole. It is better than a mustard plaster.

She just rubs it on the congested spot Instantly a peculiar penetrating heat begins its work of healing—and without fuss, or muss or blister.

Musterole relieves without discomfort.

The clean white ointment sets your skin a-tingle. First, you feel a glowing warmth, then a pleasant lasting coolness, but way down underneath the coolness, old Nature is using that peculiar heat to disperse congestion and send the pain away.

Made of oil of mustard and a few home simples, Musterole is uncommonly effective in treatment of the family's little ills. It takes the ache out of grandfather's back. It soothes sister's headache. It helps mother's neuralgia.

Mother pins her faith to it as a real "first aid."

She is never without a jar of Musterole in the house.

Many doctors and nurses recommend it. 30c and 60c jars; hospital size $2.50.

The Musterole Co., Cleveland, Ohio

BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

MUSTEROLE
WILL NOT BLISTER



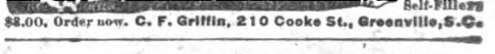
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SELF-FILLING FOUNTAIN PEN



$3.00, Order now. C. F. Griffin, 210 Cooke St., Greenville, S. C.

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ASTHMA
Why suffer? Dr. Kinsman's Asthma Remedy gives instant relief. 25 years of success. 60c. at all druggists. Avoid all substitutes

Don't Send a Cent



So sure are we that you will say these most comfortable and good wearing shoes are a big bargain that we will send them without a cent in advance. Send coupon. Shoes will be sent by return prepaid mail. Pay postman $4.60 on arrival. If you are not entirely satisfied on arrival return shoes and your money including return postage will be refunded.
SEND COUPON
We guarantee a saving of $2 a pair or your money back including return postage. Remember don't send a cent with order. Pay postman on arrival. Send now before you forget.
MEN'S EXTRA DURABLE WORK SHOE
Made in dark brown only, on U. S. Army Munson last, adopted by Government because it proved so comfortable for our boys over there. Only solid leather is used. Needs no breaking in. Made of solid leather specially treated, to stand hard wear. Blucher style. Dustproof bellows Tongue. Reinforced shank, krome elkskin uppers, (not split leather). Will dry soft after being wet. Solid leather broad heels. Krome Elk Soles, special tannage which makes them twice as durable. Will outwear 2 oak leather soles. Sizes 6 to 12. Widths, Medium, Wide, Extra Wide. Pay postman $4.60 on arrival. If not satisfied on arrival return shoes, and money, including return postage, will be refunded at once. *Use Coupon Now*
FIFTH AVE. BARGAIN HOUSE, Dept. BW160, N.Y.
Send shoes advertised. I will pay postman $4.60 on arrival. If not entirely satisfied, I will return shoes and you will refund my money, including return postage.
Size..... Width..... Style No. 393
Name.....
Address.....



Winds and Rains; Aches and Pains

"EXPOSURE to bad weather *this month* means *rheumatic twinges* and other handicapping after-effects. We can't be too careful in relieving *pains* and *aches*, *stiff joints*, *sore muscles*, *lumbago*, *sciatica*.

"We keep a large bottle of Sloan's Liniment in the house all the time to use when an attack comes on. You know Sloan's is one of the old timers. Doctor Earl S. Sloan put it on sale 38 years ago. We get the biggest bottle because it's more economical. A little applied to the spot *penetrates without rubbing* and promptly eases up the pain and ache.

"Clean and won't stain the skin. Wife and I, as well as the youngsters and all the help, use it faithfully. Good to keep the livestock fit, too, John."

Three sizes—35c, 70c, $1.40.

Sloan's Liniment is always sold by DEALERS you know and can trust.

Sloan's Liniment The World's KEEP IT HANDY

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

said the second, "but it's all gone. Not only that, but my family is scattered to the four winds."

"So's mine," returned the other. "I lived south of Market Street, but all I saved was this kit of tools."

They looked at each other and smiled wearily, but hopefully. Then, moved by some impulse reaching him out of the distant past, the ruined merchant sang in a low tone, but with thrilling earnestness:

"We have worked out our claims, we have spent our gold,
Our barks are astrand on the bars;
We are battered and old, yet at night we behold
Outcroppings of gold in the stars.
And though few and old, our hearts are bold;
Yet oft do we repine
For the days of old,
For the days of gold,
For the days of Forty-nine."

The words reached farther than the singer knew. A tidal wave of feeling ran through every American in that vast crowd of Orientals. Half a hundred voices united in the refrain:

"And though few and old, our hearts are bold;
Yet oft do we repine
For the days of old,
For the days of gold,
For the days of Forty-nine."

That was the spirit that, even then, while the city was still in the grip of overwhelming disaster, beat in the breast of every citizen. Neil was inspired, and took fresh courage of his despair.

Half an hour later he was among the refugees on Telegraph Hill, searching for that dear, sweet face which had so suddenly been blotted from his sight. The unkind fates still held him in thrall, and he roamed fruitlessly from spot to spot. He heard some one say that the Grand Opera House was afire, that wholesale stores in the vicinity of Clay Street were blazing, and that the homes of the poor in the district south of Market Street could not last long. But he gave little heed to such talk, and took only passing notice of the smoke plumes waving in the sky to the south. His heart was elsewhere.

Which way should he go? To what point, in all that sea of forlorn and drifting humanity, should he carry his search? He felt his helplessness and clenched his hands and groaned aloud.

"Heaven help me," he whispered; "Heaven help and direct my wandering steps!"

So far, he told himself as he descended the slope of the hill, he had but one thing to be thankful for on his darling's account. She had escaped Berdyne. Fearful as it was for her to be alone at such a time, yet that was a thousandfold better than for her to be in the power of such a man.

He tried to assure himself that Beryl would meet with kindly hearted people, who would shield and cherish her. In his dreary rounds he had encountered so much nobility of soul that he felt his lost one must fall into the hands of those who would be good to her.

Once more his aimless wanderings carried him to Portsmouth Square; and then and there came his first gleam of hope. His eyes rested on a form that moved through the throng with unsteady steps; one glance at the face and he would have leaped upon the form like a tiger, had not a quick thought restrained him.

The man he saw was Hartley Trenwyck, the very person who had borne Beryl from the ranch house to the waiting automobile the night before.

The night before! Ah, it seemed like years since the night before!

Neil had known of the lawyer in Denver. His unscrupulous character was no secret. Now he appeared to be looking for something. Who could it be? Intuition counseled patience. Neil drew back and waited, then followed at a distance, hoping the lawyer would lead him to that master rogue whom he served.

For an hour Neil hung upon the man's steps, yet cleverly keeping out of his sight. At the end of that time, the lawyer turned into the house in Sutter Street, closing the front door behind him.

Neil was perplexed by this move. What could Trenwyck be doing in that house when every dwelling in that part of the town had been deserted by its occupants? He resolved to investigate, but to do it secretly.

Window openings gaped in the house walls, but Neil preferred to enter by the door. Running up the steps, he opened the door noiselessly and let himself in.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Plays any size or make disc record. Strongly and durably made, will give you pleasure for years. Fully guaranteed. We give machine with record free for selling only 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds for us at 10c per pack. No money required. WE TRUST YOU. Write for seeds today. When sold, send $4.00 collected and Talking Machine, complete, is yours.

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All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25 cts. Needed in every household. Sells easily. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 6 pieces are yours.

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with Fountain Pen, Pencils, Knife, Penholder, Eraser, for selling 15 sets of Colored Postcards at 10c a set.

Write Bluine Mfg. Co. 294 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.



Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling 20 large, colored Pictures or 20 pkgs. Post Cards at 15c. Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 425 CHICAGO

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Pure Thread Silk $2.50 Pair

Box Containing 3 Pairs $7.00

Save money and get the finest Silk Stockings you have seen in a long time by ordering one or three pairs direct from us. They are of pure Thread Silk, regular 18-inch boot, with very elastic lisle rib top. Heel, toe and sole are reinforced with lisle, adding greatly to the wearing qualities. Beautiful lustre, jet black, and feel and look like the best Silk Stockings. Sizes from 8½ to 10. Order from our representative in your community, or if not represented send to us direct. It pays you well to order a box of three pairs at a time. Use Order Coupon below.

REPRESENTATIVES WANTED

To ambitious men and women we have a splendid offer to make, whereby you can earn a good income in your spare or full time, by acting as our representative. The occupation is congenial and pleasant, and no experience is necessary to be successful. If you are ambitious to become independent, to build a business of your own, write us for full particulars of our plan. You incur no obligation.

QU-NO MILLS, Dept. 102T, Buffalo, N. Y.

Send me DIRECT ..... Pairs of Pure Thread Silk Hosiery for which I enclose $..... You pay the postage. I have the privilege of returning them within 5 days if I am not delighted, you to return my money.

Check here ☐ if you want to know about our special money-making plan for representatives.

Name .....

Address ..... Comfort 2-20

Send No Money

Silk embroidered smart up-to-the-minute serge dress for women, misses and small women. Correctly tailored of good quality wool mixed serge. This is one of the season's newest advance styles. A double box-pleated panel forms the front from the waist line. Has a wide all-around belt and two large patch pockets.

Just mail the coupon with your name and address. No money.



Silk Embroidered Serge Dress

This beautiful dress is elaborately embroidered around the neck, around the cuffs, on the pockets and belt in artistic design with heavy silk floss. Comes in dark navy blue only; embroidered in harmonizing colors. Sizes for women 34 to 44-inch bust measure, skirt length about 38 inches. Sizes for misses and small women, 14, 16, 18-years—32, 34, 36-inch bust measure, skirt length about 35 inches.

A Big Bargain

A stunning bargain, one you must not let pass. Keep your money until this beautiful dress arrives—then pay the small bargain price. Examine the dress carefully, and if you are not entirely satisfied return it at our expense.

Price each, $8.75

Don't Wait

We have only a limited number of these dresses and they are such wonderful value for the money that our stock will not last long. Just mail the coupon. **Send no money.** Try on and then decide. No risk—no obligation—the coupon brings this fine serge dress.

SAVE | SAVE | SAVE | SAVE | SAVE | SAVE

STANLEY-ROGERS CO.

1015 Jackson Blvd., Dept. 647, Chicago

Send Silk Embroidered Serge Dress No. 932. I will pay $2.75 on arrival and balance $2.00 per month until price $8.75 is paid.

Bust.....Skirt Length.....

If not perfectly satisfied after examination and try-on I will return dress and you will refund my money.

Name.....

Address.....

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

to care for me until my health was restored. I went to boarding, while he went to work in another State, but he would make a flying visit to see me every month, was good and kind to me all along, gave me everything I wanted but that most precious of treasures—his love. A year passed in this way and although I was not strong, still my health was so much improved that I began longing for my own home again, and we decided to go to housekeeping, and then was when I first learned to dissemble and act the hypocrite to disguise my real feelings. I became his friend, his partner in business and if he needed my services for a few hours with his office work, I cheerfully helped him but I also demanded the money for every hour that I served there. He never heard a word of reproach or complaining, neither did he ever hear a word of love from me. I was so different from the clinging, loving girl of old that I often caught him gazing at me in astonishment. Outwardly, I was a cold, self-reliant woman and a perfect mystery to him. I even went so far as to tell him that my love for him was dead, that I had no other feeling for him save that of a sister, and I acted the "sister" stunt so well that he was completely deceived. I kept my house neat and clean, prepared little extra dishes that I knew he liked, I dressed myself as neat and attractively as I possibly could, always went about singing and laughing as if I had not a care in the world, sometimes remarking, "Isn't it so much pleasanter to live married life as a business proposition?" and he would ask me if I was happy to live without love. I told him I certainly was and wouldn't let myself love again for all the gold on earth, that it was all a mistake to love any one but yourself," and the dear boy would look at me so wistfully I could hardly keep up the pretence. My bluff worked. You see, the nurse went away and married and forgot all about her little flirtation with my husband—just as yours will do if you give her time—and my poor husband sadly missed his wife. He missed my little silly baby-talk to him and the caresses that I used to give. He was tired of the business partner and sister and wanted his wife back again and he began trying to win back what he thought he had lost, and such a courtship as that would make you laugh. I thought how foolish he was in thinking that I had ever ceased to love him. That was years ago and my hair is plentifully sprinkled with grey now and so is his but he is not sure of me yet. I still keep him guessing, and I know without a doubt that he loves me better than he did when I was young and foolish enough to let him know how well I loved him. Cheer up, dear, and get busy, for you can win your husband back to you, for he really doesn't love the nurse; he is just infatuated with her. It is you, the mother of his baby, that he loves. You know that men are only boys all their lives; they never do grow up, and the contrast between a pale, sickly, disheveled and complaining wife and the charms of a healthy, red-cheeked nurse is just more than they can stand and we must not blame them too much for they cannot help it. Stay with him and help him to overcome this little infatuation, and he will thank and bless you and love and appreciate you more than ever—just as my husband does me now.

With best wishes for dear Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT sisters,

Your sister, POLLYANNA.

BUNKERHILL, M. E. Parsonage, KANSAS. INDIANA:

Dear Friend, I am a subscriber to COMFORT and look for it each month, as it is like a visitor coming. I would like to visit each one of you sisters. This is the first letter I have written to our corner. I want to write to two of the sisters who seem to be asking for advice and womanly sympathy. Indiana, you say you had a trained nurse in your home when you were ill. I was a nurse some years ago, and I would say this: You write to the trustees of the hospital where this woman received her training, and I think they will revoke her diploma; also I would appeal to the club of which you say you are both members. This woman needs to be exposed. A man will sometimes get infatuated with a pretty woman, but the nurse should have complained to you at once of his attentions. If you left your husband to enable him to marry this woman, it no doubt would be the best punishment you could inflict on the unworthy pair. Nothing is so hard for a man or wife to forgive as infidelity. A divorced wife has a hard road to travel. You have your child's future at stake. I am sure your husband is very kind to stay with you out of "regard to what you have been to his children." Men are peculiarly selfish, and others have heart-breaking things to put up with. Twenty years ago in apartments where we lived in Denver, was a lady aged twenty-eight. She was married when she was fourteen to her husband; he met a stenographer in a mining district where he had his office; he would make visits to his wife, would lie on the bed, smoke a cigar, and incidentally curse his wife and tell her to get out. She told me she had married so young she knew nothing but housework and did not feel she could go as a servant at her age in anybody's kitchen, so she stayed, and he was away so much, she went to one of the best stores in Denver, bought expensive clothes and charged the bills to him. Some months later her husband came home, and told her the stenographer was soon to become a mother. The poor wife came to his rescue and brought the girl to Denver and put her in the Crittenton Home. You, poor heart,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)



BIG CAMERA FREE
Genuine Eastman

Film Pack Camera. Takes snap shots or time exposure pictures 2¼ x 3¼. Has finder & handle. Sent prepaid for selling 20 beautiful, easy selling pictures at 15c.

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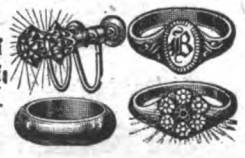
The greatest rage in years. The country has gone wild over these famous Dolls. **Get yours FREE.** Send for 24 packages of Bingo Household Products. Sell at 10c a package. No trouble to sell. Order today. Send no money. Extra gift for promptness. Big Premium List Free.

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ALL THESE FREE



Gold plated **Lavalliere** and **Neckchain**, pair of Pierceless **Ear Bobs**; Gold plated **Expansion Bracelet** with 1m. **Watch, guaranteed quality** and 3 Gold plated Rings. **All given FREE** for selling only 15 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.



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As good as winter clothing

Because, like winter clothing, Piso's protects young and old from the effects of winter weather. It relieves coughs and soothes inflamed throats and hoarseness.

Always keep it in the house—its use often prevents little ills from developing into real sickness.

30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old

PISO'S
for Coughs & Colds

"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right.

"The Morley Phone for the

DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 766, 26 S. 15th St., Phila.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.



Mend It WITH MENDETS. Wonder money-makers, mends leaks instantly in all utensils, insert and tighten. 1920 Calender with big pck. 25c. AGENTS WANTED. MENDCO, PENNINGTON, N. J.

BOYS Earn This Big Hunting Rifle Easy!



A real .22 rifle for small game. Any live boy can earn it. Send me your name, and I'll send you my easy plan. Write quick. Address D. S. STEPHENS, 154 WEST HIGH STREET, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40.)

can now see what some women put up with, who, to all appearances, are happy, well-dressed wives. Stay where you are if you have no way of supporting yourself. You may as well nurse your sorrow at your own hearth as at the hearth of others, who would soon tire of your sad face. Wear your prettiest dresses and sing when he is around, and let him see you are not wearing your heart on your sleeve for him.

"Arizona. Dear troubled Sister.—I have read your letter with much sympathy. You say your husband is kind; it is not very kind of him to tell you he was happy before he was married. We have been together thirteen years, and you both ought to know each other's good qualities by this time. No, I would not advise you to leave, but I would suggest that you take a month's vacation, and you no doubt will get a letter telling how lonesome he is. Help, these days, is hard to get. A judge in a damage suit said a wife's services were worth ten dollars a week, but we do not get it. You take that vacation and see how things go. Absence works wonders. Men and women have an opportunity to miss each other. You often read in the society column where Mr. So-and-so went to the mountains, and Mrs. So-and-so went to the lakes. They wanted a change. The fact that you live thirty-five miles from town shows that you see too much of each other and need change of scene. Shall be glad to have you write me.

MRS. GILLMORE.

EVANS CITY, PA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

For years I have sat back and enjoyed your talks and reaped great benefits but now I feel I must write a few words of counsel to "A Sister", whose letter appeared in a recent number.

Do not despair for love is really just a small thing after all and man is a fickle animal by nature. My mother always said, "Fields far away look greenest," so try and make yourself look "green." As you say he is always kind to you, it looks as though there were a chance. If he grows tired of your company, then you should grow tired of his or appear to at any rate. My idea would be to have a quiet talk and tell him that as you have lost his love so he has lost a wife. Tell him you will remain and help him all you can with the understanding that you have all the privileges of a servant, for you know, sisters, we wives don't have the same privileges. Give him liberty to go when and where he pleases and with whom he pleases, only reserve the same rights yourself and use them, too. Treat him kindly but at no time show your love. Go whenever possible without considering him. In a few words, "think of yourself first." If there are visits you have longed to make, make them now. He will miss you. Also do lots of fussing with your appearance but do not call his attention to it. Appear to do it for others. If in the course of time his love fails to respond, you had better leave as a life on a farm is a hard life at its best. Don't wait too long but go while the "going's good" as the boys say. Last of all, don't work so hard. A hired girl would not, and think of yourself in that light. Tell him that as his love has changed, so has yours. Sing about your work and appear to be happy with the new arrangement. Read in his presence and make no effort to entertain him and I think in time this will change matters. If not it will be just as well as I believe an unseen power is guiding our lives and that all things work for the good although we may not understand at the time and life is really sweeter for a few ups and downs. Never plead for a man's affections. Be just as cold as he and you will find that it does more good.

Now sisters, this letter is a waste of space to a lot of you and I humbly beg your pardon but I would have written direct to "A Sister" had I known her address. If Wife in Name Only will write me I will try and help her.

With love to all the sisters,

MRS. IRENE NOLSHEIN.

SEVIERVILLE, TENN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

What a host of sisters there are, and a few men, too. Please, Mrs. Wilkinson, don't put me over there by Bachelor Bill for I want to talk with the dissatisfied country girls I see in the corner. I find there are so many of our country girls who don't enjoy country life. Girls, life is just what we make it so we may just as well be happy. The reason so many girls are not satisfied with farm life is because it is all work and no play, and that, you know, makes Jack a dull boy. Let me tell you how the girls of our community are kept happy and yet at the same time are learning to be useful.

We have organized a garden club and have twenty-five members. Every member has a garden all her own and takes all the care of it and does all the work herself, with the exception of the very heavy work and while the young plants are growing this gives the girl an opportunity to learn something new and pass it on to the other girls at the next meeting. We have a meeting every week, either at the schoolhouse or the home of one of the girls, and have a program planned for the occasion which consists of talks by the members on some of the following subjects: The best plans for a garden. The value of labor-saving devices. How I can make my home happier. How I can beautify the home grounds. Needs of an attractive school.

I am giving this, hoping it may be helpful to someone. And at these meetings we learn to sew, patch and darn. The county demonstrating agent visits us every month and we have a fully equipped kitchen at the schoolhouse and we spend a most pleasant day, learning new and better ways of cooking, sewing and doing housework. And when dinner-time comes we have a dinner cooked by our own hands and it is so much fun. At these meetings we plan our picnics, horseback rides, etc., and have some real fun that is denied the city girl. There is no better place to have a good time than on the farm if we will only take advantage of the opportunities. We club girls attend the short course at our nearest town every July and spend three happy days learning to can, cook and sew. Then we meet the other club girls of the county.

And in autumn when our gardens are harvested and canning all done we have a community fair, also a county fair, where prizes are offered for different things and this gives every girl a chance to win some Christmas or pin money. Each club has its own song and yell composed by the members. If a girl is a member of the garden club she doesn't have much time to get blue and worry over the city's attractions, so called.

Girls, get busy, all together, and have a jolly time along with your work. This year the club girls bought a piano for our school and raised the money by pie-and-box suppers and entertainments.

How many have my birthday, February 20th? I would like a postcard shower and will answer all I can.

MISS LENNIS M. RULE.

TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wonder if you will let me join you a while this evening? I think there are some very interesting subjects up for discussion in the Sisters' Corner.

Pearl Vesey, you certainly do radiate good cheer in your letters. I should like to meet you. George Garrison, I agree with you on the suffrage question and also, like you, think the language doesn't count when we are giving thanks to God. If our heart is right there is nothing else that matters and I think that unless we live in a way that shows our thanks to God, mere verbal thanks are meaningless.

What do the sisters think of the advice George Gar-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO ANY FAMILY

I will send anyone anywhere one free Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin—What is Your Address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need my Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

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I know what old people suffer with their bowels for I have been a family physician in my county since 1875, and I am old myself, past 80 years of age; born 1839, and still strong. I don't know of a remedy that is better for old people than my Syrup Pepsin, and I'll tell you why: It is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe, and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. I know this by using it myself, by prescribing it since 1875 and by manufacturing it since 1892. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

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DR. W. B. CALDWELL
"As I Am To-day"

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D.W. Beach, Contest Mgr., FARM LIFE, Dept. 152 Spencer, Ind.

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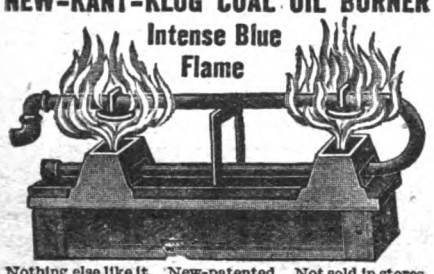
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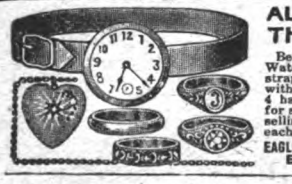


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Traps and Thrills on an Iowa Trail

By George J. Thiessen

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CHAPTER VI.

SELLING THE CATCH.

THE fur season came rapidly to a close. With the approach of warmer weather, animals were more active. We took several mink but did not do as well as we had in the fall. When the ice melted and high water spread over the low land, Rock Creek became a torrent. It was only by hard work that we were able to pull up the traps to save them from being washed away.

Our catch was quite large. Like many others, we made a mistake in not selling as soon as the skins were ready for market. It seemed, however, that we could not part with a single hide and gloried in them, as they hung in the shed. We had eighty-nine muskrats, nineteen mink, a raccoon, fourteen civets and twenty-one skunk. The oil we had rendered and hoped to sell was also in our possession; but, notwithstanding the drug clerk's assurance, no one would buy the oil.

The three of us now debated where to dispose of our pelts. About that time, a traveling buyer appeared and purchased St. John's lot. The buyer's name was Steve Machet, and he represented a small concern in a nearby city. The introduction and request that we show him the skins came as a welcome solution to our problem of selling.

How I remember that experience! It was in the evening, and we led the way to the old icehouse with a lantern. Fred, Jim and I were excited, for, if we got our money at once, we could attend a medicine show that was being held at the opera house that night. Without money, our chances were poor.

The buyer evidently was aware of our eagerness to sell. He scarcely glanced at the furs before he began shaking his head, apparently disappointed. Then he commenced to show us the defects. Our mink was not handled right; the skunk had too much meat on them; the raccoon ought to have been stretched more; the civets had no uniformity of shape; something was wrong with the muskrats—in fact, he had us almost convinced that we had not only wasted our time but his as well. Worst of all, it was nearing seven o'clock, and the show started at eight.

"I don't believe I want them, boys," he apologized, shrugging his shoulders. "You realize——"

"But they're worth something," Fred interrupted. "Just take another look and see if you can't give us an offer."

The man hesitated; motioned to me to bring the light closer. He consulted a price-list several times and then began to put down some figures on a piece of paper. Anxiously, my partners and I waited.

Steve finally announced his bid: "Fifteen dollars is all I can pay, and I wouldn't do that except to help you out after you have worked so hard."

It was a bitter pill. Months we had toiled on the line, rising before sun-up and tramping through all kinds of weather to look at our traps. We could not sell for that price and told Machet so.

"You're the judge," was his crisp reply. "Only, if you don't get rid of the lot now they won't be worth a cent in a week or so. I come through here only once a month and by that time—"

He paused suggestively. We trappers looked at one another. "Fifteen dollars was poor pay, yet better than nothing at all. I was going to let the dealer have them, when Fred spoke up.



"SURE THEY ARE," SAID A VOICE.

"We must have twenty at least. We promised another fellow something for helping us with the skunk."

"Yes," Jim seconded, thinking of "Dago" Hoon.

Steve paused; figured again and shook his head. "No," he announced firmly, "they ain't worth it——"

"Sure they are," said a voice.

And, with that, St. John, the old trapper, stepped into the circle of light and pulled a check book from his pocket. "If you don't want this lot at a hundred and twenty dollars, I'll take it myself. And then it'll cost you just a twenty to get 'em from me."

We three owners gasped; almost fell over. Before we had time to recover, the pelt hunter was speaking again. "You know, Steve, the catch is every bit as good as mine, and you paid a hundred and fifty for that. I told the boys how to handle their furs and I won't let you blind them into believing their goods are not worth their price. Now, I ask again, will you take them or not?"

The crooked buyer glared, seemed about to speak, but the words died on his lips. Without hesitating at all, he gave us a draft for our money. Sure enough, the amount read one hundred and twenty dollars.

Fred, Jim, St. John and I worked to help put the pelts in sacks. As soon as our visitor had left, we repaired to the shoe shop to show what we had made. Our benefactor said not a word except that he had helped us get a few dollars more for our lot. We determined not to tell him about what we had asked, fearing ridicule, but at the same time we hardly knew how to express our thanks for the good luck. Instead of four or five dollars each, we had nearly forty after paying the drug clerk as we had agreed.

It was not until years afterward that we learned the truth. The old trapper, it seems, after unjustly accusing us of disturbing his sets, sought to make up for his treatment, especially since we had consulted him so much about fur bearers. He was pleased at the homage paid his knowledge of the great outdoors, and he and McKerron, Sr., often slid into our shed at night to remedy much we had failed to do with the hides. Since we boys did not handle the skins, once they were hung up we did not discover that the two conspirators were working for our interests secretly. St. John had even offered to buy the catch himself, but Jim's father told us nothing of this, preferring to see what kind of a sale we could make. When the dealer appeared, the old trapper had posted himself just outside the door and heard every word that had been said. Then, at the opportune moment he entered and forced Machet to pay us a hundred and twenty dollars instead of the twenty for which we were haggling.

"Steve," McKerron explained, "was just naturally crooked. He saw nothing wrong in almost stealing furs when he knew the owner did not suspect their value. But things are now different, and with the big magazines——"

"True," I replied. "Even a boy who does not know a muskrat from a 'coon can ship to any of the reliable houses advertised in 'COMFORT' and other reliable magazines and be sure of getting what his catch is worth."

"Right you are," was his answer, loading the old briar and shoving the stem between his teeth. "But don't you forget that most of the young pelt hunters are reading these publications, too, and taking no chances, but shipping to reliable houses where they are sure of fair prices.

Naturally, there was nothing left for me to do but agree.

Poultry Farming For Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

unevenly, making it necessary to sort them over often.

Ducks are fit to dress only for a short time. They "go back", as it is termed, for they shed and grow a new lot of feathers, which takes all the fat and all your profit. Hence the importance of turning them into money as soon as possible.

Geese

A goose will lay from ten to twenty eggs and then want to sit; but if you coop her in sight of her companions, four or five days will suffice to break her up. If she lays a third clutch of eggs, let her keep them and sit.

When the weather is mild, set five eggs under a hen; or, if she is very large, seven might be risked. It takes from twenty-eight to thirty days for goose eggs to hatch. As the skin is very tough, it is well to sprinkle a little water around the nest, and even on the eggs themselves during the last two weeks, especially if the weather is dry and hens are doing the incubating.

The youngsters need nothing for the first thirty-six hours. Then feed scalded cornmeal—the coarsest kind—and wheat bran, chopped green clover or young green oats cut fine, tops of green onions, lettuce leaves or any tender young greens.

If the weather is fine, put the coop containing Biddy and her family out on the grass, making a small yard in front for the first few days, to prevent their wandering too far away. Move the coop and yard to a new place as they eat the grass. Like young ducks, their drinking water must be in a vessel that permits them to put the whole beak into the water, or they are apt to get the air passages clogged up with soft food, causing the gosling to smother; but on no account must they be permitted to get their bodies into the water, as they chill and cramp so easily.

It is much better to buy two- or three-year-old birds from a reliable dealer for stock than obtain eggs for setting and wait for them to develop. After the breeding season is over, geese and goslings need little grain if on grass land. Late in the fall, geese do well if turned into the corn stubble or the orchard, where they will clean up all the windfalls—which does much to stamp out grubs and insects.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

G. P. P.—I thoroughly considered your account of the different birds, and feel sure that your birds have diphtheria—not roup. Diphtheria is a disease having some of the symptoms of a cold, or of contagious catarrh, but which differs from these and is especially characterized by the development of false membranes on the mucous surface of the nostrils, eyes, mouth, throat, and even of the smaller air tubes. The false membranes are new growths and of a grayish or yellowish color, very tough, and very difficult to remove from the tissues beneath them. The diphtheria of fowls is caused by a filterable and invisible virus, and therefore is entirely distinct from the diphtheria of children, which is caused by a well-known bacillus. The disease is strictly contagious, and probably never develops as a result of exposure to cold or dampness, although these conditions favor its spread and tend to increase its malignancy. The contagion is generally introduced by newly purchased birds which have been to exhibitions and there exposed to sick fowls. Sometimes it is carried by pigeons and other small birds. Very often an out-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 43.)



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Book No. 11 is all yokes —some elaborate, others most simple, but always in unusual feature and pattern. **16 pages—15 designs.**

Book No. 12 shows many beautiful yokes, boudoir caps, medallions, tassels, scarves, slippers, handkerchiefs, towels, birds, butterflies and trees; 25 designs for any use and a rich filet alphabet. **20 pages—over 100 designs.**

Book No. 13 contains a rich selection of lingerie and linens, including edgings, yokes, cap, aprons, slippers, table runners, bedspread, towels, pillow slips, doilies and **natural crochet flowers** for trimming. **16 pages—33 designs.**

Book No. 14 shows edgings, medallions, ties, doilies, insertions, filet yokes for the child and full size all in crochet, and edges, insertions and medallions in tatting. **16 pages—78 designs.**

Book No. 15 shows ten alphabets in crochet and tatting for door panels, pillow cushions, etc. The tatting alphabet is a neat applique for towels, instead of embroidery. **16 pages—260 designs.**

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Book No. 17 shows an array of filet bedspreads and door panels; picture designs for scarves, centerpieces, cushion covers chair backs, serving trays and book cases; motifs for scarves, table runners and altar cloths and practical layouts for medallions, corners and insertions. **16 pages—59 designs.**

Book No. 18 contains forty-eight crochet and twelve tatting designs—wide edges, insertions and medallions; motifs for bedspreads, curtains, table covers, door panels, towels, scarves, napkins, window shades and doilies. **16 pages—60 designs.**

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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42.)

break is caused by contagion from an apparently well bird which had the disease and recovered months before. The contagion is spread through the mucous which escapes from the nostrils, or that which is forced out by the acts of sneezing and coughing, in the saliva, the secretions of the eyes, and also the excrement. When the disease appears in a flock, the floors of the houses, the drinking cups and feeding troughs, are at once infected by the diseased birds, and the well ones soon contract the disease from the contaminated water and food. It is consequently but a few days before a large part of the flock shows symptoms, though some are more severely affected than others. Diphtheria begins as a local irritation or inflammation at some point on the internal surface of the mouth, throat, nostril, or eyes. At this time the general health is not yet affected, and there is nothing but the diphtheritic deposit to indicate that the bird has been attacked. This deposit is at first thin, yellowish or whitish in color, and gradually becomes thicker, firmer and more adherent, so that considerable force is required to remove it. The mucous membrane beneath the deposit is found, when the latter is removed, to be inflamed, ulcerated, and bleeding, but it is soon covered by a new deposit. This deposit is called a false membrane, and when it is situated where the air passes over it in breathing, it dries, becomes uneven and fissured, and its color changes to a dark brown. While the false membranes over the parts first affected are becoming thicker, the inflammation extends to the adjoining surfaces, and new diphtheritic centers develop, uniting with each other until the cheeks, the tongue, the palate, the throat, and the inside of the nostrils are covered. Very often the inflammation extends from the nostrils to the eyes and the sacs beneath the eyes, and sometimes it penetrates the air tubes to the lungs or the gullet to the crop. This extension of the disease leads to the appearance of other symptoms. The inflammation in the nostrils causes sneezing and the escape of a thin, watery secretion from the nasal openings; the thick false membranes fill up the nasal passages and the throat and obstruct the breathing; a thick, viscid secretion collects on the eyelids and glues them together; the sacs under the eyes fill up, and swellings are caused which disfigure the head; the poison which is produced by the growth of the microbe beneath the false membranes is absorbed and affects the nervous system, causing dullness, depression, and sleepiness. The affected bird stands with neck extended and the beak open to facilitate the entrance of air into the lungs. At this time, which may be from three to five days from the appearance of the first symptoms, the condition is very serious. Swallowing is very difficult or impossible; the breathing is so obstructed that hardly sufficient air can be inhaled to support life; the head is swollen; the eyes are nearly or entirely closed; the feathers of the head, neck and breast are foul with the decomposing secretions from the nostrils and mouth; there is considerable fever; an exhausting diarrhea sets in; there is rapid loss of weight; the comb and wattles become pale and cold; the temperature of the body finally sinks below the normal, and death soon follows. When false membranes form in the gullet, crop and intestines, there is a rapid aggravation of symptoms, and intense diarrhea, and the escape of blood with the droppings. This type of the disease is more frequent with water fowl than with other birds. Some fowls in a flock are resistant and after a few days of illness make a rapid recovery. Others remain dull, weak and thin in flesh, and may have more or less catarrh and difficulty in breathing for a long time. It is better to kill those affected, bury or burn their carcasses, disinfect the poultry houses and in that way eradicate the contagion as soon as possible, even if the whole flock must be sacrificed. If it is decided to treat the sick birds, they should be removed from the flock and put in a comfortable, well-ventilated room which may be easily disinfected. Make a solution by dissolving two drams of common salt in a quart of warm water, and with a soft brush or pledget of absorbent cotton dipped in this solution gently brush or rub the false membranes until they are disintegrated or loosened from the underlying tissues. Sometimes it is necessary to scrape them off with a spoon or knife, but it must be done carefully so that bleeding will not be caused or the sensitive tissues injured. After the false membrane has been removed, moisten a pledget of absorbent cotton in a two per cent solution of lysol or carbolic acid, and apply it for a minute or two to the diseased surface. A solution which gives good results is made by dissolving 35 grains of chlorate of potash and two grains of salicylic acid in one ounce of water and adding one ounce of glycerine. This may be applied to the diphtheritic spots three or four times a day with a pledget of absorbent cotton. Another solution which is often recommended is made by dissolving 16 grains of permanganate of potash in half a pint of water. A very good and also a harmless solution consists of one and one half ounces of boric acid and one ounce of powdered borax (biborate of soda) dissolved in one quart of water and applied warm. The two last mentioned solutions may be used to wash the eyes or may be injected into the nostrils. If large swellings appear beneath the eyes, they should be opened with a clean, sharp knife, the contents of the cavity removed, and the space frequently washed with the boric-acid solution mentioned above. Many poultrymen think that the treatment is not complete without fumigation. To accomplish this, vaporize tar water or oil of turpentine in the room by dropping it slowly on a hot brick or stone after the doors and windows have been tightly closed. If the operator remains in the room with the fowls, he can easily determine when as much of the remedy has been vaporized as can safely be used and should stop at that point. The tar water is prepared by stirring two tablespoonfuls of wood tar in a quart of warm water and letting the mixture stand for a few hours. The cages and the room in which the sick birds are kept should be disinfected daily with a five per cent solution of cresol or carbolic acid.

E. E. B.—Cabbage, turnips or beets are all good for chickens. As you have no wheat, leave out half the buckwheat, and double the amount of oats, and add one extra part of cracked corn. Barred Plymouth Rocks are good general purpose fowls, but not quite such good producers of eggs as Leghorns, Anconas, or any of the light breeds, but for your part of the country, where the winters are severe, I think you will find them more profitable, as they stand cold weather and farm conditions better than the lighter breeds.

G. K.—The conditions you describe show an abnormal state of the egg organs. It is too involved a subject to treat in this column, but in one of the early spring numbers of COMFORT I will cover the subject fully.



PROVE IT FREE

We want you to try Fairyfoot at our expense and without the slightest obligation on you to spend a penny—now or later.

We want you to experience the wonderfully quick, soothing relief which a single application of Fairyfoot brings, no matter how painful and swollen your bunion may be.

You may doubt this. Perhaps you have tried all the so-called bunion cures, pads, shields, appliances, etc., that you've ever heard of and are so utterly disgusted and discouraged that you think nothing on earth can bring such amazingly quick relief. Nevertheless we have absolutely **proved** to more than 72,500 bunion sufferers within the last six months that Fairyfoot does everything we claim for it. And surely you will at least try it and put our claims to the test, since it doesn't cost you a single penny to do so.

FAIRYFOOT

This simple home remedy not only removes the pain instantly but from the minute it is applied it draws out the inflammation. It softens and literally melts away the accumulated layers of cartilage which form the bunion. Soon the enlargement disappears and the deformed foot is restored to its normal shape—and all the while you are wearing as tight shoes as ever without the least discomfort.

Don't suffer bunion pain another day. Send at once for the FREE Fairyfoot treatment. Don't send a penny. Just your name and address on a postal card brings it to you. No promise or obligation on your part except to use it as directed. Write today.

Foot Remedy Co., 3661 Ogden Ave., Dept. 131 Chicago, Ill

Mother, Why Don't You Take Nuxated Iron

And Be strong and Well And Have Nice Rosy Cheeks Instead of Being Nervous and Irritable All The Time and Looking So Haggard and Old?—The Doctor Gave Some to Susie Smith's Mother and She Was Worse Off Than You Are and Now She Looks Just Fine.



Nuxated Iron Will Increase The Strength and Endurance Of Weak, Nervous, Careworn, Haggard Looking Women In Two Weeks Time In Many Instances.



"There can be no healthy, beautiful, rosy cheeked women without iron," says Dr. Ferdinand King, a New York Physician and Medical Author. "I have strongly emphasized the fact that doctors should prescribe more organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for their nervous, run-down, weak, haggard looking women patients. When the iron goes from the blood of women, the roses go from their cheeks.

"In the most common foods of America, the starches, sugars, table syrups, candies, polished rice, white bread, soda crackers, biscuits, macaroni, spaghetti, tapioca, sago, farina, degerminated cornmeal, no longer is iron to be found. Refining processes have removed the iron of Mother Earth from these impoverished foods, and silly methods of home cookery, by throwing down the waste pipe the water in which our vegetables are cooked are responsible for another grave iron loss.

"Therefore, you should supply the iron deficiency in your food by using some form of organic iron, just as you would use salt when your food has not enough salt.

"I have used Nuxated Iron widely in my own practice in most severe aggravated conditons with unfailing results."

It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron.



If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained. Numbers of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while have most astonishingly increased their strength and endurance simply by taking iron in the proper form, and this, after they had in some cases been going on for months without getting benefit from anything.

But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate, or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. The iron demanded by Mother Nature for the red coloring matter in the blood of her children, is alas, not that kind of iron. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless.

Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says that physicians should prescribe more organic iron — Nuxated Iron — for their patients—Anaemia—iron deficiency is the greatest curse to the health, strength, vitality and beauty of the modern American woman. —Sounds warning against use of metallic iron which may injure the teeth, corrode the stomach and in many cases do more harm than good; advises use of only Nuxated Iron.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is recommended by physicians is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It it dispensed by all other druggists.

15 EGGS A DAY FROM 23 HENS, IN WINTER

Mr. Duni's Hens Increased Every Day. Plan Is Easily Tried.

"We have 23 chickens and hadn't had an egg all winter. In five days after feeding Don Sung, we got four to five eggs a day; in three weeks, we were getting 10 to 12 eggs a day; in five weeks we got 15 to 19 eggs a day."—John Duni, Box 102, Cherry Valley, Pa.

Mr. Duni started giving his hens Don Sung in January, in zero weather. He now keeps his hens busy in cold weather, when hens usually stop laying. A trial costs nothing. Here's our offer:

Give your hens Don Sung and watch results for one month. If you don't find that it pays for itself and pays you a good profit besides, simply tell us and your money will be promptly refunded.

Don Sung (Chinese for egg-laying) works directly on the egg-laying organs, and is also a splendid tonic. It is easily given in the feed, improves the hen's health, makes her stronger and more active in any weather, and starts her laying.

Try Don Sung for 30 days and if it doesn't get you the eggs, no matter how cold or wet the weather, your money will be refunded by return mail. Get Don Sung from your druggist or poultry remedy dealer or send 50 cents for a package by mail prepaid. Burrell-Dugger Co., 445 Columbia Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.



HAVE YOU ONE OF THESE?

You can remove any corn or bunion with

10c. **MYALTOE** 10c.

MYALTOE has a special action on all callous tissues, removes hard and soft corns, bunions, sole callouses, etc. The plaster is so thin that it can be worn without increasing the pressure, no matter how tight the shoe may be. MYALTOE is an indispensable adjunct to every home and you should never be without it. *Stop Suffering Today.* Each 10c. package contains 6 square inches and will treat about 24 corns. Mailed to Any Address on Receipt of 10 Cents.

W. G. HARTWIG CO., 223 N. 14th St., St. Louis, Mo.



CORLISS LACED STOCKING

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Patent Office

Ideal support for **VARICOSE VEINS, weak ankles and all leg troubles.** Washable, adjustable and durable. **No Elastic to stretch, $1 each** (by mail 15c extra.) **HOME TREATMENT** for all leg ulcers, all remedies, two stockings—full directions complete by mail $5.00. Send today for free booklet No. 7 and measurement blank.

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Don't Wear a Truss

We Guarantee Your Comfort



with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet free.

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The Bee Cell Supporter

A BOON TO WOMANKIND



Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

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FREE Worlds Best Layers



13 HATCHING EGGS from pens headed by cockerels related to "Lady Victory," World's Champion Leghorn, given for selling only 40 packs of vegetable seeds at 10c large pack. Sell easily. Write today for big sample lot. Send no money. We trust you with seeds until sold.

AMERICAN SEED CO.
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FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE

This fine rifle free for selling only 15 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c. each. Write for Jewelry today.

COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO., Dept. 246 East Boston, Mass.



EASTMAN CAMERA FREE

Genuine Eastman Premo with 6 exposure film Free for selling 25 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each.

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept 246 East Boston, Mass.

Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll in Toyland and You Can Have Me FREE!



YES, this beautiful, curly-haired doll is free to any little girl and on such liberal terms that we expect to give away thousands of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she looks in the picture for she stands nearly a foot high. She has a strong, durable, stuffed body, and an indestructible head. You can make her stand up, sit down in a chair and assume all sorts of natural positions. Her beautiful brown hair hangs in luxuriant curls, her eyes are blue as the sky, she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the cutest and sweetest baby doll in all toyland. Fathers and Mothers—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits smiling with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, hug her, kiss her and take her out to play. Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you free, packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 9502.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Rose Bushes!

BY special arrangement with a famous rose grower COMFORT, is enabled to give you six of the finest Hardy Ever-blooming roses in cultivation. There are six different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the prize of its class. They are the "Hoosier Beauty," a glowing crimson scarlet, "Francis Scott Key," a beautiful deep red, "Madame Marcel Delanney," a soft pink, "Sunburst," a magnificent yellow giant, "Florence Forrester," a snow-white, and "Red Dorothy Perkins," a brilliant crimson climber. Each bush is one year old and in a growing condition when delivered to you.

No matter where you live, our grower will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You will receive them packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we guarantee that they will reach you in perfect condition. If for any reason they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you free of all cost. We will give you these six beautiful rose bushes upon the terms of the following special offer.

For One Subscription. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the above described six rose bushes free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8571.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Big Valentine Package!



All Yours For One Subscription

WE realize that it is hard for our readers to secure the latest up-to-date Valentine novelties so we have had this special assortment made up for us at a great bargain. Just see what it contains:

1 Large Lace Two Leaf Valentine Folder with Envelope, 1 large Lace Heart Canopy Folder with Envelope, 1 large Pergola Valentine with Envelope, 1 Magic Turnover Valentine, 2 Heart Valentine Folders, 2 Assorted Valentine Novelty Cut-Outs, 2 Juvenile Valentine Hearts, 1 Embossed Valentine Enclosure Card, 1 Handsomely Colored Valentine Book-mark, 5 Gold and Color Embossed Valentine Post Cards.

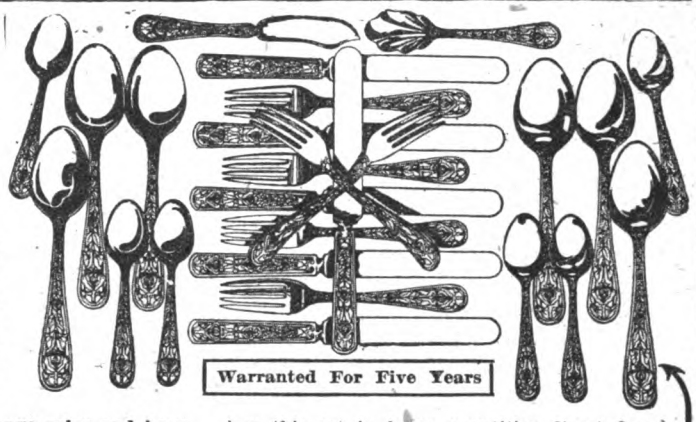
We will send you this choice Valentine collection free and postpaid if you will accept our special offer printed below. Be sure to send your order early so as to get it in time for St. Valentine's Day.

Our Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this big package of handsome Valentine Novelties free by mail, postpaid. **Premium No. 7291.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set

Yours Prepaid For A Club Of Seven



WE have in the past made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer a complete set of 26 Pieces in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we are giving this set on liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a white metal base; therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife. Each piece is full regulation size for family use, the handles are handsomely embossed and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and bright polished. It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far the greatest value we have offered and we guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years. We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7397.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled — Guaranteed For 5 Years



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are twelve in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

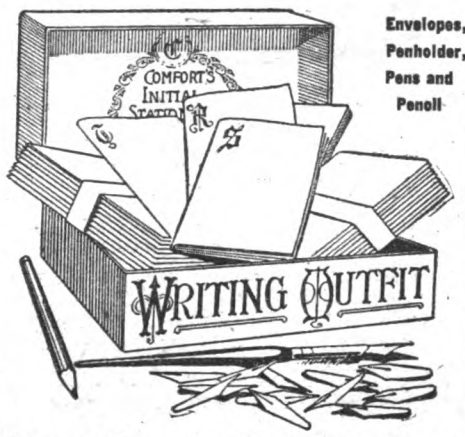
No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Envelopes, Penholder, Pens and Pencil

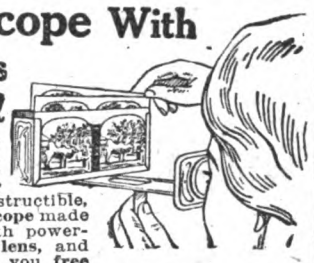
Given For A Club Of Two!

IT is now the height of fashion and evidence of the very best taste to use stationery with your own monogram initial or "crest" on it. In this offer we give you two dozen sheets white linen stationery 10½x6¼ inches in size, each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, one dozen best quality steel pens, one good grade pencil and one penholder. Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors on this high-grade fine quality stationery. Remember you get one full quire of choice paper and twenty-four envelopes besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it. It is yours free upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery and Complete Writing Outfit free by Parcel Post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stereoscope With 100 Views Given!



HERE is something as good as a circus for the children the year round—an indestructible, new style Stereoscope made of all metal, with powerful, magnifying lens, and with it we give you free a big collection of 100 Views of home scenes, domestic pets, farm scenes, all kinds of trained and wild animals, hunting scenes, views from the Arctic and Tropical countries, and happy childhood scenes—an assortment of the most delightful and entertaining stereoscopic views for children ever published. In addition to the fifty beautiful scenes of home life, the fifty exciting animal views furnish the boys and girls with a regular circus, the lions, tigers, bears, buffalo, and all kinds of wild and savage animals, as well as horses, dogs, cats and other domestic animals standing out real and life-like when looked at through this Scope. We will send you this wonderful Stereoscope, together with the big collection of 100 entertaining and exciting Views that come with it, free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given to You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Stereoscope with 100 Views free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 9362.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Camera Given



A SPLENDID Camera, either for yourself or to give as a present to someone. It is the pocket "Premo," made by the Eastman Kodak Company, and it takes beautiful pictures 1¼x1¾ inches in size. Fitted with Meniscus lens and automatic shutter which allows you to take either snap-shots or time exposures. Uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this film may be put in the camera in broad daylight. Anybody can take good pictures with this camera. It is so simple to operate that even a child can use it.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Premo Camera with one six-exposure roll film cartridge and instruction book free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Your Own Birth-Stone Set In This Stylish Gold Pendant!

Birthstone Pendant And Chain



We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For a Club of Two!

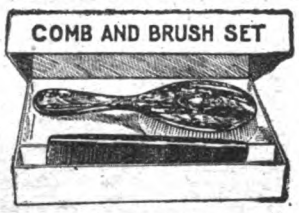
ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women and girls who like to be up-to-date are now wearing the Birthstone Pendant and Chain, also called Lavalliere. The one offered here is the prettiest design we found among the assortment submitted for our approval by the largest jewelry manufacturer in the United States. It has a 15-inch gold plate cable chain, the pendant is also made of gold plate and set with your own birthstone and underneath the stone is a large roque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. All of the stones are solitares and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. When ordering be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.

9552	Jan.	Garnet, Symbol of Power.
9562	Feb.	Amethyst, Symbol of Pure Love.
9572	March	Aquamarine, Symbol of Courage.
9582	April	Diamond, Symbol of Purity.
9592	May	Emerald, Symbol of Immortality.
9602	June	Pearl, Symbol of Long Life.
9612	July	Ruby, Symbol of Charity.
9622	Aug.	Peridot, Symbol of Happiness.
9632	Sept.	Sapphire, Symbol of Constancy.
9642	Oct.	Opal, Symbol of Hope.
9652	Nov.	Topaz, Symbol of Friendship.
9662	Dec.	Turquoise, Symbol of Prosperity.

CLUB OFFER. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention number of stone wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



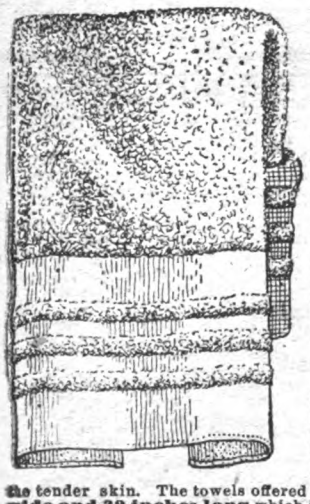
THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Premium No. 8483.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fine Turkish Towels

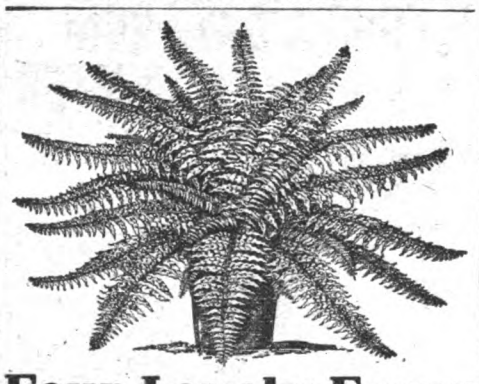
Good Size Soft And Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good rub down with a Turkish towel, in fact it is the best towel for all purposes, whether for the bath-room, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the soft fleece-like surface imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for baby's toilet as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of two of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8503.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Four Lovely Ferns

THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Asparagus Plumosus or "Lace" fern, the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern and the Whitmani or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "The Roosevelt," but remember you get all four ferns free on this offer.

Given To You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you the above described collection of four beautiful ferns free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 6112.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shaggy Teddy Bear



EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Premium No. 9472.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



MAGNIFICENT DINNER SET FREE.

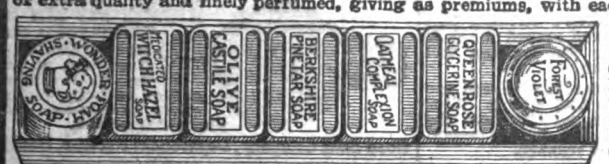
The Most Gigantic Offer Of The Century.

You Need No Money. We Trust You. We Pay Freight.

To gain a wider distribution for our strictly pure, first quality groceries and family supplies, we now offer ABSOLUTELY FREE, a magnificently embossed, artistically floral decorated, full size

46-PC. DINNER SET for sale of 11 BOXES OF SOAP

of extra quality and finely perfumed, giving as premiums, with each box of 7 large cakes, Baking Powder, Perfume, Talcum Powder, Teaspoons, Shears and Needles (as per Plan 2351) here illustrated. QUALITY as well as QUANTITY are in this offer, as we buy in such large lots that we can afford to give more good goods for less money than any other concern in the entire country.



ALL OF OUR PLANS SELL AT SIGHT. One pleased customer brings another and with our other Offers of Household Supplies, Groceries, Toilet Articles, Notions and Jewelry, you will get duplicate orders and earn some of our many useful premiums such as Dinner Sets, Toilet Sets, Linen Sets, Lamps, Clocks, Silverware, Furniture, Graniteware, Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel, or anything you need. We also pay large cash commissions.





WE PAY THE FREIGHT

on Soap, Dinner Set and Premiums, allowing you plenty of time to examine, deliver and collect before paying us. Write at once for **FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT** and other things. If, after receiving them, you decide not to get up an order, you may keep everything we send you FREE of charge for the trouble of answering this advertisement. No license needed. We protect you. Our methods are honest. Satisfaction guaranteed. Reference: First National Bank, Provident Bank, Postmaster.

SPECIAL FREE PRESENT.

We give a 3-Pc. High-Grade Granite 10-qt. Dish Pan, 3-qt. Sauce Pan and 3-qt. Pudding Pan, FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. We also give Beautiful Presents and pay cash for appointing Agents to work for us. You advance no money. You have nothing to risk. Remember, the SPECIAL PRESENT AND SAMPLE OUTFIT are both absolutely free. A stamp or postal card is your only expense. Established 1897. WRITE TODAY. DON'T DELAY.

THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 431 PEARL ST., CINCINNATI, O.

No More Wrinkles

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE

Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic. Eyelashes Beautified

Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have **not a wrinkle on my face** now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment **is a God send** to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to quickly remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A 252, 3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE



This genuine New Model American made Moving Picture Machine with film —ALL GIVEN for selling 30 sets of Colored Post-Cards at 10c a set. Write for them. We send them postpaid. When sold return $3.00 and we send machine, film and extra premium, free, of white paper show screen and admission tickets.

ELUINE MFG. CO., 291 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41.)

rison gave to those fine modest young ladies that Old Maid spoke about? I don't think he really meant it. Now, honest Injun, George, if you had a sister would you want her to take a leaf out of the average fifteen-year-old girl's book and play the game as she does? I don't think you would. I think the parents are to blame in either extreme. They should teach their girls to treat their boy friends with the same degree of friendliness that they do their girl friends.

Will leave my name and address with Mrs. Wilkinson should anyone care to write to me.

JUST A GIRL.

OHIO.

DEAR OLD COMFORT FRIENDS:

We have had COMFORT in our family for a great many years. My little boy used to take it and he belonged to Uncle Charlie's Club. He is now grown to manhood and lives in the city but still clings to COMFORT. I get the paper in the old home and send it to him after I read it. Thus it does double duty. I hardly know what part I like best as I read it all. I think Uncle Charlie a fine man and I remember once when people were talking about who should run for President my little boy said, "Mamma, do you know who I want for President?" When I told him I did not know he said it was "Uncle Charlie, of course," so you see he was one of the great men with the little folks as well as with us older ones. He certainly has done and is doing great good for mankind. May Heaven bless him in his work and give him strength to go on as he has been doing for the right, no matter what his enemies may say or do. I enjoy the Sisters' Corner almost as much as I do Uncle Charlie's department and read all the letters, also the letters from the men. I think theirs are mostly all talk for we surely know they respect and admire the women they criticize, for their mother was a woman, and there is no man living who does not respect and love his mother.

To the dissatisfied women, I would say: Don't air your troubles before the whole world. I find we get more comfort and sympathy near home. Do the best you can and don't exaggerate Hubby's little faults. We are far from being perfect ourselves.

Love to all. YOUR COMFORT SISTER.

LITTLETON, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have taken COMFORT for years and love it dearly. I believe in marriage for love. If a woman marries a man she does not love and he is good and kind to her and does everything to make her comfortable, I think it is unreasonable and foolish for her to always bemoan her fate and say they are ill mated. How much better it would be to learn to love him.

How would you feel if you had a husband that came home drunk and spent all the money? If a wife is to share her husband's joys and sorrows, is she not entitled to share his money? Yet how many husbands come home and say they made a certain amount in the past week and give their wives half of it? Not one in a thousand does that.

I have received many helps from COMFORT and want to pass along a hint about baking bread. I use the oil stove and as my oven does not bake very well I often bake it in the skillet. I make my dough soft, as for muffins, grease the skillet and flour it, pour the batter in and cover it. Do not have too hot a fire. Before long it will be ready to turn. I use the batter cake turner for this.

If any soldier who reads this was in the 4th Iowa Cavalry, commanded by Colonel, afterward General E. F. Winslow, who went through Mississippi in 1863, please communicate with me as there is a matter of history that I want to get. MRS. B. H. WEAR.

HUNTINGTON, 510 Moore St., PA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND ALL:

Four years have passed since I wrote you and if it isn't asking too great a favor I should like to call again.

First, I wish to thank all the sisters who have written to me. I am very, very sorry that I couldn't answer all the kind and interesting letters, but time would not permit. If you don't object, I would like to sit down beside Bill and make a few comments on his letter.

All inventions have been improved upon. Man was made first, then woman. Why shouldn't she be an improvement? I've been on this universe thirty-five years and I find it requires a lot of tact and broad-minded views to please the whims and fancies of the average man. Believe me, old maids, as "some folks" vulgarly call them, have nothing on the men.

Speaking of dainty toilettes, they are very desirable if one can afford them, but why shouldn't a beautiful character appeal more to a man? Some beautiful gems are encased in very plain settings. Humanity in general reminds me a great deal of the good farmer's winter apples. Some are sound as a silver dollar all through; others beautiful to look upon, but rotten at the core; others, alas, rotten all the way through.

When two men form a partnership, the profits are divided equally, but when a man takes a wife for a life partner, he puts the profits into his own pocket and when the wife needs a new suit he comments on it until she loses heart and often goes without it.

Now that the war is over, we should not let our patriotism diminish. The increasing demand in the cities for the necessaries of life should encourage us to save all that we can. Let us teach our children the meaning of true patriotism. It is not only marching in a parade and floating the colors, but living up to what the colors indicate. It can easily be done by teaching them to be courteous, truthful, honest, and keeping the lawns and surroundings free from litter.

To those of you who are thinking of taking a little child to care for as your own, it is a noble work but can you give it the loving care and devotion you would a child of your own? Children are so thoughtless and yet so loving that they should be carefully guarded. The impressions that we leave on the childish mind are often lasting and I think we should not forget that the lessons we impart to them in childhood is fitting a child for a future citizen of the United States, a soul for immortality. Even parents sometimes slight obligations to their own children. I once heard the remark: "Let children dig for themselves, the same as we did." I think children should be taught to help themselves; the saying that "steel tempers steel" is a true one but yet, I think we should help our children to help themselves. A carefully trained child does not often become ungrateful. We speak of the care that our children bring to us but do we ever stop to think of what we owe to our children? We are responsible for their existence; they must bear our name; it should be an untarnished one. Their home, no matter how lowly, should be a happy, well-managed one. I think they should also be taught the value of money, and how to spend it wisely.

Best wishes to all. MRS. R. K. WEAVER.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. Maggie Trantham, Florence, Ark., would like information of Mrs. Angeline Trantham (nee Tyler), wife of T. J. Trantham, had two children, a son and daughter, last heard of in Missouri.

Mrs. Ed Gill of Oil City, La., would like to hear from her brother and sister, Olen and Norene Owens.

Mrs. R. Clark of Montague, Calif., would like to hear some news of her son, Teddie, age 17, black hair and eyes, is five ft., 6 in. tall. Last heard from, March 20, 1919, at Marshfield, Oregon.

Mrs. John Weight of Nishuabotna, Missouri, is anxious to hear from her brother, Hiram Dew, last heard from in 1910 in Washington State.

Mrs. E. P. Treagle of Buckhannon, W. Va., would like to get some information of her son, William. Was in Canada near North Portal when heard from last.

Will any of the COMFORT readers knowing the whereabouts of Homer T. Jordan kindly write to his sister, Miss Orlena Jordan, Cameron, New Mex., as she is very anxious to find him.

Mrs. S. A. Warner, Dansville, R. R. 1, Mich., would like to find Freeman Haindel, who left his home March 6, 1918. Any information of him will be gratefully received.

Mrs. Mattie Middlebrooks, care of Cotton Mill, Brenham, Texas, would like to get information of her brother, Mr. H. M. Stephens, last heard from in July, 1917, in Yoakum, Texas. He left Yoakum and went to Jackson Co., Texas, to pick cotton and hasn't been heard from since.

Wanted—information concerning the whereabouts of Mrs. Annie Mann, last heard of in Connecticut. Will any COMFORT reader knowing the present address of Mrs. Mann kindly write to Alice Lipscomb, Clarksdale, R. R. 2, Box 76, Miss.

Mrs. W. M. Allen, Irondale, R. R. 1, Missouri, would like to find her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Hinson. Will any of the COMFORT readers knowing the address of Mr. and Mrs. Hinson kindly write to Mrs. Allen at once?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)



FREE We give your choice of 2 pair beautiful Nottingham Lace Curtains or 3 Rings and Bracelet, gold plated guaranteed, **Free** for selling our famous **Rosebud** at 25c a box. Used for 25 years. Easy to sell. We send 8 boxes postpaid on credit. Trust you until sold. Big Catalog of other premiums—watches, silverware, jewelry, etc. sent with order. Write today and get started, our plan is easiest and best!



ROSEBUD PERFUME CO., Box 215, Woodsboro, Md.



Calendars for 1920

Send name and address for 18 of the most beautiful *Good Luck Calendars* and *Art Scenes*, in colors. They sell for 15 cts. and 20 cts. like lemonade at a circus. When sold, send us $1.75 and keep balance, or select wonderful premium from our large list of watches, cameras, etc. YANKEE STUDIO, Dept. 33, 2054 W. Lake St., Sta. D, Chicago, Ill.



The Union Rug and Embroidery Machine. Only $1.50.

Quickly makes the most beautiful and durable rugs with that rich velvety effect from bits of cotton, wool and silk rags; old ingrain carpet ravellings, etc. So simple that a child can operate it easily on any burlap grain bag or toweling. Price, only $1.50, complete with burlap pattern and instructions. This wonderful machine will also make handsome piano, couch and table covers; pillow tops; and a great variety of other useful and ornamental embroidery work. **AGENTS WANTED.** If you are not earning $50.00 weekly, write for booklet today.

UNION LOOM WORKS, 372 FACTORY STREET, BOONVILLE, N. Y.

Guaranteed 5 years



American movement, stem wind and set watch, fancy design back, wonderful timekeeper, for selling 20 large, colored pictures or 20 package rose post cards at 15c ea. Order your choice.

FREE

SENT PREPAID. **GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 525 CHICAGO**



High power air rifle for selling only 6 Boxes Mentho-Nova at 25c. Order today. U. S. Company, Box 29, Greenville, Pa.

FREE

INSYDE TYRES

—genuine inner armor for auto tires. Easily applied without tools. Agents wanted. Details free. American Accessories Co. Dept. 131, Cincinnati, Ohio



WE BUY OLD FALSE TEETH

In any condition, broken or not. We pay up to $35.00 per set. Also full value for old gold, jewelry, silver or platinum. Cash by return mail. Packages held 15 days awaiting your approval of our price. American Tooth Co., 453 Washington St., Boston.



Throw your VOICE. Under the table, down in the cellar, into a trunk or any where. Our **VENTRILO** which fits in the mouth enables you to fool all your friends. Also **art of ventriloquism** an big book of **Jokes.** By mail **10 cts.** Prepaid.

PEERLESS MFG. CO. Box 78, Stamford, Conn.



FREE Beautiful Crystal Water Set

Yes, absolutely free. We will send this wonderful set without a cent for you to pay. 7 superb pieces. 6 one-half pint tumblers and 3 pint pitcher of dainty, extra thin blown glass, with sheen like finest European ware. Each piece with any initial you want in Sterling Silver and silver wreath. Also edged with Sterling Silver. A set that any household will be proud to show to guests. A superb ornament to any table—and a display for the sideboard between meals. This beautiful glassware yours free, if you accept this special offer now—only a few sets left.

Sterling Silver Initial and Decorations

It's So Easy

Send your name on coupon. Or just send a post card. State initial you want on set. I will send you 12 beautiful colored patriotic pictures. Showing our brave soldiers and sailors in action. They are wonderful. Distribute these remarkable pictures among your friends on our greatest of all 35c offers. Some folks do it in half an hour. You'll be surprised how everyone wants one. When you distribute the 12 pictures I will immediately send you, FREE, the beautiful 7-piece water set with the initial you select in Sterling Silver exactly as shown in the illustration.

Send Coupon

Don't put this off. Now is the time to get this beautiful set—free. Send name and address on the coupon or a post card—TODAY. Write Plainly initial letter wanted on 7-Piece Set.

H. A. SMITH, President
120 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 89, Chicago, Ill.

I want the beautiful Silver Initialed, Silver Edged Water Set. Send me the 12 Patriotic Pictures free and details of special offer.

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

Town..... State.....

Letter wanted on Set.....



FREE 7-PIECE GENUINE Cut Glass Water Set

Tall 3-pint pitcher and 6 stylish bell-shaped tumblers—real hand cut, thin blown clear crystal glass. Beautiful, popular "Vintage" design. Regular $5.00 to $4.00 value. A set you would be proud to have. Given for selling only 20 large colored pictures or 20 packages of beautiful post cards at 15c each. Order your choice. Do it today.

GATES MFG. CO.
DEPT. 725 CHICAGO

Handsome Guaranteed Watch $4.50

Hunting case or open face. Gents, boys & ladies size

C. O. D.



PARCEL POST

To advertise our special watches, we will send this handsome double Hunting Case or Open Face Watch, 16 size for men or boys or 6 size Hunting case for ladies, beautifully engraved electro gold plated, fitted with finely tested movement, white enamel dial, stem wind and stem set, sent C. O. D. parcel post; when you receive it pay your postman $4.50 only and it is yours. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Give your full post office address, box or street number. Address Boston Jewelry Co. 39 W. Adams St. 33 A, Chicago, Ill.

EVERYBODY NEEDS THIS PEN

EVERFLOW—the new pen—writes a whole letter with one dipping. Better than a fountain pen! No leaking, no fussy filling—just dip the pen in ink, then write your letter. EVERFLOW writes 650 words with one dipping. Capillary ink retainer prevents blotting.
Send for EVERFLOW to-day. Price only 25c. postpaid. Money back if not satisfied.
C. Warder Pen Co., 362 E. Main St., Rochester, N. Y.

I TEACH *Penmanship* BY MAIL



I won World's First Prize for best course in Penmanship. Under my guidance you can become an expert penman. Am placing many of my students as instructors in commercial colleges at high salaries. If you wish to become a better penman, write me. I will send you FREE one of my Favorite Pens and a copy of the Ransomerian Journal. Write today.
C. W. Ransom, 501 Essex Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.



Oh Boys, Girls! Great Sport with CLAXOPHONE Voice Thrower

Throw your voice under the table, back of a door, into a trunk, desk in School, any old place. Big FUN fooling Peddlers, Policeman, Friends, anybody. This Claxophone is a small device that lays on your tongue unseen, always ready for use by anyone. Claxophone with full instructions; also Set of Secret Writing Tricks, all sent for 10c One Dime—(no stamps).

CLAXO TRICK CO.,
Dept. C, New Haven, Conn.

FLASHLIGHT GIVEN

Everybody wants seeds.



OR CHOICE WATCH, CAMERA OR RIFLE



for selling only 40 packs asstd. Vegetable Seeds at 10c per large pack. Easy to sell. EARN BIG MONEY or premiums. We trust you with seeds until sold. Address;

Send No Money

AMERICAN SEED COMPANY
Lancaster, Pa.
Box 32



Japanese Rose Bushes Five for 10cts.



The Wonder of the World

Rose Bushes with roses on them in 8 weeks from the time the seed was planted. It may not seem possible but we **Guarantee** it to be so. They will **BLOOM EVERY TEN WEEKS** Winter or Summer and when 3 years old **will** have 5 or 6 hundred roses on each bush. **Will grow** in the house **in the winter** as well as in the ground in summer. **Roses All The Year Around.** Package of seed with our guarantee, by mail, **Only Ten Cents. Japan Seed Co., Box 637, South Norwalk, Conn.**

Wrist Watch Given



You can get this fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for 5 years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' Silver Sets, fine Lockets, La Valliers and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10 cts. each. Order 20 pictures when sold, send the $2.00 and choose premium wanted, according to big list. RAY ART CO., Dept. 18, CHICAGO

Gold Locket Chain & Ring FREE



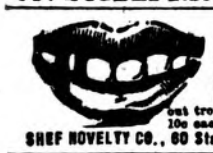
Has place for 2 photos. Beautiful engraved pattern with 3 sparkling Gems. Long chain. Guaranteed 5 years. Free for selling 20 easy to sell Art and Religious Pictures at 15 cts. Order Pictures at once.
GAIR MFG. COMPANY, DEPT. 701 CHICAGO

Crying Baby Doll FREE



She is an awfully Noisy Baby. You can hear her all over the house! Sounds just like a live baby. Wears a long white dress, and baby bonnet. We send her free, by parcel post paid, for selling only six easy selling seasonable novelties at 15c. each. We trust you. Simply send your full name and address to JONES MFG. CO., DEPT. 301, ATTLEBORO, MASS.

CROWN YOUR TEETH



Our gold finished shells look like real dentist's work, and give you a GOLDEN SMILE. Fool your friends. Slips right on over tooth, readily adjusted, removed any time, without trouble. Guaranteed to fit and please. 10c each, 4 for 25c. 12 for 50c, postpaid.
SHEF NOVELTY CO., 60 Station D, Dept. 500, New York, N. Y.

STAMMER

If you stammer attend no stammering school till you get my big new FREE book and special rate. Largest and most successful school in the world curing all forms of defective speech by advanced natural method. Write today. North-Western School for Stammerers, Inc., 2338 Grand Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.

Big Premium Budget 10c



17 Popular Songs with Music, 25 Portraits, Actresses, Presidents of U. S., 14 Complete Stories, 63 Magic Tricks, 56 Amusing Experiments, 12 Puzzles, 22 Rebuses, 60 Parlor Games, 150 Riddles and Conundrums, 100 Jokes and Funny Readings, 60 Money-Making Secrets, 84 Album Verses, Dictionary of Dreams. Send us 10c. and we will send all the above, and Big Novelty and Jewelry Catalogue.
E. J. Dempsey, Dept. C-7, 711 Boyd Ave., Woodhaven, N. Y.

GENUINE EASTMAN CAMERA FREE



We positively give this dandy Eastman Camera for distributing only 8 sets of our beautiful gold and silver embossed post cards on our special advertising introductory offer. We trust you. Send today. A post card will do.
H. Warner, Mgr., Dept. 2, Batavia, Ill.



This pretty band GIVEN for five **WEDDING RING** names of your neighbors and ten cents to pay postage &c.
Gem City Supply Co., QUINCY, ILL.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

he was so busy trying to step on Kaiser Bill's corn that he did not have time to write. Mr. Burleson ought to use him to advertise the efficiency of the postal service. Possibly, however, your brother was at fault. He may have thrown his ink bottle at the Germans and thus have been unable to write. As regards the songs, I'm sorry to inform you that the "Texas Cowboy" no longer exists. He uses an automobile, and "Nellie Gray" is now Nellie Red. She is so daubed all over with red paint like so many other girls that no one will ever again recognize her or care to sing about her. Nellie has gone red, she's a Bolshevik and that settles her so far as I am concerned.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for February

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Dortha Grigg, Glen Allen, Ala. Shut-in. Aged mother her only support. Poor, sick and suffering. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Well recommended. Marguerite Nowen, Henrietta, Ky. Blind for several years. In very needy condition. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and financial assistance. Postmaster recommends her highly. Laura Jones, Cambria, Va. Crippled from birth. Aged mother her only support. Send her some cheer. W. B. Ballew, Sparta, Tenn. Helpless invalid. Well recommended. Sad case. Send him some substantial cheer. Jeff Collins, Tomahawk, Ky. Crippled. Unable to work. Has three children too small to earn anything. Would be glad of second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send. Miss Susan Agee, Spencer, R. R. 1, Box 41, Va. Sick, blind, poor and needy. Do not pass her by. Mrs. Kate Coleman, Price, R. R. 2, N. C. Helpless from rheumatism. Would appreciate quilt pieces, second-hand clothing and any help you care to send her. Earl H. Craft, Paris, Box 251, Mo. Had both legs amputated twelve years ago. Would appreciate cheery letters. Geo. Lee Hurt, Fort Payne, R. R. 3, Ala. Littled crippled boy, 14 years of age. Would appreciate letters and postal picture cards and anything to help pass the time. Mrs. Beulah Moore, Campbell, N. C. Invalid. Would like reading matter, especially books.

The poor souls whose names are listed above are in too desperate need to care for anything but substantial financial aid. They cannot eat or wear sympathy, and they despise tracts. Fork out your silver or your currency, it is the only thing that goes with God or man. Sympathy with cash makes a splendid combination, but sympathy without cash cuts no icicles. Do to others as you would have them do to you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Make You Laugh, Scream and Yell!!!

That is exactly what they will do. They are the cheapest medicine in the world for the blues. Only one in two hundred of our readers have availed themselves of the opportunity to secure this exquisitely beautiful, 160-page volume of screamingly funny verse, bound in lilac silk cloth. It also contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his family and a touching account of his life. It is a present fit for a king and no home should be without it. Obtained free for a club of only three subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Start your subbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is a Knock Out! The Best Ever!

A home without music is a home without joy. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains 28 of the dandiest songs ever written—songs for church, parlor and concert platform. Five dollars' worth of music, with full score for voice and piano, a splendidly gotten-up folio with a handsomely decorated cover, on which appear several pictures of Uncle Charlie equal to photographs, and all free for a club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Both books free for a club of five. Work for them today.

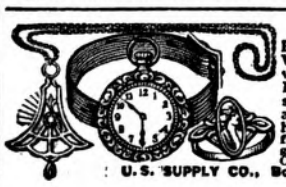
UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Song Book 40 cents. Address
UNCLE CHARLIE,
care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

BIG VALUE for 10 Cts.



6 Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Magic Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 3 Puzzles; 12 Games; 30 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cts. and 2 cts. postage.
ROYAL SALES CO., Box 28, South Norwalk, Conn.



ALL FREE

Beautiful imitation Wrist Watch Bracelet, Fine Lavaller with Chain and Cameo Ring guaranteed all free for selling only 6 boxes of an article needed in every household for 25c. Only a few hours work required to get these valuable premiums. Order today.
U. S. SUPPLY CO., Box 217, GREENVILLE, PA.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45.)

Best Ways of Doing Things Around The Home

A few drops of vinegar added to frosting keeps it moist.

If your curtains do not draw easily on rod, rub with paraffin.

Mildew on leather can be removed by rubbing with vaseline.

To keep apple butter from scorching while cooking, put ashes under kettle.

Add a little bluing to the water used in washing glass of any kind and it will be much clearer.

Rapid boiling destroys the flavor and spoils the color of vegetables.—MRS. ROBERT R. GOLDEN, Cornell, Wis.

When making sausage add a level teaspoon of ginger to each gallon of sausage. This makes it more easily digested.

Try cleaning an iron bedstead with soda and vinegar. Rub on with cloth and then wash off.—WILD ROSE, Missouri.

Rub French chalk on both sides of grease spot on table-cloth and let remain a short time. When brushed off, no trace of grease remains.

Face one end of a quilt with a piece of cloth six or eight inches wide. When this is soiled it can be ripped off and laundered and the quilt will remain clean.

Put a tape or braid onto children's mittens, just long enough to go into the sleeves and around the neck and reach the hands comfortably. The children will have no trouble then in finding them.

Have a high-chair or stool in your kitchen and use it whenever doing work that can be done sitting. Four wooden-tipped bumpers for a door, screwed into the legs of a chair will often make it the desired height. A small table can be raised in this manner.

If you use roller towels, divide them into several parts by sewing across with colored, fadeless thread, and mark initials of each child in each space. In this way each child has a separate towel and you can make them wash cleaner by telling them to see whose towel stays cleanest the longest time.—TOPSY TUEVY JOE, Mich.

Remedies

CHILBLAIN CURE.—Spirits turpentine, one ounce; sulph. acid, two drams; olive oil, two and one half ounces. Mix and apply to affected parts two or three times a day. Be sure and mix sulp. acid and olive oil first and then add turpentine.

ASTHMA.—Stramonium leaves, two ounces; digitalis leaves, one ounce; henbane leaves, one ounce; saltpeter, pure, three quarters ounce. Rub the leaves together, dissolve the saltpeter, saturate the leaves with the saltpeter solution. If not enough saltpeter, it will not burn; if too much, it will burn rapidly. A tablespoonful should be ignited and the fumes inhaled. The bowels should be kept open.

EARACHE REMEDY.—Olive oil, one ounce; laudanum, 20 drops. Mix, shake before using. Put about one half teaspoon of above mixture into teaspoon and warm over lamp or stove, just warm, not too hot. Then pour into the ear and put cotton in ear to prevent remedy from running out.—MRS. OWEN GRUBLE, Shrewsbury, W. Va.

Requests

I would like very much to have the song, "Lorrena."—EVALYN MAXWELL, Fair Oaks, Ark.

Would like to exchange plants with the sisters.—MRS. E. W. HIGGINS, Ferguson, N. C.

WANTED.—Kipling's poem, "The Female of the Species."—MINNIE T. LARAWAY, Guilford, Box 127, N. Y.

I would like the December, 1916, and March, 1918, numbers of COMFORT.—MRS. ROBERT R. GOLDEN, Cornell, Wis.

I would like the October, 1919, number of The Illustrated Companion.—MRS. WILLIAM GADY, Kouts, R. R. 1, Ind.

Will some kind reader send me the October, 1919, number of The Illustrated Companion.—JESSIE M. MORSE, Vian, Box 104, Okla.

I would like to hear from someone who lives where English walnuts and hazel nuts grow abundantly.—MRS. C. A. TAYLOR, Harrod, S. Dak.

WANTED.—Poem about Custer's last charge, containing words, "We can die but once, boys."—HENRY H. THOMPSON, Ft. Ripley, Route 3, Box 12, Minn.

Will someone please send me the words to Gounod's "Nazareth," "The Nightingale Song," by Zeller, and "Tommy's Prayer."—MISS CLARA M. HOUSE, Quaker City, Ohio.

I would like to get the August, 1918 and 1919, also Sept., 1919, numbers of The Illustrated Companion. Will return favor. Write first.—MISS MARIE CHURCH, Nowlin, Box 24, S. Dak.

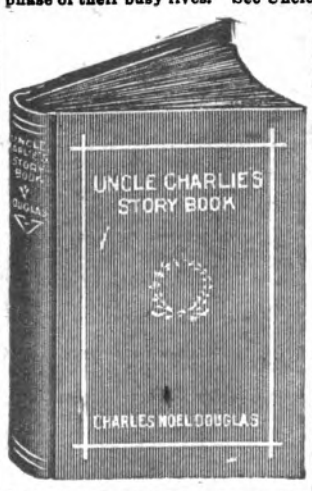
Will someone send me the two poems, beginning, "A painter stood in his studio, his gaze with wonder bound," and, "Hear the bells whose humid measure fall upon the startled ear." Address after March 1.—MRS. L. EMMA SMITH, Charlotte, 417 N. Clinton St., Mich.

Would like to get the following magazines and will return favor in any way I can or will pay for copies received: Hearst's, September, 1919; Metropolitan, January, June and July, 1919, issues; and COMFORT, July and August, 1910 issues.—WILLIAM SYLING, Ellwood City, R. 1, Box 47, Pa.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE TOLD IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. **A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each**—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and **beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped.** Free for **three subs at 50c.** each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only **two subs at 50c.** each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid **poems** and **song book** will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.

THROW YOUR VOICE



Learn to throw your voice into a trunk, under the bed or anywhere. Lots of FUN fooling the Teacher, Policeman or Friends.

THE VENTRILO

A little instrument that fits in the mouth out of sight used in conjunction with above for bird calls, etc. Anyone can use it. NEVER FAILS. A 32-page book on Ventriloquism sent with the Ventrilo for 10c (coin) and 2c postage. Also large catalogue of tricks.
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Girl's Wrist Watch—Free—High Quality

14K Gold. Guaranteed Works



A watch any girl will like. This is yours absolutely free for selling only 80 large bags of high grade vegetable or flower seeds at 10c a package. We have many other premiums. Write for illustrated catalog.
Good Seed Company, Department No. 802, Dunkirk, N. Y.

PHONOGRAPH AND RECORD FREE



Boys and Girls! This wonderful New Model Talking Machine, rosewood finish, nickel base, and popular record, is yours. A real Talking Machine with high-grade reproducer. Plays all size records up to 12 in. Given for selling only 20 large colored Pictures or 20 packages beautiful Post Cards at 15c each. Order choice today. Satisfaction guaranteed. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 925 CHICAGO

THIS AIR RIFLE FREE



for selling 15 sets of Colored Postcards at 10c a set. Rifle first class in every way. When sold return our $1.50 and we will send rifle.
BLUINE MFG. CO., 295 Mill St., Concord Jct., Mass.

FORD CAR GIVEN

Solve This Puzzle. Win Fine Prize

9	23	1	14	20
20	15	23	9	14

The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell four words. What are the words?



To Men, Women, Boys and Girls

All can share in these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address. Besides the Auto I am going to give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc. and cash prizes. Send your answer. Win the Auto.
Duane W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 30, Chicago

Guaranteed 50 Years



We give a Real honest-to-goodness stylish & serviceable Wrist Watch. Also Lace Curtains, Silverware, Kodaks, Gold Lockets, Ladies and Gents Watches, etc., easily earned. Distribute just a few of our Beautiful Art & Religious Pictures at 15c. They sell like Hot Cakes. Send no money. Just your name and address. We take all the risk. Send you 20 Pictures on Credit, Postpaid. When sold send us money and select prize you are entitled to as described on our big premium list.

FREE

GAIN MFG. CO., Dept. 201 CHICAGO, ILL.



OUR NEW SIGNET RING

its a dandy, gold shell, wear 3 years, 15c each, 2 for 25c, initial on.
C. WANER, PENNINGTON, N. J.

Raw Furs Wanted I sell direct to manf., pay top prices and you will find me square. GEO. SIPLER, THREE BRIDGES, N. J.

Handsome **FREE Wrist Watch**



Guaranteed time keeper GIVEN for selling only 40 packs vegetable seeds at 10c per large pack. Easily sold—EARN BIG MONEY or premiums. Get sample lot TO-DAY. Send no money. We trust you till seeds are sold.
AMERICAN SEED COMPANY
Box 160 Lancaster, Pa.

MOVIE MACHINE FREE



Have Your Own "Movie" at home. Wonderful moving picture machine, complete with gas generator and 3 sets reels, all different (96 views). Powerful lens, showing large, clear pictures. Given for selling 20 large colored pictures, or 20 packages beautiful post cards at 15c each. Order choice today.
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We positively give a genuine American Stem Wind and Set Watch, beautifully designed case, warranted time-keeper, 5-year guarantee; Sparkling Set or Plain Ring all for selling 30 of our easy to sell Jewelry articles at 10c each. When sold send $3.00 & we'll send Watch & Ring.
Home Supply Co., Dept. 607 Chicago, Ill.

CARDS Send 5 cents for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Bean Catcher and list 999 Songs given Free. No trash. OHIO CARD CO., B-14 Columbus, Ohio.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.
Benjamin N. Bogue, 1613, Bogue Building, Indianapolis

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when you mail us false teeth, diamonds, watches, old or broken jewelry, old gold, silver or platinum. Cash by return mail. Highest prices paid.
JEWELERS BUREAU, 150 NASSAU ST., New York

Guaranteed 5 years



American movement, stem wind and set watch, fancy design back, wonderful timekeeper, for selling 20 large, colored pictures or 20 packages post cards at 15c ea. Order your choice.

FREE

SENT PREPAID. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 525 CHICAGO

$200 In Prizes To Trappers!

If you are a trapper, don't forget our Trappers' Prize Contest, full particulars of which were published in September COMFORT. There is a list of prizes for the best **letters and photographs,** another list of prizes for the best **letters** without photograps; and still another list of prizes for the best **photographs** without letters. These prizes, consisting of **money, rifles, traps** and **hunting knives** will be awarded as soon as possible after the closing date of the Contest, March, 31, 1920.

If you want to enter this free Contest, simply write us a letter describing your most interesting trapping experiences, trapping "secrets," etc. Also send a photograph of your furs, or of some interesting trapping scene, or both. If, however, you cannot send a photograph, send in your letter just the same. Or, if you do not care to send a letter and would like to send in a photograph, you may do so. But try to send both letter and photograph if possible.

Remember, all letters and photographs must be mailed **before March 31, 1920.** Be sure to address your letter and photograph to
Trapping Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents $4 an Hour. Sell new Convertible Gas Burner. Makes any stove a gas stove. Burns coal oil. Sells everywhere. Big money for spare time. Write for sample. Thomas Burner Co., 4319 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Insayde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. M P, 425 Broadway, New York.

Agents To Travel by automobile to introduce our fast selling popular priced household necessities. The greatest line on earth. Make $10 a day. Complete outfit and automobile Furnished Free to workers. Write today for exclusive territory. American Products Co., 1346 American Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $20 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Sell what millions want. New, wonderful Liberty Portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique; Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue Free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents $4 an hour taking orders for New Cant Clog Burner. Fits any stove. Burns coal oil. Cheapest fuel known. Sells everywhere. Big demand. Write for Agency and sample. Parker Mfg. Co., 117 Mat St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Steady Income Manufacturer of Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents $60 a week to travel by automobile and introduce our 300 candle power coaloil lantern. Write for particulars of our free auto offer. Thomas Co., 819 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N. Y.

Big Earnings Easy. Five startling inventions. Quick selling auto accessories. Sell to owners, dealers, agents. Exclusive territory. Write quick. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 513 Sta. C, Omaha, Neb.

We Pay $36 A Week and expenses and give a Ford Auto to men to introduce poultry and stock compounds. Imperial Co., D1, Parsons, Kan.

Become A Prosperous Davis Agent—Beginners making $30-$50 weekly. Crew managers doubling that. "Lucky 11" pays you 200%. 37 other big winners. Big rush season from now to Christmas. Davis Products Co., Dept. 505, Chicago.

$61.50 Weekly. Introducing and selling a new gas light burner for kerosene lamps. Beautiful light. No chimney. No mantle Samples free. Experience not necessary. Write today. Luther Mfg. Co., Dept. 348, Cincinnati, O.

Agents—with experience. Sell to consumers made-to-measure suits $27.50, $32.50 and $37.50. Build independent business with big money. Outfits furnished. Midland Tailors, 515 Occidental Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

$300 to $500 a year is being made by scores of men and women selling White K Laundry Tablets. We start you free. Send for free sample and Agent's offer. L. A. Knight Co., 119 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

We pay $100 monthly salary and furnish rig and expenses to introduce guaranteed poultry and stock Powders. Bigler Company, X314, Springfield, Illinois.

Agents: $100 weekly possible introducing sensational new winter automobile fuel. Specially adapted to cold weather. Starts easy. Adds power, mileage and reduces operating expense. Endorsed by thousands. Territory going like wildfire. Act quick. $28 sample outfit free. L. Ballwey, Dept. 112, Louisville, Ky.

Agents: Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford-Beal Co., Inc., Newark, N. Y., Dept. D.

Agents get our big money maker monogramming Autos, etc., by transfer method. Catalog and particulars free. Motorists' Accessories Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

$15.00 Profit every sale. Sideline salesmen calling on hardware, plumbing and farm implement trade. Nationally advertised article. Sell from catalog. Commissions weekly. Manager 1142 Factories Bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED

Agents—$50 weekly and your spring suit free. Sell our famous popular priced made-to-measure suits, big steady income guaranteed. Complete outfit free. Act quick. Commonwealth Tailors, Dept. 120, 318 W. Washington St., Chicago.

$1000 Per Man Per County—Strange invention startles world—Agents amazed. Ten inexperienced men divide $40,000. Korstad, a farmer, did $2,200 in 14 days. Schlejcher, a minister, $195 first 12 hours. $1,200 cold cash, made, paid, banked by Stoneman in 30 days; $15,000 to date. A hot or cold running water bath equipment for any home at only $6.50. Self-heating. No plumbing or waterworks required. Investigate. Exclusive sale. Credit given. Send no money. Write letter or postal today. Allen Mfg. Co., 529 Allen Bldg., Toledo, O.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, and Portraits, War Books. Prompt shipment; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk T 1, Chicago, Illinois.

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. J-123, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents and Crew Managers. New fast selling food specialty. Livest article. Packed your label. Write or wire. Federal Pure Food Co., 2303D Archer Ave., Chicago.

500 Agents Wanted At Once For Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound 300% Profit, Enormous Repeater. Washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One thousand other uses in every home. Astounds and delights every woman. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser, contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples furnished to boost sales. We positively guarantee the sale of every package. Exclusive territory. Own your own business. You cannot fail to make big money. Barber, Ohio, made $600. last month. Send for free sample and proof. Hurry, hustle, grab this chance. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 305, 1312-1314 E. 61st, Chicago.

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Thousands Men-Women-Boys-Girls, over 18, needed for Government Positions. Commence $100. Experience Unnecessary. List Free. Write, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Govt. Positions Are Desirable. $1100 to $1300 to start. Let our expert (Former Government Examiner) prepare you. Free Booklet. Patterson Civil Service School, Box 5020, Rochester, N. Y.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen $140—$200 Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Become Auto Experts. Hundreds needed. $85.00 week. Earn while learning. Franklin Institute, Dept. O 810 Rochester, N. Y.

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O. I. C. Boars, Bred sows and gilts. Best of Breeding and quality. Pr. pigs no kin $25. Ped. Furnished. W. Ruebush, Macomb, Ill.

Build a genuine Choraleon Phonograph and save over half. Fine profits building and selling. We furnish motors, tone-arms, and necessary parts. Send for our catalog and free blueprint offer. Choraleon Phonograph Co., 215 Monger Bldg., Elkhart, Ind.

Eureka System of Child Education, Monadnock Bldg., San Fran., Cal. Send 10c for Photo of 3 best educated children in world & literature.

Automobile Expense Saver $1. Get yours today. Save troubles—dollars. Kautch Sales Co., Stockton, Calif.

Miracle Motor-Gas amazes motorists. 3c worth equals gallon gasoline. Eliminates carbon. 300% profit. Isom, Idaho, wires: "Ship 500 packages. Made $70 yesterday." Investigate. Chas. J. Butler Co., Toledo, Ohio.

OLD MONEY WANTED

Cash Paid for Old Coins. Illus'td Coin Value Book, 4x6, sent for 10c. Hundreds of Coins wanted. Get posted, you may have a valuable coin. Clarke Coin Co., Box 20, Le Roy, N. Y.

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Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

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Land! Land! Big money in grains, livestock, fruit poultry. Michigan's best hardwood land. $15 to $35 per A. Easy terms. Markets, schools, churches. Free insurance. Farm advisers. No swamps or stones. 10 to 160 A. Best land offer in U. S. from largest company. Booklet free. Write. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

ENTERTAINMENTS

Get On The Stage. Vaudeville career offered you. Experience unnecessary. Instructive booklet free. LaDelle, Sta. 60, Jackson, Mich.

Plays, Dialogues, Speakers and Entertainments. Catalogues Free. Address Dept. A., Ames Publishing Co., Clyde, Ohio.

HONEY

Honey of Superior Quality. Also Green County's Famous Cheese. Price list Free. E. H. Ross, Monroe, Wis.

Finest Quality Clover Honey. 30 lb. can $8.50. 10 lb. cans 99, and 5 lb. cans 30 cents per pound. Every order carefully packed and promptly shipped. Sample 15 cents. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

Make Money Fast—Small capital starts you with guaranteed professional Moving picture machine. Complete outfit on easy payments. No experience needed. Catalog Free. Dept. O, Monarch Theatre Supply Service, 420 Market St., St. Louis, Mo.

Make Money Fast. Start "Movie" with small capital. Buy complete outfit on easy payments. Openings everywhere. No experience required. Catalog free. National Moving Picture Co., Dept. C, Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago.

Complete Moving Picture Outfit professional machine film screens, chairs, light plant Easy payments. Large catalog free. Monarch Film Service, Dept. 23, 228 Union Avenue, Memphis, Tenn.

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"From The Ball Room To Hell" mailed anywhere 25c. L. B. Muncy, 136 E. Pleasant Ave., X, Syracuse, N. Y.

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12 Games, Book & Novelty catlog, our wonderful Magazine. All for 10c. Write quick. G. H. Cain, Dept. B, Medina, N. Y.

FARMS FOR SALE

72 Acres, $2300, with Pair Horses, 5 cows, long list machinery, tools, wagons included for quick sale, part cash. 2½ miles depot town, 7 miles large city. Productive tillage, 10-cow pasture, estimated 1000 cords wood; fruit. Good 8-room house, barns, garage, &c. Details page 28 Strout's Catalog Farm Bargains 23 States; copy free. E. A. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BG Nassua St., New York.

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The Way To Get A Government Job is through the Washington Civil Service School. We prepare you and you get a position or we guarantee to refund your money. Write to Earl Hopkins, President, Washington, D.C., for book RJ 2004, telling about government positions with lifetime employment, short hours, sure pay, regular vacations.

Men, 18 up. **Railway Mail Clerks.** Commence $1300. Vacancy list free. Franklin Institute, Dept. O 12, Rochester, N. Y.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 14 Nothern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

Corn is King in South Dakota. South Dakota yields world's greatest per capita of production of food crops. Fertile lands, easily farmed without oppressive investment, hold out big opportunity for you. For full particulars rush letter to Department of Immigration, Capital 21, Pierre, South Dakota.

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Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly Procured. Personal, Careful and Efficient service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send Sketch or Model for actual search and advice. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27C Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

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Three Wheel Chairs in January

538 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three January wheel chairs go to John W. Powell, R. R. 2, Vineland, N. C., 22; Mrs. Nannie Shipley, R. R. 2, Box 28B, Piney Flats, Tenn., 86; Ferris Byrd, R. R. 1, Steele, Mo., 86.

The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

John W. Powell, age 72, is crippled by total paralysis of one side of his body. The wheel chair will be a great comfort to this old gentleman and a help to his good wife in caring for him, as he is entirely dependent on her in his helpless condition.

Mrs. Nannie Shipley, age 50, is crippled by broken hip. Two years ago a horse ran away with her; she was thrown out of the buggy and suffered a bad fracture of the hip bone. She writes that she needs a wheel chair but doctor's bills and expense of hired help have put them so far behind that she is not able to buy one. This COMFORT chair will be a blessing to her.

Ferris Byrd, age 7, is deaf, dumb and blind and crippled from birth, so that he has never walked. His mother writes me that he can not even sit up alone and is entirely helpless. She says that the chair will be a comfort to him and a great help to her.

Our Wheel-Chair Club is doing a splendid work in helping needy shut-ins to obtain much needed wheel chairs, but its work ought to be extended, for there are so many cripples that need its help to procure these necessary accessories to bring a ray of hope and comfort into their desolate lives. I appeal to all who enjoy the blessing of a sound body to do your best to help the cause.

The letters of thanks and the Roll of Honor that follow will interest you.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Delighted with Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Caddo, Okla.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I received my rolling chair today, and am delighted with it. Many, many thanks for same. Very respectfully,

(Miss) Mary East.

Her COMFORT Wheel Chair a Godsend

Pulaski, Tenn.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

The wheel chair came as a surprise and mother was so glad that she had to take a ride as soon as it was uncrated. She says it is a godsend to her. When the weather is too cold for her to go outside she can go to the dining-room in her chair. Accept our thanks and please excuse delay in acknowledging your kindness. I had expected that in August, when we farmers got through with our crops I would then be able to send in some more subscriptions to help on the Wheel-Chair Club, but instead the doctor was called for me and found it necessary to take me to the hospital for a surgical operation—in fact a second operation had to be performed—and I am just getting on my feet again.

Sincerely yours,

J. H. McGaugh.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Subscriptions.—Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mich., for Rose Thompson, 55; J. W. Powell, N. C., for own 22; Mrs. Nannie Shipley, Tenn., for own 20; Charlie M. Bullock, Miss., for Lewey Bullock, 20; Mrs. William Wood, Colo., for Edna Mabra, 18; Nannie Roane, N. C., for Hayatt Dills, 18; Arthur Mahaffey, N. C., for own 16; Mrs. Mary Ashley, La., for Pink Lawless, 15; Mrs. Lottie Sullivan, Texas, for George E. Sullivan, 13; Miss Rutha M. Sells, Tenn., for Mrs. Nannie Shipley, 12; Mrs. John Enberg, Minn., for Elmer Dahlgren, 12; Mrs. Lurina Smallwood, N. J., for Neighbor's little girl 10; Mrs. David Williams, Ohio, for Thomas Williams, 10; Mrs. C. L. Hollimon, Ala., for Mrs. Janie Hollimon, 9; Mrs. Marion Morris, Tenn., for Dewey B. Adams, 9; Mrs. J. F. Gypins, La., for Arthur Mahaffey, 8; Miss O. A. Webb, Texas, for John Bailey, 8; Mrs. Maggie Bassinger, La., for Lewey Bullock, 8; Mrs. Ed. Gooch, Kans., for Mildred Dale, 7; Clara Sherbondy, Nebr., for Mrs. Sherbondy, 6 and 50c; Mrs. Mollie Rupe, Tenn., for Mrs. Nannie Shipley, 6; Miss Delma Stanley, Va., for P. M. Stanley, 5; J. H. McGaugh, Tenn., for Mrs. J. L. McGaugh, 5; Mrs. Ralph Hepner, S. Dak., for general, 5.

Cash.—Miss Anna Gericke, Mich., for general, $5.50; Susie Potter, Ind., for general, $3.00 and 4 subs.; Mrs. Louisa Wines, Mich., for general $2.50; Mrs. Emma Nunn, Ky., for general $2.00; Miss Katheryn Ackerman, Ill., for general, $1.00; Miss Meta Ross, Md., for general, $1.00; Miss Carrie Titler, Iowa., for general, $1.00; Mrs. Mary Hurdle, Va., for general, $1.00.

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VOL. XXXII
NO. 5

Household Number COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

MARCH
1920

And softly came the fair young queen
O'er mountain, dale and dell;
And where her golden light was seen
An emerald shadow fell.
The good-wife opened the window wide,
The good-man spanned his plow;
'Tis time to run, 'tis time to ride,
For Spring is with us now.

—Leland

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Government Officials Apprehend Grave Consequences of Farm Labor Situation

WHAT if the farmers should strike? What even if they should follow in the footsteps of industrial laborers only so far as to cut their hours of labor to match the work-day scale now prevailing in most all other employments? Obviously the answer to the first question is that the world would starve. As to the second proposition the answers of the farmers themselves virtually admit that the result would be higher prices and a distressing shortage of food. And yet they assert that, although they are not disposed to profiteer by striking and have no desire to curtail production, the latter course is being forced on them by conditions beyond their control, chiefly the labor situation.

Ample premonition of the tendency of industrial and economic conditions to impair agricultural activities was repeatedly given during the past year in the resolutions and memorials adopted by national conventions of the Grange and other farmer organizations, but passed unheeded by the general public and failed to evoke remedial action on the part of those who were responsible for the trend of affairs. But the general attitude of the farmers in all sections as disclosed by their answers now pouring into Washington at the rate of a thousand a day in response to the two hundred thousand questionaires sent out by the Government is regarded with grave anxiety by public officials and is making thinking people sit up and take notice. These questionaires requested suggestions as to how the Post-Office Department might aid in cutting down the cost of living, and were sent broadcast to farmers all over the country.

The information referred to reached the public through a carefully prepared report made by the Post-Office Department and read, on January 30, by the Fourth Assistant Postmaster-General before the Senate Committee on Post-Offices and Post-Roads. The report summarized the views expressed by more than forty thousand farmers in the replies received prior to that date. While a small percentage of the answers were from well-satisfied farmers, the prevailing tone of a large majority, as summarized by the officials, reveals a wide-spread spirit of unrest and dissatisfaction among farmers throughout the land. Their chief complaints come under the two following headings:

Shortage of Farm Laborers

THEY say that their former hired help and even the farmers' sons and daughters have been lured to the cities by high wages and short work days to an extent that compels a large reduction in farming operations, which, of course, will result in a corresponding diminution of farm products. They cannot obtain the man power to work the farms to normal capacity is their claim. With scarcity food prices naturally will rise, for the farmers must make a living by a larger profit on smaller production, and if, as intimated in some of their replies, they adopt the industrial laborers' policy of higher pay for shorter hours and less work the food problem of the cities will be still further aggravated. The farmers protest against the short hours of labor prevalent in manufacturing industries because the increased cost of production is reflected in the prices they have to pay for goods, and they say they are tired of working fifty to a hundred per cent. more hours a week than the rest of the community in order to keep down the price of food.

Middlemen's Profits Too Large

THEY claim that the wholsalers, retailers and other middlemen through whose hands farm produce passes exact extortionate profits to the detriment of both producers and consumers, and urge the necessity of more direct, efficient and economical agencies of contact between the farmer and the consumer. As in many localities the farmers have lowered the cost of their purchases through the Grange stores or other cooperative means of buying it seems probable that the middlemen and their profits might, to a large extent, be eliminated by establishing cooperative markets for the sale of farm and dairy products in the cities and towns, and some of the answers offer suggestions of municipal or community assistance in maintaining such markets.

Some Interesting Extracts from the Farmers' Replies

THE following extracts from a number of replies taken at random from the more than forty thousand then on file in the Post-Office Department illustrate the trend of thought agitating at least a considerable portion of the farmers in the East, the South and the Middle West.

A Palmyra, Mo. farmer wrote: "I almost fear a famine. Farm help everywhere is flocking to the city, lured by short hours, high wages and the promise of a good time. Someone, I fear, is going to suffer if this condition is not remedied shortly."

Another Missouri farmer, who blames the middlemen for the high cost of living and suggests the establishment of municipal markets to be served by parcel post direct, said in his letter: "I sell butter to the dealer for 45 cents a pound, and the same butter sells to the consumer for 80 cents a pound. In the distribution we lose nearly half and we lose money on the butter at the first price. Such conditions are causing the farmers to leave the farms by the thousand. We have reached a crisis. You may ask what we would do with the middlemen. I will suggest that it be arranged for them to go on the farm and help produce things. I understand that they might not relish working 14 hours a day, but if we get by the near future there will have to be some useful work done by everyone."

An East Chatham, N. Y., farmer wrote: "The time is very near when we farmers will have to curtail production and raise only what we need for our own use and let the other fellows look out for themselves. Labor unions are more to blame for the high prices than anyone else. People are trying to get pay for what they don't earn."

Declaring that he works a 240-acre farm without help and that hundreds of other farmers are doing the same, a Revere, Mo., man declared that "the place to start to lower the cost of living is to cut the wages in the city, which have called our farm help there. We need them on the farm to help increase production and then we can cut the cost of living."

"The time is coming if not here," another letter declared, "when the consumer and farmer will absolutely have to deal direct with one another. The middleman wants a larger profit than we are getting while at the same time the farmer does the hard work."

A letter from a Hagerstown, Md., farmer read: "To reduce the cost of my foodstuffs to the consumer you must first furnish me with first-class labor at reasonable wages and second, you must eliminate thousands of middlemen who are robbing the people wholesale."

"The price of everything the farmer has to buy is still going up and the quantity we can raise and put on the market is steadily going down," a Missouri farmer wrote. "I am a small farmer and don't know much else. We are all loyal citizens, but there is an awful uneasiness."

An official who had looked over the replies said they indicated that a large percentage of the writers contemplated curtailment of acreage under cultivation.

Commenting on the replies, Assistant Postmaster-General Blaksleo said: "Such a condition at a time when the predominant cry is for production and still more production cannot but constitute a grave menace."

The Proposed Remedy

IN a statement given out for publication on February 2, Sherman J. Lowell, Master of the National Grange, declared that it was the belief of the farmers of the country that the only way to reduce the cost of living was for everyone to be willing to do a "reasonable day's work," and that the forty-four-hour week would never support even America. Regarding the remedy for the present situation Mr. Lowell advised that "five very definite things" may be expected in time to have a beneficial effect on the world's food production:

"1—A more direct and less expensive system of distribution.

"2—The removal of all artificial restrictions upon the sale of farm products.

"3—A lengthened industrial day with honest service for wages paid.

"4—Increased dividends on farm investments which will enable their owners to meet the wage scale of competing occupations.

"5—Increasing social and educational privileges in rural communities."

Our newly appointed Secretary of Agriculture, Edwin Meredith, has long been in close touch with the farmers and farming interests in his capacity of publisher of a prominent farm journal. On February 2, when he took the oath of office as Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Meredith recommended, as a remedy for the high cost of living, the elimination of useless employees in non-productive business, the speeding up of all lines of industry commensurate with the present activity of the farmers, and that retailers and jobbers be permitted to exact only a reasonable profit.

"The high cost of living problem," Mr. Meredith asserted, "cannot be solved through the efforts of one class but all business and all labor must recognize the solution as a common duty or less and less will there be of farm produce to distribute among the people, and higher will go the price of that which is produced.

"The farmers of America are willing to assume their part of the responsibilities as American citizens in meeting any problem threatening the welfare and stability of our country but this high cost of living problem is a mutual one and they ask that it be approached by all the people as a common problem.

"Business men must look to the operation of their establishments and see that no useless employee is retained to add to the cost of distributing what the farmer now produces. Useless employees must be released from non-productive work that they may go into productive work and add to the sum total that may be distributed among all."

This perpetual merry-go-round of raising wages in the vain attempt to overtake prices gets nowhere, and it never can. As fast as wages are raised prices go up in proportion. How can it be otherwise when labor is eighty per cent. of the cost of production? Strikes, idleness and shorter working days not only increase the cost and raise prices but also reduce production and cause scarcity; that is the chief ailment of the world today. The farmers are right in their diagnosis and in the remedy they propose—to cut out profiteering middlemen and speed up production by making everyone give "an honest day's work for an honest day's pay"—and they say it must be done or we shall face the penalty of a food shortage and higher prices.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

COMFORT, PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY W. H. GANNETT, PUB., INC., AT AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



She resolutely concealed her feelings and began to remove her hat and ulster.



A woman of perhaps thirty years entered, bearing a tray.



"Who can she be?" whispered Lord Cameron to Wallace.



Mrs. Van Vort readily complied with his request.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

On a car, going up a steep hill, leading to the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, is Violet Draper Huntington. Opposite her sits Wallace Richardson. Nearly at the top of the hill, something beneath the car breaks. Wallace seizes Violet's hands and locking them behind his neck commands her to cling. The car crashes down, burying all the passengers beneath the ruins. They are the only two alive and hurried to Wallace Richardson's home, are cared for by his mother. Mrs. Mencke, Violet's sister provides a nurse and leaves orders for Violet to see no one. The nurse out for a walk, Violet goes to the adjoining room to meet Wallace and thank him for the life saved. As they become more friendly, Wallace realizes his danger and Violet is hopelessly in love. Violet asks Wallace to come with his mother to see her. Mrs. Mencke takes Violet to Saratoga for two months, then to Cincinnati, and home. The following day, picking up a paper, Violet reads of Mrs. Richardson's death. She goes to the Richardsons' house and expresses her sympathy to Wallace, who unconsciously calls her my darling, and asks her forgiveness. As she whispers, "I am glad," he knows she is all his own. Returning home, her sister demands where she has been, and learning it was at Mrs. Richardson's funeral, that she rides in the carriage with Wallace and Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Mencke denounces it as questionable and that she must drop him for all time. Wallace, calling upon Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke return and she introduces him and admits he is her promised husband. She overhears Belle's and her husband's scheme to place her in a convent. Mrs. Mencke, proposing a trip to Montreal, Violet refuses to go, and Mrs. Mencke takes Mrs. Hawley, who is to sail for Europe and chaperone Nellie Bailey, into her confidence and requests her to induce Violet to join them. Violet makes ready for the proposed trip and Wallace is at the steamer to say good by. Vane Cameron and Ralph Henderson join Mr. and Mrs. Hawley's party and before the voyage is over Vane Cameron surrenders his heart to Violet. Mrs. Mencke schemes that no letters pass between Violet and Wallace and later, joining the party in Europe, gives her permission for Vane to win Violet. Failing to get Violet's consent, she produces a notice of Wallace Richardson's death, which throws Violet into a severe sickness, leaving her sad and heartbroken. She confesses to Vane her love for Wallace Richardson, her sister's opposition, concealing nothing. Knowing she is unhappy from causes other than Wallace's death, Vane urges her to allow him to give her his name, to shield her from sorrow and care. Violet, afraid to yield, hesitates, but later she consents to what he thinks best, but with many misgivings. Mrs. Mencke, entering Violet's room, finds the bed made and the room in order and no trace discovered of her. Four weeks later, Lord Cameron sees the body of a woman upon the beach clad in dark grey suit with bands of blue silk. Believing it is Violet, he selects a spot near the sea for burial. The next day a stranger appears and requests to meet the woman reported to have married Lord Cameron. Being questioned by the Menckes his right, he produces the marriage certificate and Vane Cameron confirms it by Violet's admission of it to him, the treatment received, her disappearance and later the finding of her body by drowning and the burial. Wallace falls unconscious and Lady Cameron and Vane remain with Wallace through a severe illness, after which he returns to New York, building up a fine business. In the meanwhile, Wilhelm Mencke squanders all at the gaming table and Mrs. Mencke goes to Cincinnati from which place she suddenly disappears. Violet comes to New York, securing a position as governess for Bertha Lawrence, who is partially blind and possessed of a strong will. She wins her affections, Mr. Lawrence treating her as a member of the family, and alone with himself determines to win Violet. Wilhelm Mencke secures Violet's address and learns that Wallace Richardson is in the city. Calling upon him and desiring to raise money, he offers Violet's jewelry for two thousand dollars. Wallace objects. As the husband of Violet, he is the legal heir and will give a sum which may be named as their value and fifty dollars. Jonas Huntington dies, leaving a fortune to his niece, Violet Huntington. She, supposed to be dead, the nearest heir is Mrs. Wilhelm Mencke, for whom search is being made. Wilhelm Mencke, to secure this property, schemes to get Violet in his power. He haunts Fifth Avenue and learns of her movements. Bertha Lawrence, meeting with an accident, is lovingly cared for by Violet, until her death, after which she proposes to look for employment. Mr. Lawrence, in his gratitude, desires to adopt her as his daughter and heiress. Violet, going out at dusk, is accosted by Mencke. She steps around the corner of a street, when she is suddenly seized and thrust into a carriage.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

VIOLET BECOMES A PRISONER.

"WHAT do you mean, Wilhelm Mencke, by treating me in this shameful manner?" Violet demanded, indignantly, as she sank, panting, upon the seat opposite, and as far away from her companion as possible, her eyes blazing, her whole attitude expressive of mingled anger and loathing.

The man laughed, a low laugh of amusement and triumph, for he had succeeded in his scheme so much more easily than he had anticipated, notwithstanding he had been obliged to wait so long to carry it out, that he was very much elated.

"It means, my pretty little sister-in-law, that I have long been pining for your charming society, which you have been bestowing of late upon that rich old codger up yonder, and I propose now to have you devote a little of it to me, who am your legal guardian," he replied.

"You are no longer my guardian; I repudiate you and your authority!" Violet cried, spiritedly.

"According to the will of your father, you do not reach your maturity until you are twenty-one, and nearly a year will have to elapse before your next birthday," Mr. Mencke calmly returned.

"You were simply appointed the guardian of my property, and not of my person," Violet retorted; "and I demand that you release me instantly. I will not suffer such an indignity—to be carried off forcibly like this. You have squandered all my fortune, so there is nothing now for you to guard, and I am abundantly capable of taking care of myself. Let me out immediately, Wilhelm," and forgetting her promise in her excitement, she turned to the window and began beating upon it to attract attention.

Wilhelm Mencke seized her hands and pushed her rudely back upon her seat.

"Stop that!" he cried, fiercely, or it will be the worse for you. You promised you'd keep still, and you must do it, or I'll gag and bind you."

Violet saw that it would be useless to try to escape from his power now, and so, rather than be gagged and bound, she resolved to make the best of her disagreeable situation; at least until the carriage should stop, when she hoped to attract the attention of some policeman or passerby.

"Release my hands!" she commanded, authoritatively.

"Will you keep still?"

"Yes."

He released her again, and she shrank away from him with a shudder of repulsion.

"I cannot understand your object in kidnapping me in this unhuman style," she resumed; "you certainly cannot have anything to gain now that my money is all gone, while you are liable to get yourself into serious trouble by such an act of violence."

"Your latter statement I admit, Miss Huntington," her companion responded, ironically. "I am liable to get into trouble, but I have taken every precaution to avoid any such result, while what I am to gain remains to be seen later."

"If it is money that you want, Wilhelm, I will give you every dollar I possess if you will take me home," Violet said, appealingly, and trembling with nervous anxiety, for she saw that they were now being driven through streets that were ill-lighted and almost deserted.

"How much do you possess, Violet?" Wilhelm Mencke inquired, with some curiosity.

"I do not know exactly, but I have saved nearly the whole of my salary since I have been with Mr. Lawrence."

"How much did he pay you?"

Violet named the sum that she received, and the man laughed aloud in derision.

"Pretty well—pretty well, I must admit, for a little girl who never lifted her hand before to do anything for herself, and who always had all the money that she wanted to spend for the asking," he said, while his fat sides shook with irrepressible mirth. "Really, Violet," he added, sarcastically, "your tastes must have changed immensely if you have been content to get along with that sum. But it has no temptation for me, as I hope to realize many times the amount by this lark."

"How?" Violet inquired, in surprise.

"Well, in more ways than one. I have been told that the rich old banker is very fond of you, so probably he will offer a handsome reward for news of you when he discovers that you are missing."

"Shame! shame on you, Wilhelm Mencke! Have you fallen as low as that? Is it possible that you will descend to such an act of meanness to get money?" Violet cried, her voice ringing with scorn.

The man flushed hotly, for her words stung him, low as he had fallen.

"A man must live," he muttered, sullenly.

"A man will work for himself," the young girl retorted, contemptuously; "none but leeches, parasites, or vampires will prey upon others in such a way."

"Your tongue, my pretty sister, has lost none of its sharpness since your decease. Pray, is this the style of conversation that you have indulged in since you entered the heaven of Fifth Avenue?" Wilhelm Mencke questioned, with a sneer.

Violet made no reply; she saw that it would be useless to contend with him regarding her release, and since she had no fear that he would do her any personal injury, she resolved to appear to submit to the inevitable and watch her opportunity to elude or outwit him.

The carriage now turned into a darker and narrower street, and the driver slackened the pace of his steeds.

Presently he stopped, but as the carriage came to a halt, Mr. Mencke leaned forward, and again grasped Violet by the wrists, and said, in a low, resolute tone:

"I don't want to hurt you, Violet, but I am going to gag and bind you before we get out, unless you swear that you will make no sound to attract attention."

She realized that she was powerless in his hands and that it would be wise to yield entire submission to him for the present.

"There is no occasion for me to swear, but I will give you my word, which you know is as good as an oath," she returned, haughtily.

"All right," he answered, and at once let her go, for he knew that he could trust her.

He tapped upon the window of the carriage, and the man without immediately opened the door.

Wilhelm Mencke then got out, after which he assisted Violet to alight, and, without releasing his hold upon her, led her up the steps of a dark, deserted-looking house, which he entered with a latch-key.

He drew his captive into the hall, which was as dark as the catacombs of Egypt, shutting and double locking the door after them, and Violet's heart sank with a feeling of utter desolation as she heard the carriage in which they had come drive swiftly down the street.

Wilhelm Mencke then struck a match, and the young girl saw that they were in the long, narrow hall of an apparently unfurnished house. A flight of stairs, uncarpeted and unswept, led to the floor above, and thither her captor now drew her. She followed him without a word, but with a heart that grew heavier at every step.

Reaching the upper hall, Mr. Mencke paused before a door upon the right, and, after lighting another match, threw it open, revealing a comfortably, though rather scantily, furnished apartment.

A carpet, or an immense rug, somewhat faded and worn, had been spread upon the floor. A bed, ready for occupancy, stood in one corner, a table in another, while there were two or three chairs scattered about, and there was wood laid in an open grate, ready to light.

Mr. Mencke lighted a couple of candles, which stood on the mantle, after which he applied the match to the shavings in the grate; then turning to Violet, he remarked, with more of kindness in his tone than she had yet heard:

"This isn't much like your old room in the house on Auburn Avenue, Violet, but it must answer your purpose for the present."

"For the present," she repeated, as she faced him, haughtily, "what do you mean by that? How long am I to be kept in this miserable place, and what am I here for? I would like to know my fate."

"You need not be afraid of any harm or ill-usage, Violet, if you behave reasonably," Mr. Mencke said, in a reassuring tone. "I shall make you as comfortable and treat you as well as I can under the circumstances; you shall have plenty to eat, and all the reading matter you want, to make the time pass, but for the present you will have to stay right here, where no one can find you."

"For how long—days, weeks, or months?" she demanded.

"I can't say," he answered, shifting uneasily beneath her searching look, "at least, until I can mature my plans a little more fully. It may be some weeks—it may be months—I hope not, though, for my sake as well as yours."

He could not know the feeling of despair that settled upon the fair girl's heart at this reply.

It seemed terrible to her to have to be shut away from the light and air in that wretched house and narrow street in a strange portion of the city, and to be deprived of her freedom with no hope of being released for long weeks.

But she resolutely concealed her feelings, and began quietly to remove her hat and ulster.

"Very well," she said, coldly, "of course, being helpless, I am obliged to submit; but if I am to be kept a prisoner here for any length of time, I trust you will not force your society upon me any more than is absolutely necessary."

Wilhelm Mencke flushed angrily at her evident aversion.

"You had better keep a civil tongue in your head," he said, sharply, and then turned as if to leave the room.

"Look here, Wilhelm," Violet interposed, a note of anxiety in her tones, in spite of the brave front that she had assumed, "what kind of a place is this? Is the house empty?"

"Yes, the house is empty—at least no one else lives in it; so if you were building upon the hope of appealing to any one for help, you may as well be undeceived," he answered.

"Am I to stay here alone?" Violet demanded, a cold chill running through all her nerves at the thought.

"No, you are not to stay here alone," Mr. Mencke replied, his eye softening as he noticed her sudden pallor. "I have engaged a woman to stay here to get your meals and to wait upon you, and I shall sleep in the house at night, so you will not lack for protection."

"What do you want of me? What is your object in all this? I cannot understand it."

"That is my business; but I'll tell you this much—I may want you to sign some papers by and by," Mr. Mencke returned, thinking it well to pave the way a little for future schemes.

"Sign some papers?" she repeated, eagerly, but somewhat surprised. "If that is all, I will sign them this minute and——"

"They are not ready yet, and may not be for some time," he interposed; then he added, while an anxious look swept over his face: "I suppose you don't know anything about Belle's movements—I'd like to find her."

"No, I have no idea where she is, and you told me last summer that you had no wish to find her; what has happened to change your mind?" Violet inquired.

"Hum! a man sometimes says things in moments of anger that he doesn't exactly mean, and I'd give considerable to find Belle just now," he said, thoughtfully, and then added, as if he did not care to be questioned further, "but it is about time you had your supper. I will go and send it up," and he went out, locking the door after him.

Violet threw herself into a chair, exhausted from excitement and anxiety, and tried to think.

Had she followed her inclination she would have indulged in a flood of tears; but this she knew could do her no possible good and would unnerve and exhaust her still more, and she resolutely restrained herself.

It seemed the strangest thing in the world that Wilhelm Mencke should have abducted her in this way, and though he had intimated to her that he hoped to realize money from a possible reward offered for her, yet that did not seem a sufficient object to warrant so bold a crime, for he would incur a great risk in getting the money.

It was all a perplexing enigma to her.

"Well, so far as I can judge," she mused, with a heavy sigh, as she removed her glove, "my chief trial will consist in the exercise of patience and in living in this desolate place. I will try to bear it with as good a grace as possible," she added, bravely and resolutely, "but meanwhile I will keep my eyes, ears and wits on the alert and see if I cannot meet strategy with strategy. I wonder what the woman, who is to wait on me, is like. I wish she would bring my supper for I am getting hungry in spite of my uncomfortable situation. I would like to measure her, too, to see what I shall have to cope with in my future plans to get out of this place.

"In the first place," she went on, thoughtfully, "I mean to make friends with her—however true she may prove to be to Wilhelm's cause, it will be better to have her my friend than my enemy."

This was a wise resolution, and proved such during the weary weeks that followed, for it gained the young girl many an attention and dainty which she could not otherwise have had.

Presently Violet heard a door slam somewhere in the regions below, then there came the sound of steps upon the stairs, and a moment later the door was thrown open, when a woman of perhaps thirty years entered, bearing a tray, upon which there was neatly arranged a substantial and well-cooked meal.

She carefully relocked the door after her, simply nodding at her prisoner, while a curious smile flitted over her lips at Violet's pleasant "Good evening."

She was a large-framed, rather coarse-looking woman, having a ruddy complexion, heavy, jet-black hair, and piercing yet not unkindly eyes.

She placed her tray upon the table, which she rolled up to the fire, then setting a chair beside it, she said, respectfully:

"Your supper is ready, miss."

"Thank you," Violet returned, graciously, as she arose and went toward the table. "I believe I am very hungry, and"—as she ran her eye over the various viands—"you have brought me a very inviting looking repast. This steak is beautifully cooked, and your rolls look as if an artist had painted them, they are so evenly browned. Did you make them?"

"Yes," the woman briefly replied, while the curious smile again flickered over her face.

"She thinks I am 'giving her taffy', as the boys say," Violet thought, as she caught the smile; but she pretended not to notice it, and simply remarked, as she broke one of the delicious rolls in halves:

"They are light as a feather."

No reply was vouchsafed to this, and Violet continued to eat her supper in silence for several moments.

At length she asked:

"Are you the woman who is to look after me while I am here?"

"Yes."

That and nothing more, and Violet began to think she would find it a difficult matter to make friends with so taciturn a jailer.

But she looked up at her with a pleasant smile; it was as natural for the young girl to smile as it was to breathe.

"Then I shall have to call you something," she said. "What shall it be?"

"My name is Sarah," was the brief response.

"Well, then, I suppose you want me to call you Sarah, and I presume Mr. Mencke has told you who I am?"

Violet was anxious to learn how much the woman knew about her.

"Yes, you are Miss Draper," Sarah tersely replied.

"Ah, Wilhelm had not given her last name then! That was cunning in him," she thought.

She nodded assent to the name, however, and then asked:

"Won't you please tell me if you are to remain here over night, and where you are to sleep? I confess I feel somewhat lonely in this strange place."

"Yes, I'm to stay here, and I shall sleep in

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Farm Improvement Number for April

If the present-day farmer is to succeed he must adopt the most efficient methods and use the most improved tools, appliances and machinery in order to meet the high cost of farm labor.

April COMFORT will specialize on improved methods and devices for saving labor and reducing cost of operating the farm.

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Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

SEVERAL months ago the sisters were invited to tell of the different ways in which they beautified their homes and made them more comfortable. Up to now the responses haven't been what one could truthfully call overwhelming, but this month, at a very opportune time, we have two splendid letters. The description of Mrs. Dallas' kitchen-porch leaves me wanting one just like it. Now what have the other sisters done? Tell us the little things for, after all, it is the little things that go to make up a day and a lifetime. —Ed.

ELMIRA, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have read COMFORT for years as my mother subscribed for it when I was a child. At that time it was, I think, ten cents a year, and since I have been in a home of my own it has always been a welcome visitor.



DAUGHTER OF MR. AND MRS. W. M. JAMES.

As most of the sisters describe themselves, I will do the same. Am five feet, four inches tall, weigh 140 pounds, have brown hair and blue eyes. Have been married nearly five years to one of the best Bills. We have a darling baby girl, one year old, and truly I feel I have had many things for which to be thankful. Life is just about what we make it and we can make it either a pleasure or a drudge. We all have our ups and downs and sometimes more downs than ups but just get a smile on your face and go ahead.

We live in a little town in the northwestern part of Missouri. The principal crops are corn, wheat and oats. I lived in Colorado one year and love the western country so much.

I would like to correspond with some of the COMFORT sisters and if they care to write to me I will try and answer all letters I receive.

I am sending a photograph of our baby which I hope to see in our corner.

Am enclosing ten cents for Uncle Charlie. Let's all send our dime within the next few months and go over the top with the Home Fund.

Best wishes to all. MRS. W. M. JAMES.

BRADFORD, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Your letters have brightened the days for me wonderfully and I feel as though I had been visiting all of you when I read the Sisters' Corner. It is helpful when we can get together like this, for one can doubly appreciate the privilege if they live in a new community among strangers that do not appear to care to make new friends. After having this experience I have vowed to make it a point to call on the newcomers and make them feel at home and one with us.

I am a very busy housewife, living on a farm. I try to keep down expenses by canning fruits, and using the cold pack method for the vegetables. I also raise chickens and geese to sell. The income from the butter and eggs has fed us and partly clothed us this year. I do all the sewing for my mother and little sister, and for myself as well. They are with us during vacation.

How many of the sisters have tried to raise pigs instead of chickens, to bring in extra pin money? My husband saw I was working too hard and tried to make it easier for me. He gave me a sow with four little pigs, which later I sold for over $300.00. Then I bought a thoroughbred Hampshire sow. She raised sixteen pigs last year. A person could buy a sow with chicken money or raise up a little pig to get a start. It does not cost any more to feed them than it does to feed chickens and they are not as much care. But to figure them on a paying basis, after paying hubby for his share of the feed there will still be a big profit left. This plan has worked out so well that this year I will not raise any poultry to sell, and I will have that extra time for my housework, as my William thinks the most profitable place for his wife is to be queen over the house, keeping everything polished up, and for her to be sweet and refreshed when she meets him at the door.

The income from the pigs I keep in the "Savings Fund" to be used for improving the house, remodeling, painting and replacing of furniture, etc., as I see fit. Aside from this we share equally. And we both have free access to the purse and check book. I appreciate his liberality and try not to be wasteful.

In response to "What the sisters have done to make the home attractive," I will tell you how I managed to get a sink into my narrow seven-foot kitchen. An opening was cut out of the wall, the width of a sink and higher than my head. The sink was set in even with the wall and boxed in all around the back and two sides. This extends back onto the porch and looks like a cupboard from that side. In the kitchen side it has a door below the sink and I hang my dishpan on this door. Part way above the sink there is a narrow shelf where I put the dishes as I wipe them. A 30x36-inch sink is large enough to hold a dishpan and draining rack.

As my kitchen is very small, it gets real hot in summer so we built a summer porch on the east end. It is 12x16 feet. The sides are boarded up three feet

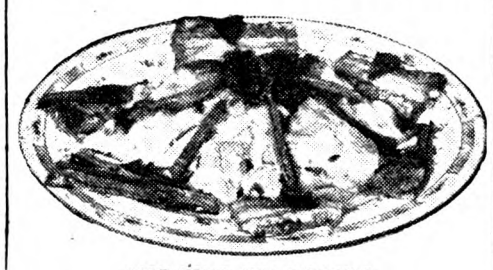
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE one-dish meal is a boon to the housewife at any time and particularly so during the days when there is spring cleaning on "upstairs, downstairs and in m'lady's chamber," and it doesn't make any difference whether it is cooked in a casserole of glass or earthenware with shiny nickel trimmings or the odd baking dish that every kitchen possesses, with a cover borrowed from the agate saucepan; the taste is the same. A few casserole dishes are given below.—Ed.

ESCALLOPED OYSTERS.—One quart of oysters, one pint of milk, one half cup butter, two eggs, salt and pepper to taste and two dozen crackers, rolled fine. Butter an ordinary baking dish, with cover. Heat milk, add cracker-crumbs, melted butter, oysters, beaten eggs and seasoning; stir well, cover with layer of cracker-crumbs and bake half an hour. When nearly done, remove cover to let crumbs brown.

SALT FISH AND PARSNIPS.—Soak boneless salt fish half a day, and very slowly bring to a boil but do not let it boil. Try out salt pork in frying pan, then add raw parsnips cut in slices, and after they have heated through and been turned in the fat, add a cup



SALT FISH AND PARSNIPS.

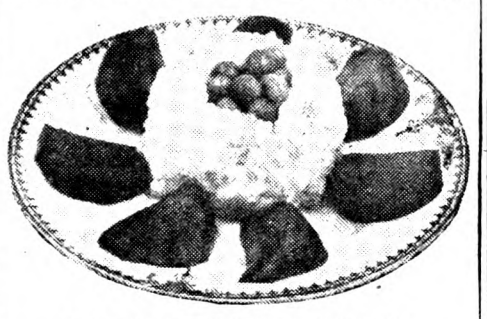
of boiling water. Cover tight for fifteen minutes, and then remove cover and brown. Arrange on platter in alternate rows with salt pork, and over all pour a white sauce.

BAKED CRACKERS AND CHEESE.—Twelve crackers, one cup of grated cheese, one and one half cups of milk, salt and pepper to taste, and two tablespoons of flour. Make a sauce of the milk, flour, cheese and salt. Break the crackers into halves, moisten slightly with milk, and arrange in layer on bottom of baking dish. Cover with cheese sauce, then another layer of crackers and repeat until all are used. Let cook twenty minutes. —MRS. D. E. M., Sulphur Springs.

ESCALLOPED EGGS.—Six hard-boiled eggs, one pint cream, three quarters cup cold chopped meat, one quarter cup chopped walnuts, and one cup of cracker-crumbs. Cover bottom of baking dish with layer of crumbs, cover with layer of eggs, moistened with cream, another layer of eggs followed by meat and nuts mixed together. Repeat until ingredients are used, having top layer of crumbs, dotted with pieces of butter. Add rest of cream and put in oven to bake.—M. E. H., Milton, Mass.

CASSEROLE OF RICE AND MEAT.—Line a mould (slightly greased) with steamed rice. Fill the center with two cups cold, finely chopped, cooked meat, seasoned with salt, pepper, cayenne, celery salt and onion juice. Then add one fourth cup cracker-crumbs, one egg slightly beaten and enough hot stock or water to moisten. Cover meat with rice; cover rice with buttered paper to keep out moisture while steaming and steam 45 minutes. Serve with tomato sauce.

RICE CROQUETTES WITH VEGETABLES.—Pour half a cup of boiling water over half a cup of well washed rice. Add half a teaspoon of salt, cover, and steam on back of stove until the rice has absorbed the water. Add one cup of scalding milk and stir lightly with a fork, then cover and steam until rice is tender. Pour into a cool dish and add two well-beaten egg yolks and three teaspoons of butter, and when cool enough



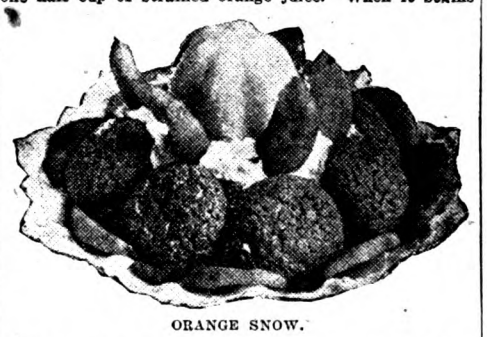
RICE CROQUETTES WITH VEGETABLES.

to handle, shape into flat balls, hollowing out the top. Roll in beaten egg, then in fine bread-crumbs, and fry in deep fat. Fill the center with peas or other vegetable, and surround with quarters of boiled beets.

CORN SOUP.—Three quarters can of corn, one quart of milk, one teaspoon of salt, one half teaspoon pepper, one teaspoon sugar, one teaspoon flour, and one tablespoon butter. Put the milk in double boiler to heat. Cook the salt, pepper, sugar, flour and butter together until the flour is well cooked; add to it a little of the hot milk, mix well and pour into the milk. Heat the corn and, when ready to serve, pour it into the thickened milk.

MOCK BISQUE SOUP.—Two thirds quart can tomatoes, one quart of boiling milk, and two thirds teaspoon soda. Cook the tomatoes, remove from stove and strain through a sieve, add the soda and while it is foaming add the hot milk. Season with salt, pepper and add a little butter.

ORANGE SNOW.—Soak one quarter of a box of gelatine in one quarter of a cup of cold water until soft. In three quarters of a cup of boiling water grate half the yellow from one orange rind and strain after standing five minutes. Add the soaked gelatine and one cup of sugar and stir until it dissolves, and then add one half cup of strained orange juice. When it begins



ORANGE SNOW.

to stiffen, beat in the whites of three eggs that have previously been beaten to a stiff froth. With an egg beater continue beating until thick enough to prevent settling and pour into mould. To serve, turn out onto serving plate, surround with sections of orange from which the seeds and pulp have been carefully removed and edge the plate with macaroons.

MOCK DUCK.—Take four pounds of round steak; have it cut in two slices about an inch thick; sprinkle with salt and cover with dressing made as for turkey. Roll and tie firmly, sew in cloth and steam four hours.

PEA SOUP.—One cup of split peas soaked over night in cold water, two teaspoons butter, one tablespoon flour, one half teaspoon each salt, pepper and sugar, and two quarts of cold water. Put the peas over the fire in two quarts of cold water and let come slowly to a boil; simmer until the peas are thoroughly cooked. As the liquid boils away add more water to keep it to two quarts. When the peas are cooked soft, rub through a colander and return to fire. If too thick, dilute with milk, bring to a boil and stir in the butter and flour, rub together until smooth, and season.



When Wide Awake

In the morning Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. Serve with cream and sugar, with melted butter or mixed with any fruit.

They are food confections—bubble grains—with a taste like toasted nuts. No cereal foods were ever so delicious.

Serve them often—not on gala mornings only. They are not mere tidbits—they are scientific foods.

When children love these Puffed Grains as they do, let them revel in them.

Girls also like to use them as nut meats in their candies and as garnish on ice cream.



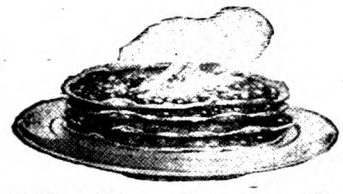
When Sleepy

At night serve Puffed Wheat in a bowl of milk. These are whole-wheat bubbles, flimsy, flaky, puffed to eight times normal size.

Every food cell is exploded by Prof. Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and complete.

This is the perfect good-night dish. It supplies whole-wheat nutrition. It does not tax the stomach. With milk it makes the greatest dish that you can serve to children.

In addition to all this, Puffed Grains are also the most fascinating cereal foods known.



Like Pancakes made with nuts

Now we are making a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. The Puffed Rice Flour makes the pancakes fluffy and it gives a nutty taste. Never were pancakes so delicious as you can make with puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Try it. The flour is self-raising.

Puffed Wheat

—

Puffed Rice

—

Corn Puffs

Also
Puffed Rice
Pancake Flour

3274

Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



At that instant Neil's eyes noticed an object on the rug.



But his glad cry faded on his lips. The room was empty.



"Tell me this, my poor girl. Were you married to Mr. Preston?"



"I ask nothing of heaven," she said harshly.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nicholas Berdyne, past middle age, his face marred by dissipation, schemes with Hartley Trenwyck to win Beryl Grayson, whose father is dead. She is engaged to Neil Preston, who goes to Alaska in the interest of a mine owned by Grayson and which falls into Berdyne's hands. Neil Preston is reported dead by Dave Gorsline, who is hired by Berdyne to tell Beryl. In her sorrow and loss of wealth, she refuses continued aid from Berdyne. Mr. Jackman from Denver, wanting to repay a debt owed to Beryl's father, invites Beryl to his ranch, where she forms a friendship for Tonita, a beautiful Mexican girl, who advises her not to marry Berdyne through any mistaken idea of gratitude. Irma Lee, discarded by Berdyne, warns Beryl that he serves his own selfish purpose and that Neil Preston lives and is on his way to Jackman's Ranch. Berdyne, persistent that Beryl shall become his wife, Neil Preston, overhearing her denunciation of his baseness and treachery and refusing to marry him, confronts Berdyne who swears he will follow his trail. The day Beryl Grayson becomes Berdyne's wife, Morley Preston, opposed to Neil's marriage, will tender Trenwyck a check for five thousand dollars and Berdyne will give a like sum. He admits Beryl's trust in Jackson and that the letter written offering her the home was inspired by him, that he holds a heavy mortgage on the Jackman ranch, and with this knowledge they plot to separate the lovers who plan to be married the following day. Jackman, a tool in Berdyne's and Trenwyck's hands, drugs the wine which he gives Beryl when he drinks with her to her happiness, and she, feeling dizzy and faint, goes to her room and the door is locked. Neil Preston, returning for Beryl, meets Tonita. Approaching Jackman's house, an automobile is in waiting and a man with Beryl in his arms appears from the house and lifts her into the car. Preston strikes him down, and taking the auto, with Tonita, they make their escape through the night for San Francisco. Trenwyck advises Berdyne not to go too far. Not to be foiled in capturing Beryl, they take an early train to San Francisco, wiring Gorsline to watch for the auto, the *Red Flyer*, which he locates near the residence of a minister, who is called early to perform a marriage ceremony, which is scarcely over, when there is a summons from the door. Berdyne enters, and Neil, struggling to defend his wife, reels and falls to the floor mid the chaos of an earthquake, while Beryl is borne helplessly away. Making her escape, she wanders back to Pine Street, searching the wrecked house in vain for her husband, who is hurried to a temporary hospital by Tonita. She leaves a note for Neil that Berdyne has taken Beryl in the *Red Flyer*. Neil, regaining consciousness, goes in search of his wife, and seeing the wreck of the machine, knows that Beryl has escaped from Berdyne. Trenwyck, in league with Gorsline, meeting Beryl, assures her that Tonita is waiting for her on Sutter Street, and, unconscious of treachery, she goes with Trenwyck, where she is made a prisoner by Gorsline. Neil, wandering on Portsmouth Square, recognizes Trenwyck and following him sees him enter the house to which Beryl is persuaded to go. He opens the front door and lets himself in.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

ONCE within the house, Neil could hear voices talking in one of the rooms that opened off the hall. There were two men, but neither had the voice of Berdyne; of that Neil was sure.

Closing the door as softly as he had opened it, he stood for a space under the broken transom. As he lingered, trying to decide what he had better do, a fluttering firebrand was blown in at the gap above the spacious doors. He smothered it under his foot, advanced a few steps, and then halted and looked up through the opening.

Scraps of fire were falling thickly outside, startling proof that the conflagration was coming close to that part of Sutter Street. The thunder of dynamite explosions, too, was drawing nearer. Yet still the two men in the room off the hall continued to talk.

Neil stole a look between the damask curtains of the first arched doorway. The men were not in that apartment, but their voices came through another draped archway leading to the drawing-room. He stepped into the first room and crossed it, his footsteps muffled by the thick carpet on which he trod. Halting at the other curtains, he drew one a little apart, and peered through.

Trenwyck was there, and a low-browed, bull-necked scoundrel whose sodden face bore an indelible mark of the gallows. Who could that second man be? Neil waited and listened, thinking he might secure a clew from the conversation of the precious pair.

The men were sprawled in easy-chairs. A box of cigars and a decanter of wine and glasses were on a gilded table between them. Trenwyck was just lighting a cigar, but Gorsline was already smoking.

Neil's clue was not long in coming.

"You may be a lawyer, right enough," grunted the bull-necked ruffian, "but you're a fool, for all that. It wasn't no time to fill up on wine. The way you acted, no wonder the gal was scart an' tumbled to our game."

"She was bound to find it out sooner or later, Gorsline," replied Trenwyck, in a half-apologetic tone. "What did you do with her?"

"Tied her in a chair. Didn't think I was goin' to let her go, did you?"

Gorsline! The mere sound of the ruffian's name on Trenwyck's lips, fired Neil's blood. Here, then, was the man Berdyne had hired to go to Beryl with a vicious falsehood—a plausible lie that had brought Beryl near to death, and caused her months of torture.

Neil's breath came short and hard, and his dark eyes gleamed with the righteous wrath that filled him. Only the importance of his hearing more of what the two villains were saying prevented him from springing out and taking terrible vengeance then and there.

This was the first time Neil had ever set eyes on Gorsline. The ruffian knew him by sight, for Berdyne had set him to dogging Neil the very day the *Argonaut* had reached her home port.

Grinding his teeth and smothering his impatience, Neil waited and listened. The two had already mentioned a woman whom the gunman had made a prisoner. Neil's heart sickened at the thought that it might be Beryl. But, whether it was Beryl or not, he would free the captive at all costs.

"Well, no," muttered the lawyer, after a brief silence, "I didn't think you would let her go, Gorsline; but, if we can't find Nick, what are we to do with her?"

"Durned if I know. If you could drug her, we might take her across the bay to that yacht Berdyne has chartered, or mebby to the houseboat in Belvedere Cove."

"I've had enough of this drugging business," said Trenwyck; "and as for getting her through the city at a time like this, it's not to be thought of. But say," he added, "she's a little beauty, ain't she? I've seen a good many beautiful women, but never one to compare with her."

"Stow it!" snapped Gorsline. "You ought to have more sense than to talk like that, or do what you done. Ain't thinkin' o' cuttin' Berdyne out, are you?" he added, with a sharp look.

Trenwyck gave a forced laugh. The effects of the wine were wearing off slowly, and he was becoming more discreet.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed. "I can admire Berdyne's taste if I want to, can't I?"

"I give you warnin', my buck, that that's as far as you'd better go with it. You didn't get any track o' Berdyne while you was out lookin'?"

"The town is too big, and in too much of a turmoil, to find any one. I'm wondering how you and I ever came together, and how chance ever enabled me to find Beryl Grayson as I did."

"There's something I can't understand," observed Gorsline. "You say she said she used to be Miss Beryl Grayson. Do you think she and Preston was married at that sky pilot's house, this mornin'?"

But Neil had heard more than enough. He had satisfied himself that his darling was really in the hands of those wretches. Without giving Trenwyck time to answer Gorsline's question, he dashed through the curtains.

"Preston!" cried Trenwyck, springing erect.

"By the eternal, if it ain't!" added Gorsline, likewise leaping to his feet. At the same time the ruffian's hand groped at the front of his shirt.

Beryl's wrongs, no less than Neil's own, were crying aloud for vengeance. It was the awful purpose shining in Neil's face that prompted Gorsline to think of a weapon and reach for it.

The air in the house had become well-nigh stifling. A whiff of smoke and a low crackling as of flames followed Neil from the front apartment into the drawing-room. A sound of hurried movements reached them from without. Yet these various sights and sounds of peril claimed not the least attention from the three men who stood facing each other—two of them glaring into each other's eyes their hate and defiance.

"You have been talking," said Neil, his voice low, but filled with a deadly menace, "of my wife. Her fair name is not to be sullied by lips like yours. I have heard much that has been spoken between you, and I am confident that, by the exercise of your devilish arts, you have spirited her away and made her a prisoner. You will tell me where she is, without a moment's loss of time, or both of you shall die!"

His voice rang out in the room with the last words, and Trenwyck cowered. He was a craven, at best, but Gorsline was made of sterner stuff.

"You'll find out nothin' from me, d'you hear?" he shouted. "When you talk about takin' a man's life, that's a game two can play at."

As he finished speaking, Gorsline drew a knife from the breast of his shirt; a long, keen blade that glittered ominously as he gripped the handle and held it ready.

"Not that, Gorsline!" cried the frantic Trenwyck. "Preston," he added, imploringly, "have a care what you do!"

"Curse you for a coward!" exclaimed Gorsline, speaking to Trenwyck, but keeping his baleful eyes on Neil with catlike vigilance. "If you try to interfere with me, I'll knife you as well."

Neil was unarmed, yet the sight of the knife in no wise dismayed him. He felt that he could take the coarse ruffian by the throat with his two hands and strangle him like a cur. Beryl, his darling wife—her liberty, perhaps her life, was at stake.

The lawyer was in fearful straits. If any harm befell this scion of the proud family of Prestons, through him, there would be a woeful accounting.

"This—this must stop right here!" went on the lawyer, thoroughly sobered now. He even plucked up courage enough to take a step toward the two who stood facing each other, ready for a spring and a life-and-death struggle.

"Keep back!" roared Gorsline savagely. "The man that comes off best won't suffer for what happens here. Whatever deed is done will be wiped out by the fire in less'n an hour."

As if to exemplify these gruesome words, the clatter of a galloping horse was heard in the street, together with the stentorian cry:

"Clear the street! We're about to dynamite! Clear the street!"

The warning passed unheeded over the heads of Neil and Gorsline. They merely nerved themselves for the final struggle, realizing the necessity of having it quickly over with.

Neil's sharp eyes had been measuring the situation. When he moved, it was with a lightning-like quickness that caught his enemy unprepared. A chair stood near. Neil caught it up, and hurled it straight at Gorsline.

The ruffian sprang back, but not swiftly enough to evade a staggering blow in the side. He still held to his knife, but, before he could recover from the effects of the blow, Neil sprang upon him. One hand went to Gorsline's throat, and the other to the hand that held the knife. Clinging to each other fiercely, the two men reeled and swayed.

Trenwyck, craven though he was, and eager to preserve his life from dynamite and fire, was yet held to the scene by a horrid fascination. He could not go, although he knew he was in deadly peril every moment he stayed.

"Don't you hear?" he demanded feebly. "They're going to use dynamite in this block, perhaps in this very building!"

If he could have done so, Trenwyck would have crossed to the door leading into the library and released Beryl. But the door was secured, and the key was in Gorsline's possession. To go out by the front door, pass around to the side of the house, and enter the library by one of the windows, would have been feasible, but in that dread moment the idea never occurred to the lawyer.

For a full minute the combatants stood struggling back and forth, Gorsline powerless to free himself and slowly choking; then the ruffian, with a despairing call upon every particle of his strength, pushed forward, and forced his lighter antagonist back.

An overturned chair was behind Neil. He did not see it, and he could not have guarded himself against it if he had seen it. He fell at full length, and Gorsline, shaking the strangling clutch from his throat, dropped down upon him with a horrid shout of triumph.

"Now it is my turn!" he cried, his purplish face writhing with insane fury.

The knife was raised; and it would have fallen but for Trenwyck. With all his strength the lawyer caught the ruffian's lifted arm, and, amid oaths and curses from the latter, twisted the dagger from his grasp.

Neil was only momentarily at a disadvantage. His hands flew up, twisted themselves about the scoundrel's throat, and, with an irresistible movement of his body, he overturned his antagonist and held him to the floor.

"Tell me all, or you shall die!" he cried fiercely.

At that instant Neil's eyes noticed an object on the rug. Some of Gorsline's ghoulish spoils had been shaken from his coat, and among the articles was a ring—the ring Neil had given Beryl!

"Oh, you fiend! You inhuman wretch!" shouted Neil, in a spasm of wild rage. "If any harm has befallen my wife through you, I'll——"

Gorsline attempted to speak. Neil relaxed his fearful grip to permit intelligible words to come.

"She is safe—I swear it!" gasped Gorsline chokingly.

"Where is my darling? Tell me, or, by Heaven, you shall never live to leave this house!"

"The library—the door on the left," said Gorsline thickly.

"The door is locked; he has the key," put in Trenwyck.

Neil saw a key on the rug at Gorsline's side. Picking up both the key and the ring, he sprang from the ruffian and rushed to the door. Another instant and he had turned the key in the lock, opened the door wide, and leaped into the library.

"Beryl, my wife! My darling!"

But his glad cry faded on his lips. The room was empty—there was no one there! The awful disappointment almost unhinged his reason. He tottered back against the wall, breathless from his late struggle no less than because of his conflicting emotions.

"Beryl, Beryl!" he continued to cry, but his staring eyes saw only vacancy.

Thinking he had been tricked, he turned back into the other room. But Gorsline and Trenwyck were gone. Blast after blast of exploding dynamite shook the house, yet Neil had no thought of leaving until he had learned more.

He ran back into the library. The smoke was thickening in the other rooms, but the library as yet was fairly clear.

A chair caught his eye; about it lay the makeshift ropes which Gorsline had used in binding his unhappy prisoner. Neil examined them.

Yes, he persuaded himself, it must be! Beryl had freed herself. But how had she escaped from the room?

His glaring eyes, smarting with the smoke, passed around the walls, and finally reached the openings where the windows had been. He rushed to the broken gaps in the outer wall and looked out and down.

There was little doubt in his mind then. Beryl had freed herself of the twisted cords, and escaped from the house by one of the windows.

By this time the air was like that of a furnace. Without pausing a second longer, he hurled himself out. A mighty detonation accompanied by a lurid glare followed his flight; and with one arm thrown across his face to protect it from flying debris, he plunged on into the chaos of the street.

CHAPTER XIX.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

Beryl had been but a child in the cruel grasp of Gorsline. He had hurled her into the leather chair, bound her securely with the twisted sheets, and then smothered her lips with a fold of cloth. He feared she would cry out, and that some of the refugees who were fleeing along Sutter Street would come to her aid. This grievous work, finished, he tore the magnificent diamond from Beryl's finger and went back to the other room. Trenwyck had already left to search for Berdyne.

Poor Beryl could not plead with the wretched thief to spare her the ring; she could not tell him how the golden circlet symbolized the tie that bound her to the man she loved better than life; nevertheless, her eyes expressed the mute agony she felt, and the sad, despairing tears dropped from her long lashes.

She had been deceived by these hirelings of Berdyne. Tonita was not there; the promise of meeting her had been a trick to lure her into that deserted house. And that "good news" which was to tell of Neil's safety, and of the place where he was impatiently awaiting his beloved—ah, this, this was as false as all the rest! How was it that, in the great world, there could be hearts so base!

And the faithless one who had led her into that trap had gone in quest of Nicholas Berdyne! He would come there; again she would find herself in his ruthless hands.

The very thought roused her tortured soul to action. She tried to scream, to wrench herself free so that she might fly with winged feet from the hateful spot; but her struggles were in vain, and she gave up with a choking sigh. Then, in that supreme moment, when she thought the fight was lost, a voice came to her.

"Tell me this, my poor girl: Were you married to Mr. Preston?"

It was a woman's voice. For an instant the stricken girl felt that she must be dreaming. She looked up and saw Irma Lee standing before her. How could it be that Irma Lee was there, in that room, when she and Beryl had last met in the wooded path at Sunset Ranch?

"Ah, how brutally you have been treated!" exclaimed Irma Lee, seeming to notice for the first time the cloth that covered Beryl's lips and prevented speech.

Without loss of a moment, she unfastened the cloth and removed it, and then deftly untied the knots of the makeshift ropes.

"You here!" exclaimed Beryl wonderingly.

"Not so loud, Miss Grayson," warned Irma, in a whisper. "Remember, Gorsline is in the other room. The door is closed and locked, and so we may talk for a little time."

"But how did you come?" persisted Beryl.

The other pointed to one of the window openings. "It was comparatively easy to enter this room in that way," she said.

"You knew these men were here?" continued Beryl.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

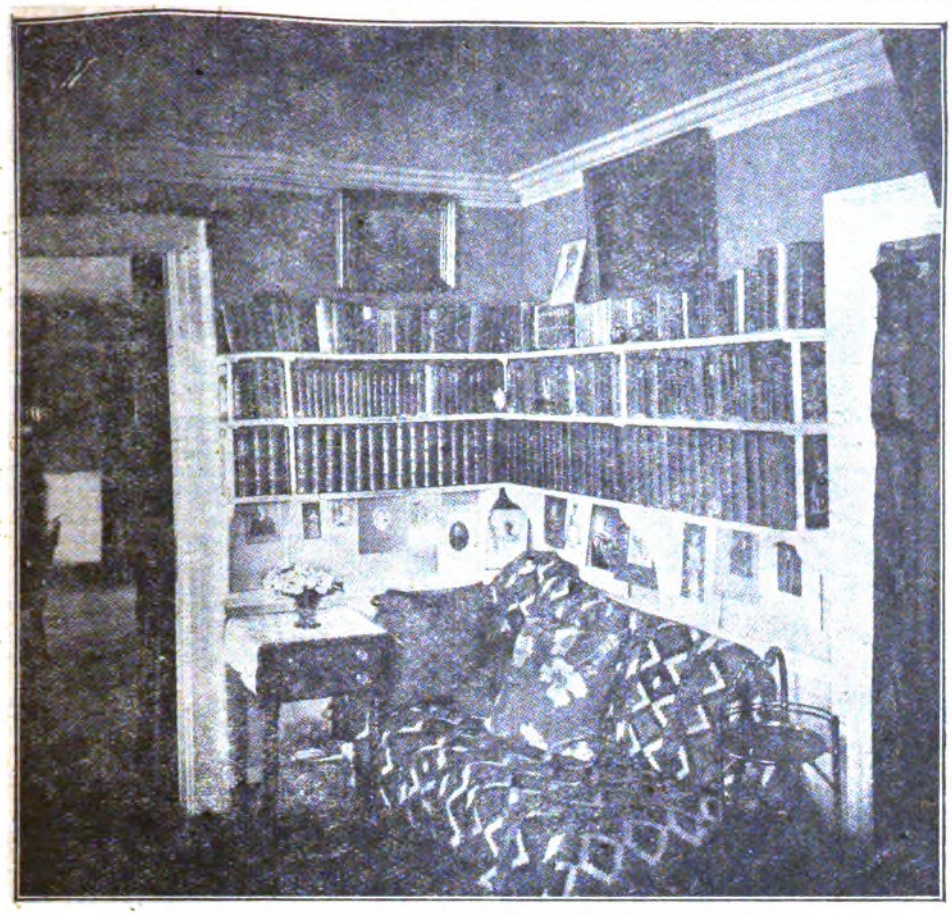
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"GREAT TALKS IN LITTLE NOOKS, DIM COLORS, ROWS OF BOOKS."

Making a House a Home

By Eveline Vance

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IT is often from seeing what others have done that we acquire the ambition to do the very same things for ourselves. Most likely, they are things that please the eye, suggest peace and comfort, and a saving of money; especially the latter, for thrifty we must be if we are keeping apace with the "new thought" of readjustment. In earlier days, our foremothers looked upon the papering of several rooms, the weaving of her own homespun and carpets as quite within her range of capabilities, and when we consider the money value attached to old pieces of hand-made furniture, whether handsome or merely "interesting", we realize we are going back to old-time ways, but with modern ingenuity and progression that leads to greater accomplishments.

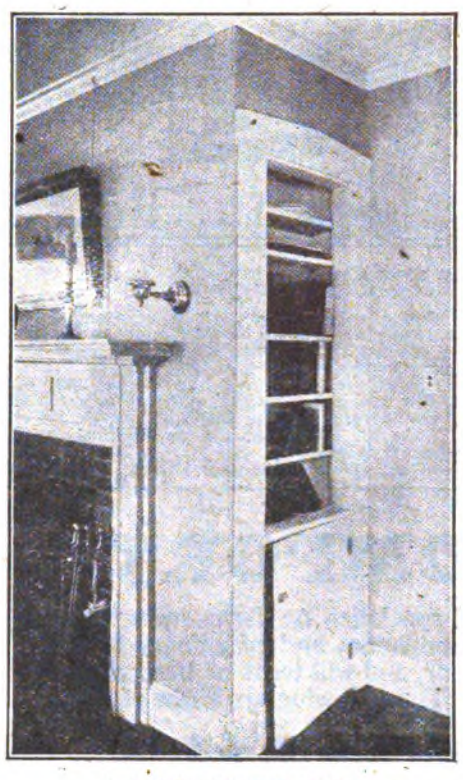
The demands on the housemother who would make everyone within her home comfortable and happy are very great, and instinctively she knows that success comes by making the most of her limitations. Riches alone never made a home. It will build a house, but there must be the leading spirit of the home-maker, who with the simplest materials will create an interior that will not lack in charm and individuality. Such a home-maker will never depart from the appearance of domesticity, and she will always keep in mind that the chief purpose of a room is to provide comfortable accommodations for those who wish to read, study, talk, sleep, eat, or to enjoy various forms of amusement.

Someone has said that there should be a family resemblance in the furnishings of a room—a statement which carries a volume of truth. A room may acquire a restless appearance from inharmonious colors, too much bric-a-brac, and furniture that in this particular room could never become intimate, but if separated and distributed to various parts of the house would at once find companionship.

In the accompanying illustrations we observe that the keynote to repose and dignity is correct arrangement, usefulness, and an utter lack of extravagance. On still closer scrutiny it will be found that with few exceptions, all these furnishings may be worked out at only the cost of material. It only requires a little practical working knowledge, combined with incentive and patience.

Built-in Bookcases

From a purely artistic viewpoint, the two living-rooms demonstrate how much the presence of books does toward furnishing and decorating. They have no equals, besides the wealth of friendship they offer. The built-in bookcase, finished the same as the woodwork of the room, has prac-



A CLOSET IN THE WALL.

tically taken the place of all others for household use,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



"WIDE WINDOWS, A VIEW FOR MILES.



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Cubby Bear Plays "Follow My Fancy"

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"GOOD BY, Mamma Bruin," called Cubby Bear gaily, putting his head in at the door; "do not expect me home until night. We have a beautiful new game to play. Robbie Reddie has been telling us about it. It is 'Follow My Fancy,' and each player starts off in whatever direction he pleases, and does whatever he likes for the whole day; then at night they meet, and each tells the others what he has done. It will be great fun. Robbie Reddie, Shinyblack Crow, Dr. Squilly Porcupine, Wollie Woodchuck and I are to be the players."

Cubby ran out to where the others were waiting for him.

"One, two, three—and away!" cried Robbie Reddie, and they all started off.

Cubby Bear, after thinking a moment, went towards a hemlock thicket which he had long intended to explore. The lower branches of the hemlocks grew close to the ground, and it was hard work going through the thicket. Cubby struggled bravely, and succeeded in crawling and squirming his way through, although he got several scratches, and left a bit of his fur hanging here and there on the boughs. He sat down to rest for a little.

"I am glad he did it!" he exulted. "I do not like to give up when once I have started out to do a thing!"

The way was now easier, and he trotted briskly along, with courage high, ready for whatever adventures he might chance to meet.

"How dark it is growing!" he thought. "Night cannot be coming now—I know it did not take me all day to go through the hemlocks."

Soon the darkness lifted, and woods and sky took on a pinkish glow, as Cubby had seen it sometimes at the sunset hour, but brighter. The trees around him now were tall and straight, all graceful white birches. The ground beneath his paws was smooth and level, except that it sloped gently downward before him, and as he went along he stooped to pick flowers of such beauty and fragrance as he had never seen before.

At the foot of the slope he came to a shallow pond, a beautiful little sheet of water, which reflected the white birches on its banks, and little clouds that floated in the sky. On one foot, in the middle of the pond, stood a great bird, a crane, with grayish blue feathers, long of leg and neck. Cubby thought at first he had but the one leg, but later learned that he had two.

The crane unfolded one wing and waved it at Cubby Bear.

"You've come at last!" he called. "You were long enough about it!"

"Were—were you expecting me?" asked Cubby, in surprise.

"*To* be sure!" answered the bird. "Why else have we turned on all the pink lights, and swept and dusted the pond so carefully?"

"We——?" asked Cubby. "Are there others like you?"

"*To* be sure!" said the crane again. "Connie Crane, and Callow Crane, and Capery Crane, and Contrary Crane, and Clowny Crane, and Comical Crane, and Cabbie Crane, and Cackling Crane, and Calamity Crane, and Calendar Crane—and as many more as you like. I am Commodore Crane. Allow me to introduce myself. *You* may be Company Crane for today, if you like."

"Thank you, but I think I would rather be Cubby Bear," said Cubby hastily.

"Oh, just as you like—I shall take no offense—but how anyone can prefer to be a bear when he might just as well be a crane, is—well, it's unbelievable!"

Commodore Crane uncurled his hidden leg, and putting one claw in his bill, blew a long, loud whistle, so shrill that Cubby covered his ears.

"Did I deafen you?" asked the crane politely.

"I don't think so," answered Cubby. "At least, I heard your question."

"I'm glad of that," said the bird. "And yet, I don't know—it would be rather nice not to be able to hear when one was scolded, or told to do unpleasant things. What do you say—I can whistle *much* louder—would you like to try a little deafness, just in one ear, for instance?" And again he put a claw in his bill.

"Oh, no! No, thank you!" cried Cubby.

"As you like," said the Commodore. "I always try to please. Ah, here they come! I was calling the rest of the family. We are all brothers and sisters."

Across the pond, a strange crowd came into view, long-legged cranes, so like one another that Cubby knew he could never tell them apart. In and out among the birches they twisted in fantastic procession mincing along on tiptoe, swaying their heads from side to side, raising and lowering their great wings.

"That's our famous Trippy-Toe March," explained the Commodore, as the cranes ranged themselves side by side at the edge of the pond. "Next, you shall see the Splish-Splash Drill. Attention—get your branches."

Each crane stretched up his long neck (Cubby thought some of them would never be the proper length again) and plucked a leafy branch from a white birch tree.

Then they sprang into the water, going through the strangest antics, and splashing the water all about with their branches, while the Commodore shouted directions.

"Now *you* must entertain *us!*" said Cabbie Crane. "Let us see how long you can stand in the water, on your head."

"Oh, no! I should drown if I did that," demurred Cubby.

"Naughty, naughty!" cried Comical Crane, shaking a claw at him playfully. "I'll have to call a little cloud down, to hide you!"



CUBBY STARED, OPEN-MOUTHED WITH ASTONISHMENT.

"Right—left—forward—backward—large circles—small circles—somersaults—wave wings. Ah, well done! well done! Now form in a reception circle, and the guest of the day, Mr. Cubby Bear, shall be introduced to you."

Then the Commodore offered his wing to Cubby, who took it rather awkwardly, not being used to such ceremony, and led him out into the water, where the other cranes stood ready to receive him.

Cubby looked up, and there, sure enough, was a little pinkish cloud coming down to the pond. It covered Cubby with a pink mistiness which hid everything from his sight.

"That's enough," said the Commodore, after a few moments, during which Comical Crane giggled gleefully; "you shouldn't tease a visitor."

Then the cloud sailed away up into the sky, where it belonged.

"We'll show *him* a few tricks," said Clowny Crane, "since he won't do any for us."

"Not I!" declined Contrary Crane. "I was told I could have a holiday, and I'm off for a journey."

"Something unpleasant'll happen, sure as you go," warned Calamity Crane. "You mark my words."

"Oh, let him go!" interrupted Calendar Crane. "We'll keep today—he can't take that away from us—but he may take all next week with him if he likes. That would leave, let me see! that would leave twenty-two more days in the month, and that is quite long enough to suit me."

"All ready for the tower trick!" said Capery Crane. "Position, Cabbie!"

Cabbie Crane waded to the center of the pond, then stood up very straight, wings spread, feet firmly braced.

Connie Crane sprang upward, landing on Cabbie's back, and stood there, with wings outspread, also. Then Capery Crane flew up and stood upon Connie's back, and one after another all the cranes followed, until they formed a high tower, all standing motionless, with wings wide-spread.

Cubby Bear stared, open-mouthed with astonishment. However could they balance themselves so perfectly?

Then the living tower bent toward him, and in a moment more, the cranes were all about him, and he put up his paws to shield his face from the flapping wings and waving claws.

The wings stirred the air like a rushing wind. The pink glow faded away like the sunset colors at twilight.

"Push him!"

"Hurry him!"

"Shove him!"

"Batter him!"

"Today's gone! Contrary Crane's week is beginning, he'll take the time away with him, and we can't have bears around! Get him away, quick!"

Poor Cubby, buffetted by strong wings and clutching claws, was hustled along, back up the flower-strewn slope of land, and into the hemlock thicket. After struggling once more through the close-growing branches, he hurried home, where he found Robbie Reddie and the others waiting for him.

"Now," said Robbie, "we will hear how each one 'Followed His Fancy.' You begin, Wollie."

Wollie Woodchuck grinned sheepishly.

"Why, I——I went back home, and went to sleep, and did not waken until sunset," he said.

"Shinyblack Crow next."

"I spent the day as I have many another," said Shinyblack Crow. "I often 'Follow My Fancy.' I flew up far above the trees, then sailed away, and away, and away, over cities, and rivers, and forests. When the sun was straight overhead, I landed, had some dinner, and then flew back home again. It is grand exercise, up in the pure, sweet air and oh, such scenery! There is nothing to compare with it for those whose feet must be always on the ground. Now, Squilly, it is your turn."

"I had a good time," said Dr. Squilly Porcupine, "but I was working hard, too. My fancy led me toward the west, the direction the sun would take, but I had not gone far before I found a wounded partridge, moaning in great distress. He had broken a leg, a wing, and a rib. I spent most of the day setting the broken bones and putting on splints and bandages. After that, I found something for him to eat, and looked up one of his friends who promised to take care of him."

"A good day's work," said Robbie Reddie. "As for myself, I flew away to where a broad river flows smoothly on its way to the sea. Leaning out over the water was a great willow tree. I lighted on one of its swaying branches and sat there, singing and swinging, and watching the river, which reflected the trees and clouds. Oh, I was so happy there, I was sorry when the day was ended."

Then they looked at Cubby Bear, waiting for him to begin.

"I have had a strange, strange day!" he sighed. "I am afraid you will not believe me, but I will tell you as best I can."

They all listened with wondering faces.

When he ended his story, he leaned his head wearily on his paws.

"We were to tell the truth, you know," said Wollie.

Cubby was silent.

"You went through the hemlocks, and went straight on?" asked Shinyblack Crow.

"Yes."

"But there is no pond in that direction," said Shinyblack Crow. "I have flown over all this region enough to be sure of that. There is a large pond south of here. I will show you the way there some day; but there are no white birches near, and the water is deep."

Dr. Squilly rose and laid his paw on Cubby Bear's head.

"I am afraid he has a fever," he said to the others.

"More likely he went to sleep and dreamed it all," said Robbie Reddie. "What do you think about it, Cubby?"

"I do not know," answered Cubby sorrowfully.

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APRIL COMFORT

our Farm Improvement Number will specialize on farm improvement and improved labor-saving devices, appliances and machinery to meet the scarcity and high cost of farm labor, and will treat of best methods of operation to yield larger returns. The following are a few of the

Special Features for April

"Modern Farm Machinery" Tells the best kinds of machines and implements for various purposes, and how to select, use and care for them.

"Farm Home Conveniences" Equipment and improvements in and about the house and milk house that lighten the women's work and add to the health and happiness of the entire family.

"Farm Improvement" Permanent improvement of land, buildings and fixtures that add to the value of the property and increase the operating profits.

"Profit in Bees" A practical article that tells why every farmer should keep bees and how to do it.

"The Lilies of France" A beautiful heart-interest romance of the World War—By Anna S. Ellis.

"Cubby Bear at Foxy Reynard's Party" Foxy Reynard gives an April Fool party and plays a very mean trick on his guests.

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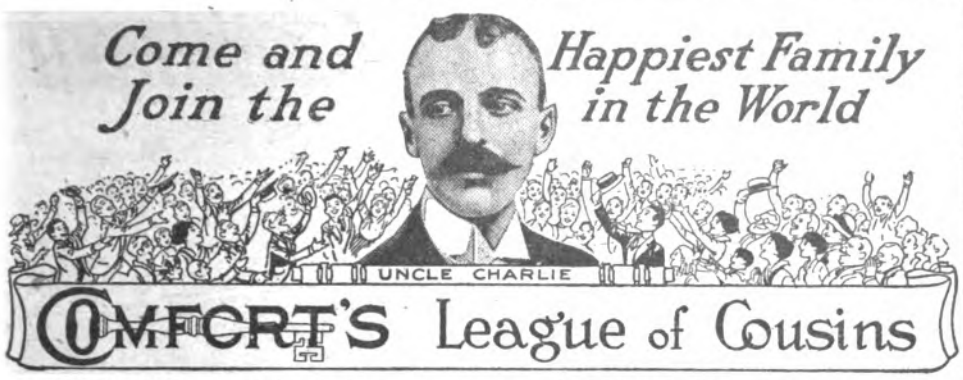
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March, 1920.

Crumbs of Comfort

Patience wins.
Listen and learn.
The mind is the man.
Let us make haste to live.
Be a friend to all mankind.
The pen has shaken nations.
Noblest minds are easiest bent.
Lips, however rosy, must be fed.
The best monument is a good name.
Literature is the tongue of the world.
The devil has had martyrs among men.
Too much forethought can make us unhappy.
A good library is a friend of a thousand years.
If nobody loves you, be sure it is your own fault.
True liberty is not liberty to do evil as well as good.
Many moments have passed, but few think of them.
Every face has lines and boundaries and is a map of life.
A little thing comforts us because a little thing afflicts us.
Nature has established laws, and it is our part to obey them.
It is the worst wheel of the wagon which makes the most noise.
We can learn wisdom from failure much more than from success.
Peace mangles no bodies, desolates no fields, and burns no towns.
Acquire habits of observation, for you live in a world of wonders.
The happiness of the people is the end and object of all true government.
He goes through the world the best who goes through it with a light heart.
The history of nations is but the history of the crimes and follies of men.
It concerns us materially that our neighbors should be as wise as ourselves.
Childhood itself is not more lovely than a cheerful, kindly, sunshiny old age.
Occupation was one of the pleasures of Eden, and we cannot be happy without it.
Poetry is the record of the best and happiest moments of the happiest and best of men.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and let's have a real old-time chat. This is, if I am not mistaken, the seventeenth anniversary of the founding of COMFORT's League of Cousins. We ought, at least, to have a hundred thousand members in our ranks by now, whereas we have but half that number. As a matter of fact, there is no reason why we should not have a million, for who is there who would not go on record as wanting to be a "comfort to his parents, to protect the weak and aged, to be kind to dumb animals;" and who but a crack-brained pacifist or a Bolshevist revolutionist would not be ready to join any league that stood for protection of his country, home and dear ones and a flag that symbolizes all worth-while human ideals.

We have recently printed a list containing hundreds of names of those of our League members who wish to correspond with one another. You should join the League for the principles it upholds; for the good it does, and if you want to make some sincere pen friend (as thousands have already done), that list will be sent you when you join the League.

I want to thank all those who did their best to make my Christmas a happy one, especially Mrs. Murrock of Barnes Corners, N. Y., who sent me a princely gift—*four dozen new-laid eggs!!!* As we have been paying a dollar twenty per dozen for eggs that had all the odor of a glue factory and which were laid thousands of years before Noah became the secretary Daniels of the world's first navy, and Eve had got wise to present-day lady's apparel by wearing a fig leaf, those eggs were a godsend. As soon as the news got wind that there were four dozen new-laid eggs in this house, I had to phone to police headquarters for a platoon of Irish cops to guard my treasure. I was almost in as tough a predicament as those who are hoarding whiskey. Burglars don't care about dollars any more, now that our degenerated currency has become about as valuable as stage money, but they break into homes where liquor is hoarded, murder the boozologist and sell their stolen liquor for incredible sums. There were three hundred murders committed in Chicago during the first eleven months of last year. In one day there were thirty-six hold-ups, twenty-eight automobile thefts, several pistol battles, numerous safe blowings, and one hundred and thirty criminals were arrested. You would have to arrest a hundred thousand of Chicago's crooks to make any impression on the criminals in that city. Sixteen boys, mostly foreigners, were also arrested and among these were eight murderers; so please do not wonder that I worried about my precious eggs.

I always thought that government operation of railroads, ownership and operation of natural resources would be the salvation of this nation, but, alas, that was when I did not know the kind of nation we had. As Billy the Goat says, we've got an abomination now, not a nation, and no one will do for the Government half what he will do for a private employer. Uncle Sam implores us to raise food, then permits his employees to destroy it. Some day I'm going down to Washington to see if some one hasn't swiped our dear old original Uncle Sam and camouflaged us with a Bolshevik fake that is running the country to hades.

A Red Ark sailed down from New York Bay the other day with two hundred and fifty wild-eyed anarchist firebrands aboard and hundreds more are to follow, so actually Uncle Sam must have a kick left in him, after all. Berkman and Goldman, the two notorious Russian Jew anarchists, were among the bunch. It has taken thirty years to get these troublemakers out of the country. If this bunch had been deported five years ago or even two years ago, half the trouble we are experiencing from these lunatics would have been avoided. When a patient is sick, or crazy, we send for the doctor or the authorities right away. Uncle Sam waits until his patient is dead or nearly dead and until the lunatics have torn his country to pieces. However, deporting a few hundred or a few thousand Bolshevists won't stop the activities of these vermin in this country. As usual, we are cutting off a few poisonous leaves instead of uprooting the tree. We had to go to Germany to lick Germany. Deporting Boy-Ed and Von Papen didn't do the job, and if Democracy and civilization are to be saved someone will have to go to Russia and destroy Bolshevism just as we had to go to Europe to destroy Kaiserism. It's a tough job but it's got to be done unless the Reds become civilized and mend their ways. Russia has two Czars now instead of one and a horde of Chinese mercenaries to shoot up those who fail to do the Jew Czar's biddings.

Billy the Goat says the late war was a war between a nation of waiters and a nation of cooks. Uncle Sam must be pro-German, for he is the world's champion waiter. Nations, like individuals, go crazy at times. Not all of our people, however, thank God, are crazy. Though *the Allies and* ourselves licked Germany, we lost *the war, as you* will find to your sorrow before many *years ha*ve passed over your heads, unless you keep your eyes on both Hun and Bolshevik. However, something good has come out of this war and that is the American Legion, which, next to COMFORT's League of Cousins, is the greatest force for good this country has ever known. Just what the Legion is, what it stands for (and it stands for everything that is noble and glorious) I will tell you some other time. Thank God, however, we have got it, and if there are any of you boys who are entitled to get into it and have not done so, for God's sake hustle up and join its ranks, for it has the only ranks that can down the cranks.

A. A. Ossendoffsky has carefully estimated that the ravages of Bolshevism have cost Russia 12,280,000 lives, and this murder fest is still running strong and likely to continue. That high-browed, visionless visionary, Raymond Robbins, the gentleman with the outdoor mind and the indoor delusions, could walk from one end of Russia to the other without seeing a single corpse. I have lived in Russia and have been surrounded by a quarter of a million Russians for years, and I think I know more about that people, or one branch of it than the gentleman in question will ever know. I've had these gentry with gleaming eyes and glistening teeth poke their faces into mine and say, "We must have a revolution and we can't have it without blood." And yet these were all prosperous men with fine homes and everything a human being could reasonably desire. Nevertheless, they want to turn society upside down. They have got the money, now they want the power, and their greed for both these commodities is insatiable. When the orthodox Jew throws overboard the faith of his fathers and becomes infected with revolutionary ideas, he is more dangerous than a safety razor factory, and our immigration authorities should see that none of his kind get into this country, for it is they who have done more than all the rest of the world put together to spread poisonous doctrines and to raise general hades. Berkman, Goldman, Rose Pastor Stokes, Victor Berger (an Austrian Jew, according to the New York Tribune), Bela Kun, Kurt Eisner, Liebnecht, Trotzky and a huge majority of the Bolshevist officials, are Jews. Maximilian Harden, the famous journalist, himself a Jew, had to publicly rebuke members of his own race for grabbing all the political jobs during the German upheaval. The result is a wave of anti-Semitism in Germany. God knows, I wish these fearful pogroms could be stopped, but it is the apostate, revolutionary Jew who has brought these fearful visitations upon the heads of his reputable and law-abiding brother.

There is plenty of food in Russia and almost up to the gates of Vienna, but the farmers have hidden it or won't part with it. They want real values, clothes, shoes, implements, groceries, in return for their produce, and not stage money. The world is being flooded with stage money. Every country, including this, is loaded with it, thanks to the war. We can't eat or clothe ourselves with dirty paper, and, by the way, paper is getting so dear we soon won't be able to get any of that. Don't howl at high prices; they are not high prices, they are just high foolishness. It is commodities we want. Some people get a lot of satisfaction out of seeing a dog chasing its tail, though that performance never amused me. Society is doing that very thing today, chasing its tail, and revolving in a vicious circle that will get it nowhere. Thousands of political pill doctors (and we shall probably have old Doc Bryan among the bunch) are ready to solve all our troubles if we will only swallow their dope. Take my advice and avoid the political fakers. Swallowing wood alcohol labeled whiskey only killed thirty-eight persons within a radius of a few miles in Massachusetts the other day. Those it does not kill it blinds. That's what Bolshevism does. We are still suffering from the effects of a terrific storm and instead of letting the captain on the bridge run the ship and keep us off the rocks, we are all indulging in a fierce wild jazz, an orgy of extravagance, stupidity, crime, murder and everything else that is devilish. Every one thinks he can run the ship better than the captain. Every one wants to try a new course, though the fog is so dense he can't see an inch ahead. Keep your heads, say your prayers, hold on to the old faith; a middle-of-the-road policy that is neither dangerously radical nor stupidly reactionary, neither Bolshevik nor Bourbon, is the only policy that can help us weather the storm, and, above all, look out for the pacifists and the gang who were pro-Germans before the war, for they are still singing Deutschland over the Allies and over Uncle Sam. Milwaukee has seceded from the Union. The Kaiser raised hell, and once hell is raised it takes a long time for things to quiet down. When the patient is on the operating table and the surgeon is using the knife, don't turn out the light or jab the surgeon's arm or you will kill the patient. Just be prayerful and patient and trust in God for the rest. But remember, we shan't pull through by merely sitting still. You must fight every force of evil about you, and the forces of evil were never so strong as at present. Don't do the foolish virgin act and go to sleep with your lamps unfilled. Fill the lamp of faith and keep vigilant watch for the rascals who would overturn this Republic, and keep ever handy a heart full of compassion and a helpful dollar for the nations of the earth who have been stricken into the dust.

P. S. We are a million cattle short and it will take years to bring our beef supply up to normal. That means high prices of beef for many a long day. Kicking won't grow cattle, only time, money and hard work will accomplish that or anything else that mad fools think can be achieved by theorizing, dreaming and agitating.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

WASHINGTON, 730 Seventh St., N. E., D. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Five years ago you were my idol and my ideal, but now you are shattered and fallen, since you have started your songs of hate and your praise and advocacy of the same militarism that we went to Germany to crush. I don't see how you could forsake your doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man. God knows I hate the German military caste and system and that is why I don't want such things in this country, but I can't believe that the German working masses were in sympathy with their war lord's war of aggression, and therefore I do not and cannot hate the German masses. May I ask just what kind of militarism you advocate in this country? I know you would not agree with me that it is the German brand, but what is the difference? Let us avoid in this country what we killed in the Central Powers.

FRANKLIN BEST.

Franklin, I have never advocated militarism for this or any country. Militarism is a disease and a menace and only a German mind could fail to note the difference between the hideous war machine which the Kaiser created and with which he terrorized Europe and the world at large for thirty years, and the puny forces this country has been in the habit of keeping under arms. To compare any kind of military training for the protection of our land with that of the Kaiser's murder machine, is an insult to a country that has looked to the ocean for its protection and to God Almighty to do for it what it had not sense to do for itself. What I advocated in the November issue of COMFORT are things which are absolutely necessary for the protection and the welfare and physical and spiritual needs of the rising generation. If you can find a trace of militarism in that article you are the type of man who could discover moral degeneracy in an unborn babe. We did not kill militarism in Germany, we merely helped to can it temporarily, then hiked home, leaving the Allies sitting disconsolately on the lid, which sooner or later will be again blown off and the old murder-fest will be begun all over again. I have never forsaken my ideals of universal brotherhood. If I did, I would feel that I was guilty of demolishing the corner stone of that Christianity on which rests all our hopes. In the January issue of COMFORT you will note that I asserted that nationalism is our stay but universal fraternity is our hope. To have brotherhood among men, however, we must first have justice and mete out punishment to the guilty. Germany has put the hands of the clock of brotherhood and idealism back a couple of centuries or more with her poison gas, her submarines, Zeppelins, Big Berthas and other forms of fiendishness which only devils could devise and fiends incarnate use. She has torn the bowels out of Europe, pulled down the pillars of civilization, made the world a graveyard, loaded humanity with debt and crushed it with despair and transformed the entire earth into one vast bughouse, filled with anarchy and madness. Only a united Germany, dazzled with a dream of world conquest, plunder and loot, could have dragged the world into such an abyss as Germany has done. In spite of this, you have the nerve to ask me to take the German people who accomplished this hideous thing and who are utterly unrepentant and unregenerate, and whose hands are stained with the blood of millions of victims, to my breast, kiss them and slobber over them and forgive and forget the horrors they have wrought. If universal brotherhood is ever to come, it cannot come by condoning crime, but by punishing it. Let Germany repent in sackcloth and ashes and let the Germans in this country who uphold Germany and glory in her criminal acts, do the same thing. Those who tried to start German opera recently in this city were mobbed. Kriesler, the great violinist, was refused a hearing. Infuriated citizens have declined to permit the sale of German dolls. This shows the temper of our people. Their wounds are too sore, their hearts too full of grief to stand anything German for the present at least, and while their heads are bowed with anguish over their dead, every German or German sympathizer should have the decency at least to keep silent, but instead they send a German sympathizer backed by thousands of pro-Kaiser votes to Congress—an impudent challenge! The President, when speaking in the Northwest, was forced to draw our attention to the fact that the German menace in this country was raising its head again. Good, honest Americans of German blood should try and put some sense into those German-speaking colonists who refuse to become absorbed, and who, though they have their bodies and bank books here, have their hearts on the Rhine. Franklin, I notice that I ceased to be your idol five years ago when the war broke out and I warned COMFORT readers of the German menace. That shows pretty conclusively where your sympathies lie. As a step towards helping Uncle Sam and the country which gives you your bread and butter, let me advise you not to use the stationery of the Treasury Department, which is Uncle Sam's property, for your private correspondence. Let William Hohenzollern supply you with stationery free from now on. If I am shattered and fallen, I at least did not fall into the Kaiser's arms. Uncle Sam is still behind Uncle Charlie, and he's the only Uncle I give a darn for.

MAX, NEBR.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I agree with you about the aliens and compulsory military training. I am almost of age to go to train and I would go, oh, so gladly, and I also believe almost every boy in the country today would go, too, except the rowdies, rough necks, American haters and the spineless scum of the gutters. I believe all our bright worth-while boys would welcome the chance to train. I would like for some young boys and girls to write to me. I was a little too young to go to the front in this war but say I sure would like to have gone. Keep up your good work, Uncle Charlie.

Your loving nephew, O. B. DOAK (JACK).

Jack, if I have got your name twisted, don't blame me, that is your fault. Strange that so many people, even among the well educated, will not write their own names legibly. Half the addresses we have to guess at. When my box of letters comes down from COMFORT, I find half the contents of the box are from perfectly dear people who think right, do right and live right. They are just fine, level-headed, lovable folks. The balance of the letters are from people, all of whom have got a different bug, religious fanatics, Bolshevists, soreheads, cranks, and nuts who never agree with anything or anybody, including themselves. Nothing is right, nothing satisfies them. Ignorance, stupidity, bigotry, hate, narrow mindedness, Hun-Americanism and everything mean and contemptible, irrational and impractical, bobs up in the pages of these letters. It is a terrible task to construct a worth-while world, even with good human material, but when you have to build a universe that will suit every old fanatic, what are you going to do? You have an impossible task. You must catch the human animal when he is young, catch him before his plastic brain has absorbed any crazyisms, either religious, political or economic, if you are going to do anything with him. That's a hard task but it will have to be done and will be done some day, for, though we invite differences of opinion, we do not want to breed hordes of zealots, freaks and fanatics. First of all, we must have a country, and you can't have a country unless you keep it secure from foes within and foes without, and peopled by a race that is in agreement on certain fundamental principles of honor, truth and decency. It logically follows, then, that we must have military training along democratic lines, if we wish to have a country, for a country that cannot protect itself will not long exist. To have a nation, we must have healthy bodies and healthy minds. So take the boys, and the girls, too, if you can, out in the country for a few months every year and teach them a trade so they can be millionaire bricklayers instead of starving poets and bookkeepers. The American Legion has mapped out a plan along these lines and I am behind it and Jack Doak is with me, and so is every other boy who is a real hundred per cent., red-blooded, honest-to-God American. Mr. Franklin Best, whose letter precedes this, can study Jack Doak's letter to advantage. We can struggle along very nicely with the Jack Doaks, but the Lord knows

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

EDISON AMBEROL RECORDS for MARCH 1920



You Simply *Must* Hear These Wonderful Records!

Thomas A. Edison

FOR putting real joy into your daily life—for bringing sheer happiness into your home—for giving your whole family wholesome, delightful, year-round entertainment—these March Edison Amberol Records have never been surpassed!

Your nearest Edison dealer is ready to play these records over for you at any time. But, fair warning! When you *hear* these records you're going to *want* every single one of them! That's how good they are. Listen to No. 3923, an uproarious rube dialect by the world-famous "Uncle Josh"—and to No. 3936, a screaming Irish sketch that would make a man receiving a life sentence laugh! You'll applaud No. 3930, one of the greatest "Blues" ever danced to, and now set to words. Another winner is No. 3934, a song about a "bad boy" that is a nation-wide hit. And don't miss No. 29046, an exquisite violin solo of a ballad we all love, by that great master of the bow, Albert Spalding. We could sing the praises of every number, but you'll do that when you hear them.

No.	PRICE IN U. S.	TITLE	TALENT
29046	$1.00	Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes—Violin Solo	Albert Spalding
29047	1.00	O souverain, o juge, o pere—Le Cid—Tenor Solo	P. A. Asselin
3923	.60	Uncle Josh's Birthday—Comic Rural Scene	Cal Stewart & Company
3924	.60	Rainy Day Blues—Fox Trot	Yerkes Saxophone Sextet
3925	.60	Tents of Arabs—One-Step	Tuxedo Dance Orchestra
3926	.60	Home That's In My Memory—Sentimental Ballad	Lewis James
3927	.60	Turkish Patrol—March	Edison Concert Band
3928	.60	I Want a Daddy—Fox Trot	Tuxedo Dance Orchestra
3929	.60	Since First You Smiled on Me—Sentimental Ballad	H. C. Tilley, Jr.
3930	.60	St. Louis Blues—Popular Comic Song	Al Bernard
3931	.60	Davy Jones Locker—Bass Solo	Fred East
3932	.60	In Tyrol—Yodel Song	Frank M. Kamplain
3933	.60	Golden Gate (Open For Me)—Popular Song	Lewis James & L. Terrell
3934	.60	Freckles—Popular Song	Bert Harvey
3935	.60	St. Patrick's Day Medley—Jigs—Violin	Joseph Samuels
3936	.60	Flanagan's Real Estate Deal—Comic Vaudeville Sketch	Steve Porter
3937	.60	A Bullfrog Am No Nightingale—Old Comic Negro Song	Ernest Hare and Chorus
3938	.60	Floating Down the Old Monongahela—Popular Song	Charles Hart
3939	.60	Pretty Dick Polka—Band Selection	New York Military Band
3940	.60	In Siam—Fox Trot	All Star Trio
3941	.60	Nobody Knows (And Nobody Seems to Care)—Popular Song	Louise Terrell
3942	.60	Bell Hops—Coon Vaudeville Sketch	Golden and Hughes
3943	.60	Now I Know—Sentimental Ballad	Lyric Male Quartet
10759	.60	Croatian Folk-Songs—Orchestra Selections	Jugo-Slav Tamburitza Orch.
10760	.60	Serbian Folk-Songs—Orchestra Selections	Jugo-Slav Tamburitza Orch.
		NORWEGIAN RECORDS	
9242	.60	(a) Ola Glumstulen; (b) Kjemreise fra Saetren—Tenor	Carsten Woll
9243	.60	Saeterjentens Sondag	Carsten Woll

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Slip-on Ripple Style

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Only long fibre specially selected yarns are used. Knitted in a close even plain stitch above the waistline and a fancy rack stitch below—just like grandmother would do it. The weight is exactly right for all the year round wear. Slips on over the head.

New Ripple Style

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Colors: Turquoise or Liberty Blue, with salmon pink trim; Salmon pink or Coral, with torquoise blue trim; or American Beauty with black trimming. Sizes to fit misses 14 to 20 years, and women, 32 to 44 Bust Measure—no larger.

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I do away with all extravagances. I never have left-over stocks or sacrifice sales. I have no high-priced salespeople. I deal direct with mills and makers. So I cut out all the profits of the retailer, the wholesaler and the jobber. I never charge anything extra because a style turns out unusually popular.

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My new Style Book will tell the new width and length of skirts; the right height and design of shoes; the newest clothes; the latest weaves; the smartest trimmings.

You will learn from it the most popular modes in dresses; the fashionable colors; the correct ideas in millinery, lingerie or children's wear. Having it in your home is like chumming with a famous style authority. Why not write for it today?

Ask for It Early—A Penny Postal Card Will Do

My new book will bring you many moments of real pleasure. You will love to rove through its myriad styles. Many things are shown in actual colors. Nothing has been overlooked. I will send any selection prepaid on approval. If you return it, I pay the cost back to me and immediately refund your payment.

I Show Below a Small List of Departments

Aprons	Caps	Corset Waists	Lingerie
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Bloomers	Combinations	Hats	Suits
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Made of splendid quality rich silk poplin in this season's most stunning style; gracefully designed lines becoming to every type of figure. Handsome draped patch pockets, ornamented with large pearl slide buckle. Pocket ends are trimmed with silk fringe, greatly enhancing the beauty of this garment. Has shirring all 'round at waist line, with separate, detachable belt trimmed with pearl buttons. Your choice of a rich, lustrous black, beautiful navy blue, or stylish taupe-gray. Sizes, 22 to 40 in. waist; 36 to 42 in. length.

Act Now! Don't wait until this wonderful skirt bargain has passed—send for it today. No money now. Just name and address on postal or in letter. Pay only $5.45 for skirt on arrival. No risk. See, examine, try on, then decide. If not perfectly satisfactory, return to us and we will refund your money. Order navy by No. B1585; black, No. B1586; taupe, No. B1587. State size wanted.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 302 Chicago

As yet, there are no electric cars in the Dominican Republic. The capital, Santo Domingo City, with a population of about 25,000 inhabitants, and Santiago, are the only towns in the republic of sufficient importance to warrant such service.

An Evening's Sport

Ring Toss

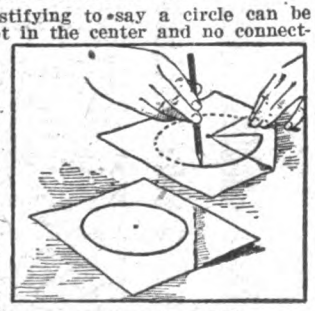
A CIRCLE of wood, or an old wooden bucket cover, some fruit jar rubbers that have done service, and a dozen right-angle hooks are all that are required to make this fascinating indoor game which children and grown-ups enjoy equally well. Screw the hooks into the wood, numbering them one to twelve. Through the top edges bore a hole to hang the board on the wall. The game is to toss the rubbers over the hooks, and each player has a "turn" with six rubbers. Add the numbers beneath the hooks on which the rubbers have caught. The player making the highest addition wins the game.



HANG THE BOARD ON THE WALL.

Dot in the Circle Trick

It is very mystifying to say a circle can be drawn with a dot in the center and no connecting line without lifting the pencil from the paper, yet it is true. First fold one corner of a square piece of paper so that the corner will come exactly to the center of the paper. At this point make the dot, and then without lifting the pencil, run it up the turned-over corner a short way and begin to draw the circle. When the opposite side of turned-over corner is reached, turn it to place and finish the circle.



DOING THE TRICK.

Egg in the Bottle Trick

You can surprise your friends by showing them an egg in a bottle the mouth of which is smaller than the egg. This appears quite impossible, when in fact it is a very simple trick. Soak an egg in strong vinegar until the shell becomes pliable; then it can be slipped into the bottle. Fill the bottle with cold water, allowing it to remain until the egg-shell becomes hard again.



LARGE EGG IN BOTTLE.

Her Chiffonier Lochinvar



by Bessie Campbell Boyse

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"LOUEEZY."

"Huh?"

"Get out from under there. I'm going to pitch down these here quilts. They're wet as sop."

The girl addressed laid her cord crocheting in her lap, and adjusted more comfortably one of the tight rolls of curl papers which adorned her flaxen head. She reluctantly removed her feet from the oven in which they were toasting, rose, stretched, yawned, and moved with indolent grace to the small, many-paned window.

There was a sound of brisk tramping back and forth over the planks which formed the floor of the loft overhead, and, one after another, sodden quilts were flung through the opening in the ceiling of the kitchen to the floor beneath. They were heavy quilts made from men's pants cloth and lined with thick outing flannel. Finally the deluge ceased, and a woman descended the ladder which formed the stairway to the loft.

She was a distinct contrast to her sister, in movement as well as appearance; little, with dark eyes, and black hair drawn smoothly away from her face into a large knot at the back of her head. She pounced on the wet mass of bedding like an energetic robin after a worm, and carried the heavy quilts, one after another, out of the house and hung them on a line in the sun.

On her trips back and forth through the kitchen she sputtered to her sister. This makes three times this week I've lugged these things out to dry. I declare to goodness, if I could get hold of any money, I'd buy the shingles and fix the roof myself. It wouldn't be a mite harder work than tugging these heavy quilts out and in."

When she had finished she dropped into a chair, flushed and breathless. "I declare, I'm plumb beat out," she panted. "I wish you would ask pa to fix that roof, Loueezy. He might do it if you would ask him. Will you?"

Her sister did not look up. "No," she snapped, "I won't. I want a new dress, and I can't get money out of him for both. Let the roof leak. I should worry."

"You wouldn't say that if you had to carry them heavy comfortables around, and what you want with a new dress beats me. You just got one, and land knows your clothes are a sight better than mine now."

"What does an old maid like you want of clothes anyway? You never go nowhere," Louise retorted. Laying her work down, she gazed curiously at her sister. "Did you ever have a beau, Mandy, or was you born an old maid?" she asked mockingly.

The elder woman's face flushed darkly and her work-hardened fingers picked nervously at her apron. "I'm not so old, Loueezy," she said depreciatingly. "Thirty ain't old, and, as for fellows, I had some, too, when I was twenty or thereabouts, but when they found I wouldn't marry and leave pa and you kids to get along alone, they quit coming. You see I was only fifteen when ma died and you was five. When I was at the courting age you was too young to take care of four men folks so I just naturally had to stay."

"I wouldn't of, not for nobody," Louise retorted. "What thanks did you ever get?"

"Maybe I was foolish, but I would never of felt right about it if I had gone, so I guess it was all for the best. Seems like I wouldn't mind it so much, if pa was only like the other farmers around here. They have nice houses, and the women seem to have real good times. They have washing machines, oil stoves, linoleums on their kitchen floors, and lace curtains to their windows. Some of them have parlor organs and Mrs. Best has even got a talking machine, and her man hasn't got so much land as pa has. Pa is so set in his ways," she continued with a sigh. "He calls all them things newfangled contraptions and says we shan't spend his hard-earned money that way. We haven't got nothing but leaky roofs and saggy doors."

"He is stingy, that's what ails him," Louise asserted. "Well, I don't care whether he fixes things up or not. All I am aiming to do is to get married and get away from here, and I expect to do that before long," she added with a meaning glance at her sister.

"Who are you going to marry?" Mandy asked with a queer sinking sensation at the pit of her stomach.

"Joe Fifield," Louise answered, and then continued, half apologetically. "Course I know he is fifteen years older than me, but he has got a good farm with a nice house on it an——"

"I thought you always said you wouldn't live on a farm," Mandy interrupted hopefully.

"No more I won't either but as I was sayin' he has got a good farm that will bring in lots of money. I'll make him sell it and then I'll live in the village, have silk dresses, and go to the movies every day if I want to."

"You'd never get Joe to sell his farm. He thinks a pile of it, and he likes farming." Her tone was unmistakably triumphant.

"Oh, yes he would. I wouldn't give him a minute's peace until he did," Louise answered confidently.

"Has he asked you yet?" Mandy's breath hung on the answer.

"Well no, not exactly, but he has hinted some about being lonesome since his ma died and he said he guessed he'd have to get him a wife. I told him though," she concluded mischievously, "that no one need come courting around here unless he had an auto."

"An auto," the elder sister replied in an awed voice.

"Yes, an auto," Louise mimicked.

"What did he say?"

"He said, 'What if a fellow hasn't got the money to buy one?' and I said, 'Let him get it then.' He's going to, too," she concluded triumphantly. "He started peddling rags, as soon as he finished his summer's work,—about a month ago."

"Peddling rags. Well I should think he would be ashamed of himself. Rag peddling is no job for an able-bodied man, unless he is a furriner."

"Oh, you are way behind the times," Louise sniffed impatiently. "There is money in junk now, since the war began, and it ain't no disgrace either. Ladies' Aid Societies and school children all over are collecting papers and stuff and selling them."

Mandy usually had nothing to say in criticism of her sister's idle ways, as she had long since learned that talking did no good, but this morning as she went about her work in the small lean-to that served as kitchen and dining-room, as well as cloak room for the four men, she regarded her impatiently.

"Seems to me," she remarked at last, "you might better be learning how to do housework if you intend to get married. Crochet work won't feed a man, and you can't boil water without burning it."

"No, thanks," Louise retorted airily. "If I learn how, I'll have to do it."

Mandy did not answer, but took the broom and dustpan and began to tidy the living-room and bedrooms. The bedrooms were merely the space occupied by two cheap pine bedsteads set with their tall headboards together. They were wedged tightly into one end of the living-room, and partitioned from the rest of the room by turkey-red print drape. Privacy between the two bedrooms was insured by tacking the drapes to the headboards of the beds. The floor of the living-room was of soft knotty pine and so worn down between the knots by frequent scrubbings that it was as rough as a newly ploughed field. The furniture was cheap, scanty and old.

Mandy was accustomed to all these things, but this morning they seemed to irritate her. Perhaps the heavy quilts had made her back ache a little more than usual. Perhaps Louise's taunt about being an old maid rankled more than her careless unkind speeches usually did. At any rate, she felt out of sorts. Perhaps the falling leaves and the chill autumn breeze blowing in at the open window, and rattling the green paper shades, had something to do with her loneliness and discontent. She went to the small, low, west window and stood looking down the road. The road was really nothing but a lane as it ended at their house. There was no travel past their farm as almost everyone turned either north or south at the crossroads, a quarter of a mile away.

When Mandy was very young, she had dreamed of the time some one would come down that road and take her away from the dreary life she led into a happier one. She had never heard of that young Lochinvar who came out of the west, but in her own crude way she expected him. When he finally did come in the person of young Joe Fifield, a farmer lad, she had had to refuse to go with him on account of the motherless brood dependent on her for care.

He had been hurt, had chosen to believe that she did not care for him, and had gone away. She had not seen him again for almost ten years, until he had called a few weeks before, and had been appropriated by Louise as her special property.

"Seems as if I wouldn't care quite so much, if Loueezy would only try to learn how to take care of him when she gets him," Mandy thought, but her heart was rebellious.

One evening about a month later as Joe was expected, the girls changed their dresses, Mandy to a blue gingham, and Louise to a gaudy purple cotton foulard. The boys, three stolid, stupid, overgrown hulks of manhood, came in, in the overalls they had worn all day. Their only concession to the niceties of life was the removal of their heavy cowhide boots disclosing to view thick white socks much darned as to heels and toes, and with brown, stained soles.

The old farmer was still fumbling around out in the kitchen for his tobacco and pipe, when Joe arrived. Louise, who was arranging her frizzed bangs and side curls before a cracked mirror, rushed to open the door and ushered him in with many coy glances and simpering smiles. He was a tall, broad-shouldered, sunburned man, every line of his body bespeaking strength and energy.

"Hello, Joe, how's the rag business?" was his greeting from the boys.

"Fine, couldn't be better," he answered with a nod at Mandy, who was sewing on a brightly-colored quilt which was spread across her knees.

"What's that you're making, Mandy?" he asked, when his new business, the weather, and crops and livestock had been thoroughly discussed.

"It's just one of her everlasting quilts," Louise interrupted. "She is always making them. That one has over a thousand pieces in it and some of them ain't any bigger than my thumbnail." She gave a conscious flirt of her pretty white hand, and effectually drew his attention away from Mandy, for the moment. His eyes went from the brown, toil-hardened hands holding the needle to the soft white ones busied with the flying crochet hook.

Just then Mr. McNut came in. He was an undersized, wizened man with long white hair, and a tobacco-stained beard. His little bleared blue eyes lit up with curiosity.

"Howdy, Joe," he cackled. "Which one of the gals be you sparkin'?"

"Both of them, Mr. McNut, both of them," said Joe, a smile lighting up his plain face. The old man was a type of farmer almost extinct. He was an ignorant, narrow-minded man, looked down upon when not entirely ignored by his more progressive neighbors. Joe himself was recognized and respected as a thrifty, up-to-date farmer, although not a wealthy one by any means.

His jest was greeted by the boys and their father with uproarious merriment, and Louise also found food for much laughter and blushing.

"Oh, pa," she tittered. "You know Mandy is too old to have a beau."

Mandy looked keenly at Joe, her busy needle idle for a moment. He was looking at Louise. Her pretty, swiftly-moving hands seemed to fascinate him. The curve of her soft cheek was alluring, for the lamplight did not reveal the sallowness of her skin but shone on her frizzed curls, making an aureole of them. She was undeniably pretty, and Mandy knew that, in spite of the fact that "Handsome is as handsome does, and "Beauty is only skin deep," it is beauty of face and not of disposition that shows when one is young, and Louise was young. Mandy stifled a sigh and went back to her work.

She was startled into idleness again in a few moments, however, by her sister's bold question,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



AN ATTIC CHAMBER.

Making a House a Home

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

The corner case, together with the complete scheme of furnishings, is very simple of construction. There are three shelves, deep enough to hold good-sized books, the top one being within reaching distance without the aid of a stool. The upper and middle shelves are kept from sagging by supports at ends and corners and midway between, and on one side, where the books are particularly heavy, another strip holds the three shelves securely. Over the books on either side, hung from the moulding, are framed imitation prints; one of woods and water, the other a boating scene, while the wall space beneath the first shelf is devoted to photographs of dear friends whose faces remind us of events in much the same way as do the titles of the books above.

A deep-seated couch provides comfortable lounging quarters in this retired corner, and at the foot is a pretty table, a home-made affair, convenient for the children's school books. Of great interest is the antique sewing table at the head of couch, and the air of refinement it lends with its cover of old-fashioned filet and vase of flowers.

A very different, yet equally desirable plan has been worked out in the second arrangement where one side of the bookcase forms an end to the window-seat, made deep enough to serve as a couch. A thick cushion and pillows give an air of luxury and comfort, and the whole effect adds materially to the furnishings of the room. The bookcase is built sufficiently deep to hold magazines and sheet music, and has a partition through the center. This depth allows room for two rows of books on each shelf, the back rows to be filled with books the least used. A further library effect is gained by placing a bust of Lincoln and one of Washington on top, and a few well-chosen pictures above. A chair of old-fashioned type, and a velvety rug in a two-toned Oriental pattern adds the correct touches to this corner.

Chamber Interiors

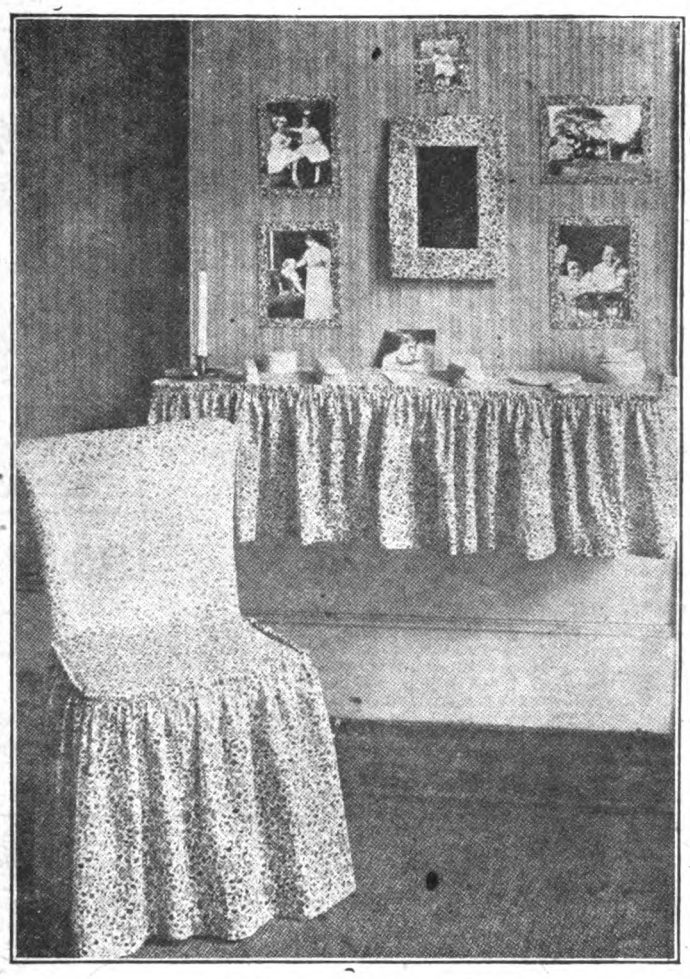
By first bearing in mind that chambers are to sleep in and not an abiding place for odd and useless articles, we have made a good start on chamber furnishings. The very word "bedroom" suggests rest; a place in which we can hide away from all that is disquieting. Therefore let its surroundings express simplicity, individuality and usefulness, doing away with anything that is not pleasing to look at, or suggests a lack of repose. For the foregoing reasons, I have selected these two illustrated chamber interiors as a guide, their possibilities being quite out of the ordinary for the use of favorite colors, the opportunity to utilize materials on hand, and for personal expression.

The first suggests a veritable place of refuge, in the attic, away from intrusion. The beamed ceilings and sheathed walls are stained the softest shade of moss green. The floor has been treated the same, only the shade is much deeper. The rug is of log-cabin weave in shades of soft green alternating with stripes of white. A recessed window forms an alcove which has been well utilized. In the corner is a washstand patterned after an old-fashioned design, and it holds only necessary toilet articles. Under the window ledge is a towel rod made from a piece of broom handle let into wooden brackets. In the opposite corner is a chest of three drawers, cushioned attractively by covering an old, folded blanket. A pillow nestled into the corner completes a comfortable window-seat.

The chiffonier is a framework with solid top and open front. For drawers, cretonne-covered, heavy pasteboard boxes are used, and these rest on light runs which extend across the four sides. Overhead, to the side, is a large utility box covered to match the chiffonier. For pleasing ornamentation we observe a few books by favorite authors, a candlestick given by a dear friend, and photographs of beloved faces.

Curtains used as a protection for chamber garments are also decorative against the plain wall. A stocking bag and an hour-glass table suggest quiet hours spent in sewing in this retreat. All the cretonne is alike; a pale pink ground with a floral design of soft gray, and in perfect harmony with the moss-green walls.

The other bedroom illustration gives a glimpse of a young girl's chamber, where sweet simplicity is the dominating feature. Done in sunfast rosebud calico, the effect is of something far more expensive. Clever hands have made cardboard photograph frames and covered them with calico, and with like ingenuity covered and ruffled a shelf to use as a dressing table, and covered a chair with calico as well. The background for all this is a two-toned light gray paper, woodwork of white and a large art rug of matting.



CALICO EFFECTIVELY USED.

A Wall Closet

Utilizing space and saving steps by having things within easy distances is the key to modern arrangements. If your house boasts of one or more closets built into the wall, I need not tell you of their convenience; you already know. But if it does not, your plan of arrangement is lacking a strong point. A wall closet for medicines out of reach of the children is indispensable, and wherever the want of a closet is felt with no possible way of building one, utilizing the thickness of the wall will answer many a purpose.

In building a new house, where there is a "jog", quite frequently a wall timber can be cut without weakening the wall. This gives opportunity for a deeper closet.

The illustration shows a jog the depth of a fireplace, the end of which is utilized for a deep wall closet with the upper two thirds finished with open shelves, while the lower third has a door.

Usually these closets have the same finish given the doors and windows in the same room.

An English Sideboard

Old, yet ever new and desirable, is this old English type of sideboard in which simplicity and beauty have been well combined. More than this, its popularity will never wane so long as the housewife delights in displaying her collection of pretty, interesting and curious china, pottery, pewter and glassware, which I predict and hope will ever be, for it is in keeping with the best traditions of home making. The illustration shows how large a display can be made without any appearance of crowding.

Just as the early ones were hand made, so today is this type being copied by the "man at home" who knows how to make straight edges, square corners, can "join", put in a drawer and hang a door. The sideboard is made by first constructing a table with two deep drawers that extend the entire length. A back, the desired height, is put on with ends set in a little from the edge of table. On this is the top shelf, which should extend a little over the ends and front edge. A shelf running the entire length is put in a little over one third the distance from table top. There is a closet at each end between the top and lower shelf, made by partitions, and doors the full size of opening. A short shelf between the closets completes the sideboard.

Two old leather-covered trunks are kept under the sideboard. The larger one is used for table linen. Trays have been put into the smaller one, making it an ideal silver chest. These antique trunks and the sideboard are of about the same period.



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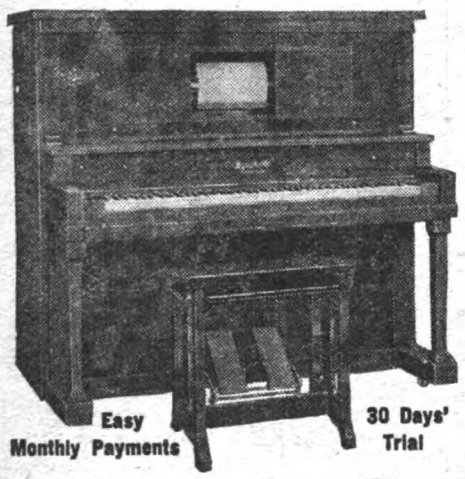
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Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

"Not until a few moments ago."

"I left you at Sunset Ranch, and now we meet in this desolated city! I cannot understand it."

An inscrutable smile played about Irma's lips.

"I followed Berdyne and his lawyer hireling," she murmured, and was on the same train that brought them to San Francisco, although they had no knowledge of it. They evaded me at the Townsend Street station, and I had gone to the Palace Hotel, where Berdyne usually stays when in the city. He was not there. I had no more than learned this when the shock came, and I was thrown out in the street, with all the other guests. Since then," she added, "I have been a wanderer.

"A little while ago I chanced to see Trenwyck in Portsmouth Square——"

"Trenwyck?" queried Beryl.

"The man who brought you here," explained Irma.

"He told me his name was Percival!"

"He will tell you anything that best suits his purpose. As I was saying, I saw him, and I followed him in the hope that he would lead me to Berdyne. But he did not. To my astonishment, he met the man Gorsline, talked with him a little, and then I was dumbfounded to see him approach the Stevenson Memorial and address you. I thought there was something wrong, and, when you and he left the square, I followed you.

"Waiting and listening at the side of the house, I was not long in discovering that you had been brought to this room and made a prisoner. After the door closed, and I knew your jailer was gone, I came in through the wrecked window."

"You brought me joy and hope when you came to me before," said Beryl, with a quivering lip, "and now you bring me liberty—release from one whom I would rather die than meet again!"

"I am your friend in need, Miss Grayson," said Irma, "and yet I cannot call myself your friend. What I do is because of my love for Nicholas Berdyne, and because I would see that you are removed from his power forever." Her eyes flashed and her bosom heaved with its pent-up emotions. "And now tell me," she went on, with feverish eagerness, "are you the bride of Neil Preston?"

"Yes," answered the wretched girl, with brimming eyes, "but I fear that—that he is dead!"

"Hush!" cautioned the woman. "You must not give way to your grief here. One lurks beyond that door who is capable of anything. Do you feel well enough to leave this house? Are you able to walk?"

"Indeed, I am strong—stronger than you think!"

"Then come with me. We will get away from here before Gorsline discovers that you have been released. Trenwyck has left the place. Neither he nor Gorsline knows where to find Berdyne, yet the lawyer is even now looking for him among the crowds of fugitives. Amid such confusion as reigns in this city at present, it is labor wasted to try to find anyone."

"It seems a providence," said Beryl, "that you were able to find me."

Irma, climbing to the sill of the window opening, leaped lightly to the ground, and immediately assisted Beryl to descend beside her. Then they fled into the street.

It was like balm to the stricken Beryl's wounded heart to find one who, while not claiming to be even a friend, was yet to be trusted. She yielded herself entirely into Irma's hands and permitted her to be the guide.

Irma Lee seemed to know exactly where she should go. Without a moment's hesitation, she struck out boldly through the torn and broken streets.

"Tell me what happened to you," she said, as they hurried along.

In breathless and broken sentences Beryl told of her flight from Sunset Ranch with her sweetheart and her dear friend, the Mexican; told of the arrival in San Francisco, of the marriage at the rectory, of the earthquake, the wicked work of Berdyne when Neil was stricken down, and of her escape and her miserable wanderings.

A strange, wild joy glowed in Irma's face when she learned that the earthquake had come after the wedding ceremony, and jealous hate took the place of exultation when Beryl narrated how Berdyne had spirited her away in the automobile. The conclusion of the sad story left Irma thoughtful and silent.

"It cannot be," said she, "that your husband is dead. If he had been, you would have found him lying in that room where he was stricken down. In the awful events of the day, the maimed and injured have claimed the attention of the authorities, and there was no time to look after the bodies of those who lost their lives."

Beryl had grasped at so many straws of hope, only to have them break in her hands, that she hesitated to draw courage from Irma's reassuring words. Yet, if her dear one had passed out of her life forever, she knew that she could not live. Out of her terrible ordeal black despair was rising and gaining the mastery over her.

"Mr. Preston," went on Irma, seeing how loath Beryl was to be beguiled by false hopes, "must have recovered and gone forth to search for you. No doubt, he was merely stunned by the falling masonry, and left the minister's house very soon after you did. I know something about him, Miss Grayson, and you may rest assured that he will move heaven and earth to find you."

Beryl made no answer, but her overburdened heart found relief in tears.

"You know, do you not," proceeded Irma, "that Mr. Preston has a cousin living on Nob Hill?"

"Neil told me that," replied Beryl, "a long, long time ago. But I could not go to any of Neil's people," she added, with a touch of pride.

No need for Irma Lee to ask why. All aristocratic Denver had heard of Neil Preston's love affair, and knew that his purse-proud people looked upon it with disfavor. All Denver knew, too, that Neil had remained loyal to his heart's choice, had broken with his relatives, and had declared that he would make his own way in the world hand-in-hand with Beryl.

"I believe I understand the sentiment that animates you," said Irma, "but I think it a mistaken sentiment at this time. Would not Mr. Preston think that, in this direful emergency, you would go to his cousin's for news of him? And would he not be likely to go there for news of you? Nob Hill is yet safe, and most of the houses are habitable. Perchance some of Neil's people are still there, for it is difficult to leave the city today. If you will be advised by me, Miss Grayson, you will put away your pride and go to the home of Neil's cousin.

"I cannot, I cannot!" answered Beryl, clenching her small hands tightly. "If my darling lives, he will find me; I will wait and pray for him to come."

That a girl, tried as Beryl had been, should still have so much spirit aroused Irma Lee's admiration.

"Very well," Irma replied. "I am taking you to Russian Hill, where some refugee friends of mine have pitched their camp. I know they will shelter you and protect you. Meanwhile," she added determinedly, "I shall continue my search for the man who would prove false to me; I am thoroughly familiar with the city, and believe that I will be successful. It may chance, too, that I shall find your husband; so, if you will remain on Russian Hill, it is possible I may be able to send him there."

"Heaven will repay you for your kindness to a poor, forlorn girl, Miss Lee," returned Beryl.

A hard look crossed the fading beauty of Irma Lee's face.

"I ask nothing of Heaven," said she, harshly, "but to bring me face to face with the man who would cast me aside for one who loathes and abhors him."

So the jealous, revengeful woman and the beautiful and sorrow-stricken girl continued on their way up the steep slope to the very crest of Russian Hill. Alas, if Beryl had only known that every step she was taking merely carried her farther and farther from the man she loved!

Yet it is often thus with our most cherished desires. Fate, at times, indulges in a strange play of cross-purposes.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STRANDED VAN.

The experiences which would usually come to a person only in the course of many years were passed through by many thousands of individuals on that one day which opened this tragic San Francisco drama. And in the three fiery days which marked the city's ordeal the events of an ordinary lifetime were crowded. The first shock, the crunching, groaning and shattering upheaval which disrupted buildings, broke the water mains, and released the fire demon, lasted but twenty-eight seconds; yet, in that brief period, the locks of youth were silvered as with age intellect was overthrown, millionaires beggared, lives crushed out, and misery untold heaped upon the devoted City of the Argonauts.

We have been seeking to follow but two of the half-million threads woven into the warp of the great disaster; and for these, indeed, each minute had its thrilling incident, each hour its exciting chapter. Humanity, for the time, had become the plaything of destiny; fate moved her pawn across the chessboard of life in a swift and bewildering fashion.

In the morning Beryl and Neil had missed a reunion by only a few fateful minutes; in the early afternoon Beryl had fled from the house in Sutter Street at the very moment when Neil was hastening to her rescue. And so the play of cross-purposes continued; at any moment their paths might cross, at any moment they might diverge wildly.

Neil, miraculously preserved from death, rushed into the street through a perfect avalanche of flying masonry. Through smoke and flame, a hot breath as from a furnace beating in his face, he staggered toward purer air and safety.

He fell before he had cleared the zone of danger. A brave cavalryman saw him, galloped to his aid, and dragged him to safety. Always the soldiers kept just ahead of the flames, driving the people out of harm's way; calm, resolute, undaunted, they earned a nation's praise for their gallant work all through that period of stress and peril.

Neil rested for a few minutes, then arose and hurried away. His darling had escaped from the house where she had been held captive. The evidence of this had been brought home to him, and he knew that he was not deceiving himself. Again she was like a bit of wreckage afloat on that sea of troubled humanity. He could only drift with the many currents and continue to hope and pray that he would find her.

In a little while, he scarcely knew how, he found himself advancing along a thoroughfare in the vicinity of Union Square. This breathing spot, like every other within the city limits, had been preempted by refugees. Government tents were going up for their accommodation, belongings of every conceivable sort were heaped high in the open spaces, and preparations were being made for a distribution of water and food. This was Wednesday afternoon; but at midnight three sides of the square were in flames and refugees and troops had retreated!

But we anticipate. Neil, in the thoroughfare that led to the square, pushed into a group of men and women who were clustered about a van piled high with trunks. The fire was close to the van, from which the horses had been removed—commandeered, most likely, by soldiers. A man on the seat of the vehicle cried out an offer of five hundred dollars to a passing automobile if it would take the van in tow and drag it to safety. The automobile, however, was filled with men wearing red crosses on their sleeves, and no attention was paid to the frantic offer of the man on the truck. The luggage was from one of the great hotels, and had been confided to one of the hotel employees.

With the man who had charge of the van was another. A quiver sped through Neil's nerves as he recognized the second individual as Berdyne's valet, Hargreaves.

"I will give you five hundred dollars," shouted Hargreaves, to the driver of the Red Cross automobile, "if you will save just one trunk for me!"

Still no attention was paid by those in the car. They had other and weightier business on hand, and the offer of a fortune could not have turned them aside.

"The trunk," shouted Hargreaves, almost beside himself, "contains valuable papers! It must be saved!"

A thrill shot through Neil Preston's frame. He pressed closer, a glint of fire in his dark eyes. He saw one of the trunks, canvas-covered, brass-bound, and with the name, "Nicholas Berdyne," and the address, "Denver, Colorado," lettered on the end. The trunk was well down in the pile that filled the van.

"Clear the way!" shouted the soldiers, charging toward the crowd. "The fire will be here in a few minutes! They're going to dynamite! Clear the way!"

Tossing his arms despairingly, the hotel employee leaped to the ground and joined the crowd that scurried along in front of the soldiers. Hargreaves, climbing upon a wheel of the van, struggled wildly to draw the canvas-covered trunk from the pile. But the work was beyond his strength. A soldier forced him roughly from the wheel.

"Move on!" the soldier commanded, waving a pistol in the valet's face.

Hargreaves cast one lingering look behind and joined the refugees in their flight. Neil, retreating slowly, saw a brick wall topple over upon the van, overturning it and breaking and scattering its contents. Berdyne's trunk, as he could see, had been thrown far out toward the opposite side of the street, shattered, overturned, and with its contents lying white on the littered pavement.

This mishap to the van and that particular trunk brought a daring thought into Neil's brain. To think, with him, was to execute. Swiftly turning aside from the fleeing group, he dashed to the opposite side of the street and returned on the track the driven refugees had covered. He sheltered himself behind piles of debris, for the most part creeping on hands and knees. The soldiers did not see him, and the fugitive citizens had their own lives to think of.

"A bold stroke for my darling Beryl!" murmured Neil, pushing recklessly on. "Fortune has given me this opportunity, and I would be a poltroon if I did not take advantage of it. Who knows but that the very paper that means a fortune to my sweet little bride may be among those lying there on the pavement? God grant that it be so! God give me strength to search and find them!"

Love was the spur of that brave, death-defying effort. It would have been strange if love had not brought the venture through to success; and, truly, fortune favors the brave.

By the time Neil reached the vicinity of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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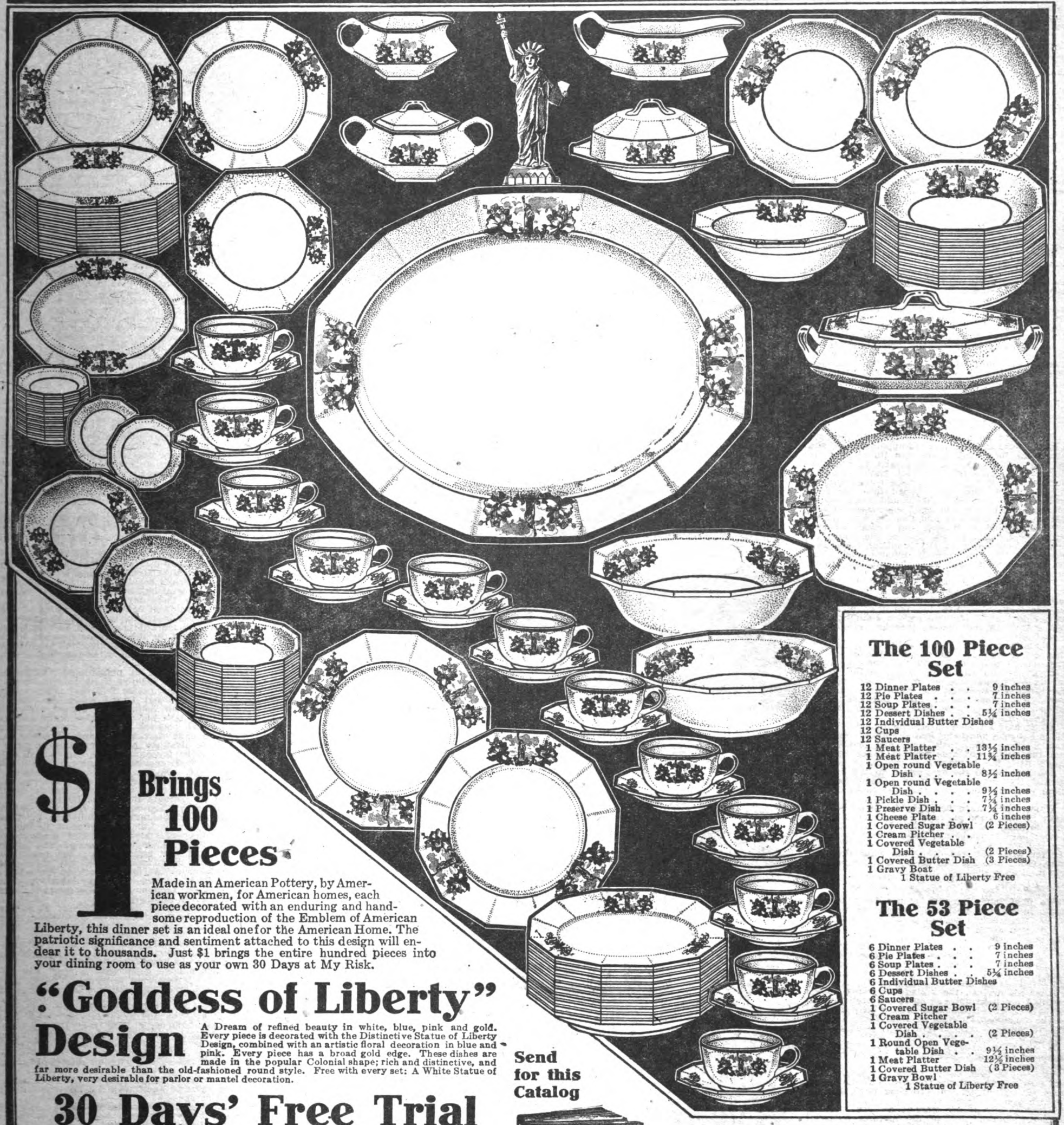
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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

there," indicating by a gesture a door which appeared to lead into another room.

Violet felt greatly relieved by this information, and she showed it plainly.

"I wonder what I am going to do for a night-robe," she remarked. 'I have none with me, nor any toilet articles, and it will be very inconvenient and uncomfortable to be without them."

"Well, miss, I can let you have a night-gown; 'twon't be a cambric one with lace and tucks and ruffles"—this with a slight sneer—"but it'll be clean and whole, and I'll tell your brother that you want a comb and brush."

"Thank you. I can get along very nicely, at least for a few days if I can have those things; oh, please tell Mr. Mencke to get a toothbrush also," Violet said, graciously, and then having satisfied her appetite, she took up the glass of water beside her plate and remarked:

"I would like to keep this glass for my flowers; may I?"

"I don't know any reason why you can't, miss," Sarah answered.

"Will you be kind enough to pass me that box?" Violet asked, pointing to a chair where her recent purchase lay.

The woman did as she was requested, and a quick look of delight swept over her face as the young girl opened it and removed the fragrant contents from their wrappers.

"You love flowers," Violet said, as she noted the wistful expression that crept into her eyes.

Her face hardened instantly, and she gave vent to a short, bitter laugh.

"What business have poor folks to like such things when they can't get what they want to eat?" she demanded, in a harsh, sullen tone.

"It is too bad, isn't it?" Violet said, in a sympathetic voice, "but you shall have some of these if you like," and separating some of the choicest from the others, she laid them upon the tray, and put the remainder in the glass.

Sarah shut her lips tightly together as if determined to return no acknowledgment for the unusual gift; but her eyes, nevertheless, lingered greedily on the lovely blossoms, as she lifted the tray and passed silently from the room.

CHAPTER XXIX.

VANE CAMERON FINDS HIS MATE.

"That was not a very encouraging beginning," Violet murmured, looking disappointed as she heard the lock clink again into its socket; "it is very evident that Sarah means to preserve her armor impenetrable to all blandishments; but she does love flowers, for she looked hungry for them, and the color rushed into her face when I told her that she should have some; so there must be a soft spot somewhere in her nature, and I must try and find my way to it."

If she could have seen the woman as she paused a moment at the top of the stairs to put her face down to the beautiful buds and blossoms, while she eagerly inhaled their fragrance, she might not have thought her armor so impenetrable as it had seemed.

"The little goose imagines that she is going to pull the wool over my eyes," Sarah muttered, with a suppressed laugh, as she went on her way, "but I've too much at stake to let her do that, though she's given Johnnie, poor boy, a treat in these posies that he's never had afore."

"Johnnie, poor boy!" was a little cripple, her only child, who had never walked a step, but was obliged to lie or sit all day, amusing himself as best he might, while his mother went out to earn what she could for their support. She loved him tenderly, was constantly planning some little pleasure for him, and her heart fairly gloated over these beautiful flowers which she knew would so delight him.

About half an hour later, she brought Violet the night-robe that she had promised, together with a cheap new brush, comb and toothbrush, and the young girl was sure that her manner was a little less brusque than before.

She replenished the fire, swept up the hearth, snuffed the candles, and then asked Violet if there was anything more that she could do for her.

Violet would have been glad to have her remain in the room all night, for she could not bear to think of sleeping alone in that strange house; but she could not bring herself to share her bed with her, so she told her no, thanking her for what she had done, and after she was gone, crept into her bed to try and forget herself in sleep.

* * * * * * *

We shall now have to glance back several weeks in order to gather up some stray threads of our story before we can go on with the plot.

We have already learned that Lord Cameron was in this country.

He had come to America in the latter part of the fall to look after some interests which he still had in New York, and to spend a little time with Wallace, between whom and himself a strong friendship existed.

After his arrival, the life of the young architect had not been quite so quiet and monotonous as before. Lord Cameron was widely known in the fashionable circles of New York, and he was of course eagerly sought after, when it was learned that he was in the city.

He not only accepted many of the invitations showered upon him, but secured like favors for his friend.

Wallace at first flatly refused to accompany him into society, but the young earl finally overcame his objections, and prevailed upon him to go with him occasionally.

His first appearance was at a drawing-room musicale given in one of the up-town palaces, where, it was said, some of the best amateur talent in New York was to favor the select audience that had been invited.

Lord Cameron and his friend arrived a little late, to find that every seat was taken, and that there was scarcely standing-room; but just as they were trying to edge their way into the great room they suddenly paused spellbound at the sound of a marvelously sweet voice which at that moment began to render a difficult air from a popular opera.

There was not a sound in the room save those clear, flexible tones, as they trilled forth in rich melodious measure, holding every listener in rapt attention.

"Who can she be?" whispered Lord Cameron to Wallace, as the voice ceased, and the orchestra took up a few measures of interlude. "Can you see her?"

They were near the door, and the huge pillar that supported the arch above them concealed the singer from their view.

"Yes," Wallace answered, craning his neck for a better glimpse, "I can see a very lovely lady of medium height and graceful form, with an exquisite complexion, star-like eyes—whether light or dark I cannot tell at this distance—and golden-brown hair."

"I am glad to hear that she is lovely, for any one with such a voice should be nothing else," replied Lord Cameron, and then the magic voice took up the air again, and the two friends stood breathless until it finished.

The enthusiastic applause that followed told that the delighted audience would not be appeased until they had been favored again by the divine voice, and during the excitement which prevailed over this *encore*, Wallace and Lord Cameron managed to get a little farther into the room, where the latter could now also command a view of the stage.

The songstress returned after a few moments, smiled and bestowed an appreciative little bow upon her audience, and then, in the most simple and unassuming manner, sang that charming little Irish ballad, "Come Back to Erin."

"Who is she?" whispered Lord Cameron to an acquaintance whom he saw near him, while his face was all aglow, and his eyes shone like stars.

"Miss Agnes Humphrey, a noted soprano in one of our city churches; charming, isn't she?" was the reply.

"Indeed she is," Lord Cameron answered, and he secretly resolved that he would obtain an introduction to Miss Humphrey before the evening was over.

The lady sang once more before the entertainment was concluded, and even more acceptably than before, after which she graciously responded to another *encore*, and when the programme was concluded, Lord Cameron sought his hostess and begged to be presented to the prima-donna of the evening.

Mrs. Van Vort readily complied with his request, and, judging from his lordship's conduct after that ceremony had been performed, he was even more pleased with Miss Humphrey personally than he had been with her as a singer.

Wallace was also presented to her, and found her a sweet, womanly woman, whom he felt it would be a pleasure to know more intimately.

They met her in society frequently after that, and it soon became evident that the young Earl of Sutherland had conceived something more than a friendly interest in her. At the end of three months he gravely informed Wallace that he had asked Miss Humphrey to become his wife, and she had accepted him.

"I am glad," Wallace answered, warmly, yet not without some emotion, for of course each knew that the other was thinking of Violet, "it is as it should be, Cameron, and I am sure that Miss Humphrey will make you a true and loving wife. She is a lady in every respect and will honor, both by her dignity and accomplishments, the position which you will give her. You do not need to have me tell you that I wish you all the happiness that a man can know in this world."

"I wish I could be as sure of your future happiness, Richardson, as I am of my own," Lord Cameron returned, as he clasped the hand that his friend had extended to him.

"It will come in the unknown future, perhaps," Wallace gravely responded, and his companion was sure that love for no woman save the one he had lost, would ever fill his heart.

Lord Cameron had intended to return to England by the last of January, but his betrothal to Miss Humphrey now changed his plans.

He succeeded in convincing his bride-elect that there was no wisdom in a long engagement, and that it would be for their mutual interest to have their marriage solemnized at an early date, and then sail immediately for their English home.

It was therefore arranged that the wedding should occur about the middle of April, and at once preparations were accordingly set on foot for the great event.

It was the social event of the season, and there was a great deal said about the "splendid match" which Miss Humphrey had made.

The lady herself belonged to a fine, although not a notably wealthy family, at least as wealth is estimated in these days of millionaires.

She had been well educated, and allowed the best advantages in music, for which she showed great love and marked talent, and having made herself proficient in the art, she devoted it to a noble cause, giving her services to the church where she worshiped, and often for the benefit of charitable objects.

She was beautiful in person and character, and was generally beloved in the circles where she moved. Many people felt that they would lose a dear personal friend when she should leave for her new home, while almost everyone acknowledged that she was eminently fitted to grace the high position to which she was going.

Many thought that it was very strange she should have lived to be twenty-three years of age and never have met any one whom she could love well enough to marry. But such was the fact. No one had ever touched her heart until that evening of her introduction to Lord Cameron, when she had instantly been attracted as strongly to him as he to her.

The young earl had no secrets from her. When he told her of his affection for her, he also confided to her his former attachment to Violet, with the story of its romantic and tragic ending, and Agnes Humphrey, instead of feeling that she had not won all that she ought to have of this grand man's love, felt that this very confidence—this opening of the innermost recesses of his heart—was the omen of even a deeper love for her than any he had ever experienced for another.

Many a woman with less depth of character would have been jealous and suspicious of a first love that had taken such a strong hold upon him; but she sweetly ignored self, and resolved to so fill his future with her own devotion, that his wound would be healed, and his heart finally yield itself wholly to her.

"She must have been very lovely," she remarked, while they were talking of Violet, "and what a sad, sad fate for one so young. I wonder——"

She broke off suddenly, while her thoughts flew instantly to the beautiful girl who had clasped her hand so gratefully at Bertha Lawrence's funeral, and who, looking down upon her with dewey eyes and tremulous lips, had thanked her with such sweet earnestness for the comfort which her gift of song had given her.

"You wonder what, dear?" Lord Cameron asked, curious to know why she had cut herself short all at once.

"I know a Miss Huntington—or at least I have met her—who seems very like the Violet whom you have described, and, strangely enough, her initials are V. D. H. I was wondering if she might not possibly be a relative of hers."

"I think not," Lord Cameron replied, with not a suspicion of the truth; "she had no relatives that I know of in New York. Has this Miss Huntington been at any of the receptions that we have attended?"

He thought it would be pleasant to see any one who resembled Violet, while he suddenly remembered the face that Wallace had seen in the passing carriage in London.

"I think she does not go into society at all," Miss Humphrey rsponded, "and I have never met her but twice. She was governess to a little blind girl who died, and at her request I sang at the child's funeral. She thanked me in such a sweet, touching way that I was at once drawn toward her, and wished that I could know her better. I have never seen her since, though I have been tempted to call upon her, for I think I should enjoy her friendship."

Lord Cameron also felt an unaccountable desire to know more of this young girl, but he told himself that it was a mere coincidence, and nothing more was said of Violet at this time.

A little later, when the startling account of her sudden disappearance was published in the papers and a large reward offered for tidings of her, he was again considerably exercised. But he thought it was only because of the strange correspondence of the name, and did not for a moment dream but that the girl whom he had helped to lay beneath the great beech at Mentone, was the one whom he had loved and mourned.

As it happened, Wallace was away for a few days at this time, having been called to Chicago on important business. This was the reason why he did not see the first startling reports

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



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Her Chiffonier Lochinvar

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

as to how long it would be before he got that auto. She dropped her face in shamed silence as he replied.

"Not very long if business keeps up the way it has been."

"Then will you give me a ride?" she begged coquettishly, her head on one side.

"All you want," was his gallant answer.

"Loueezy likes to gad," old man McNut shrilled, in his high-cracked voice. "She is an easy-goin' piece, too. Never frets about fixin' up the house at all, while Mandy here is allus a naggin' me about it. She says the snow comes in in winter and the rain in summer. But I allus tell her, 'What was good enough fer mam and pap is good enough for ye.'"

With this sally, he shambled out of sight behind the red curtain and presently the bed creaked beneath his weight.

After Joe had taken his departure that night and the sisters were undressing behind the other half of the red curtain, Louise said in a sibilant whisper: "See how easy I worked him. He'll get that auto, and then we'll get married and I'll show you my idea of a good time." Mandy made no audible reply. If her heart whispered "Poor Joe," her sister could not hear it, and went to sleep making wonderful plans for her future as Mrs. Joseph Fifield.

Mandy herself lay wide-eyed and sleepless, staring into the dark future before her. Her last prop had been knocked away. Unrealized, even by herself, she had always hoped that Joe might possibly ask her again to marry him, but now that hope was dead. "It didn't take him long to forget," she whispered bitterly to herself.

In spite of her despair, she returned to her work the next day with the patience of a horse taught to walk the treadmill. The months that followed were keen torture to her. Louise went frequently to the village and told frequently of meetings with Joe, who still reported amazing progress.

"He said to tell you that he'd soon have it now," was her report one day in the latter part of April. "I suppose he wants you to begin buyin' my wedding outfit. Well, I don't care how soon you get it, either. I'm crazy to get away from this old shack."

The next evening, Louise and the boys having gone to a dance in the village, Mandy was sitting alone on the doorstep, wrapped in a thick woolen shawl, and watching, as usual, the road from the west. She could see a little red runabout coming toward her but expected that it would turn at the cross-roads. Instead, it came straight on and stopped in front of the gate. She gasped with amazement when she recognized its occupant as none other than her old sweetheart. A little jealous pang shot through her heart as she realized how he had hastened to fulfill the conditions imposed upon him by her sister. She felt tempted to refuse to look at the machine but curiosity conquered. She arose and hurried to the gate, where Joe sat calmly awaiting her.

"Won't you come in and stop a while?" she invited after the usual greetings had passed between them.

"How do you like my new automobile?" he countered. "Get in and I'll ride you around a bit. It's a nice moonlight night."

She shrank back timidly, fearing yet longing to go.

"Land no, Joe, I ain't fit," she demurred.

"Come on," he insisted, and she went.

When he finally set her down at the gate after an hour's exhilerating ride, he asked gently:

"Did you like it, Mandy?"

"Like it! Oh, Joe, it was just grand!"

"Well, now are you satisfied, Mandy? You've made me serve most as long a time as that fellow in the Bible did for Rachel. First you had to take care of your father and the children. They are grown up at last and Louise is old enough to do for them, so there is nothing to hinder us getting married now, is there?"

"Why, Joe," she stammered. "I thought it was Loueezy you was after now."

"Whatever put that notion into your head? Haven't I been waiting for you for ten years? I told you then I'd never marry any other girl. Why, Loueezy knew I was courting you. She gave me that hint about you wanting an automobile, last fall, on purpose to help me out."

"Oh, Joe," she disclaimed. "I never thought of such a thing. I never cared much about autos anyway,—leastways, not till tonight," she added honestly.

"Don't you love me, Mandy?" he asked wistfully, smoothing one of her sleeves with his big, clumsy hands.

"Yes, I do, Joe. I always have, I guess, but I can't see my way clear yet to leaving pa and the boys with Loueezy. She don't know the first thing about keeping house."

"Time she learned, then, and the only way she will ever learn is by having to do it. Let her try it. It will do her good."

"I can't, Joe. She is so easy-going. Why, she said just the other day that she would let the boys sleep under wet quilts before she would carry them out. You know the roof has leaked for quite a spell," she added apologetically.

"Yes, and she would, too, and it would serve them right. They need somebody like her to deal with them. Besides, I haven't got any one to look after me. Don't I need tending?" he asked, trying to put a plaintive note into his voice. "Land! If you could see the shape my things is getting into over there," he exaggerated.

"Bring over your mending, Joe, and I'll be glad to do it for you," she offered eagerly.

"'Tain't mendin' I want, Mandy, it's you."

"I can't," she cried desperately. "Leastways not until Loueezy learns how to do something besides crochet."

He was angry now. "This is the last time I'll ask you, Mandy," he warned. "Will you go?"

She shook her head, the lump in her throat forbidding speech, her face pale and beseeching.

"All right. I'm done with coaxing. Good night." He turned, jumped into the car and was gone. Mandy stood looking after him, rigid with despair. As she turned back to the little unpainted, ramshackle cabin, set in a bare expanse of ground, her heart failed her. She raged inwardly at herself. She had hoped against hope for ten years that Joe would return some day and ask the very question that he had asked her tonight. She had determined many times that if that time ever came she would go with him gladly, but in the crisis the same duty that had reared its head between them ten years before had again parted them. In her heart she knew that Louise, through selfishness and indolence, was no more capable of taking care of the men folks than she had been when a child. Would she ever be? Mandy wondered guiltily whether she had made a mistake. Did she owe a duty to Joe? He had no one but her. As she meditated, she decided that she had made a mistake. "It's too late," she mourned, "for when Joe says anything, he always keeps his word. He'll never ask me again, and I don't blame him a mite."

That night it rained. Not a gentle little shower, but a cold, pelting, driving rain that penetrated every crack and crevice. It poured through the leaky roof of the cabin like a deluge. Mandy climbed over the prostrate form of the gently-snoring Louise, and proceeded to close the windows. Then she climbed the ladder to the loft, carrying dishpans and pails to set under the worst places, added more quilts to her brothers' beds to keep them dry, and then, damp and cold herself, crept back into bed again. Her very soul revolted at the thought of doing this for the rest of her life.

The next morning after the boys had eaten a late breakfast and dawdled drowsily off to their work, Louise still being asleep, Mandy carried out all the heavy quilts again to dry in the sunshine. Her heart ached, and her eyes were heavy with unshed tears. She was so occupied in her own misery that she failed to see a little red automobile come tearing down the road from the west. Suddenly a shadow fell across the quilt she was tugging straight on the line.

"Doing the same old stunt, hey?" Joe's voice boomed. "Just what I expected. Now you look here." She looked. He was very big and determined. "You go into the house and pack whatever belongs to you,—your clothes and that quilt with the thousand pieces. Put on your hat and hurry."

Her long-practiced habit of meekness stood her in good stead. She scurried into the house like a frightened rabbit, and soon reappeared in her best dress and hat. A grey canvas valise held all her belongings. He tucked it into the back of the car. Any thought of neglected duties were forgotten in the overwhelming desire to go for another delicious ride in this car, at Joe's side.

At last, Lochinvar had come out of the west and had stolen his bride, who was, like that other bride, a very willing captive. They were married an hour later in the village parsonage. The minister's wife and the salesman from whom Joe had purchased the automobile were witnesses. Just as the knot was safely tied, back in the little unpainted cabin, behind the turkey-red print drape, Louise turned over in bed, yawned sleepily, and stretched her white arms above her head. Then she snuggled down and slept again.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

from the floor and the rest is screened in. It has canvas doors that are hinged at the top and which can be drawn to the ceiling by a cord. The drop-door of the cellar is in part of the floor. The built-in sink has a door so I can still wash my dishes in the sink. A cistern pump has been replaced by faucets. I have an oil stove, cabinet, cupboard and dining table in this room. The floor is covered with linoleum. I can cook and work in comfort and we eat there and enjoy the cool breezes from three sides. As farmers can seldom have a vacation in summer-time, we pretend we are on an outing at "Joy Cottage" in the pines, in this cool little room. Everyone that comes to our home in hot weather praises the summer porch. The little south porch is also screened in and made into a sleeping porch. We had a built-in cupboard put in the partition between the kitchen and dining-room, with doors opening into both rooms. This is a great labor saver. Also made a small south room into a bathroom. All these conveniences could be put in by the "handy man around the house" with but little expense.

To those having a special friend or chum who doesn't write as often as you wish, set the pace by writing every so often, and request them to bargain to do the same. Make the penalty for failure to write, an extra letter between times. Try putting personality into your letters to hold their interest.

If I could have your address, Udeyne of Tennessee you would get a letter from me. How may I obtain it? Somehow you have struck the right chord in my heart.

My husband is an orphan. He was born at Pomeroy, Washington, the son of John Dallas. He had two older sisters named Anna and Theresa, also an uncle named Lester Dallas. He is very anxious to get in communication with any of his relatives.

I would be glad to hear from any of the COMFORT sisters who care to write.

The three mottoes I try to live up to are: Not to worry over little things. To make the best of things as they come and to keep young. By following these I find more sunshine about me and that life is not as hard as it seems to be.

There is so much I would like to say but my letter is getting too long I fear, for I have the habit of writing long letters. If I am welcomed later I will tell you about the state of Idaho which is rightly called "The Gem of the Mountains." I lived there seventeen years.

With love to each of you,

ERMA (LITTLE) DALLAS.

WEST UNION, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

I have taken COMFORT for many years and derive much good from the letters. I am young and need good advice, as I am the mother of two sweet babies, Josephine, two and one half years, and Vernon, one year old.

I have a good husband and am very happy. We live



JOSEPHINE AND VERNON CHENOWETH.

on a farm on the Wabash River. I raise chickens and care for a garden and have a two-story house to keep clean so you see I have plenty to do.

Perhaps some of the sisters remember seeing a letter from Stella M. Baker or Mrs. Mitchell Baker in COMFORT a few years ago. She is my sister and one of the best sisters in the world. She is always doing good somewhere.

Nelle, I enjoy your letters very, very much and also Mrs. Vesey's. I love to travel. Two years ago we took a trip to Montana and stayed a year.

Mrs. Wheeler, I am young to advise you on the subject you asked about but I think it would be better to tell the children when they are old enough to understand, that they are adopted for they are sure to find it out from someone else and you are the one to tell it to them in the best way.

MRS. ORAS CHENOWETH.

GEORGIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I would like very much to join this delightful corner if I may.

Auntie Wood and Mrs. I. G. Auld, your letters were greatly enjoyed.

S. C. Sheppard, please write again and tell us more about the north wood.

When one is feeling tired nothing is more restful than to read the letters in this corner so it might be said justly that "reading each day keeps the doctor away." Physical exercise is refreshing but reading, particularly when it is habitual, lets the mind and spirit out of the individual for a complete holiday from self. Anybody who tries it consistently knows that it is possible to pick up a book at a time of vexed tensity and enjoy that almost inexplicable magic which results in a calm and poised self. Newspapers do not give this calm. A good book or magazine compelling interest in the lives of individuals of another time and place are better for the nerves than reading about the places in which we have found confusion during the day. I suppose the reason I enjoy reading more than any other thing is because of my affliction. I am growing deaf. General conversation bothers me; although by being very attentive I can usually understand what people say to me if they do not speak too softly. Some people I know yell at me in a very loud tone of voice and cause me to be the object of all eyes, while others talk so low I have to ask them to please speak loudly. I do not blame my friends and acquaintances for the manner in which they speak to me but if I avoid people is it to be wondered? I am twenty-three years old and realize that I am abnormally sensitive, self-conscious and seclusive. No doubt I should control my feelings better and show more courage. I admit all this but sometimes I feel so humiliated and really mortified. In fact, it makes me just plain unhappy. But I am going to keep cheerful so the family will never know how it hurts.

Best wishes to all.

FRANCES.

PENELOPE, R. R. 1, Box 43, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT two years. I enjoy the letters and stories and my only regret is that it doesn't come twice a month.

I am twenty-five years old and have been married nearly seven years and am the mother of three children, two of whom are living and one dear little one gone on. She was the dearest and brightest but she stayed with us only a little while, being four months old when God took her away. Her bright smile will remain with us forever. I think no home is happy without children and our small son of five and our little girl aged two are our pride and joy. It is our aim in life to have healthy, happy children. My husband and I both are deaf but not mute for we can both talk some but we have been deaf since childhood. I lost my hearing when ten years of age, becoming deaf in twenty-four hours from paralyzed nerves and though I have seen many of the best doctors all say I will never hear again. But because we are deaf does not interfere with our work and our children are bright and smart. They can hear and talk as well as anyone. We talk by means of the deaf-and-dumb signs, using our fingers and hands.

We live on a farm of one hundred acres of good land which we are paying for and hope to call it ours before many years. We own our stock and the necessary farming tools and we also have a Ford car which we got new last spring. So you see we are about as well off as the majority. Some people think we are strange because we are deaf and when we go to town they stand around and stare at us and many laugh when we talk on our fingers.

We live about thirty miles from the city of Waco where there are quite a few deaf people; they have a Sunday School class for them at the Baptist church. We often go there in summer but in the winter the roads are not good enough and we cannot go as often as we would like, but we go whenever we can and enjoy ourselves, talking with other deaf people. We have many friends there.

I lived in the city until I was married. I love my home and keep it clean and cheerful and we are happy. I raise chickens and tend the garden and try in every way to help my husband save and pay for our little home and how happy we shall be when the last note is paid and we are free from debt.

I would like to get letters from any of the sisters who care to write.

With love and best wishes to you all,

MRS. ROY BOWMAN.

Mrs. Bowman and Frances.—Have either of you tried lip reading? I have been told that it isn't so very difficult to learn. There are well-written books on the subject for those who are unable to attend a lip-reading school or have a private teacher. I'll look the matter up more fully if you wish me to. And to those who are prone to shout at deaf people, just remember that a clear, distinct voice of medium tone carries better than a voice pitched unnaturally high. —Ed.

ST. JOSEPH, Sta. A, Box 64, MO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I did not intend to make it a habit of calling on you and usurping the place of some sister who has a right here, but so many of you have written me and extended such cordial invitations to call again that I decided to brave the editor's frowns and make you another visit. I wish to thank all the sisters who have written me for their kindly expressed appreciation of my letter and am very glad there are so many suffragettes. Since I visited you before you have been

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Watch the Luster

Come Back to Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities



The Cloud is Due to Film

When pearly teeth grow dingy they are coated with a film.

There is on all teeth a slimy film, ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

Brushing in the usual way does not end this film. That is why so many teeth discolor and decay. Most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now We Combat It

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have proved this by many careful tests. Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

For home use the method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And all who ask are sent a ten-day test to show them what it does.

Based on Pepsin

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

A recent discovery makes this method possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now found a harmless activating method. Now active pepsin can be constantly applied.

Pepsodent is now doing for millions of teeth what nothing else has done. We urge you to see what it does for your teeth. Compare it with the old-time methods and judge the results for yourself.

The test is free. Make it for your sake and your children's sake. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Druggists everywhere are supplied with large tubes

296

Watch the Results For Ten Days

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 247, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name _____

Address _____

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

What Is Your Best Expression?

I USED to know a pretty girl who was lovely to look at so long as she smiled with her eyes, but the moment she was moved to real mirth, her lips drew up over her gums and her attractiveness was gone. Nobody had the courage to tell her that her broad smile was unpleasing; yet it should have been a simple matter for her to discover this for herself.

What could she have done, even so? Learned to regulate her smiles. One can look pleased, amused, interested, joyous, just by an expression of the eyes and a lifting of the corners of the mouth. We are often moved quite deeply by some pathetic story we hear or a play we see, as a rule.

A smile with parted lips is lovely if the teeth it discloses are even and white, but why part the lips if they are inclined to draw back and disclose the gums? Your feelings are as easily expressed by lips curved with amusement or pleasure but not parted.

One of the earliest lessons we all need to learn is that we are paying the world the very best compliment possible if we try always to let it see us in our pleasantest aspect. There is nothing artificial or vain about this; it is really the duty of every woman, every man, and every child to make themselves as pleasing to the rest of the world as possible. If I had a small daughter and she had an unpleasing way of pursing her lips, I shouldn't hesitate a minute about telling her that she didn't make a pretty picture when she used that expression, and that the feeling she had in her mind behind that pursing of the lips ought to find a pleasanter way to express itself. Children think it all a beautiful game, when it is brought to them in this fashion; they do not become self-conscious or vain; they laugh about it, and are curious to see how the face can be made to express one thing in different ways, and then quite unconsciously they finally adopt the better way.

Why shouldn't we older people be as easily adaptable? Let's try it! For each emotion you have to find utterance for, which is the best expression? It's lots of fun, studying it out—try it!



DON'T OPEN THE LIPS IN SMILING IF THE TEETH ARE NOT PRETTY.

but we have learned to school our feelings in public. We do not sob or groan or do any of the things which sadness might reasonably be supposed to indulge in. We know the public does not want to be disturbed by our private emotions. It isn't a bit harder, girls, to control the happier feelings which seek their expression in smiles and laughter. Laugh, by all means, but train yourself to do it pleasingly. A low, soft laugh is lovely to listen to, and the mouth from which it comes is usually as lovely in its curves. A loud and boisterous laugh or a giggle are neither pleasing to the ear nor to the eye,

Answers to Questions

GEORGIA.—To make your eyelashes grow, anoint the edges of the lids very gently each night with a little warm olive oil. Never brush or pick the lashes, and never rub the eyes. Wash the eyes gently each morning, but do not rub them open as so many people do, because that is one way of rubbing out your lashes and I am sure you do not want to do that. Of course you apply the oil to the lids with either the finger-tip or a tiny camel's-hair brush like the tiniest paint brush. The brush is better than the finger. To get rid of blackheads, first keep the face clean. To do that, wash it each night, before retiring, in hot soapy water, but do not rub soap on the face ever. Use a soft cloth and cleanse every portion of the face. Then rinse in warm water, then in cool, finally in cold water. In the morning, wash in tepid water without soap, and do this whenever in the course of the day the face needs freshening. Blackheads are clogged pores, so keep yours fresh and active. If you will invest in a camel's-hair face complexion brush—which is just like a hand brush only of soft hair—and brush your hair for the first few nights, on retiring, using the hot soapy water, after that the brush will not be necessary, for your blackheads will probably all have disappeared. Remember you must keep the pores active, and poorly selected foods make pores sluggish, so eat sensible foods, including plenty of vegetables and fruits, and drink lots of water. For freckles, if they are of the summer kind, they aren't worth bothering with, but if they are friends of long standing, then you might try this remedy, always remembering that the only way to remove freckles is to remove the skin, and that when you have done this the new skin is very sensitive and easily irrritated, besides being unable to stand the sun's heat without freckling worse than ever. So if you remove freckles, be very tender of the skin which takes their place, wear broad-brimmed hats and veils, and use cold cream well rubbed in before going out into the air. As a matter of fact, it is quite possible that a good course of soap and water scrubbing at night, no soap in the daytime but cold cream applied, rubbed in, wiped off, then a little powder dusted on the surface before going outdoors, might put your skin in better condition at once and your freckles might fade away through receiving no encouragement to remain.

To Remove Obstinate Freckles

Lactic acid, two ounces; glycerine, one ounce; rose-water, one half ounce.

Apply only to the freckles and let dry on, doing this every night for two or three nights or until the skin begins to peel. After that, rub in a little cold cream.

MARGARET.—See answer to "Blue Eyes" in last month's department.

WORRIED GIRL.—What you have done won't do any harm at all or have the result you speak of. Only don't do it again, because it is better to let things remain as they are. It isn't anything to get rid of. All people are alike in this respect, and it is just as natural as noses on faces. So forget it and don't do it again, even though it isn't the least harm in the world. To get fat, my dear (answering your next question), eat the kind of foods that make fat—boiled or baked potatoes, boiled rice, macaroni, white bread and butter (but not hot breads), gravy, milk, cream. Don't eat fried foods if you can help it. Of course where other people plan the meals it isn't always easy to eat just the things one wants, but one can use a little judgment and not eat heartily of things not particularly good for one. If you could eat a soft-boiled egg for breakfast, and some oatmeal and cream or milk, and some stewed prunes or a baked or raw apple, or an orange or some grapefruit, with either buttered toast or bread and butter, you would have a good breakfast. But your family may have ham and potatoes

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)



Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

End Gray Hair

Let Science Show You How



A Scientific Product

Until now women have suffered their hair to become gray simply because they found old-time, crude dyes distasteful.

For years science has sought a way for scientifically restoring hair to its natural color.

Now that way has been found. And it is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer.

No treatments are required. You apply it yourself, easily, quickly and surely. It will not fade or wash off.

Just comb this pure, dainty, colorless liquid through your hair. In from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be restored to its natural color.

A Free Test

Women use this scientific hair color restorer with the same freedom they do powder.

However, we want you first to know its wonderful results. What we urge is a trial test. It will cost you nothing.

Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

Cut out the coupon. Mark on it the exact color of your hair. Mail it to us, and we will send you free a trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's and one of our special combs.

Try it on a single lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1569 Goldman Building, St. Paul, Minn.

Accept No Imitations
For Sale By Druggists Everywhere

MARY T. GOLDMAN,
1569 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer.
The natural color of my hair is
black.... jet black.... dark brown....
medium brown.... light brown....

Name .....
Street .....
Town .....
Co..... State.....

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Full directions for making and use come in each box of Barbo Compound. It will gradually darken streaked, faded gray hair, and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off.—Advt.



SMILE LIKE THIS IF YOUR MOUTH IS LOVELY.

Hair Often Ruined By Careless Washing

Soap should be used very carefully, if you want to keep your hair looking its best. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali. This dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle, and ruins it.

The best thing for steady use is Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo (which is pure and greaseless), and is better than anything else you can use.

One or two teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excessive oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and it leaves the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky, bright, lustrous, fluffy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store, it's very cheap, and a few ounces will supply every member of the family for months.

You can get rid of itching with Resinol

Resinol Ointment and Resinol Soap easily heal most cases of eczema and similar skin-eruptions. The first application usually stops the itching and burning *instantly*. Sold by all druggists. For sample of each free, write to Dept. 3-T, Resinol, Baltimore, Md. *Use Resinol Soap for the complexion.*

Use MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Night and Morning. *Have Clean, Healthy Eyes.* If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. Soothes, Refreshes. Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using **Stillman's Freckle Cream.** Prepared for one purpose only—*clearing the skin.* If you have freckles, write us today for our **Free Booklet** "*Wouldst Thou Be Fair?*" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you.
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My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.
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Produces any shade by simply combing, without staining the scalp; perfectly harmless, durable, undetectable. Saves time and money, and is the only practical way of coloring the hair. Write for particulars.
H. BIENECK, Dept. D, 1821 Gleason Ave., New York.

American Housewife's Mistake

By A. M. Hughes, M. D.

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THE American housewife's mistake is a false modesty in the matter of refusing to take the proper amount of rest, during her monthly functions, that amounts to downright prudery. She fears someone will know why she is resting.

Why should she fear it? Nothing could be more absurd. It is a part of her God-given womanhood, as natural to woman as appetite. She should be proud of it, proud that it means she is qualified to take that all-important part in Nature's great plan of the chain of life. In no other country in the world are the women prudish about this, and in every other country in the world the women are healthier and stronger than in America.

The American housewife's mistake in being so prudish in this matter that she will slave during those few days when she should rest is that it destroys her health, her happiness, and, as I will show later, frequently her home. That is her mistake, and it is one of the gravest. Every person knows full well that these periods of illness are all a natural part of a woman's life and it is utter foolishness and false modesty to refrain from admitting it. In Europe every woman takes her rest. Nothing more is thought of that by the others in the home than would be if mother remained in bed some morning with a severe headache. The European housewife, when this time arrives, gives up all her household duties, if it is possible, if not she does no more than make the beds and prepare simple meals. No washing is done, no sewing, no sweeping, nothing but the very simplest duties are performed, and in consequence she has all but a few hours of each day to rest.

"Mother is ill," is the simple statement. No more is thought of it. It is natural that she should be ill. It is natural to those people that mother should rest.

But here in America? Horrors! Breathe it not! Mother will slave, she will sweep and wash and scrub and dust just as though she were quite in her usual good health, for if not someone might ask why.

The reasons why the American housewife should rest at these times are, or should be, generally understood. First, the blood pressure is greatly increased, then it is greatly lowered. Her vitality is extremely low and there is a mental effect. All this reacts on her nerves and her nerves react on her brain. She becomes fretful, cross, unreasonable, morbid and unhappy. Her head aches, her back aches, her limbs ache. What she needs is perfect rest for a few days. Nothing else in the world will serve except rest.

Not every woman has all these troubles, but many do, and every woman has the increased blood pressure and then the low vitality, and nearly every woman has some aches and pains. She is in no condition to stand over a hot stove and bake, or roast meats. She is in no condition to push a carpet-sweeper about or wield a broom, or to work the pedals of a sewing machine. This work adds to her troubles.

Many a home has been wrecked because of this disregard or ignorance of Nature's demands. The husband fails to understand why his wife should be cross with him. "Why the grouch?" he asks. "Now what have I done?" This makes her nerves jump, her head ache more and her mind becomes a little out of the normal. But will she tell him why? Not in nine cases out of ten. Perhaps she does not fully understand herself.

"Nothing is the matter, it is you who are cross," will come the rejoinder. She is not responsible for this temperament at this time, but she is responsible for being so prudish that she won't admit she is a normal, God-made woman who, at certain periods, needs rest and quiet. Just why she won't admit this is beyond the knowledge of anyone, except that she has been educated through many generations to believe that it is immodest to admit such things, to even mention them. The American woman seems to want to go along giving the impression that she is a sort of dainty, immortal, angel-like creature. But she isn't. She would be miserable if she were. No man would love her. Man wants a very human woman. Over in Europe and in other countries this is all understood, and the women can out-run, out-walk, out-work our women.

False training of the daughters, false modesty, fear to let your own people know that you are a normal woman, has made thousands of chronic invalids in this country. Women have done washing when they should have been in an easy-chair reading; women have swept floors when they should have been flat on their backs on a couch or in bed. The result has been broken-down health, invalidism, no pleasure in the home, no hopes for the future, and possibly a separation.

This is not limited to the housewife who works. The women who do not need to do the housework, who have competent maids, are prone to this harmful prudishness. They will run downtown shopping, they will go here or there, keep an engagement rather than ask to be excused on the ground of temporary illness. The result is a depressed, irritable wife, a husband who doesn't understand, and all sorts of trouble.

Even the savage, unlettered, uncivilized women of Africa know better than to work during these times. They rest in their huts and the savage men are not so savage but what they know why, nor so savage but what they are quite willing. When normal, these savage women work like the men—generally ten times harder. The average American housewife lacks, in this matter, the wisdom of those barbarian women of the jungles.

We speak of the red-faced, clear-eyed English women. They are fond of outdoor life, they are sturdy and they love to walk. There are ten American invalid women to one English invalid woman, because your English cousins know of the necessity of rest at certain times for their women and they see to it that the rest is taken.

Every operatic impressario can tell you that their foreign singers have this wisdom, that they never make this mistake. We marvel at the vigor, and the beauty of these foreign opera singers, they seem to keep young for years longer than our native women. These singers have a clause in their contracts which permits them to rest each month when the normal woman needs rest. They realize that they cannot retain their strength and health if they attempt to sing in public when they are ill, and they are wise enough to so arrange their contracts that they do not have to do this. How many times do we read that "Mme. So-and-So did not appear in Carmen (or whatever the opera was) last night, owing to a slight throat trouble, and the role was taken by Mme. La Blank"? It frequently appears in print, and most of us believe it was throat trouble; we are not wise enough to understand these things. Abroad it is different. The papers make the simple statement, "Mme. So-and-So was unable to appear." That was all. Everyone understands. No one is shocked. No one has any right to be shocked.

American housewives have a routine for their work. Especially is this true in New England and the Eastern States, although nearly every housewife has some sort of a routine. That is, washing on Monday, ironing on Tuesday, sweeping on Wednesday, baking on Friday, sewing on Saturday, and so on. There is no harm in this. The harm comes in the absolutely senseless manner in which so many women rigidly follow this routine. It doesn't matter if their heads are splitting, if their backs are aching and they feel scarcely able to stand, they have an insane belief that the washing has *got* to be done on Monday and the ironing has *got* to be done on Tuesday. And they do it and before many years they are broken in health.

They have not *got* to do these things on specified days. There will be plenty of days for washing as long as there are clothes and people to wear them. There have been plenty of days for washing ever since "Adam delved and Eve span." And this reminds me that in your Bible you will find mention of this very thing—rules laid down for the care of women during these functions. The wise old men of the Bible times knew all about these things and they understood the value of a healthy woman and the need of keeping that woman in health.

What if the children do have soiled frocks? It won't hurt them to go a few days longer in them? What if there is a little dust on the floors? It won't hurt you to leave it there a couple more days. What if the soiled linen is still in the hamper? Leave it there. It will be just as serviceable if it isn't washed until next week. Sewing to do? Let it rest. One of the worst things a woman who is ill can do is to pump a sewing machine treadle up and down for even half an hour.

All this is the first great mistake so many of our women make. The next great mistake they make is in failing to tell their daughters about these things. I do not mean the story of sex because most mothers have grown wise and are doing this, but they fail to warn their daughters about the mistake of false modesty in the matter. The girls should be educated to rest, to realize that it is not only their right to take this rest, but their duty. It is a duty they owe to their husbands and to the children every normal girl hopes to bring into the world.

Furthermore, educate the sons. When your son is about to be married, impress upon him the necessity of demanding that his wife take this rest. Explain the need of it. Urge him to teach her that she should not work at these times and that the fear some one might know why she is resting is the worst sort of false modesty and prudishness.

It means happier and healthier mothers, it means contented grandmothers and it means stronger and healthier generations to come. It is hygienically necessary. We have always known that woman, at least the average woman, is slightly abnormal, mentally, during these times. We have known in a general way that they were by no means feeling well, but we have gone blindly ahead and refused to see the necessity of making life easier for the women. And the women have been equally blind. The rest is theirs for the asking. All they need to do in practically every case is to give up hard work for a few days and rest. No man fit to be called a man would object. The trouble has been that it is the woman's mistake, she has neglected to do this, and the absurdity of it all is that it has been through a sort of prudishness and pitiful false modesty.

What does a husband care if his house is a bit dusty and untidy for a few days, so long as his wife is storing up health and strength? He had rather see a house full of dust and disorder than see a disordered, nervous, irritable wife.

Many women can stand all this. But many cannot. To some it means a general breakdown, to others such a nervous breakdown as to verge on insanity. And who knows how many suicides have been caused because the woman has broken her health with unnecessary drudgery at these times? With this sort of necessary rest the housewife gains in health, and with health housework loses its drudgery. The time will come when the American housewife will no longer be so prudish in this matter but, like her wise foreign sisters, take the rest she needs at the time she needs it and thereby make her life worth living.

How Our Milk Is Used

Estimates made by the United States Department of Agriculture show how the 87,905,000,000 pounds of milk produced in the United States annually are utilized. Forty-four and one half per cent is used as fresh milk for human food purposes, while 36 per cent of the gross supply is converted into butter, and 4.5 per cent is made into cheese; another 4.5 per cent is transformed into canned milk, 4 per cent is used in ice cream making, 4 per cent is used in feeding calves and hogs on the farms of origin, and 2.5 per cent is lost in shrinkage and other waste of the dairying industry.

His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

of Violet's disappearance, but a little later he read just a paragraph referring to the "mysterious disappearance of Miss Huntington," and calling attention to the fact that as yet nothing had been learned regarding her.

He showed this to Lord Cameron, but that gentleman, wishing to spare Wallace a renewal of the old grief, made some indifferent reply, and the subject was dropped.

Preparations went steadily on for the young earl's marriage with Miss Humphrey. He had written to his mother regarding his engagement and begged that she would come to New York to be present at his wedding.

She responded with delighted congratulations and stated that she would be with him within a month, for she wished to make the acquaintance of his bride-elect as soon as possible.

She had been greatly pleased with Agnes' picture and his lordship's description of her, and she was very happy to know that Vane's life would, after all, be complete—that the grand old home in Essex would not be desolate, after she was gone, for the want of a mistress; while, too, she was delighted upon her own account, for her heart had long yearned for the companionship of a daughter.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Get The Book FREE! If you would like to read the remaining chapters of this serial at once and learn its dramatic conclusion now, rather than wait for the monthly installments as they will appear in COMFORT, we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Make all good men your well wishers; and then in the years' steady sifting, many of them will grow into friends. Friends are the sunshine of life.—*Emerson.*



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Smart Silk Poplin Skirt — Handsome Flounced Petticoat — Lace Trimmed Voile Waist

We will send you this useful, fashionable ladies' outfit on approval for only $1.00 down. If you decide to keep it, pay in small monthly sums. If for any reason whatever you decide to send the outfit back your money will be returned instantly. We are offering this bargain only for a limited time. Send the coupon today.

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Waist: White Voile, having collar and front enlivened with insertions of lace and dainty embroidery. Made with full length sleeves. Colors, White only. Bust sizes 34 to 44.

Petticoat: Fine quality Black Sateen with flounce enlivened with neat tucks and sections of accordion pleating. Black only.

When ordering be sure to give color of skirt wanted also bust, belt, hip and length measurements.

Order by No. S-30. Terms $1.00 with coupon, $1.85 monthly. Total $11.95.

6 Months To Pay

Think of it. This handsome 3-piece outfit only costs you 6 cents a day. Order now on our liberal terms. No need to pay cash down to get the latest styles and amazing values in anything you wish to wear. We trust honest people no matter where they live. Not a penny charge for the credit. No discount for cash. All business men use their credit. Use yours.

Order Now

Send this coupon. All clothing material is very scarce. We have only a limited quantity of these outfits. First come, first served. Mail the coupon today with a $1.00 P.O. order or a dollar bill. Remember, you take no risk. Send the coupon now.

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Color of Skirt..... Skirt sizes Belt.....Hip..... Length Bust size for Waist.....

If for any reason I wish to return the outfit after examination I may do so and every cent I have paid will be returned instantly without question. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised price, $11.95, on your terms of $1.00 with coupon, balance $1.85 monthly.

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Taking the Blue Out of Monday

By Leslie Gordon

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THE chief reason why the weekly washing day used to be called "Blue Monday" was because our forebears made a very hard job of what today is comparatively easy, if the laundry is properly equipped. Now whether you do your own washing or are fortunate enough to keep a servant who will consent to do it, or are financially able to employ a laundress, you have everything to gain by making the work as light as possible so it will neither tax your own strength unduly nor oblige your washerwoman to spend a great deal of her highly paid time at the task. It is well to remember nowadays that in the long run machinery is much cheaper than labor; so if you have a large family by all means invest in a good washing machine. Such machines are very helpful for heavy clothes, and where large washings are the rule.

Many washing machines are wood-lined, have a kneading motion and are worked by a lever or crank. Others have an inverted cone, worked by a lever, which presses down into the wet clothes and sucks the dirt up. The machine must be kept clean, free from dust and rust, and out of the weather.

Of course every laundry or kitchen where washing is done is equipped with some sort of a wringer, for this saves not only time but the clothes themselves. A good wringer lasts for years if properly taken care of. Always clean and dry it after using. A little kerosene will brighten the rubber when it becomes dull or stained, but remember that kerosene cleans by eating off a thin layer of rubber every time it is used. Oil the wringer occasionally, and, when not in use, leave the screws loose that the rolls may not become flat. Cover the wringer with a cloth to keep it clean when not in use.

The boiler may be round or oblong, stationary or portable, but should be very largely of copper, not only for the sake of greater durability but also because copper transmits heat more readily than almost any other metal.

A clothes-stick may be made of an old broomstick or can be bought with a metal-pronged end. Stationary tubs are the best, but if you do not have them you can get very serviceable portable tubs made of fibre, galvanized iron, enamel or wood.

It is a great labor saver to have the washbench the easiest height for the user. Thirty-six inches or less from the top of the tub to the floor is about right for the average woman.

Very few housewives know the value of an ordinary whisk brush for sprinkling clothes. Try it and see what a time saver it is.

Irons must be kept perfectly clean to give the best and quickest service. How many women there are who do not take this small precaution which saves both time and temper and smudged clothes. New irons should always be put on the stove and allowed to get heated thoroughly and then well rubbed with wax before using. Irons that are often used should be frequently scraped clean of starch, even perhaps rubbed over fine salt or washed in soap and water and dried. A plentiful use of wax is another important requirement, though care must be taken that this is wiped off with cloth or paper before it touches the cloth. The irons with the detachable handle are the best, for they save the use and fuss of an iron holder, but they do not make the clothes any smoother than an old-fashioned iron. Of course the ideal work-saving iron is the electric, for the heat of it does not vary and it can be used continually without the delay and fatigue of trips back and forth to the stove. For the house not electrically connected, there are gas irons that do the work in the same way, and for country houses and bungalows there are irons with a small iron attachment to hold the kerosene that heats the irons without heating the house at the same time.

Make a cover of denim or calico or any stout material into which the ironing board can be slipped when not in use. This will keep the white cover clean much longer than if it is left exposed to the dust by standing uncovered in the corner of the laundry or kitchen between washings. The real labor-saver never uses old sheets for ironing-board covers as is the custom in most households, because she knows that they will quickly tear or fall away in holes. Strong muslin is none too good for the ironing-board and is the most inexpensive in the end. If this material is bought double width (seventy-two inches), only three quarters of a yard is required if the width is used for the length of the board, and it wears a very long time when a little care is taken not to burn it. There is an attachment that can be bought very cheaply that will quickly adjust any cover on an ironing-board. It consists simply of a set of strong steel hooks and a bit of firm cord. One end, of each of these hooks, is bent so that it can be secured strongly to the cover after being inserted. When all the hooks are in place along the four sides of the cover, all that is needed is to lace them up criss-cross, like a shoe, and the cover is stretched smooth and flat.

A great deal of time and trouble is saved in starching if the starch is exactly right and does not stick on the iron. The following recipe comes from a laundry noted for its fine work.

When ready to make starch, mix one and one half teaspoonfuls of starch with one half cup of cold water into a perfectly smooth paste, then add one half teaspoonful borax and one fourth teaspoonful of paraffin or two or three drops of lard. Now add, stirring constantly, one quart of boiling water just at the boiling point for twenty minutes. Strain. Follow this method and the starch will be all that your heart could desire. For gingham or percale dresses, dilute each cup of cooked starch with two cups of water and the stiffness will be just right. Shake well and hang in the shade to dry as the sun will quickly affect the color.

Dampen only a short time before ironing, folding the garments closely and spatting well between the hands to insure even spreading of the moisture. Wrap each garment separately if the colors are at all apt to run.

When ironing colored fabrics be careful not to use too hot an iron, yet it must be hot enough to smooth without blistering or sticking. A very hot iron, however, will ruin the color sooner than fifty washings. Many garments may be ironed to an advantage on the wrong side.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

given the ballot and I am glad to know that the long fight is over and we have won. God has seen fit to give you the ballot at a time when your country needs your support and the eyes of the world are on you,—the result of next year's election is awaited with breathless expectancy. I am sure you will go to the polls and conduct yourselves as intelligent, honest, womanly women and cast your first vote for the better government. The most important danger you must guard against, sisters, is allowing yourselves to be influenced by your husbands, brothers or other masculine members of your household. Study the political situation yourselves and decide for yourselves how you want to vote. Do not let them convince you that they are more capable of advising you than women politicians. Think, study, plan, ask questions, attend political meetings. You have said you were as capable of voting as the men, now prove it. If you vote the way your husband does—because he does—then you are not capable of voting and our long, bitter fight for you has been in vain. We need your aid to elect men to office who will see that the law is enforced. There is a great responsibility resting on you, sisters, but I know you can be trusted to make this a better world to live in.

I want to say to you girls who have written me for advice and asked me to answer through COMFORT, that you ask for something that is not mine to give. So Sweet Sixteen, Orphan, Just a Girl, Anxious, Broken-hearted and many others, please remember that I am not the editor and have not the authority to command space in COMFORT to answer your inquiries. Would be glad to advise you and if you want me to and think my advice worth two cents, write me, enclosing a stamp and I will give you the advantage of my experience. Of course each of you thought no one else would ask for advice but many have and I cannot answer you through the paper.

Miss Pert from 'way down on the Oucilla River, why didn't you sign your name? I won't let the old maids hurt you so write me again. I liked your letter.

B of Goshen, received your letter. I would like to debate the marriage question with you but fear it would occupy too much space and a personal debate would give no one else the benefit of our arguments; also I am very susceptible and have no desire to be No. 18.

Rosie Lawless, if you are really wondering why I have never married I will send you my photograph and that will answer you most effectively.

Criss, if I were you I would move to some other part of the country if you have such silly men as you say down there. No man, with an ounce of brains, is going to think a girl is in love with him just because she gives him a cheerful smile and a friendly greeting.

Now by-by sisters. Don't ask me to call again because it isn't right. This is the Sisters' Corner and our editor says there isn't space to print all the letters she receives from you so if she prints mine it takes the space that otherwise would be given to some sister. So I will bid you farewell with many thanks for your kindness. GEORGE L. GARRISON.

INDIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

COMFORT came this month, a veritable budget of comfort. My mother took it when I was just a little girl and we girls used to quarrel over it to see who should have it first. I've read so many good letters in it that I feel I must add my mite of help also.

We have been married twelve years and have moved several times. Our furniture was good but marred and scratched awfully so I brushed every piece of it with lye using an old brush for the purpose. This cut the varnish off, then I took clean water and a cloth and washed the article clean. I let it dry in the sun and then sandpapered it thoroughly. Then I applied one coat of light oak stain, though any stain could be used, and after it was well dried I put on a coat of good varnish and had some furniture that looked like new. My white iron beds were scarred so I got ivory enamel and applied two coats to each bed, touching the ornaments with bronze. They look like new.

Our house was in an awful condition when we moved here. The floors were hardwood. We filled the cracks with cement and dryer mixed. When dry, we sandpapered it and applied one coat of yellow filler. After this dried we put on a coat of light oak graining color, then a coat of varnish. We put oatmeal paper on the walls downstairs and upstairs used Muresco. I use small rugs on the floors. The cost for all this was small compared with the results.

Where we needed wardrobes we put up a shelf with hooks underneath and hung curtains around it.

We live on a farm. I milk three and four cows, keep one hundred and twenty-five hens. I sold one hundred dollars' worth of chickens. I enjoy farm life although the work is hard.

I will close with a pen picture of myself. Am five feet, five inches tall, with blue eyes and brown curly hair and just pleasingly plump.

Pearl Vesey, I would like to know you. Your letters are so full of the joy of living.

Some time I'll tell of the community fair we held at the schoolhouse. E. M. M.

KENTUCKY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you permit me to answer Milly's letter through your columns?

Milly I think I understand your case for two years ago I was in the "rut" myself. Like you, I was neither pretty nor ugly but I was bashful and silly. The first thing I did was to set to work to make myself more attractive. I was skinny with a freckled, rough, swarthy skin. I followed Katherine Booth's suggestions very closely and gained pounds and pounds until I had a figure.

Like you I had a sister who was a universal pet but unlike you I was jealous of her.

Then I watched my complexion very closely and by following the same suggestions had a beautiful clear skin in three months. The personal care you give your appearance goes a long way toward making and keeping friends. An elderly neighbor gave me my cue, "Just feel that you look as well as any one and have as good a right there." Forget yourself in this fight; think of the comfort and happiness of others and gradually friends will come. Go with your sister more and try treating her once or twice as she has treated you. Start a pen friendship with some of COMFORT'S sisters and cousins. They are willing to be your friends I am sure. Keep yourself attractive as possible; even in a bungalow apron one can be attractive if they really and truly try.

You must surely have talked to a boy five minutes in your life. But that is better than being a flirt. Just remember that men are human and are not going to eat you and talk to them. There is no reason in the world why a seemingly intelligent girl your age should not have friends. It isn't silly to want young friends but just natural.

Now dear I will leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson and there is more I'd like to tell you if you would write to me. Your letters will be held in confidence.

I haven't power to say whether you are held to your promise but I don't believe you are for God is a just God and I believe wants His children to be happy. I hope to hear from you. HAPPY NOW.

Happy Now and Others.—Last month I sent several personal letters to Milly to the address she gave but they were returned marked "Unknown." They are being kept for her in case she wishes to send her real name; if she doesn't she is the only loser.—Ed.

KIMBALL, S. DAK.

HELLO HOMEFOLKS:

I've been camping "in" instead of out for ever so long and cooking half-forgotten goodies on a six-hole range instead of over a camp fire. I didn't get a bit tired of outdoor life; in fact, I'd like to drive from coast to coast were it not for going without a garden, and I found that one may have a "home" in the true sense of the word, even where there is no house.

I promised to tell you about the sights we saw along the way. While near Alpena, S. Dak., we saw a cyclone—funnel shaped and inky black—sweep away to the east of us and our first three days in this state were spent in the shelter of a treeclaim grove. It gave me a chance to mend and the time passed quickly.

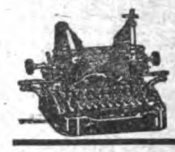
Only once did we bump our noses. One night we came to a spring about a rod from the road. There were trees around it and it showed evidence of having been an old camping ground. Being tired we were glad to eat a hearty supper and retire. Just as the kiddies were washing some very brown toes, along came a little old man wearing a fierce frown and scrubby whiskers. He loudly ordered us to begone and wouldn't listen to us at all. We drove many miles before we found a place wide enough to camp on. About midnight we saw a light and upon investigation found a farm woman who was sitting up for a belated husband. She gave us permission to camp on an unused field road. Just as we were nicely settled, her husband and another man came down there and surlily asked Mr. V. several very sharp questions and marched home again. I soon fell asleep but Mr. V. stayed up till morning and we pulled out before breakfast and ate near a nice grove.

All the other people we met were fine and likely

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

the ones just mentioned would have been on closer acquaintance.

I answered the personal letters of many who wrote and six of the letters were returned to me, Helen Anast, Mildred Wand, Emily Breemer, Pearl Evans, Gertrude Anderson and Henry Priebe could not be found at addresses given.

We are wintering in a six-room house, five miles from town and but eighteen miles east of the Missouri River. The land is slightly rolling but one can see for many miles. Soil is ash color with few rocks. Our well is many hundred feet deep and the water tastes salty. Crops were very good last fall and the land is expensive. On this side of the river are fine farms and on the other side, I am told, are ranches.

Well, L. T., letting your angry passions rise isn't going to change that hubby of yours and separation isn't best either. Just develop your own personality; laugh, sing and live your life as though you enjoyed it. If he insists upon arranging the furniture, let him. After all, it is his home as well as yours. I could stand a few chairs out of place better than I could a quarrel. Do not let yourself get troubled about such things—but instead do so much to please him that he will forget the pocketbook deal eventually. Life is so short that it doesn't pay to bicker over trifles that come up.

I am glad you disagree with me, Bud. Do you know, I disagree with my own self about half of the time.

Disillusioned, you ask whether Pearl Vesey ever had any great trouble or disappointment—I have been husking corn beside three lively youngsters. The rows were all alike and just as long but one kiddie saw all the "nubbins", smut, icy places and bad weather; the wild sunflowers would scratch her face and make her cross. The other two saw only the beautiful corn, the birds and rabbits, pretty stones, flocks and ducks and geese going over. They sang and laughed and kept a merry rat tat tat sounding against the throw board. Even though their mittens wore through and their fingers got scratched, and their toes grew cold, they were sorry when the day was over and begged to do just one more row.

Life is like these rows, and will average up in the long run. You may get cold feet on one end but if you wear a grin on the other you will be able to husk your row without making it disagreeable for your side steppers.

P. V. likely gets her share of the hard rows for her life is now, and has been, a constant struggle against poverty, illness and disappointments. Dear ones have gone before, and sometimes her corn has failed to hit the throw board at all; and she, too, is disillusioned, but she hops right over there and picks it up again.

Troubles and disappointments are pesky things but like cabbages and other things that grow, they need air and if you don't air 'em they just naturally wither and die. I don't like trouble so I just smother it quietly at home and forget it. I've a good "forgettery" too, but land knows when I'd forget some of my failures and disappointments were I to air them where some of you could sympathize with me.

I've been in most of the states and in Canada and have found that people who count their many blessings fail to see troubles at all.

I noticed a letter from Verne Ellis, Allegan, Mich., in the October COMFORT and he aired not a "troub", but I happen to know that he had to stop work entirely in 1903—rheumatism. Since December, 1910, he has existed in a ten by eleven room, even to eating his meals there, and he hasn't a home of his own either. He is in constant pain but doesn't give up, and he managed to earn a little money too. I hope you who fancy you have trouble will think of him—a young man over six feet tall, sitting year in and year out, behind one single window, and I know you will be able to see the sunny side in the future.

I don't know whose letter I like best but I know the sunny ones help most.

There are no old maids nowadays—they are all bachelor girls, and they aren't sour, long-faced girls either.

About adopting kiddies—blood may count in some ways but you can very easily learn to love another's child. My mother did and I am "it." That is all tommyrot about not being able to care for them on that account, for you know that you love your husband and he isn't one of your own blood either.

Will someone tell me where I can buy an allover apron pattern, called the "Camping Apron." It looks like a princess slip but has long sleeves and a high neck.

I wanted to discuss so many things but my letter is getting long.

I shall write a book when I get old and I'll call it, oh, I believe I'll name it "Homeshac" after the little cabin we left back in the big woods, and I'll write and write until it's fatter than Mehitable Elizabeth—she's my diary.

I don't get time to read much now for I have to be tutoress for the children. I am told that South Dakota is a thousand teachers short and our two nearest schools are among the "shorts" in spite of high wages offered. I am learning patience, and we have the nicest times at our home school, and though we make a big game of it all, I think they are doing well. We have found a fine book, on etiquette, to study and we are trying to do and be, at home, just exactly as we would wish to appear in other places.

Hereafter we will read only stories from which we can learn something, for I read aloud nearly every evening and the kiddies keep their ears open. Sometimes when Daddy returns from work he finds us a bit noisy. We also sing and Daddy has to keep time with his toes, even while he is hanging up his coat. We have found out where we can buy Boy Scout and Camp Fire Girl stories, so the coming evenings aren't worrying us a bit.

I'll send my picture some other time.

Your affectionate sister, PEARL VESEY.

OAKLAND, MD.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON, COMFORT SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

I entered your happy circle once before so I am coming again, being requested to do so. Indeed, I should have written before but just never did it.

Pearl Vesey, do you know I enjoyed reading your letter nearly as much as though I had been with you. But here I am talking on an entirely different subject than I am to write about.

School has started once more and I hope the teachers are having good success with their work. I will give you the rules for each day, as they are found on the question sheet of each enrolled Health Crusader.

1. I washed my hands before each meal.
2. I washed not only my face but my ears and neck and I cleaned my finger nails.
3. I tried to keep my fingers, pencils and everything that might be unclean out of my mouth and nose.
4. I drank a glass of water before each meal and before going to bed, and drank no tea, coffee nor other injurious drinks.
5. I brushed my teeth thoroughly in the morning and in the evening.
6. I took ten or more slow, deep breaths of fresh air.
7. I played outdoors or with my windows open more than thirty minutes.
8. I was in bed ten hours or more last night and kept my window open.
9. I tried today to sit up straight, to eat slowly and to atttend to the toilet and each need of my body at its regular time.
10. I tried today to keep neat and cheerful constantly and to be helpful to others.
11. I took a full bath on each day of the week that is checked.

There are other rules similar to these but it would take up too much space to tell everything. Anyone desiring a more complete sketch of it can write to the National Tuberculosis Association, 381 Fourth Ave., New York, or write to me and I will give you an address in your state where you can get the things necessary to start a Health Crusader Club, as there is a State Director and distributor in every state in the Union. The Crusaders are children from six to sixteen years of age, who agree to the pledge printed on the certificate of enrollment. The one doing the most rules every day receives a badge; after he has done so many chores he receives a silver badge, then a gold pin for the highest rank.

S. C. Sheppard, come again and tell us more of your wonderful adventures. ANNA PETERSON.

Anna.—Thanks for giving us the rules of the Health Crusader Club. They could be followed to good advantage by grown-ups as well as children. —Ed.

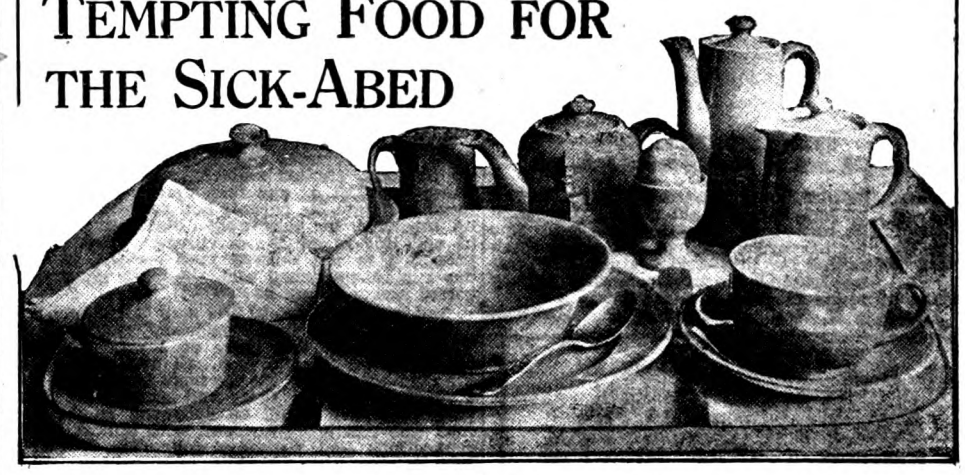
GAINESVILLE, TEXAS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I wish to offer my mite, a good way to make pin money, and ask help.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

TEMPTING FOOD FOR THE SICK-ABED



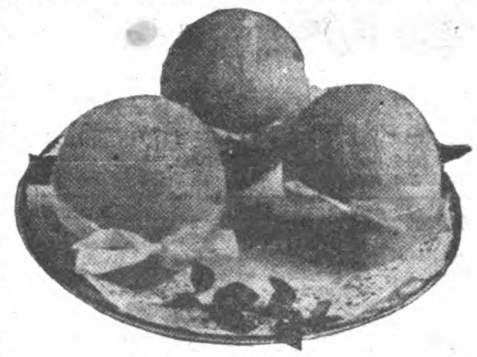
By Violet Marsh

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THE prettiest dishes the house affords should always be used on the invalid's tray if you would have the food sufficiently tempting to arouse the interest of the sick one, for at best the appetite is fickle and requires coaxing. Because the digestive juices are slower in starting with the sick, their drinks and food should be put into and covered with hot dishes, as heat stimulates. Another reason is, that they eat slowly and as the food cools it becomes unpalatable.

As eating a prescribed diet from a tray soon becomes monotonous, the serving is all the more important. Little surprises such as cutting an orange in two, scooping out the inside, filling it with orange jelly and putting it together again and tying a narrow ribbon around, will produce a gleam of curiosity and expectancy that makes the tray more welcome.

Eggs and milk separately, or combined, are usually included in the invalid's diet, but as both these foods lack the appetizing flavors found in fruit and vegetables, the patient soon wearies of them and will dread their appearance. For this reason, ways of making these dishes more tempting must be devised, and with a degree of pains success will follow. The sick are usually allowed to take orange and lemon juice, but it must be squeezed from the fruit and then strained.



"Sing a Song of Sick Men;
They'll drink some orange juice,
And will they call the doctor then?
Of course not—what's the use?"

Milk should be given to the sick in small quantities and taken very slowly, for as soon as it meets the acid of the gastric juice, it changes to a soft, cheese-like substance, which will overwork the digestion if taken immoderately.

Eggs taken raw are highly advisable for the sick. But if to be cooked, put the eggs into the boiling water, cover closely and set on back of stove for about ten minutes to keep hot but not boil. Experience will teach just how long. If boiled, the white will become "leathery" before the heat reaches the yolk, rendering the whole egg indigestible. Eggs should be shelled as soon as cooked, as they will harden if they remain in the shell.

An egg cooked just below the boiling point for twenty minutes will be hard but evenly cooked. If the yolk is "mealy" the egg is digestible. A smiling face penciled on the shell before the egg is cooked will amuse your patient.

Egg Beverages

EGG ORANGADE.—Put into a pint preserving jar the white of one egg, the juice of an orange, and one or two teaspoons of sugar. Adjust the rubber and top and shake well until mixed and foamy. Add one quarter of a cup of water and shake again. This must be served at once. It will amuse the patient to shake the ade from the tray.

EGG GRUEL.—Beat the yolk of one egg with a teaspoon of sugar; slowly add one cup of scalding milk, then the white of egg beaten until foamy, not stff.

EGG LEMONADE.—Into the pint preserving jar put one egg, one half cup of cold water, two tablespoons of lemon juice, and one tablespoon of sugar. Shake until well mixed and frothy.

EGGNOG.—Beat the yolk of one egg until creamy, add one tablespoonful of sugar and beat again. Flavor with a grating of nutmeg or orange rind and stir in one cup of fresh milk. Beat the white of egg stiff and lightly stir it in. Serve at once as it will settle.

EGG AND BEEF TEA.—Beat the yolk of an egg, add a small pinch of salt, and slowly pour in one cup of hot beef tea, stirring continually. Add the beaten white lastly if desired.

Other Foods for the Sick

COFFEE JUNKET.—Make lukewarm one cup of milk, stir in one teaspoon of sugar and two tablespoons of very strong coffee. Add one fourth of a junket tablet that has been dissolved in one teaspoon of cold water. Pour into an attractive glass dish to set.

APPLE SURPRISE.—Bake two tart apples in a hot oven. Scoop out of the skins and remove every particle of core. While hot, add one teaspoon of butter, a dash of cinnamon, a little grated lemon peel, and sugar to taste. Add one beaten egg, and then beat the whole mixture with the egg beater until fluffy. Put into a small bowl and bake in a very moderate oven until set. Serve hot or cold with a little orange or prune juice.

BAKED CRACKER TOAST.—Split two milk biscuits and toast a light brown in the oven. Dip very quickly into boiling salted water. Butter generously, spread with marmalade or preserve, put into an even pile and thoroughly heat through in the oven just before serving.

CUSTARD CREAMS.—Bring one cup of milk to a scald in a double boiler, add one fourth cup of sugar, and stir in one slightly rounding tablespoon of corn-starch previously wet with a little cold water, and a pinch of salt. Stir continually and cook about eight minutes. Beat the white of one egg stiff and over it pour the custard, beating until the separate particles of white have disappeared. The heat of the custard will cook the white of egg.

APRICOT SURPRISE.—Butter a bowl, and into it put a thin slice of bread and butter, then a layer of stewed and sweetened apricot. Cover this with a slice of bread and butter, and sprinkle the top with brown sugar. Bake in a hot oven until the brown sugar has melted and partly candied. Dot with a little whipped cream. This is delicious and tempting in appearance.

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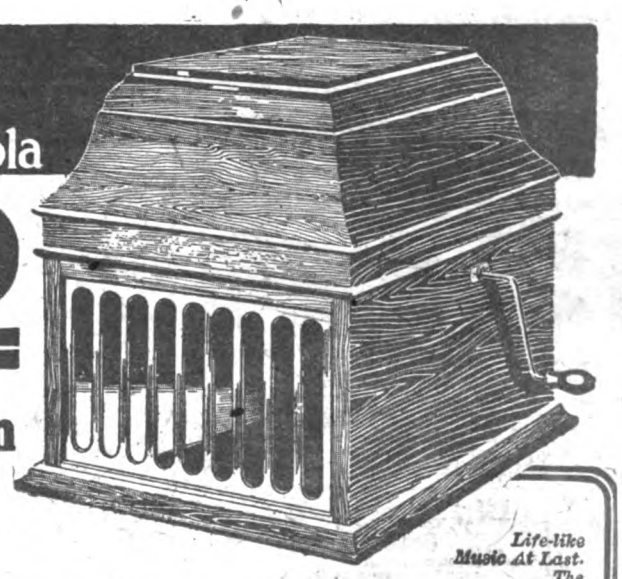
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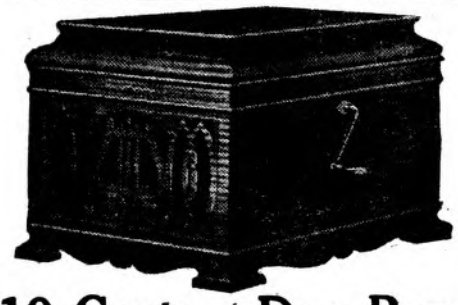
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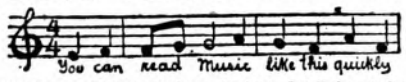


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Fortunes Founded Through Luck

THEODORE N. VAIL.

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ROBERT Louis Stevenson's greatest piece of luck was the old map of an island he turned up in a garret one day. The bit of parchment had a strange fascination for him—and suggested "Treasure Island," his most successful literary effort, of which the map is a frontispiece.

Theodore N. Vail, president of the American



Photo from Western Newspaper Union.
THEODORE N. VAIL.

Telephone & Telegraph Company, and some thirty other corporations, owes his luck also to a map. "I made a map of Iowa," he told me once, "and almost straightway it brought me success."

Theodore Newton Vail, one of our most prominent and successful captains of industry, grew up in Ohio, studied medicine with an uncle in Morristown, N. J., and then went home, to Iowa, to which State his parents had removed. He gave up medicine for telegraphy, his first job being as operator in an Iowan village. Then he was promoted to the railway mail service, in those day run in a slipshod way, the mails never being sorted and made up *en route*.

And now we come to the map talisman.

"I began, after this promotion," continued Mr. Vail, "to study the State of Iowa. I learned all the lines of railroads, all the post offices, the running time of all the mail trains, and then I made a map of Iowa and marked off hours when the mail could be delivered quickest. I soon was delivering my mail with almost perfect connections and therefore delivering it quicker than anyone else.

"That map," concluded Mr. Vail, "landed me on the road to success, for in some way it came to the attention of the Federal authorities at the Capitol, and in 1873 I was appointed assistant superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, and in 1875 general superintendent."

In 1878 Mr. Vail was asked by Gardner C. Hubbard, Professor Bell's father-in-law, to become general manager of his telephone company at $3,500 a year. In those days the telephone was scarcely better than a toy, but Mr. Vail was confident of its success. Taking up his new duties with enthusiasm, he soon had long-distance wires operating, though his first attempt failed, bringing jeers from the doubting Thomases.

Reminiscing about the Boston-Providence line that failed—Vail's Folly, as it was called, Mr. Vail said:

"With the same perseverance with which I made my crude railroad map of Iowa, I kept my engineers at it. They doubled the wires and our troubles were over! We had established the metalic circuit and the long-distance line.

"That is why I always remember my lucky map of Iowa. If I had not made that, I'd never have been assistant head of the Railway Mail Service, nor would Hubbard have known of me and made me manager of the telephone company in the days when it was a joke. That map was my luck—my mascot!"

All of which only goes to show that good, honest, conscientious work is seldom wasted. The world has its eyes wide open for such work, and the boy or man who does it seldom, in the long run, has to charge it to the Profit & Loss account.

It pays to *study your job!*

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

My husband's health was poor and as we have a large family it was necessary that I earn money. I tried many things but failed until I thought of baby clothes. I did all kinds of fancy work, but pretty baby things were my delight so I advertised in our home paper and found many mothers willing to turn their tiny garments over to me. I am never so happy as when making baby clothes, and almost any woman can do this.

Will someone tell me a good remedy for weak eyes? Won't other sisters tell of their adventures in earning money?

With love to all, MRS. HOPE LANE.

Mrs. Lane.—Making baby things is about the most fascinating work I know of but your weak eyes may be caused by too close application to your work. Consult an oculist, wear glasses if necessary, and do not sew by a poor light.—Ed.

OKLAHOMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please admit me, a man, to reply to Udeyne whose letter appeared in the November issue. I find Udeyne says most men are selfish creatures. I haven't seen any wings on any of the sisters yet.

I will affirm that women as a race are more deceitful and more treacherous than men and I believe that women as a rule have more "gall and brass" than a man and think the general public will agree with me there. I know that a good woman is the greatest treasure a man could possibly possess and he should appreciate her more and more and be satisfied if he never had anything but her. I know we men are all subject to wrong and do wrong but still the women as a rule are all in the same row.

Come again Rainy Day. I admire you. I think you should call yourself Rosebud, June Rose or something sweet instead of a dreary rainy day. I am sure you deserve a better name.

Love to all. KNOT HEAD.

Knot Head.—Mebbe we deserve all you say about us, mebbe so, and it is only fair that the men should have an equal opportunity of expressing their opinions, but I tremble when I think of your fate at the hands, and pens, of the sisters. I commend you to their mercy.—Ed.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

May I come in? How glad I am, for I've kept silent so long I'm just boiling over.

Celia Jolly, let's shake hands for our husbands must have met each other to get the same views of making love instead of quarreling. We have been married twelve years and all the years have been happy ones. Our motto is "Be reasonable and loving."

Bachelor Bill, shame on you, paying your wife wages as though she were a servant. You and I could not agree as I think a wife should be equal. We have only one pocketbook and each does the spending.

Would you like to know me a little better? Well, here I am. Five feet, four inches tall, weigh 100 pounds. Have dark brown hair, brown eyes, even white teeth, a dimple in my left cheek and am of a dark complexion. As I said before, I have one of the best Johns ever and five little V's, Velma, ten, Vira, eight, Victor, six, Virginia, three, and Volt, nine months old and the dearest ever.

I had very poor health after my second child was born and did not walk for six months but God took care of me and I am able to do my work as well as the sewing for myself and children. Until now, with the exception of an overcoat, I have made all the oldest boy's clothes but he is getting too big to wear clothes made from his daddy's wornout ones. I also find time for crocheting and other fancy work. But I never hurry. We make a great mistake when we hurry and worry. If I don't get all my work done today it goes until the next and nobody is the worse off.

Sisters, did you ever try folding the towels, dish towels, sheets, diapers and such like right off the line into a basket? It saves much labor. I used to think every tiny piece of cloth had to be ironed but when a person is down and out they will do lots sometimes to gain a little strength and I find it pays to take care of yourself.

Children make lots of work but one little hug and kiss pays for it all. I believe in teaching them to help. Velma and Vira can wash dishes and scrub as well as I can and even Victor does what falls to his lot, but I don't believe in making them work too hard or keep them at one thing all the time. I wash dishes when I can and let them play and then when I am not well or tired or too busy they do them without grumbling and without pennies. I do not believe in paying them to do their work.

Have any of you the poem, "When Father Rode the Goat?" I'd like to get it.

I will leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson.

CONTENT.

Content and Others.—I don't want to be selfish and unobliging but I wish in cases where there is nothing very personal in the letter—no heart-throb stuff—that the writer would give her name and address, if she wants letters forwarded. It would save hours and hours of my time in looking up addresses.—Ed.

SHERIDAN, Birney Star Route, WYO.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

A year ago my sister, Mrs. Edna Newinger, contracted the deadly flu and we lost her. Among her things I found some crocheting which I think some one sent her to sell for them. I have been unable to find the owner so am turning to this corner thinking perhaps it might belong to some reader of COMFORT. Both she and my mother took this paper and wrote to some of the sisters at different times. If this meets the eye of the one who did the crocheting and they will write me I will be glad to return it to them. Or there is a possibility the lace was sent to my mother, Mrs. Jacob Geier, who died a few months before my sister. Either of them would have liked to have the lace returned to the owner and I hope I may find her through COMFORT. In writing please describe the design.

Sincerely, MINNIE M. MOORE.

DUMAS, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

This is my first attempt to write to COMFORT or any other paper and I feel as though I was being watched and can hear someone say, "You won't get in." I think COMFORT the best paper of all and you can believe me when I tell you I have been reading it twenty odd years and aim to renew my subscription for two years.



ELBY RAY AND SHELBY FAY GASAWAY, DUMAS, ARK.

Mrs. Wilkinson, I hope you will find room for the picture of my twin boys. They were four years old when this was taken but are ten now and can pick one hundred and fifteen pounds of cotton a day. Their names are Elby Ray and Shelby Fay and we call them Ray and Fay.

A COMFORT Reader, MRS. D. C. GASAWAY.

ISLAND FALLS, R. R. 1, MAINE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Although I have read COMFORT a number of years I have never attempted to enter the Sisters' Corner before. My mother has taken COMFORT ever since she kept house and as soon as I got into a home of my own it became a member of the family. That was eleven years ago.

We live on a 240-acre farm in Aroostook county. A great many of the readers do not know what work means but if they lived on a farm where they planted from twenty to one hundred acres of potatoes and forty or fifty acres of oats, besides wheat, and a woman had to be jack of all trades, doing the work in the house for a family of seven, putting in the garden and caring for it, and raking at haying time and milking from three to five cows every night, then is the time that a woman has to take some quick steps.

As I like to have the sisters describe themselves I will do the same. I am a young mother of four youngsters, three boys and one girl. Am five feet, three inches tall and weigh 112 pounds so you see I am small as well as young. My children range in age from ten years to 18 months.

It seems as though among the vast numbers of readers I should be able to find a grandmother. I would like to have live with us a nice gentle little woman about 50 or 55 years of age who would be willing to help with the darning and patching and little chores in the family, one who has good health, but no relatives and no home of her own and who would like to live on a good farm with good surroundings and have a peaceful home. My husband and I have a deep regard for old age and when health failed she would get the best of care and attention. Please write to me.

MRS. O. H. ADAMS.

GEORGIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Just a few words to "Worried Mother" about her boy. I wonder if she, like myself, tried force with her son, until at last she has decided to try patient kindness to the utmost. I find my boy will study more for me if I compliment his work. From complete

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 35.)

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

van and its scattered load, the smoke was billowing about it. Falling brands had set fire to some of the released contents of the trunks. Hardly thinking of self, he crept resolutely into the pall of smoke.

Soon, guided by his intuition, he was among the scattered papers. Some of them were afire, and he could not see to catch the merest word on any of them. In the midst of his despair the wind tossed aside the smoke clouds and left him free to use eyes and hands to some purpose.

He picked up packet after packet, only to cast each aside with a hasty glance. At last he picked up one charring bundle, and gave a fierce cry of joy as he read the written words: "Papers Concerning the Grayson Affair."

As he lifted himself erect and slipped the small bundle into his pocket, the crack of a firearm pierced the roaring crackle of devouring flame and a bullet whizzed past his face.

Neil had been mistaken for one of the human vultures whose cupidity led them into deadly peril! Ere another shot could be fired, perhaps with more telling effect, the friendly smoke once more swept around him and hid him from view. Turning with the precious bundle safely in his pocket, Neil effected his escape to Union Square, where he threw himself, exhausted but exultant, on the hard ground.

Surely there was a providence in all this! A higher power must be watching over the fortunes of his sweet bride, or such a chance would never have come Neil's way.

As the verse of the stirring song that had swept through Portsmouth Square had inspired his hope and faith, so now this bit of fortune lent wings to Neil's drooping confidence. The Power that could so befriend his darling would shield her under its mighty pinions, and he and she should meet, in happier times, in love and safety.

For an hour he rested, then formed in line and received a draft of water and a slender ration of food which the soldiers were dispensing. Then he set himself to think what had best be done with the precious papers which had come so wonderfully into his possession.

He feared to carry them about with him, for, if they were what he hoped and believed, their value went into the hundreds of thousands. They represented the undoing of Berdyne, as well as the wealth and station of poor, wronged Beryl, who had been compelled to toil through another's iniquity.

Ah, yes, those papers meant even more than that! Once his darling was restored to what was rightfully hers, Neil's proud relatives would kneel to do her homage.

"What will not wealth do?" Neil thought bitterly. "My peerless Beryl, whom I loved for herself, will take a different station in the eyes of the world when she comes into her own. For myself I do not care; possessing her love, I am rich beyond the dreams of avarice. Yet I would have her on a social level with the rest of my purse-proud family; yea, I would have them at her feet, begging her favor!"

He could think of but one person in that hour who had the facilities to care for the papers as they should be cared for. His cousin, Arthur Preston, of Nob Hill, had a fireproof safe in his residence. Arthur would guard the papers, Neil knew. Not yet was Nob Hill in danger of the flames, and it might escape them altogether; yet, even if it did not, the papers would be safe in the vault where the silver and the other household valuables were stored.

It was eight o'clock in the evening when Neil, his course luridly lighted by the fire, left Union Square for his long walk to the aristocratic residence district of the doomed city. A surprise was awaiting him there.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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SEND your name and address, and be sure to state size you want. You be judge of quality, style and value. Keep them only if satisfactory in every way.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 2312 Chicago

Avenues That Lead to Thrift

By Estelle Garland

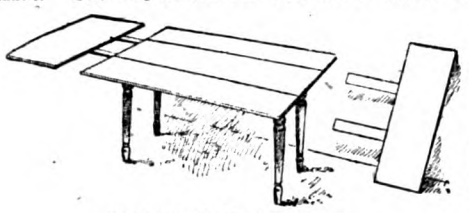
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WITH most women there exists in the mind a constant desire to get all they can from whatever material is at hand and to use such materials instead of putting money into the purchase of something no better, even if a little newer in style. We always like to hear the remark, "It answers the purpose," for it has a satisfactory ring, showing the effort has not been in vain.

In the following "avenues" we hope many an individual need will be filled, and that in the working out the results will prove that it was time well spent.

Table Extension

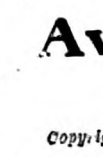
An ordinary drop-leaf kitchen table may have an extension at one or both ends that will greatly increase its seating capacity. When not required, it is easily removed. Use the same thickness of boards from which the table is made. Cut the extensions the exact width of



CAN MAKE IT YOURSELF.

table when the leaves are up, and as deep as required; about one foot is practicable. Cut two strips four inches wide, seven eighths of an inch thick and two and a half feet long. Screw the strips to the underside of extension so they will come just inside of the framework of the table, where well-fitting slots are cut, through which the strips are pushed to hold the extension level and secure.

Unique Book-Rack



The foundation of this book-rack was made from an old organ stool. The top is removed and a post filled into the socket. Cut a top eight inches wide by twenty long. Make the two ends and two section pieces five inches high.

Picture Frame Tray

An old picture frame makes a very atttractive tray; oval, square or oblong. Small tubes of bronze will restore a gilt frame, and bronze handles can be bought at a small cost. Wooden



ENTIRELY HOME-MADE.

frames should be sandpapered, then stained and varnished, or just the dull finish which is obtained by the staining itself. If wooden handles are unobtainable, use brass ones. Under the glass mount a piece of embroidery, a pretty pattern of crocheted filet, a bright cretonne design, or a piece of handsome wallpaper.

Handy Clothes Sprinkler

A clothes sprinkler is not new, but perhaps a home-made one is. Use any of the tin screw-topped bottles or jars that various kinds of preserves come in, and pierce the top with fine holes, not larger than those in a peppershaker. It will be necessary to put a rubber band onto top of jar before adjusting the top. Another device is to use a bottle and large-sized rubber nipple, piercing the nipple full of holes. This is best done by using a red-hot wire, which will leave an opening, while if only pierced cold, the hole will close and prevent the water shaking through. The device is also useful for spraying plants.



Broom or Mop Holder

The life of a broom is doubled if it rests in a holder when not in use. When the broom-ends have become turned to one side by being stood in the corner, the broom sweeps hard, does poor work and breaks quickly. A simple device by which a broom may be hung is to put long nails or screws through two large spools, and just far enough apart to prevent the broom from slipping through. Dipping a broom in scalding water several times a week also lengthens the life of the broom, keeping it pliable and prevents breaking.



The mop should also be hung after being dried out of doors. If put away wet, it will sour and rust the holder.

Convenient Candle Holder

A tin can makes the best kind of a candle holder. Trim the top edge evenly, cut an opening down one side as shown in illustration, and turn over the edges to make them round and even. Cut two narrow strips of tin; about a quarter of an inch wide and two and a half long. In the bottom of the tin, at the center scratch a circle the size of a candle. On each side of the circle, punch four openings and insert the strips of tin, bringing the other ends up through at the opposite side of circle. Bend each of the four ends upright and a socket for the candle is formed. For the handle, cut a strip of tin and turn under the edge. In the back of candle holder, cut two slits horizontally,

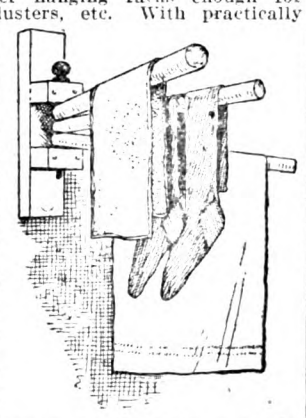


HOME-MADE.

and the width of the handle, one exactly beneath the other. Put the ends of the handle through these slits, turning them back about one inch in opposite directions. Paint outside of candle holder. If a soldering outfit is at hand, a circle of tin soldered together and into the bottom for the socket, and the handle soldered into place, the work is easier.

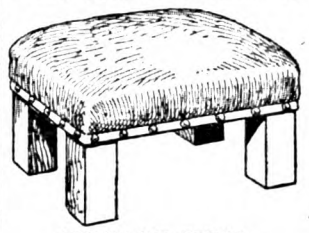
Towel Rack

There are never hanging racks enough for towels, aprons, dusters, etc. With practically no cost, several may be made to hang in different places. Take old broom handles, cut into three lengths, and in one end of each bore a hole through which the discarded pin of an old door hinge will easily work. Cut a solid piece of wood about seven inches long, two inches wide and one inch thick. Near the bottom, nail a small block the width of strip, and above this nail another block of the same size, leaving sufficient space between blocks to admit thickness of the three pieces of broom handles; bore perpendicularly through both blocks a hole to fit the hinge pin. Now place the bored broom-handle ends between the blocks so that the holes will all come in line, and then slip the pin through, and you have a handy rack. A large wire nail may be used in place of pin.



Stool or Foot Rest

One of the newest models in a footstool can readily be made at home. It is also a piece of furniture which children enjoy. It can be made any height, but twelve inches high and wide, by twenty-four long, are satisfactory dimensions. Make a fairly heavy frame, with legs about four inches square, so that it cannot be easily tipped. Underneath the "box" which is formed by the frame, tack strong bagging. Fill with excelsior or straw, put in smoothly and firmly. On top of this put layers of cotton, or an old piece of comforter can be used. Cover with strong material such as denim or cretonne. Around the lower edge of frame, on the outside, tack upholsterer's braid, or use a narrow strip of the same material as cover.



STRONG AND USEFUL.

The Two-Part Door

A door in two parts is a blessing to the mother who must be caring for the little ones at the same time she is attending to her household duties. Besides the care of having the children always in the kitchen until the work is done, there is the attending fear from drafts and other unavoidable exposures. The half door, that is, the door cut in two parts just above the lower panels, with the lower half bolted, and the upper half open, allows the mother to see and hear all that goes on inside the adjoining room. Another feature that will strongly recommend itself to mothers is that this plan allows the little ones not yet able to walk about, to roll on a comforter, spread for this purpose on the floor, instead of being tied in a high-chair where no physical development is taking place. Indeed, too much high-chair has caused many a weak and bent spine.



Baby Tender

An ingenious device by which a child may receive healthful physical exercise and learn to walk at the same time is within the reach of every mother. As shown in the illustration, an ordinary kitchen chair was used. The legs should be cut off so that the seat will form a comfortable resting place for the little arms. This is a very important feature, as it must not be high enough to raise the shoulders. It is well to make a thin covering for the chair, as baby's arms may not have other protection. Use a set of good casters in chair legs.



Food Containers

Make yourself a row of attractive containers for dry groceries by decorating tin boxes and cans. Automobile paint does the best work as it adheres perfectly to the tin, applies smoothly and dries in a few hours. It also has the virtue of washing perfectly. Cracker boxes with hinged covers which close tightly will keep bread, doughnuts, cookies and cake in good condition and are much easier to handle than the old-fashioned stone crock.



PREVENTS SPOILAGE.

If any tin container is not tight in the seams and causes food to dry, or weevils to get into contents, melt paraffin and pour it on, a little at a time, until openings are filled. After this treatment, containers will hold cold liquids indefinitely.

Bassinet Resting on Frame

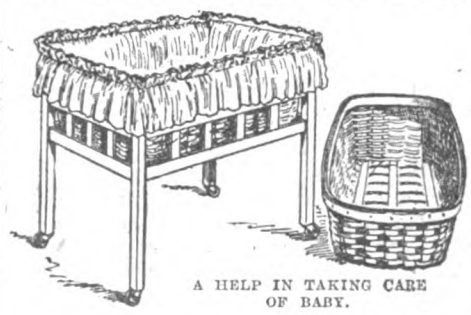
An ordinary clothes basket makes an ideal bassinet for babe-in-arms, and offers a way and means by which an infant may always be under a protecting eye, for the basket is easily carried about and can be deposited on two chairs (seats facing), on a table, or even on the floor, providing it is sheltered from drafts or open windows.

The first illustration shows the completed bassinet resting on a frame-work, constructed for the purpose. This frame has no floor on which the basket rests, but instead the strips of wood



from which the lower part of frame is built are wide enough to form inside shelves along the sides and across the ends. The basket when in place rests on these shelves.

The basket is covered inside with white cot-



A HELP IN TAKING CARE OF BABY.

ton cloth, and then relined on the inside with fulled dotted muslin. The same finish is given the outside if the frame is not to be used. Hanging from top edge of basket is a deep valance.

A pillow of curled hair or one of feathers is used as a mattress. Use little if any extra pillow under baby's head which should be kept on a level with its body. The bassinet makes an excellent bed, providing there is ample protection against the night chill.

To Extract Corks

When a cork gets pushed into a bottle while still in use, thread a button on a strong string, drop the button under the cork and pull it to top of bottle, and hold it firmly with the left hand while with the right the cork can be picked out with a corkscrew or hat pin.

Discarded inner tubes always have some places that are unbroken, and these make the best kind of rubber bands. Hold the tube with edges even and cut through both sides at once any width desired. Very narrow ones are the most elastic and are strong enough for any ordinary purpose.

In case of sickness, prevent the noise of closing doors by putting a small pad over the bolt in lock and holding it in place by tying to the door-knob on both sides.



VERY USEFUL.

To Guard Against Poison



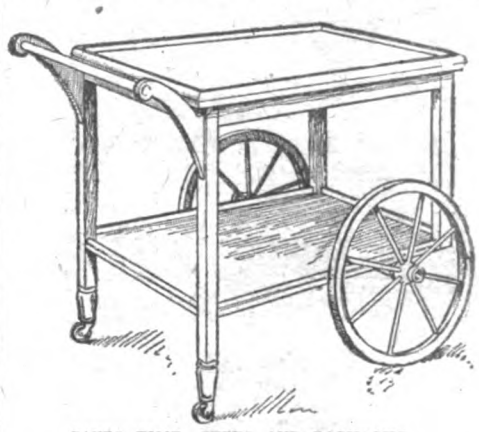
If there is a bottle of poison in the house, besides labeling it as such, insert four pins in opposite directions in the cork. This device cannot be improved upon, for no one can draw the cork, even in the dark, without being reminded that it is something to be careful of.

Kitchen Wagon

A portable table or tray is a device of great assistance to any busy housewife, for it saves many a step and many a carry. Probably the first use for such a servitor was the tea-wagon, from which English ladies served their national drink, afternoon tea. When the first tea-wagon was used in America I do not know, but true it is that today it is much appreciated, and its use has been extended from merely a place to hold afternoon dainties to that of waitress, to carry at one time a large portion, if not all, of a meal from kitchen to dining-room, and on its return to take back the remaining food and dishes. And thus the possibilities of such a wagon cannot prove other than an asset to the progressive housewife who is ever regretful of the time consumed in fetching and carrying a few things at a time from room to room. And as we have so improved upon the use of the tea-wagon, let us also improve upon its name, and call it the "kitchen-wagon."

The design of our new kitchen-wagon is so clearly shown in the illustration that little need be said in explanation of its construction and use. It is in fact a small table so mounted on two wheels and equipped with a push-handle as to serve as an indoor push-cart operated on the wheelbarrow principle.

The front legs are cut short so not to reach the floor. The wheels are so located, forward of the center but not at the extreme front, that



SAVES TIME, STEPS AND BACKACHE.

they carry the larger part of the weight, taking care, however, to place them far enough forward to avoid danger of tipping forward when the table is unevenly loaded. The two rear legs are mounted on casters, preferably ball-bearing, and are of such length that, when resting on the floor, the table top will be level. A bracket extends backward from each side of the table top and through the ends of these is passed a bar (broomstick answers the purpose) to serve as a push-handle.

The cart can be pushed or pulled forward or backward resting on the wheels and casters, or, by lifting on the push-handle, the rear legs can be raised from the floor so that the cart will travel on the wheels exclusively; which is desirable in turning a short corner or passing over the edge of a rug.

The table should be about thirty inches high, of convenient length, say two to three feet, and of such width as to allow ample clearance for the wheels in passing through doorways.

The kitchen cart is easy of home construction. If you haven't a small table suitable for the purpose you can make one. Most any small wheels, readily obtainable, will do; or perhaps the home artisan can make a pair. Rubber tires are a desirable addition and can be cut from old automobile tires or inner tubes and cemented on the rims.

Make a shelf about fifteen inches from the floor, and around it tack a seven-eighths quarter-round moulding to prevent dishes from sliding to floor. If the top is to serve more than one purpose, make the protecting moulding for the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

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One of the most amazing Silk Poplin Skirt values offered anywhere. Guaranteed genuine, beautiful, well woven material. Looks and feels like the finest Silk Poplin but wears better because of an invisible interweaving of cotton. You will be delighted with the charming and distinctive style. Your friends will admire its attractiveness. Note the deep pockets, run through large buckles and trimmed with long silky fringes. The skirt is gathered below the self belt and falls in graceful soft rippling folds. Colors black, blue, or taupe. Sizes 22 to 40 in. waist; 34 to 40 in. length. Extra sizes in waist from 32 to 40—35 cents extra.

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Just write stating size and width—that's all. We'll send the shoes promptly. We want you to see these shoes at our risk. Examine them, try them on—and then decide as to whether or not you wish to keep them. Our special bargain price is only $4.69 per pair while they last. Season's greatest bargain. We send them to you, not a cent in advance, so that you can compare them with any $7.00 or $8.00 shoes. If you don't think this the biggest shoe bargain you can get anywhere, send the shoes back at our expense. You won't be out a cent. We take all the risk.

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Made of genuine leather in gun metal, popular style, Manhattan last. Blucher style. Comfortable, substantial, long wearing genuine oak leather soles—reinforced shank and cap. Military heel. Best expert workmanship. Black only. Sizes, 6 to 11.

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If on examination you don't find them the greatest shoe bargain of the year, return them to us and back goes your money. No obligation, no risk to you. But you must send at once. A sale like this soon sells the stock.

SEND NOW Just your request. No money now. Wait until they come. Pay when shoes arrive. Keep them only if satisfactory in every way. Give size and order by No. A15105. Send no money.

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Don't Send a Penny

Boys' Outfit Bargain!

Here's a dandy fine boy's outfit consisting of suit, cap and blouse at a wonderful bargain price, and we will ship it on approval, without a cent in advance, including free necktie to match, if you order promptly.



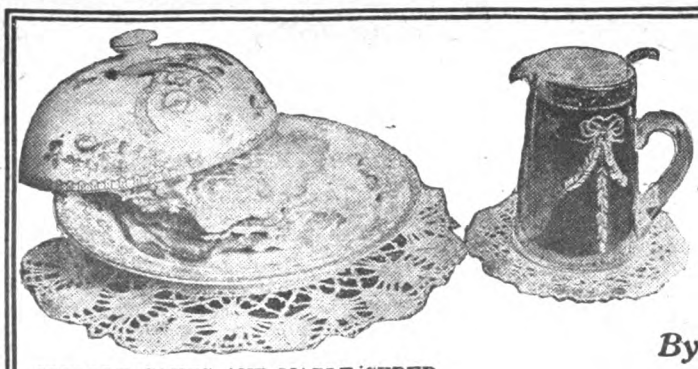
Suit is of excellent quality very durable woolen mixed material, cut in latest style with slash pockets and all round detachable belt. Full cut "knickers" have adjustable knee strap, and side, hip and watch pockets. Excellent quality lining. Color, dark gray mixed. Sizes 6 to 17 years.

FREE Necktie Handsome striped silk necktie to harmonize with suit will be included—FREE—with each outfit if order is mailed promptly.

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MAIL your name and address on post card and it brings this wonderful Boys' Outfit Bargain, including Free Necktie, for examination and try-on. Send no money. On arrival pay our money-saving price of only $10.85. If not delighted with every item—the coat, pants, cap, blouse and tie—return to us and we will refund every cent of your money. Order outfit by No. C1630, and be sure to state sizes wanted.

Leonard-Morton & Co., Dept. 200 Chicago



USING MAPLE SUGAR

By Violet Marsh

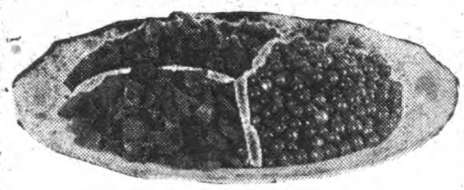
GRIDDLE CAKES AND MAPLE SYRUP.

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THE housewife who has substituted maple for cane sugar during the days of conservation will welcome the coming of the new crop, for she discovered that for many purposes it is superior to any other sweetening. Of course every one knew, who has ever tried it, that with griddle cakes maple syrup has no rival, but it required a shortage of granulated sugar to sharpen our appreciation. In reality, maple sugar comes of a very old and honorable lineage, for in the homes of our forefathers it was used for all purposes and even now there are remote parts in the North where "white sugar" is little seen.

MAPLE CREAM.—Boil two thirds cup of maple syrup until it "threads," and then in a fine stream pour it over the stiffly beaten white of one egg, beating continuously. When cool, beat in one half cup of cream that has been beaten fairly stiff. Serve cold as a sauce for sponge cakes, boiled rice, etc.

MAPLE CAKES.—Cream together one cup of maple sugar, which has been rolled fine, and one half cup of butter. Add one beaten egg, three tablespoons of good molasses one half cup of sour milk, and one scant teaspoon of salt, and beat hard. Sift together one teaspoon of soda and two and one half cups of flour, and then mix with two and one half cups of oatmeal. Add to mixture, beat and stir very thoroughly and bake in drop cakes in a fairly quick oven.



POTATOES, CARROTS AND PEAS.

MAPLE CUSTARD SUNDAE.—Roll fine one half cup of maple sugar and beat with four lightly beaten eggs. Add a quarter of a teaspoon of salt and two and one half cups of scalding hot milk. Beat hard and pour into custard cups, and set into a baking pan with a little water in the bottom. Bake in a moderate oven until a knife will come out clean when inserted. Do not bake too long. When cold, turn out onto individual dishes and cover with "maple cream" or a sauce made from whipping cream and maple syrup together.

MAPLE TOAST.—Toast bread to a golden brown in the oven. Butter, spread with maple sugar, give it a dash of cinnamon, and return toast to oven until the sugar melts.

MAPLE FILLING.—Boil together one and one half cup of sugar and one fourth of a cup of water until it "threads." Beat to a stiff froth two egg whites, and in a fine stream pour over the syrup, beating continuously. Add one half cup of chopped nut meats and one teaspoon of vanilla, and spread between layer cake before it "sets."

A GOOD SYRUP.—When it is necessary to extend the maple flavor, use caramelized granulated sugar. Put one cup of sugar in a saucepan on the back of the stove where it will melt very slowly. When it becomes a light brown color, add one cup of maple sugar and one half cup of boiling water, and when it boils and the maple is melted, remove from fire. For a richer syrup, add one teaspoon of butter and one of vanilla. Maple syrup is used in the same way.



PEACH RICE CREAM.

GRIDDLE CAKES.—Two cups of sifted flour, sifted again with one even teaspoon of soda, and one half teaspoon of salt. Beat into the flour until smooth, two cups of sour milk, add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs and then the whites beaten stiff. Cook on a hot griddle greased with a piece of salt pork held with a fork. Turn when full of bubbles.

BREAD GRIDDLE CAKES.—Soak over night two cups of fine corn or brown bread-crumbs in two cups of scalding milk and one tablespoon of butter. In the morning stir smooth, add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, one quarter of a cup of cold milk, and one cup of flour sifted with two even teaspoons of baking powder, and when smooth add the well-beaten whites of eggs.

Macaroni and How to Use It

Let us not overlook macaroni as a nutritious and economical food. Formerly we associated the entire family, macaroni, spaghetti and vermicelli, with Italy, where it became famous for excellency and variety, but now, thanks to American industry, we have the Made-in-America product which stands the test of comparison.

History points out that centuries ago macaroni was made and eaten in Asia, and that travelers journeying westward brought the news of this valuable product. Following the lead of Italy, the French began to manufacture macaroni, and in course of time Japan was making it from beans and buckwheat, and China from rice and the pith of a certain tree. Two products, one made from milk curd, and the other from egg and wheat, find great favor with the Italians.

The American macaroni is practically all made from wheat containing a large percentage of gluten, and this is chiefly grown in the semi-arid parts of our own western states. This particular class of wheat is less valuable for milling purposes, but is the more nourishing because of its large gluten content.

The first step in preparing wheat for macaroni is to grind it into a coarse meal-like consistency and remove the bran. This is called semola, which in turn is mixed into a paste with hot water and a dough is formed by mechanical methods. Here the mixture is put into cylinders, and forced through perforations of requisite sizes respectively for macaroni, spaghetti or vermicelli. The first process of drying is a partial evaporation of moisture in a current of hot air. It is then subjected to a damp atmosphere for a period of time that only the experienced can determine, and finally hung to dry over rods.



MACARONI, SOUTHERN STYLE—A ONE-DISH MEAL.

Cooking Macaroni

Being so nearly flavorless by itself, macaroni affords a background for many a delicious and substantial meal. It combines with meat, eggs, fish, milk, cheese, and highly flavored vegetables. Macaroni must first be well cooked, and this is an easy matter. Break one quarter of a pound package into shorter lengths, and put it into three pints of boiling water to which one rounding tablespoon of salt has been added. It is well to add the macaroni a little at a time so the water will not stop boiling, as this causes the macaroni to become sticky. Boil until soft, which will take about thirty minutes. Drain in a colander at once and cool by pouring cold water over it. Slow cooking will cause it to steam and become sticky. This applies to cooking macaroni, spaghetti or vermicelli.

BAKED SPAGHETTI AND SALMON.—Melt one tablespoon of butter in a baking dish, and sprinkle with about a quarter of a cup of bread-crumbs. In alternate layers use one cup of canned salmon and two cups of cooked spaghetti, sprinkling each layer with salt, pepper and a little chopped green pepper. Sprinkle with bread-crumbs, pour over one and one half cup of milk and dot with butter. Bake until brown.

BAKED MACARONI.—Make a white sauce by putting two tablespoons of butter in a saucepan where it will melt without browning. When it bubbles, add two tablespoons of dry flour and stir smooth. Have ready a pint of milk brought to the scalding point in a double boiler. Add nearly a cup of the milk and stir until it is smooth and then the remainder. Cook slowly about five minutes, adding one tablespoon of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Put boiled macaroni into a shallow baking dish, pour over the white sauce, sprinkle with fine bread-crumbs and bake until the top browns.

BAKED MACARONI AND CHEESE.—Put boiled macaroni and white sauce sprinkled with grated or finely cut cheese in layers in shallow baking dish, with bread-crumbs softened with butter and sprinkled with cheese on top, and bake until brown.

SPAGHETTI AND TOMATO.—Mince an onion and slowly brown in one tablespoon of butter. Add one tablespoon of dry flour and stir until smooth. Pour over this two cups of cooked and strained tomato, and when thoroughly blended set where it will simmer for half an hour. Season with salt and pepper. Pour over the boiled spaghetti and cook for five minutes.

MACARONI CROQUETTES.—Boil one third of a pound of macaroni, drain, set in cold water ten minutes and drain again. Cut into small pieces. Into a saucepan put four even tablespoons of butter, and when it bubbles, smooth in two tablespoons of dry flour. Pour slowly into this one cup of scalding hot milk, stirring continually. Now beat in two dessert spoons of grated cheese and when thoroughly melted and beaten in, add to the mixture three beaten egg yolks and season with salt and pepper to taste. When cold, shape into cakes or croquettes, roll in fine cracker-crumbs, then in egg and again in crumbs. Fry in deep fat.

MACARONI, SOUTHERN STYLE.—Boil one quarter of a pound of macaroni in salted boiling water. Drain and plunge drainer and macaroni in cold water for a few seconds. Cook half a can of tomatoes twenty minutes and put through strainer. Cook one tablespoon of butter with one of dry flour until it is smooth and bubbles, then slowly add the strained tomato, and salt and pepper to taste. Simmer ten minutes and put in the macaroni, reserving three quarters of a cup. Scald one cup of milk, add one cup of bread-crumbs, three quarters of a cup of cooked chicken or ham chopped fine, one even teaspoon of salt, a little chopped parsley and green pepper, season well with white pepper, add the reserved macaroni and thoroughly stir together; lastly add three well-beaten eggs, and when thoroughly mixed in, make the mixture into cakes, place in a greased baking tin and bake brown in a moderately hot oven. Arrange cakes around the edge of a platter, bring the macaroni and tomato to a boil and pour into center of dish and arrange boiled onions over the top.

General Recipes

POTATOES.—Pare and dice white potatoes; soak in cold water half an hour. Have a very hot oven. In a biscuit pan melt a little fat, just enough to have the pan well greased. Drain potatoes and put in to bake, stirring them frequently with a fork. When well browned they should be done.

CARROTS.—Boil until tender, pare and cut into dice. Toss in melted butter, season with salt and pepper, and a little cream. Serve hot.

PEAS.—Drain peas, put into double boiler with butter, pepper and salt, and when scalding hot they are ready to serve. Canned peas should not be cooked.

PEACH RICE CREAM.—Wash one half cup of rice in several waters. In a double boiler put three cups of fresh milk, and when scalding hot add the rice, three quarters of a cup of sugar, and a scant half teaspoon of salt. Cook until the rice is soft, stirring frequently until the rice kernels no longer settle together. Add one cup of canned peach that has been mashed fine and cook with the rice ten minutes. Soak one rounding tablespoon of granulated gelatine in one quarter of a cup of cold water and add to rice. Stir until well mixed and allow the mixture to cool. Whip one cup of cream. Beat the white of one egg until stiff, stir it well into the whipped cream and then add the mixture to the rice. Pour into mould and, when set, turn out and garnish with sections of whole peach, and serve with sauce made as follows:

SAUCE.—Bring peach juice to a boil with a little grated orange and lemon rind and sugar to taste. Slightly thicken with corn-starch previously wet with cold water. Cook three minutes.

MOCK DUCK.—In about three slices have stale bread enough to make one pint of crumbs, and quickly dip each slice into cold water and let it stand until the bread is just dampened through. Make into crumbs. Chop fine one tablespoon each of onion and celery, one tart apple, and add one scant teaspoon each of thyme, ground sage and marjoram. Have ready one pint of hot mashed potato, and stir it into the other ingredients, and add one rounding teaspoon of salt and a scant quarter of a teaspoon of white pepper. Make the whole mixture very hot in a frying-pan with three tablespoons of fat, remove from fire and beat in rapidly the unbeaten yolks of two eggs. Spread over a slice of round beefsteak, cut one inch thick, roll closely and tie several times. Roll in flour and roast until brown, basting often.

COMBINATION DISH.—Cook half a cup of hominy in all the water it will absorb; remove from fire, add one cup of dried beef cut into small pieces, and stir. Make a sauce from one and a half cup of milk, two tablespoons of butter and one of flour. Cut into small, thin slices, one potato, one carrot and an onion. Fill baking dish in layers; hominy and meat, sprinkling of vegetables and a covering of sauce, repeating until all is used. Sprinkle each layer with salt and pepper, and the top with bread-crumbs. Cover and bake one hour; remove cover and brown.

POTATO RABBIT.—Put one half cup of milk into a double boiler and when scalding hot add three tablespoons of butter, a little cayenne pepper, one half teaspoon of salt and one cup of mashed potato. Cook about ten minutes and then add three quarters of a cup of cheese. Stir continually, and when the cheese is melted, spread on thin slices of buttered toast.

VEGETABLE ROAST.—Beat one egg, add one half cup of milk or cream, two thirds cup of toasted bread-crumbs, one half cup of chopped nut meats, one large carrot and potato cooked and mashed, one half cup of finely chopped celery, a little sage, and salt to taste. Mix well together, shape into a loaf and roll in toasted bread-crumbs. Bake nearly one hour.

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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

where we would land with a country full of gentlemen who hold Mr. Best's ideas. As Poultney Bigelow says in his fine work, "Prussianism and Pacifism" (Putnam & Sons, New York), "Man becomes a pacifist through the security his fighting fathers have purchased." We must ever be ready to preserve what our fighting fathers bled to secure for us, and to hand that priceless heritage on to our sons. The world needs men, not quitters and slackers, and we can't breed men unless we have the proper material.

LEXINGTON, R. R. 4, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Words cannot express my love and admiration for dear Uncle Charlie and his good works. My three boys also love him. My greatest ambition for them is to have them have as much sense, grit and courage as you have. Three cheers, Uncle, for your Americanism. Am enclosing a dime for your home fund and it may amuse you to know how I earned it. During the recent rain the water overflowed quite a distance beyond the bridge that spans the canal and I carried several people across on my back, one at a time. When I returned home my wife was talking about you and I told her what I was going to do with that dime. Wife and children send best wishes and love to you.

Your admirer as ever, J. C. MAXWELL (JIM).

Jim, I was deeply touched with your letter and highly entertained and amused by the way you gathered in that dime. I would give worlds if I could have a snapshot of you ferrying the young and old ladies, the chickens and the hens across the river on your back. The one thing that worries me is that back ofyours. I once started to carry my mother-in-law across a stream. She only weighed about two hundred and forty pounds, and when I got into the middle of the stream, I discovered I had a terrible and most powerful pain in the back, and as I did not want to be burdened with a broken back as well as a mother-in-law, I just accidentally had to let her slip. There was an awful splash when she hit the water and I have never seen her since. My one regret is that I did not make her pay in advance for getting her halfway across that river—and, too, she did hate water so. Jim, one thing is certain, you are no profiteer or you would not have converted yourself into a human ferryboat for just one dime. If you had only been infected with the universal grab bug, you could have made enough money to have bought all the real estate on Manhattan Island with all its palatial buildings thrown in. Risking your life for the sake of humanity is a noble deed, but you ought to have collected enough in advance to have taken care of yourself and family in case your kindness and heroism had resulted in a broken back. Maybe, however, Jim, all your passengers were trim little chickens, instead of corpulent old ladies, and you derived so much pleasure from carrying them in your arms or boosting them on your back that you felt you were indebted to them rather than they to you. Like yourself, Jim, I have been a burden bearer, and I broke my back at the job and, like a fool, I didn't try to collect before I shouldered the burden. Of course, it is all very well to say that we'll get our reward in heaven, but Christ understood business and told us that the laborer is worthy of his hire. So the next time a flood comes, you carry all the fat old ladies across and if you don't soak them, soak their pocketbooks, and I'll carry the chickens across for nothing. It is a good thing that the young ladies have decided to be chickens instead of ducks or they might fool us both and swim over. Anyway, Jim, hug that bridge every time it looks like rain. Charge ten dollars a pound for transportation and fifty dollars a pound for all human freight that weighs over two hundred pounds. That will make some of the fat ones reduce and it will make them all produce, and it is production we want and must have. I am not going to let you do the Noah's Ark stunt for me unless you charge your passengers a reasonable rate. If you want liniment for your back, Jim, I will supply it. Meanwhile, accept my love, gratitude and appreciation for risking your life for a fellow-being.

MENTOR, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl of twelve and can make up pretty good poems but this one is the best. We have read COMFORT for years and I have always been interested in your letters. We have all your books and think them fine.

WHEN THE WAR IS OVER.

I am glad the war is over and the boys are safely home,
They always have something to tell us about and think when they're alone.
They spend most of their evenings talking about something they did in the war
And tell us about what they did to the Fritzies to make all the Fritzies sore.
The boys will tell of the French girls and tell of the Belgians too,
But the ones they all stick to are the ones in red, white and blue.

Your niece, LIZZIE ———.

Lizzie, I want to give notice to you and all others who desire letters published in this department that only those which bear the writers' signatures will be published. If you have not courage enough to sign your name to a letter, don't write it, as half the interest evaporates when the writer's name is not given. Cowards, traitors, Bolsheviks and Huns, who spew their venom through the mails and do not sign their names for fear of the law, of course are in a class by themselves. Poor crazy boobs, they think when they do not sign their names to treasonable matter, they cannot be located. Many an ingrate who has exploited this country for fat profit has hugged that delusion to his soulless bosom, only to find to his sorrow into what dangers that delusion had drawn him. No one needs to fear that his or her name will be published when it is attached to a matter of a nature that might draw upon the writer the wrath of relatives or neighbors. Letters should be signed as a guarantee of good faith. Your confidence is a sacred trust. All the boys did not come home, Lizzie. The boys who sleep in the soil of France are those who have the greatest story to tell, but it will not be told in this world. However, their sleeping bodies speak to us with an eloquence greater than can ever be tongued by those who survive the carnage of that conflict. Please ring me up and tell me when the boys get to that part of their adventure regarding just what made the Fritzies sore. Blowing Fritz to pieces with a shell only makes him mad, sticking a bayonet into him merely makes him uncomfortable; a dose of poison gas scarcely inconveniences him, spraying him with liquid flame only gets him hot around the collar—but there were some things that really and truly did make Fritzie sore. One was depriving him of his beer, another thing that got his goat was when he captured one of our tanks and found there was no booze in it; but the thing that drove him to madness, I've yet to tell. It was customary for the military to send up huge observation balloons from which Fritzie's movements could be observed. These balloons were called sausage balloons, owing to their close resemblance to the bologny with which Fritzie is so fond of upholstering the vast recesses of his enormous weinerwurst receptacle. To make the resemblance still more complete, the officers manning these balloons used to bark, and Fritzie's gastric juices began to jazz and rag until he felt sore all over. He did not mind being peppered with shrapnel while he was hiking out of Belgium and scooting out of the Argonne, but visions of that sausage were more than he could stand, and, as he was too sore to sit, poor Fritzie, his brains seething with visions of sissidge, was on the horns of a terrible dilemma, and it is not comfortable to sit on horns—see the point? I know that our boys stick to the red, white and blue. The red cheeks, the white powder and the blue-black penciled eyebrows. Just what they do when a well-washed face comes along, history does not divulge, but if there was any of the mucilage of love around they would probably stick to that, too, for, whatever else may be said about the American doughboy, he is some sticker, and you, Lizzie, are some "pot"—excuse me, poetess.

CENTER VIEW, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am fifteen years old, have brown eyes, black hair and weigh 112 pounds. I live on a farm and go to the country school, two miles southwest of where I live. My teacher is very cross, I don't like her teaching at all. Uncle, what makes teachers who get their education at the same school buildings in our county seat teach different? This my ninth teacher and she teaches different than any other teacher I ever went to. I am in the seventh grade. With love to all,

MISSOURI GIRL.

Girlie, you seem to be having lots of trouble, and whether that trouble is with you or your teachers, and it is possibly and probably more with you than with them, I cannot state definitely unless you and the nine teachers hop on a fast freight and let me subject you all to the usual tests, requisite for forming a decision on such a vital and important matter. After all, the trouble might not be with either the teachers or yourself. Maybe there is a tack in the county seat and the poor things have sat on it so long they have got cranky. Everybody's cranky, anyhow. Then, too, perhaps the building in which the teachers were educated may have rheumatism of the roof and defective lungs and diabetes of the stove-pipes. Anyway, one thing is certain, if you are expecting all teachers, even though they have imbibed their knowledge from the same identical source, to be all alike in their looks, manners and methods, personalities and temperaments, you are looking for the impossible. According to the Bible, only one man was created, the rest of us "just growed" like Topsy of Uncle Tom's Cabin fame. Men are not born equal and never will be. You are already old enough to have noted that the outstanding fact of life is that everything and everybody differs, especially on politics, though maybe we are all agreed that politics is—oh, well, just rotten—and Missouri has done its best to make politics what they ought not to be. In Ethnology we have the white, brown, black, red and yellow races. The only equality that exists or ever will exist is in the graveyard. The sands on the seashore are almost identical *because they are dead*, but when it comes to living things, billions of blades of grass and leaves, you will find they all differ, and so humans differ. In Russia they are trying to destroy individuality, personality, spirituality, and reduce all men and women by gun and sword, to one dead level of commonplace mediocrity. As long as your teachers are alive you will find each one differs in a thousand ways from the others. If, however, your teachers are incompetent, as some of them doubtless are, the fault lies with the fool county authorities, who, though they realize that a bricklayer is worth ten dollars a day, think a teacher is dear at ten cents, and we shall never have good teachers until they are decently paid. Education should be in the hands of the Federal authorities. It's too tremendously important a matter for muttonheads to deal with. Here is a legitimate field for government action. The teaching profession should be the best paid of all professions, and those who do not understand the art of imparting knowledge, inspiring their pupils with the desire to learn and to grow physically, mentally and spiritually, should be thrown out, no matter how well educated they may be. Sorry I can't come down to Missouri and be your teacher, but undoubtedly the first things I would butt into would be a bunch of Missouri Congressmen and the Missouri mule, and as I am not enamoured of either, I had better stay home.

EASTON, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am writing to ask your advice, which is always excellent. I am seventeen years old and will start my third year of high school this fall. I am five feet one inch tall and weigh about ninety pounds. I have dark hair and blue eyes. I live in the country and love it. I do not like town life, though I have never lived in town. What do you think would be a good occupation to take up when I leave school? I love housework and imagine I would like to be a stenographer, but many tell me it is not the place for a decent girl. Why can't a decent girl work there the same as any other? I hope to take up typewriting this year.

Your loving niece, MEARLE ASHWORTH.

Mearle, if you want to take up a real, worthwhile profession, take a course of domestic science and an extra long course of cooking. Any fool can be a stenographer, but only about one person in ten thousand knows anything about cooking, which is much more essential to the health and welfare of humanity than painting, sculpture or music. You are like most girls, several pounds underweight. We need well nourished girls of good physique to keep the race from degenerating and especially do we need that type of real girl now for such diseases as the flu are liable to hang about for years. This is a land of plenty—too much of plenty when it comes to the painted stenographer and the home that is cookless, yet so far as food is concerned, people are starving to death because they don't know what to eat or how to cook it when they get it. Highly polished rice, white bread made out of patent, highly milled flour deprived of all mineral salts and the vital life-giving elements, are about as nutritious as rocks. Milk, whole wheat flour, eggs and all the green vegetables you can get hold of, alone constitute a proper nourishing diet, a diet that would keep you out of the grave. More of this some other time. With the exception of two young ladies, all the Billy Goats that we ever had did not know how to set a table, and as for cooking, their attempts were not only pitiful but at times disgusting. "Mother did all the cooking," they say. Well, if mother's cooking was no better than daughter's, both of them ought to be thoroughly spanked. With food murderously high, food which it has taken the farmer infinite pains to raise, and which his wife too often takes infinite pains to spoil, to have this food destroyed by an incompetent idiot who demands fifty dollars a month and who calls herself a cook and who knows no more of cooking than a cinch bug knows of astronomy, and who costs you another fifty to house and maintain, and who can't handle one dish without breaking seventeen, is a crime that ought to be punished by imprisonment or the hangman's rope. And, by the way, I find the farmer's daughter knows no more about cooking than the city girl. The hen does her best, the hog, the steer and the sheep do their best; nature pushes up the vegetables and does her best; all nature does its best; and then Ma or dear daughter, who have a hundred cook books and a thousand magazines which devote large sections of space, full of beautiful illustrations, to the noble culinary art, spoil every blessed thing they get their incompetent hands on, and make chronic dyspeptics of an entire family. Cancer and other diseases are increasing by leaps and bounds and this is largely due to bad cooking and the lack of the most elementary knowledge of the proper preparation and selection of food stuffs. The world is dying for the lack of good cooks. You know what terrible revelations resulted when the soldiers were overhauled by draft board surgeons—about

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 46.)

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Home Ornamentation and Personal Wear

Crochet Boudoir Cap

BY MRS. JAMES WITMYER.

MATERIALS: 1 ball No. 40 pink, 1 ball light blue mercerized crochet cotton, steel crochet hook No. 12.

For the dainty boudoir cap here shown, begin with ch 10 join in ring.

1st round.—Ch 5, 32 double treble crochet (d tr c) under ch 10, ch 5.

2nd round.—3 d tr c, * 4 d c, repeat from *, ch 5.

3rd round.—3d tr c * keeping 1 loop of each on hook and working all off together, 1 single k s



CROCHET BOUDOIR CAP.

(s k st), fasten in center of d k st of previous round (always fasten securely with ch 1), 1 s k st, 4 d tr c, repeat from *.

4th round.—* 1 d k st, fasten in knot of previous round, 1 d k st, fasten on top of * point, repeat from *.

5th round.—* ch 9 fasten in center of k st, repeat from *.

6th round.—Ch 5, * 10 d tr c under ch 9 and 1 in knot st between chs, repeat from *.

7th round.—Ch 5, 9 d tr c, * 1 d k st, 9 d tr c, repeat from * joining last d k st to ch 5.

8th round.—Ch 5, 6 d tr c, * 1 s k st, fasten in center of k st in last row, 1 s k st, 7 d tr c, repeat from *.

9th round.—Ch 5, 4 d tr c, * 1 d k st, fasten in center of k st in last row, 1 d k st, 5 d tr c, repeat from *.

10th round.—Ch 5, 4 d tr c, * keeping 1 ch of each on hook and working all off together, 1 s k st, fasten in center of d k st, 1 s k st, fasten in center of next d k st, 1 s k st, 5 d tr c, repeat from *.

11th round.—All d k st.

12th round.—All s k st.

13th round.—Same as 11th round.

14th round. Same as 12th round.

15th round.—Same as 11th round.

16th round.—Ch 7, fasten in d k st, repeat around.

17th round.—Ch 5, * 7 d tr c under ch 7, 1 in d k st, repeat from *.

18th round.—Ch 5, 13 d tr c, * 1 d k st, sk 2 trebles, 14 d k c, repeat from *.

19th round.—Sk 1 d tr c, ch 5, 11 d tr c, * 1 s k st, fasten in d k st, 1 s k st, skip 1 treble, 12 d tr c, repeat from *.

20th round.—Sk 1 treble, ch 5, 9 d tr c, * 2 d k st, skip 1 treble, 10 d tr c, repeat from *.

21st round.—Sk 1 treble, ch 5, 7 d tr c, * keeping 1 ch of each on hook and work all off together, 3 s k st, 8 d tr c, repeat from *.

22nd round.—D k st all around.

23rd round.—S k st all around.

Repeat these two rows alternately until cap is of size.

For the Edge

Using blue cotton make 1 row d k st.

2nd row.—S k st.

3rd row.—D k st.

4th row.—S k st.

5th row.—1 s c under s k st, 6 d tr c, 1 p, 6 d tr c, under next s k st, 1 s k st under next s k st, repeat all around.

Make blue cord of six long strands of cotton, twist then double together and finish the end with tassel, run in through the last row of pink, draw up and tie.

Corset Cover

Ch 50, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 5, skip 5, 3 d c in next 3 sts, ch 5, 1 s c in next 6th st of ch, ch 5, 3 d c in next 4th, 5th and 6th sts of ch, ch 5, 1 s c in next 4th st, ch 5, 3 d c in next 8th, 9th and 10th sts, ch 5, sk 5, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d c on 2nd double in last row, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 5, ch 3, 3 d c on 3 d c, 3 d c under ch following doubles, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 5, repeat making 3 more chs 5, following last ch with 1 d c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 d c, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 5, 3 d c under ch 5, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 5, 3 d c under ch, 6 d c on doubles, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—1 d c, ch 5, 12 d c, 3 chs 5 following last with 1 d c, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—1 d c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 d c, on double, 2 d c under ch, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 5, 15 d c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—1 d c, ch 5, 12 d c, 3 chs, 1 d c, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—1 d c, ch 5, 1 d c. ch 3, 1 s c, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 5, 9 d c, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—1 d c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 6 d c, 4 chs 5, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

Now repeat pattern from 2nd row, making lacets on the edge as before.

When work is of right length work off to a point by shortening the work on one side and keeping the other even.

Join to first row and work off pattern in same way to a point. Crochet together with chs 5 and 1 s c alternately on each side.

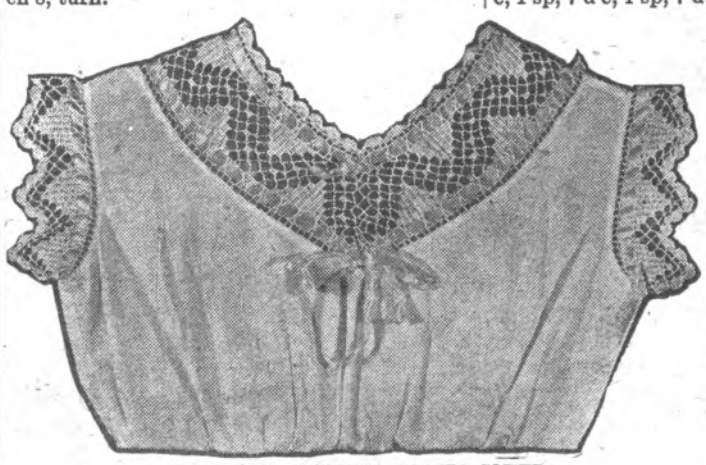
Finishing the neck edge with a scallop of 6 d c in a double, ch 2, sk 1 d c, 1 s c, in next ch 2, sk 1 d c, 6 d c in next repeat, 2nd row picot chs of 3, 1 s c between each d c, ch 3, 1 s c on s c.

Edging for Sleeves

Ch 25 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 s c under ch, ch 5, 3 d c under ch, ch 3, 1 s c under ch, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c in last st, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d c, ch 5, 3 d c on 3 d c, 3 d c under ch 5, 1 s c under ch, ch 5, 1 d c in end loop ch 8, turn.



CROCHETED TRIMMED CORSET COVER.

3rd row.—1 s c under ch, ch 5, 9 d c, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—1 d c, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 12 d c, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 8, turn.

5th row.—1 s c, ch 5, 15 d c, ch 5, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

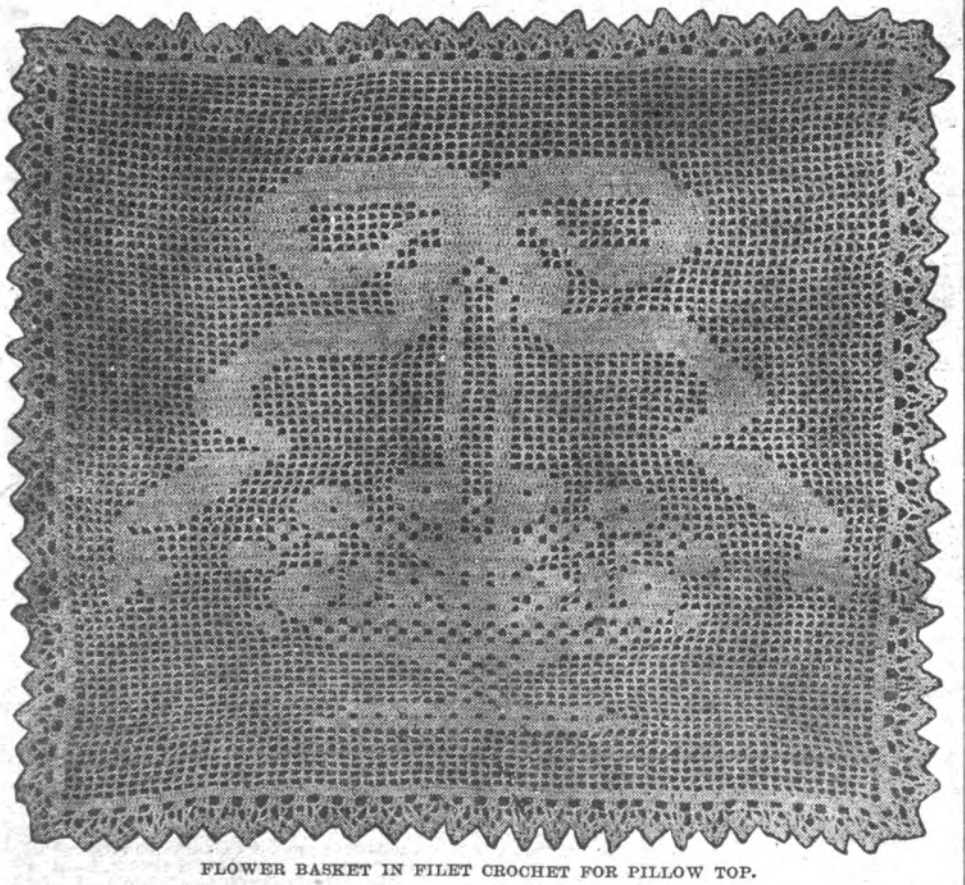
6th row.—Same as 4th and reverse pattern, finish with scallop to match neck.

Flower Basket in Filet Crochet for Pillow Top

BY MRS. ROVILLA MINGUS.

1st row.—Begin with ch of 214 on which make 70 sps, make six more rows of 70 sps each.

8th row.—22 sps, 82 d c, 22 sps, ch 5, turn.



FLOWER BASKET IN FILET CROCHET FOR PILLOW TOP.

9th row.—24 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 12 times, 24 sps.

10th row.—25 sps, 67 d c, 25 sps.

11th row.—33 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 33 sps.

12th row.—34 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 34 sps.

13th row.—35 sps, 4 d c, 35 sps.

14th row.—Same as 12th row.

15th row.—Same as 11th row.

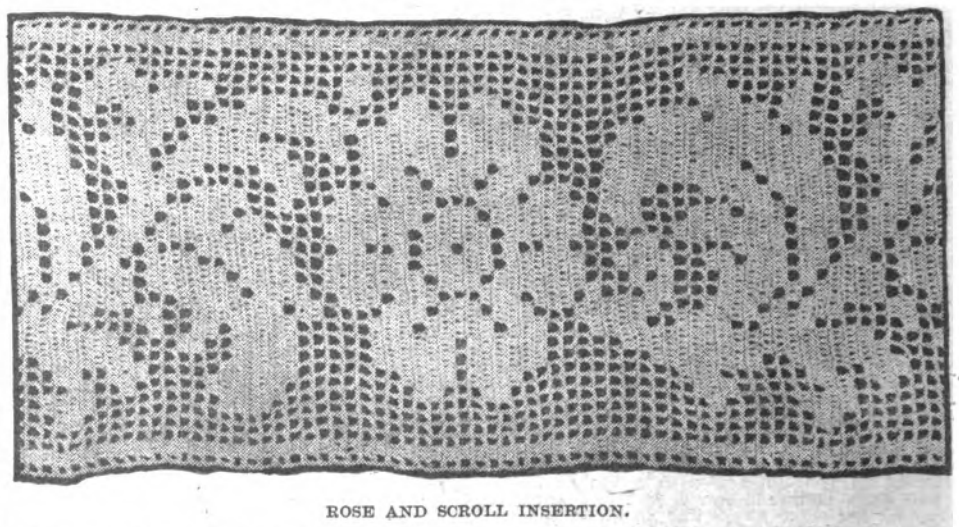
16th row.—31 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 31 sps.

17th row.—24 sps, 70 d c, 24 sps.

18th row.—23 sps, * 4 d c, 1 sp, repeat from * 13 times, 23 sps.

19th row.—18 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, * 4 d c, 1 sp, repeat from * 14 times, 3 sps, 4 d c, 18 sps.

20th row.—17 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, * 4 d c, 1 sp, repeat from * 15 times, 2 sps, 7 d c, 17 sps.



ROSE AND SCROLL INSERTION.

21st row.—17 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 64 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 17 sps.

22nd row.—19 sps, 13 d c, 2 sps, * 4 d c, 1 sp, repeat from * 11 times, 2 sps, 13 d c, 19 sps.

23rd row.—3 sps, 4 d c, 15 sps, 16 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 16 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 15 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps.

24th row.—3 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 11 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 46 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 10 sps.

25th row.—3 sps, 16 d c, 11 sps, 16 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 10 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps.

26th row.—3 sps, 16 d c, 8 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 11 sps, 16 d c, 3 sps.

27th row.—3 sps, 16 d c, 7 sps, 13 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 5 sps, 22 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 13 d c, 6 sps, 16 d c, 3 sps.

28th row.—4 sps, 10 d c, 8 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 7 sps, 28 d c, 7 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 13 d c, 7 sps, 10 d c, 3 sps.

29th row.—4 sps, 10 d c, 8 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 34 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 7 sps, 10 d c, 40 sps.

30th row.—4 sps, 10 d c, 10 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 5 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 5 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 10 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)

Rose and Scroll Insertion

Begin with ch 98 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, 4 d c, in next 4 sts (1 blk), ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, in next st (sp), repeat making 15 more sps, 3 blks, or 10 d c, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 blk on blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—1 blk, 7 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 7 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—1 blk, 7 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

16th row.—1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 15 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—1 blk, 7 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

19th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

20th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

21st row.—1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

23rd row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 9 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

24th row.—1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

25th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

26th row.—1 blk, 7 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

27th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

28th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

29th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

30th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

31st row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 11 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

32nd row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

33rd row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

34th row.—1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

35th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

36th row.—1 blk, 10 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

37th row.—1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 7 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

38th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

39th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

40th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 17 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

41st row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

42nd row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

43rd row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

44th row.—1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

45th row.—Same as 43rd row,

46th row.—Same as 42nd row.

47th row.—Same as 41st row, etc., working in just the doubles necessary to copy rose, balance of the rows all spaces as the scroll starts from the opposite side of the rose.

53rd row.—1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

54th row.—1 blk, 8 sps, 3 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn. Copy pattern from 2nd row.

MRS. JOHN GREGG.

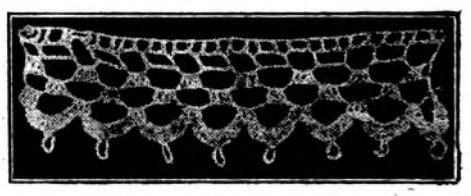
Simple Edging

This pattern makes an attractive finish for aprons or children's skirts worked directly into the edge of the hem or beginning with a ch of proper length as one prefers.

2nd row —1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c in every other st of ch.

3rd row.—Ch 8, 1 d c, in 3rd sp, ch 5, 1 d c in next second sp, repeat.

4th row —Ch 3, 3 d c in first sp, ch 5, sk 1 sp, 4 d c in next sp, repeat.



SIMPLE EDGING.

5th row.—Same as 4th row.

6th row.—Same as last with chs 6 between groups of 4 doubles.

7th row.—Sl st over top of 4 d c, 6 d c, under ch 6, ch 10, 1 s c in first st of ch, 6 d c, repeat working over each ch in the same way.

SALLIE BROWN.

Edge for Scarf or Pillow Slip

Ch 10 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 4th st from hook ch 2, 1 d c in last st, turn.

2nd row.—1 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 d c, repeat



EDGE FOR SCARF OR PILLOW SLIP.

making spaces until desired length, allowing 6 sps for each scallop.

For Edge

Join thread, ch 3, 3 d c in first sp, 4 d c in each next 5 sps, ch 7, turn. Skip 3 sps, 1 s c, ch 7, sk 3 sps, 1 s c, turn, 16 s c under first ch, 8 s c under second ch, ch 7, turn, sl st over 8th s c, turn, 16 s c under ch, 8 s c under second ch, 4 dc in each next 6 sps and repeat scallop.

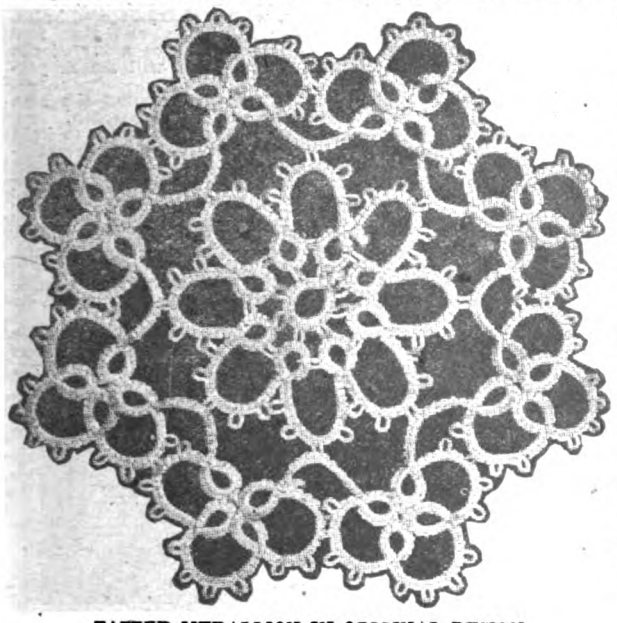
MRS. OSCAR WILSON.

Tatting, Knitting and Roll-Stitch Designs

Medallion in Original Design

BY MRS. HENRY MADEN.

USE No. 40 thread, make a ring of 1 d s, 1 p (2 d s, 1 p), repeat 7 times, 1 d s, close the ring, make a ring of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, join to p of center ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close ring. With ball thread ch 3 d s, 1 p (2 d s, 1 p), 4 times, 3 d s, repeat. Join each ring to preceding one by side p and to middle of small ring to a p of



TATTED MEDALLION IN ORIGINAL DESIGN.

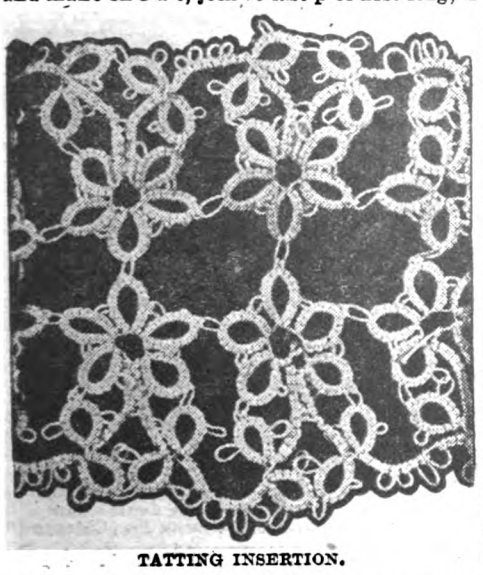
center ring. Join last ring to first p of first ring. Ch to base of first ring with shuttle. Make a ring of 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s, close to form a ring with ball thread ch 4 d s (2 d s, 1 p), 4 times, 4 d s with shuttle make a ring of 4 d s, join to p of last ring, 8 d s, close to form a ring, repeat 2 times. The four rings are joined. With ball thread 6 d s, join to center p of the center motif, 6 d s, repeat same around 8 times.

Tatting Insertion

This pattern is very pretty used as an insertion in table runners, dresser scarfs, towels and pillow slip, it also makes a very pretty square yoke for camosole or night gowns.

For use on runners or towels No. 30 O. N. T. cotton is a good size.

Two shuttles are needed. First make a ring of 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close, repeat making second ring, join in second thread and make ch 3 d c, join to last p of first ring, 2



TATTING INSERTION.

d s, join to last p of second ring, d s, 1 p, 6 d s, drop 1 thread, make flower of 5 3 p rings, join side picots as made. With both threads, ch 6 d s, join to p in last ch, 6 d s, 1 ring joining center p to center p of first ring. 1 ring, ch 1, 2 d s, 4 p with 1 d s between, 2 d s. Repeat from beginning.

Join to strips as made by center p of third ring of flower.

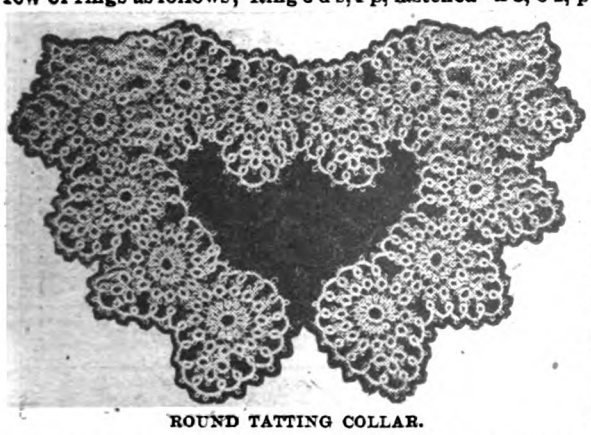
Round Tatting Collar

BY ORA ARMSTRONG HILL.

Center ring 14 d s, separated by 1 d s, tie and cut thread.

2nd round.—Ring 4 d s, join to p, of center ring 4 d s, quarter inch space ring 4 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 3 p, separated by 1 d s, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close.

Join three leaf clover to form point to second row of rings as follows; Ring 3 d s, 1 p, fastened



ROUND TATTING COLLAR.

to center p, of ring in second row, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. Make two more rings joining the last p, in the first ring to the center p, of the second p, of the second row, tie securely and cut thread.

Join 14 wheels with the three leaf clover at the bottom then go around these joining one ring to the center p, of each ring of big wheel and second leaf of clover leaf, make these rings as follows; 6 d s, joined 6 d s, close, chains; 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, excepting chains on points which should be of 3 p, with 3 d s, between.

Infant's Bonnet in Roll Stitch

BY MRS. WILLIE WHATLEY.

In making any rose stitch design a soft mercerized cotton is necessary.

The bonnet illustrated is of white silkateen.

Use No. 12 steel crochet hook.

Begin pattern in center of crown with ch 7, join in ring, ch 3, turn.

2nd round.—28 d c in ring, ch 8, turn.

3rd round.—For roll st, wind thread 30 times over hook and work off as directed, work 27 rolls in this round.

4th round.—3 s c between each row, join ch 3.

5th round.—1 d c in each s c, join ch 3, turn.

6th round.—Skip 2 d c, 1 d c in next, ch 4, slip st in top of d c, ch 5, slip st in same place, ch 4, slip st in same place, thus making one trefoil, ch 3, sk 2 d c, 1 s c in next, ch 3, sk 2 d c, 1 d c in next, 1 trefoil, repeat all around.

7th round.—Ch 8, sl st in top of 1st trefoil, ch 7, 1 sl st in 2nd trefoil, repeat all around, ch 5, join to first ch 8, ch 3.

8th round.—3 d c under first ch, 8 d c under ch 7, repeat all round join ch 8.

9th round.—1 roll st in every other d c all around, join.

10th round.—Like 4th round.

11th round.—Like 5th round.

12th round.—Like 6th round of trefoils. Now you have the crown completed.

13th round.—Like 7th round only you leave 7 trefoils for the neck at back, turn.

14th round.—Like 5th round.

15th round.—1 roll st in every other d c, repeat across.

16th round.—Like 4th round.

17th round.—Like 5th round.

18th round.—Like 6th round.

19th round.—Like 7th round.

20th round.—Like 5th round.

21st round.—Like 14th round.

22nd round.—Like 4th round.

23rd round.—Like 6th round making in all 34 trefoils around the front and neck of the bonnet.

24th round.—Ch 7 fasten in top of 2nd picot of trefoil, ch 6, fasten in same place, ch 7 fasten in top of next trefoil, ch 7 fasten in top of next trefoil, ch 6 fasten in same place repeat working in this way all around the bonnet.

25th round.—10 rolls under ch 6, 1 d c over next trefoil, 10 rolls under next ch 6, repeat all around.

26th round.—2 s c between each roll st, repeat fasten off securely and the bonnet is complete.

Knitted Shell Lace

BY LILLIAN MIX.

Cast on 47 stitches, knit across plain.

1st row.—O, n, k 2, o, n 6 times, k 3, n, o 2, n, n, o 2, n, k 3, o 2, p 2 together, k 3, o, n, k 8, o 2, p 2 tog.

2nd row.—O 2, p 2, k 10, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 20.

3rd row.—O, p 2 tog, k 3, o, n 6 times, k 4, n, o 2, n, k 5, o 2, p 1, k 14, o 2, p 2 tog.

4th row.—O 2, p 2, k 15, o 2, p 2 tog, k 6, p 1, k 23.

5th row.—O, n, k 4, o, n 6 times, k 12, o, p 2 tog, k 3, o 2, n, o 2, n, k 7, o 2, p 2 tog.

6th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 10, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 29.

7th row.—O, n, k 5, o, n 6 times, k 11, o 2, p 2 tog, k 16, o 2, p 2 tog.

8th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 17, o 2, p 2 tog, k 29,

9th row.—O, n, k 6, o, n 6 times, k 10, o 2, p 2, tog, k 3, o 2, n, o 2, n, k 7, o 2, p 2 tog.

10th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 9, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 29.

11th row.—O, n, k 7, o, n 6 times, k 9, o 2, p 2 tog, k 19, o 2, p 2 tog.

12th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 20, o 2, p 2 tog, k 29,

13th row.—O, n, k 8, o, n 6 times, k 8, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, o 2, n, o 2, n, o 2, n, o 2, n, k 8, o 2, p 2 tog.

14th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 10, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 29.

15th row.—O, n, k 8, o, n 6 times, k 7, o 2, p 2 tog, k 14, turn 10 sts, over the 1 k 1.

16th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 14, o 2, p 2 tog, k 29.

17th row.—O, n, k 9, o, n 6 times, k 6, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, o 2, n, k 8.

18th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 10, p 1, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 29.

19th row.—O, n, k 10, o, n 6 times, k 5, o 2, p 2 tog, k 14, o 2, p 2 tog.

20th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 15, o 2, p 2 tog, k 29.

21st row.—O, n, k 11, o, n 6 times, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, o 2, n, o 2, n, k 7, o 2, p 2 tog.

22nd row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 9, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 29.

23rd row.—O, n, k 4, n, o 2, n, k 4, o, n 6 times, k 3, o 2, p 2 tog, k 17, o 2, p 2 tog.

24th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 17, o 2, p 2 tog, k 20, p 1, k 7.

25th row.—O, n, k 2, n, o 2, n, o 2, n, k 3, o, n 6 times, k 2, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, o 2, n, o 2, n, o 2, n, k 7, o 2, p 2 tog.

26th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 9, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 18, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 5.

27th row.—O, n, k 4, n, o 2, n, k 20, o 2, p 2 tog, k 19, o 2, p 2 tog.

28th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 20, o 2, p 2 tog, k 22, p 1, k 6.

29th row.—O, n, k 2, n, o 2, n, n, o 2, n, k 17, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, o 2, n, o 2, n, o 2, n, o 2, n, k 8, o 2, p 2 tog.

30th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 10, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 18, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 5.

31st row.—O, n, k 4, n, o 2, n, k 19, o 2, p 2 tog, k 14, turn 10 sts, over one and knit it.

32nd row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 14, o 2, p 2 tog, k 20, p 1, k 7.

33rd row.—O, n, k 19, n, o 2, n, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, o 2, n, k 8, o 2, p 2 tog.

34th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 10, p 1, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 5, p 1, k 22.

35th row.—O, n, k 17, n, o 2, n, n, o 2, n, k 2, o 2, p 2 tog, k 14, o 2, p 2 tog.

36th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 15, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 20.

37th row.—O, n, k 19, n, o 2, n, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, o 2, n, o 2, n, k 8, o 2, p 2 tog.

38th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 10, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 3, o 2, p 2 tog, k 5, p 1, k 22.

39th row.—O, n, k 2, o, n 6 times, k 3, n, o 2, n, n, o 2, n, k 2, o 2, p 2 tog, k 16, o 2, p 2 tog.

40th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 17, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, p 1, k 3, p 1, k 20.

41st row.—O, n, k 3, o, n 6 times, k 4, n, o 2, n, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, o 2, n, o 2, n, o 2, n, k 7, o 2, p 2 tog.

42nd row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 9, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 5, p 1, k 22.

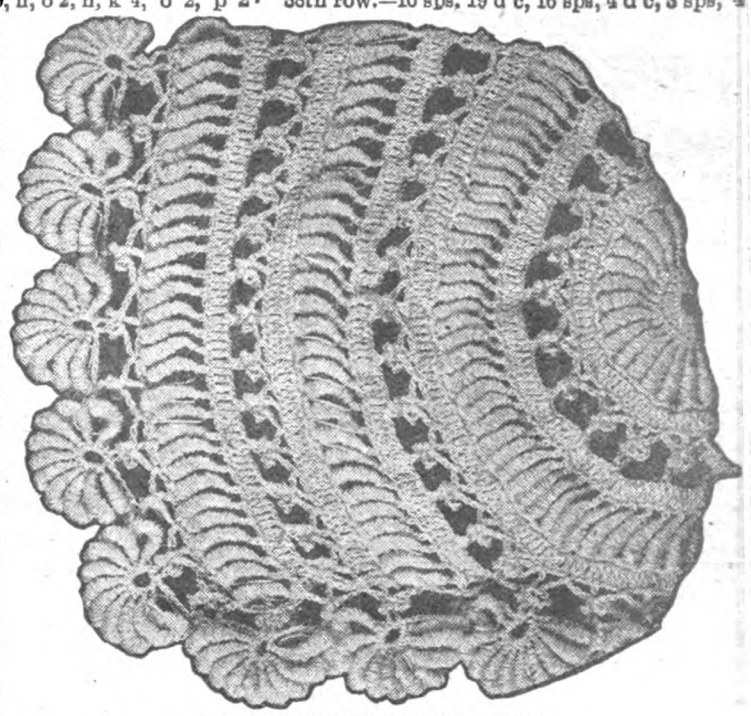
43rd row.—O, n, k 4, o, n 6 times, k 11, o 2, p 2 tog, k 19, o 2, p 2 tog.

44th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 20, o 2, p 2 tog, k 28.

45th row.—O, n, k 5, o, n 6 times, k 10, o 2, p 2 tog, k 3, o 2, n, o 2, n, o 2, n, k 8, o 2, p 2 tog.

46th row.—O 2, p 2 tog, k 10, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 2, p 1, k 4, o 2, p 2 tog, k 28.

47th row.—O, n, k 6, o, n 6 times, k 9, o 2, p 2 tog, k 14.



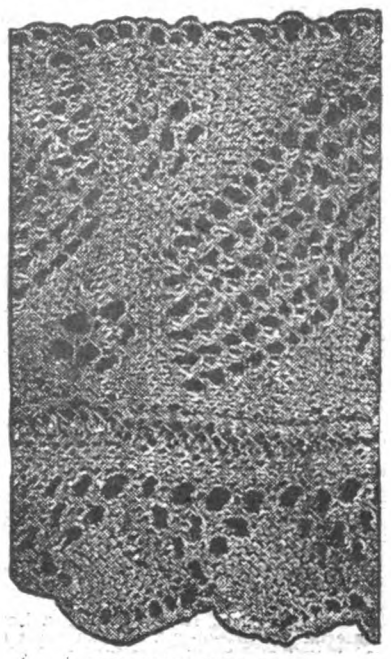
INFANT'S BONNET IN ROLL STITCH.

Guestroom Towels

So thoughtfully do we now provide for "the stranger within our gates" that we even have a special brand of towels for her, or his, use dignified by the name of guestroom towels.

These are usually smaller than the ordinary towels, as they are only intended for face and hands and to be supplied fresh each day.

One special point about them is, that they can be made up in almost an endless variety of ways. Sometimes they are fringed, but more frequently they are scalloped or hemmed, but in any case this is only the beginning and in addition one can use a crocheted or tatted insertion, an embroidered or cross-stitch design with an initial or monogram. An all white monogram, if one wished it, would be out of



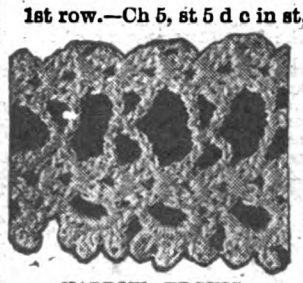
KNITTED SHELL LACE

harmony, if made of too light a stitch, as the raised work of the letters is solid.

When towels are designed for a room which has a certain prevailing tone, they should be of colors which will blend nicely.

Narrow Edging

1st row.—Ch 5, st 5 d c in st, ch 2, 1 d c, in same place, ch 4, turn. 5 d c in first d c, ch 2, 1 d c in same place repeat this for length required.



NARROW EDGING.

2nd row.—Ch 3 sl st in top of first point ch 4, sl st in same place, ch 5 sl st in same place, ch 4, sl st in same place, ch 3 sl st in middle of points, ch 3 sl st in top of nextpoint repeat to the length of first row.

MRS. OSCAR WILSON.

Flower Basket in Filet Crochet for Pillow Top

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

31st row.—4 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 13 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps.

32nd row.—4 sps, 19 d c, 10 sps, 16 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 16 d c, 10 sps, 19 d c, 4 sps.

33rd row.—5 sps, 19 d c, 9 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 4 sps, 16 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 9 sps, 19 d c, 5 sps.

34th row,—6 sps, 19 d c, 8 sps, 16 d c, 3 sps, 16 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 3 sps, 16 d c, 8 sps, 19 d c, 6 sps.

35th row.—7 sps, 19 d c, 8 sps, 10 d c, 4 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 1 sp, 7 d c, 4 sps, 10 d c, 8 sps, 19 d c, 7 sps.

36th row.—8 sps, 19 d c, 14 sps, 16 d c, 3 sps, 16 d c, 4 sps, 19 d c, 8 sps.

37th row.—9 sps, 19 d c, 14 sps, 13 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 4 sps, 19 d c, 9 sps.

38th row.—10 sps, 19 d c, 16 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 16 sps, 19 d c, 10 sps.

39th row.—11 sps, 19 d c, 15 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 15 sps, 19 d c, 10 sps.

40th row.—16 sps, 7 d c, 14 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 14 sps, 7 d c, 16 sps.

41st row.—16 sps, 10 d c, 14 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 14 sps, 10 d c, 15 sps.

42nd row,—13 sps, 13 d c, 15 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 15 sps, 13 d c, 13 sps.

43rd row.—12 sps, 13 d c, 16 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 16 sps, 13 d c, 12 sps.

44th row.—11 sps, 13 d c, 17 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 17 sps, 13 d c, 11 sps.

45th row.—46th and 47th rows same as 44th row.

48th row.—12 sps, 13 d c, 16 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 16 sps, 13 d c, 12 sps.

49th row.—13 sps, 13 d c, 15 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 15 sps, 13 d c, 13 sps.

50th row.—14 sps, 13 d c, 14 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 14 sps, 13 d c, 14 sps.

51st row.—15 sps, 40 d c, 4 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 4 sps, 40 d c, 15 sps.

52nd row.—16 sps, 40 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 40 d c, 16 sps.

53rd row.—17 sps, 40 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 2 sps, 40 d c, 17 sps.

54th row.—18 sps, 40 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 3 sps, 4 d c, 1 sp, 40 d c, 18 sps.

55th row.—28 sps, 10 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 10 d c, 28 sps.

56th row.—Same as 55th row.

57th row.—28 sps, 16 d c, 3 sps, 16 d c, 28 sps.

58th row.—21 sps, 13 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 21 sps.

59th row.—20 sps, 19 d c, 2 sps, 16 d c, 1 sp, 4 d c, 1 sp, 16 d c, 2 sps, 19 d c, 20 sps.

60th row.—19 sps, 25 d c, 3 sps, 13 d c, 1 sp, 13 d c, 3 sps, 25 d c, 19 sps.

61st row.—18 sps, 31 d c, 2 sps, 28 d c, 2 sps, 31 d c, 18 sps.

62nd row.—17 sps, 13 d c, 6 sps, 7 d c, 3 sps, 16 d c, 3 sps, 7 d c, 6 sps, 13 d c, 17 sps.

63rd row.—17 sps, 13 d c, 7 sps, 7 d c, 2 sps, 16 d c, 2 sps, 7 d c, 7 sps, 13 d c, 17 sps.

64th row.—17 sps, 10 d c, 9 sps, 34 d c, 9 sps, 10 d c, 17 sps.

65th row.—17 sps, 13 d c, 11 sps, 16 d c, 11 sps, 13 d c, 17 sps.

66th row.—17 sps, 13 d c, 9 sps, 28 d c, 9 sps, 13 d c, 17 sps.

67th row.—18 sps, 100 d c, 18 sps.

68th row.—19 sps, 45 d c, 1 sp, 45 d c, 19 sps.

69th row.—20 sps, 39 d c, 3 sps, 39 d c, 20 sps.

70th row.—21 sps, 30 d c, 7 sps, 30 d c, 21 sps.

Edge

10 rows all spaces.

2 d c in each sp, 1 d c on each d c, and 9 d c in corner sps, join ch 3.

2nd row.—2 d c on corner, ch 3, sk 3, 3 d c, ch 3, sk 3, 3 d c, repeat on all four sides, join, ch 5.

3rd row.—1 s c in last double of first group, ch 5, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 2, 2 d c over 3 d c, with ch 1, between, ch 3, 2 d c under ch 3, repeat all around.

4th row.—Ch 3, 1 s c under each and on each d c, this gives sort of picot finish of chains.

Picot Fan Lace

Chain four for beginning.

1st row.—Shell of 3 trebles (trs) chain 2 (ch) 3 tr in 4th stitch (st) from hook, ch 5, turn.

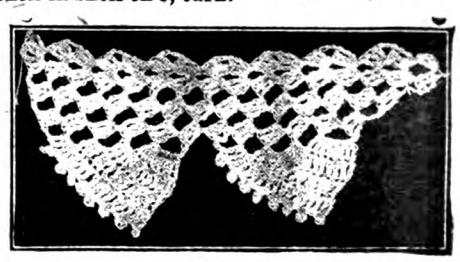
2nd row.—Shell in shell, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—Shell in shell, ch 2, 3 tr under ch 5, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—3 tr, under ch 2, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—Shell in shell, ch 2, 3 tr, under ch 2, ch 2, 3 tr, under next ch 2, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—3 tr in ch 2, ch 2, 3 tr in ch 2, ch 2, shell in shell ch 3, turn.

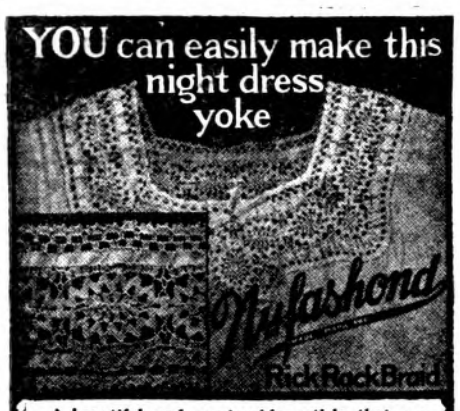


PICOT FAN LACE.

7th row.—Shell in shell, ch 2, 3 tr in ch 2, ch 2, 3 tr in next ch 2, ch 2, 8 tr under ch 5, ch 3, turn.

8th row.—11 tr over 8 tr and in ch 2, ch 2, 3 tr under ch 2, ch 2, 3 tr in ch 2, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 3, turn.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



A beautiful and serviceable article that any woman would be glad to wear. And there are many other articles equally as useful which you can make by following the clear, easy directions given in the **Nufashond Rick Rack Book.** Luncheon sets, doilies, centerpieces, candle shades, guest towels, dress yoke sets, scarfs, blouses, camisoles, morning caps, insertions, edgings, etc. A book you will find extremely helpful, and yet it costs you only **15 cents** because it familiarizes you with the many uses of Nufashond Rick Rack Braid

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NUFASHOND, Dept. E, Reading, Pa.

Picot Fan Lace

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

9th row.—Shell in shell, ch 2, 3 tr in ch 2, ch 2, 3 tr in next ch 2, ch 2, 13 tr in ch 2 and over 11 tr, ch 3, turn.

10th row.—1 tr, 1 p of ch 4, 2 tr, 1 p, continue until there are 8 p, ch 2, 3 tr in ch 2, ch 2, 3 tr in next ch 2, ch 2, shell in shell, ch 3, turn.

11th row.—Shell in shell, ch 2, 3 trs, over ch 2, ch 2, 3 tr in ch 2, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—3 tr in ch 2, ch 2, 3 tr in next ch 2, ch 2, shell in shell. Repeat from 7th row.

BESSIE M. BROWN.

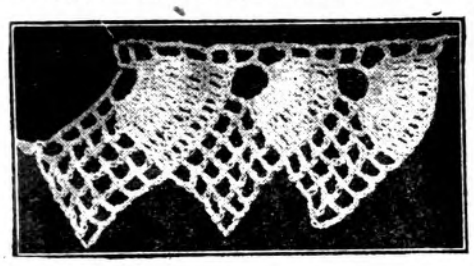
Fan Lace

Begin with ch 25.

1st row.—1 d c in 7th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat making 5 sps in all, ch 6, sk 3, 1 d c in next st, ch 2, 1 d c in last st, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d c on d c, 13 d c under ch 6, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—5 sps, 14 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.



FAN LACE.

4th row.—1 sp, 13 d c, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—Same as 3rd row.

6th row.—1 sp, ch 6, sk 2 d c, 1 d c in next st, ch 2, sk 1, 1 d c, repeat making 5 sps, in all, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—5 sps, 14 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

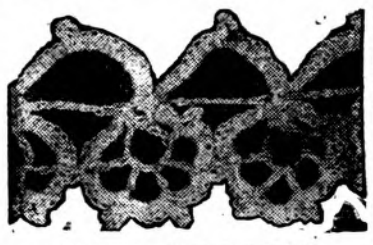
8th row.—Same as 3rd row. Repeat pattern until length desired.

BESSIE CLINE.

Crocheted Tulip Design

Ch 10, join in ring.

Ch 5, 1 d c in ring, ch 3, 1 d c in ring, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 5, join to first ch 5. Now working round again make 9 s c under first ch 5, ch 3 for picot, 5 s c under each ch 3 with picot over each d c, 9 s c under ch 5, sl st to first s c, turn. Ch 20, sl st in 10th st forming a ring and repeat work making second tulip.



CROCHETED TULIP DESIGN.

After making strip of lace as long as desired, turn and make loops on opposite side of chs of 20, fastening with 1 sl st, over center of each tulip. Work back over these loops by making 12 s c, 1 p, 12 s c, repeat.

MRS. P. E. WHISENAUT.

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Six fine shell glasses, and full-sized pitcher, all handsomely decorated with the popular blue-bird. Given for selling only 40 packs of our high-grade vegetable seeds, at 10c large pack. Sell easily. Write today for big sample lot. Send no money.

We Trust You with seeds until sold.

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AGENTS WANTED
SEND FOR FREE OUTFIT OFFER

$30 to $50 a week actually being made now by men and women. The original—the best—the lowest priced. Nickel plated—looks good—makes good—sells fast—guaranteed. No experience needed. Women as well as men. Exclusive territory. Work all or sparetime. Mrs. Nixon, Vt., sold 8 first half day. Evans, N. C., sold 2 dozen one Saturday. Liberal terms. Prompt service. Write today.



THE MONITOR SAD IRON CO.
203 Fay St., BIG PRAIRIE, OHIO

In the Sewing-Room

By Clara Huntington

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NEXT to food economy comes the mother's problem of how to keep the family decent and tidy when the prices of clothing are way out of reach of most purses. However, we feel that comfort is in sight when we read and observe that the American women are following the lead of our English sisters in outwitting the profiteers by refusing to buy unnecessarily until prices drop. At an enthusiastic meeting of the Housewives' League in Portland, Maine, it was voted that an old clothes club league be formed, its members to bind themselves to wear their old clothes, and to darn and mend, even to patching, until the prices are lowered. As a result of this individual rebellion, as I shall call it, one feature stands out with due prominence; which is, that cotton stockings have replaced the perishable silk ones, and that strong, serviceable, low-heeled boots are worn instead of the high-heeled, short-lived ones, to no small degree.

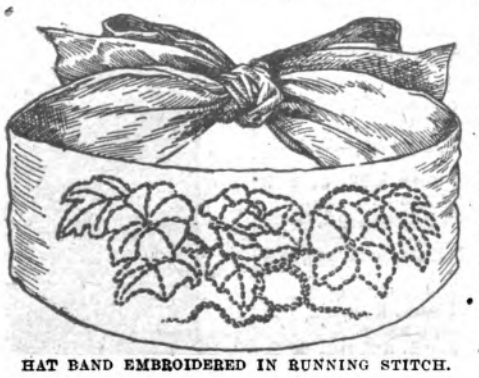
Extravagant dressing is on the wane, for American women of the type that we would follow, even blindly if necessary, have established the doctrine of clothing conservation, and are buying strong, durable materials of conservative color and design, and the pattern houses will today tell you that the sale of patterns for home dressmaking has practically doubled since the prices of everything we wear has more than doubled. But the real victory is in the fact that women are not mourning over their economies, and are minimizing the extra labor involved by having only the clothes necessary to comfort and neatness of appearance. "Display" is disappearing, thanks to the good sense of American women.

The community clubs are working wonders and spreading the gospel of common sense in spending and dressing more than any other form of organization. I wish that every neighborhood, if ever so small, would form a "getting together" club, for it is the exchange of ideas that is so helpful. And let me whisper that you need not stop at clothing, for by comparing notes, and reporting individual experiences, you will be led to demand clean food and honest weights and measures where you leave your money.

In questioning a community club member not long ago, I asked her from what source, as a club, they received the most help, and in reply she stated that it was through the family magazines. She further explained that at meetings, after business matters were disposed of, each member present quoted some useful "hint" she had read, and would follow it by some personal experience or suggestion. This procedure, she said, always opened up profitable discussions relative to every branch of home-making and housekeeping. My informant also remarked that the progress in the women's departments of their community and county fairs was sufficient testimonial of their success.

Start by Buying Right

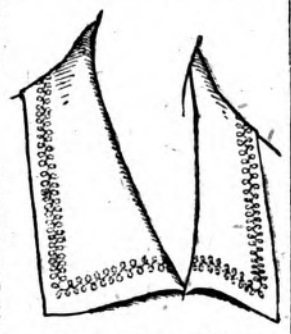
First, do not buy at random, but rather know exactly what wear a garment will receive, how much material it will require, and, lastly, how much money can safely be allotted to this particular purchase. Remember that "something just as good" for less money is worth investigation if you know values. Gingham wears better than any other material for its weight; and for this reason is more economical, even at a higher cost, than print. Khaki is practical material for something heavier, and if a package of dark brown dye is prepared and bottled to be used to color the rinse-water, it can be kept its natural color without streaks. Rinse several times and then soak in the colored water about one hour. Khaki is an excellent material for children's wear, and is stylish for a hard-service material for grown-ups. Corduroy is another good "buy" and when interlined will often take the place of wool.



HAT BAND EMBROIDERED IN RUNNING STITCH.

An excellent way to ascertain the amount of material to be used is by placing the pattern on a newspaper cut the width of cloth to be purchased, to see if a saving cannot be made by rearranging pattern after all the calculations of changes have been made. Usually a saving is made over the amount specified in pattern directions by finding the skirt and sleeves need not be as long, and less material need be left below the waist line of waists. Examine your pattern illustration, for usually there are variations that change the necessary amount of material. For instance, where both long and short sleeves are illustrated, the specified amount of material will be for the long sleeves, but if your "want" is a short sleeve, you can save by suggested measurements. In these days a yard or more may be saved.

The one-piece dress still holds its place as leader for becomingness, easy-to-wear, and requiring less material and labor. And for the one "looking ahead" it certainly makes over to good advantage.



WAIST COLLAR TRIMMED WITH MACHINE STITCHING.

Stitches That Trim

One saving that fashion has accomplished is the use of fancy stitches and coarse embroidery as the sole trimming for dresses, blouses and skirts. These are mostly done with wools, and if a finer effect is desired, separate the strands. Hats have come in for this style of trimming, combining several bright colors in stitches and bunches of flowers. A favorite trimming is to embroider with wool, in "running" stitch, a large design of flowers and leaves in varied colors on a broad ribbon. The embroidery will come exactly in front, with the ends of ribbon tied in a bow at the back.

A "running" stitch is a pretty finish for collars and cuffs, whether they are made of cotton, net or silk. Another effective trimming is easily and quickly done as follows: Baste embroidery patterns to material, and if there is any danger of stretching, baste another paper underneath. Stitch the embroidery pattern on the machine, using for the top heavy sewing silk of the color desired, and fill the bobbin with cotton thread to match. The tension of machine should be tested before work is begun. Tear away the papers carefully and you will be pleased with the results.

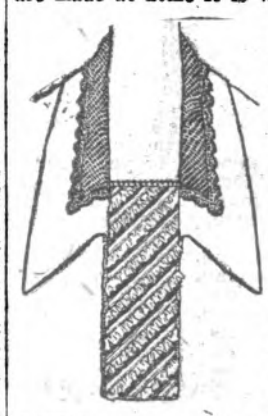
Extending the Service of Clothing

It is quite the style to remodel clothing, and everyone is turning and making over good materials from men's coats to stocking legs. Not only do we save the price of new, but our "before-the-war" clothing still has more wear in it than the present new materials.

Combining different materials greatly extends our possibilities, for a skirt of one material, and blouse of another with touches of the skirt material for trimming, make a very useful all-round dress. And if a few pieces are left, cover an old but becoming hat with them to match, for it's the fashion. The new loose, bell sleeves are to be recommended, as a plain bias band or trimmed with fancy stitches is the only finish required, and they will not bind or tear out at the armhole.

Middy blouses for girls and children offer one of the most useful garments of the day. Old skirts that can be turned, or perhaps "dipped," are bound to make a middy for a small child. In the event of a plaited skirt, use two or four plaits at center front and back, pressing over a damp cloth to remove any creases that may be left from the remaining plaits. Wear the blouse with an inch-wide belt of same.

The unworn parts of old shirts also work into blouses, using part for part. Use collar and cuffs of a contrasting material. Where shirts are made at home it is wise to select materials in view to making the least worn parts to further service. The best values are in the regular shirtings. Select those with warp of even threads as they will not split. Striped and plain ginghams are also good values. Tiny garments such as rompers, creepers, bloomers, and waists to be worn under colored dresses, can be cut from old shirts, making a good saving.



RUFFLED VESTEE AND PLAIN COLLAR WITH OVER-COLLAR EDGED WITH LACE.

Economize on patterns by very carefully ripping and pressing old garments that fit satisfactorily and cut paper patterns from them. If a little larger size is necessary, widen the front and back by setting the pattern in from the edge or fold of cloth, but not too much, for by so doing the neck will be made too large. A sleeve may be lengthened by setting in the required amount in two places; half way between shoulder and elbow, and elbow and cuff. This keeps the elbow of sleeve in the right position which is necessary to make it fit well.

Two waists to one skirt is excellent economy. One plain, on the shirt-waist order, and the second for dressy occasions. I saw a most ingenious piece of work on this plan. An old medium-weight suit was the background, and was ripped, turned and sponged with great care. The skirt being too wide, a saving of material was thereby made; and, being too long, what was cut off made patch pockets and a belt. In recutting, a plain sport type of skirt was chosen, and a tailored waist to match. The coat sleeves were recut, and from wrist to elbow buttoned closely. The neck was low and square at the front, and finished with a straight plain silk collar cut from a strong portion of lining. The second waist was cut plain, and straight down each side of front from neck end of shoulder seam. The bell-shaped sleeves, vestee and collar were made from georgette to match, the vestee covered with narrow ruffles. A plain collar of net was edged with lace and worn over collar.

Do not lay aside little dresses made from flouncing because they are too short, but very accurately fold batiste or muslin and baste edges to the underside of scallops. From the outside, hem around each scallop so it will iron well, and on the wrong side sew securely, but with fairly loose stitch, back about one eighth of an inch. Trim away the cloth from the under side and you have simply made a good hem and a different style of flouncing.

It is often difficult to obtain a perfectly hanging skirt without assistance, but here is a plan that works satisfactorily. Put the skirt on and mark the desired length where the hem is to be turned. Next, stand in natural position against a table, and with pins or chalk mark all the way around where the material touches the table. Take off skirt and measure with your tape or yardstick the length between table marking to that where the hem is to be turned, and continue this measurement all around the skirt.

House slippers for each member of the family are one of the essentials, and pieces from old heavy coats for tops, and soles from old felt hats make durable soles. Several thicknesses of the felt, machine-stitched together, add to warmth and wear. If you lack a pattern for the top, use an old stocking, folding the sides flat together and cut by it. Use two thicknesses of cloth if it is thin and interline also. Bind edges with strong bias cloth.

Useful Odds and Ends

The worn-out cuffs of a man's shirt, joined together, make the right size and thickness for an ironing holder. Bind the edge.

In ripping snap fasteners from a garment, rip the corresponding snap and socket and snap them together. This saves oft wasted time in hunting for "mates."

In case the machine oil-can gives out, a medicine dropper will do equally good work in oiling all parts of the machine. Oil each end of the treadle frequently.

A creeping child will necessarily wear out stocking knees, but more or less of this can be prevented by knee protectors made from old stocking feet from which the worn heels and toes are cut. The tops of old long kid gloves are also excellent for this purpose. Fasten protectors over stocking with same supporter.

When children's stockings shrink in length, crochet a piece on the top.

Protect the baby's shoes, when rolling on the floor, by pulling old stockings over them.

Boys' ties can be made from ribbon ten inches long by four wide. Cut the ribbon lengthwise in two pieces. Sew to each end of a tape long enough to run under the collar but not to show in front. Turn in the edges and line. These make good school ties at small expense.

In repairing a "run" in lisle stockings, first sew over-and-over the sides of the run, going round the entire hole and taking care to put the needle back of where the run starts. When this much is accomplished, draw the edges together in herring-bone stitch, taking into the over-and-over stitch only.

A band of old fur sewed to the inside of a child's school coat is a great protection against cold winds. Lamb's wool is equally good.

To finish children's waists, nightdresses, etc., crease a narrow hem and crochet into the cloth, thus holding the hem in place. It makes a pretty finish, is durable and quickly done.

In making over fur, with a sharp-pointed knife, cut through from the skin side, and then sew the two even edges together. Not a bit of the fur is lost in this way, and it will match perfectly.

Sew a piece of thick flannel around the arm of your machine and use for a pincushion.

For a traveling kimono, large pockets to hold necessary toilet articles for use in the dressing-room are a convenience, inasmuch as they avoid the necessity of laying articles down in soiled places, and, besides, in this way they will not be left behind.

For sewing on shoe buttons, use a three-sided, straight carpet needle, as it acts as its own awl in pushing through the leather.

Do not machine stitch across seams in hemming skirts, but sew by hand, and it is well to do this first.

When darning frayed edges, turn cloth on the wrong side and carefully whip the two edges together, taking care not to draw them. Turn and darn from the right side.



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34x4	9 25	2.60
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33x4½	10.50	2.75
34x4½	10.75	2.85
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33x4	9.00	2.85
34x4	9.25	3.00
34x4½	10.75	3.50
35x4½	11.00	3.65
36x4½	11.50	3.75
37x5	12.75	4.75

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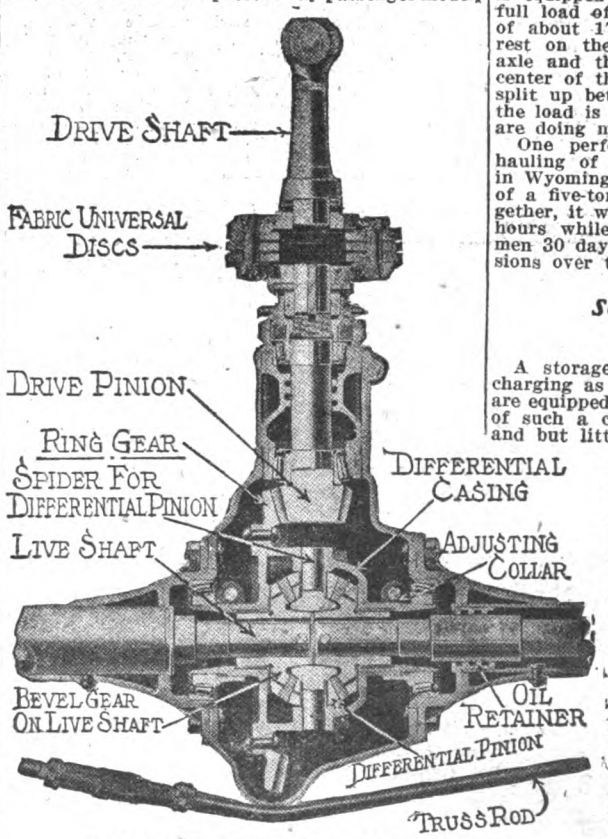
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Differential Construction

As explained in the previous issue, the purpose of a differential is to enable one of the driving wheels to revolve slower than the other driving wheel, a condition which is necessary when turning corners, etc. Several forms of differentials have been brought out of late years but we will explain the principle of the one which is to be found in the majority of cars and trucks. There are two types of rear axles, viz., the live and dead forms. The dead type is found mostly on trucks, and, as the name would imply, its purpose is to carry the rear wheels and does not revolve to drive them. A differential is used with this type of axle but usually it is mounted on the countershaft and chains run from the countershafts to the rear wheels. The internal gear drive includes the carrying of the rear wheels on a dead axle and a countershaft secured to the dead axle so that it is possible to drive the rear wheels by gears attached to the ends of the countershafts.

However, we will limit this discussion to the live axle found in the present-day passenger model,



DIFFERENTIAL OF THE LIVE REAR AXLE TYPE.

and once the principle of operation is grasped it will be an easy matter to decipher other forms.

With this type, each rear wheel is driven by a separate axle shaft. At the inner end of each axle shaft, a bevel gear is keyed and pinned or fastened in some manner that it becomes practically integral with the shaft. The differential casing entirely encloses the bevel gears at the inner ends of the axle shafts and also carries a set of bevel pinions which engage with the bevel gears on the axle shafts. On the outside of the differential case, a large bevel-driven gear, many times referred to as a ring gear, is securely fastened. This large ring gear engages with a bevel driving pinion which is, in turn, coupled with the driving shaft.

Now that we have named the parts entering into the construction, let us learn what action takes place. We stated above that the bevel pinons which are carried by the differential casing are engaged with the bevel gears at the inner ends of the axle shafts. It is now evident that the pinions would be prevented from turning on their studs as long as both wheels were traveling forward or backward at the same rate of speed. However, jack one rear wheel free from the floor, start the engine and engage a gear (high for example); you will notice that the wheel which is jacked free from the floor will revolve while the wheel which is resting on the floor will remain stationary.

This is due to the drive following the lines of least resistance, and the action is as follows: the bevel pinions carried by the differential casing turn on their axles and run over the bevel gear teeth which are stationary and drive the gear for the wheel which is jacked from the floor.

The same action occurs when the car turns a street corner. The inner wheel, of course, does not stop but it revolves at a very slow speed. The pinions, however, operate on the principle outlined above. Remember that as long as the resistance is the same for both rear wheels, the pinions remain stationary and drive each wheel at the same rate of speed. When the resistance upon one wheel is greater than that for the other, the pinions commence to revolve upon their axles and give the drive to the wheel offering the least resistance.

During the past few years, differentials have been introduced which insure the drive to the wheel giving the most resistance. The advantage claimed for this type is that traction is always insured. For example, should one rear wheel rest on mud and the other on dry ground, the wheel on dry ground would get the drive and no difficulty would be experienced in obtaining traction. With the type of rear axle we have described, it would give the drive to the wheel in the mud, since it is on a slippery surface and would offer the least resistance.

Trailers

Quite frequently the individual or a company will possess a truck which develops sufficient power to haul a very large load and yet at times, due to not harnessing the vehicle in the proper manner, there will be loads it will not handle. A manufacturer rates his trucks at 2-3-4-5 tons or whatever the capacity may be. This does not mean that 2-3-4 or 5 tons is the limit of the truck's hauling power. Its real significance is the carrying power. The manufacturer figures the springs, frame, etc., to stand a certain tonnage for the road conditions, and therefore cautions the owner against loading the truck beyond that capacity.

For a minute, let us turn to the railway business as an example of the point to be brought out. Everyone has seen a locomotive hauling a long string of loaded freight cars. It requires no logic to grasp the thought that the locomotive could not haul the cars if they were piled one on top of the other on it. The weight of the loaded cars would crush the locomotive and render it scrap iron. However, keep the weight off the locomotive and it will haul the cars to their destination. This is an example of mechanical power and the same is true of the human. Try to carry a few hundred pounds on your back and you will not go far. Place the same few hundred pounds in a cart and you can pull it with comparative ease. The point to be brought out is that a piece of machinery or the human can pull a load many times that which he can carry.

A certain lumber company in central Michigan is compelled to haul their logs 20 miles over country roads to their mills. They have in service a small fleet of five-ton trucks, each one of which is equipped with a four-wheel trailer. When a full load of logs is taken on there is a weight of about 17 tons. The front end of the logs rest on the truck body directly over the rear axle and the trailer rests a trifle back of the center of the logs. In this manner the load is split up between the truck and the trailer and the load is moved with ease. Trailers have and are doing much to solve haulage problems.

One performance worthy of mention is the hauling of a steel still by a refining company in Wyoming a distance of 50 miles. By the use of a five-ton truck and two trailers coupled together, it was possible to make the trip in 19½ hours while it had required 36 horses and 10 men 30 days to haul a still of the same dimensions over the same route.

Some Useful Pointers

Overheating Battery

A storage battery can be damaged by overcharging as well as under-charging. Many cars are equipped with automatic cut-outs to take care of such a condition but when considerable day and but little night driving is done, it will be well to take frequent tests of the storage battery. If the reading is high, switch the lights on a few hours during the day, until the battery reading reaches normal. Many manufacturers recommend that the lights be turned on when the cars are driven overland from the factory. This is to keep the amperage down as the battery is fully charged when installed and does not require a steady charge for a number of hours which it would ordinarily receive on the drive away.

Spring Clip

The object of spring clips is not only to hold the springs firmly to the axles but also to prevent movement of the springs between the clips. Breakage of springs at the center is usually due to loose clips. There is a tendency for the spring clips to stretch and, thereby, loosen when the car is new. It is, therefore, good policy to tighten the clips every week when the car is new and later to inspect them at least once a month.

Questions Answered

MAKE AND BREAK TO JUMP SPARK.—I want to change the ignition system of a two and one half h.p. gasolene engine from low to high tension. Can I replace the make-and-break igniter with a spark plug? Would any other part of the engine need to be changed?

L. O. M., B. 3, Bardwell, Ky.

A.—In all probability it will be practical for you to install a high-tension magneto and install a spark plug in the cylinder. However, before going to any expense, why not write to the engine manufacturer and tell him about your plans? He undoubtedly will be in a position to advise you or furnish prints showing how the change should be made.

LEAKS OIL, NEEDS NEW GASKET.—Is it possible to make a chemical cell from the zinc and carbon of an old dry cell? Recently I renewed the transmission bands of my 1916 Ford, and when I did so I neglected to renew the gasket under the cover, and the oil leaks out. At first it leaked quite badly, but it has nearly stopped leaking now. Will it stop or leak worse?

H. G. M., Raton, N. Mex.

A.—The writer has never learned of anyone having converted a dry cell battery into a wet battery. He assumes that this is what you have reference to when you specify "chemical cell." The dry cell relies upon chemical action for its operation, and, therefore, in reality is a chemical cell. The ordinary dry cell consists of a zinc shell lined with absorbent material such as blotting paper. This paper is saturated with the electrolyte. The space between the paper and the carbon or positive pole in the center is filled with powdered carbon and manganese oxide which serves as a depolarizing agent. Regarding the leaking of oil because you failed to renew the gasket, we believe that the leaking is gradually stopping because all the oil has leaked out. By all means, renew the gasket.

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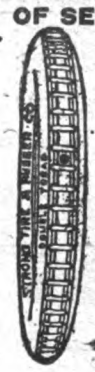
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32x3½	7.00	2.00	36x4½	11.50	3.40
31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.50
32x4	8.25	2.40	36x5	12.75	3.65
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31x3½	6.75	1.85	35x4½	11.00	3.15
32x3½	7.00	2.00	36x4½	11.50	3.40
31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.50
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30x3½	6.50	1.75	33x4	8.50	2.50	35x5	12.50	3.50
31x3½	6.75	1.85	34x4	8.75	2.60	36x5	12.75	3.65
32x3½	7.00	2.00	34x4½	10.00	3.00	37x5	12.75	3.75
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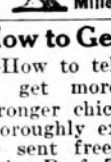
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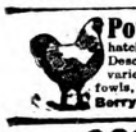


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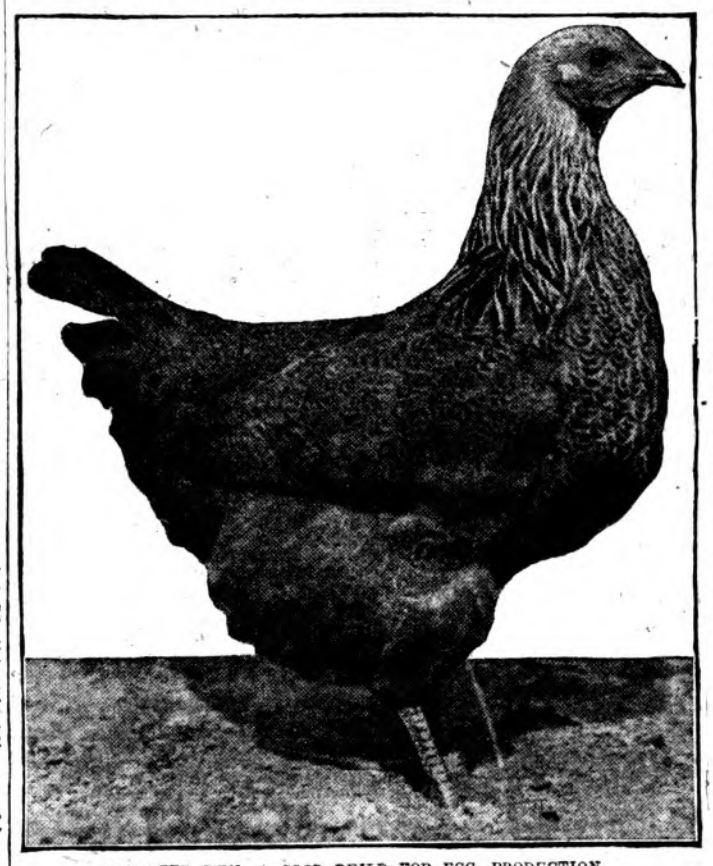


BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Pheasants and Pigeons

POULTRY people who have been keeping pheasants as a side line must look sharply after eggs from now on, because pheasants will lay in any sheltered corner on the ground rather than in any made nest, and the male birds are really cannibals. If they catch sight of an egg they devour it immediately, so it is well to sneak round the yards, locate the nests, and steal the eggs as frequently as possible. Pheasants are never very good setters or mothers, especially in captivity, so the best plan is to use a bantam or small Leghorn hen to set the eggs under. When you have stolen nine eggs, get a box a foot square, turn it on one side, and across the bottom of the open front nail a slat, behind which place a nest of soft hay. Stand this nest box inside (at one end) of another box two and a half feet long, with sides a foot or more deep. Make a cover of half-inch mesh wire netting, for the large box, to open like a lid. Scatter sand on the floor, nail up a small drinking pan in one corner, and you have a safe, rat-proof coop for Biddy and the eggs. Another motive for the outer box is that baby pheasants are so very little, so wild, and so easily frightened, that they are apt to quit the nest as soon as hatched, get lost, become chilled, and die.

It takes from twenty-five to twenty-six days to incubate eggs of the English or Ring-necked variety. The brood coop to be used the first two weeks should be on the same principle as the nest boxes, and even when they are on the grass-run you must exercise the greatest caution to avoid anything like cracks or crevices in or around the sides, for they are such mites, and have such capacity for getting through the eyes of needles, that special care is necessary. If some knothole or some depression in the ground has escaped your vigilance, and a baby does stray off, go about two yards away and remain perfectly still. Don't be impatient. It may be ten minutes before you hear anything. Then, unless all hope is over, you will hear a plaintive little cry. Do not move until it has been repeated three or four times, and you are quite sure where it comes from. Then make a sudden dive and secure the truant, which is usually under a tuft of grass or in some little hole. If you move about while hunting for him, there won't be a sound, and you may hunt all day with little success.



WYANDOTTE HEN, A GOOD BUILD FOR EGG PRODUCTION.

Feed for Young Pheasants

Give the usual nothing for twenty-four hours; then stale cornmeal bread, crumbled (half a cupful), one tablespoonful of silver sand, one tablespoonful of crushed mustard seed, one teaspoonful of maw seed (poppy seed), one hard-boiled egg chopped fine. Mix all together and feed every two hours between 6 A. M. and 4 P. M. for three days, after which milk curds, crushed wheat, pinhead oatmeal, chopped lettuce, green onions and boiled liver can be added to the bill of fare.

A change of diet sharpens appetite, so use discretion in alternating the latter dainties. Meat, vegetables or fruit are all necessities to these birds, and when possible should be supplied in the more natural form of grubs, insects and berries. Ants' eggs are among their favorite foods, and are easily obtained by digging into the middle of an ant hill. Meal grubs can also be created by slightly moistening meal, then keeping it in a moderately warm place.

After the eighth week, cracked corn, wheat, barley, Kaffir corn, rape—in fact, all the small grains, are staple food for the rest of their lives, and can always be left before them in self-feeding boxes, for they are not gluttons and never eat too much.

Once a day a crumbly mash containing meat and green stuff of some sort should be fed if the birds are to be kept in good breeding condition.

The Demand for Pheasants

The demand for pheasants has been growing steadily for the last ten years, and it is safe to say that it will continue to increase, as the government has made very extensive experiments with the birds in different parts of the country, and is now convinced that the English pheasant is the best bird to take the place of native game birds, which have become so very scarce during the last ten years.

There are now several hundred small breeders in Massachusetts, Long Island, New Jersey and Connecticut, and in a recent report issued by the Commissioners of Fisheries and Game, we are told that the abundance of pheasants must depend on the many small breeders, because there are many more people who can breed a few pheasants in captivity than there are of those who can breed thousands, as they cannot be kept in large flocks like chickens.

At present the principal demand comes from the owners of large estates, and game clubs, and wealthy people who care to beautify their homes by erecting aviaries on their lawns and stocking them with the gorgeous varieties of pheasants, which are the Lady Amethyst, Golden, and Silver.

For stocking preserves and for game clubs, the varieties known as English and ring-necked are preferred, as their more somber coloring makes them less conspicuous when liberated in woodlands. Men and women living in the vicinity of wealthy homes would find it profitable to keep a pair of any one of the three ornamental varieties and sell their progeny for aviaries, and a trio of either English or Ring-necked will give them a good start, with the more plebian birds for stock and market.

Pigeons for Profits

Where pigeons are kept for squab raising, it is one of the most profitable ventures in which suburbanites or real country folk can embark. The young are ready for market when four weeks old; a good pair of mature birds will raise two squabs every four weeks for nine months in the year which means that each pair of old birds should provide one and one half dozen squabs, which will market for four dollars and fifty cents. The cost of keep is supposed to be fifty cents a year, but even allowing one dollar a year, there should be three dollars and fifty cents clear profit.

These estimates are made on good homer pigeons, well housed and cared for; not common nondescript birds, leading a half-wild existence, with only old-fashioned shelter behind a row of holes high up in a barn, where the nests are exposed to every storm; besides which, the young of mongrel pigeons only weigh five or six ounces when four weeks old, and are so scrawny and unappetizing that they are difficult to market at any price, whilst homers at any age weigh from twelve to twenty ounces, and are white skinned and plump. The mature homers will cost about two dollars a pair from any of the recognized lofts.

Drinking fountains and feeding boxes into which the birds can only get their beaks are imperative for pigeons, for they are most particular, and will not take defiled food or drink unless positively starved into it. Yet, if they have open feed and water boxes, they will scatter the contents all over the floor. There is a galvanized iron feeding box costing one dollar on the market, which has seven openings, so that many birds can feed at the same time. Water fountains of the same material are virtually indestructible, and cost only fifty cents.

The yard and fly must of course be entirely closed for pigeons, and should be four feet higher than the front of the house so that the birds can use the roof for a sun parlor. We use four-by-four joists, cut into twelve-foot lengths, for the front of the house, as they can be nailed to the house and need not be sunk into the ground as those at the side and far end must be. The joists for the sides and end are cut into thirteen and one half foot lengths, which allows a foot and a half to go into the ground. These measurements allow the use of four-foot netting without any waste. For a house twelve feet long, I think the yard should be at least fifty feet. Erect several perches at the far end of the yard, a platform about two feet wide and four feet long on legs three feet high in the center of the yard for the bathtubs to stand on. Pigeons must have a bath, for cleanliness is a necessity; a pan about two feet square and four inches deep is the best size, and they can be bought in galvanized iron for one dollar each.

Red wheat, Kaffir corn, cracked corn, Canadian field peas, German millet and hemp seed are all appropriate for pigeons. They should be alternated, or one or two mixed together. Of course, sometimes one grain is cheaper than another, or easier to get in certain districts, but don't use any one grain exclusively. Pigeons must have variety.

We follow the rations recommended by W. E. Rice, a very experienced pigeon raiser. Morning: Equal parts of cracked corn, Kaffir corn and wheat. Evening: Cracked corn and Canadian peas. These regular meals are put into feed boxes in quantity sufficient to insure the birds having a constant supply. Treats which we feed at odd times, such as millet, hemp and rice, are thrown on the ground, for, as they are only fed in comparatively small quantities, they are eaten up at once, and so there is no danger of their being spoiled. Remember always to buy red, not white wheat, for the latter is very apt to cause diarrhea.

Cleanliness is even more imperative in the pigeon house than in the henhouse. Never neglect to scald out the earthenware nest and whitewash the compartment it stands in, every time squabs are removed for market, for it is only by such rigid system that the place can be kept in sanitary condition. Pigeons must have shell, salt and charcoal to be healthy, so there should be a self-feeder with three compartments in each house. When ordering, specify that the oyster shell is for pigeons, as it is to be broken up smaller than for the hens. The rock salt and charcoal should be ground to about the size of rice. During the heavy breeding season we crush most of the grain, and always peas, for when the parent birds are rushed for time between their two nests, they are very liable to pick up whole grain and feed it to the young birds before they are able to digest it. Before we discovered this carelessness, we often found a dead squab in the nest. The feed boxes can be kept filled up, as pigeons never overeat, and must have access to food at all times when they have young ones to feed.

If you start with a few pairs of birds, the best way to increase the number is to sell the squabs and use the money to buy mature birds, for it takes two pigeons six months to reach maturity, and it is necessary to have two extra houses in which to keep the growing birds, as they should not be allowed to remain in the regular brood pen. If, however, you have specially mated birds and desire to raise their progeny, you must watch the nests, and as soon as the young ones get out on the floor (the old ones generally push them out when the eggs in the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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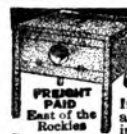
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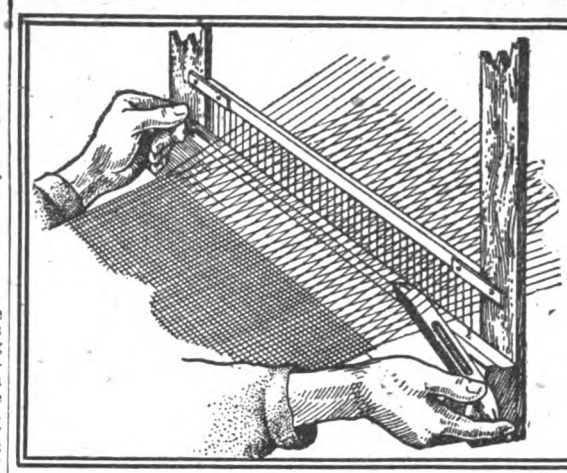
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RUGS

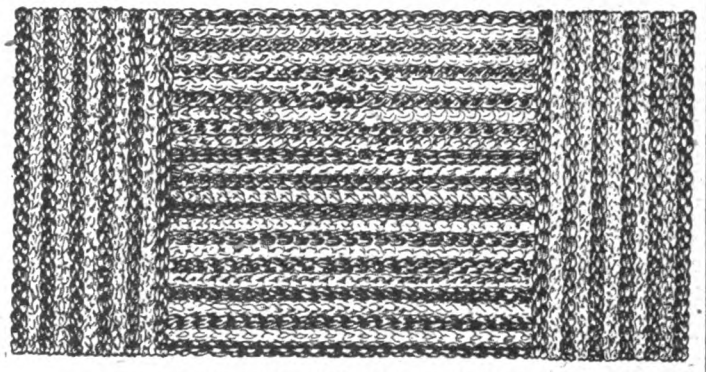
MADE FROM WORN CARPETS AND CAST OFF CLOTHING

By Caroline Ellis

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RUGS made from used and made-over materials have come into their own again in use and popular favor. The present values accorded all kinds of home-made floor coverings have caused the revival, in this age of advanced civilization of a primitive age practiced by all peoples from the most remote antiquity. These simple weaving processes which we find so beautifying and artistic were used, and are still used, by the savages, especially in the making of mats. And just as they still hold to the simple arrangement of fastening the warp between sticks driven into the ground, and in "darning" fashion worked the filling in and out by hand, so do we cling to the old-time hand-loom in making the home-made rag rug.

All through the ages there has been a tenacious holding on to hand processes. In point is one very recent example, when, during the great war, frames were introduced in some of the grade schools whereby mufflers could be made for the soldiers with greater accuracy and rapidity than with knitting needles. Who shall say that while these children were being taught patriotism by doing their "bit," that another equally important seed was not being sown from which ways of thrift and home making would spring? I saw a girl of ten years operating one of these frames and her delight and satisfaction would do credit to one of older years.



CROCHETED RUG OF "YARN" MADE FROM OLD STOCKINGS.

While we are essentially going to talk about things made at home, it is a boon to housewives that old clothing and worthless rugs and carpets can be "reclaimed" and made into floor coverings, instead of selling them as "rags" or in exchange for some commodity of small value, when every kind of textile has advanced in value until we "patch the patch."

Preparing Rug Materials

There is a tradition that Martha Washington carefully raveled her old silk dresses, reeled the thread into skeins, and dyed them, from which, with her own hands, she wove material for chair cushions. This is but an example in illustration of the value attached to the home-made furnishings. We could not, if we would, ravel the modern "silks," for they are so "weighted," adulterated, and "mercerized" that the old-time silk materials, probably the longest wearing fabric known, is practically a thing of the past.

Cotton strips to be woven should be torn, not cut, into lengths about one inch wide, this depending on the fineness of weave desired. No rule can be given for width of strips to be braided, as those of thin materials should be wider than heavy ones when used in the same braid.

The crocheted rug here illustrated was made from stocking legs. These were cut into strips about two thirds of an inch wide, by cutting lengthwise or round and round. The ends are sewed together by whipping back and forth. Over the edge of a table the strips are gently drawn back and forth so that the edges are evenly turned in, making a "yarn" which crochets or knits very prettily with a coarse hook or large needles. White stockings may be dyed to match furnishings of room. Old gauze or finely knit underwear can be worked in the same way, producing something of value from seemingly valueless material. The one shown was first made square and then ends were crocheted on.

If materials are to be dyed, it is very important that they be first thoroughly cleansed. Soft, and if possible, rain water should be used for cleansing, and this applies to dyeing as well. Many a dyeing process has failed simply because of some chemical impurity in the water used in mixing the dye. Prepared dyes are the safest for home use, and directions should be studied and carefully followed.

Some very handsome braids or stripes are made by dyeing plaids or checks, using a shade lighter than the darkest tone in the material. The popular hit-or-miss effect is still there, but the coloring has introduced a harmony that is well worth the labor of coloring.

We do not have to confine ourselves to floor coverings in utilizing our materials. Portieres, pillows, school bags, knitting bags and table covers are other articles that can be made from a few choice pieces. Old silk strips crochet or weave most effectively into table covers.

Saving at the Spigot and Wasting at the Bunghole

THERE is an economy that saves at the spigot and wastes at the bunghole. To practice economy in little things and forget it in the larger ones is no economy at all. To walk a mile in order to save five cents car fare may not be good policy, for the time may be worth many times the saving. It has been figured out that it does not pay a carpenter to stoop down to pick up a nail, for the time he wastes would buy two nails. You often see men and boys in the big city dashing in front of autos, dodging trolley cars and taking desperate chances with their lives to save a few moments' time, and then stop for ten or fifteen minutes to watch some gentleman in a window advertising a corn cure. Be consistent!

It never pays to buy something simply because it is cheap. If you do not need it, it is dear at any price. The woman who is eager for bargains and buys simply because she cannot resist the temptation to get a bargain has swindled herself. True value consists in getting the maximum return for the money spent.

Last summer a woman bought six baskets of peaches that were spotted, and thought she bought them cheap, and her economical soul was exultant; but when she found she had fewer cans than if she had bought sound fruit, and the scraps were useless for "peach butter," and in her anxiety to get them canned before they spoiled she worked herself sick and let the syrup boil until it crystallized, she realized that there are some bargains that are not bargains.

When a wave of economy strikes the household, the wife generally decides to save on the table, which is all very well, provided she knows how. But to buy cheap meats and stale vegetables may be the poorest sort of economy.

There are some cuts of beef as nourishing as porterhouse at one third less the cost; but to buy bone and gristle for beef is to deceive yourself. If the family eats no fat, buy lean cuts. Pork chops can be had with practically no fat or bone at all. These are the loin chops. Rump roast is all meat and no bone and goes a long way because there is no waste. In the matter of clothing costly economy can be practiced. Two pairs of two dollar shoes will not last half as long as one pair of four dollar ones. Gingham costs more than calico, but it wears longer and looks better. It costs just as much to make a dress of calico as of gingham and the only difference is the small saving in material cost, which is over-balanced by the short wear. A remnant is not cheap unless you can use it.

It may pay a woman to do her own laundry, but if she breaks her health it is costly washing. You can save money by doing without eating—at least cutting it down to stopping the craving for food. You can eat candy just before dinner and not want soup and meat; but that is saving money to hire a doctor. True economy does consist in doing without some things—needless luxuries, but not in doing without the necessities of life. There are many ways to save, but look out that in saving at the spigot you don't forget the bunghole.

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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

second nest hatch) they can fend for themselves, and should be removed to a nursery house, where all food must be cracked to the size of rice for several weeks. When one desires to build up size and good points, it is necessary to have two nursery houses, and so be in a position to select the best birds from different parentage to mate.

To illustrate: The nestlings from one side of the house should go into Nursery No. 1, nestlings from the other side into Nursery No. 2. Our nurseries are only seven by ten feet, so we never have more than twenty birds in each, and they can be taken within a few days of each other, in this way making very little difference in age when it comes to mating time. When the younger ones in the nurseries are between six and seven months old, we take a bird from each and put them into a mating cage, which is really a coop, four feet long, two and one half feet deep, and two feet high, which is fastened up in one corner of the feed house. The coop is divided into two compartments by a wire netting door. A bird is put into each compartment. If they are male and female, they will commence within a week or two to coo and talk to each other through the wire, at which time the compartment is fastened up to the top of the cage, and they are allowed to have the run of the coop for three or four days, after which they are put into a regular breeding house, where they will soon take possession of the nest. If, however, the birds chosen simply ignore each other after they are put into the mating cage, one of them is removed to another cage, and two more birds are taken from the nursery house and put into the two compartments. In this way we go through the nests until we have them all paired.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

E. E. S.—From the description you send I think the bird has bronchitis. Get some arsenite or antimony tablets, 1-1000 of a grain drug strength. Give four tablets between 7 A. M. and 5 P. M. each day until a cure is accomplished. Bronchitis is only an affection of the air tubes, so the other hens in the flock can safely be fattened and used for the table.

G. C. H.—There are so many good incubators on the market that it is quite impossible to single out the one that is best. Your best plan would be to find out what manufacturers have agents in your vicinity, so that you can look at the machines and select the one which appeals to you most.

A SUBSCRIBER.—Wheezing, and such symptoms of cold don't always mean roup. In an attack of roup, the eyes usually look watery, and the bird's body feels feverish to the touch. The mouth and nostrils show a deposit of mucous, and always there is the one unmistakable symptom belonging to true roup, which is the extremely disagreeable odor which can be noticed on the bird's breath. Open the beak of the sick birds, and examine their mouths and throats for a slimy looking discharge or a cheesy yellowish deposit, and then for the unmistakable odor of the breath. If that is not present, you may be sure that you have only a common cold, or, at worst, bronchitis, to fight. Please read answer to E. E. S. in this issue. If, however, the symptoms are those of roup, you must at once remove the sick birds from the rest of the flock, and keep them in a strict quarantine, for roup is very contagious, and will quickly spread through the flock unless you take drastic means to check its advance. After removing the sick birds, clean the chicken house, feed and water dishes, perches and nests, and use a strong disinfectant over all. Treat the sick birds as follows: Get ten cents' worth of permanganate of potassium from the drug store, dilute one teaspoonful of the flakes in a quart of water. For use, dilute a tablespoonful of the solution with two tablespoonfuls of water, then fill a small syringe and spray the birds' throats, nostrils and eyes three times a day. Following the syringe, use a wing feather. Strip it to within about an inch of the tip, then saturate it with the wash, and thoroughly swab out the bird's throat and mouth, which will answer almost as well as spraying.

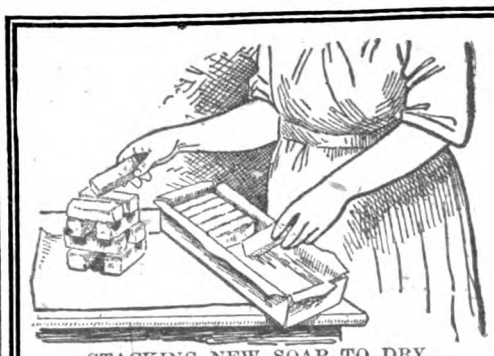
N. M. C.—Turkey eggs can be hatched in an incubator, but the babies should be given to an old turkey or a motherly hen to brood, as turkeys still retain enough of their old nature to depend on a mother to scratch and show them food; at least, I have found that they don't do well in a brooder unless one takes time to scatter a few grains of food in front of them about every half hour. Food left in a dish does not seem to attract them at all.

F. MacF.—I have no price list, and I cannot recommend breeders in this column.

R. O.—As you are a subscriber, you will have received the February number of COMFORT before this. The poultry department in that number dealt with ducks and geese, and will answer your question more fully than I could in this column.

E. C.—Any drug or hardware store that keeps thermometers would be able to get you a hygrometer, or you can write to the Rochester Optical Company, Rochester, N. Y. Refer to the poultry department in the January number of COMFORT. It will give you the relative amount of heat and moisture necessary at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



STACKING NEW SOAP TO DRY.

REVIVAL OF HOME SOAP-MAKING

—o—

By Ella Gardiner

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IN reply to my question, "Do you still make your own soap?" my neighbor expressed herself as follows: "Yes, but I make less, for I have learned how to clarify and deodorize more of my waste fats which makes them too valuable for cooking purposes to put into soap grease. However," she added, "we use soap now instead of wasting it as we did when I made so much." And to myself I said, "This is as it should be."

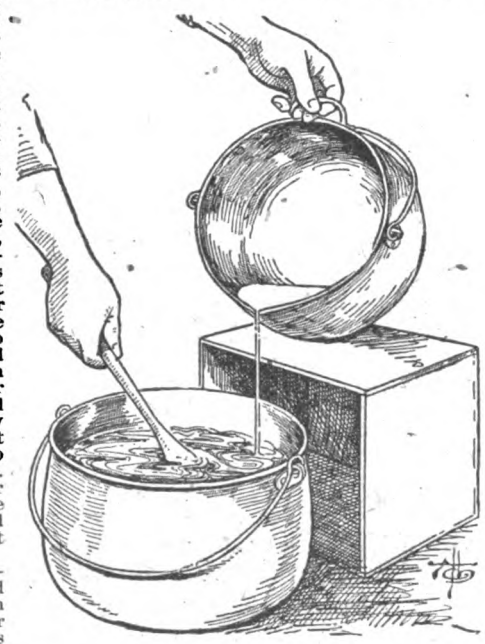
Soap making and soap saving is what we are going to talk about, but first let us touch on fat economy, which means a scrupulous avoidance of waste, not going without. As when we discuss every known commodity nowadays, we remark on the price, so will we say of fats, the price has put them in the class of luxuries, and the only way out is the road of economy.

When we refer to fats we mean cream, butter, butter substitutes, lard, fatty meats and fish, the vegetable oils, nuts, etc., and in the various processes of their use it is only through care that waste is prevented. After a greasy dinner, if one would take the pains to rinse each plate and the platters free from grease with a little clear hot water, save it and skim off the fat, they would be surprised at how far it would go toward a bar of soap. Children seldom care for fat meats and will leave them on their plate, and it is a waste to serve it to them.

We are told by scientists who have studied the effects of fat upon the body, that not over two and a half ounces of fat each day are necessary to health. It can be seen therefore that when milk and cream and good butter, a moderate amount of meat, cheese and meat are eaten, that it is a waste to use much fat in greasy frying, rich pastry, or adding too much fat to vegetables.

In greasing a griddle, use a piece of salt pork on the end of a fork instead of cooking the cakes in pools of fat.

Grease is wasted, and cake and biscuits often spoiled, by daubing the pans with too thick a coating.



STIRRING THE FAT INTO THE LYE.

Rendering and Clarifying Fats

Save all the trimmings, uncooked and cooked, and while fresh cut into very small pieces or put through food chopper. Add water to cover well and a little cooking soda. Slowly bring to a boil and cook until nearly all the water has evaporated. Strain through a wire sieve, add a sliced unpeeled raw potato, set into oven, and when the fat stops bubbling it is ready to strain and put into containers.

Use the same process for odd lots of grease. The cause of soap grease molding while it is being accumulated, for a "batch" of soap, is insufficient clarifying. In adding new fat to the savings, put the container into the oven and heat it all together. Mutton fat will make a superior quality of soap.

HARD SOAP, No. 2.—Dissolve one pound can of lye in one quart of cold water and let it cool. Stir occasionally with a smooth stick. Add in a fine stream six pounds of clarified melted fat, stirring continually. The fat must not be warm, and the best way to prepare it is by thoroughly melting and cooling to the point where it becomes "creamy," or semi-firm. Stir until thick and smooth and then pour into paper-lined boxes. Use waxed paper if convenient. Cut into bars before it becomes hard.

HARD SOAP, No. 2.—Dissolve one pound can of lye in one quart of cold water and let it stand until cool. Mix together two tablespoons of sugar, one teaspoon of salt and three tablespoons of borax, and then add one half cup of soft cold water and one quarter of a cup of ammonia. Stir this into the cool lye water, and then in a fine stream add five pounds of melted fat which is at the "creamy" consistency, stirring continually. Continue to stir until the whole mixture is thick and light colored. Line a box with dampened strips of cloth, pour in the soap, and when firm cut into bars.

SOFT SOAP.—Dissolve one pound of lye in three gallons of cold rain water, and when cool, slowly add four pounds of melted fat. Boil until the mixture becomes transparent and all the greasy appearance has disappeared. Add eleven gallons of boiling hot rain water, boil until thoroughly mixed, and set away to cool, when it should be the consistency of soft jelly.

TOILET SOAP.—Dissolve one pound can of lye in one quart of cold water and set to cool. Have ready five pounds of clear mutton tallow that is cold but not hard, and very slowly add it to the lye water, beating continually. Now while continuing the beating, add two tablespoons of ammonia, four ounces of glycerine, and a very little at a time, one half ounce of oil of lavender. When smooth and creamy, pour into papered boxes.

Oat Meal Soap from Soap Savings

Take bits of soap too small to use and shave fine. To one half cup of soap add one cup of boiling water, keeping it warm until dissolved. Into this mixture stir ground rolled oats, or oat meal, until it is the consistency of dough. Shape into round flat cakes and dry.

A pitcher of liquid soap from which a fine stream can be poured is a great saving of soap, as it does away, for hand-washing, with the frequent dipping of the cake into water, which so rapidly wastes it away. Liquid soap is simply made by melting soap in sufficient water so that when it cools it will be thin enough to pour in small quantities. Children take to this liquid soap very kindly. Try it.

Soap Paste for Grimy Hands

Make a mixture about the consistency of soft dough as follows: Melt soap in enough water so that it will be a soft jelly. To one cupful add one teaspoon of borax, two tablespoons of strong vinegar, three tablespoons of hot lard, and one tablespoon of fine pumice. Stir into this coarse corn meal. This is excellent for very soiled hands. It should be rubbed on while the hands are dry, and when the dirt seems to be removed, wash hands in warm soap and water.

Stains on the Table-Cloth

What to Do with Them

By Alice Lindsey Webb

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PROVOKING? Of course it is! It is always the best damask table-cloth that gets the candle grease on it, for it is used for the birthday party, or the banquet when the candelabra are used. It is always the best cloth that gets the grease from the big "company" platter, when Daddy gets excited in carving the fowl and it slips; and the best cloth gets the cocoa spilled by little folk who "can't help it 'cause it was *so* hot."

All these make stains that are stubborn to get out, but may be managed easily enough when one knows just the trick. The candle grease, for instance, may be taken out readily by two methods. One may either put fresh white blotting paper above and beneath and press with a hot iron, which will melt the wax (and the blotting paper will take it up); or one may dissolve it slowly with gasolene or alcohol.

Blotting paper may be used for other kinds of grease than the candle wax, or the spot may be washed in *cold* water and soap, or powdered with French chalk (convenient if the cloth is otherwise perfectly fresh), and that will absorb the grease slowly.

Cocoa or chocolate stains should be washed first in cold water, and then boiling water poured through.

For coffee or tea stains, the boiling water should be poured through—the sooner the better. Many times a drop of medicine will make a bad stain. Alcohol or chloroform will dissolve most of these. The latter will remove iodine stains.

Wine stains may be treated as coffee stains, pouring boiling water through. If they do not yield, salt may be put on, more hot water poured through and the cloth laid in the sunshine. If the stain is made by a yellow wine instead of red, however, the cloth should be washed in cold water first, then with warm water and soap. If one happens to have on hand a solution of oxalic acid, one may put that on and hold the spot over a bowl of steaming hot water, then rinse at once in ammonia and afterward in clear water. Remember that oxalic acid is poison and keep it out of reach of children and where it will do no harm.

Often ink stains may be taken out in this same way. (*Why* will some people always forget to spread a newspaper before writing with ink on the dining table?) As inks differ greatly in their composition, it is sometmes hard to tell just what is best to remove the spot. One way is to moisten with lemon juice, sprinkle with salt, and hold over the bowl of hot water, then treat as in the case of the yellow wine.

Spring and summer usually bring fruit stains onto the table; yes, and in fall and winter there are the juices of canned fruits to stain. Alcohol will dissolve many of these. If they do not come out at once, boiling water should be poured through; or a little salts of lemon may be put on, hot water poured through, and the place rinsed first in ammonia and then clear water.

It is well, also, to know how to deal with mildew. A paste should be made of chalk, salt, soap and water, applied to the place, and the cloth left in the sunshine or on the green grass a while. Sometimes alcohol is effective with stubborn cases.

Scorch (oh! that careless laundress!) may occasionally be removed by merely leaving the cloth in the bright sun. If it doesn't come out then, it should be dipped in soapsuds, made good and strong, and put out in the sun again.



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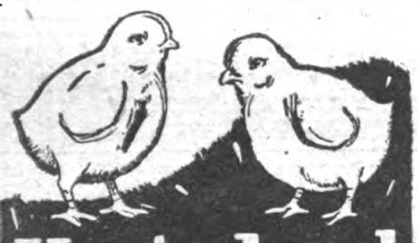
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A GOOD FLORIDA (17c) LUNCHEON

Along about Christmas time a little town in Florida held a Farmers' Rally, and the Clubwomen were able to give the 500 persons in attendance a splendid Noon-luncheon, according to press reports—for 17 cents per plate. Most of the articles appearing on the Menu were *home-grown*.

The High-Cost-of-Living today is bearing down most heavily on salaried folks—office managers, clerks, professional men, and others of that class. According to Bradstreet's, living costs stood last December at 131 per cent above pre-war level. Profiteering, extravagance and inflation of the currency all have their effect, but the real, fundamental, underlying cause of our troubles is UNDER-PRODUCTION.

Florida growers, however, need worry but little about their own living costs, when you consider the big prices they receive for luxuries shipped north in mid-winter. The Christmas strawberries brought them from 90c to $1.00 and as high as $1.46 per quart, after shipping and selling expenses were paid. In December Green String Beans brought close to $6.00 per hamper in New York. Tomatoes shipped to Northern markets brought $2.75 to $4.00 per crate, and Peppers $3.25.

The Leesburg Commercial states: "We visited a twelve-acre farm Saturday—ten acres in fruit and the crop sold on the trees this season for $10,000 cash. Cost of production was $1,100, leaving $8,900 for interest on the investment—nearly 18 per cent on a value of $5,000 per acre."

These are not "Pipe Dreams"; they are **Florida Facts.** Grove land that is at present in an uncultivated state will not last forever in Florida—note the lesson of California. I own and am offering for sale in Orange County some of the finest orange and trucking lands in the state.

Truck gardeners near Orlando cleared as high as $1,500 an acre from head lettuce last year. We have copies of their signed testimonial letters in our book. Many of these truck gardeners are Northern men and they know our summer climate is cool and more pleasant than in Northern states.

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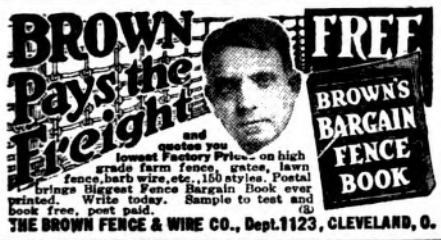
(NOTE: Mr. Wilson is Treasurer and principal owner of the Produce Reporter Company, Chicago, publishers of the "Blue Book," which is to the Fruit and Produce Trade what Dun's and Bradstreet are in other commercial fields.)

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Plan Your Garden Now

DON'T wait until planting time comes but plan your garden now. These long winter evenings are fine for planning. Study your seed catalogs and consult your farm papers for suggestions as to what to plant. Then sit down and draw a plan of your garden. Put your early vegetables where they will be handy to the kitchen so that the housewife can run out and get them easily and quickly. Line your potatoes and sweet corn up with your field crops so that you can cultivate with a horse. Don't ask the wife to use the hose for a job that can be better and much more quickly done with a horse.

Order Your Seeds Early

Don't wait until the rush of spring ordering to send for seeds and then complain because they are late in arrival. Order now before the seed houses are "swamped" with the spring rush and have your seeds on hand ready to plant as soon as the proper time comes and the ground and the weather are fit.

Try a Few Novelties

Don't be carried away with extravagant claims of advertisers—but, on the other hand, don't be afraid to try a few novelties each year. But remember when you buy novelties that you are taking a chance, and then if they fail, don't "kick." Often you will be greatly surprised and pleased with such an experiment. For your regular crop, however, stick to standard and well-known varieties.

Send for Bulletins and Catalogs Now

Are you going to try a new crop this year? Then send to your State Experiment Station for a bulletin on this crop and read up on it. This information is just what you need for success.

Search the advertising pages of farm papers for reliable seed house advertisements and send for their catalogs *now* so that you can order your seeds early. The main thing to remember is to "Plan your garden now." The rest will follow naturally.

Don't Buy Cheap Seeds

It doesn't pay to plant poor seed. A poor stand means a loss of the crop or a replanting. Cheap seeds mean a poor stand. Why?

It is often possible to buy seeds at a "penny a packet." What are these seeds? Invariably they are either old seeds, poor seeds or so small packets as to be scarcely worth while. Bargain-counter seeds are the poorest investment the farmer or gardener can make. Upon the seed depends completely the future crop. The farmer or gardener can't afford to risk his crop, which represents his season's work and is his usual source of income in poor seed. Buy proven seeds of reliable dealers.

Be wary, also, of the seed peddler. Whom does he represent? What guaranty have you of the reliability of the seeds he offers? Peddling is an expensive way of distributing seeds, and the peddler has to make a large profit to cover cost of doing business in this way.

Don't Plant Inferior Seed

"With all kinds of seed as high as they are, the use of inferior seed is a most expensive form of carelessness. Careful testing of practically all kinds of seed has long been urged by the United States Department of Agriculture, and special stress is being placed on it, now that prices are so unusually high. In the matter of clover seed, for instance, attention is called to the fact that comparatively cheap seed may be actually higher than those that cost more money, because of low germination. The department, at various times, has issued advice in bulletins and other forms of the best methods of testing seeds. This information may be had free on application."—*U. S. Department of Agriculture.*

Why Eat Vegetables

Vegetables should form a part of the daily diet if we wish to keep our bodies well nourished. All vegetables contain many valuable elements essential to growth of muscles, bones, blood, and also serve as fuel to keep the body warm.

The farmer when he is planning his garden must remember that it is not only a means of varying the monotony of the daily diet but is a great factor in keeping the family *well* and making the doctor's visits fewer.

Knowing this, it is very foolish to skimp on the variety of vegetables raised, or the necessary amount to serve plenty in the summer and also have a goodly surplus canned for the winter. Laying aside the fact of the economy of serving vegetables, the great reason which should never be forgotten is, if we wish to keep well, we must eat vegetables.

The Body Needs Vegetables

The blood requires a great deal of iron. Without it, we become pale, listless, and such a state, if allowed to continue, is dangerous. Of course, the doctor may administer iron to try and correct such a condition but the wise person by eating plenty of vegetables such as spinach, lettuce, beans, peas, carrots, corn, potatoes and turnips, not only is giving iron to the blood but is supplying other such needed essentials to body building.

Beans, peas and lentils are great muscle builders. Potatoes, beets, melons, sweet corn, carrots, or any vegetables with sugar in them, serve as fuel for the body and help warm it.

Bulk Necessary in Diet

Again, we need bulk in our diet. If we eat too concentrated a food, such as meat or cheese, we only aggravate that most prevalent condition, constipation, which is so fatal to the good health of the body. Among the vegetables that supply bulk and act as laxatives are asparagus, greens, cabbage, cauliflower, celery, onions, lettuce and cucumbers.

Use Milk with Vegetables

A wise way to cook vegetables, when no meat is served, is to use plenty of butter and milk; don't skimp on milk or butter when cooking vegetables as it surely is poor economy. Many times, children do not like vegetables because the housewife does not take proper care in preparing them. Some children dislike tomatoes cooked as a vegetable but made into a cream soup with milk and butter are very fond of it.

Carrots and peas cooked together with a white sauce are relished by many who would not eat the carrots alone. The wise housewife will tempt the appetite by taking particular care in preparing vegetable dishes, and train the children to eat them by trying different ways of serving.

Train Children to Eat Vegetables

There is no reason why a person, young or old, should dislike any particular vegetable. Many times we find it a foolish prejudice, and with children the mother should try to overcome this by especial care in cooking.

A great many grown-ups eat too much meat, cheese or other highly concentrated foods, thus laying the foundation for all kinds of bodily ills. It is easy for children to imitate their elders, and unless we are careful, sugar, meat and starchy foods will play havoc with the best bodily development of our boys and girls.

Another thing—don't cook vegetables in too much water, and don't throw away any vegetable water that can be used for soup, because the water contains the soluble food portions of the vegetable and should be saved.

Ask the doctor what he thinks of the part the garden should have in your diet. You may learn a lot of valuable things you have not thought of.

Stop Wasting Straw

It seems almost criminal to touch a match to a straw pile and so get it out of the way as quickly as possible. "Wilful waste brings woeful want," is an old saying but a good one, and while a farmer will not ruin himself and family by the poor policy of burning straw, he might thrive better by putting it to good use.

Spreading Straw

When the straw is merely blown into a field at threshing time as too cheap stuff to bale and not needed for stock bedding or feeding, it rots fairly well in districts where there is plenty of rain. Under these conditions it may be handled by a manure spreader and put on the sod that is to be plowed for corn. Loose, dry straw, however, has to be spread by means of a special machine and it has been found profitable to own and use such a straw spreader on large grain farms. Care must be taken, however, not to use diseased straw as a mulch on an autumn or spring sown grain crop. For instance, it would be dangerous to spread straw that is affected with anthracnose disease upon a growing wheat crop; nor do we favor spreading rusty straw where any grain crop is to be grown. It is better to plow under straw to loosen or open heavy clay soils, bind those that are sandy and at the same time add needed humus.

Baling Surplus Straw

On farms where straw is plentiful and not all needed for bedding and feed, it should be baled and sold on the market, provided plenty of animals are kept to make manure and so keep up fertility. Baled straw has been selling for as high prices as did hay a few years ago, and, costing but four or five dollars a ton to bale, should prove profitable when the market price is double those amounts. Better than selling it baled, however, is to store the bales—which occupy comparatively small space in the barn. Thus saved and stored, the straw is available in small quantities as needed for bedding and may come in most handy when a subsequent grain crop falls short in straw production. Baled straw keeps well, but would soon rot if left in the rough, loose pile so common on some farms.

Straw as Feed

Bright, clean, sound oat straw is excellent feed for cattle and horses. In Great Britain it forms the bulk of the roughage for the wintering of idle animals and growing stock. It is fed in conjunction with purple top Swedish turnips or rutabagas and mangolds with the addition of some cottonseed or linseed cake to give the necessary protein to balance the ration. Animals so fed maintain fine, sappy condition and grow well. We might follow this example where roots are available, or straw may be fed along with corn silage, as succulence, and bran, or ground grain and oilmeal or cake to balance the feed. Barley and bearded wheat straw are not well suited for feeding. The beards injure fleeces if sheep are allowed access to the straw stacks and cattle and horses are also injured to a certain extent by the beards lacerating or lodging in the mucous membranes of the mouth and in the tongue. Barley beards are commonly blamed for carrying into the tissues the spores of the actinomyces or ray fungus which causes wooden tongue and lump jaw. Wheat and rye straw are best for bedding purposes. Oat straw is rather chaffy and dusty for that purpose. Barley in the immature state is cut and made into hay for feeding purposes in the Pacific coast states and is valuable for that purpose. Straw is also useful as a mulch for strawberry beds and small fruits and is utilized to some extent to prevent sandy soils from blowing.

Oat straw never should be fed for any length of time as the exclusive roughage feed for horses. Experience shows that it disagrees with the horses in time and leads to many ailments and losses that are blamed to some other disease. Beware, too, of hay made from ripe millet, as it causes hock lameness in horses, unless made but a small part of the rations along with sound hay, straw and corn stover.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

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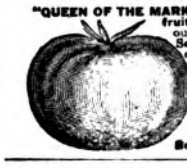
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Six Aids to Beauty

By Madame Maree

Simple Methods, that Never Fail. Wonderful Results Noted in a Few Days, When These Helps Are Used for Complexion or Hair.

A Lily Skin in a Few Days

THERE is but one thing you need to beautify your skin and bring it to a condition of incomparable loveliness in a short time. This has been used by thousands of women with extraordinary success. By the use of this you will soon find that all red spots, freckles, all muddiness and sallowness will have disappeared completely, leaving the skin pure and clear as a lily. You cannot get this result except by mixing yourself at home, in a very few moments, one ounce of zintone with a little glycerine and hot water. The zintone costs fifty cents at the drug store. This makes a remarkable cream, which, when used liberally, will not fail to give you the results.

Hair Stops Falling, and Grows

You can easily prevent hair from falling, and you can make it grow thick and luxuriant by a very simple method, which is far superior in results to that of any so-called hair tonic you can buy. You will notice the difference in your hair in a very few days, and it will take on a vigorous lustre besides, and thin spots will at once begin to fill with new hair. This is done by simply adding one ounce of beta-quinol to a half pint of water and a half pint of bay rum. If you prefer you may use a full pint of witchhazel instead of the water and bay rum. The beta-quinol may be procured for fifty cents at any drug store. Try this and you will no longer find handfuls of hair coming out on your comb and brush, and your hair will be the envy of all your friends.

A Sure Way to Remove Wrinkles

It is really inspiring to know that removing wrinkles now depends almost entirely upon yourself. Just a few minutes' trouble at the start, and more than half the battle is over. It will take but a few moments for you to make a mixture of two ounces of eptol, a little water and glycerine. The eptol can be obtained from your druggist for fifty cents. This cream produces startling changes in the skin in a short time. It renders the skin plump and youthful, very girlish, and the result is that wrinkles fill out and disappear. It will make you look many years younger if you will only use it faithfully.

Secret about Washing Hair

Every scalp has constantly forming on it a thin, invisible film of fatty accumulations which soap cannot remove, not even with hard rubbing. The one way to remove this film, and let your hair breathe is to dissolve it. This is done by the use of a teaspoonful of eggol dissolved in a half cup of hot water, and used as a shampoo and headwash. This unseals the pores, and it will surprise you what a tremendous difference it produces in the appearance and growth of the hair. There is no more luxurious head-wash possible, and it is, besides, very economical. In a twenty-five cent package of eggol, which can be secured at any drug store, there is enough to supply you with over a dozen of these shampoos.

To Remove Superfluous Hair

There is a very remarkable way to remove superfluous hair. This is becoming exceedingly popular, because it is as easy and pleasing to use as a face lotion, and dissolves away the hair instead of burning it off as many other depilatories do. Simply moisten the hairs with a little sulfo solution. The hairs begin to shrivel. You can see them dissolve, and then with just a swish of the finger, all the hairs can be rubbed off clear and clean. It leaves the skin thoroughly free from all superfluous hairs, not leaving even a suggestion that you had any superfluous hairs at all. It is glorious. Every woman should have some sulfo solution on her dresser. It will cost one dollar at any drug store, and will last for a considerable time.

Blackheads Go in a Few Minutes

It is only a question of a few moments to get rid of blackheads. The only thing that will do this is neroxin. You sprinkle a little neroxin on a wet cloth or sponge and rub the blackheads with this for a few moments. Looking in your mirror, you will find the blackheads gone. This is a very remarkable article, and you need no longer use tonics, face-steaming, and pinching, and other useless methods for many months at a time. For fifty cents you can get the neroxin from your druggist.

NOTE—The articles mentioned herein have come into such demand because of their effectiveness that you can obtain them at any drug store. But if your druggist cannot supply you, arrangements have been made to send any of these articles by mail, charges paid, on receipt of price, by addressing "Secretary to Madam Maree, 584 Thompson Building, Chicago.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

BRUNETTE, Ark.—I may be old-fashioned and narrow-minded, but it doesn't seem right to me to go to dances Sunday evenings. If you don't go to church or prayer meeting on Sunday, you can, at least, refrain from dancing, though I don't object to it in moderation and under right conditions at other times.

UNDECIDED SWEETHEART, Garden, W. Va.—We do not think that any girl of seventeen does the best or happiest thing by "running off" to be married. In your case you seem not to have considered that in West Virginia the law demands that a girl be 21 years of age if she wishes to marry without her parents' consent. So that legal obstacle puts a decision to the question of "running off." On the other hand, if your parents have no objection to the young man, we do not think it is just that they should insist that you must wait until you are twenty before the ceremony takes place—particularly when your fiance is now 25 years of age and has the likelihood of making as good a husband as you describe. Cannot both of you talking together persuade your parents to consent to a compromise? Tell them that your schooling is finished and that you have already been engaged for several months, and that to wait over two years seems unnecessary and cruel to you both. Perhaps you can get them to agree to let the wedding take place on your nineteenth birthday—which would be the day we advise choosing. This would be a fair and pleasant solution of the difficulty—and would make no such work for the sheriff as would your plan of elopement.

R. R. S., Green Forest, Ark.—In entering a theater, it would be supposed that the gentleman had the tickets, which would require him to be ahead. After he has given the tickets or checks to an usher, it is best that the lady follow the usher down the aisle with the gentleman coming last.

B. A. M., Atwood, Kans.—Even if it is Leap Year, a girl does not give her fiance an engagement ring, and it is the man who must present this expensive circlet.

ANXIOUS LUCY, Ray, N. D.—Most assuredly, no "school marm" should keep a nineteen-year-old youth up until four o'clock in the morning. But perhaps he kept himself up until this late-early hour and "teacher" was not to blame. But either way it is wrong—according to etiquette, health, morals and gossip-loving neighbors. (2) Yes, a girl may ask her "beau" to escort her home, even though she has other opportunities of return and protection.

J. D., Salem, Ind.—We do not think you can justly demand your fiancee remaining away from entertainments which circumstances prevent your attending. You can, however, ask and expect that she will not at these entertainments receive or return any marked attentions from other young men. This is a matter which should easily arrange itself between you both, according to your fiancee's good judgment and her pre-supposed fondness for you. (2) A girl must have reached the age of 18 in your State, if she wishes to marry without her parents' consent—which is a most foolish and unhappy thing to do.

BROWN EYES, England, Ark.—There is always a possibility of a letter being unreceived—particularly when you are writing to a young man in the service. Why not write again and put a return address on the letter? You should not let any foolish fondness for this soldier cause you to "not learn anything" at school. Schools were made for a better purpose and use. And now you see your parents were right, too.

DOROTHY PLEASE.—No, it is not "proper nor polite" to let a boy kiss you when you are fifteen—or when you are sixteen, seventeen or eighteen! And so, of course, there would be no question of thanking him and kissing him back—even if any girl was foolish enough to think this was the polite thing to do.

BETRIX, Dugspur, Va.—It is courteous and correct for you to thank anyone who congratulates you upon your marriage. But you need not express this thanks in formal words. Say, for instance: "It's kind of you to give me such good wishes!"

G. J., Danville, Wash.—When a man winks at a girl with "his right eye and also with his left eye," it means that he is waiting for some one to teach him better manners. This has been done upon occasion with a fist and sometimes with a club. (2) If a girl has need of waiting for some one at a hotel, she should seat herself in some parlor or room reserved for ladies. She should not remain in any room where a "bunch" of men congregate.

G. G., Middletown, O.—If this boy does not answer your card, it is probable that he has ceased to care for you and we do not see that you can expect to win him back. You are wise in saying that no one should "marry for a home", but the fact that you are an orphan of twenty years of age alters the rule somewhat. Marrying without love is dangerous, but if this other man cares deeply for you and you respect and appreciate him, there would be a good chance for your happiness. But marriage is a serious matter, and your chances of wedded joy are all the greater because you know this and are considering the matter carefully before you go to the altar.

WHITE HEAD, Lexington, Ala.—We think it strange that any girl you had never met should write to you and ask you to call. It would not be necessary for you to notice such a letter unless you wish, and if, as you say, you "love another"—why, we advise you to go on with your present love and leave the new letter-writing girl to send invitations to some other Lexington boy.

BROWN EYES, Viewfield, S. Dak.—Plates should be turned up, not down, when setting a table. The knife is placed at the right-hand side of the plate and the fork and spoon at the left.

NEW FRIEND, Ferrum, Va.—We cannot tell from your letter why it is you "have no sweethearts," but we are going to assure you that this is exactly the right sort of deprivation for a schoolgirl of fifteen. You will have no foolish "love affairs" to keep your mind from your books, and you will have time enough for "sweethearts" three or four years from now when you will have finished your education. (2) A boy is introduced or presented *to* a girl. A simple mentioning of names would suffice—giving the girl's name first place, or you may say, more formally: "Miss Blank, I want to present Mr. Dash."

MOHAWK, Wheelock, N. D.—We cannot imagine why a boy weighing 164 pounds would want to wear "skin-tight trousers." We have not heard of this being the mode at present and we believe the use of such nether garments would be uncomfortable and rather damaging to decorum when worn at a dance. (2) You are old enough to "pay attention to girls," but we think that one or two dances a week should be all that you had best attend. And do not let such dances keep you up until after midnight. You say wisely that you are "a boy,"—and boys need plenty of sleep.

BLUE BELL, Spencer, W. Va.—A girl should not write to a boy whom she has never met—no matter how "nice" letters he writes, and neither should a girl let a boy kiss her before she is engaged to him, or let him take her home from church with his arm around her. The right kind of a boy will respect you all the more if you refuse to grant him such liberties.

FRIEND, Wellston, Ga.—It would be permissible for you to kiss a young man good by when you considered him as your fiance. If you had once gone so far as to plan such a foolish and wrong thing as "running away" with this young man, we are not surprised that he was angry when you refused to kiss him farewell when he was returning to his ship. (2) We advise you not to think of marrying any man you do not love—even though he has money enough to make him attractive as a match. Married life is a long and sometimes difficult companionship which needs love to make the wheels run smoothly in the daily grind.

BROWN EYES, Tallulah Falls, Ga.—If you are in love with a young man who talks so much that other girls do not like him, we do not see why you need particularly object to his loquacity when it operates to leave him more free for your affection. If he has no worse fault than this you are lucky. (2) A boy should escort home the same girl he takes to any entertainment. As for boys who flirt, we can only tell you what one COMFORT reader wrote to this department: "Boys are good to look at, but not to be trusted!" And this girl claimed to have had experience to prove the assertion.

Gray Hair Banished

Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye or stain. Cures dandruff in 2 applications, stops falling hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. Pay nothing if it fails. Write Hygienic Laboratories, 68 West Washington St., Dept. 353, Chicago, for free book and positive proof.—Advertisement.



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If Mixed with Sulphur It Darkens so Naturally Nobody can Tell.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

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Cuticura Soap
Ideal for the
Complexion

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 and 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

Pretty Girl's Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

for breakfast, for all I know, or pancakes and syrup. You can't upset the plans of a family, of course, but you can eat more of the things that are good for you than of those which are not. Drink milk whenever you can get it, and if you have to eat hot bread, then hot corn bread is probably best. Baked potatoes are especially good for you; fried potatoes are not good for you. Fried ham isn't fattening, but chicken or fish or steak or a chop are strengthening, and should be broiled or roasted, not fried. However, if your family cook meals a different way, don't worry about it. Just chew each mouthful of whatever you have until it is liquid before you swallow it; don't drink tea or coffee, but drink plenty of water between your meals; eat fresh fruit whenever you can get it. Now about the bashfulness, that comes from not being with other girls right along and therefore not having the same things to talk about. Don't you go to school? And can't you be chummy at school? I'd try to be. And when they come out to see you, try to think up some games to play before they come, and then propose one. If you get started, it will all be easier. You will get over being bashful as you grow older. The only cure for bashfulness is to think about other people instead of about one's self, and until one is older that is a little hard to do sometimes. About the other problem which makes you somewhat unhappy, try to do just exactly what you are asked to do as rapidly and pleasantly as possible, without objecting or fussing. This will make things easier, and when you are a little older, you will probably be the one who decides things. Keep your mind happy and good natured, and sweet as can be, because all that has an effect on your health. Think only good, sweet, clean thoughts and do good, sweet, clean things, and you will help your whole body. I shall consider you one of my own special girls, doing every day that which will make you a fine woman, and none of the things which keep you from being one. And I am sure I shall be proud of you. About the hair under the arms, see my answer to "Blue Eyes" in the last issue. It won't take the hair away permanently, but it will stay away for a while. It isn't worth while thinking too much about such things for a good long time to come. Do you get a chance to read good books? I should read all I could if I were you—books like "Little Women," by Louisa Alcott, or any other of Miss Alcott's books, or "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," or "Anne of Green Gables." You did not give the name of the town you live near; is there any library there, where you could get books once in a while? One makes such good friends in books!

MONTANA.—Another one of my younger girls. Well, you have quite a bunch of questions. I'll start right in by saying you are all right as to weight, for your age. Your skin will whiten out and your eyes clear up as you get through the "growing-up" stage. Your lips and gums are pale because your circulation is not very good, I imagine. See that you eat lots of good food, and chew it thoroughly, and that you get plenty of fresh air and sleep. As your blood is made richer by food, your lips and gums will get redder. You just simply have to make blood for them. Don't worry about it but live just as sensibly as you can and make just as much good rich blood as you can by eating sensible foods and plenty of them. See what I said above to "Worried Girl." Your enlarged neck is probably from your circulation, too. Don't worry about it, but just wait. It will disappear, I am sure, a little later. I have known several girls who had the same experience. If your hair is oily, be sure to shampoo it regularly, once in two weeks. Never mind the sunburn on it, but brush it regularly, and take care of it. It will be all right later. About the nails, trim them to follow the shape of the ends of the fingers. Do not clean them with a steel instrument of any kind. Buy an orange-wood stick and use that, always soaking the nails for a few minutes beforehand in soapy warm water. Buy also a steel nail file and use that to file the ends of the nails to the right shape—it is better than using scissors. As to the knuckles, they will not look so large when you add a little more flesh to the hands, and, in the meantime, keep the hands in good condition. I should think you might wear light or dark blue, yellow, rose, and probably brown very well indeed, as well as white. White is always pretty on young people. About your nose, I can't do anything, my dear, but I doubt its being ugly. There are all kinds of noses in the world, and not many of them are really ugly if they are on smiling faces. Keep your facial skin clean and smooth and your hair well shampooed and brushed (never use water on your brush or water on your hair between shampoos), and your nose won't matter in the least. Blackheads are pores filled with dust. See what I said to "Georgia," and follow that advice. About hats, you should judge of that yourself when trying them on. If your face is broad, as you say, probably a rather broad brim would be more becoming to you than a narrow brim. As to your hair, you are not at all too old to braid it. Tell your friends that fashionable mothers braid their daughters' hair until they are seventeen or eighteen, often. If you want to "do it up," then part it in the middle, and also from ear to ear. You can roll the ends of the back hair either under or over and make a roll across the back of the neck close to the head; first, however, rolling each half of the front hair in a becoming way, and pinning the ends low on the back hair, covering the ends when you roll the back hair. Watch pictures you see in the magazines, and practice doing your hair as girls of your age wear it, using the picture as a guide. Now I'm sure I have answered everything except about the baths. The thing to be careful about is not to get chilled.

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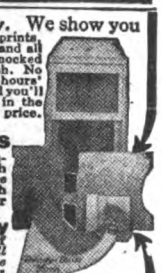
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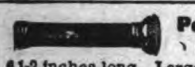
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Prisoners of the Storm

By Robert Wingate

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JESSICA sat cowering over the sheet-iron stove in the tiny living-room of the sod-house while the fiercest of December blizzards howled and raged across the prairie. She opened the front draft to encourage the smouldering fire; then rose and cast a timid glance through the little window at the desolation without. The air was filled with whirling and hissing flakes; the sky overhead was black; drifts were already piling high, and objects more than twenty feet away were lost to view.

Around the gables of the cabin the icy wind howled like a hungry beast. It was hardly two hours since the norther had swept across the valley; and already the forlorn little homestead was as a bark adrift on a vast and storm-tossed ocean. For minutes she gazed fascinated at the whirling drifts and vainly endeavored to make out any familiar landmark. Then with a shiver she seated herself again in the camp chair before the fire.

There came a thundering knock at the door. Jessica started up with a little cry of joy, and flung it open, admitting an arctic blast that swept before it myriads of stinging icy particles and threatened to lift the roof from its fastenings. But the storm wind was not the most terrifying intruder. Jessica's heart went cold in an instant, and she uttered a scream of fright. A tall man stood before her. Clad in a great fur coat and with shoulders deeply laden with snow, he looked as huge and as ruthless as the Great Bear of the Mountains of which, years ago, she had heard such terrifying tales. She started back toward the stove, and the man closed and hooked the door. He came forward as unsteadily as a drunken man, stood panting and gazing for a moment, then said breathlessly:

"You needn't be frightened. I don't aim to do you any harm. I was mighty lucky to locate your shack. If I hadn't, 'twould have been all up with me mighty soon."

"Were you lost in the storm?" Jessica managed to say.

"I surely was. I started to ride up to the ranch from Cartersville about noon. The norther struck me, and in ten minutes I lost my bearings entirely. My horse stumbled along just as long as he could; then he laid down in a drift and gave it up. Since then I have been plowing along anyhow. I never'd 'a made the ranch. I didn't see your shack till I almost bumped into it."

"Take off your coat and draw up to the fire," said Jessica, now partially recovered from her fright. "I——I was kind of expecting somebody else. That's why it scared me so when you came in."

"I see," said the stranger, slowly, and peering at her through the ice-fringe on his eyelashes. "Well, I hope the one you was expecting had better sense than I did, and stayed under cover. If not, he's liable to be under a drift by this time. This is a bad old day,—the worst I've ever seen in these parts."

By this time he had divested himself of his hat and coat and was seated in a camp chair by the stove with his half-frozen hands extended toward its grateful warmth. Jessica gasped with a new surprise.

"Why! you're Mr. Steele of the ranch, aren't you?"

"Yes, I'm Jeffrey Steele. I thought you knew me."

His handsome black eyes met hers, and told more plainly than words his admiration of her bright young face and rounded, maidenly figure. A new emotion swept over her that was compounded of surprise and fear and a strange, lawless joy.

"I've only seen you once, near to. And then you were on horseback."

A sudden gleam came into the ranchman's eyes.

"Yes, I come here to drive you and your sister out of the valley. And I would have to if it had been a man I had to deal with. My grazing permit covers everything between Bald Mountain and the West Fork; and so far we hadn't put up with any nesters. But now, just because I didn't drive you out, and you folks put up your cabin right here, I'm here by a good fire instead of frozen to death at the bottom of a drift."

Jessica made no reply, though her heart was pounding. For five minutes they listened to the roaring wind. The dim light of the storm-filled afternoon was rapidly fading; it was almost dark in the cabin.

"Where's your sister?" asked Steele suddenly.

"I guess—maybe—she's asleep," replied Jessica, faintly, with a glance toward the bedroom door.

The young rancher glanced at her keenly, but was silent for several minutes.

"Shall I put on more wood?" he said at length. "Have you got plenty?"

"Yes, we got plenty wood. I guess 'twon't be so we can't get into the shed after it. We got in two loads only last week."

The visitor crowded a huge chunk through the stove door and resumed his seat.

"Your sister is a mighty smart traveler," he said after gazing for a while through the little window at the inky sky.

"How do you mean?" questioned Jessica, nervously.

"When I was coming out of Cartersville, about noon," resumed the other, twisting his chair about and squarely facing his trembling auditor, "she was at Nichols' stable, trying to get a double rig to bring her up here with groceries and so on that she'd bought. Nichols was telling her that there was a blizzard coming sure, that she'd get caught in it if she made the attempt, and that she surely couldn't have any of his horses. I thought she was going to stop over at Mrs. Barton's. That's what Nichols was advising."

Jessica gazed at him wide-eyed. Twice or thrice she essayed in vain to speak. The little clock on the shelf behind her ticked loudly. The bright eyes of her visitor gazed into hers with an ominous steadiness. At last the words poured from her in a torrent:

"Mr. Steele, my sister isn't here. She started off this morning after supplies. There's nobody else in the house."

"Sho! I know," responded the ranchman, coolly. "You don't need to worry about her. They wouldn't ever let her start from Cartersville. Nichols has more sense than I have, I guess. They'll just keep her down there till the storm's over, tomorrow or next day, maybe. Then they'll fix up some kind of rig to get out here."

He rose and peered out again at the wild scene which was visible through the darkening window.

"It looks uncommon as if I wouldn't get out of here tonight."

Jessica joined him at the window. After a moment she half whispered:

"No, you mustn't try it. You'd be lost and frozen sure."

"That's right. That's just what would happen. But I guess there's no need. We're snug enough here, *I'll* say."

Jessica could not trust herself to reply. She was shivering violently as though the blizzard had penetrated the sod house and smothered the blaze in the little stove. After a moment she turned to light the oil lamp, and spoiled three matches before she succeeded. Steele resumed his chair. The night was fast closing in, and the storm showed no signs of abating. Through the long silences the wind howled eerily.

By the light of the lamp Jessica could see her visitor more clearly than at any time since his arrival, for the little room had been in semi-darkness all the afternoon. Now she fully realized something that had been vaguely in her mind ever since the brief and angry interview when Steele had ordered them out of the valley. He was the handsomest man she had ever seen. His coal-black hair was brushed straight back from a shapely forehead, and his profile was like what she remembered having seen in a statue somewhere. There was an almost military set to his broad shoulders. He was much younger than she had thought,—certainly not more than twenty-six or twenty-eight,—and his quick and nervous movements were those of an athlete.

She tried desperately to avoid the appearance of watching him and yet to read the thoughts that lurked behind those glowing, black eyes. Terrified and fascinated by turns, she recalled the tales of the young ranchman's lawless exploits,—driving homesteaders from the valley, bidding defiance to revenue men and deputy sheriffs and administering a swift and terrible justice on crooked gamblers and horse thieves.

As if half conscious of these furtive glances, Steele rose from his chair and began pacing nervously back and forth in the narrow confines of the room, his tall figure seeming to fill the place as that of a lion fills his cage.

Finally Jessica spoke, her voice sounding thin and far away:

"Perhaps you'd like to smoke. If you would, go ahead. I don't mind it."

Jeffrey stopped and stood in front of her.

"Well, then," he said, slowly drawing a pipe from an inner pocket. "I say now! You know my name; but I haven't ever heard yours."

He was bending forward eagerly, a strange smile on his dark countenance.

"Jessica," she replied, nervously, "Jessica Ballantyne."

"Jessica," he repeated, softly. "That's a pretty name,—just a good name for a girl as pretty as you, I'd say. I saw a play once where a girl named Jessica had a mighty pretty part. She had big, blue eyes, a good deal like yours."

His companion was breathing quickly, but made no reply. After a moment he went on ingratiatingly:

"And so you're out here trying to make a farm in the short-grass country. You don't find it 'specially easy, do you?"

"Not very," answered Jessica, looking ruefully at her scarred and calloused hands.

"That's so. Must be," mused the other, now seated in the camp chair and drawing meditatively at his pipe. "Well, maybe 'twon't be so bad, come spring. I gen'ly have two-three mules 'round that are not doin' much, and maybe a driver or so."

"Oh, if you mean you'll send 'em over to help work our land,—I don't b'lieve we could have them. My sister would never hear of it."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 41.)

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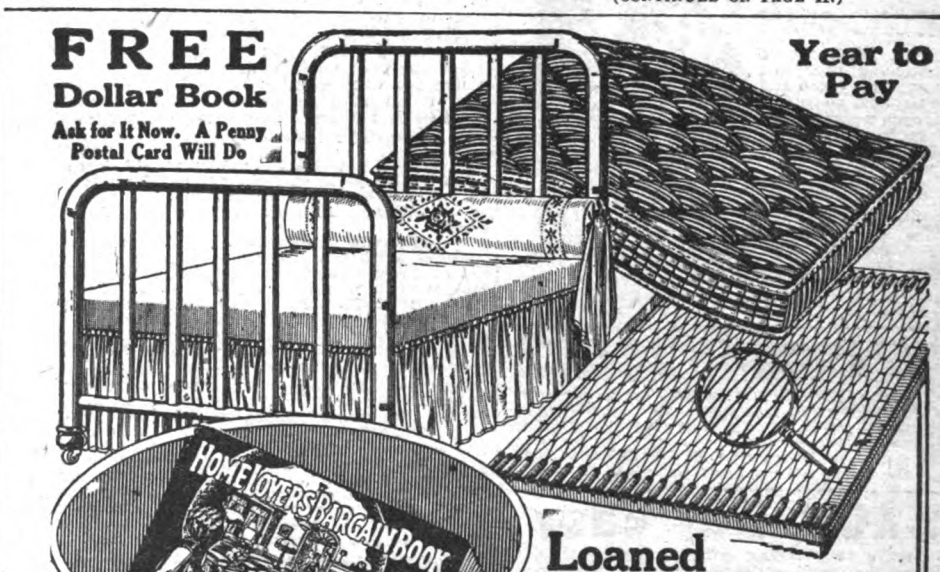
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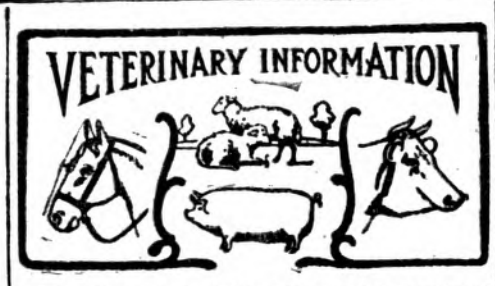


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No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Lame Cattle and Sheep

AT this time of the year cattle are most liable to become lame from what commonly is called "fouls" or "foul in the feet." The affected animals first show stiffness and disinclination to walk. Then it is seen that the ankle joints are swollen, hot and painful; or these symptoms may be confined to the hoof-heads. After a time, if treatment is not given, sores may appear between the toes, or about the heels. Then the animal may persist in lying down and is extremely lame when made to walk. Naturally, the milk flow now diminishes or shrinks to a negligible amount and the animal may also lose appetite and so fail to thrive if it has been upon a growing or fattening ration.

Try to prevent these foot lamenesses by keeping cattle out of yards or fields that are deep with slush, mud and manure. Cornstalks lodge between the toes or mud and manure collects and packs there, setting up irritation, lacerating the fine skin and then infects it with the filth germ *bacillus necrophorus.* Pus may now form and burrow and in the worst cases the hoof or a part of it may slough off. The chronic, eating or canker sores about the hoof-heads usually are due to the bacillus named, but in some instances ergot in rye, grain or straw or in ripe June grass or timothy is the cause and this poison may cause deep sloughs in a ring below the fetlock, or lead to loss of the hoofs, tail or horns. Sheep also suffer from foot-rot, the worst form of it being due to the *bacillus necrophorus.* Filth, wet, mud, slush and collections of dirt, manure, grit or pieces of cornstalks between the toes also cause more or less acute lameness which may be followed by true foot-rot. Prevention is most important.

Treat by removing the cause, cleansing the feet, cutting away all loose, rotten or under-run horn of sole or wall, then immersing the treated feet for two or three minutes in hot water containing two ounces of bluestone to the pint. Use a saturated solution in the worst cases. Then cover the sore parts with oakum saturated with a five per cent solution of coal tar disinfectant, bind it on with bandages criss-crossed between the toes and renew the dressing daily until doing well; then apply pine tar.

SPAVIN.—I bought a horse, 12 years old, last spring, which had a spavin on his right hind leg. It bothers him a great deal, when he has to make a hard pull, or when I make a long drive. Can an old spavin be cured? E. M.

A.—The only successful treatment for removal of lameness in such a place will be to have the spavin and entire hock joint fired and blistered by a qualified veterinarian and then tie the horse up short in a narrow stall for six weeks. The veterinarian may also deem it well to perform cunean tenotomy before firing. If you cannot employ a veterinarian, tie the horse up short and blister the joint and spavin three or four times at intervals of three weeks.

BLOAT.—Please tell me what was the matter with my cow. She was well at night. I milked her and fed her with sack of shucks, one half bushel of cotton-seed hulls and cotton-seed meal. Next morning she was dead and badly swollen. W. L. T.

A.—The feed no doubt killed the cow by causing bloat and suffocation. The amount of hulls and cotton-seed meal was excessive, especially if the cow was very hungry or unaccustomed to such feed. If seen in time, life possibly might have been saved by tapping the paunch with a trocar and canula.

SWEATING IN STABLE.—I have a seven-year-old mare weighing between 1600 and 1700 pounds. When standing in the barn at night she will sweat on her left side only, until the water drips off from her. What is the cause and remedy? She eats first and second cutting alfalfa and, ounce in a while, oats, and has fresh water to drink. I have been a subscriber for ten years. MRS. G. W.

A.—Indigestion is the usual cause of such sweating, but nerve derangement may be the cause when only a certain part is affected. Stop feeding alfalfa hay. Clip the hair from legs above knees and hocks and from her belly to a line with the straps of breast collar and breeching. Let her occupy a box stall when in the stable, but have her work or take outdoor exercise every day.

SORES.—I have a Jersey cow that has two sores just below the top of her head. They will nearly heal and then break out again. They have been there about seven months. I had her dehorned a year ago.

A.—Cleanse the sores thoroughly and then paint them twice daily with tincture of iodine. If they are not due to dehorning we suspect that ringworm is the cause and we are prescribing for that disease.

WIND GALLS.—What is the drug used to give a horse's hair a fine glossy appearance? (2) What will remove wind galls from a four-year-old horse's hind ankle? Is there a cure when galls have been hardened by blistering?

A.—Plenty of good feed, thorough grooming and blanketing are better than any drug for putting a polish on a horse's skin. Fowler's solution of arsenic also is useful. The average dose is a tablespoonful night and morning. (2) Wind galls are incurable when established. Bandaging a flat cork upon each puff may remove or lessen them temporarily.

AILING HORSE.—Please give me information about my mare. She has been sick three months, is well fed but it does not seem to do her any good. She is thin in flesh, weak and can hardly walk and when she goes up hill her heart beats fast as if she had been running. She licks the cows all over and won't eat salt. I have had a veterinarian but he didn't help her. She is five years old, and the hair in her tail and mane is coming out. B. C.

A.—If the veterinarian cannot determine what is wrong with the mare we cannot do so without making an examination, but on general principles we should advise you to feed her generously on crushed oats, wheat, bran, corn, carrots and best of hay. Better have her teeth put in order by the veterinarian. If she does not improve, give her half an ounce of Fowler's solution of arsenic night and morning in a little water, adding 30 drops of fluid extract of Nux Vomica Jamaica. Increase the nux a drop and repeat if any alarming symptoms appear. It is best to give such medicines under the directions of the veterinarian.

COLIC.—I bought a mare about a year ago and ever since I have had her she has had something similar to colic or it may be indigestion. I have tried many colic cures but don't get much satisfaction from them. Raw linseed oil seems to do her good. She lies down, stretches out as far as she can and then gets up and looks back to her stomach. She leans first on one foot then on the next. When worked steadily is not so bad, when not worked is worse. When she is over the colic she is so hungry she can't wait till she is fed. Please give me some advice. Mc. S. P.

A.—Never let the mare stand for a single day without walking or running outdoors for exercise. Stop all grain feed when she is idle, but allow bran roots and good hay. Allow free access to rock salt. Feed from a large box and add dry bran to the oats to make her chew thoroughly. If the oats pass whole in the feces, have her teeth put in order by a veterinarian. Give her a pint of raw linseed oil at a time of each attack and then put her on half rations. Keep the bowels active at all times.

WARTS.—I have a young cow. About four months ago, a lump came above her eye, which looked like a wart. It is still growing and now three or four smaller ones are coming around the edge of her eyelid. I would like to know what to do for her. F. D.

A.—Rub best castor oil or pure olive oil into the growths twice daily and if they are ordinary warts they may soon disappear. If they are cancerous, the knife should be used, followed by cauterization of the wounds. If a growth has a slim neck it will drop off after a time if tightly ligated with a fine cord or smaller rubber bands.

DROPSICAL SWELLING.—I have a milch cow that has a swelling under her chin and throat. It hangs in a roll and is soft. She looks thin. What is the trouble and what can I do? MRS. M. P.

A.—The swelling does not in itself constitute a disease, but is an indication or symptom of bloodlessness (anemia) due to some debilitating disease, or to starvation. Have the cow tested with tuberculin and if she does not prove to be tuberculous feed her generously on mixed meals and good hay.

THIN SHEEP.—I have a sheep and when I try to drive her home she will run back to a certain place in the creek and act as though she had dropped a lamb. I cannot see anything and there is no bog there. She won't eat hay or oats. P. B. R.

A.—In such cases the mouth should be examined for the cause of inability or disinclination to eat. Stoppage of the bowels or worms also, may cause such symptoms and we should consider the sheep too far gone to be worthwhile treating, so that it would be humane to put it out of its misery.

DEHORNING A SHEEP.—I have a ram that I want to dehorn. I am told it will kill him. I have read COMFORT over twenty years. L. D. F.

A.—It would be best not to dehorn the ram, but if it must be done it can be accomplished by means of a fine, clean meat saw. Afterward, bind oakum upon the wounds after applying pine tar. Renew the dressing at intervals of two or three days.

Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

different stages of incubation. The subject of incubation was pretty well covered in the January number, but as you say you have had no experience, perhaps the following hints will be helpful: Remember that the incubator must stand perfectly even. Nothing but the use of a carpenter's level can determine this point. Next, the machine must not stand under or near a window or door, or any opening which is likely to cause a draft. If the machine has been used before, thoroughly dust and disinfect it, no matter how well it was cleansed after last season's work. An accumulation of dust or a tiny cobweb in the heater may cause a lot of trouble and loss by causing the lamp to smoke. Be sure that the lamp is in perfect order; no dents or cracked edges on the burner; hinges and snap in good condition, and every part perfectly clean. Put in a new wick which exactly fits the slot, for if the wick is the slightest bit narrow, air will creep up the edges, and probably cause the flame to flicker or smoke: and if it is too wide, it won't turn up and down evenly. Light the lamp, and allow the machine to warm up for several hours. Leave the door of the machine open about half an inch, and the lamp burning, until all the moisture is dried out; then close up and allow the heat to reach 102 degrees, at which point regulate the automatic heat control according to the instructions sent out with the machine, and run it for a day or two before putting in the eggs, to assure yourself that the thermostat is working properly, and that the tin disk over the heat escape closes down evenly when the lamp is removed for filling, and that it rises to the correct heat after the lamp is replaced. It is well to test the efficiency of the different parts which constitute the automatic control several times. After the machine has been running some hours with a moderate flame, the disk one sixteenth of an inch above the escape pipe, and the thermometer registering 102, open the door of the machine until the thermometer drops to 99; then close it. The disk should have shut down when the temperature went down, and if the thermostat and all the parts are working properly, the disk should again rise one sixteenth of an inch above the escape, and the thermometer again register 102 degrees within a few minutes after closing the door. Should the disk swing to one side, or fail to rise with the change of temperature, study the maker's directions very carefully, and try to decide what is wrong. If the book of instructions gives no directions for remedying such difficulties, examine the wire which attaches the disk to the regulating arm and to the disk itself. The slightest bend in the wire or kink in the disk is liable to cause the trouble, and must be carefully corrected. If neither wire nor disk are at fault, unscrew the connecting rod which runs through the machine and connects the thermostat with the regulating arm, draw it up three or four inches, and let it drop back. If it sticks, even in a slight degree, or fails to fall truly and evenly into place, it has got bent, and must be straightened, for if it rubs or binds, it will prevent its answering the automatic action of the thermostat. You know, I suppose, that the thermostat is composed of such sensitive metal that it immediately expands or contracts with variation of heat in the egg chamber. This contraction or expansion affects the connecting rod, and the rod in turn influences the regulating arm, at the end of which the disk which controls the escape of heat is suspended. I have given this short, rough explanation of the connecting influence of the different parts which constitute the automatic heat control in all modern incubators, for the directions sent out with some incubators just tell how to connect the parts, and give no explanation of cause and effect to guide the poor amateur if anything goes wrong.

M. E.—I think anyone who lives in the country, who is industrious and uses good common sense, will find poultry raising profitable. Commence with a few birds, and build up your flock as you gain experience and customers. Personally, I prefer White Wyandottes to any other breed, and keep them exclusively. They are good winter layers, and, both as broilers and roasters, splendid for table use, because they have small bones and compact frames, so are easily fattened at any age.

S. R.—The rooster has roup. Even if he recovers, I advise you not to use him in the breeding house. Roup tendencies are almost sure to appear in his offspring.

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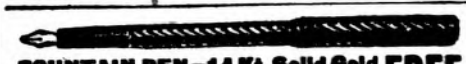
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MRS. A. K., Illinois.—We are of the opinion that the laws of Alaska, Arizona, Arkansas, Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Missouri, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Oregon, Pennsylvania, South Dakota, Washington and Wyoming prohibit marriages between first cousins.

MRS. E. C., Arkansas.—I do not think you now have any chance of enforcing the property rights abandoned by your fatner in 1877.

L. H., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, his widow would receive his entire estate, after payment of debts and the expenses of administration; we think that money deposited in bank in the joint names of two depositors, upon the death of one, becomes the sole property of the survivor.

J. S., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a tenant cannot, upon the expiration of his lease, remove such improvements as he has placed upon the property in a manner so that such improvements have become affixed to the freehold; he can, however, remove such improvements as he may have placed upon the property in a manner so that they are simply attached to the freehold. (2) We think your liability to your employer for rent, would depend upon your contract of employment. (3) We think the man who purchased the goods you mention can be compelled to pay for same through the proper court action brought for the purpose of enforcing payment of same, provided he had any property, not exempt by law, from levy under execution.

X. Y. Z., Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children may be disinherited by will.

ANXIOUS, Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, and subject to the payment of debts and expenses, the widow would receive all of the personal estate up to $3,000, and one half of the balance, and one half of the real estate, the balance of the estate going to his parents, brothers or sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left; if none of such, the whole estate would go to the surviving widow.

MRS. E. L. W., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon your death, without a will, and without a child or descendant, after the payment of debts and expenses, your husband will receive your whole estate if the same does not exceed $5,000 in value, and if in excess of that amount, one half of the balance, the remaining one half of the balance of the estate going to your parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left; if none of such, the whole estate will go to your surviving husband.

M. F., Nebraska.—We are of the opinion that the claim of your father-in-law's estate against your father-in-law's brother, arising from the payment by your father-in-law of the note he endorsed for his brother, will be barred by the statute of limitations if sufficient time elapses, and provided such defense is plead in any action brought to enforce the claim.

G. F. B., North Carolina.—If the company, from which you ordered the goods, does not send you your goods, we think you should bring suit against them for the recovery of your money.

M. B., Indiana.—We do not think you can compel your husband to return to you the money you voluntarily advanced for the purchase of the property you now hold in both of your names.

MRS. N. A. B., Colorado.—There is no U. S. law providing pensions for the widows of Confederate soldiers.

MRS. A. B. G., Pennsylvania.—If your life insurance policy is a straight life policy in form, it will, upon your death, be paid to the beneficiary named in the policy.

MRS. M. R. F., Oklahoma.—We do not think marriages between first cousins are prohibited in Alabama, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Kentucky, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Mississippi, Montana, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Vermont, Virginia and West Virginia.

MRS. H. P, South Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, without a will, and leaving you and two children surviving, his estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go one third to you and one third to each of the children; his interest in the partnership you mention would be an asset of his estate.

MRS. H. T. A., New Mexico.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, his whole estate, after payment of debts and expenses, would go to his surviving widow, this to include his separate as well as the community property.

MRS. E. S., Alabama.—We think the laws of all the states of the United States require marriage licenses.

C. W. A., Pennsylvania.—We think you should communicate with the Federal Farm Loan Board at Washington, D. C., for information as to farm loans by the Government.

MRS. E. McM., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the husband cannot, by will, bar his widow from her right to receive one half of the community property, upon his death.

C. F., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, his widow would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one half of his personal estate, absolutely, after the payment of debts and expenses, the balance of his estate going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share.

MRS. R. M., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will, her husband would receive a life estate in her real estate and a child's part, absolutely, in her personal estate, the remainder going in equal shares to her children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; the decedent's estate would include any interest, vested in her at the time of her death, of another estate; the share of any minor child should be paid to such minor's general guardian, and such guardian should account and turn over such share to the minor upon the minor's becoming of age; the husband's life estate in the real estate would not, however, terminate until the death of the husband.

M. J., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, his widow would receive homestead rights, and dower, of a one-third interest for life, in his real estate, and the residue of his personal estate, absolutely, after payment of debts and expenses, the remainder of the real estate going to his brothers, sisters or their descendants, or his parents, depending upon who is left.

M. T. W., Texas.—Under the laws of Nebraska, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention stood in the name of the husband, it would have been necessary for the wife to have survived him in order to have acquired any vested interest in his property, and upon her death, during his lifetime, he could legally dispose of the property; if, however, the property belonged to the wife and stood in her name, upon her death, without a will, he could only dispose of his interest in the property of her estate. (2) We think you should communicate with the asylum authorities as to the release of your aunt.

D. L. S., Missouri.—If you are of full age, and if you cannot make satisfactory terms of employment with your father, we think it might be wise for you to try working for someone else; we do not think you are in duty bound to contribute your entire services to your father if he has sufficient property to support himself.

MRS. P. B., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, his widow would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and a child's part, absolutely, in his personal property; we think the conveyance of the real estate to the decedent and his heirs vested absolute title in the decedent, and that he could have sold or disposed of the property in any way, during his lifetime, without the consent of his children, if he died, without a will, they now each have their child's part in his estate which includes this real estate.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

neglect of his studies he has become a bright, energetic boy as well up with his studies as he is with his team. And as well liked by his teachers as he is by his coach.

I have three daughters also, the oldest graduated from Lanier High last year, the next girl will graduate this year and the boy, age sixteen, and the youngest girl, age 12, have just started going to Lanier, the boy having done this by studying under a teacher who loved athletics as well as he did and after going to her seven weeks last summer he skipped the seventh grade and entered high school. And his "athletic" teacher (who teaches sixth grade) told him if he would make the basket ball team by the middle of the year she would give him a nice present.

Dear Worried Mother, if you haven't done so, try to be a pal with your boy as the teacher and I have been trying to be with my boy. It will work wonders.

I have taken COMFORT for fifteen years, but unlike some of the sisters I do not have time to read it from cover to cover, as my life is very full with the care of a large family.

If "Worried Mother" will write me I will gladly give her all the information on the subject that the experience which my own son made possible.

A CONTENTED MOTHER.

VIRGINIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I do enjoy reading the letters from the sisters and brothers, though Bachelor Bill was rather severe I thought, but we'll forgive him. Mrs. Vesey's letters are good.

I think Auntie Wood's motto grand.

Well, Mrs. Wilkinson, I am writing mostly to help Mr. S. C. Sheppard out on his poem which Uncle Sam would not permit him to complete. I think he must have a very lonesome time so far away from everyone but I wouldn't mind taking a trip out there if I had someone to keep those fearful wild animals away from me. I hope he will come again and tell us some of his adventures.

I will close by describing myself and leaving my address with Mrs. Wilkinson. I have brown hair, blue eyes and am five feet, three inches tall and am between seventeen and twenty-two years of age.

Success to all. VIRGINIA ROSE.

"Where the woodbine twines,
And the whang doodle sings,
And the frog flips its wings in glee,
And the coyote whines,
Where the cow bell chimes
From the cattle on the le

When I pause to rest,
I've done my best,
Uncle Sam can bank on me.
Yes, I need a shave and a hair cut too,
But I see no ladies,
No good 'twill do.
For we have no rest, nor Sundays here,
But are on the trail the whole of the year.

Now Uncle Sam I will do my best,
So pray don't stop me when I start to rest.
I am writing this poem in pure display
Of my life in the west so far away.
Now Uncle Sam you can trust to me,
To guard your stock on the lonely lea.

Virginia Rose.—Do you suppose "S. C." lets the cattle on the lea take turns wearing that lone cow bell? After we get Uncle Charlie's home bought, let's "chip" and buy a nice shiny cow bell and send it to Mr. Sheppard. I'm sure he would appreciate our kindness and just think how happy we'd make some gentle cow.—Ed.

BLUFORD, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Now I don't want my letter thrown aside for I want help, not for myself but for my aunt, who lives up in the hills, away from everybody, and is a lover of company. A few months ago she lost a little girl, nine years of age, the very light of her home; a few weeks ago she lost a tiny baby. Her little girl was such a bright, pretty little thing and was so much comfort; now she and the bright-eyed baby are gone.

What I want you to do is to write her letters of encouragement and sympathy, and sisters who have loved ones, don't fail to write, please, for you alone can understand fully. Send her good religious papers and good clean stories and I will be much your debtor. Her address is: Mrs. Lora Weems, Iuka, Ill.

If you could but see that broken-hearted mother weeping for her lost ones I know you would gladly grant my request. This is not a selfish letter; it has all been for someone else so please print it and I know it will bear good results. I have taken too much room for the rest of my letter to praise COMFORT very much but will say I count it one of my greatest blessings. I enjoy all the letters and would be glad to receive letters from girls of my own age. I am fourteen years old, have light hair, grey-blue eyes, fair complexion.

With lots of love, I am, LOIS MCCOMBS.

STATESVILLE, 756 Mulberry St., N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I wonder if you will make room for me to roll myself into your happy circle in my wheel chair and join you in your talks for a few minutes.

I am just a mere man, and an invalid at that, so I think you ladies will not accuse me of having any designs on you, even if I do like to be with you. I can hear some ask, "A mere man and an invalid, why should he want to intrude into our sacred corner where we have only permitted an old bachelor or two to come?" Another asks, "How do you know but what he is an old bachelor, too?" Another says, "I wonder how old he is, how long he has been an invalid and what he looks like?" Well Dear Sisters, just to quiet your whispering and satisfy your curiosity, I will give you a brief description of myself. To begin with, I am twenty-three years old, and at the time of the accident that caused my invalidism (which was six years ago last July) I weighed one hundred and thirty-five pounds, and was five feet, seven and one half inches high. I have dark hair (most people would call it black), dark brown eyes and fair complexion. I haven't walked any since the accident or been able to stand on my feet, in fact I can't so much as move a toe on either of my feet, and my hands are partly out of commission, only able to move a part of my fingers.

I can hear some say, "Poor fellow!" Yes, poor in this world's goods, I'll admit, but if you all could see me in my home you wouldn't think of me as poor in any other way. I always try to look on the bright side of life and when there is no bright side I generally make one, or try to, and I think that I succeed fairly well, at least my friends and neighbors very often compliment me on my sunny and cheerful disposition.

Do I hear some one say, "I wonder what he does to pass away the time?" Well, I'm never idle long at a time. I mainly do stenographic work for the general public, and as a side line I paint some pictures in water colors, also paint sofa pillow tops, piano scarfs, etc. The painting of sofa pillow tops and piano scarfs is a new art that I have recently taken up, and I find it a most fascinating pastime, and I must say that a sofa pillow top properly painted on canvas or velveteen is just as beautiful. I am arranging to have an exhibition of my paintings of pictures and pillow tops in the show windows at the store of a friend of mine some time soon.

Say there, Bachelor Bill, I think your idea on the family money is a pretty good one, tho' I am not

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

Utilizing Marsh Soils

Millions of acres of waterlogged and boggy soil might and should be got to growing food crops as soon as possible. Good progress is being made in some states in this laudable direction and this is notable in Wisconsin, where experts have been steadily at work for some years interesting farmers in the work and seeing that it is intelligently done. Now large tracts of land, that recently were devoted to the production of frogs, muskrats and bullrushes, are producing excellent crops of corn, cabbage, onions, celery, clover and other forage plants, and on some of them we have seen fine crops of small grain. Readers of COMFORT who have wet tracts on their farms should have an expert determine if draining would pay and what the cost would be. Then they would be safe to borrow money on a mortgage to have the work done.

Here are some points by a Wisconsin soil expert which will help the reader to decide this matter. He says:

Five factors determine largely whether or not to drain and farm marsh land. These are: 1. The cost of thorough drainage. 2. The cost of clearing and breaking. 3. The chemical composition of the soil. 4. The danger of frost during the growing season; and 5, Whether the farm is all marsh or partly upland.

Thorough drainage usually costs from twenty to thirty-five dollars an acre. Clearing and breaking cost between five and twenty-five dollars an acre, depending largely on whether the marsh is open or timbered.

Marsh lands vary greatly in their chemical composition. Some need only to be drained to grow crops well, while others require special treatment. Marsh soils are subject to frost, which lessens their adaptability to corn and potatoes in central Wisconsin and prohibits success with these crops in northern counties.

When a farm is all or nearly all marsh it is imperative to drain thoroughly a portion of it, if not the entire area. On many farms having comparatively small marsh areas drainage is often overlooked because there is sufficient upland to meet the cropping needs and the marsh is left as pasture. Whenever the returns of such pasture lands are carefully considered, it becomes plain that they would prove much more profitable if made to grow "tame" crops of *high* feeding value rather than wild grasses of *low* feeding value.

It will pay as a rule to drain mucks and shallow peats having clay subsoils. Well decomposed peats underlaid by clay are much better than raw peats. Raw peats underlaid by sand are of less agricultural value. Bulletin No. 309 of the Wisconsin Experiment Station gives full advice on the subject.

Building Up a Worn-Out Farm

For several years now we have watched the process of restoring a worn farm to fertility and profitable crop production. The success of the enterprising owner should serve to encourage those who have like work to do and who are loath to start or impressed with the erroneous idea that it can't be done. It can! We have seen a big area of robbed, tired, depleted land made to "blossom like the rose." What this man has done others can do as well, provided they can get money enough to give it a good start. Bankers will accommodate a worthy farmer if they know that the cash advanced is to be expended for permanent improvements, livestock, fertilizers or feed. The modern banker, indeed, is working in harmony with the progressive farmer and helping him mightily in the work of improving his land that all concerned may reap the benefit. He understands now that bank funds come from the people and are the people's property of which he merely is the custodian and distributor. No great mercantile or manufacturing concern could exist were it not for accommodations by the bank when short-time funds are needed. The farmer has not understood this in the past, but is being taught it now and in many places is thus enabled to succeed where before he was constantly behind and consequently discouraged.

Stock feeding is absolutely necessary to the restoration of worn land to productiveness. Artificial fertilizers too often act merely as stimulants to a crop and make the land give up more and more of its resources until it "plays out" altogether and cannot produce a crop unless again and again heavily dosed with chemicals. Farmyard manure, from animals, is a permanent investment when placed on worn land. As an adjunct, artificial fertilizers, especially phosphates, potash and lime, are useful, while nitrogen is better derived from the constant growing of legumes and turning under of such plants in the green states. Our friend, mentioned in the first paragraph in this article, bought a big marl bed and put three tons of marl on each acre every three years and added a hundred pounds of ground phosphate rock to each load of manure sent out in the spreader. This fertilizer, together with the feeding of many dairy cows, clover and alfalfa growing, deep plowing and clean cultivation, have quickly made his big farm profitable. Others can do as well.

Clubwork for Farm Boys

We wonder if boys and girls who read COMFORT know what is going on in the big world around them as regards community clubs and "team" work!

So great is the present interest in this new departure of farm life that all over the country, clubs for the growing of grain and raising and feeding of foals, calves, pigs and lambs are being organized, and many of them that have been established for some time have proved wonderfully successful.

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," it has been said, and it is a wise and true saying. Farm work of the daily drudgery type tends to drive boys into the cities for more attractive clerical positions. Unending chores and toil in the fields scarcely can fail to become monotonous to young people when, as very often happens, they have no financial interest in the profits of their work, or receive little if any remuneration for their services. But the clubs to which we have alluded at once concentrate attention and interest in the production of better crops and animals, for the reason that rewards for work done are assured to the successful competitors in the form of cash prizes, trips to shows, free tuition, cups, medals, pedigreed seed or new animals with which to carry on the work. In addition there is the pleasing notoriety gained by the children who engage in the work. They find themselves noticed by their elders, and such attention stimulates them to well-directed effort, while success in the winning of prizes induces them to continue the good work. Then, as they grow older, they practice what they have learned in childhood, not to win prizes and approbation, but because they have proved that the better methods of farm practice and stock raising not only are profitable but become more and more fascinating and interesting as the years go by.

• Many farm boys who never had a cent to spare before they joined a corn raising or calf, pig or lamb club, now have an income of their own. The amount of thrift stamps and Liberty Bonds owned in the aggregate by boys who are doing agricultural club work is surprising. In one state, fifteen thousand club boys own bank accounts, club property and war securities, totaling $247,186, or $16 each. The fathers of many of these boys never had a bank account; now the "nest eggs" of club children, here and there over the land are inducing all farm folk to deposit their spare money in banks or invest in first-class securities.

Everything we have said applies with equal force to club work among girls. There are many instances, too, where clubs organized among the parents have had a similar influence.

We are, therefore, strongly in favor of these clubs for the old and young folks of the farm, and would advise our readers to write for literature on the subject to the agricultural experiment stations of their respective state and also to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

Syrup from Barley

While barley can no longer be made into beer, it can be put to better use. The U. S. Department of Agriculture has just announced a new kind of syrup made from malt. It is said to have a very fine flavor and to be very sweet and palatable. Two things have brought about the attempt to make sugar from barley, the shortage of sugar and the prohibition law.

Malt syrup may be made from other grains besides barley; in fact, any plant containing starch, such as corn and potatoes. Malt syrup can be easily made in the breweries by making a few changes in equipment. It looks like maple syrup, and can be used for everything that sugar can be used for as a substitute for sugar. It is predicted that this syrup, which when developed on a commercial scale will be cheaper, will replace sugar for ordinary sweetening purposes. It is not expected that it will "drive sugar off the table" but it is thought that it will replace sugar for many sweetening purposes, particularly in the manufacture of soft drinks and sweet food products.

How Much Does a Cow Eat?

Who can tell offhand how much a good dairy cow eats in a year? Well, here it is. She eats a little more than her own weight in food every month of the year, or more than six tons of food besides one and a half acres of pasture. If the pasture is figured in at weight of green grass, it will run the total up to a ton a month!

A cow giving 7,000 of milk should eat not less than 2,000 pounds of grain, 3,000 pounds of hay, and 7,000 pounds of silage during the six winter months. In addition, she will drink about a ton and a half of water a month. All told, then, a cow will eat and drink about thirty tons of food and water in a year.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

TO RID HORSE OF WORMS.—I read in COMFORT about feeding molasses to stock. How much of the molasses mixture should be given the horse at a feed? One of my horses is thin in flesh and scaly between his hips and tail. I have tried several kinds of stock feed without helping his condition. He has a good appetite and eats well but gets thinner all the time. I think my horses have worms. Will the molasses rid them of worms, or must I use something else for this purpose? Can I feed the molasses mixed with corn chop, wheat bran and sorghum hay instead of with corn meal, wheat bran and cut hay? Is the molasses mixture hurtful to a pregnant mare?

C. T., Seguin, Texas.

A.—To destroy worms, mix in the feed night and morning for a week a tablespoonful of a mixture of two parts of table salt and one part each of flowers of sulphur and dried sulphate of iron; then stop for ten days and then repeat the treatment. Omit iron for a pregnant mare and increase sulphur and salt. Molasses will not remove or kill worms. The dose is one quart, night and morning, diluted with three quarts of hot water and mixed with ground feed of any suitable kind and cut hay. Continue it until the horse is in good condition. It will not hurt a pregnant mare. Do not feed sorghum hay.

DRYING OFF COWS.—Is it best to turn a cow dry for a short time before she is fresh? Does it injure her to be in milk until she comes in fresh?

MRS. H. H., Nebraska, Ind.

A.—A milch cow always should be "dried off" for at least six weeks before calving so that she may rest and store up material from which to form a full flow of milk when she calves. During the rest period she should take outdoor exercise every day and should be fed a light, laxative ration to keep her bowels active. Grain and silage should be reduced at least one half and bran and oilmeal fed rather than grain.

SOWING BARLEY.—Is there any difference between spring and fall barley? When is the best time to sow spring barley?

O. V. H., Skiatook, Okla.

A.—Rye and winter wheat may be sown in autumn, but barley and oats rarely are sown at that time. Sow barley in the spring as soon as danger of frost is past, selecting for the crop mellow, well prepared soil that has been top dressed and so is rich. Barley is a surface feeder and does best following a green crop that has been well manured. If extra manure is applied, harrow it into the top soil just before seeding or apply artificial fertilizer at seeding time.

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made to your measure, in the latest style, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles?

Could you use $10 a day for a little spare time? Perhaps I can offer you a steady job. If you will write me a letter or a postal at once and say: "*Send me your special offer.*" I will send you samples and styles to pick from and my **surprising liberal offer. Address, L. E. ASHER, President**



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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

A. B., Richton, Miss.—Not many people are familiar with the facts concerning the "old twelve days" about which you inquire—and the resultant calendar mix-up which the "twelve days" are responsible for in history and chronology. In long ago B. C. 46, Julius Cæsar introduced what came to be called the Julian Calendar which established a year of 365¼ days with every fourth year to contain an added day—this constituting our Leap Year. Cæsar's well-thought-out calendar was a clever one, but as the Julian year was, in reality, 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes and 46 seconds, there was a constant error in reckoning of about 11 minutes each year. This, when the year 1582 rolled around, had mounted up to a time accumulation of ten days. Perhaps it was farmers, or poets, or even lovers—who call Spring their season—who made the most fuss in 1582, when it was discovered that the vernal equinox was occurring on March 11, and not March 21 as it properly should. Pope Gregory, in response to the protests, took the matter up with an astronomer named Clavius, and they arranged to straighten things out. Ten days were to be deducted from October by calling the fifth the fifteenth and going ahead as usual. Then Clavius also got up a scheme so this 11 minutes would not again accumulate into a disastrously large error. He had the Pope ordain that every hundreth year, such as 1800, 1900, etc., should not be reckoned as a Leap Year—excepting every four hundreth year beginning with the year 2000. In this way Clavius had it figured out that the difference between the natural and the calendar year would not amount to a day in 5000 years. Spain, Portugal and part of Italy accepted the plan and deducted the ten days. France subtracted her surplus ten from the tenth to the twentieth of December in the same year. Holland used December 15 to the 25th for this purpose, but the Protestant world hung back in following the orders of Rome. By 1751 the time error in Protestant countries had grown to 11 days, and during the reign of George II, England passed a bill in Parliament to equalize Britain's calendar with that of other countries by making September 2 of that year into September 14. Sweden promptly followed suit, but Russia still adhered to the old style until 1918, when Messrs. Lenine and Trotzky had the Bolshevist part of that suffering country adopt the Gregorian Calendar. Japan modernized her months in 1873, and the Chinese Republic in 1912, but Greece and the Balkan states yet use the old Julian system, which differs now by thirteen days from all almanacs in Richton, Miss.

A SUBSCRIBER, Claremore, Okla.—The most popular "sundaes" sold at soda fountains are chocolate, maple nut, fudge, marshmallow, and various fruit-flavored delights such as pineapple, strawberry, etc. Any high school girl could have told you this, we are certain. All of the flavors we mention are also sold in the form of plain and ice cream sodas. Root beer, grape juice, orangeade and phosphated drinks are also offered—besides many new and newly named drinks which have been concocted at fountains since the dry law went into effect.

O. T. H., Blainville, Tenn.—The Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., will supply you, upon application, with a list of such bulletins of the Department as are available for free distribution. These are too many for us to list here.

MRS. J. O. H., Mendon, O.—Write to COMFORT'S fur buyers whose names are in our advertising columns. They will give you the information you wish. Enclose a stamp for reply.

MRS. J. S. E., North Warren, Pa.—We believe the ill health of your gold fish is due to the water you are using and to the fish perhaps becoming chilled, either through the temperature of the room being too low or the water being too cold when placed in the bowl. You should use rain water or that obtained from a brook or spring. This water should be changed in part every few days, and, in winter should have any icy chill removed from it. The bowl should be occasionally placed in the sunlight, but not kept continuously in the sun. Do not, of course, leave the bowl in an unheated room during the night. The ordinary living-room temperature would be the most suitable. You are doing correctly in keeping some kind of a water plant in the aquarium and in feeding prepared food. Take care not to feed too much or too often.

W. H. Kent, 2119 Cadiz St., New Orleans, La.—Canaries are not difficult to keep in good health if scrupulous cleanliness is observed in the care of cage, and the water and feed dishes. The birds should be given a bath once a week and allowed occasional freedom in a closed room. Cold draughts must be avoided and the cage kept away from winter windows. Principal food should be canary grass seed, hemp seed and rape. Green leaves are a necessity, and these are best supplied in the form of chickweed. Sugar is good and may be given in small quantities, but acids—such as apples and other fruits—should be avoided in diet. Some lime is necessary and may be best furnished in the form of cuttlefish bone. In a state of nature, canaries are prolific and will breed several times a year. From four to six eggs are hatched at a time. Details of canary raising can be best studied in detail from such a book as Holden's "Canaries and Cage Birds," which can be ordered by any good book store which failed to have it in stock. This subscriber would be glad to hear from any COMFORT readers who have raised canaries.

W. M., Miles, N. C.—A photographer in any city would enlarge a photograph and frame it for you. Address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce in Raleigh for addresses of photographers in that North Carolina city.

W. L. S., Lewiston, Idaho.—The Cimex Lectularia is a persistent and ambitious breed of insect which is thought to have originated in India. After arrival in this country, the pest acquired a local habitation and a name and is now known simply as "bed bug." When the bugs are well established in walls and flooring, the room should be closed as tightly as possible and fumigated with sulphur candles which may be obtained of any druggist. All old wall paper and carpets should be removed. Ceilings and floor may be painted—using a large quantity of turpentine in mixing the paint. If this cannot be done, the walls and woodwork can be gone over with kerosene. What is known as pyrethrum powder is considered as a specific for direct application to bed and bedding. Persistence is necessary and more than one application will be needed. Old bedsteads should be painted. Write to U. S. Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for free bulletin on "Bed Bugs."

MRS. W. S. McC., Rebecca, Ga.—See above answer to W. L. S.

J. W. W., Wolf Summit, W. Va.—Leigh is an English proper name and is pronounced "lay." (2) The present governor of Illinois is Frank O. Lowden. (3) Lightning was shown, by that early and enthusiastic scientist, Benjamin Franklin, to be simply a heavy electrical discharge. When between lower clouds and the earth, the flash is accompanied by thunder, but when the discharge takes place in the upper cloud region, the lightning is more diffused and the thunder is rarely heard. The thunder is generally supposed to be caused by the electrical discharge heating air and vapor to a high temperature, and the expansion and the after-contraction of the heated strata causes the noise which is heard as thunder. (4) We do not think, at the time your letter was dated, that you have allowed enough time for the furniture company to supply your needs. Your order has doubtless been filled by this time. If not, write this department again.

C. H., Darwin, Va.—An author may copyright anything he has written by addressing the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., and asking for an application for copyright. The fee is a small one and full directions will be sent with the application from Washington. (2) If you should own a farm which you chose to sell, the general public would not know what price you obtained for your property. In the same way, Mr. John Fox, Jr., and his publishers are the only persons who really know what profit Mr. Fox has made by the sale of his very popular book, "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." The same ruling would apply to the other lesser known writers whose works you mention. Even a most successful novel nets its author a much smaller sum than is popularly supposed. If the story can be staged, or the "movie" rights sold, the author's pocketbook can be greatly helped.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35.)

competent to pass judgment, seeing that I am an old bach, too, or will be if I live long enough. As to hiring your better halves, I hardly think that would be necessary if hubby and wife understood each other as they should. Both should put their heads together and plan for the good of the family. I think that a man should talk over his business affairs with his wife and ask her advice on all business propositions, and if she is a woman that is worthy of being called a wife, she will appreciate it and do all that she can to help him. The thing that counts for the peace of mind and contentment in a home is perfect union between husband and wife and the best way to secure this, in my opinion, is by having faith in the wife and telling her of the worries and troubles and let her know the principles of business. Talk over the needs of the family and come to an agreement as to what is best. In this way you will come to an understanding, and by so doing will eliminate the friction that is apparent in most of the families with which we come in contact.

George L. Garrison, I heartily agree with you in regards to what you say about woman suffrage. You have expressed my view so thoroughly that it would be futile for me to try to improve on it.

Sisters, I have a sneaking idea that there are lots more of us Johns that read the Sisters' Corner than you may think, and enjoy it fine. I, for one, can say that I have been reading it for the past five or six years and have derived much pleasure therefrom. I have often thought of writing to this Corner but as it seemed to be only for the sisters, I have refrained from doing so until now.

If any one who reads this cares to write to me I would be only too glad to hear from them. But I must add if you want an answer you will have to enclose a stamp.

If you invite me, I may come again.

CLARENCE BEAM.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for over twenty years and enjoy the sisters' page very much.

I come to help June Rose with her son. Take him to an oculist and have his eyes fitted to glasses. Many a poor child suffers from eye trouble that could be corrected by properly fitting glasses. As a child of eight I should have had glasses but did not get them until I was twenty so I know what it means to do without them. All mothers that have cross and cranky children, and with no apparent reason, have their eyes examined. If I were a mother I would have my children's eyes examined before I sent them to school.

TRAINED NURSE.

WASHINGTON, 1024 17th St., N. W., D. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of your corner and now I have decided to come to you for help.

I have been thinking for some time of going West and taking a homestead claim but as I have only a few hundred dollars I do not know as I can count on being successful. Also, I do not know which state to choose.

Will not some of the sisters who have taken up claims or those who know about such, write me full particulars and advise me?

Owing to weak lungs I have been told by physicians to go West but cannot afford to do so except in this way.

Hoping to get the advice of some COMFORT sisters who have done the same, I am,

Sincerely, MRS. MARGARET CLARKE.

ASTORIA, 615 Irving Ave., ORE.

COMFORT SISTERS' CORNER:

I have taken COMFORT for several years, and certainly enjoy reading it, especially the letters; it makes one feel like a member of one big family.

I have never seen any letters from Astoria, which is situated at the mouth of the beautiful Columbia River, and has a harbor nearly seven miles in width. It was settled in 1811 by John Jacob Astor, and claims a population of thirty thousand people. Its chief industries are fishing, salmon canning and lumbering. We have a dozen or more canneries in operation during the fishing season from the first of May to the 25th of August. Astoria, as you know, is the home of the Royal-Chinook salmon which is shipped to all parts of the world. Then we have three large sawmills which are now in operation. We did have three large shipyards, but they closed down after the war was over. We also have a million dollar municipal dock, and a flour mill which has recently been enlarged.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 38.)

Easy to Make This Pine Cough Remedy

Thousands of families swear by its prompt results. Inexpensive, and saves about $2.

You know that pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several peculiar elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest. Pine is famous for this purpose.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain granulated sugar syrup.

To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2½ ounces of Pinex in a pint bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you make a full pint—more than you can buy ready-made for three times the money. It is pure, good and very pleasant—children take it eagerly.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be persistently loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this Pinex and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment.

Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs.

Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

PAX ON—CORN OFF

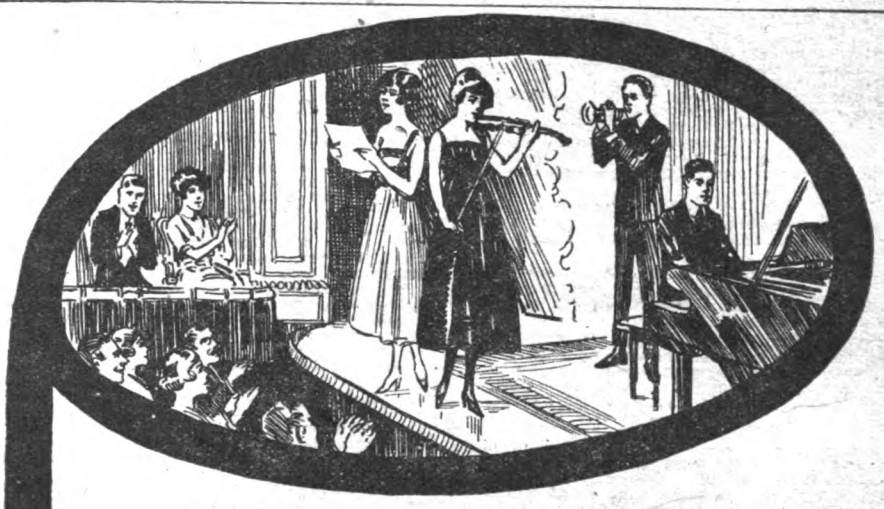
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We have taught thousands how to play their favorite musical instruments easily, quickly and thoroughly without a teacher just by following our New Improved Home Study Method.

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Our free book tells you all about it. Read the letters in it and you will see that what others have done easily, you can also do easily. More than 200,000 men, women and children have learned by our system. Best of all—**We give you all lessons free.** Write at once for particulars.

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Gentlemen:—Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and particulars of your offer of free lessons in any musical instrument.

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City.....

State.....



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

ISN'T this a queer old world—and a good old world? Most of the women I know are busy cleaning house and have their clothes-line full of rugs and draperies from which Friend Husband is busily engaged beating the dust and smoke that has accumulated during the winter months. It must be a grand and glorious feeling to have F. H. say in a masterful tone, "Here, dear, let me do that; you aren't strong enough for such heavy work," and then when he finishes, view a line full of dustless rugs. But I don't believe it can compare with the thrill I receive when some dear girl writes me a letter of thanks for helping her untangle some knotty problem of her life. After all, single blessedness is not without its compensations.

TWO RED HEADS, Ind. (R. H. No. 1.).—The fact that she won't allow you to kiss her proves that she is a nice girl, as you say she is. The only way to find out whether she loves you well enough to marry you, is to ask her. Faint heart ne'er won fair lady. But don't feel too badly if she refuses you for a boy of nineteen is altogether too young to be engaged. (R. H. No. 2). Just because you "intend to ask her to marry me soon," doesn't give you the right to expect all of her time and affection. Maybe she isn't a mind reader. Ask her first and if you haven't courage enough to do that I hope she throws you over for a fellow with more *gumption* than you possess.

WORRIED LITTLE GIRL, S. Dak.—Don't worry, my dear, because you are a trifle large for your age. A person grows only so much and if you tend "right smart" (as our southern cousins say) to growing now you'll have it over with and can devote your energies to something else, conscious that the matter of your growth has been taken care of. Eat plenty of nourishing food, drink lots of water and take regular exercise. Don't stoop, as so many people do, thinking they make themselves look shorter. High heels are injurious to the health and, besides, they make a person look taller so don't wear them. Wear your skirts to your shoe tops or an inch or two above and braid your hair in regular little-girl style. You are a little girl, so dress and act like one. You've got more years in which to be "grown up" than you have to be a little girl. I know.

SUNSHINE, So. Carolina.—Just keep right on being a sweet, modest little girl and study hard. You are too young to have a regular beau, but if your parents don't object, I can see no harm in remaining ordinary friends with the soldier boy you mention. If you want to be more than friends when you are older, that will be your business. Don't go too often to his sister's home. People will talk anyway, so give them as little opportunity as possible.

WORRIED, Vermont.—I dislike very much to advise a girl to go contrary to her mother's wishes and particularly a foster-mother to whom the girl is indebted for a home and a mother's care. An unselfish mother would want her daughter to marry and have children of her own, and she is wrong when she preaches against marriage. If she is old and dependent upon you for care and support, it is your duty to give her all that she gave you, but if she isn't alone in the world, or without sufficient money you have a right to happiness and at your age should be capable of judging what is best for you.

WORRIED BABY, Trussville, Ala.—Yours is rather a difficult question to answer. The average engaged girl rather likes to have her fiance take her in his arms, just as much as he likes to do it, and your fiance is justified in feeling hurt because you refuse. On the other hand, you are equally justified in thinking him inconsiderate of your wishes when he insists. Do you really dislike it or is it mostly because your father and mother object? If the idea is really objectionable to you, I'd advise you, for your future happiness and his, to think twice before marrying a man with an affectionate disposition.

APHRODITE, Colo.—You and your sister should comb your hair the way other little girls your own age comb their hair. Your letter wasn't explicit enough for further instructions.

TROUBLED LITTLE GIRL, W. Va.—Your parents should change your boarding place, but if they don't do that and your cousin persists in annoying you, you should give him a "biff in the eye."

BLANCHE, Okla.—I am glad you want to do better, for the world at large is more censorious of the young girl alone than the girl with parents and brothers to stand up for her, and you can't be too careful. It may not be wrong for your escort to put his arm over the back of your seat at the theater, but it is unnecessary and doesn't look well. (2) You are too young to be out so late, though if you are it is better to have eight in the party than just two; but don't have so many that it will be necessary to put your arm around a boy, just to make more room in the car. It's wonderful what imagination will do! (3) Doctors are often called from churches but it is done by an usher and in a quiet manner, and people understand why, but it was making you altogether too conspicuous to have a young man come to the church door and call for you. You should have told him you didn't like it. I'll bet the church gossips had the time of their lives talking about it. That's as many questions as I can answer at one time.

E. B. G., Spokane, Wash.—I'd like very much to have a good heart-to-heart talk with your father and mother. Why, oh, why, won't fathers and mothers in general, see that if their daughters aren't allowed to entertain their boy friends in their own homes, there is a chance that they'll meet them elsewhere! Your parents are losing a golden opportunity of keeping your confidence and being pals to you, but be patient and perhaps they'll do better later on. They mean the very best for you; so forgive them. All this talk of parents forgiving their children should be reversed occasionally and children should forgive their parents for unintentional wrongs done them.

RENA, Ky.—There is no charge and you may ask three questions each month. Read answer to E. B. G., which partly answers your questions. Wait a year, then if you are as much in love with each other as you think you are now, it will be time enough to think of marriage.

MYRTLE, Okla.—White is the regulation color for brides to wear, but if you are to be married in a traveling suit, it could be of any becoming color. As I've said before, I'm partial to dark blue.

BILLY, Sandy Bend, Ark.—I appreciate your mother's confidence in me and agree with her that you are too young to do your hair up. Brush it every day, keep it clean and comb it in some little-girl way. (2) You aren't too old to play with dolls. (3) No beaux until you are eighteen, at least.

MARGARET, Ohio.—It is only common courtesy to ask a guest, man or woman, to call again, though you might leave it to your boy caller to set the exact date; that gives you an opportunity to find out how anxious he is to see you again.

HEART-BROKEN SISTERS, Iowa.—Now that you realize the seriousness of your act it doesn't seem necessary for me to caution you against a repetition—anyway, D-O-N-T! If you are sure of yourselves and your companions it won't be necessary for you to give up their friendship or love.

UNSETTLED, Oregon.—"Should a lady who has a dance promised to one partner dance it with another just because he asks after the first?" She isn't a lady if she does that. Ladies always keep their promises, but they don't make rash or imprudent promises.

There, my dusting (mental dusting) for the month is done and I'll sit back and wait for what the April showers bring.

By by, COUSIN MARION.

NAME "BAYER" ON GENUINE ASPIRIN

Take tablets only as told in each "Bayer" package.



BAYER

The "Bayer Cross" is the thump-print of genuine "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin." It protects you against imitations and positively identifies the genuine Aspirin prescribed by physicians for over eighteen years.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions to safely relieve Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain Generally.

Handy tin boxes of twelve tablets cost but a few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer" packages. Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

Tied and Dyed

To Produce Fancy Effects in Home Dyeing

By Frances L. Garside

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THESE are the sane and sensible times when a woman no longer boasts of how much she spent on her attractive rooms, but how little. A generation ago she spent more on one piece of furniture than she spends now on all the furniture in the room, and was as proud of her extravagance then as she is now of her economy.

In just one word there lies the secret of artistic effects resulting from economical efforts, and that word is "Draperies." Pretty draperies make a room, and inartistic draperies mar it. The outlay on mahogany furniture cannot be so great that an ugly curtain will not cheapen the effect.

Silks, wools, chintz, percales and reps have an unhappy way of fading, and as all these materials are steadily advancing in price, the clever woman has had to resort to dyes to replace them, and in no other method of dyeing may she hope to achieve as original and artistic effects as in tying and dyeing, an old-new art.

This process has been used in many parts of the world. Some interesting examples of it are found among the textiles from the so-called Inca graves in Peru and Bolivia, dating back to the sixteenth century. Some extremely interesting specimens of tied work can be seen in the Philippine collection in the New York Museum of Natural History, brought from the Bagobo tribe in Mindanao.

These specimens show marvelous patience and ingenuity, and are generally made of thin, flimsy muslin, most elaborately decorated in three or four colors with patterns made up of an infinite number of small round or rectangular rings of white or light colors, against a darker background. In the modern application the process is easier, and almost as artistic.

The beginner should use cheese-cloth, or its equivalent in texture and price. Gather a small circle of the goods, as much as would cover a marble, and tie with a stout cord. Many have found that to actually tie a marble in the goods produces a uniform effect. These circles may be tied in a regular band the length or width of the material, or tied promiscuously. Then, when this is done, the material is dipped in dye, and hung up to dry. When thoroughly dried, the strings are cut and a small circle of a lighter shade is found. One woman, who could not afford yellow chintz or silk for a north bedroom, tied and dyed all the draperies in her room, first taking the original color out with lye. When developed, there was a beautiful effect in yellow with big white circles scattered here and there in what might be called impressionist fashion.

Another woman, noting that the sun had faded her curtains, couch hangings and rugs from a deep blue to a paler shade, tied and dyed in a deep blue. The rings were of the original pale blue, and stood out beautifully against the deeper background.

The economic possibilities of tied and dyed in old material are more than equalled by the artistic results in new goods. A young girl had white China silk given her for a dress. She did not want a white dress, but she needed a new garment. She tied and dyed the silk, using the palest shades, and the result was a texture almost opalesque in its attractive coloring.

"And the best of it is," she said, "no other girl has, or can have, a dress just like it. I couldn't duplicate it myself if I were to try."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

Astoria is a peninsula and is almost entirely surrounded by water. We have the Columbia River on the north and Young's Bay on the south.

This is a great country for wild flowers and wild berries. It is great fun to go in the woods and pick them. We have huckleberries, salmon berries and thimble berries. You should taste some of our huckleberry pies. They are delicious.

We have two summer resorts here. Seaside on the Oregon side, and Long Beach on the Washington side. People from all parts of the country come to these resorts to spend their vacations, and to bathe in the Pacific Ocean.

We have three forts at the mouth of the Columbia River, that are well fortified. They are Ft. Columbia and Ft. Canby on the Washington side and Ft. Stevens on the Oregon side. There were thousands of soldiers stationed here during the war.

The climate is beautiful during the summer time, and it very seldom reaches ninety degrees. The winters are mild.

Most people have the impression that this is a wild country but such is not the fact as they are no Indians in this part at all. The only Indians to be found are in Eastern Oregon, especially around Pendleton.

I would be pleased to hear from some of the COMFORT sisters.

LAURA DANIELSON.

DREW, MISS.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

After reading September COMFORT I had to write and send a few words of encouragement. Oh! if we would only learn to live one day at a time, there would be fewer of us asking advice from our stronger sisters. It seems sometimes a hard lesson to learn. There are dark days when we feel there cannot possibly be a bright side to anything. Yet there is, always, and we can find it if we search. There are times when the hope that was dearest to us turns to ashes as an outstretched hand almost touches it; when our loved ones, and friends upon whom we would have counted most, prove disloyal. When all of our efforts meet defeat we are ready to give up in despair. There is one great sorrow in life that no irreverent hand can touch lightly. It is the sacrifice we have to make on the altar of our love, and whether this sacrifice be made for the living or dead, it is a real sorrow, but much of what we worry over, grieve over, fret over, much that causes sleepless nights on tear-stained pillows, should be met with greater bravery, stronger control.

Now to "A Sister" who wanted to know if she must leave her husband or stay on. Stay on, by all means. Live "one day at a time; 'tis the natural way, of bearing life's burdens and cares day by day." I am sure your husband would not be happy with you away and you would never, never be. Learn to live one day at a time, so that you may conquer the smaller worries that come up daily. Just in proportion as we conquer the smaller things of life will we triumph over the big ones. In the years to come it will not be the bitter but the sweet we will wish to live over again. So then, as we all go journeying onward o'er life's mysterious highway, let us be ever looking for the roses and when we find the thorns, as we all do and will continue to do as long as the world stands, let us meet them in the armor of patience and at last we can say as all true conquerors can, "I have fought a good fight."

Now to "Wife in Name Only," perhaps a part of my little "preachment" will help you. I wish you and "A Sister" would both write me a personal letter. Will some of the sisters please write.

MRS. WALTER HENDERSON.

MUNN, COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have come to contribute my mite, in part payment, for all the helps I have obtained from our corner in the past.

To all, young and old, big and small, who are troubled with hernia or rupture I wish to tell how I cured my little boy at the age of three months and again when he was six. I noticed it first when he was three months old and one doctor advised an operation and another said use a truss and wait until he is older. I took his advice and all who have had the experience know what followed; for fifteen months I watched him constantly. Then an old lady told me to remove the truss and apply witch hazel to the abdomen, night and morning and oftener if possible. A druggist told her son this and he had cured himself and he had been ruptured twelve years. I tried it and in six weeks my baby did not need any truss and had no more trouble until he was six years old when he tried his strength by lifting a bag of popcorn which brought back the old trouble. I was afraid I could not cure him as easily as when he was younger as the rupture was so bad I could not get it back into place. I took him to the doctor and he replaced it and fitted a truss. He gave me no hope and said the sooner he was operated on the better and then I told him how I had cured him before and he said he had never heard of a case being cured in that way. I tried it again and in three weeks my boy went to school without a truss and has never worn one since. He is past eight now. Get a truss that will keep rupture in place and do not get discouraged if it slips back of the truss occasionally for it will do that until the opening closes. Simply remove the truss and lie with the feet and hips elevated and it will gradually work into place. Do not wear truss at night unless the patient is very bad or has a cough.

If anyone wishes to write me for further explanation I will answer all who send stamped envelopes.

We live half way between Denver, Colo., and Cheyenne,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39)



Only $2.75 Made to Measure Express Prepaid

AMAZING VALUE Remarkable offer for guaranteed, made-to-order pants. Sample on request. **All extras Free!** —full peg top, fancy pocket flaps, cuffs, etc. Regular $5.00 value. Perfect fit and satisfaction guaranteed. Biggest bargain ever heard of. Go in business for yourself at our expense. Anderson made $33 first week, Williams cleared $52. You take no risk. We back you up. Send for big, complete outfit. Contains cloth samples, fashions, tape, business cards, stationery, etc., **Absolutely FREE.** Earn big money taking orders from your friends and neighbors. Be your own boss. No experience necessary. **Don't send a penny.** We furnish everything and you can easily

Earn $35 to $50 a Week

and more. Have lots of money always. Geo. Edwards earned $46.80 first week. So can you. Don't lose a minute. Write now, say: Send me big free outfit. **Write Quick.** Dept. 208

NO Extra Charges

THE OLD WOOLEN MILLS CO., CHICAGO, ILL.



Important as umbrellas in March

Because Piso's wards off ill effects of cold, rainy weather. For 55 years it has ended distressing coughs and eased inflamed, irritated throats, hoarseness and throat tickling. Keep it in the medicine cabinet ready for immediate use at the very first symptoms.

30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old

PISO'S *for Coughs & Colds*

DIAMOND CUT **4 RINGS FREE** YOUR BIRTHSTONE



WIDE WEDDING SIGNET-YOUR INITIAL

Diamond Cut Brilliant, 1-8 carat size. Signet with your initial, Birthstone and Wedding Ring. Solid Gold Shell. Guaranteed 3 years. Order 15 packages Bingo Household Products. Sell at 10c each. Easy to sell. Big demand. Order today. **Send no money.** Get 4 beautiful Rings **FREE.**

BINGO COMPANY, DEPT. 245, BINGHAMTON, N.Y.



MOVIE MACHINE FREE

Have Your Own "Movie" at home. Wonderful moving picture machine, complete with gas generator and 3 sets reels, all different (196 views). Powerful lens, showing large, clear pictures. Given for selling 20 large colored pictures, or 20 packages beautiful post cards at 15c each. Order choice today.

GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 825 CHICAGO

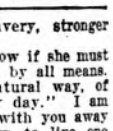


Gold Locket Chain & Ring FREE

Has place for 2 photos. Beautiful engraved pattern with 3 sparkling Gems. Long chain. Guaranteed 5 years. Free for selling 20 easy to sell Art and Religious Pictures at 15 cts. Order Pictures at once.

GAIR MFG. COMPANY, DEPT. 701 CHICAGO

CROWN YOUR TEETH



with our gold finished shells and fool your friends. Resembles dentists' work. Slips over the tooth; easily adjusted, removed at will. Price 10c each. 3 for 25c or 15 for 50c. Agents' Prices, 50 for $1.00 100 for 1.50.

MAYPORT NOV. CO., Dept. A, Mayport, Pa.

Boys' and Girls' Auto Given FREE

A Real Auto With a 5-Horse-Power Engine

This classy racer will do anything a full-sized car will do because it is built like a real automobile. It will even go where a big car can't go. For it has a narrow tread so you can drive anywhere—thru forest—up lanes—anywhere you could ride a bicycle. Yet you need not take the dust from anyone.



THIS CLASSY CAR CAN BE YOURS

Just look at the happy faces in this picture. Don't they look like they were ready for a real time, perhaps off on an errand for Mother or a jaunt to the postoffice? Wouldn't you like to be with them? You can own a Culver Racer and be a young Barney Oldfield if you send me your name and follow my instructions. When I tell you this auto is to be given free—I mean free—it won't cost you one cent of your own money.

Send No Money—Just Your Name

Don't lay down this magazine until you have mailed me your name and address. By doing this you will get full information by return mail telling exactly how you can get this wonderful boys' and girls' auto without it costing you one cent. Send today—quickly. Be the first.

DON'T SEND A CENT All you need to do now is to rush me your name and address quick. A post card will do. Hurry if you want a free auto.

CY SEYMOUR, Mgr., Dept. 38, Batavia, Ill.



GIANT BUTTER BEAN.

The most wonderful BEAN in the world

A Record breaking **FOOD** producer. Comes from the ground in a few days, and grows quickly to a height of two feet, on a strong, sturdy stalk.

This bean produces profusely. We have counted over **100** blossoms on **ONE** stalk. The pods grow straight out from the stalk and its branches, and while there are only 2 to 4 beans in a pod, the bean itself is often the size of a **SILVER Dollar.** Has WONDERFUL FOOD VALUE.

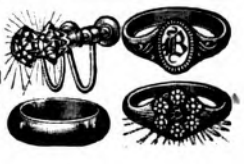
After three years experimenting, we are now ready to offer this delicious vegetable for **10** cts a packet. 3 for 25 cts. 7 for 50 cts or 15 packets for $1.00 By mail postpaid The Krieter-Murphy Co. Seed Growers Dept 273 Stamford Conn.





ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated **Lavalliere** and **Neckchain,** pair of Pierceless **Ear Bobs;** Gold plated **Expansion Bracelet** with 1m. **Watch, guaranteed quality** and 3 Gold plated Rings. **All given FREE** for selling only 15 Jewelry Novelties at 10c. each. Write today.



COLUMBIA NOVELTY CO.

DEPT. 237, EAST BOSTON, MASS.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. S. W., Clark's Summit, Pa.—Lumps in the breast, large or small, are always to be dealt with surgically. However, as the lump is small, you might continue the use of iodine locally, and take, internally, five drops of the syrup of iodide of iron, well diluted.

MISS F. K., Ellsworth, Kansas.—Your condition may be due to hemorrhoids, or may be a blind external fistula. In any case, you should be examined, and the exact condition ascertained in this manner. If the condition is a blind external fistula, the sooner it is relieved, surgically, the better. If, on the other hand, it is an extruding hemorrhoid, an operation also is indicated. Advertised cures for this condition are always speculative, and, in the long run, the hemorrhoids (another name for piles) are made worse; become intolerable, and are only relieved by operation.

MRS. M. B. P., Hilbert, Wis.—Goitre affects the circulation, and any pressure over the heart, as lying on the left side, may cause the pain and discomfort you mention. Lie on the right side always, or on back. The tumor should be removed at once.

MISS E. J., Danville, Wash.—Your trouble is due, no doubt, to lack of cleanliness. Have your teeth cleaned and wash out the mouth with Dobell's solution. You may have, also diseased *tonsils*, as well as adenoids. Have them looked after.

MRS. W. C. F., Florence, S. C.—Try brewer's yeast for the boils. A teaspoonful after meals will do.

MISS R. B., Napoleonville, Pa.—The trouble with your father is, as you suspect, Bright's disease. There is no cure for him at his age. Simply continue the milk diet as suggested by your physician and await the result. There is no help for him.

W. A. O., Dublin, Ind.—Try an enema of ordinary table salt for the pin worms. A teaspoonful to the pint will be about the right strength. Use the enema about three times a week.

J. H. B., Rising Star, Tex.—Your trouble is probably eczema. Apply at night, to the parts, Lassar's Paste, to which has been added thirty grains of boracic acid to the ounce.

MRS. M. K., Sellenburg, Ind.—Your trouble is probably Bright's disease. You should live on a milk diet, and take some ferruginous tonic such as Basham's mixture. Take a teaspoonful in water after meals.

MISS M. M., Bartly, N. D.—Weak coating of the veins causes your trouble. You should wear constantly a flannel bandage on both legs. You should also take some good tonic containing iron.

MISS A. L. C., Clyde, N. Y.—Go to your druggist and get Dobell's solution. Druggists have it made up and all ready to dispense. The protruding piles should be operated on at once.

MRS. B. B, Pensacola, Fla.—Constipation due to carelessness in the past years accounts for most of the symptoms given. Your daughter should take regular exercise, and get rid of the gas in the transverse colon and the descending colon. This can be accomplished by giving her large, and high up, colonic irrigations. The irrigations should be made of warm water to which has been added a teaspoonful of salt to the quart of hot water.

MISS A. C., Fremont, Nebr.—Your trouble is not a disease. The only thing for you to do is to have the hairs removed from the face by electrolysis. This can only be done by some good doctor.

MISS A. M. D., Avar, Ill.—Goitre has nothng to do with your irregular menstruation. Use a vaginal douche of salt and water. Use one teaspoonful of salt to the quart of water.

MRS. R. L. R., Chureno, Tenn.—Malaria may be the real cause of your entire trouble. The blood probably comes from the stomach. The shortness of breath is also due undoubtedly to indigestion. You had better take some two-grain capsules of quinine, three or four times a day, keep your bowels open, and live on a semi-solid diet for a while. You might also take a teaspoonful of American Oil with your meals.

MRS. C. L. N., Rochester, Washington.—No doubt, the "change of life", so called, is beginning. One of the best remedies for nervousness, and the consequent nervous dyspepsia due to this change, is assafoetida pills, in five-grain doses, after meals. Your bladder trouble should be attended to at once. The bladder should be douched with a weak solution of permanganate of potash—about a teaspoonful of a saturated solution to the pint of water—is the proper strength. Besides the douching, you can take five-grain doses of urotropin after meals. As to diet, a simple diet of semi-solid food is indicated. Oatmeal gruel, milk, buttermilk, and any cereal that agrees with you, can be added to the list. Besides, you should be examined and ascertain in this way the condition of the local organs. Possibly you have an external laceration as well as a laceration of the womb that can be remedied by operation. Of course, keep the bowels open and drink plenty of good spring water, enough to flush out the kidneys.

MR. H. A., Sulphur Springs, Ark.—For a man of your years, sixty, a lump anywhere is dangerous, and should be removed by operation. Malignant changes are apt to take place in lumps of this kind, and result fatally, if not excised.



Constipated Children Gladly Take

"California Syrup of Figs"

For the Liver and Bowels

Tell your druggist you want genuine "California Syrup of Figs." Full directions and dose for babies and children of all ages who are constipated, bilious, feverish, tongue-coated, or full of cold, are plainly printed on the bottle. Look for the name "California" and accept no other "Fig Syrup."—Beware!

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 38.)

Wyo. Our nearest town is Munn, ten miles away. We homesteaded here ten years ago. I am a French Yankee. My husband is a German; he came across when he was sixteen and he is just as much of a Yankee as I am. I went to school in the town of Pinconning, Michigan, and would welcome letters from any of my old schoolmates who read this.

In my next letter will tell what wonders olive oil has worked in my big family of six.

MRS. TERESA COURIER KOHLMAN.

ALBERTA, CANADA.

GOOD AFTERNOON, MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT a good many years, ever since I can remember. In answer to Tillamook Bayreader will say that I think if she would think more of hubby and less about that education she would be better off. I had very little schooling, only one term the winter I was seven years old, but do I worry? I should say not!

I am the mother of three dear babies, two girls, Erma May, age five, and Mabel Maxine, age three, and Miles Henry, fifteen months old. My husband is a trapper. We are in the Canadian wilds about 150 miles north and west of Edmonton, Alta. Our cabin is in the valley of the Sundance Creek. Now sisters, do not smile when I say that every morsel of food and every stick of furniture we have was packed about 400 yards down a mountain-side. My husband and an Indian packed it all down on their backs, enough food to last our family of five, five months and furniture enough to furnish two rooms. I just wish that the sisters who are worrying because they do not love their hubbies or their hubbies don't love them, could peek in on my little family. They would be ashamed of themselves. Look at the beautiful things in this world and you cannot help but be happy. Do not think if you could only do this, that or the next thing, you would be happy. Instead just think how grateful you are for the good things the Lord has given you and be contented.

How many of the sisters bake birthday cakes for each member of the family when their birthday arrives? I do, even little Miles had his cake when he was one year old and fancy the smile on daddy's face when little Erma set a cake on the table with thirty-five candles on it. I suppose some of you will think I am foolish but I do not. We had a lovely time. Tomorow is my birthday and how busy my girlies are. I had to make the cake, of course, but they helped me or thought they did and such fun as they will have lighting the twenty-five candles.

I will write again and tell you about my life in the Canadian wilds, the land of moose and mystery.

MRS. MIKE.

RICHMOND, 1529 Second Ave., VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND EVERY SISTER:

Even the COMFORT waste-basket holds no terrors for me this lovely morning, the 13th. Why superstitious about the 13th? Life is just what we make it and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 45.)



NEGLECTED COLDS ARE DANGEROUS!

Dr. King's New Discovery soon breaks a cold and checks a cough.

THAT dangerous stage where a cold or cough or case of grippe might get the better of you may be nearer than you think. Prompt action with Dr. King's New Discovery will avert a long siege.

Time-Tried for more than fifty years and today at the zenith of its popularity! When you think of that, you are bound to be convinced that Dr. King's New Discovery does exactly what it is meant to do—soothes cough-raw throats, congestion-tormented chests, loosens phlegm-pack, and breaks the most obstinate cold and grippe attack.

From the little tots to grandma, every one in the family can use this "fifty-years-the-standard" remedy in perfect safety and confident of beneficial results.

Same high quality today as always. Dr. King's New Discovery lives up to its time-tested reputation. 60c and $1.20 a bottle.

NOTE: Bowels that move spasmodically—free one day and stubborn the next—should be healthfully regulated by Dr. King's New Life Pills. In this way you keep the impurities of waste matter from circulating through the system by cleansing the bowels thoroughly and promoting the proper flow of bile. 25c all druggists.

Send No Money!

Sensational shoe bargain—now. No money to send with your order. Just the coupon below—or a letter—and we send you a pair of these stunning dress shoes. When they arrive pay only $1.95. Then examine them, try them on, see what splendid shoes they are. If not satisfactory for any reason at all, send them back and we will refund your money. If you decide to keep them, pay $2.00 in 30 days and $2.00 in 60 days—total price $5.95. Wear the shoes while paying for them. We trust you absolutely. Don't miss this amazing opportunity to get these stylish, splendidly built shoes at this bargain price and on easy credit terms. (See description under the illustration.)

Only $1.95 on Arrival

You know that we could not afford to send you any but an extra big value on such terms as these because the decision is all in your hands. The shoes go before we get a penny and you have two months to pay.

We don't hesitate to make this offer because we know what the shoes are. We will be glad to have you compare them with high priced shoes anywhere. You will be absolutely astonished that we can quote such a low price as this—but we are going to prove that it will pay you to deal with us—not only to buy shoes here but clothes. This offer is made to show you what unparalleled bargains we have for you. We want you to see the money saving there is in buying direct from our great stocks. The shoes will prove all this better than anything we could say. Send for them—only coupon or a letter—no money. Be sure to give size you wear.



Stylish Dress Shoes

(Popular Blucher Style)

This is the popular Blucher style. Made in gunmetal. Swing toe last. Military heel. Substantial, long wearing, genuine oak leather soles. Reinforced shank and cap. Strongly sewed. Best expert workmanship—a shoe for service. Will outwear many shoes costing half again as much. Color, Black. Sizes 6 to 12. Sent absolutely on approval. Subject to your decision. Keep your money until they arrive and then only $1.95 to pay down—and this back if you return the shoes.

Send Coupon NOW

Don't wait! Get your order in while the offer is on. We don't promise to hold it open. Better send today. There's no risk, no money to send now. The coupon or a letter brings the shoes. Just tell us the size you wear. Write name and address plainly.

FREE Book of Bargains Send postcard for this book showing thousands of money-saving values in wearing apparel for all the family.

STANLEY-ROGERS CO.

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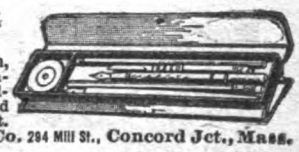
Send the Dress Shoes No. S782. I will pay $1.95 on arrival—then examine them carefully. If satisfied will send $2.00 in 30 days and $2.00 in 60 days, making $5.95 in all. If not satisfied will return shoes in 5 days from arrival and you will refund my money.

I wear size.....

Name.....

Address.....

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with Fountain Pen, Pencils, Knife, Penholder, Eraser, for selling 15 sets of Colored Postcards at 10c a set.

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Guaranteed 5 Years



We give real honest stylish, serviceable Wrist Watch, also Lockets, Bracelets, Ladies and Gent's Watches, etc., Easily earned for selling our easy to sell Jewelry Articles at 10c each. They sell like Hot Cakes Send no money—Just your name and address. We take all the risk and send 60-pieces on Trust Postpaid. When sold send us money and select premium you are entitled to according to our premium list.

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Stem Set Stem Wind

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FREE



Powerful Lever Action AIR RIFLE!

Army Blue finish. 31 inches. Polished Walnut Stock. Free, Postpaid for selling 20 easy to sell Art and Religious Pictures at 15c. Order pictures at once. Satisfaction guaranteed.

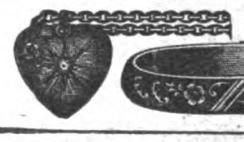
GAIR MFG. CO., Dept. 601, CHICAGO

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The greatest rage in years. The country has gone wild over these famous Dolls. Get yours FREE. Send for 24 packages of Bingo Household Products. Sell at 10c a package. No trouble to sell. Order today. Send no money. Extra gift for promptness. Big Premium List Free.

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ALL THESE FREE

Gold plated Locket set with sparkling stone and 22-inch chain, one Nethersole Bracelet to fit any arm and these 4 gold plated Rings ALL GIVEN FREE for selling only 12 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Write for Jewelry today.



EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 6, East Boston, Mass.

SEND NO MONEY



This sturdy, handsome ARMY WORK SHOE is built so solid full of wear and so chock-full comfort that we are willing to send it to you ON APPROVAL all charges prepaid. Just state your size—that's all. You will be delighted with their splendid, soft, selected leather uppers. Their double thick soles of Genuine Indestructo Oak Leather often wear one year before tapping. Customers are writing us daily: "They are the easiest and longest wearing shoes I ever had."

Specially tanned to exclude barnyard acids. Special dirt-proof tongue. Scientifically treated to exclude snow and water. Send for a pair at our risk. Try them on in your own home; note their splendid quality; enjoy their 6-toe blessed comfort. If they are not worth $8.00 send them back at our expense—you be the judge. Send NO money with this coupon—pay only $4.29 on arrival. Why pay $7.00 or $8.00? Save profits—buy DIRECT from Factory Headquarters. We are the Oldest and Largest House selling Direct from the Shoe Market of the World! Remember, send coupon only; delivery FREE and on approval. The risk is ours—simply send us your name and size.

20 DAY SALE

For 20 days only you can get a pair of these splendid shoes for only $4.29. Don't send a penny with your order. Just mail coupon only. Pay the postman on arrival of package. Money back if you are not delighted.

ORDER NOW.

20 DAY SALE PRICE $4.29 On Arrival

BOSTON MAIL ORDER HOUSE Dept. 725V, Boston, Mass.

Send me pair ARMY WORK SHOES postage free and ON APPROVAL. My money back if I want it. I risk nothing.

Size?_____ Color?_____

Name_____

Address_____



"I Keep Sloan's Liniment Handy

"I ALWAYS have a supply of Sloan's Liniment handy at home so when any member of my family needs it for rheumatic twinges, lame back, sciatica, stiff joints, lame muscles and such ailments, we have immediate relief. I always keep Sloan's with me in the car for quick relief from sprained and strained muscles. The aches and pains and after-effects of exposure to weather soon ease up and give way to clean, quick application of Sloan's the World's Liniment.

"Did you ever notice after washing your car or buggy how the dampness brings on those old rheumatic twinges, how your muscles become sore and lame and your joints stiff? Just get out your handy bottle of Sloan's Liniment!

"No need to tell you how quickly it penetrates without rubbing and brings a warm, comforting tingle of relief. Its unfailing reliability as a speedy and effective pain and ache reliever has made and kept Sloan's Liniment a universal household remedy for more than 38 years."

It is sold by dealers you know and can trust at 35c, 70c, $1.40.

Sloan's Liniment The World's KEEP IT HANDY

original purpose, make excellent rings in the kitchen on which to set hot dishes. They save work and finish.

IN POLISHING TABLE TOPS it requires a strong arm and a heavy polisher. All this may be made easier by covering a heavy flatiron with old woolen cloth, winding it smoothly around several times and sewing it solidly.

DO NOT THROW AWAY white or ecru linen window shades when they are past service at the windows. Soak through several cold waters to which a little sal-soda has been added. Then wash in good strong suds and boil. You will find many uses for the cloth.

IF YOUR CELLARWAY IS DARK, lose no time in painting the top and bottom step a light color. It may save the old folks from falling.

AN EFFECTIVE WAY TO AVOID FALLS, is by pasting surgeon's adhesive plaster, the adhesive side outward, to the soles of the rubbers.

RAIN-WATER FOR HOUSE PLANTS.—Maybe it is the use of hard water in watering your plants that causes failures. Try saving rain-water for this purpose.

IF SOOT FALLS UPON THE RUG or carpet, sprinkle heavily with salt or cornmeal before trying to sweep it up. Use a whisk hand brush, and after the greater part has been removed, repeat the process for thorough cleaning.

IN BUYING A STAIR CARPET, it is economy to buy the length of one more tread than is necessary. Let this end run under a rug, and when the carpet is cleaned, slide it along a few inches to change the wear.

SAVE ALL THE OLD SPOOLS to slip over nails before driving them into the closet walls. Especially useful is this arrangement in damp climates where rust spots appear from contact with metal.

STOVE CEMENT.—Equal parts of salt and hard wood ashes mixed with water to form a paste will effectively cement cracks in a stove.

PARAFFIN PAPER.—Make sheets of paraffin paper by running sheets of thin white or brown paper through hot paraffin. Use these to cover food with in cold places. In ice boxes, the paper prevents "sweating" of the food.

LOCATION OF MIRRORS.—Change the location of mirrors if the rays of the sun strike them as the sun injures the silvering, causing a mottled appearance.

CLEANING BRISTLE BRUSHES.—When the hair bristles become soft from long use in the carpet-sweeper, floor, or hand brushes, put a little baking soda into some hot water, and in this solution work the brushes in and out until thoroughly cleaned. Dry them in hot sun.

SOAPSTONE SINKS should be treated to one or more coats of linseed oil before being used. The oil improves the appearance of the soapstone, besides making a surface that is easily kept clean.

EXTENSION TABLE LOCK.—If your extension dining table does not lock when the extra leaves are out, put a screw-eye and hook into the frame underneath for fear it may be pulled from one side when covered with dishes.

WHEN DUSTING, carry two dusters; a clean one for photos, white surfaces, etc., and one with a little furniture polish on it for dark wood and furniture.

DRAWERS THAT BIND.—Rubbing a bar of hard soap over the running edges of bureau drawers and on the strip on which they run will usually prevent "hitching" when they are pulled out. Soap will also prevent screens from sticking if rubbed on both screen and screen strip.

GREASE THE SNOW SHOVEL.—Before starting in to shovel snow, first apply a liberal coating of grease to the shovel and see how much easier it cuts into the snow.

OLD BROOMS.—There seem to be many uses for old brooms. One is to cut off the handle six inches from the broom and trim it squarely to within four inches of the stitching. At the end of a back step bore a hole that will just admit the broom handle and you have an excellent scraper for muddy boots. Another use is to trim the broom short and squarely, cover it securely with a soft floor cloth and use it to polish linoleum or oilcloth.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.—Many thicknesses of newspapers under carpets or mattings will save much wear, prevent moths, keep out much cold, besides making them softer to walk on.

MEDIUM-COARSE SANDPAPER removes the roughness from stew-pans and kettles and prevents their "catching" next time.

Clothing Prices Reduced by Large Manufacturer.

CHICAGO,—Mr. James D. Bell, head of the Bell Tailors, Adams at Green St., Chicago, Ill., said to be the largest made-to-measure clothing establishment in the world, recently stated that his firm is now able to quote prices on spring and summer suits 35 per cent below what others ask. To prove his point he showed the writer a very attractive piece of all wool cassimere for which they ask only $25 a suit, made to individual measure, whereas the same fabric is now being offered by others at $35 to $40 per suit. Even larger savings are offered on their higher priced suits. Every reader of COMFORT should write Mr. Bell for his price list and a free copy of his style book No. 682 which contains large cloth samples of many beautiful patterns.—Adv.



SENT TO YOU FREE

An astonishing offer. Seize it quickly. MUSIC WITHOUT NOTES! A sensational success. Over 300,000 people now play piano by this wonderful new EASY FORM MUSIC; even young children learn quickly. Here is your opportunity. Don't miss it.

PLAY PIANO or Organ In ONE HOUR

Simple as a-b-c, No teacher required. No correspondence lessons by mail. No knowledge of note music required. This remarkable book, sent FREE on trial, contains ONE HUNDRED of the world's most famous vocal and instrumental selections printed in EASY FORM MUSIC. Send no money.

PLAY PIANO NEW WAY

If you don't learn in five days to play not merely one but SEVERAL popular pieces, send it back; no obligations whatsoever. Or, if you wish to keep the book, pay only 6½c each for the selections—special half price offer to those who write at once. No extra charges of any kind. Complete course of easy instructions free with the book. Be sure to tell us how many white keys on your piano or organ. Send a postal NOW.

EASY METHOD MUSIC CO., 304 Clarkson Bldg., CHICAGO, ILL.



Wrist Watch FREE

This is the very latest design in a wrist watch and is all the rage. The dial is very unique, being oblong in shape. It is just the size of a half dollar. The case is nickle with protruding sides as illustrated, the strap passing thru the heavy metal sides so there is no chance of losing the watch. This is a watch you will be proud to wear and your friends will admire because few people, except in large cities, have them.

SEND NO MONEY. I want to give one lady or girl in each locality one of these beautiful watches FREE for just a little work, which you can do in an hour or two. If you want one write me today. A postal card will do.

V. A. KEMPER, 122 Friend Bldg. Kansas City, Mo.

MADE-TO-MEASURE 2.95



Express or Postage Prepaid

Guaranteed for 2 years solid wear or your money cheerfully refunded. These pants are a "Wonder-Value" worth $6.50 sent to you for $2.95 as a sample of fine tailoring.

AGENTS WANTED

EARN $50.00 a week in your spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for our

BIG FREE OUTFIT

with dozens of the newest styles and attractive woolen samples to choose from. Everything sent FREE.

WASHINGTON TAILORING CO. Dept. 1101 Chicago, Illinois

Avenues that Lead to Thrift

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

top into a detachable frame, to be quickly adjusted by small bolts or hasps at each end. Thus the cart may also be used for a sewing table.

Sandpaper and stain with waterproof staining that is readily renewed.

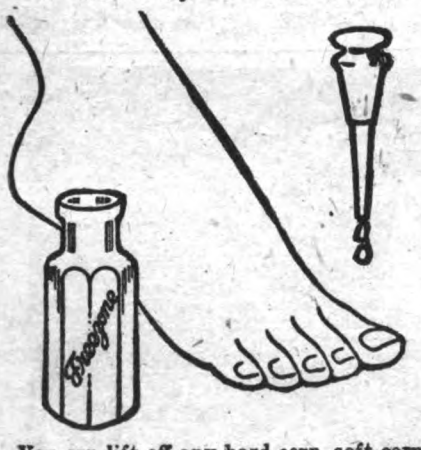
The push-handle is also convenient to hang table-cover and napkins on.

Other Helpful Expedients

EMBROIDERY HOOPS that are useless for their

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

SENT ON TRIAL NO MONEY DOWN

Shoes at $3.95

A fortunate purchase of a large quantity of shoes has given us the opportunity we have been seeking, that is to give the public a chance to get acquainted with Wolper's and all that the name Wolper's implies in quality, value and service.

Advance Style Book FREE We want to place our Advance Style Book in your possession. We know that as soon as you go through it and notice the wonderful values and the amazingly low prices, you will decide to favor us with your patronage. After you have sent us one order and receive your goods, you will be so well pleased that you will say—"From now on all the clothing, shoes, etc. needed by my family will be bought from Wolper's." *All shipments are made postage prepaid.*

Save 1/2 on Shoes



A Few Samples Of Our Values You will notice that our description of each shoe is brief. Our reason for this is our belief, that you would rather judge their value after examination than to read a glowing description that in reality means nothing and could be written about any shoe, then receive a poor value. We could write a page telling of the merits of each shoe but it would be no assurance of value. Our merchandise must speak for itself, must convince you upon arrival or don't accept it.

Only $5.63 on delivery

Ladies' Stylish Dress Shoe
XB2101—Very fine black leather, with glazed kid finish, 9 in. high, close edge sole, receding toe. Be sure to specify whether you want high Louis Heel or lower Military Heels. Priced $5.63.

Our Binding Guarantee
Every pair of shoes as well as every other article in catalog is sold on absolute guarantee of satisfaction.



Pay Only $5.98 on delivery

XB2104—Extra fine English Style Dress Shoe. Narrow last. Very dressy in appearance and an excellent quality of leather. Priced only $5.98



Pay Only $4.49 On Delivery

XB2103 Men's fine dress shoe of high grade black leather, extra quality leather soles. This is a wide last, high, comfort toe, very durable and long wearing. Priced . . $4.49

Work Shoe Bargain
XB2102—Very durable, made of high grade oil grained leather. Heavy Kromide leather soles. Bellow's tongue. Truly a remarkable bargain.

Pay Only $3.95 on delivery

Men's Dress Shoe

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!! Remember our remarkable Spring and Summer Style Book will be sent free with every order or upon request.

Shoe Conservation Department

Why throw away your old shoes? The Government during the war demonstrated that shoes after being discarded, if properly rebuilt, would give practically as much wear as a new pair of shoes. By purchasing shoes from us you can get the wear of practically two pair for a little more than the cost of one.

GUARANTEE CERTIFICATE

With every pair of Wolper's Shoes there is a guarantee certificate attached. Save this certificate and when your shoes are worn out, return them with the certificate. We will rebuild them at cost and return them to you in practically as good condition as when new.

***NOTE:* We Pay All Delivery Charges!**

SEND YOUR ORDER TODAY. Big Bargain Catalog FREE on request.

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1201-09 VAN BUREN STREET CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

SEND THIS COUPON TODAY!

Wolper's Dept. 5B310 1201-09 Van Buren St. Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen:—Please send me shoes No. ....., size.....
Also No.'s....., size..... I agree to pay $.....for these shoes upon delivery. If not satisfactory, I will return them to you and there is to be no charge.

Name _____
_____
Town _____
State _____
R. F. D. _____ St. No. _____

No More Wrinkles

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE

Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic. Eyelashes Beautified

Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have **not a wrinkle on my face** now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment **is a God send** to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to quickly remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A 279, 3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

Prisoners of the Storm

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

"Sho now! Why shouldn't she? I acted up kind of rough at first. I didn't know what nice girls they were that was coming into the valley. Why shouldn't I be a little bit neighborly, now't your little house has prob'ly saved my carcass from the wolves?"

Jessica shivered.

"Oh, don't talk about that, please. Of course, anyone would take a man in out of the blizzard. We'll be glad—or I will anyway—to know that you won't be trying to drive us out; but Laura's awful set. She never'll take any help from you—or from anyone, for that matter."

"You've likely heard some pretty rough yarns about me."

"No, really—at least, not that, I believe. Oh, I was forgetting. You must be hungry."

"Why, yes, maybe; though I hadn't thought of it. I'm mighty well off, I guess, for a stormy night like this."

Jessica rose with a burning blush, and confusedly set about the preparations for supper. In half an hour bacon and cornbread, potatoes and coffee were smoking on the little table. The ranchman ate silently. His weather-tanned countenance had now a high flush as of fever or wine; and his handsome eyes followed eagerly Jessica's every movement. She endeavored to make conversation on indifferent subjects, but with poor success; and she hardly touched her food. Her mind was a whirl of conflicting emotions. One instant she was wishing her visitor away, and the next was wildly glad of his presence. Now she feared or almost hated him, thinking of the futility of the old carving knife hidden in the bedroom as a weapon against so powerful and agile an antagonist; and now she trembled with joy to think that her little house and its fire had lain in the track of his storm-bewildered wanderings and saved him from a miserable death. Vividly recurring in the panorama of her wild and whirling thoughts was her amazement at herself.

When the dishes had been cleared away and the fire replenished, they sat on opposite sides of the table, Jessica at work on some rough sewing, and Steele smoking or sitting back with half-closed eyes, listening to the roar of the storm and watching her busy and nervous fingers. At times the silence in the little room became tense, and the girl ventured some commonplace remark in the hope of gaining some measure of reassurance. To these Steele replied briefly and civilly; then returned to his meditations. As Jessica bent over her work she could feel his gaze glowing on her cheek and neck like a beam of midsummer sun. When she raised her head and met his eyes, he turned away or rose and resumed his lion-like pacing. In the lulls of the wind the little clock on the mantel ticked loudly.

At eleven o'clock Jessica had been sitting for half an hour with her work untouched in her lap. Her face was white with weariness. Steele rose and came toward her with a strange awkwardness in his movements. She gazed up at him, stifling the cry that rose to her lips.

"Now, Miss Jessica," he said, in a strange, tense voice, "you go into your room there and go to bed. I'll bunk down here before the stove and keep guard. I guess there won't be any burglars break in tonight, though."

"All right," replied the girl tremulously. "Let's see what we can find in the way of coats and blankets so you can be somewhere near comfortable."

"Don't worry too much about that. I'll be all right. I'm used to roughing it. And you'll want to be sure and have plenty of things on your bed tonight. It'll be cold in there."

Jessica bustled about the cabin, found some sacks and an old rough coat of her own and brought one of the pillows from the bedroom. These things, with Jeffrey's fur coat, made a passable bed; but he insisted on knowing that Jessica would have ample covering before he accepted them. Bidding him good night in a voice scarcely audible, she closed the door of the bedroom, leaving her visitor smoking, with apparent calmness, a last pipeful by the stove. A few minutes later she heard him disposing his long limbs on the makeshift couch.

For an hour she lay listening to the storm-wind, her heart beating rapidly and her mind a thoroughfare for a procession of bewildering visions. Fear was there in horrid shapes and bold defiance—and a strange tremulous tenderness. There was no lock or bolt on the bedroom door, merely a hook that would certainly not withstand the shove of a powerful shoulder. The futile old carving knife was under her pillow; but she well knew that she could never turn its point against the man who now lay a scant four paces from her bed. Against herself rather—if worse came to worse! That would be far, far better. Already she could not bear to think of any harm coming to him, far less of herself inflicting pain and death. Her own life could be sacrificed if need be. What did it matter?

She had fallen into a doze when she was roused by hearing the young ranchman moving about in the living-room. A chair was moved, and she heard the stove door opened and closed. His steps approached her door, and receded. Then for half an hour she could hear no sounds save those of the storm without. At last her weary young body had its way, and she fell into a deep and dreamless sleep.

She was awakened by the sounds which Jeffrey was making in replenishing the fire in the living-room, and by the dim morning light which came from the half-window. The snow had ceased falling, but the wind howled as furiously as ever, tugging at the drifts and whirling blinding clouds of flakes across the plain. The sky overhead was a dingy grey, verging to a greenish-black near the horizon, with not a hand's breadth of blue anywhere. She dressed hurriedly, and pulling open the door, greeted her visitor with a tremulous good morning.

Jeffrey looked up with a smile, and replied in a manner less constrained than that of the previous evening. He insisted that his bed had been "plenty good enough," but a haggard and drawn look about his eyes belied his words. He worked with quick and nervous motions replacing the garments that had formed his couch and bringing more fuel from the shed. Already he had a good fire, and the teakettle was beginning to simmer. The preparations for breakfast went forward, Jessica working hurriedly and anxiously and declining the offers of assistance made by the young ranchman.

When they were seated on opposite sides of the table. Jeffrey immediately noticed that his hostess in serving the meal had dealt out the portions very unevenly, heaping his plate with the wherewithal to satisfy a robust appetite, and placing only an invalid's portion on her own.

"What's the matter?" he demanded. "Aren't you feeling well?"

"Oh, yes, I feel well enough," answered Jessica, flushing guiltily.

"You're not eating enough to keep a chicken alive. What's the matter?"

"Oh, I'm all right. Some days I don't eat much."

Jeffrey's eyes searched her countenance. Apparently he was not satisfied with what he found there, for he quickly rose, and went to the little storage cupboard and the boxes in the corner of the room where the Ballantynes kept their provisions. After a minute's search he came back to the table with a new, stern look on his face.

"I thought so," he said gravely. "Your provisions are running low, and it was your idea to starve yourself and give me plenty. Now here——"

He seized her plate with its pitiful fragments, and placing it beside the bacon dish which she had pushed to his side of the table for his second helping, quickly deposited upon it the two slices of bacon and the one remaining segment of cornbread. Then he carried the plate around and set it before her.

"Now eat," he said, briefly.

"But really," she protested, "I'm not very hungry."

"Eat your breakfast," he said curtly, "then we'll talk."

Jessica obediently ate the portions assigned her, wondering the while why she made no more determined protest. When she had finished Jeffrey renewed the discussion in a tone of reproof.

"That was a nice thing for you to do,—letting me go on eating like a horse, and with no more idea where the next meal was coming from."

"There'll be plenty—as soon as Laura gets back," returned the other faintly. She couldn't manage to meet his eyes.

"Yes, but do you realize that she may not be able to get through for a week?"

"Oh! You don't think so, do you?"

"You can't tell. The drifts are pretty deep, and it isn't clear overhead yet. It might be a week before anyone could get through from Cartersville."

Jessica gazed helplessly out of the window at the whirling drifts.

"There's enough meal to make another plate of cornbread," she said, "but the bacon and the potatoes are gone."

"That's it!" exclaimed Jeffrey, rising quickly, "You've got just about enough for one person for one day."

"I didn't realize till I came to get breakfast," said Jessica, guiltily.

"Oh, you're not to blame, except for not telling me as soon as you did realize. It's wonderful the things women will do."

"You are my guest," she reminded him, with a catch in her voice that was almost a sob.

"Yes," he responded, huskily, "and you'd have gone hungry to feed a man that just a little while ago was trying to drive you out of the valley."

"Oh, let's forget about that," she pleaded. And now tears glistened on her eyelids, and one bright drop rolled down her cheek.

Jeffrey leaped to his feet. "Here," he said, almost roughly, "I can be something better than a guest who eats you out of house and home. I'm going over to the ranch."

"Oh!" she cried in alarm, "you can't do it. It's just as bad as yesterday. The drifts are deeper."

"No, it isn't so bad, because I can see today,—part of the time, anyway. Do you see that row of cottonwoods over there? No, wait a minute,—there now. Do you see them?"

"Yes, what of them?"

"They'll enable me to keep going in the right direction. I know they're about half a mile to the left of the ranch house. It will be some job plowing through those drifts; but I can make it. Then I'll hitch up two horses, tandem; and bring you over some provisions."

Jessica peered anxiously from the windows toward the line of cottonwoods. For an instant she caught a glimpse of their bare tops against the leaden sky; then they were hidden by a smother of whirling snow. The sky overhead was black with menace. A terrible, knife-like fear stabbed her to the heart. With a cry she turned back to her companion.

"Mr. Steele, don't you see how dangerous it is? Really, I believe it's worse than it was yesterday. Don't try it."

But Jeffrey was already buttoning his fur coat across his throat and pulling down his cap.

"Say good by to me, Jessica," he said, reaching for her hand, "and wish me luck."

"Don't *go*,——*Jeffrey don't go*."

He was holding her little, toil-hardened hand in both of his, and she was gazing up into his face. A great sob shook her bosom, and tears rained down her face.

"You'll be lost, I *know*. Wait! Wait till tomorrow."

"Lost? Suppose I am. You'd just be rid of someone who's scared you half to death."

TO BE CONCLUDED IN APRIL.

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO ANY FAMILY

I will send anyone anywhere one free Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin—What is Your Address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need my Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.

YES. I TAKE MY OWN MEDICINE!

I know what old people suffer with their bowels for I have been a family physician in my county since 1875, and I am old myself, past 80 years of age; born 1839, and still strong. I don't know of a remedy that is better for old people than my Syrup Pepsin, and I'll tell you why: It is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe, and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. I know this by using it myself, by prescribing it since 1875 and by manufacturing it since 1892. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

WHO NEEDS SYRUP PEPSIN

I want to send a free trial bottle of my Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness, and the many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way write for them.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL
"As I Am To-day"

SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

In spite of the fact that my Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every store in the U. S., I want you to become acquainted with it at my expense, and then, if you find it as I claim, buy it of your nearest dealer. Just now send me your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself, by filling out the coupon below, by postal or letter. I have given many thousands of these bottles away and I know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Address me today.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell,
553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.
I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.

Your name.....

St. or R. F. D. .....

Town and State.....

$600 1920 MODEL FORD CAR Given

FIRST GRAND PRIZE



On February 28, 1920, I am going to give away a $600 Ford Touring Car, fully equipped with the new Ford Self Starter and Lighting System, to some one who answers my Ad. and is the most successful in carrying out my simple instructions. In this contest I will also give away thousands of dollars in Cash Rewards, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Diamond Rings, Phonographs, etc., etc., and in case of a tie I will duplicate the prize tied for.

GET 1,000 VOTES

In the picture are a number of hidden faces. See how many you can find. Some are looking right at you, some turned sidewise. You will find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil and mail to me with your name and address. If you find as many as five of the hidden faces I will enter you in this contest with 1,000 votes to your credit and send you full particulars. Some one will get the Ford. Why not you? Write today SURE.

D. W. BEACH, Contest Mgr., Dept. 153, Spencer, Indiana



FULL SIZE 46-PC. DINNER SET FREE

FOR THE SALE OF ONLY 11 BOXES OF SOAP

each box containing 7 cakes of fine Toilet Soap and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box of Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons,



Pair of Shears and package of Needles. Many other useful Premiums such as Toilet Sets, Linen Sets, Furniture, Dry Goods, Wearing Apparel, Enamelware, etc. We also pay large cash commission.

Special Free Present

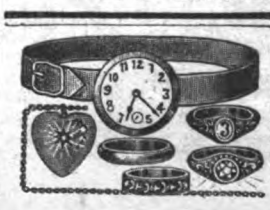
We give a High-Grade Granite Kitchen Set, consisting of a 10 qt. Dish Pan, 3 qt. Sauce Pan and 3 qt. Pudding Pan FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. We also give Beautiful Presents and pay cash for appointing agents for us.



We Pay The Freight

on Soap, Dinner Set and Premiums, allowing plenty of time to examine, deliver and collect before paying us one cent. Send now for our Big FREE Agents Outfit. No money needed. A stamp or post card is your only expense. WRITE TODAY.

THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 655W. Pearl St. CINCINNATI, O. Est. 1897



ALL THIS FREE

Beautiful Imitation Wrist Watch on adjustable leather strap, Gold plated Locket with 22 inch chain and these 4 handsome Rings all free for selling 12 pieces quick-selling Jewelry at 10 cents each. Write

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 54, East Boston, Mass.

130 New Transfer Patterns FREE



All The Latest Stylish Designs For Milady's Dress, Lingerie And Accessories, Children's Garments, Household Linen And Fancy Work, Also Hoops, Stiletto, Embroidery Cotton And Instruction Book.

COMFORT needleworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than **one hundred thirty** new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, doilies, one complete 2¾-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1½-inch initial block alphabet, one complete ⅝-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over **one hundred thirty** in all.

The patterns may be **instantly** transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

Remember—in **addition** to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following

Special Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete transfer outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 9272.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Rose Bushes!

BY special arrangement with a famous rose grower COMFORT, is enabled to give you **six** of the finest Hardy Ever-blooming roses in cultivation. There are six different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the **prize** of its class. They are the **"Hoosier Beauty,"** a glowing crimson scarlet, **"Francis Scott Key,"** a beautiful deep red, **"Madame Marcel Delanney,"** a soft pink, **"Sunburst,"** a magnificent yellow giant, **"Florence Forrester,"** a snow-white, and **"Red Dorothy Perkins,"** a brilliant crimson climber. Each bush is **one year old** and in a **growing condition** when delivered to you.

No matter where you live, our grower will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You will receive them packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we **guarantee** that they will reach you in perfect condition. If for any reason they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you **free of all cost.** We will give you these six beautiful rose bushes upon the terms of the following special offer.

For One Subscription. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the above described six rose bushes free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8571.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

5-Piece Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case





Given For A Club Of Four

A PRACTICAL and beautiful set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 4-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4¾-inch cuticle knife with Ivory white handle, a 4-inch Ivory white nail stick, and a 3¾-inch nail polisher or buffer with Ivory white top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine black leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

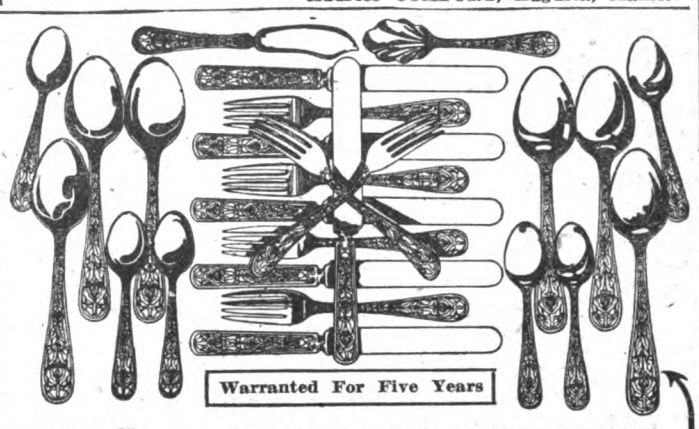
Although we offer this manicure set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly **high-grade,** and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid manicure sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid five-piece manicure set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8014.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set

Yours Prepaid For A Club Of Seven

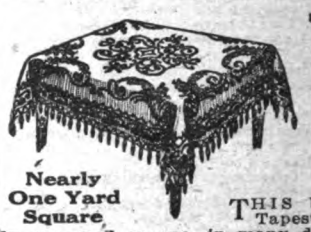


WE have in the past made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we **are** giving this set on liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7397.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tapestry Table Cover



Nearly One Yard Square

THIS beautiful fringed Tapestry Cover is nearly one yard square, in many different beautiful colors interwoven in such a manner that they harmonize with the deep fringe which extends entirely around it. The prevailing colors are green and brown, with lighter and darker shades intermingling, giving an effect of richness and warmth entirely charming to the eye. These Tapestry Covers are made of the best material, dyed in fast colors and are guaranteed to wear for years.

Given To You. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Tapestry Table Cover free and prepaid. **Premium No. 8783.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll in Toyland and You Can Have Me FREE!



YES, **this beautiful, curly-haired** doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she **looks** in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot high.** She has a **strong, durable, stuffed body,** and an indestructible head. You can make her **stand up, sit down in a chair** and assume all **sorts of natural positions.** Her beautiful brown hair **hangs in luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her **and take her out to play.** Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free,** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 9502.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

STYLISH BEAD NECKLACE



For A Club Of Two

Jade, Coral, Amber, Blue and Red

THE great popularity of these new style necklaces leads us to make this offer to our women and girl readers. In fact, there seems to be a veritable CRAZE for these beautiful, large, odd-shaped beads, which come in different colors to match the costume, and of generous length, so that they hang well down the front of the dress. They are not strung on string or wire but are fastened together with tiny, glittering, silver-colored rings, which form a pleasing contrast with the rich, subdued colors of the beads themselves. Some of these necklaces—which, by the way, retail as high as $5.00—are enormous in size, others are quite small; we picked out a medium size, thinking it would please the greater number of our readers. It is 30 inches long, two of the beads are larger than the rest, as shown in the illustration, while at the very end and serving as a pendant, there hangs a large, handsome, oblong-shaped bead an inch and a quarter long. The smaller beads in this necklace are each five eighths of an inch long and there are forty-two beads in all.

We will send you one of these handsome and stylish necklaces—your choice of **red, blue, amber, coral and jade**—upon the terms of the following offer.

Given to You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Necklace free by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 9232.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled



Guaranteed For 5 Years





Gold Birthstone Rings

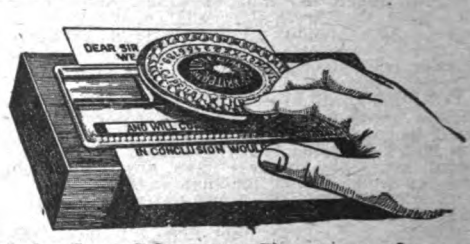
THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Little Giant Typewriter

A REAL machine that writes very distinctly. Has every letter in the alphabet, all the numerals from 1 to 10 and punctuation marks. Uses any size letter paper up to 5 inches wide. For correspondence, making out invoices, statements, addressing envelopes, etc., this machine will do the work well. It is very easy to operate, in fact, a child can write on it after a little practice.

Given To You. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Typewriter free and prepaid. **Premium No. 8853.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at "The Blunders of A Bashful Man"



Premium No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! **For chasing away** melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it **better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world** and it has the circus and vaudeville **beaten a mile.** This great story is the **world's champion funny book** and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight **the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses** of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly **bashful** young man who stumbles on through a succession of **astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments** that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of **exploding** from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and **you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.**

Free Offer. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and postpaid. **Premium No. 8221.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting.** All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Premium No. 7578

Soft Warm Bed Blankets

Sent Prepaid For A Club Of Eight



THIS IS an offer which no good housewife can afford to overlook. It is your opportunity to secure as many large comfortable bed blankets as you may need **without a cent of expense.** They are 55 inches wide, six feet in length extremely well made and finely finished. The color is gray with white border. Please notice that they are large enough for any standard size bed being of sufficient length to come up well on the pillow and wide enough so that they may be snugly tucked in at the sides. This is in reality one of the best bargains in a premium we have ever offered due to the fact that we buy these blankets in large quantities direct from the mill at a specially low price and therefore are enabled to offer them for a very small club of subscriptions. When you think of this big warm blanket on your bed or lying on a closet shelf ready for use when wanted, we believe that you will want to start a club at once for the sake of securing one or more of them free of all cost to you. We will gladly send you one or more of these splendid blankets upon the terms of the following

Club Offer. For a club of only eight one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these fine double bed blankets free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Prem. No. 7578.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Don't Send a Penny



Absolutely the Season's Greatest Dress Bargain

Here is a stunning smart new spring dress of splendid plaid gingham in artistic patterns and colors, full of dash and style. A wonderful bargain, but to be appreciated must be seen and examined. The instant you set eyes on this lovely model you will be delighted with its charming lines and elegant design, which the picture can only faintly suggest. We will send you this beautiful dress without a penny in advance. **Send no money!** Just fill out and mail coupon below and when dress arrives examine and try it on. Note the wonderfully attractive material—the perfect fit—dashing style, smart colors, artistic finish and fine workmanship. Then keep it only if perfectly satisfied; if not, return to us and you'll not be out a penny.

Pearl Buttons

Pleated Tunic Skirt

Stunning Plaid Gingham Dress

Wonderful Bargain

This extremely attractive, latest style plaid gingham dress lends a touch of youth and beauty to any woman. Waist is of snappy blouse design made with handsome organdie collar. Note the stylish vestee effect of organdie with gingham straps and trimmed with buttons. Surplice lines of waist are the **very newest thing;** white organdie cuffs over plaid gingham, with gingham straps and pearl buttons. Skirt is **full flare** with pleated tunic handsomely trimmed with pearl buttons; side closing; colors, assorted plaids, guaranteed "fast colors." Positively a sensational dress bargain. You will say so, when you see it. **Send no money.** Mail coupon; and pay **$5.98** for dress on arrival. Money back promptly, if not fully satisfied.

Order by No. B856. Women's sizes, 32 to 44 bust. Misses' sizes, 14 to 20 years.

Leonard-Morton & Co. Dept. 501 Chicago, Ill.

Send me Plaid Gingham Dress No. B856. I will pay $5.98 for dress on arrival and examine it carefully. If I am not satisfied with dress, will return it and you Misses' will return my money.

Size.....Bust.....

Name.....

Address.....

A Great Frontiersman

"Who was Lewis Wetzel? you ask," remarks Dan Beard, in Boys' Life, the Boy Scout magazine, for November.

"Well he was one of the most picturesque of the old frontiersmen, a striking and unique personality, a real wilderness man, an athlete, supple and powerful, quick and agile as a cat, garbed in fringed buckskin clothes and bearskin hat, with long hair almost reaching to the ground. Like most of the other buckskin knights, he also was captured by the Indians when he was a barefoot boy. Lewis and his brother were playing around the yard of their father's log cabin when he saw a rifle peeking at him from around the corncrib. With the instinct of a wild animal he sprang backwards just as the rifle cracked and the bullet tore a gash clear across his little chest, then the two Indians rushed out and captured the boys. In spite of the pain of the wound, the little fellow kept pace with his captors and never whimpered but stoically trudged along the trail.

"While the Indians slept, Lewis awoke his brother and they took to the tall timber, but the briars and sticks cut their tough little feet so Lewis left his brother, crept back to the Indian camp and took the Indians' moccasins and again started on his way, then he bethought him that they needed arms and once more he turned back, secured the redmen's guns, and made a final break for home where after some startling adventures they safely arrived.

"Wetzel grew up to be a great Indian fighter, and, after his father was slain by a savage, became an Indian hater, believing in that ferocious saying that 'the only good Indian was a dead Indian.' Wetzel hunted Indians thereafter as if they were wolves and not human beings and was very successful in his hunts, seldom returning from the woods without a number of scalps. That in itself was not considered brutal in those days when even authorities used to pay a bounty on Indian scalps just as they do now, in some places, for wolf scalps.

"Wetzel was a great hunter and hunted with Simon Kenton and other great woodmen, but neither Simon Kenton nor Daniel Boone were Indian haters like him."

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

W. Wolff, Clintonville, R. R. 2, Wis., would like information of Joseph James Gokey, who was in San Francisco, Calif., when last heard from.

Will any COMFORT reader knowing the address of Biddy and Mandy Lively, sisters of Joe and Dave Lively, kindly write to their niece, Mrs. Nora Baldwin, Eagletown, Okla., who is very anxious to hear from them.

Georgie Rogers, Millstone, Ky., would like to know the whereabouts of George Cornett, last heard from in Roddy, Tenn.

Mrs. J. C. Waltermire, Gross, Nebr., would like to know the whereabouts of her two brothers, Bennie and Jesse Pearson.

Mrs. Walter Spencer of Mead, Wash., would like to hear from her sister, Carrie Hertzberg, Mount Carmel, Pa.

Will any one of the COMFORT readers knowing the address, or any information, of Gene Andrews, last heard from in Idaho four years ago, kindly write to Mrs. Melvin Andrews, 245 Highland Ave., Gardiner, Maine. Mrs. Andrews is anxious to hear from him.

William Adler, Muscatine, Iowa, would like to hear from his brother, Rudolph Adler, a barber by trade, as he has some very good news for him.

Douglas Ayers, Marsland, Nebr., would like to hear from his father, George F. Ayers, last heard of three years ago in Roundup, Mont. Any news of Mr. Ayers will be gratefully received.

Canadian subscribers please read:—Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Henry Derendorf or Joseph Derendorf, of German nationality, please communicate with their brother, William Derendorf, Virden, Box 133, Ill.

Mrs. Elizabeth Walker of Mitchell, R. R. 3, Box 100, Indiana, would like to hear from her brother, Ralph Tomlinson, last heard from in North Dakota.

Will any soldier who served in the Civil War, 1862-1865, with or knew William H. McKillip, kindly write to Lucy A. McKillip, Pasco, Wash.

C. R. Pike, Auburn, Mich., would like to hear from his stepbrother, Thomas Draper Smith (or from his relatives), who left Athens Co., Ohio, 34 years ago to return to his home in Utah after visiting his old home.

Will any ex-service man who knew Richard E. Winningham, Co. C, 165th Inf., 42nd Division, who was killed in France on the seventh day of November, 1918, or who knew anything about his death, kindly write to Mrs. M. J. Winningham, Graham, R. R. 1, N. C.

Five Wheel Chairs in February

543 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

We sent out two wheel chairs more in February than in January, which encourages me to hope that you, my good friends, will so push the good work this month as to enable me to send seven wheel chairs in March for the relief of the unfortunate shut-ins.

The five February chairs go to Miss Rose Thompson, Pickford, Mich., 150; Annie Laura Lewis, R. R. 6, Hartford, Ala., 90; Maud Sparks, Wythevile, Va., 82; Earl Johnson, Raven Rock, W. Va., 81; Mary Audry Chism, R. R. 5, Frankfort, Ky., subscriptions and cash equivalent to 150 subscriptions.

The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or their friends for them, except that the friends of Mary Audry Chism sent subscriptions and cash which together were equivalent to 150 subscriptions for her chair.

Rose Thompson, age 24, is unable to walk because of stiff knee and ankle joints which have become solidified. She has been in this condition since infancy. Nevertheless she is smart and industrious in such lines of work as she can do in her crippled condition.

Annie Laura Lewis, age 7, is paralyzed from her hips down and has been so ever since she had infantile paralysis when a baby. She is a bright, smart little girl, but has never been able to walk. Her COMFORT wheel chair will be a source of great joy to her.

Maud Sparks, age 17, crippled from birth and entirely helpless, cannot even dress herself or comb her hair. Her wheel chair will be a comfort to her and a help to those who have the care of her.

Earl Johnson, age 21, has been crippled from birth by spinal trouble and is entirely helpless except that he has some use of his right hand.

Mary Audry Chism, age 7, had infantile paralysis when eight months old and it has left her paralyzed in both legs; she can not even sit up without support.

You will be interested in the following picture of Mrs. S. E. Whittington and letter which accompanies it, also in our Roll of Honor.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.



MRS. S. E. WHITTINGTON ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

Enjoys Her Wonderful COMFORT Wheel Chair

MONROE, LA., R. R. 1, Box 58.

DEAR MR. GANNETT:

I enclose 50 cents for another year's subscription to your good paper. Please credit same to wheel-chair account. I also enclose picture of myself enjoying my wonderful COMFORT wheel chair for which I am very grateful. I shall be pleased if you can find room in COMFORT to print my picture and age, which is 64 years, one month and 14 days this tenth day of January, 1920. With thanks,

Truly yours, MRS. S. E. WHITTINGTON.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Subscriptions.—Mrs. Joseph Thompson, Mich., for Rose Thompson, 96; J. W. Powell, N. C., for own wheel chair, 39; Mrs. G. W. Smith, Okla., for Clifford Brown, 38; Mrs. A. C. Evans, Ohio, for Thomas Williams, 31; Mrs. Henry Johnson, Ky., for Elizabeth Beatrice Johnson, 30; Mr. August Edhend, Mich., for Elmer Dahlgren, 22; Willie Houston Rice, Okla., for own wheel chair, 21; Mrs. George W. Smith, Okla., for Clifford Brown, 21; Mrs. William B. Wood, Colo., for Edna Mabra, 21; Mrs. Mary Stewart, Missouri, for Harold Stewart, 20; Mrs. Mary Ashley, La., for Pink Lawless, 18; Velma E. Graham, Texas, for George Edward Sullivan, 16; the Fourth Grade of the Belle Fourche City School, S. Dak., for Annie Laura Lewis, 12; Mrs. Olive Hatcher, S. C., for John W. Powell, 11; Mrs. O. N. Humphreys, Tenn., for Mrs. Nannie Shipley, 10; Ethel Howard, Ga., for Gladys Allen Howard, 9; Mrs. Lottie Sullivan, Texas, for George E. Sullivan, 6; Miss Fern Nichols, Texas, for Pink Lawless, 5; Mrs. Lily Mae Ridgdill, Ga., for Florence Ridgdill, 5; Mrs. S. F. Woolen, Okla., for general, 5; Mrs. Susan McKee, La., for own wheel chair, 5.

Cash.—"A Friend," for Mary Audry Chism, $12.10; Mrs. Maggie Spradley, La., for Pink Lawless, $2.50; Mrs. John Vaughn, Va., for general, $2.00; Mrs. Belle Buzard, Kans., for general, $2.00; E. M. Olson, Kans., for general, $1.00; Velma E. Graham, Texas, for George Edward Sullivan, 25c; Ethel Howard, Ga., for Gladys Allen Howard, 25c.

Spectacles ON TRIAL Free



Send No Money

I Will Send These

Large Size Spectacles

Absolutely **FREE**

Send Me The Coupon Below You'll Get Them At Once

THIS is a straight-from-the-shoulder proposition that every man and woman should take advantage of right this very minute. I claim that my Large Size **"Perfect Vision"** glasses will enable you to thread the finest needle—to read the smallest print—to see far or near—to protect your eyes and prevent eye strain and eye pain, which usually cause headaches.

Furthermore, I claim that my Large Size **"Perfect Vision"** 10-Karat, Gold-filled Spectacles are the best and most handsome looking spectacles you have ever seen.

They Will Enable You to Read The Finest Print Thread A Small-Eyed Needle, or Shoot A Bird Off The Tallest Tree

IF YOU ARE A SPORTSMAN and go hunting occasionally



Shoulder your gun, whistle your dog across the field, and see how these glasses will help you to sight your gun and take aim at your game.

With these Large Size **"Perfect Vision"** spectacles of mine, you will be able to shoot a bird off a tree easily, and this even if you are a very poor shot right now. I want you to try out these Large Size **"Perfect Vision"** spectacles of mine for reading and sewing, or for distance; for indoors, or outdoors, whichever you prefer. I don't want you to keep them unless they positively fit you better than any you have ever had before, and you can honestly tell me so. That is why

I Don't Ask You To Send Me A Cent So You Have Nothing To Lose.

Sit down right now—this very minute—and fill out the coupon below at once; let Uncle Sam deliver into your own hands, at your own door, a pair of my 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size "Perfect Vision" Spectacles, in a handsome velteen-lined, spring-back, Pocket-book Spectacle Case, for you to try fully ten days absolutely free. Fill in this coupon and mail it to me at once.

ST. LOUIS SPECTACLE HOUSE, Room [44] ST. LOUIS, MO.

I herewith enclose this coupon, which entitles me, by return mail, to a pair of your 10-Karat, Gold-filled, Large Size **"Perfect Vision"** Spectacles, complete, also a fine leatherette, velteen-lined, spring-back, pocket-book spectacle case, without a cent of cost to me, so I can try them out, under your own offer, of a full ten days' actual test. This free trial is not to cost me one penny, and if I like the glasses and keep them, I am to pay you $1.95 only—no more and no less. But if, for any reason whatsoever, I don't wish to keep them (and I, myself, am to be the sole judge), I will return them to you without paying you a single cent for them, as you agreed in the above advertisement to send them on ten days' absolute free trial. With this understanding I mail you this certificate, and it is agreed that you will stick to your word and I will stick to mine. Don't fail to answer the following questions:

How old are you?.....How many years have you used glasses (if any)?.....

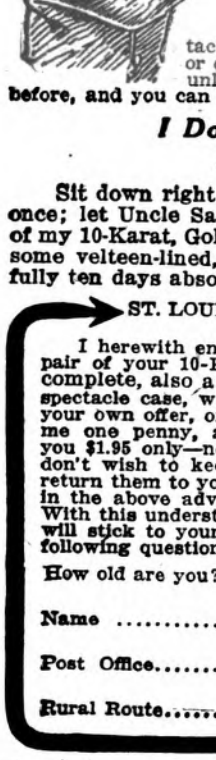
Name .....

Post Office.....

Rural Route.....Box No.....State.....

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS

as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away **FREE** 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous **White Cloverine,** which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two **Gold** Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalog which you will receive with the White Cloverine. Millions are using **Cloverine.**



OR **LADIES!** YOU CAN ALSO EARN **A BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET**

SIX LACE CURTAINS

and many other beautiful premiums. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick—Pictures and Cloverine sent promptly, post-paid. Be first in your town.

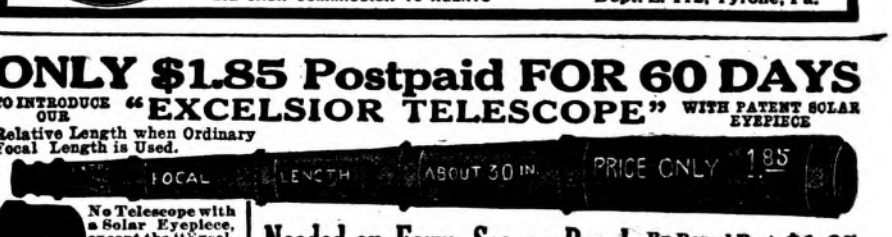
THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,

BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS Dept. L. 112, Tyrone, Pa.

ONLY $1.85 Postpaid FOR 60 DAYS

TO INTRODUCE OUR **"EXCELSIOR TELESCOPE"** WITH PATENT SOLAR EYEPIECE

Relative Length when Ordinary Focal Length is Used.



No Telescope with a Solar Eyepiece, except the "Excelsior" has been sold for less than $8 to $10.

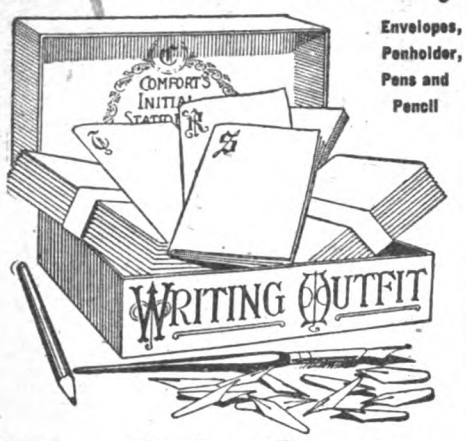
Needed on Farm, Sea or Ranch

By Parcel Post Insured for **$1.85**

POSITIVELY such a good telescope has not been sold for this price before, since the great war. These telescopes are made by one of the large manufacturers of Europe, measure closed 12 inches and open over 3 feet, in 5 sections, with long focus lense. They are BRASS BOUND, BRASS SAFETY CAP on each end to exclude dust, etc., with **POWERFUL LENSES,** scientifically ground and adjusted. GUARANTEED BY THE MAKER. Heretofore Telescopes of this size with a solar eye piece have been sold for $8 to $10 or even more. We do not claim our Telescope in all respects equal to an $8 or $10 one, but it is a wonder for the price. Every sojourner in the country or at seaside resorts should certainly secure one of these instruments, and no farmer should be without one. **OBJECTS MILES AWAY** are brought to view with astonishing clearness. Sent by Parcel Post, safe delivery insured, $1.85. Our new catalog of guns, etc., sent with each order. This is a grand offer, and you should not miss it. **WE GUARANTEE ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION** or money refunded. **Digest of what customers say:** Write them, need not take our word. "Witnessed sun eclipse at Austrian Tyrol with it." L. S. Henry, The Saxon, N. Y.—"Excelsior superior to a $15.00 one." Fred Walsh, Howe Island, Ontario.—"Could count cattle twenty miles away." F. G. Patton, Arkansas City, Kans.—**Over 1000 readers of this publication are using one with perfect satisfaction. Sent Parcel Post, Insured, for $1.85.**

KIRTLAND BROS. & CO., Dept. C.T. 96 Chambers St., New York

Box Of Initial Stationery



Envelopes, Penholder, Pens and Pencil

Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. In this offer we give you **two dozen sheets white linen stationery** 10½x6¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, one dozen best quality steel pens, one good grade pencil and one penholder.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it. It is **yours free** upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery and complete Writing Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SCRIM CURTAINS GIVEN!



THE price of cloth has advanced tremendously within the past few years, but that does not prevent us from offering these stylish Scrim Curtains for the ridiculous small club of six. We make no money profit on our premiums — that's the reason. They are full size, each side piece measuring **2½ feet in width** and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance," as it is commonly called, is **1 1-6 feet wide and 2⅓ feet long.** The insertion is a 3-inch band of Filet lace. The color is White or Ecru—whichever you prefer. These Curtains are all the style now, so don't miss this wonderful opportunity to secure one or more of them absolutely free. And be sure to send in your order **at once** as our supply is limited.

Given To You. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these stylish Curtains free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7756.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Premium No. 9472.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Lovely Ferns

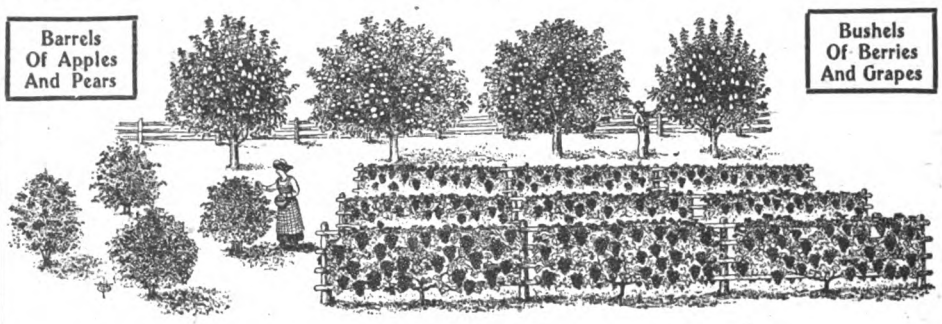


THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Asparagus Plumosus** or "Lace" fern, the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Plant This Grand Fruit Orchard





Delaware Grape



Bartlett Pear



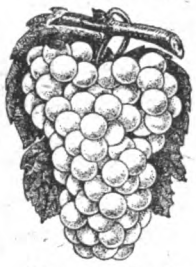
Concord Grape



Wealthy Apple



Rex Raspberry



Niagara Grape

—For A Club Of Two—

We Will Send You Seventeen Apple And Pear Trees, Berry Bushes and Grape Vines!

BY special arrangement with the growers in Michigan we can now offer our readers this grand Fruit and Orchard Collection of 17 Choice Fruit Trees, Berry Bushes and Grape Vines. If planted at standard distances apart they will nicely fill **an eighth of an acre.** Or they can be planted closer if desired, or they can be made to form a border around your yard or lot. Wherever grown, however, they will yield loads of the finest Apples, Pears, Grapes, Raspberries and Dewberries every year as long as you live. All the varieties in this splendid Collection have been carefully selected for their characteristics of rapid growth, early maturity, immense yield and extreme hardiness. We believe it would be difficult to secure as much **actual value** from any other assortment of the same size.

Here is what we give you:

One Snow Apple Tree, One Wealthy Apple Tree, One Kieffer Pear Tree, One Bartlett Pear Tree, Two Lucretia Dewberry Bushes, Two Rex Raspberry Bushes, Three Niagara Grape Vines, Three Delaware Grape Vines, Three Concord Grape Vines.

The four grafted Apple and Pear Trees in this Collection are the best that can be procured. **They are one foot high,** grafted by experts from bearing trees with high records. They will take root as soon as planted and grow rapidly into vigorous healthy trees. You could not get better trees at any price.

The nine Grape Vines are a product of southern Michigan, where the finest grapes in the world are grown. From selected vines, cuttings are taken and buried in underground pits until they undergo a process known as "callousing." After being properly "calloused" the cuttings will take root as soon as planted. **The "calloused" Grape Cuttings in this Collection are all produced in this manner.** They will grow rapidly and bear immense crops of choice grapes even sooner than large vines planted at the same time.

The two Raspberry Bushes and two Dewberry Bushes in this Collection are robust, one-year-old youngsters, ready to set out as soon as you receive them. They will begin growing at once and develop into fine, heavy-bearing bushes if given proper attention.

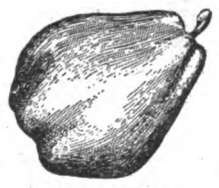
All Will Bear Soon! The garden which you plant with this fine Fruit and Orchard Collection will prove an ever increasing source of pleasure and profit to you year after year. All the trees, vines and bushes will bear fruit in a remarkably short time. The Raspberry will produce some fruit this season. Then next year your Dewberries will commence bearing. The following year you will have grapes and some pears. (A properly cared-for Grape Vine will yield a bushel of grapes every season.) Your Apple and Pear Trees will begin bearing in from three to five years. Then you will have loads and loads of fine fruit in increasing quantity every year.

Guaranteed To Grow! Everything in this Collection is **absolutely guaranteed to grow.** We stand behind every Collection sent out and the growers in turn stand behind us. You may rest assured that if you order this splendid Collection (and you surely ought to), it will reach you in **good condition** and grow to your **entire satisfaction** if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to make growth satisfactory to you, we hereby guarantee to replace them promptly and **absolutely without charge to you.** You cannot lose. You run absolutely no risk in accepting this offer.

Full Planting Instructions! With this fine Fruit and Orchard Collection we are also going to send you **complete instructions for planting.** These directions are fully illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing you **just what to do and when and how to do it.** By following these simple directions you will in a few years have one of the finest orchards in your neighborhood.

Our Free Offer! Send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each and this remarkable Fruit and Orchard Collection is yours free—The two Apple Trees, two Pear Trees, two Dewberry Bushes, two Raspberry Bushes and nine Grape Vines. The whole Collection will be carefully **packed in moss,** securely wrapped and sent to you by prepaid parcel post, direct from the Michigan growers **at the proper time for planting in your locality.** Remember we guarantee that everything will reach you in perfect condition. You will also receive complete illustrated instructions for planting. Be sure to send in your order this very day and ask for **Premium No. 9542.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



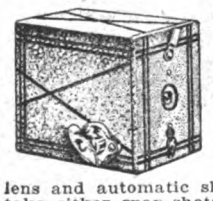
Kieffer Pear



Lucretia Dewberry



Snow Apple



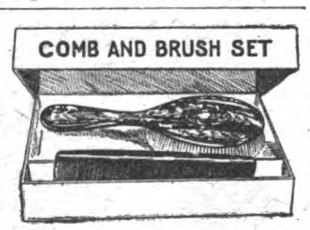
Camera Given

A SPLENDID Camera, either for yourself or to give as a present to someone. It is the pocket "Premo," made by the Eastman Kodak Company, and it takes beautiful pictures 1¼x1¾ inches in size. Fitted with Meniscus lens and automatic shutter which allows you to take either snap-shots or time exposures. Uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this film may be put in the camera in broad daylight. Anybody can take good pictures with this camera. It is so simple to operate that even a child can use it.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Premo Camera with one six-exposure roll film cartridge and instruction book free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Premium No. 8483.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Your Own Birth-Stone Set In This Stylish Gold Pendant!

Birthstone Pendant And Chain



We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For a Club of Two!

ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women and girls who like to be up-to-date are now wearing the Birthstone Pendant and Chain, also called Lavalliere. The one offered here is the prettiest design we found among a large assortment submitted for our approval by the largest jewelry manufacturer in the United States. It has a cable chain, the pendant 15-inch **gold plate** plate and set with is also made of **gold** your own **birthstone** and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful imt. **Bar-roque pearl.** Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. All of the stones are solitares and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. **When ordering be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.**

9552	Jan.	**Garnet,** Symbol of Power.
9562	Feb.	**Amethyst,** Symbol of Pure Love.
9572	March	**Aquamarine,** Symbol of Courage.
9582	April	**Diamond,** Symbol of Purity.
9592	May	**Emerald,** Symbol of Immortality.
9602	June	**Pearl,** Symbol of Long Life.
9612	July	**Ruby,** Symbol of Charity.
9622	Aug.	**Peridot,** Symbol of Happiness.
9632	Sept.	**Sapphire,** Symbol of Constancy.
9642	Oct.	**Opal,** Symbol of Hope.
9652	Nov.	**Topaz,** Symbol of Friendship.
9662	Dec.	**Turquoise,** Symbol of Prosperity.

CLUB OFFER. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention number of stone wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



See The Wonders Of War Through The Pan-Chro Scope

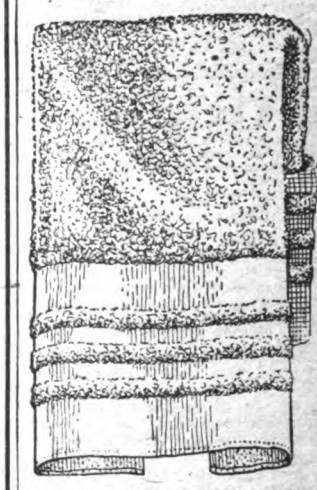
THE war is over—our boys are coming home—but the tragic scenes of conflict, the desolate ruins of villages and towns, and the thousands upon thousands of miles of devastated country where the tide of battle ebbed and flowed for so many years will live in the memory of every living person of this generation and the next.

Few of us will ever travel to Europe and there, with our own eyes view the actual scenes of the mightiest conflict in history. But you **can** see them through the **Pan-Chro Scope,** which is almost as good. The Pan-Chro Scope is a new invention—something like the stereoscope—fitted with twin-stereo lens of wonderful magnifying power. With this Scope we send you **96** different War Views, taken with the Camera. You place the View in the Scope, and immediately you find yourself face to face with an astonishingly life-like scene that resembles a section of a moving-picture film. First you are aboard an American warship—next you are looking into a trench "somewhere in France," then you are among the barbed wire entanglements in "No Man's Land," again you are watching house-to-house fighting in a captured French town, and many other scenes of **actual warfare** just as interesting and exciting—96 of them in all. The different views take you direct to Belgium, France or wherever the place may be and show you the scenes almost as plainly as though you were there yourself. This Pan-Chro Scope and Views is one of the most wonderful souvenirs of the great war yet produced. Everybody is fascinated with it—men, women, boys and girls alike. We have but a few left—but you can feel sure of getting one if your order is mailed **at once.**

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Pan-Chro Scope with **48** all different War Views free and prepaid for three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 8833.** Or for four one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you the Pan-Chro Scope with **96** War Views, all different. **Premium No. 7924.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fine Turkish Towels

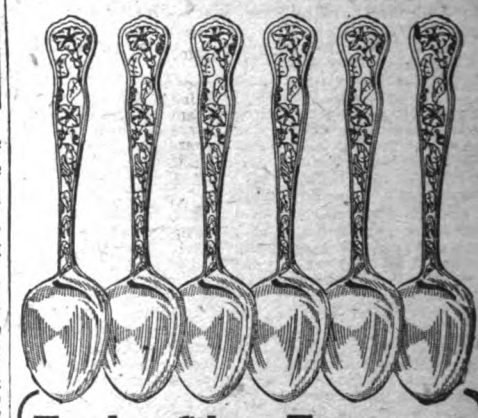


Good Size Soft And Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. **The towels offered here are 15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8503.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Twelve Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of twelve teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful **"Morning Glory"** deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant **French grey.** The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Remember, that although we illustrate but six spoons, we are going to send you a **full dozen.** They are yours free if you will accept the following special offer.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one dozen **(12)** of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons **free** by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8953.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

$200 In Prizes
To Trappers!

Write us describing your most interesting experiences, trapping secrets, etc.! Send us a good "trapping" picture! For the best letters and photographs received we will pay Two Hundred Dollars in Prizes!

How To Write The Letter!

MAKE your letter as short as possible but do not leave out anything important for the sake of shortness.

Write in your own style, how many traps you used this season, how many and what kind of furs you took and how much cold cash you got for them.

Also describe any interesting and exciting experiences that you may have had and tell us about any trapping **secrets** you may know. Especially are we interested in the methods or "secrets" used by the most skillful trappers. If you follow any successful methods of your own in the matter of baits, setting your traps, skinning, etc., or if other trappers have told you about the methods which they use, be **sure** to describe them. In short, try to make your letter just as interesting and just as **helpful** to other trappers as you possibly can, for that is the kind of a letter that will win a prize.

How To Take The Picture!

WE want a good photograph of your furs —all of them if possible, or at least as many as you have on hand at any one time. You can tack them up on the side of the barn or show them in a pile.

Also, we would like a photograph of some interesting trapping scene—something perhaps that has happened along your trap line.

But be sure to send us a picture of your furs anyway. If you send them to market in several different shipments, take a picture of each shipment before it goes.

If you haven't a camera, get some friend who owns one to take the pictures for you. Please remember that the photograph should not be smaller than 2¼ by 3¼ inches. The postcard size—3¼ by 5½—is the best size you could send.

Here Are The Prizes!

For the best, most interesting letters and photographs received, we will award the following prizes:

Best Letter With Photograph	$15
Second Best Letter With Photograph	$10
Next 3 Best Letters "	Stevens .22 Rifle
Next 5 " " " "	$3
Next 10 " " " "	6 Victor Traps
Next 20 " " " "	Hunting Knife
Next 30 " " " "	3 Victor Traps
Best Letter Without Photograph	$10
Second Best Letter Without Photograph	Stevens .22 Rifle
Next 3 Best Letters " "	$3
Next 5 " " " "	6 Victor Traps
Next 10 " " " "	Hunting Knife
Next 20 " " " "	3 Victor Traps
Best Photograph Without Letter	Stevens .22 Rifle
Second Best Photograph Without Letter	$3
Next 3 Best Photographs " "	6 Victor Traps
Next 5 " " " "	Hunting Knife
Next 10 " " " "	3 Victor Traps

When To Send Letter And Photos!

MAIL us your letter and photographs as soon as possible. All letters and photographs will be examined as soon as received, the best and most interesting ones selected and the prizes awarded **March 31, 1920.**

If you win a cash prize the money will be sent you promptly by mail. If you win one of the other prizes it will be sent to you by express or parcel post all charges prepaid.

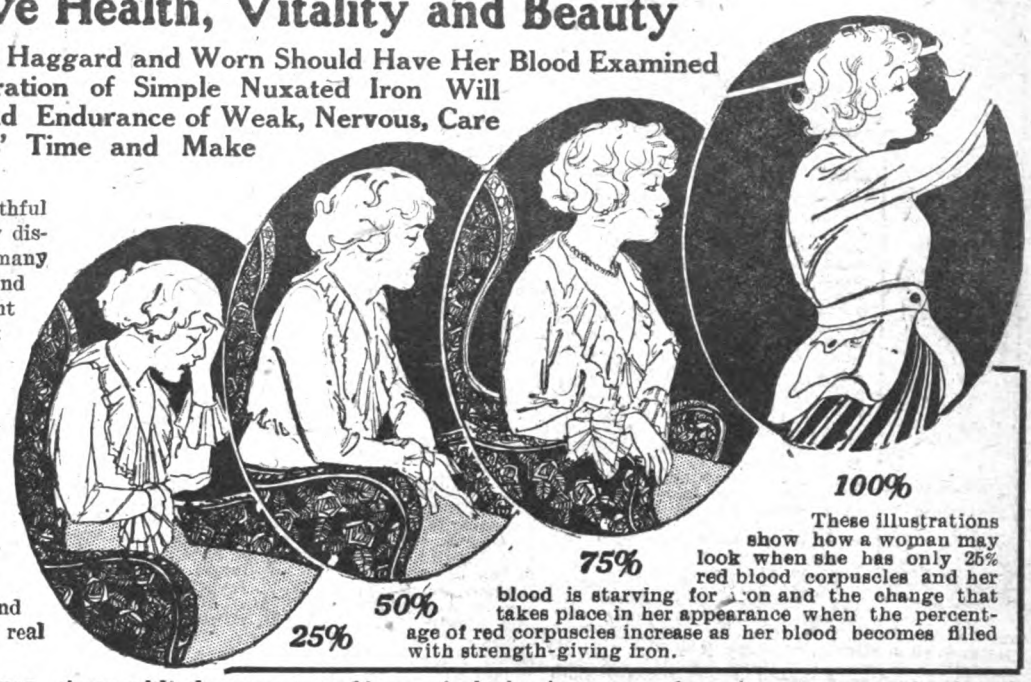
If possible, please mail your letter and photographs in the same envelope or package. If, however, you are obliged to mail the photographs separately, be **sure** to write your complete name and address on the back of each, and also write your name and address in the upper left-hand corner of the envelope or package in which the photographs are enclosed so we shall know from whom they come. **Address all your letters and packages to**

TRAPPING EDITOR,
COMFORT, Augusta, Maine

How Lack of Iron In the Blood May Change A Woman's Appearance And Break Down Her Physical Strength

While Plenty of Iron Makes Rich Red Blood Corpuscles That Give Health, Vitality and Beauty

Every Woman Who Looks Pale, Haggard and Worn Should Have Her Blood Examined For Iron Deficiency—Administration of Simple Nuxated Iron Will Often Increase The Strength and Endurance of Weak, Nervous, Care Worn Women In Two Weeks' Time and Make Them Look Years Younger.



These illustrations show how a woman may look when she has only 25% red blood corpuscles and her blood is starving for iron and the change that takes place in her appearance when the percentage of red corpuscles increase as her blood becomes filled with strength-giving iron.

Longing for the keen activity, the youthful step, the fresh rosy cheeks and the sunny disposition of buoyant health is making many a woman unhappy, discontented, wrinkled and old before her time. Sleepless nights spent worrying over supposed ailments, constant dosing with habit-forming drugs and narcotics and useless attempts to brace up with strong coffee do not help the real cause of their trouble, which may be nothing more than lack of iron in the blood. For want of iron a woman may look and feel old at thirty, pale, haggard, and all run down—while at 50 or 60 with good health and plenty of iron in the blood she may still be young in feeling, and so full of life and attractiveness as to defy detection of her real age.

That women may become stronger, healthier, more beautiful and better able to meet the cares of home, social and business life by increasing the supply of iron in their blood is the opinion of Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon of Monmouth Memorial Hospital, New Jersey, who says: "What women need to put roses in their cheeks and the springtime of life into their step is not cosmetics or stimulating drugs, but plenty of rich, pure red blood. Without it no woman can do credit to herself or to her work. Iron is one of the greatest of all strength and blood-builders, and I have found nothing in my experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron. From a careful examination of the formula and my own tests of Nuxated Iron, I feel convinced that it is a preparation which any physician can take himself or prescribe for his patients with the utmost confidence of obtaining highly beneficial and satisfactory results."

Among other physicians asked for an opinion was Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author. Dr. King says: "By enriching the blood and increasing its oxygen carrying power Nuxated Iron will often transform the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of nervous, rundown women into a glow of health and make them look years younger within a surprisingly short time."

Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital, says: "As I have said a hundred times over, organic iron is one of the greatest of all strength builders. I have prescribed Nuxated Iron—organic iron—many, many times, and I have seen frequent instances where it gave renewed strength and energy, increased power and endurance, steady nerves, and the rosy bloom of health in about ten days' or two weeks' time. I consider Nuxated Iron one of the foremost blood and body builders—the best to which I have ever had recourse.

It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE. Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39.)

rest assured I mean to get all the good out of life I possibly can.

I have been reading COMFORT since 1891. I have several personal letters from Aunt Minerva. I suppose I had better introduce myself. I am five feet, one inch tall, have light hair, blue-grey eyes, fair complexion, in winter, "dark" in summer. Weigh—well, I guess I had not better tell you this time. And I am old enough to suit every sister who reads COMFORT? My disposition? Terrible! I could not worry if I tried. I feel that—

"There are just as many wedding dresses,
As there are o' shrouds.
And we find the sun a-shinin'
Just behind the clouds.
Life is sweet and joy is free,
And God is mighty good to me."

I would be glad to hear from any of the sisters. Will answer all letters but remember if you do not like long letters don't write to me. One of the readers, at least, can tell you she has received as many as thirty-five pages in one letter from me, so beware! If I could write like Pearl Vesey I would write into the wee sma' hours every night. As it is, my pen is worse than an eight-day clock when I get behind it.

I am sending in a little poem and if the editor thinks it worth while, please print it.

I am married and have one little girl, twelve years old. MRS. ANNIE B. BLANTON.

Be Careful What You Say

"In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember those of homes of glass
Should never throw a stone.
If we had nothing else to do
Than to talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

"We have no right to judge a man
Until he is fairly tried;
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.
Some may have faults——
And who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for aught we know,
Have fifty to their one.

"Then let us all, when we begin
To slander friend or foe,
Think of the harm one word may do
To those we little know.
Remember, curses sometimes, like
Our chickens roost at home.
Don't speak of others' faults
Until you have none of your own."

—*Anon.*

Suppose

Suppose, my little lady,
Your doll should break her head,
Could you make it whole by crying
Till your eyes and nose were red?
And wouldn't it be pleasanter
To treat it as a joke?
And say you're glad 'twas dolly's
And not your head that broke?

Suppose you're dressed for walking,
And the rain comes pouring down,
Will it clear off any sooner
Because you scold and frown?
And wouldn't it be nicer
For you to smile than pout,
And so make sunshine in the house
When there is none without?

Suppose your task, my little man,
Is very hard to get,
Will it make it any easier
For you to sit and fret?
And wouldn't it be nicer
Than waiting like a dunce,
To get to work in earnest,
And learn the thing at once?

Suppose that some boys have a horse,
And some a coach and pair,
Will it tire you less while walking
To say, "It isn't fair"?
And wouldn't it be nobler
To keep your temper sweet,
And in your heart be thankful
You can walk upon your feet?

Suppose the world don't please you,
Nor the way some people do,
Do you think the whole creation
Will be altered just for you?
And isn't it, my boy or girl,
The wisest, bravest plan
Whatever comes, or doesn't come,
To do the best you can?

—Phœbe Cary.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

When ironing stand on an old cushion.

Strawberries, well sweetened and dried while fresh, are fine fruits for fruit cake.

When drying corn or pumpkins, grease the plates used and the vegetable will not stick.

Fasten a window shade to a set of open shelves and see how nicely it keeps out the dust.

Rub a large cork on the scouring cake and then on your knives and it makes the cleaning easier.

A good kitchen apron is made of white oilcloth, bound with dark braid.—LOUISE, Portland, Maine.

Wipe all greasy dishes with paper and burn paper. This saves getting the sink pipe clogged with grease.

A weak solution of ammonia, denatured alcohol and gasolene, used before washing article, will remove oleomargerine capsule coloring from clothing.

To remove grease spot from floor, rub with French chalk, place a piece of blotting paper over the spot and set a hot iron on the paper. Leave until cool.—HENRY'S WIFE, Fla.

TO REMOVE PAPER FROM POLISHED SURFACE OF DINING TABLE.—(Requested.) Drop sweet oil on the paper and rub gently with a cloth.—MRS. J. C. BEATTY, Greensburg, Box 473, Kans.

Put hard, dry lemons in hot water for two hours. Keep at an even temperature. This makes them like fresh ones. Or a large quantity of juice may be obtained from a stale lemon by heating it thoroughly in oven for a few minutes.

CHINA BERRY BEADS.—Boil the berries until easily pierced with a needle and the yellow skin will come off when rubbed. String them while still hot, using coarse thread for the purpose. Let them dry in a warm place, moving on the string every few hours to keep the holes from drying too small.

I was often bothered by having garments made with body and sleeve in one piece tearing from just under the arm across each way until I tried this plan: Take a straight strip of cloth, I use a lengthwise piece, long enough to reach from the bottom of the article to the edge of sleeve. Sew between the edges. It helps relieve the strain.

When crocheting or embroidering and the finger gets sore, stick a piece of surgeon's plaster over it.—MRS. ELLAN M. HARRINGTON, So. Fayston, Va.

When frying fish if you'll let your fat come to the boiling point and put a small amount of salt in it, the fat won't "pop" and it keeps the fish from burning.

When sweeping, wet your broom in hot salty water and note results.

In beating eggs, first add a few drops of water. It makes them much lighter.—MRS. Y. G. BOLT, Westminster, S. C.

To chop suet, cut in small pieces and remove the membrane. Sprinkle with flour and chop in a cold place to prevent sticking.

Moulds should be greased for any steamed mixture, wet in cold water for jellies, creams, etc., and neither greased nor wet if to be lined with cake.

To keep polished furniture free from spots, rub with a piece of soft silk saturated with vaseline.

Requests

How to care for orange trees from seeds. Trees are kept in house during winter.

Poem: "Annie and Willie's Prayer."—Marie Bolner, Hartford City, R. R. 6, Ind.

Mrs. Ralph Pickel, Wilbur, Wash., would like Dec. 1918 and Jan. 1919 numbers of Illustrated Companion.

Will someone please send me the September, 1919, number of COMFORT.—MRS. HENRY HOWARD, Campbellsport, Wis.

Will someone who has a COMFORT Home Album to spare please write me.—MRS. FERDINAND PIEPENHAGEN, Chaseburg, Wis.

Wanted: September, 1913, number of the Woman's Home Companion. Will return favor.—MRS. L. C. KING, Reynolds, R. R. 11, Ill.

Will some kind reader please send me the January, 1919, number of The Illustrated Companion.—MISS NANNIE ANDERSON, Gackle, L. Box 27, N. Dak.

Wanted: One copy each of the September and October, 1918, issues of the American Review of Reviews. Will remunerate. Write me before mailing copies. E. F. COLWELL, Mt. Auburn, Ill.

If any of the boys who served in France with Private Leo Brinda in Co. E, 4th Inf., know anything of his death or where he is buried and would be kind enough to write to his mother it would be greatly appreciated.—MRS. CHAS. BRINDA, Valentine, Box 337, Nebr.

Would like the following songs sent me: "For Death Is Only a Dream," and "Boys in Blue." Also want a sure-enough cucumber pickle recipe so the cucumbers will be crisp and green like the ones we buy.—IDA MYERS, George West, Texas.

Remedies

BURNS.—Apply kerosene.

For a tickling in the throat, try a pinch of salt as far back in the mouth as possible.—MRS. ELLEN M. HARRINGTON, So. Fayston, Vt.

Granulated sugar is good to stop bleeding from a wound. Bind on dry and it will soon stop the bleeding and remove soreness. Leave on for twelve hours.

FITS.—Eat a piece of swamp cabbage root the size of a pea one hour before breakfast. Keep this up until cured. Sometimes it requires six months.

CROUP.—One teaspoonful alum mixed with white of an egg and give in teaspoonful doses every few minutes, until vomiting is produced.—CONTENT, Pennsylvania.

RHEUMATISM.—Take the dry bark and roots of black snakeroot, one ounce, and pour over it one pint of hot water. Let stand 48 hours and it is then ready for use. One tablespoonful one hour after meals, three times daily.

GALL STONES.—Take ten teaspoons of ground root of sweetweed and one half teaspoon of sacred bark. Boil in one pint of water for one hour or until the liquid becomes slippery. Strain and cool. Dose: one half cup or more at a time. The first or second dose will bring relief. These herbs can be obtained at most drug stores or send stamped, addressed envelope and I will give address of herb garden.—MRS. F. T. MILLIKIN, Kossuth, Miss.


FREE POWERFUL AIR GUN AND 500 BUCK SHOTS
Big 31-inch lever-action rifle, fine walnut stock, free for selling 20 large, colored Pictures or 20 pkgs. Post Cards at 15c.
Order your choice. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 425 CHICAGO

Don't Send a Penny

While they last, we offer these well-made serviceable striped worsted trousers as positively the season's most astounding pants bargain. Prove this entirely at our risk! Send for a pair to examine and try on. Not a penny now. Your name and address—that's all—and we will mail these wonderful pants—then it is up to you to keep or return them. Just see them first—then decide!



Amazing PANTS Bargain

Such a wonderful pants saving as this comes in mighty handy at any time. Even if you don't need them right now, it will pay you to lay in a pair or two anyway, as men's clothes are going up right along. Made of very substantial, closely woven worsted cloth, designed for either work or dress. Double sewed throughout; full sized side, hip and watch pockets; neatly finished and trimmed; loops for belt. Fit, style, material and workmanship absolutely guaranteed. Color, dark gray striped; goes well with any color coat. Sizes: 30 to 42 inch waist; 30 to 36 inch inseam. Order by No. C727. Be sure to give size.

Work or Dress

Quick! DON'T DELAY! Make sure of at least one pair of these remarkable bargain trousers before they are all taken by shrewd buyers. Send no money. Merely your name and address now. Then pay only $2.65 for pants on arrival. Inspect them critically—try them on—compare with pants selling up to $5.00—and if you have the slightest hesitation about keeping them, return to us and we will promptly refund your money.

Leonard-Merton & Co., Dept. 1804 Chicago

You Can Make The Most Beautiful Purses, Bags, Chains, Necklaces, Belts, Etc. With The

Kanibas Bead Loom

Thousands of Beads and Complete Outfit

Full Instructions Show You How—You Cannot Possibly Fail



For a Club of Six

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple **Bead Loom** with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks,—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included **free** with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**, five **packages of beads** in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen **special bead needles** (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one large spool of specially prepared **waxed bead thread**, one gold **swivel snap** for ladies' or gent's bead watch chain, and a **44-page instruction book** containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

We will give you this Bead Loom and Complete Outfit free upon the terms of the following

Special Club Offer. For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7746.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Send Only Two Subscriptions For This

Handsome Stamped Pillow-Top

With Back and Fringe

A DESIGN that will appeal to all lovers of home. A comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, the well with the "old oaken bucket," and a cluster of handsome American Beauty roses. The stamping is done in natural colors on tan art crash, 17x21 inches, these colors acting as a guide to the embroiderer. Or, if desired, the whole design may be simply outlined in black. If embroidered, the roses should be worked in red and pink, using the outline stitch for all but the light part, which should be worked solid. The leaves are to be outlined in green, the stems in brown. Work the house, well and surroundings in outline in colors corresponding to those stamped. The words "Home Sweet Home" are to be done in black in solid embroidery and outline stitch. We will send you this handsome stamped pillow-top with back and fringe upon the terms of the following

Special Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 9242.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Flashlight Given



THIS is the "Eveready" Daylo, 6½ inches long, 1½ inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the night it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder or gasolene without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is **the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.**

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready Flashlight complete with battery, all ready for business, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7984.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

a third of our male population were diseased, undernourished and unfit to fight. They had had plenty of food, but it was the wrong food and badly cooked. The fiendish frying pan, so dear to the heart of the average housewife, had practically murdered these rejected men. We have millions of stenographers (so called) but the money that is needed for their stomachs they put on their backs, or spend at the paint shops. When women are painted like Indians and wear only enough clothes to make a wristlet for a humming bird, don't talk about decency in an office or anywhere else. Mearle, a first-class cook can make ten thousand dollars a year, and that is more than a stenographer ever made, unless she vamped or married the boss. So be a cook.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for March

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. D. D. Handy, Shuff, Va. Has lung trouble. Unable to do anything. Sad and worthy case. Who will help her? Mrs. Mollie Burriss, Price, N. C. Invalid for thirteen years. Needy and worthy. Remember her. Mrs. Emma Jenkins, Walling, R. R. 1, Tenn. Shut-in for many years. Lovely character. Send her some cheer. Claud Shufflet, Richmond, R. R. 3, Ky. Helpless from childhood. Twenty years of age. Unable to speak and helpless as a baby. Father has tuberculosis. His mother cares for him the best she can, but in these days of high prices it is hard even to provide him with the necessaries of life. Who will give this family a boost? G. Lee Roberson, Elamsville, Box 22, Va. Invalid. Unable to work. Send him some cheer. Mrs. Elizabeth Vanhouse, Tomahawk, Ky. Widow, eighty-one years of age. Sick, poor and alone. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. Martha A. Bell, Springfield, 930 Garfield Ave., Ill. Invalid, sixty-six years of age. Widow, no means of support. Do not forget her. W. J. Bennett, Jr., Northville, N. Y. Invalid for eighteen years. Well recommended. Unable to work. Give him a boost. Mrs. Minnie L. Williams, Shuff, Va. Great sufferer from rheumatism. Has three boys, eight, six and three years of age, respectively. Would appreciate second-hand clothing for herself and children and any financial assistance you care to send her. Edward L. Potts, Owassa, Ala. Crippled for many years. Would appreciate letters, especially from cripples.

Here's your chance to do some real good. Suffering, without money for proper nourishment, medical advice, expert nursing and necessary drugs, is hell. I know for I have been there. Give liberally and save these poor souls worry and torture.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber, but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Says Uncle Charlie's Poems Are Simply Grand!

That's what Nelson Hill, Maple Ave., Danbury, Conn., says, and that's what they all say, and it takes a lot to amuse the people who live in the cities. Uncle Charlie's Poems is a gorgeous, red silk bound 160-page volume of rhymed, riotous delight. It makes you forget your troubles and is the best cure in the world for the blues. For young and old it is the ideal birthday present. Why not hustle around among your neighbors and get up a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each, and capture a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems and make yourself and the balance of the household happy for the rest of the year? This superb volume contains an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life and some splendid pictures of himself and family.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Contains Some of the Prettiest Songs Ever Written!

You will find twenty-eight of the dandiest, classiest songs, every song a hit and worth fifty cents apiece; songs for all occasions, church, parlor and platform, in this superb volume of mirth, melody and sentiment. Five dollars' worth of music free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50c each. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. Both books free for a club of five. No home complete without them. Work for them today.

Gate Top Mesh Purse



THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7833.**

Premium No. 7833

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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With Shutter and Lens

By Carl Schurz Lowden

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THEODORE Roosevelt, who humbled the most savage beasts of Africa, came back to his home at Oyster Bay with a decided preference for hunting in his own front yard and the neighborhood. He would rather stalk Long Island's songbirds with a camera or opera glass than slay the biggest rhino in all the length and breadth of the Dark Continent.

Camera hunting is like any other game. If you enter into it enthusiastically, you will experience a mental and physical boost, a lifting-up to a new horizon, a discovery of a new world. If you master a few necessary principles, you and your friends will reap real enjoyment.

The mere possession of a camera opens up many possibilities. When the men make hay and wee Johnny hitches the goat to his little wagon to haul a load all by himself, take aim and press the shutter release. Do thou likewise with a baby brother or sister, a pony, a dog or any other pet. When you participate in a picnic or any worth-while activity, record the event with a big dinner or a reunion or a club meeting or your picture-taking device.

Now a box camera will produce passable photos and views, but, obviously, cannot compare with the high-priced type. Its cost is small and it represents good value. It has a fixed or universal focus. It can be used successfully, with a few exceptions, only on days when the sun shines. This feature somewhat sadly limits the range of subjects. The ordinary box camera is operated by means of a lever and therefore is not a safe proposition when prevailing clouds necessitate a time exposure.

A folding camera, as the name implies, is much more flexible than the box style. It has a focusing scale; if the subject is ten feet from the operation, the front must be set at that mark. The distance must be correctly estimated or the resulting photo will be blurred.

Exposures of varying lengths can be made with the folding type, whereas the box camera is restricted to the instantaneous or snapshot and another technically called "Time." The folding mechanism may have as many as five kinds of snapshots, from one fifth of a second to one three hundredth or even faster. It also has "Bulb" and "Time," permitting any length of exposure that may be desired.

There are two kinds of cameras, one using rolls or sheets of films and the other using dry plates of glass. The latter are bulky and add much weight to the carrying case; therefore, the film type is preferable. If a picture is taken on a flat sheet of film or on a plate, it can be removed and developed at once. With the roll film the operator cannot develop any image until all the exposures, six, ten or twelve, have been made. Absolute accuracy in focusing and placing or centering is possible with the plate camera for the picture is thrown upon the ground glass; it is precisely the same as the finished product with the exception that it appears upside down.

There are two classes of photos, those of inanimate objects and those of living forms capable of movement. For the first, it is advisable to make a slow exposure with the diaphragm, which admits the light, partly closed; this adjustment brings the details out sharp. A rapid exposure is needed for any moving object and the diaphragm should be wide open or nearly so. In taking a landscape with trees swaying gently and sun shining, one twenty-fifth of a second would be safe whereas in a strong wind the speed should be doubled or quadrupled. In snapping an animal one must be scrupulously careful to click the shutter when the animal is momentarily still.

A photo may be taken indoors or out, in the shade or in the sun's glaring rays. Rarely should a snapshot be attempted when clouds obscure the sun. Indoor work requires four to thirty seconds, depending upon the amount of light available and the diaphragm opening employed. In taking pictures under a tree or in the shade of a house, an exposure of one second or half that time will produce good results if the amount of light is properly restricted.

Do your own developing and make your own prints for thereby you will cut the cost and will, when you have caught the knack, obtain better pictures. Films can be developed automatically in a tank. For plates, a dark room and red or yellow light are imperative. Many camera users have the films or plates developed and prints made by drug stores which maintain photo-finishing departments.

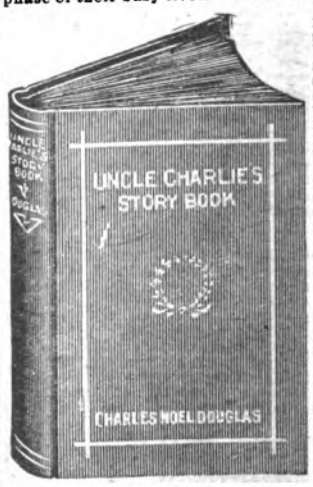
The two best sizes for ordinary purposes are four by five inches and the post-card dimension. With the large sizes, the operating cost mounts.

There is much to learn. Photography cultivates the faculty of observation, quickens the mental outlook, adds a new interest to existence and dispels melancholy or "blues." Like any other hobby, it affords diversion and makes a person more capable, but, like any other hobby, it must be ridden moderately.

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INVENTIONS

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Ready for Rain

"I trust, Miss Trapit," said the kindly employer to his stenographer, "that you have something in reserve for a rainy day."

"Yes, sir," answered the young woman, "I am going to marry a man named Mackintosh."—*Christian Register.*

English as It Is Wrote

Our friend, John J. Joyce, has sent the following extracts taken from letters received by the War Risk Insurance Department at Washington:

"Please send my allotment, I have a little baby and knead it every day."

"I was discharged from the army on account of a goitre which I was sent home on."

"Please let me know if John has put in an application for a wife and a child."

"You have changed my boy to a girl. Does it make any difference?"

"He is my sun and hole support."

"I keep house for my mother and she has her mother and another daughter to support and I am now really on her shoulders."

According to your instructions I have given birth to twins in the enclosed envelope."

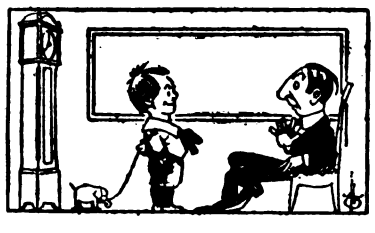
"I was mustard in on Monday."—*Portland Express.*

A Polite Hint

Mrs. Irene Miller takes this means of thanking those friends who were kind enough to safeguard her property during the recent fire and to announce that she is now in a position to relieve them of the necessity of further responsibility, and to request that those good people who are holding some articles return them.—*Prescott (Ari.) Journal-Miner.*

He Must Be a Sticker

"Willie, do you know that clock is an hour fast?" remarked the caller as he



sat waiting in the library for her to come down.

"Sure," said Willie, "but don't tell sister. She thinks you don't know it."

Some Henpecked Jokes

The joke about the setting hen
Is many years has had the call,
But just you try to set one, then
You'll know it is no joke at all.
—(Youngstown Telegram.)

We set a hen—a rooster's wife—
On china eggs we set her, though;
That was a joke, you bet your life;
Go ask the hen if that's not so.
—(Yonkers Statesman.)

We fear if we did ask that hen,
On whose feelings you did trample,
She would reply, "He did not try
To set me a good egg sample."
—*Portland Express.*

Poor Thing

He—"Did you get Norah to clean the spots out of my coat?"

She—"No, dear, I did it myself. Poor girl, she can't bear the smell of gasolene since that chauffeur jilted her."—*Boston Post.*

Had Him Guessing

A noted physician was a guest at a social affair. At the dinner he was placed beside an elderly woman whom he had not previously met. Almost at once she began to talk.

"By the way, doctor," she smilingly remarked, "I am undecided whether I should call you 'doctor' or 'professor.'"

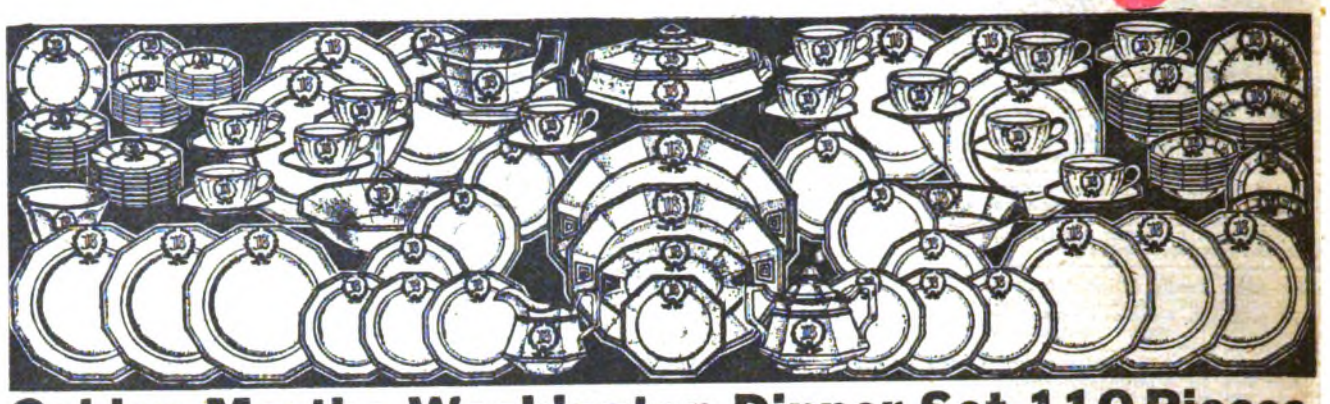
"You may call me what you wish, madam," replied the physician. "I am frank enough to admit, however, that some of my friends call me an old fossil."

"I see, doctor," was the rather startling response of the woman, "but, of course, they must be people who know you intimately."—*Boston Herald.*

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Round Fibre Reed Pullman Sleeper



A modern and serviceable carriage at positively the lowest price ever set on a carriage of this construction and quality. Note carefully that this carriage is made of full round fibre reed woven over steel stakes, and not the ordinary flat reed usually used in carriages at this price. This improved construction makes this wonderful carriage as nearly indestructible as possible and insures satisfactory service for many years.

Made in either beautiful gray with gray gear or natural finish with black gear. Has Bedford Cord rear wind shield and Bedford Cord upholstery. Gear is stationary type, tubular construction, measuring ¾ in. diam. Steel wheels measure 14 in. diam. and fitted with ½ inch rubber tires and nickle plated hub caps. Inside width 14 in., length of bed with back up, 24 in., back down 36 in. Easy riding springs, excellent, comfortable upholstery. Shipping weight about 75 pounds. Send $1.00 now. Use it 30 days. If not the biggest bargain you have seen, return it and we will refund your money. If you keep it, pay balance on our easy payment plan. You'll never miss the small price. **Order natural by No. 337BMA18. Price $29.85. Order gray by No. 337BMA19. Price $29.95. Send $1.00 now for either color. Balance $2.75 monthly.**

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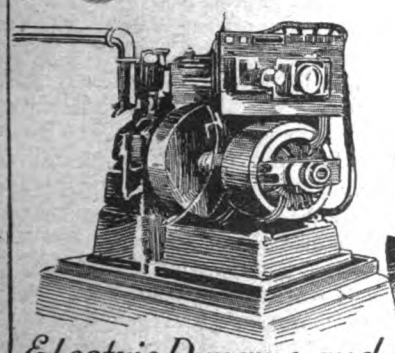
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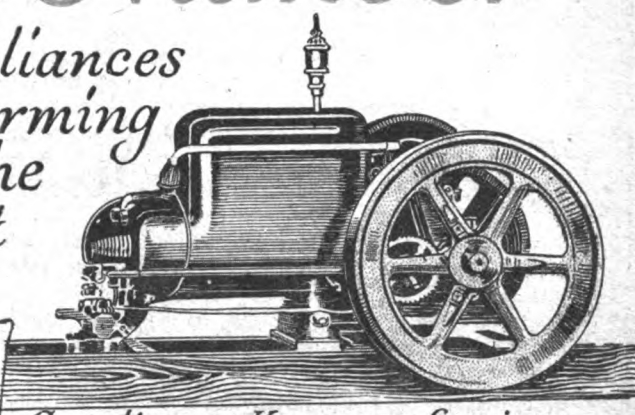
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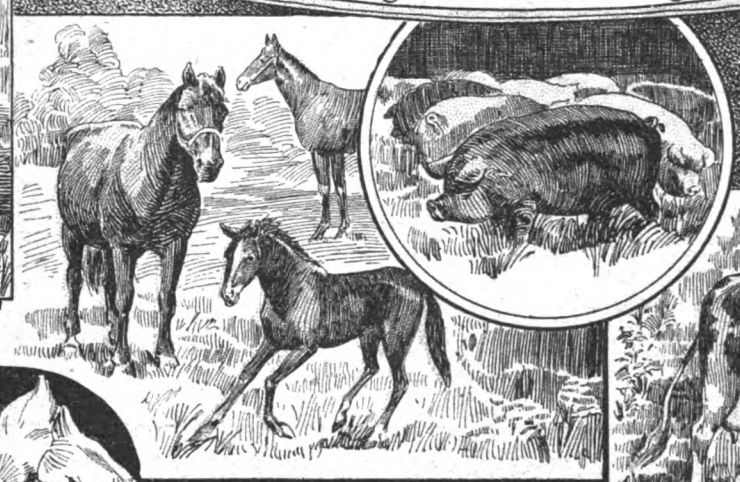


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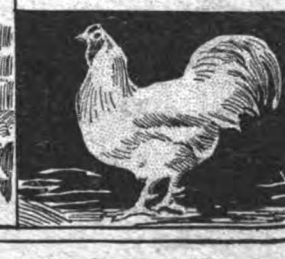




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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Don't Miss the First Opportunity to Procure an Ample Stock of Sugar for the Canning Season

OUR readers will remember that in our January editorial we predicted that, because of President Wilson's action last summer and fall in not permitting the U. S. Sugar Equalization Board to buy the Cuban sugar crop, our people would have to pay fifty to seventy-five per cent. more for sugar in 1920 than in 1919 and suffer the inconvenience of a sugar shortage. Thus far our prediction has been more than verified. Not only has sugar been distressingly scarce and dear, but in the Eastern States, at least, a considerable portion of such as was obtainable has been of inferior quality, so that we have paid all sorts of high prices for sugar, good, bad and indifferent, and lucky to get any at that. At times we have had to pay twenty-three cents a pound for sticky, yellow Louisiana sugar or for the coarse, Brazilian product or—go without. Sometimes there was none of any kind to be had.

If sugar, the white granulated American-refined Cuban sugar such as heretofore has been the standard of quality in our market, is to be plentiful at any time this year it is most likely to happen during the spring, as that is the season in which the output of Cuba usually reaches its maximum. Therefore, viewing the present prospect in the light of the past three years' experience of sugar shortage, we advise COMFORT readers to avail themselves of the first opportunity to procure and lay by an abundant store of sugar for canning purposes. Buy when it can be had, and make sure of it even if the price is high, as it is bound to be for reasons which we shall explain. Should sugar, as we hope, happen to be plentiful for a while this spring many will argue that it will soon be cheaper and advise you to wait for the price to drop. Of course the price may drop, though present indications all point to the contrary; and it may go higher. But the important point is the likelihood of a sugar shortage at canning time, so that by waiting you may not be able to obtain any.

In the early summer of 1917 and again in the spring of 1918 the Government promised the housewives a sufficient supply of sugar for canning purposes, but it failed to materialize in either year. Last spring sugar was plentiful and could be bought in any quantity desired for any and all purposes except for export; at that time the Government issued a bulletin urging housewives and wholesale and retail dealers to stock up in anticipation of the needs of the canning season, and explaining that exports, soon to begin, would reduce the surplus stock during the summer. Some were wise enough to act on this advice, but the great majority let it pass unheeded, due in part to the circulation of a false rumor that an effort was being made to unload sugar on the public before a drop in price. The result was that by the time the canning season opened sugar had become very scarce and so it has been ever since. Experience in this case, as usual, has been a hard teacher, but by this time the people should have learned the lesson that, under present conditions, the prudent course is to stock up with sugar whenever it is to be had.

In the summer of 1918 the U. S. Sugar Equalization Board bought up the entire Cuban raw sugar crop at five and a half cents a pound and thereby was enabled to maintain a retail price of ten or eleven cents for refined sugar throughout 1919. Last summer Cuba offered its 1919 crop of raw sugar to our Government at six and a half cents a pound and the Sugar Equalization Board urged President Wilson to authorize its purchase at that price, as the power to do so had been conferred on him by Congress. This offer remained open from July until September 22 without being acted on by Mr. Wilson. Cuba got tired of waiting and, finding she could do better elsewhere, withdrew her offer on the latter date. Europe immediately stepped in as a bidder and secured a part of the Cuban crop; and since then the Cuban producers have been selling at from eight and a half to twelve cents their new-crop raw sugar, which we might have had at six and a half cents a pound.

Before the Cuban raw reaches the American consumer in the form of refined granulated various elements of cost, such as transportation from Cuba, refining in the United States and distribution, manufacturers', wholesalers' and retailers' profits, have to be added to the Cuban price. But as the price at which Cuba offered her new-crop sugar last summer was only a cent a pound higher than we paid her the year before it seems reasonably clear that if Mr. Wilson had accepted the offer we should now be getting our sugar at the grocer's for about a cent a pound more than we paid last year, and plenty of it at that.

Temperance Cause Is Suffering from Fanatical Leadership

NATION-WIDE prohibition of the liquor traffic has proved such an inestimable blessing during the short time it has been in force, promises so much for the future welfare of our country, and such a long and hard struggle had to be waged for its adoption, that the utmost care should have been taken by its advocates and supporters to make such reasonable and proper use of the victory as not to weaken, but rather strengthen, public sentiment in favor of the cause. Nevertheless, since the adoption of the prohibitory amendment of the U. S. Constitution the attitude, demands and conduct of the leaders of the movement have been so injudicious, unreasonable and oppressive that they have caused, thus early, a wide-spread revulsion of public opinion and have furnished the liquor interests with ammunition for the troublesome and perhaps dangerous assault now being launched against the enforcement of our national prohibitory law.

Suppression of the evils of intemperance is the only justifiable purpose of a law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and any such law that is designed to go beyond the accomplishment of this legitimate purpose is, to that extent, an oppressive invasion of natural rights and personal liberty that is sure to arouse public indignation and augment the forces arrayed in favor of the liquor interests. COMFORT is and always has been an aggressive advocate of nation-wide prohibition as the most effective means of promoting temperance. Therefore we regret that Congress in legislating for the enforcement of the national prohibitory amendment yielded to the demands of fanatics and imposed on the country a law that oversteps the purposes of temperance, needlessly and oppressively infringes natural rights and personal liberty, and in these objectionable respects is believed to be unconstitutional.

Bear in mind this fundamentally important distinction between the legislative powers of Congress and those of the States. The legislative powers of a State are general and unlimited except so far as restricted by its own Constitution or by the Constitution of the United States; but Congress has such law-making powers only as are conferred by the U. S. Constitution expressly or by necessary implication, so that any act of Congress that exceeds the authority granted by the Constitution is null and void to the extent of such excess. The only power that Congress has to prohibit the liquor traffic in the States in time of peace (its war powers are almost unlimited) is derived from the prohibitory amendment of the Federal Constitution adopted in January, 1919, which reads as follows:

"Section 1. After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited.

"Section 2. The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

Please note that the prohibitory clause applies only to *intoxicating* liquors for *beverage* purposes, and observe that the legislative power conferred on Congress extends no further than enforcement, which latter means the prescribing of penalties and other suitable measures for preventing violations of the amendment. The Constitution itself, as amended, specifies and defines precisely what is prohibited (*intoxicating* liquors for *beverage* purposes) and does not authorize Congress to extend or otherwise alter the range or subject matter of the prohibition. Despite this limitation Congress has gone far beyond the Constitution, notably by prohibiting the making or sale of any and all beverages containing more than one-half of one per cent. of alcohol regardless of whether they are or are not in fact intoxicating. Congress has no power to specify the percentage of alcohol that a beverage may lawfully contain, for the Constitution prohibits only *intoxicating* liquors and this makes it a question of fact for the court or jury in each case to decide whether or not the particular beverage under investigation is, according to the evidence, actually intoxicating. The judge of the United States Court in Wisconsin so decided on March first in a case involving the legality of the manufacture and sale of two and one-half per cent. beer. He decided as a matter of fact that a beverage containing, as this beer did, only two and one-half per cent. of alcohol is not intoxicating, and that, as a matter of law, the one-half of one per cent. limit fixed by Congress is unconstitutional and void. There is nothing new or startling about this decision as it is based on well-established principles of law frequently enunciated by many other American courts.

By fixing the maximum alcoholic content allowable at one-half of one per cent. Congress and the fanatics who instigated the folly have wrongfully prohibited a large number of harmless, non-intoxicating drinks heretofore in common use and many of them home-made. New cider, grape juice, many other fruit and berry juices and the home-brewed root and ginger beers that so delight the children in summer—all these will in a few hours, by the natural process of fermentation, generate more than one-half of one per cent. of alcohol, and thereby come under the ban, not of the prohibitory amendment, but of the unconstitutional act of Congress. How is the housewife to know when the new cider, grape juice or home-brewed beer has generated an alcoholic content of one-half of one per cent. which is indistinguishable to taste or smell, imperceptible in its effect, and detectable only by a careful chemical analysis?

No wonder the people resent such senseless, useless, purposeless deprivation of their natural rights and personal liberty. But its most unfortunate result is the effect it is having in turning public sentiment against nation-wide prohibition.

As Maine has lived under a prohibitory law for more than sixty years we cite the legislative and judicial policy of our State in dealing with this issue, feeling that it should carry some weight. Our State law prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors never specified the percentage of alcohol that should render a beverage unlawful, but the Maine courts long ago decided, on the testimony of experts, that as a matter of fact beverages containing less than three per cent. of alcohol were not intoxicating. The courts of Massachusetts and, as I understand, of some other States having prohibitory or local option laws adopted the same standard, which was so generally recognized that a Massachusetts brewery did a large business in manufacturing a two and three-quarters per cent. beer which sold in Maine and in the no-license towns of Massachusetts under the sanction of the courts as non-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 7.)

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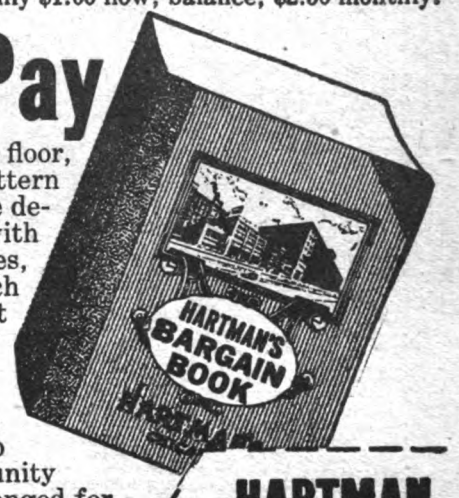
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Enclosed is $1.00. Send the Rug marked X below. I am to have 30 days' trial. If not satisfied will ship it back and you will refund my $1.00 and pay transportation both ways. If I keep it I will pay the amount named each month, until full price is paid.

- ☐ Rug No. 17BMA16 (brown.) Price $13.95. $1.00 down; balance $1.50 monthly.
- ☐ Rug No. 17BMA17 (green.) Price $13.95. $1.00 down; balance $1.50 monthly.
- ☐ Rug No. 50BMA13. Price $14.85. $1.00 down; balance $1.50 monthly.
- ☐ Rug No. 17BMA20. Price $19.65. $1.00 down; balance $2.00 monthly.
- ☐ Rug No. 22BMA8. Price $26.75. $1.00 down; balance $2.50 monthly.

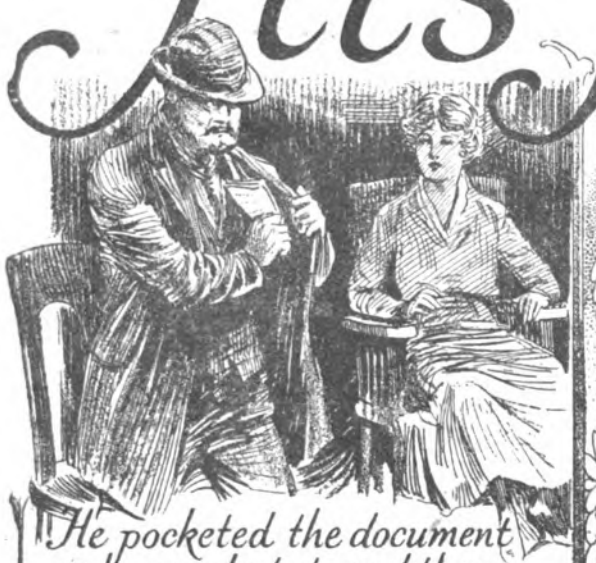
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HARTMAN FURNITURE AND CARPET CO.

3913 Wentworth Ave., Dept. 2586, Chicago

His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



He pocketed the document as he concluded, and then abruptly left the room.



"I will read it" she at last said, resolutely.



At last, by a dextrous movement she turned the key completely around.



She stood up again, gave a light, swift spring and was safely over.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

On a car, going up a steep hill, leading to the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, is Violet Draper Huntington. Opposite her sits Wallace Richardson. Nearly at the top of the hill, something beneath the car breaks. Wallace seizes Violet's hands and locking them behind his neck commands her to cling. The car crashes down, burying all the passengers beneath the ruins. They are the only two alive and hurried to Wallace Richardson's home, are cared for by his mother, Mrs. Mencke, Violet's sister provides a nurse and leaves orders for Violet to see no one. The nurse out for a walk, Violet goes to the adjoining room to meet Wallace and thank him for the life saved. As they become more friendly, Wallace realizes his danger and Violet is hopelessly in love. Violet asks Wallace to come with his mother to see her. Mrs. Mencke takes Violet to Saratoga for two months, then to Cincinnati, and home. The following day, picking up a paper, Violet reads of Mrs. Richardson's death. She goes to the Richardsons' house and expresses her sympathy to Wallace, who unconsciously calls her my darling, and asks her forgiveness. As she whispers, "I am glad," he knows she is all his own. Returning home, her sister demands where she has been, and learning it was at Mrs. Richardson's funeral, that she rides in the carriage with Wallace and Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Mencke denounces it as questionable and that she must drop him for all time. Wallace, calling upon Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke return and she introduces him and admits he is her promised husband. She overhears Belle's and her husband's scheme to place her in a convent. Mrs. Mencke, proposing a trip to Montreal, Violet refuses to go, and Mrs. Mencke takes Mrs. Hawley, who is to sail for Europe and chaperone Nellie Bailey, into her confidence and requests her to induce Violet to join them. Violet makes ready for the proposed trip and Wallace is at the steamer to say good by. Vane Cameron and Ralph Henderson join Mr. and Mrs. Hawley's party and before the voyage is over Vane Cameron surrenders his heart to Violet. Mrs. Mencke schemes that no letters pass between Violet and Wallace and later, joining the party in Europe, gives her permission for Vane to win Violet. Failing to get Violet's consent, she produces a notice of Wallace Richardson's death, which throws Violet into a severe sickness, leaving her sad and heartbroken. She confesses to Vane her love for Wallace Richardson, her sister's opposition, concealing nothing. Knowing she is unhappy from causes other than Wallace's death, Vane urges her to allow him to give her his name, to shield her from sorrow and care. Violet, afraid to yield, hesitates, but later she consents to what he thinks best, but with many misgivings. Mrs. Mencke, entering Violet's room, finds the bed made and the room in order and no trace discovered of her. Four weeks later, Lord Cameron sees the body of a woman upon the beach clad in dark grey suit with bands of blue silk. Believing it is Violet, he selects a spot near the sea for burial. The next day a stranger appears and requests to meet the woman reported to have married Lord Cameron. Being questioned by the Menckes his right, he produces the marriage certificate and Vane Cameron confirms it by Violet's admission of it to him, the treatment received, her disappearance and later the finding of her body by drowning and the burial. Wallace falls unconscious and Lady Cameron and Vane remain with Wallace through a severe illness, after which he returns to New York, building up a fine business. In the meanwhile, Wilhelm Mencke squanders all at the gaming table and Mrs. Mencke goes to Cincinnati from which place she suddenly disappears. Violet comes to New York, securing a position as governess for Bertha Lawrence, who is partially blind and possessed of a strong will. She wins her affections, Mr. Lawrence treating her as a member of the family, and alone with himself determines to win Violet. Wilhelm Mencke secures Violet's address and learns that Wallace Richardson is in the city. Calling upon him and desiring to raise money, he offers Violet's jewelry for two thousand dollars. Wallace objects. As the husband of Violet, he is the legal heir and will give a sum which may be named as their value and fifty dollars. Jonas Huntington dies, leaving a fortune to his niece, Violet Huntington. She, supposed to be dead, the nearest heir is Mrs. Wilhelm Mencke, for whom search is being made. Wilhelm Mencke, to secure this property, schemes to get Violet in his power. He haunts Fifth Avenue and learns of her movements. Bertha Lawrence, meeting with an accident, is lovingly cared for by Violet, until her death, after which she proposes to look for employment. Mr. Lawrence, in his gratitude, desires to adopt her as his daughter and heiress. Violet, going out at dusk, is accosted by Mencke. She steps around the corner of a street, when she is suddenly seized and thrust into a carriage, and carried to a scantily furnished apartment where she is waited upon by a woman who is sworn to guard her. Lord Cameron, still in the city, receives many invitations, and secures favors for Wallace. The first they attend, Lord Cameron meets and is charmed with Alice Humphrey who later promises to be his wife.

CHAPTER XXX.

VIOLET MAKES AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.

A WEEK went by after Violet's capture and Mr. Lawrence, although he made every effort night and day, had not been able to learn anything regarding her mysterious disappearance, neither had the young girl herself succeeded in finding any loophole by which she might hope to effect her escape from the custody of her brother-in-law.

She had, however, managed, by her unvarying courtesy and kindness, to win the good-will and sympathy of the woman who waited upon her, although she could not persuade her—notwithstanding she tried every inducement that she could think of—to give her an opportunity to get out of her prison.

"I can't let you go, miss," she said, when Violet pleaded with her and tried to explain that she was abetting a great wrong by keeping her thus confined. "I've taken my oath that I would guard you faithfully as long as your brother kept you here, and I can't go back on my word. He said you'd try to wheedle me and tell me all sorts of stories about him, but that was to make no difference; and then I can't afford to lose the pay he gives me."

"What does he pay you?" Violet demanded, eagerly, and thinking that perhaps she might be able to outbid Mr. Mencke.

"I promised I wouldn't tell you that either, miss," Sarah responded: "but it is to be more'n I ever earned in my life before, if I stick to my engagement: if I don't, and you get away from me, I'm not to have anything."

"I do not care how much he has promised you," Violet said, driven to desperation. "I will give you my note—a written agreement—for a hundred dollars more than he is to give you."

The woman flushed, and seemed to be considering the advisability of taking the tempting bait.

Violet gathered courage from her apparent hesitation.

"My friends must be very anxious about me," she continued, "and I am very sure that the gentleman with whom I have been living—I have been a governess in his family—would also give you something handsome. Besides, it is a crime for you to aid Mr. Mencke in keeping me here against my will."

"But he says he has a right to govern you—that he is your guardian," Sarah returned thoughtfully.

"He is not; he, with my sister, was made the guardian of some property which my father left, me, and which I was not to come into possession of until I was twenty-one: but he has betrayed his trust—he has squandered everything that I had, and I shall never get anything," Violet explained.

"If that is so, he is a scamp," Sarah said, indignantly; "and if I was sure that your story is true, I'd give up my place and tell him to get somebody else to wait on you; I don't want to get mixed up in any criminal affair."

"Oh, no!" Violet cried, looking frightened, as the woman spoke of resigning her post to another; "if you won't let me go, pray stay with me; you at least are kind to me, and Wilhelm might get some one who would abuse me and whom I should be afraid of."

Sarah was touched with this tribute and Violet's evident liking for her.

"Well, I should hate to leave you, miss, I confess," she said, "for I've never seen any lady, in high life, before, who was so pleasant and sympathetic with poor folks; but I've given my word and I can't go back on it. I don't set up for a saint," she interposed, with a short, bitter laugh. "I'm far from being one, though since you've been here, I've begun to wish I could be a better woman. But I can't go back on my word; besides—a flush mounting to her brow—"he, Mr. Mencke has got a hook on my man, who ain't any better'n he ought to be, and he swears that he will clap him in jail if I turn traitor."

Violet saw that it would be useless to argue the question further with her, and that she not only would not aid her in any attempt to escape, but would resolutely defeat any effort on her part to get away; so nothing remained to her but to try to think of some strategem by which she might obtain her freedom.

The time hung very heavily on her hands, for she was too unhappy to take any interest in reading, though she was abundantly supplied with books and papers, and she found it very hard to be patient in her trouble.

She knew, of course, that Wilhelm Mencke could not always keep her a prisoner there; that when he should accomplish the purpose—whatever it might be—for which he had brought her there, he would doubtless let her know.

Still, it might be a long time, and she rebelled more and more against her disagreeable situation.

One thing distressed her exceedingly: she felt sure, and indeed Wilhelm had hinted that one of his projects was to get money out of Mr. Lawrence for her release, and she could not endure the thought of being employed as an instrument to "bleed" her kind friend—to use a bit of slang; but, though the early days were mostly spent in deep and perplexing thought, no feasible plan for escape had yet occurred to her.

One morning, nearly a fortnight after her capture, Wilhelm Mencke came into her room, while in his hand he held a large business-looking envelope.

She had not seen much of him thus far, for, as we know, she had frankly told him that she wanted him to keep away, for his presence was disagreeable to her.

She saw at once that he had come with some special object in view, and her curiosity was aroused to know what it might be.

"How do you find yourself, Violet?" he asked, helping himself to a chair, and regarding her searchingly.

"As well as I could expect to be under the circumstances, I suppose," she replied coldly. Then she demanded, spiritedly: "How long do you intend to keep me shut up like this, Wilhelm Mencke? I insist that you tell me. I cannot endure this suspense."

He laughed at her anger.

"You don't find it very agreeable to be caged, do you, my pretty one? And you are looking a trifle pale from the confinement. What a pity it is that you didn't marry your English earl; then you'd have escaped all this disagreeable experience," he sneered.

Violet did not reply to this taunt, and he resumed, in the same strain:

"I suppose you don't know that his lordship is visiting here just now? Perhaps you'd like to send him word of your uncomfortable predicament, and see if he would come to your rescue."

"Lord Cameron in New York!" Violet exclaimed.

"Yes; but the fact can't benefit you, and your chance of hooking him again, under any circumstances, would be very slim," Mr. Mencke retorted.

"You are very rude, Wilhelm," Violet replied, indignantly, though a flush dyed her cheeks at the coarse insinuation. "I have no desire to marry Lord Cameron or any one else; but I would be glad to undeceive him about that terrible accident at Mentone and let him know that I am still living. I know that he would be glad and would be my friend as of old, for he is a noble man through and through."

"Well, he has managed to console himself for your loss," Mr. Mencke returned, with some asperity, for it angered him to see how little she regretted the position she had forfeited, "for he is going to be married, and right soon, to a New York belle."

"Lord Cameron going to be married!" Violet repeated, surprise and interest in her tones. "To whom?"

"Nobody you know, I'll warrant," said her brother-in-law; "but she belongs to the upper crust of the city."

"But what is her name?" persisted Violet.

"Humphrey—Miss Agnes Humphrey."

"I do know her, and oh, I am so glad!" Violet returned, with a glowing face. "Wilhelm, this is the pleasantest thing you have told me in years. Miss Agnes Humphrey is one of the sweetest girls I have ever seen, and she will make a lovely Lady Cameron. I would give a great deal to be able to congratulate him upon having won her."

"Well, Violet, I must say you are the queerest girl I ever heard of," said her companion, gruffly. "Here you have let such a chance as that slip through your fingers, and now you seem delighted to have another woman walk into your shoes."

An expression of scorn curled the girl's lips. She was disgusted with the coarseness of this man, who could only think of position and pecuniary advantage in connection with marriage, without regard to love or honor. But she made him no answer; she knew that he could not appreciate her motives nor the refined sensitiveness that had made her shrink from marrying Lord Cameron for his wealth, when she had no love to give him.

"Well, all that is past and gone, and Cameron's doings are nothing to us now," the man went on, after a moment. "I came to see you this morning chiefly on business—I have a paper here that I want you to sign."

"You want me to sign a paper? Of what nature?" Violet demanded.

"That doesn't matter. I simply want your signature."

"But you cannot expect me to sign anything blindly," the young girl persisted. "I must know the nature of the document before I put my name to it."

"What has got into you?" Wilhelm Mencke exclaimed, with an oath; "you used to sign these papers readily enough when I wanted to dispose of property for you."

"True, for I believed in you then, Wilhelm. I had confidence in your integrity."

"And you haven't now, I suppose I am to infer from that," he sneered.

"No; how can I when you have so betrayed your trust? But what do you wish to dispose of now? I thought my real estate had all been sold, and that you had used up all money belonging to me," she replied, regarding him suspiciously.

"No; there's something more belonging to you yet, and I only want to turn it into ready money for you," he replied, but shifting uneasily under her searching look.

"Of what does this property consist?" Violet inquired.

"That doesn't matter. You are too young and inexperienced to understand business affairs. Just write your name on this line," he said, unfolding the paper in his hand, and pointing out the line, as he laid it before her, while he also passed her a stylographic pen, "and I will attend to everything else."

He had heard nothing in reply to his advertisements for his wife. They were still running in the papers, and he was doing everything he could think of to find her, for he knew she would be recognized as the nearest of kin to Violet, and it would be an easy matter for her to get possession of the fortune that had recently been left to the girl. But there was a possibility that he would not find Mrs. Mencke at all, and, in view of this he had armed himself with a document giving him the power of attorney for Violet, and the right to control her property until she reached her majority. With her signature to this, he would, as a last resort, reveal the fact that she was still living, secure the fortune for her, and while he could control it, feather his nest for the future.

Violet looked the paper carefully over, but it was so full of legal technicalities she could not half comprehend it; she only got a vague idea from it that Wilhelm wanted her to give him unlimited power to some property that still belonged to her.

She studied it a while, then dropped into a fit of musing, while he sat watching her, with an eager, cunning look.

She did not believe that there could be much of anything left, for he had once told her that every dollar of her money was gone, and it was a surprise to her to learn that he had overlooked anything—it might, perhaps, be an interest in some house or store, and perhaps she could make a bargain with him for it.

"If I sign this paper will you release me?" she asked at last.

He scowled. Evidently he had not expected such a request.

"Perhaps so. I'll think about it," he replied, evasively.

"Very well; when you have decided, you will please let me know," Violet quietly returned, as she pushed the document toward him.

"I want you to sign it now," he said, angrily.

"I will go with you at once to any lawyer's office, and sign it in his presence, with the understanding that I am free to return to Mr. Lawrence immediately after," Violet calmly answered.

"I suppose you think you are very shrewd in making such a proposition," sneered her companion, "but I am not going to accede to it, and you must sign that paper. I am still your legal guardian, but I cannot negotiate for you without your signature."

"I do not want you to negotiate for me, Wilhelm; if there is any property still belonging to me, it can rest as it is until I am of age to negotiate for myself; and as you refuse to let me go if I sign for you, I may as well try to save what little there is left of what my father willed me."

The young girl spoke composedly and decidedly, but she was terribly disappointed not to gain her point.

Wilhelm Mencke was furiously angry over her obstinacy. He coaxed, begged, and threatened; but all to no purpose—she resolutely refused to comply with his demand.

At last a sudden thought inspired her.

"How does it happen, Wilhelm, that it is necessary for me to sign this paper," she asked, "if everybody believes me to be dead? Why don't you claim this property for yourself, since you and Belle would naturally be my heirs? There is something in all this that I do not understand."

The man flushed hotly. He saw that she suspected double dealing on his part, and he would not, upon any account, have her learn of the fortune that had recently fallen to her.

"I can't find Belle," he said, sullenly, "and as long as she lives I cannot touch anything that belongs to you without your signature."

"Well, suppose you get my signature—people will then know that I am living, and you may have some awkward questions to answer as to my whereabouts," Violet suggested, while she watched him closely.

"That would not trouble me," he answered: "I simply want the right to handle this property for you."

"Was that the reason you brought me here?"

"It was one reason."

"What was another?"

"There is a reward of five thousand dollars offered for intelligence of you," he returned, with a cunning leer.

"Oh, Wilhelm! where is your honor—where is your manhood?" Violet cried, in great distress.

It was terrible to think of Mr. Lawrence becoming a victim to the rapacious cupidity of such a rogue.

"It is a shame to impose upon him in such a way—I will not have it—I will not bear it. Oh, you must let me go," she cried, greatly excited. "I will sign the paper—I will make over the property entirely to you if you will only release me."

"I cannot do that at present; when I decide upon a way to get that five thousand, without any risk of being arrested, you may hope to go back to the rich old codger," the man replied, and evidently enjoying her distress. "Meantime," he added, "you'd better be reasonable and do as I want you to."

"Never! I will never sign for you!" Violet exclaimed.

"Then you may have to stay here a good deal longer than you have any idea of. I'll keep you just to punish your obstinacy," her companion returned, with an angry oath. "Your signature may not be so important, after all," he added a moment later, "since if I can find Belle, or prove that she is dead, I can manage everything very nicely for myself."

He pocketed the document as he concluded, and then abruptly left the room.

Violet was much depressed by this interview, and burst into a flood of tears as soon as he was beyond hearing. It seemed as if there was no possible hope of release for her for a long time to come, while she was impressed that her degraded brother-in-law had some deep scheme for the ruin or robbery of someone in mind.

But she soon dried her tears, reasoning that she would only make herself ill if she gave way thus to grief, and arose to find a book to distract her thoughts.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Another Raise of Magazine Postage Rates

is to go into effect soon, and prices of paper and other costs of publication are continually rising.

Renew your subscription now at present special, low renewal rates.

Send one dollar at once for three-year renewal, even if your subscription has some months or even a year to run, so to get it renewed and extended three full years beyond date of expiration, before the price goes higher. Use renewal coupon on page 8.



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

IF "A little nonsense now and then, is relish'd by the best of men," then, too, must it be relished by the best of women, if we may judge from the ready response to the sister who suggested that each one send in her favorite joke. Some of the more serious minded may object to this deviation from talks on homes, husbands and children, but a hearty laugh makes our work and troubles seem lighter, so send in your best joke—the one that makes you laugh every time you think of it—for the others to enjoy with you. Here are the first ones received.—Ed.

Two farmers met on a narrow country road. Deep snow covered the ground, making turning out a difficult and risky job. One farmer yelled out in a bass voice:

"Say, if you don't turn out I'll do for you what I did for that other fellow."

The other quickly turned out. When past he said: "What did you do to the other fellow?"

"Why, I turned out for him."

LONE SALLY, Attica, Kans.

A negro was burning grass by the roadside when a young fellow approached him, saying:

"Hey, Sambo, are you burning that grass so it will be as black as you are?"

"No, sah," said Sambo, "I'm burning it to keep it from getting as green as you are."

A READER, Hangen, Wis.

Editors have their troubles, too. One of them is bemoaning the loss of two subscribers. One wrote asking how to raise his twins safely, while the other wanted to know how to rid his orchard of grasshoppers. The answers were sent by mail but by accident the editor put them in the wrong envelopes, so that the man with the twins received the answer: "Cover them carefully with straw and set fire to it, and then the little pests, after jumping into the flames for a few minutes, will be speedily settled." And the man with the grasshoppers was told to "Give them castor oil and rub their gums with a bone."

SADIE PRINTZ, Luray, Va.

A patron in a restaurant ordered honey. Noticing some hairs in the dish, he called the waiter to remove it and bring a dish of ice cream. Indignantly he summoned the waiter again. There was a hair in the ice cream! "Bring me a dish of apple sauce," he ordered, glaring at the waiter. Dipping his spoon in he found another hair. Thoroughly enraged, he called for the manager.

"I ordered honey," he complained, "and it was full of hairs."

"Quite so," gurgled the manager. "It easily happens. Doubtless it came from the comb."

"Oh!" said the astonished customer. "Well, perhaps you can explain why there were hairs in the ice cream?" he questioned sarcastically.

"Certainly," answered the manager. "You see, we shaved the ice this morning. Nothing unusual at all, sir, about a stray hair getting in."

"Is that so," bellowed the man. "I want you to know that even the apple sauce had hairs in it. What can you say to that?"

The manager scratched his head and finally chuckled, "Well say, stranger, you've got me there. I don't know how that could have happened. Them apples was all Baldwins."

EDNA STOCKINGER, Batesville, Ind.

A man was holding onto a strap in a crowded street car when it gave a sudden stop and he fell backward and landed in a lady's lap.

"You are not a gentleman," she said.

"I know it," he said. "I'm a Laplander."

MRS. G. U. A., Cape Charles, Va.

SOMEWHERE IN VERMONT.

TO MY DEAR SISTERS AND COUSINS:

After reading the table of figures in a recent issue of COMFORT regarding the Home Fund for our dear Uncle Charlie, I was never so surprised in my life. For the last three years I have been travelling and got out of touch with COMFORT so learned no more of the movement until I returned home and again picked up a copy of "our paper." When the fund was first started I subscribed to it and honestly believed that every blessed one of COMFORT's readers would do likewise. I had supposed all this time that Uncle Charlie was already established in that "home." But when I found out he was still in the same old place and I got a glimpse of these figures,—well, I was actually *flabbergasted!!* Only $2,958.79 from 5,272 people in three years! What is the matter with human beings? The "tots" of Boston, not long ago (in a few months' time) raised over $6,000 for an Elephant Fund and yet the readers of COMFORT, both young and old, could not (I should say *would not*) raise money enough, in three years' time, to put dear Uncle Charlie into a comfortable home of his very own.

Don't you think we all ought to be ashamed of ourselves? Surely, in these days of easy money, and high extravagance, every blessed one of COMFORT's million subscribers could give at least 25 cents. And think what it would mean to Uncle Charlie! Even a dime from *every one* of you would have gotten the home long ago.

Do you know that a certain New England newspaper, last Christmas, raised (through its readers) over $20,000 for toys for the poor children of their city? And they did it in less than eight weeks, too.

The big COMFORT family has had over three solid years in which to buy Uncle Charlie a home and—he hasn't got it yet. Shame, on every blooming one of us, I say! I'll take my share of the guilt; although I did subscribe *once*, but once isn't enough. So right here I'll deposit a greenback—keep your thumb on it, Uncle Charlie.

Now my dear sisters and cousins, listen to me! You all declare your love for "our Uncle" but facts and figures prove that you "draw near unto him with your lips, but your hearts are far from him." Most of you are living in comfortable, cozy homes, therefore you cannot understand the awful monotony and discomfort of living in a city apartment house. I've lived in New York so I know what it is like.

Sisters and cousins mine, after you read this letter

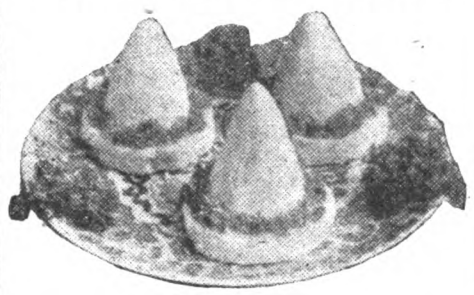
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE skill and ingenuity of the cook is taxed to the utmost during the in-between season when the winter store of vegetables has become exhausted and the new vegetables are not on the market or else are prohibitive as to price. It is then she has to resort to new ways of serving ordinary foods and dishes suggestive of the season do much to relieve the monotony. The children will delight in anything that suggests April Fool's Day and the grown-ups are not above enjoying a dessert that is dainty and Easterlike in appearance.—Ed.

CREAMED CODFISH AND POTATOES.—Soak two cups of codfish over night. Drain and pick into small pieces. Add two cups of cold boiled potatoes, cut into small squares, season well, and add enough milk to cover. Cook slowly half an hour.

FOOLS' CAPS.—Peel and soak white potatoes in cold salted water one hour. Boil until they can be pierced through with a fork, but not overdone. Mash, add salt, pepper, half a cup of grated cheese to six medium-



FOOLS' CAPS.

sized potatoes, and two tablespoons of butter. Stir together while potato is hot, and then add enough hot top milk to handle. Shape into caps, brush over with beaten egg and put into a quick oven until thoroughly hot and the outside has a glazed appearance. Decorate the crown with a rim of parsley or other green.

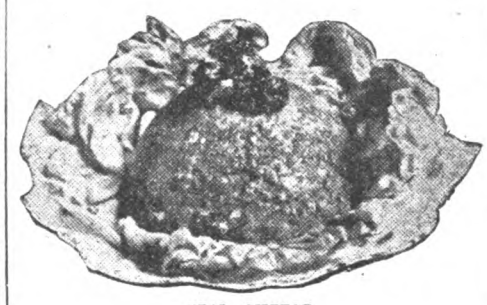
MACARONI AND MEAT HASH.—Boil one quarter of a pound of macaroni in boiling salted water. Drain, and line a buttered baking dish with it, sprinkling a little grated cheese over it. Fill center with any cold meat, chopped fine and seasoned well. Add a little milk and put in oven until thoroughly heated.—MRS. PETERS, Oshkosh, Wis.

BAKED MEAT.—Four pounds round steak, chopped fine; eight crackers, powdered fine; one cup of milk, three eggs, well beaten, one and one half teaspoons salt, one quarter teaspoon pepper. Mix well together, put in baking tin and bake two and one half hours.

POT ROAST BEEF.—Put a couple of slices of pork into a kettle and fry for a few minutes. Remove and add a piece of lean beef, seasoned well and sprinkled over with flour. Brown the meat on all sides, then add three cups of boiling water. Cover tightly and cook slowly until meat is tender, turning from time to time and adding water as needed. Thicken the gravy and serve on meat.

HAM CROQUETTES.—This is a good way to use left-over ham. Make a sauce of three tablespoons melted butter, five tablespoons flour, one cup of milk, salt and pepper to taste, a few drops of onion extract if desired, and one teaspoon lemon juice. Melt the butter, add flour, beat until smooth and add milk and cook until thick. Stir in two and one half cups finely chopped ham, let cool, shape, dip in beaten egg and roll in bread-crumbs. Fry in deep fat until brown.—MRS. M. L. T., Wyoming.

VEAL CHEESE.—Take equal parts of cooked tongue and veal and chop fine or put through meat chopper. Add a little cracker-crumb and moisten the whole with



VEAL CHEESE.

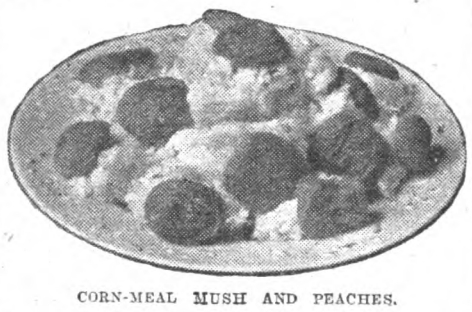
a little hot water. Season with mustard, pepper and salt. Press closely into a buttered mould, cover and steam one hour. Serve cold on a bed of lettuce leaves. Slice thin.

ESCALLOPED MEAT.—Chop leftover meat and to one pint of meat add one teaspoon chopped parsley, one half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon bread-crumbs and two tablespoons melted butter. Season to taste. Butter baking dish and cover bottom with layer of bread- or cracker-crumbs, over this spread meat with a few thin slices of onion over top. Cover with layer of crumbs, dot with pieces of butter and moisten with one half cup milk. Bake twenty minutes in hot oven.

OYSTERS AND MACARONI.—Line a shallow pudding dish with fine bread-crumbs, add a layer of macaroni that has been thoroughly cooked, a little salt and pepper and butter and next a thick layer of oysters. Continue this until the dish is nearly full, then sprinkle thick with bread-crumbs, dot the top with bits of butter and brown in a quick oven.

BAKED MEAT WITH POTATO.—Cut leftover meat in small pieces, season with butter, pepper and salt and add a little water. Put in baking dish and cover with mash potatoes, moistened with milk. Dot with pieces of butter and bake half an hour.

CORN-MEAL MUSH AND PEACHES.—Put four cups of skim milk into a double boiler. When boiling hot, add one cup of corn meal, mixed with a little cold milk, to the hot milk with one and one half teaspoons of salt. Stir frequently until it thickens and then cook three hours.



CORN-MEAL MUSH AND PEACHES.

As corn meal varies in the amount it will swell, it may be necessary to add a little more hot milk before it is done. Heap onto a serving dish, and over it pour peach sauce made from dried fruit. Serve with thin cream.

PRUNE SOUFFLE.—One cup of prunes, one cup of sugar and the whites of three eggs. Cook prunes until tender, drain and chop fine. Add sugar and mix well. Beat the eggs until very stiff, add prunes and bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

FILLED COOKIES.—Two cups of rolled oats, three cups of flour, one teaspoon salt, two cups sugar, one cup of shortening, one cup of sour milk, with one teaspoon of soda dissolved in the milk. Cream the sugar and shortening, mix flour, oatmeal and salt and add milk. Mix stiff and roll very thin. Cut with cooky cutter and on each one put a teaspoon of prunes and raisins cooked together. Cover with another cooky and press edges together.—MRS. H., Milton, Mass.



Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



He would have closed the door, but Neil staggered through it before he could do so.



"I knew how it would be if I came here. Come let us go."



In the street refugees were stealing away to points of greater security.



"Go to your working-girl wife"

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nicholas Berdyne, past middle age, his face marred by dissipation, schemes with Hartley Trenwyck to win Beryl Grayson, whose father is dead. She is engaged to Neil Preston, who goes to Alaska in the interest of a mine owned by Grayson and which falls into Berdyne's hands. Neil Preston is reported dead by Dave Gorsline, who is hired by Berdyne to tell Beryl. In her sorrow and loss of wealth, she refuses continued aid from Berdyne. Mr. Jackman from Denver, wanting to repay a debt owed to Beryl's father, invites Beryl to his ranch, where she forms a friendship for Tonita, a beautiful Mexican girl, who advises her not to marry Berdyne through any mistaken idea of gratitude. Irma Lee, discarded by Berdyne, warns Beryl that he serves his own selfish purpose and that Neil Preston lives and is on his way to Jackman's Ranch. Berdyne, persistent that Beryl shall become his wife, Neil Preston, overhearing her denunciation of his baseness and treachery and refusing to marry him, confronts Berdyne who swears he will follow his trail. The day Beryl Grayson becomes Berdyne's wife, Morley Preston, opposed to Neil's marriage, will tender Trenwyck a check for five thousand dollars and Berdyne will give a like sum. He admits Beryl's trust in Jackson and that the letter written offering her the home was inspired by him, that he holds a heavy mortgage on the Jackman ranch, and with this knowledge they plot to separate the lovers who plan to be married the following day. Jackman, a tool in Berdyne's and Trenwyck's hands, drugs the wine which he gives Beryl when he drinks with her to her happiness, and she, feeling dizzy and faint, goes to her room and the door is locked. Neil Preston, returning for Beryl, meets Tonita. Approaching Jackman's house, an automobile is in waiting and a man with Beryl in his arms appears from the house and lifts her into the car. Preston strikes him down, and taking the auto, with Tonita, they make their escape through the night for San Francisco. Trenwyck advises Berdyne not to go too far. Not to be foiled in capturing Beryl, they take an early train to San Francisco, wiring Goraline to watch for the auto, the *Red Flyer*, which he locates near the residence of a minister, who is called early to perform a marriage ceremony, which is scarcely over, when there is a summons from the door. Berdyne enters, and Neil, struggling to defend his wife, reels and falls to the floor mid the chaos of an earthquake, while Beryl is borne helplessly away. Making her escape, she wanders back to Pine Street, searching the wrecked house in vain for her husband, who is hurried to a temporary hospital by Tonita. She leaves a note for Neil that Berdyne has taken Beryl in the *Red Flyer*. Neil, regaining consciousness, goes in search of his wife, and seeing the wreck of the machine, knows that Beryl has escaped from Berdyne. Trenwyck, in league with Gorsline, meeting Beryl, assures her that Tonita is waiting for her on Sutter Street, and, unconscious of treachery, she goes with Trenwyck, where she is made a prisoner by Gorsline. Neil, wandering on Portsmouth Square, recognizes Trenwyck and following him sees him enter the house to which Beryl is persuaded to go. He opens the front door and lets himself in. Following the sound of voices, Neil sees Trenwyck and Gorsline and overhears the talk that a woman is made a prisoner. Positive that it is Beryl, he demands to know where she is, and with the refusal to tell there is a hand-to-hand struggle, in which Neil overpowers Gorsline, who admits she is in the library. Neil, entering, finds it vacant. Again in the street, he is pushed into a group crowded around a van piled with trunks, one of which is Berdyne's. The toppling of a brick wall breaks the trunk open and among the scattered papers is a charred bundle marked "Papers Concerning the Grayson Affair," and knowing their value, he hastens to the home of his cousin Arthur Preston of Nob Hill, where they can be safely guarded.

CHAPTER XXI.

ON NOB HILL.

"MRS. Preston! My poor child, where have you been during all this sad, sad time?"

A familiar voice struck on Beryl's ear. She and Irma Lee were making their way through the cool, sweet grass on the slope of Russian Hill, winding in and out among the pitiful structures of sheets and blankets which housed the homeless ones who had fled to the hill for refuge. Some one stood at the entrance of one of these rude shelters and cried aloud in a tone resonant with surprise and joy.

"Mr. Bickerdyke!" exclaimed Beryl, and in another moment she had fallen like a tired child into the good man's arms.

"Thank Heaven," said the minister, "that your steps were directed here! I have thought much of you, little one, and cried out upon the hard fate that snatched you from us. But you are alive and well, after passing the day in our stricken city, and there is nothing but gratitude in my heart. And I have something for you," said he, disengaging himself from the weeping girl and drawing a paper from his pocket. "Your marriage certificate," he finished, "witnessed by my daughter and your friend Tonita."

Beryl took the paper in her hands and pressed it to her lips. How thoughtful of the good man, amid all the harassing trials of the day, to think of that! Yet how many fond hopes and dear desires were wrapped up in that bit of paper. This certificate had come to take the place of her ring, cruelly torn from her hand by the wicked Gorsline.

Irma stood by with satisfaction flaming in her stern eyes.

"You are the minister who married Miss Grayson and Mr. Preston?" she whispered.

"Yes," he answered, surveying the woman with some curiosity. "Are you the little bride's friend?"

"I have befriended her," was the response, "and was taking her for safety to people I know who are encamped on the hill."

"You may leave her with me," said the minister. "I will care for her as I would for my own flesh and blood. Indeed, I have known her husband for years, and think the world of him."

"Her husband lives?" queried Irma.

"Yes."

Irma's satisfaction deepened.

"I am going down into the city," said she, "to search for one whom I must find. If I perchance discover Mr. Preston, I will send him here."

"Mr. Preston was taken to a temporary hospital in the Mechanics' Pavilion," observed the minister.

"The pavilion is burned!" murmured Irma quickly. "Was Mr. Preston badly injured?"

"I have learned from Miss Morales, who was with him, that the doctor said he was merely stunned."

"It would be well, I think," said Irma, "for you to persuade Miss Grayson to seek her husband at his cousin's, on Nob Hill. Her pride stands in the way, but perhaps you can overcome it."

Without another word, Irma Lee glided away and lost herself to view among the wretched shelters erected by the fugitives. When Beryl, who was dreaming over the bit of paper placed in her hands by the minister, turned to present Irma, she was gone. However, other thoughts, inspired by the certificate, were swirling in Beryl's bewildered brain.

"Tonita—she could not have signed this in your home, sir?" Beryl asked.

"She signed it at noon, when she came to our encampment after a fruitless, heart-breaking search for you," answered the minister.

"Then she knows where you are?" cried Beryl, a flicker of joy crossing her wan, sad face.

"She knows, my child, and she will come again. She is tireless in her attempts to find you. The girl has a noble spirit, a fine, unselfish nature. She loves you dearly, little one, and feared much on your account."

Beryl clasped her hands.

"Tonita is like a dear sister to me," she murmured. Then, with a frightened, startled glance, she said falteringly: "And—and Neil—my husband?"

Mr. Bickerdyke saw the agony of doubt, the heartbreaking anxiety, mirrored in the lovely face, and echoed the trembling words.

"Courage," he smiled, seizing one of her hands in a fatherly clasp. "Your friend and I, after the first paralysis resulting from your abduction had passed, carried Neil out of the house. A wagon was passing, carrying wounded people to a temporary hospital. Neil was sent in the wagon, Tonita going with him. The last thing I called to Tonita was that she would find my daughter and me on this hill. Tonita came back to us, and said Neil had merely been stunned by the blow he had received and that he would not be long in the hospital.

"Oh, where is this hospital?" cried Beryl, overwrought with joy and relief. "I must go to my darling! I must be with him in the hour he needs me!"

"You cannot go to the hospital, little one, for it has been burned. But," he added, noting the sudden woe that flashed out in the sweet face, "Neil could not have been there at the time. He is seeking you, and perhaps—we must not put too much trust in circumstances, you know—perhaps Tonita will find him and lead him to you. But come, let us sit here on the grass while you tell me all that has befallen you. Not one in the whole city but has met with sorrowing adventures this day. My daughter, even now, is ministering to the injured and distressed; and I," he added sadly, "may be called at any moment, as I have been most of the day, to give comfort to the dying."

Russian Hill is the most lofty height within the city proper, some eight blocks west of Kearney Street, and the same distance from the north shore of the peninsula on which the city is situated. There, while they watched the smoke hovering over the city's heart, Beryl repeated her story.

"Cruel fate," muttered the minister, "that this tender form should be so buffeted about in the swirl and strife of such a mighty disaster. Yet you are but one among thousands, my child. You encountered much evil, yet you also met kindness and generosity. Neil had relatives in the city," he went on, suddenly changing the theme of his remarks, "among them a wealthy cousin living on Nob Hill. You knew this, did you not?"

"Yes," she answered, averting her face.

"And Neil knew that you knew it?"

"He told me of his cousin himself," she answered.

"Do you not think that he would imagine that this cousin's house would be the very place you would go to seek him?" asked the good man gently.

"No, Mr. Bickerdyke," said Beryl. "Neil has told me things concerning his cousin, Arthur Preston, which would not allow him to imagine such a thing."

"The minister was no stranger to the enmity of the Prestons toward Beryl. Neil had made the minister his confidant.

"Today, my child," said Mr. Bickerdyke, "pride has been brought to her knees in this great city. There are no rich, no poor, no aristocrats, no plebians. The millionaire and the beggar share their last cup of water, their last loaf of bread. It would be well, I think, if you called at the mansion of Neil's cousin and asked for news."

"If you counsel it——" murmured Beryl, with trembling lips.

"I do counsel it. When you are rested and refreshed from such poor food as we have here, I will go with you."

She clasped his hand in silent gratitude. While they were eating some of the homely fare which the minister set out on the grass, fate, seemingly bent upon retrieving the hardships showered upon Beryl during the preceding part of the day, brought Tonita.

How can one do justice to the joy which filled the two friends as they leaped into each other's arms? Tonita was wearied to exhaustion with her fruitless search, and her glad tears mingled with Beryl's in the transport of this unexpected meeting. The minister could not remain long with the girls, being called away to attend upon the last moments of one who had been stricken down and had not been able to find the means for reaching a hospital.

With hands clasped and tired hearts reviving under the spell of tender companionship, the two friends sat long together, each recounting her varied experiences. Tonita, after learning that Neil was not seriously injured, had written the hurried note for him and had gone abroad into the city to search for Beryl. She had not much hope, knowing too well the evil daring and resourcefulness of Berdyne. Far and wide and into many dangers her search had led her, but she had come safely, although with an unsuccessful errand, through them all.

After hearing Beryl's story, the Mexicana was quite positive that Berdyne had succumbed when he had run the *Red Flyer* into the live wire.

"If he has met his death in this shattered city," breathed Tonita, "it is well. Many a better man has been killed or ruined this day, dear." The Mexicana shuddered. "Oh," she whispered, "I have seen such sights as I hope I may never live to see again! And they are being enacted over and over again, down there, at this very moment." Tonita waved one of her small, brown hands toward the fiery distance.

Evening had come while the friends were sitting and talking—a perfect evening. The air was warm, the clear, pale stars shone in the blue arch, and the hush of nature was broken only by the sullen roar to the south and by the low voices of those who had clustered on the hill. The smoke of the fire arose a mile or more straight up into the air, a great shaft luminous with the flame that laved its base.

Beryl felt and believed that somewhere under that awesome pall her dear husband, with the bitterness of despair filling his heart, was seeking for her. Her bosom trembled under spell of the thought. Suppose he had gone to his cousin's at Nob Hill? And suppose her own false pride had prevented a glad reunion with him? She arose suddenly.

"Dearest," she said, in quivering tones, "I must go to Nob Hill."

"What?" cried the Mexicana, amazed. "You will go there now?"

"Yes," and she told her friend why. "Mr. Bickerdyke has not returned," went on Beryl, "and I feel that I should not wait any longer."

"You do not know the way, *querida*," said Tonita.

"I can inquire."

"But suppose that wicked man, Berdyne——"

"Heaven may have decreed that he shall never trouble me more," answered Beryl simply. "Besides," she added, laying her hand on her heaving breast, "something here seems to tell me that I should go to Arthur Preston's—and go now."

"I will go with you then, dear," said Tonita, rising at her friend's side.

"But you are tired, Tonita!"

"I have not borne half what you have, Beryl. I could not let you go alone! Nothing shall separate us again while we are in this doomed city."

"My dear, dear friend!" murmured Beryl. "I hope that some day I may be able to repay you all your kindness to me."

They would have liked to inform the minister where they were going, yet Beryl felt sure that when he found them gone he would understand. Besides, it was he who had advised the step, and had humbled the foolish pride which had kept her from taking it before.

When they left the little refugee camp on the grassy slope it was eight o'clock—the very hour which saw Neil starting from Union Square for the same destination.

But the girls did not know the way so well as Neil did. Many times they strayed from their direct course, and many times they were wrongly directed. So it chanced that when they finally reached the mansion, and were assured by a man that it was the home of Arthur Preston, they had been an hour longer on the way than Neil had been. Almost overcome with weariness, they sank down on the broad steps to rest before ascending to the stately entrance.

Within the graystone enclosing wall of the mansion portable stoves were glowing, and tea was steeping in little Oriental kettles. These queer fires lighted the whole front of the house, in weird contrast with the immense banners of flame that shivered overhead in the night sky.

The palaces of Nob Hill seemed to have withstood the earthquake shock most valiantly; for the stately edifice, up whose marble steps Beryl and Tonita presently mounted, appeared to show no signs of ruin apart from its fallen chimneys and cracked and broken windows. As they stood on the great railed veranda and pressed the bell, someone inside stole a look at them through a broken pane.

The face of the person within was that of an elderly woman. It was a cold, haughty face, indelibly marked with that arrogance of caste which has gold for its god.

Both girls, their faces caught luridly in the light from the little stoves on the wall, were clearly under the eyes of the elderly woman. Astonishment crossed the woman's proud features—astonishment, which was swiftly merged into anger and apprehension. She turned to a man of thirty, or thereabouts, who was standing near her and holding a candle.

"A rare night for visitors, Aunt Hester," said he grimly, "and I must be my own flunky and answer the ring in person."

"Two girls!" gasped the woman. "Common people, Arthur. And one of them is—is——"

"Calm yourself, Aunt Hester," returned the man in his measured, well-bred tones. "What should excite you so? You know one of them? Who is it?"

"It is the working girl whose beauty has ensnared my son!" The words came quick and sharp, but in a low tone.

"Impossible!" muttered the man in a voice of dismay.

"I cannot be mistaken, Arthur!" the woman answered decidedly. "Oh, that this should happen, and now, of all times. I saw the creature once in Denver—in fact, I made it a point to see her—and I never forget a face. Send her away! Or, stay; can you keep Neil in his room while I talk with the girl?"

"I think so," returned the man.

"Then you might admit them and leave them alone with me."

The woman's thin lips closed with cruel firmness, and she waited ominously while Arthur Preston went to the door.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE LIE.

For the first time in long, long months, Neil Preston pushed his way through the refugees and mounted the marble steps to his cousin's stately home on Nob Hill. Never since Arthur Preston had sided with his mother and brother against Beryl had Neil the heart to cross his threshold. He turned to his cousin now as a last resort—willing, if Arthur was so minded, to let the dead past bury its dead.

An overmastering weariness was slowly but steadily creeping upon Neil's dauntless spirit. His strong limbs trembled under a strain that threatened momentarily to snap his endurance. He fought heroically against the weakness. But that which caused him the most dismay was the throbbing pain that darted from his wound.

Arthur himself, punctiliously clinging to his evening apparel despite the wreck and confusion that shook the city, came to the door bearing a lighted candle. Arthur's wife and children had gone, some days before, to the country house at Tamalpais, and the servants had fled like frightened sheep at the first great shock.

Neil's clothes were torn, dusty, and burned in places by dropping sparks; he was bareheaded, and his face begrimmed with dust; his cheeks were haggard, his eyes bloodshot, and the bandage about his temples gave him a gruesome look. Small wonder his cousin did not know him at first.

"Well, my man!" asked Arthur Preston impatiently. "If you have come here for relief you have come to the wrong place. You should apply to one of the relief stations operated by the Red Cross."

He would have closed the door, but Neil staggered through it before he could do so.

"Arthur!" exclaimed Neil. "Don't you know me?"

"Merciful heavens!"

Arthur Preston drew back and stared as though he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Neil!" he exclaimed. "Why, cousin, what has happened to you?"

A cry of sharp surprise echoed from a near apartment. It was followed by a rustle of silk.

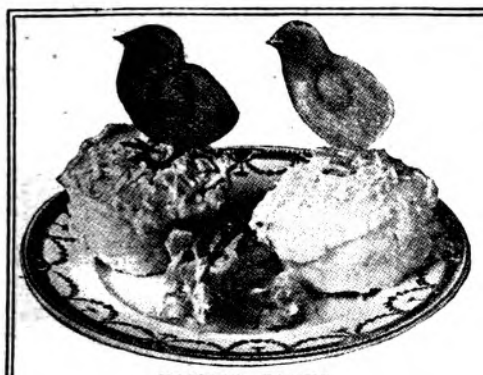
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

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EASTER CAKES.

SOLVING THE BETWEEN-SEASON DAILY FOOD PROBLEM

—o—

By Violet Marsh

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WITH the stock of canned meats, vegetables, jams and jellies run low, we are facing the usual spring problem of trying to serve well-balanced meals from such foods as are obtainable from house or nearby sources, which, when given a full measure of appreciation, will be found very abundant.

Eggs, fowl, apples and oranges are excellent foods for this season of the year, and many a delicious conserve and marmalade can be made from the dried fruits, citrus fruits and nuts. To be sure, it takes more time and care to cook fowl than it did the tender chickens last fall and early winter, but many prefer the full-flavored meat, though the texture is less fine. The apples, too, will require varied ways of baking to bring back flavor lost in storage, but with a small addition of other fruits, a change of appetizing dishes is obtained.

Eggs are in a class by themselves, and constitute one of our most precious foods. By the very simple use of water-glass, eggs may be preserved in the season of plenty and thus a store provided to draw from when they are scarce and costly. Considering the high food value of eggs, they are never so expensive as meat, and it is poor economy not to freely use them as a meat substitute on days when meat is unattainable. Eggs contain protein, sulphur, iron, phosphorus, lime, magnesia, fat and vitamines. Containing no starch, they should be eaten either with bread, rice, potatoes or cereals.



OATMEAL COOKIES.

Below will be found various between-season recipes.

Malt Sugar Syrup—Our New Sweet

Of great interest to housewives is this new sweet which has appeared on the market, say the specialists of the Bureau of Chemistry, U. S. Department of Agriculture, who have investigated various substitutes for sugar.

While malt sugar has long been known to chemists the two factors that have stimulated its production on a commercial scale are the shortage of sugar and the recent institution of nation-wide prohibition of liquor, which latter has resulted in the diversion of many of the breweries from making beer and ale to the manufacture of malt sugar syrup. This syrup is made from the same grains as beer and may be made from corn, potatoes or any vegetable product containing starch. Barley, which heretofore was so largely used by the breweries in the manufacture of malt liquors, is now being utilized by these industrial plants for the production of malt sugar syrup.

Breweries, with very little change of equipment, can be used and are now being used for its manufacture. Up to a certain point the process is the same as in beer making. Evaporating pans are the principal additional equipment required by breweries to become malt sugar syrup factories.

Malt sugar syrup has a high food value, a delicious flavor, and looks very much like maple syrup. While for use on the table it may not be quite so convenient as sugar, for many purposes it serves as a cane sugar substitute. For cooking and candy making it is not only equal to sugar in convenience and food value but is superior in some respects because it will not so readily crystallize or "sugar."

It is predicted that malt sugar syrup will come into general use as the housewives learn about this new sweet and ask their grocers for it, who in turn will be glad to carry it in stock when they learn that there is a demand for it.

Cooking Fowl

All poultry should be dressed as soon as killed, as otherwise it is rendered unfit to eat, and may be actually infected with poison. On no account should broth for the sick be made from chicken or fowl not known to be freshly killed or drawn.

If the fowl is very fat and is to be boiled, it is best to skin it, boil the skin separately, and use the fat as a butter substitute. The water can be added to the chicken stock. Cut the wings off close to the body; also the thigh. Cut the legs from the thigh. Cut off the neck, and open the fowl the entire length along one side of the backbone. This exposes the heart, liver and gizzard; also the intestines which must be carefully removed and at once put into the garbage can. Cut the gall bladder from the liver without breaking. Remove the kidneys and lungs from the ribs and dispose of these and of the gall bladder as garbage. Too much care cannot be taken in dressing a fowl.

Pack the cut-up fowl closely in a stewpan and not quite cover with boiling water. Bring to a boil, and then set back where it will just simmer until done, adding salt one half hour before the cooking is finished.

FRICASSEED FOWL.—In a frying pan put chicken fat, butter or butter substitute. When very hot put in the cooked fowl and turn it frequently until lightly browned. Do not dry it. Remove fowl, put the liquor in which it was cooked into the pan. Boil a few minutes and then thicken with a little flour stirred smooth in cold water. Cook five minutes, season with salt and pepper. Return fowl to gravy and when all is hot it is ready to serve.

Substantial Egg Dishes

Cut three slices of bacon into small bits and fry crisp. Push to one side of pan and in the fat brown one cup of bread cut in small squares. Have ready six eggs with six scant tablespoons of fresh milk, one half teaspoon of salt and a large pinch of pepper. Pour this mixture onto the bacon and bread and rapidly stir from bottom of pan until the eggs are soft done. Serve at once with baked potatoes.

BAKED EGGS.—Grease muffin tins, and into each put a thin layer of fine bread-crumbs, a generous sprinkling of grated cheese, a bit of butter and a little salt and pepper. Put into oven and brown. Into each tin break one egg, return to oven and cook soft. Before the eggs are put into tins it may be necessary to grease them the second time.

BROWN-BREAD AND EGGS.—Fry inch-thick slices of brown-bread in beef or bacon drippings. Put them onto a biscuit tin, and on each break an egg and cook soft in oven.

FRIED EGGS.—Drop eggs separately into a saucer and then into hot fat. Set where they will slowly cook to a jelly-like consistency without the edges browning.

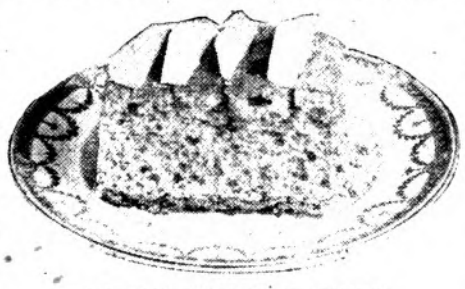
Various Ways of Cooking Old Apples

TUTTI-FRUTTI APPLES.—Make a syrup of one and a quarter cups of sugar and two cups of water. Pare, core and quarter six tart apples and simmer in the syrup until tender. Make a second syrup from half a cup of sugar and two thirds cup of water. Add the juice of half a lemon, two tablespoons each of seedless raisins and walnut meats, two slices of pineapple finely shredded, and two tablespoons of caramelled sugar. Simmer until thick. Arrange the cooked apple in a shallow serving dish, spread over it the fruit mixture and over it all pour the syrup in which the apples were cooked. Bake twenty minutes. Serve cold with whipped cream.

MARSHMALLOW APPLES.—Core medium-sized apples. Press into the cavity of each one marshmallow, cover with two tablespoons of sugar, a sprinkling of cinnamon and a small piece of butter. Keep sufficient water in the bottom of pan so that a little syrup will be formed while baking. The oven should be quite hot. When done, put a marshmallow on top of each apple, and as soon as they melt and brown remove from oven.

SCALLOPED APPLE AND BANANA.—Pare and slice apples, and slice bananas; use twice as much apple as banana. In an earthen baking dish put a layer of apple and a layer of banana. Squeeze a little lemon juice over it, sprinkled well with sugar, and dot with butter. Repeat until all the fruit is used. Add a little water; not too much. Cover tightly and bake one hour. Remove cover and brown.

FRIED APPLES.—Core and slice without paring. Put three tablespoonfuls of tried-out salt pork fat into the frying pan and when hot put in the sliced apple. Add about one dessertspoon each of molasses and sugar and about half a cup of boiling water. Cover closely and cook until done. Uncover and cook rapidly away any juice that may be left in the frying pan.



VEAL LOAF WITH FRIED HOMINY.

Other Recipes

EASTER CAKES.—Cream together two thirds cup of sugar and two tablespoons of butter until fine and light. Add one well-beaten egg and a little grated lemon rind and beat again. Sift with one full cup of flour, half a teaspoon of soda and one teaspoon of cream of tartar, and add it alternately with one half cup of milk. Beat hard and bake in round tins in a moderately hot oven.

FROSTING.—Stir one scant cup of powdered sugar into the white of one egg and one teaspoon of lemon juice. When thoroughly incorporated, beat with an eggbeater five minutes. Now add two tablespoons of dried cocoanut which has been previously soaked in a little fresh milk. Frost cakes, and if an Easter decoration is desired, on each cake perch a yellow Easter chicken.

ORANGE CHARLOTTE.—Pare and slice orange just thick enough to hold together; remove seeds and center and line a pudding dish with slices. Have ready a gelatine made as follows: Soak one third box of gelatine in one third cup of cold water twenty minutes. Add one half cup of boiling water and one cup of sugar and when dissolved add the juice of one lemon and one cup of orange juice. Strain, and when partly set, beat hard with an eggbeater. Add the well-beaten whites of two eggs and beat again. Pour into the dish lined with orange and set to harden. Garnish with dots of beaten egg-white sweetened and flavored with grated orange juice and nut meats.

VEAL LOAF WITH FRIED HOMINY.—Two cups of veal and quarter of a cup of fat salt pork put through the meat grinder. Add three quarters of a cup of crumbs, a little chopped onion, two beaten eggs and moisten with milk. Season with salt and pepper. Put lightly into a deep bread tin, cover with a second tin and set in a pan with a little water in it. Bake in a slow oven. Fry strips of cold boiled hominy and serve with loaf.



ORANGE CHARLOTTE.

OATMEAL COOKIES.—Cream one cup of butter or butter substitute with one rounding cup of sugar until very light. Dissolve one teaspoon of soda and salt in three tablespoons of boiling water and add cold water enough to make half a cup, and then mix with the butter and sugar. Have ready three cups of rolled oats mixed with three cups of flour. Add part to the mixture and when smooth add remainder. This makes a dry dough but do not add any moisture. Shape a little dough with the hands and roll thin. Press seedless raisins into each cookie and bake in a hot oven.



EDISON AMBEROL RECORDS FOR APRIL 1920

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In Place of the Winter Jellies

Toward spring there is quite likely to be a dearth in the jellies and marmalades which we made last summer and fall, so I am going to give some easy-to-follow recipes to be made from dried fruits, nuts, etc.

PINEAPPLE AND PEACH JAM.—Soak one pound of dried peaches about two hours in cold water, then rub off the skins. Cover with cold water and soak over night. In the morning cut up the peach, add two cups of grated canned pineapple, and three cups of sugar. Cook until it thickens which will take about three quarters of an hour.

RAISIN MARMALADE.—Cover one pound of dried apricots with cold water and soak until the skins can be removed. Cover with fresh cold water and soak over night. Cover one pound of seedless raisins with boiling water. Let stand five minutes and skim out. Put through second water to rinse and skim out. Never pour off the water as it leaves the grit and dirt on the fruit. Put raisins and apricots together, add two cups of sugar and simmer until it thickens.

DRIED FRUIT AND NUT CONSERVE.—Cover one cup each of dates and figs with boiling water; skim out, rinse, remove skin and stones from dates, and cut both the dates and figs into small pieces. The cutting makes a better consistency than putting fruit through a food chopper. Wash one cup of seedless raisins. Wash and soak two cups each of prunes and apricots over night. Squeeze the juice from one lemon and two oranges and grate the rind from each. Cut in small pieces one cup of walnut or pecan meats. Put all the fruit together, add two even teaspoons of cinnamon, quarter of a teaspoon of cloves, and two cups of sugar. Let stand about five hours. Cook slowly one hour, add the nut meats and cook ten minutes longer. If not quite acid enough, add quarter of a cup of good vinegar. Be sure none of the nuts are rancid.

PRUNE TARTLETS.—Line gem pan with pastry. Make a filling as follows: Cream together four tablespoons of butter and two tablespoons of sugar. Beat in two well-beaten eggs. Add half a cup of fine bread-crumbs that have been soaked in half a cup of milk, one scant teaspoon of baking powder, half a teaspoon of lemon extract, and one cup of cooked prunes minced fine. Mix thoroughly and fill the pastry-lined tins. Bake in a quick oven until the pastry is done. When cold, top with beaten white of egg beaten again with honey to sweeten.

Temperance Cause Is Suffering—Editorial

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

intoxicating. It was a wholesome, harmless beer of excellent quality, but had no alcoholic taste or odor and no intoxicating effect. But its manufacture and sale has been stopped by the recent act of Congress previously referred to. Ten or a dozen years ago the Maine legislature lost its balance under the influence of a bunch of fanatics and passed a bill prohibiting all beverages containing more than one per cent. of alcohol, but it never went into effect, for a referendum was promptly invoked and the people vetoed it at the polls by a large majority. Now don't turn against national prohibition, for it is doing too much good, but use your influence with your Congressmen to get the one-half of one per cent. limit repealed.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

The Boss.—"I am sorry, sir, but I find we won't be able to give you a job. You seem to be very deficient in arithmetic."

The Applicant.—"I knew it! I knew it! It's pa's fault. I told him he had no business to send me to a grammar school."

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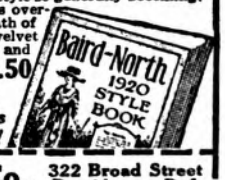


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Cubby Bear at Foxy Reynard's Party

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear stretched himself sleepily in his little bed, then opened his eyes. He had a curious feeling of not quite knowing where he was—of not quite knowing even *who* he was. He was just waking from his long winter sleep.

Slowly he got out of bed and went into the next room, where he heard Mamma Bruin moving about.

"It is spring, Cubby Bear!" Mamma Bruin said. "The beautiful spring has come! Grandma Bear has not wakened yet, so we must be quiet. I have some breakfast all ready for you."

After eating a large breakfast, for he was very hungry, Cubby Bear opened the door and went out to look about. The sun was shining brightly from a clear sky, the snow was nearly gone, the ground soft and moist, and a balmy little spring breeze blew down and kissed his face. He was filling his lungs with the pure, warm air, breathing deeply when Foxy Reynard came up to where he stood.

"Good morning," said Foxy, "and a happy springtime to you! I hoped I should find you awake, for I came to invite you to a party at my place tomorrow forenoon. Morning parties are something new and fashionable, and I like always to be in style. Shinyblack Crow, Robbie Reddie, and others are back from the south, and those of us who stay at home through the winter have seen little of each other since last fall. So I thought it would be delightful for us all to come together for a springtime party."

"Beautiful!" said Cubby Bear. "I will be sure to come!"

Next morning the forest was full of little woods people, all going toward Foxy's den. There were happy greetings, and everyone rejoiced that the cold, dreary winter was over, and that the wonderful spring was filling the earth with sweetness and warmth once more.

When Cubby Bear reached Foxy's den, in company with Shinyblack Crow, Chirpy Chipmunk, and Racky Coon, most of the others were there, standing about in the warm sunshine.

Mr. Wise Owl, blinking in the brightness of the morning, was talking with Dr. Squilly Porcupine; Tillie Turtle wore a brand new bonnet with purple strings and a yellow feather, and the Little Badgers were running the length of a small log which lay by the open door, and screaming with laughter when one fell off.

"Well, well!" said Wollie Woodchuck. "Here is Cubby Bear, out once more! Tell us, Cubby, if you have dreamed about your friend, Commodore Crane, in your winter's sleep?"

"I have not," answered Cubby, "nor any of the other cranes; but I mean to try and find them again, some day!"

Foxy Reynard was moving about among his guests, all smiles and politeness.

"Come in, come in!" he urged. "There are so many of us," said Busy Beaver, "we would more than fill your den, Foxy Reynard. Why cannot we stay outside? It seems a pity to lose any of this warm sunshine!"

"My house may not be as good as some," said Foxy meekly, "and I know it is not large, but I should not feel right when I have invited you all here for a party, if any were left outside. Come in, all together, now, and then a little later—perhaps—you can all play games outside."

Of course they could not refuse, and all crowded in.

Foxy stood by the open door, to usher them in, bowing and smiling and saying a pleasant word to each. Then, when Bunny Rabbit, who was the last to enter, was inside, quite suddenly Foxy stepped out, shut the heavy door with a bang and fastened it by bracing against it the small log on which the Little Badgers had been playing.

It was all done so suddenly, no one had time to interfere.

Helpless, they stood there, crowded together, all in the dark, for Foxy's den had no windows.

"What does he mean by it?" asked Wise Owl, indignantly.

"Open the door, Foxy!" cried Bunny Rabbit. "It is so dark here—let us out!"

"Listen!" called Foxy, and all were quiet, to hear what he had to say. Then, in gentle tones, Foxy went on: "Good by, my dear, kind friends. I hope you will enjoy my springtime party. Make yourselves quite at home—do anything you please. I freely give you the liberty of my home. As for myself, much as I would enjoy your charming company, deeply as it grieves me to tear myself away from you, I have promised to visit my cousin, who lives around on the northern slope of the big mountain, and he is expecting me today, so I must go. I shall be gone two or three weeks. Feel no anxiety about me if I am away longer. I shall be quite safe. And now, let me ask you all one question before I leave—have any of you remembered that this is the first day of April?"



FOXY STOOD BY THE OPEN DOOR TO USHER THEM IN, BOWING AND SMILING.

A cry of indignation from the prisoners within drowned Foxy's laugh.

"April Fooled! Oh, that bad, wicked, sly Foxy!"

"We must get out, somehow!"

"We shall smother—we shall die of hunger and thirst!"

"Oh, my Baby Bunnies! my poor, poor Bunny Babies!" cried Bunny Rabbit, putting his arms around the seven of them.

The tiniest Little Badger set up a shrill wail, and then followed a great sobbing, moaning and shrieking from the poor little trapped creatures of the forest.

"Well, well!" said Brother Binney Beaver, raising his voice, to be heard above the clamor. "This will never do. We must try some way of getting out. No use to hurt ourselves battering against the door; Foxy has seen to it that the log is firmly braced, you may be sure. Who has a plan for getting free?"

"We can dig!" piped up a small voice, and they found that little Chirpy Chipmunk was already at work, his small paws making the dirt fly rapidly.

"To be sure, most of you can dig!" said Wise Owl. "I would not be much help at that, but my part will be in advising the rest. Foxy has a strong wall of stone around the front of his den, but farther back, there is earth. Dig on an upward slant, for the den is hollowed out from a hillside, and digging on a level would only take you farther into the hill. It will take a long time, but there are some famous diggers among you, and you can take turns—one force resting while another works."

"No, no, no!" chattered little Chirpy. "Pay no attention to him, if you want to get out today! Help me dig in the place I have started, here under Foxy's door."

"Yes, he is right. That will be the quickest way out," said Busy Beaver. "Let me take your place at the work, Chirpy, for I am larger and stronger than you."

"Dig fast—dig fast!" implored Betty Badger. "I am fainting for want of fresh air!"

The work went on vigorously, and it was not long before Cubby Bear, who was taking his turn at digging, cried joyously, "I see light! We've got a tiny hole through!" and went on digging harder than ever.

"You don't need to throw the dirt in my mouth!" spluttered Wollie Woodchuck, whose jaws had been stretched wide in a great yawn.

Minnie Mink and Busy Beaver dragged the fainting Betty Badger to the little opening.

"Stand back, Cubby Bear, and give her air!" they ordered.

Soon the opening was large enough for Chirpy Chipmunk to crawl through, and after him trailed Slimy Snail.

"I wish I could pull away the log," Chirpy called, "but it is far too heavy for me."

Before long, some of the larger animals were out.

"Now, then, help with this log," said Brother Binney Beaver. "Take hold, here! Heave it away!"

Cubby Bear waited eagerly while the log was moved and the door thrown open. He and Wise Owl were the last ones in the den.

"Oh, come, Mr. Wise Owl!" said Cubby. "Come out into the beautiful sunshine and the sweet, spring air!"

But Wise Owl did not follow. Instead, he stalked gloomily into the farther end of Foxy's den.

"None of you would have my advice," he said sulkily, "and now you shall not have my company."

"Oh, come!" urged Robbie Reddie. "That dark den is no place to stay when the springtime breezes are blowing!"

"I can stay here if I like, I suppose?" was Wise Owl's answer.

"Leave him alone," advised Mollie Muskrat. "He will feel better by and by. It is a mercy we have escaped from prison, but it seems too bad not to have the party we expected."

"We must not let Foxy Reynard's cruel joke spoil the whole day for us," said Tillie Turtle, who had no mind to go back home alone, where there was no one to admire her new spring bonnet. "It is not much past noon, and now that we are all together, we can surely have a party somewhere besides in that dark den."

"Good, good!" cried her hearers.

"I know a fine place to play, where the snow is all gone," Shinyblack Crow told them. "I will show you the way."

Tillie Turtle and Slimy Snail were given a place in the Bunny Babies' cart, so they would not be left behind.

They all had a happy afternoon. Of course there was much to say to each other, after being separated so long; they tried some new games, and Robbie Reddie told wonderful stories of the tropical land where he had spent the winter.

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"While You Wait for the Doctor" Tells the ready-to-hand antidotes for the common poisons and what to do for anyone who has taken poison by mistake.

"May Baskets" Describes how to make nine kinds of pretty May baskets, each illustrated by a drawing.

"His Good Mother" The sad story of a girl who went wrong, and what she sacrificed for her nameless boy.

"May Cooking Article" With useful instructions and recipes suited to the season.

"Where Our Heroes Rest" Describes the vast American cemetery in France where rest 25,000 of our soldiers who fell in battle in the Argonne Forest drive. Illustrated.

"Cubby Bear and the Bird Concert" Tells of Cubby Bear's accident that nearly spoiled the picnic.

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April, 1920.

Crumbs of Comfort

Do or suffer.

Today is a duty.

All sunshine makes a desert.

The hardest science is to forget.

Generosity is the flower of justice.

The best gift is a portion of oneself.

Man is the artificer of his own happiness.

Success will cover a multitude of blunders.

Saying well is wise, but doing well is wisest.

Goodness is the only investment that never fails.

A man in pursuit of greatness feels no little wants.

When we cannot act as we wish, we must act as we can.

The only time Heaven is deaf is when a man's heart is dumb.

There is no road to success but through a clear strong purpose.

Necessity may be a hard schoolmistress, but she is undoubtedly the best.

The best evidence of merit is the cordial recognition of it whenever and wherever found.

Keep your life like a snow-covered field, where a footstep can leave a mark, but not a stain.

In war, steel is a better metal than gold; and in life wisdom is worth more than wealth.

All light in the world comes principally from two sources: the sun and the lamp of the scholar.

Nothing is rarer than a solitary lie; you cannot tell one, but out it comes with a hundred little ones on its back.

High office is like a tall monument and only two kinds of creatures are apt to touch the summit—insects and eagles.

If every man could read the heart of his neighbor, more would wish to come down from a high position than to rise to it.

Morning is a daily new creation which calls all that have life and breath to new adoration, new joy, and new gratitude.

Be simple, be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and acting; and never use a long word where a short one will do.

In looking back on the various stages of life, it is well to cast into oblivion those parts that have caused anxiety and grief.

God is the author and men are but the players; all grand pieces which are produced upon the earth have been composed in heaven.

The true law of the race is progression and development; whenever civilization pauses in the march of conquest it is overthrown by barbarism.

We sleep, but the loom of life never stops; and the pattern which was weaving when the sun went down, is weaving when it comes up tomorrow.

We have but one life here on earth; we must make that beautiful. To do this health and elasticity of mind are needful, and whatever endangers or impedes these must be avoided.

When a friend is angry with his friend, and wishes for a reconciliation, let him meet him face to face, and fix his eyes on his friend's eyes, remembering only the object for which he is come and forgetting all former grievances.

While a man is stringing a harp he tries the strings; when it is finished it is played for melodies. So God fashions the human heart for future joy, and only sounds a string here and there to see how the work progresses.

The man who has daily inured himself to the habits of concentrated attention, energetic volition, and self-denial in unnecessary things, will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him, and when his softer fellow-mortals are winnowed like chaff in the blast.



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DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

You know that England was the cause of the big world war. She got all the other nations in and when she seen she was going to be licked the U. S. was ready to plunge in and save her hide. Why did the Germans sink the Lusitania because it was loaded with high explosives which is against the law. You know very well Americans had no business to sail on a ship that was loaded with high explosives. Why didn't they sail on a passenger ship as they should have done, then the Germans would never have harmed them. It was a dirty, secret trick to get ammunition to the Allies. A person might as well say the U. S. was leading in the war against Germany right from the beginning when they shipped ammunition to the Allies. Why did not the U. S. help Germany too or else stay neutral as she claimed to do. I am an American born in America, but I don't think it hurts to tell the truth. VIOLET ———.

Violet, you say it does not hurt to tell the truth. If that is so why is it you and other German colonists and German sympathizers scorn the truth? Evidently the truth must hurt or you would not be so afraid to indulge in it. Some people might call your letter old stuff, and say that nothing was to be gained by opening up old sores. I would not dignify your epistle by replying to it if I did not continue to receive a perfect avalanche of letters, all filled with the same heresies and repeating o'er and o'er again the same old stupid lies that were dinned into everyone's ears by German propagandists from 1914 on. Germany, or at least the more sensible section of the German people, are trying to put their country on its feet. The present government is confronted on one side by the junkers (military reactionaries who want to restore the monarchy), and on the other hand by the still more dangerous Spartacides, who would be more fiendish and dangerous than even was that mad lunatic, the Kaiser. There are still a number of people in Germany who, though all the facts of the war are being placed before them, so that Germany can get the truth, set herself right in the eyes of the world and regain the respect of mankind, still believe, even as you and a good many more in your section do, that this war was forced upon Germany. I would not waste space trying to convince those who get their ideas from Milwaukee, but so much of untruth has been spread by the propagandists in that city, that millions of Americans have had their minds poisoned by the venomous contagion that is disseminated from this and other tainted alien sources. However, I would have made this letter the subject for an editorial if only for one thing and that is to let the American people know the facts and all the truth about the Lusitania.

The Lusitania survivors, or at least many of them, sued the Cunard Company for the loss of their property and the lives of their relatives. This matter has been threshed out in Great Britain and now in the Federal District Court of New York. The judge's decision, which covers nine closely printed pages, is before me. In this decision the judge absolves the Cunard line from any guilt or carelessness and tells the claimants for damages that they must be collected at the Peace Table by the United States and the Allies, or in other words from Germany. He describes the sinking of the Lusitania, which carried no armanent for her protection (though the Germans picture her on the medal struck to commemorate her sinking, as though she were a mighty battleship with guns bristling from every porthole), as "an inexpressibly cowardly attack," which violated all the laws of nations, let alone the laws of God and humanity.

The Lusitania was a peaceful merchant ship. If she had not been so she would not have been allowed to sail from any American port. Also she was pre-eminently a first-class passenger ship, and certainly such famous men as Charles Frohman, the great theatrical magnate, Alfred Vanderbilt, Elbert Hubbard, the journalist, and others would not have risked their lives on a vessel filled with high explosives. But the one great lie, which propagandists have tried desperately to use, to deceive, not only their own people but especially the people of the United States—our hyphenated Germans don't need any deceiving, they are born deceived—was that the Lusitania carried enormous quantities of high explosives.

Judge Mayer, in his decision, states: "The proof is absolute that she was not and never had been armed, nor did she carry any explosives." All she carried in the line of war material were 125 empty shrapnel shell cases without any powder charges, some leather fittings, pouchings and the like, and some cases of safety cartridges. Of these Judge Mayer says, "that none could be exploded by setting them on fire in mass, or in bulk, or by subjecting them to impact."

Now that this atrocious falsehood has finally been disposed of in one of our highest courts, I hope the rascals who have spread this infamous lie from coast to coast will forevermore keep their venomous tongues silent. Two or three German fanatics swore they saw guns aboard the Lusitania before she sailed. These gentry were rounded up, perjured themselves, and got in jail for their false testimony.

Now as regards munitions. Turn to War Cyclopedia, page 180, and you will find that "trade in munitions of war is permitted in international law." The largest munition and gun factory in the world is, or was, Krupps, a German firm, which now, by the way, is turning out plows and steam engines. Germany in the past supplied the world with most of its guns and ammunition. It was Germany who armed the Boer Republic and it was the possession of those German guns and munitions and German influence that prompted the deluded Boer to tackle the British, and enabled him also to hold out as long as he did. During this same war, Germany also supplied ammunition to the British, and the Kaiser, though bluffing the public with the idea that his sympathies were all with the Boers, actually mapped out a plan to crush them and sent it with his compliments to his grandmother, the late Queen Victoria of Great Britain. When the defeated Boer chief scuttled to Europe, the Kaiser refused to see him. Foxy old Kaiser!

This country would have been just as willing to sell guns and munitions to the Germans as to the British, for there is little sentiment in business—those who have the price can get the goods. In fact Germany did buy munitions of war in the United States. The sore point with Germany was that her ships could not get here and carry away munitions, owing to the fact that John Bull's fleet controlled the seas, which enabled British ships to come and go at leisure. So the Germans set up a mighty howl, as bum sports always do when they can't have everything their way, and wanted us to nullify the effect of British sea power, the only forceful weapon that Britain had for a long time, and thus place Germany at an advantage and the British at a disadvantage, an act which would have made us an actual ally of the Hun. In 1912 Germany, too, flooded the Balkans with guns and munitions and no one kicked. The Central Powers during the early stages of the war whined to our government that it was not fair to permit trade in munitions of war on a large scale for the sole benefit of one set of combatants. Our Secretary of State in his reply of Aug. 12, 1915, at once informed them that this view would impose upon every nation a duty to sit in judgment on the progress of the war and to restrict its commercial intercourse with the belligerent whose naval successes prevented the neutral from trading with the enemy. By the way, just think if we had got into a scrap with Japan how the Germans would have poured their guns and munitions, at a stiff price, on our shores and how glad we would have been to have gotten them.

The Germans sent over the Deutschland, a big merchant submarine. It ran the British blockade, reached our ports, and German-Americans, and a good many not German, went wild with delight. If a million Deutschlands had come they would have been still more wild and we would have heard no more of this hypocritical kicking about munitions. Of course, if Britain had been bottled up and we had been selling munitions to Germany, you would never have heard a single croak from the Milwaukee brigade; but directly the munition business pinched the German foot, then there was a howl that reached the skies. The German wants everything his own way, or he shrieks like a whipped cur, for he has never been a sport and "won't play the game." That is why he went into this war not like a man but like a demon and a fiend. Hence the poison gas and flamethrowers and merciless treatment of women, children and prisoners.

Violet says I know that England was the cause of the big world war. I know nothing of the kind. I do know, however, that Germany caused the war, and because she started it, she is now a culprit arraigned at the bar of civilization. Let me advise you who want to know all the facts about this war, not from Allied or American sources but from a German source, to send to Boni & Liveright, Publishers, New York City, for a book entitled, "What Is the German Nation Dying For?" by Karl Ludwig Krause. This will give you all the fundamental war facts, facts which the most diseased minds cannot contort or pervert. Read that book and it will transform pro-Germans into genuine Americans.

Now we have the "Willy, Nicky" letters, which the Kaiser wrote the Czar. This correspondence, which extended over years, has filled the Kaiser-worshippers with disgust. We see the Kaiser, under the guise of friendship, trying to stab the luckless Czar in the back and setting traps for everyone in Europe. We have all the facts from Vienna as to the high-handed acts of that country with little Serbia, all of which were backed up by the Kaiser and his clique in Berlin. All official Germany knows the facts. The war-crazed German people were ready to fight all Europe in 1914 and with infantile fatuity imagined that John Bull and Uncle Sam would keep out of the game until their task was accomplished. Later, Britain and the U. S. were to be crushed. We declined, however, to wait until the world was vanquished and humbled. John Bull, and later Uncle Sam, jumped in to save the world from the Hun, and now that the Hun is conquered and his villainies exposed, instead of showing contrition like a man, and owning up that he was wrong, he swears he was hoodwinked and fooled and victimized, and this, too, by a world that had flattered him, fawned upon him and wished him everything that was good. The seventh deadly sin is to be forever sorry for yourself, and the German full of self-pity, sits in a corner and reviles all humanity because it did not consent to having its throat cut, and spoiling his game of conquest and plunder. Says a New York paper, commenting on the correspondence between the Kaiser and the Czar: "Lord Salisbury, who was England's Prime Minister, we now learn made repeated efforts to create an alliance between England and Germany. The two other members of the Triple Alliance would also have been included and an effort made to bring in Japan and the United States. This would have meant that France and Russia stood together against the world, * * * it would have meant a rough approximation to an actual League of Nations. There can be no doubt that war would have been impossible if such an alignment of the powers had been achieved and maintained; but the Kaiser, with his egomania evidently firmly in the saddle, rejected this opportunity to clasp hands with Germany's strongest opponent and thereby maintain the peace of the world of which he was always boasting himself the guardian." It was about this time that Britain made a present of Heligoland to Germany. Says the New York Globe: "Salisbury may have used it as a sop on the assumption that he was dealing with a man capable of appreciating a friendly act. But he was wrong; he was dealing with an egotist so intensely self centered that the light of reason was not in him and 1914 saw the harvest of the Kaiser's mad sowing."

The famous Karl Kautsky, one of the world's greatest living authorities on Marxian socialism, and who scoffed at the idea that the German people were ready for socialism, was deputed by the present German Government, to go through the German Imperial archives. To his astonishment he found state papers smothered with marginal notes, written by the Kaiser, and these notes have simply set Germany aflame. Helmuth von Gerlach in the Zeitung am Mittag says "that though some of these notes are even clever * * innumerable others are absolutely insane," and it was by the instructions contained in these notes that Germany was to be governed, for the Reischtag was merely a debating society which the Kaiser regarded with contempt. In summing up this matter, this noted German says: "The Kaiser's marginal notes from July 5 to August (1914) are an exact reflection of the catastrophic policy that caused the war." He suggests that the Kaiser needs trying, not by a military or civil tribunal, but by a court of alienists—experts on mental diseases. It is in a lunatic asylum the Kaiser should be put. A young man who harassed his splendid father in his dying moments, who threw Bismarck, the man who made modern Germany, into the discard, and who has done other innumerable acts that show an unbalanced mind, and who finally plunged civilization into the abyss, should have no sympathy from honest, decent men of German blood, here or abroad. It may interest Violet and other German sympathizers to know that the Iron Chancellor Bismarck wrote his memoirs in three volumes. Two of these volumes have been published. Germany is moving heaven and earth to keep the third one from getting into the hands of the public, but a number of prominent men have read the volume and they and all the world know that it was the Kaiser who was responsible for this war. To blame Britain, Wall Street and the capitalist class is the croak of a lunatic. As a prominent man writing in the New York Times recently said: "The Germans are incapable of realizing that they made the war themselves, that they created the conditions now existing in Germany and elsewhere and that when they clamor for 'justice' and 'mercy' they are using words very recently written into their dictionaries with a pencil." Don't forget that Great Britain and Germany for ages had been the best of friends, until the present Kaiser was seized with his wild dream of dominating the world.

Now digest these facts, cut out this unpatriotic and insane worship of a dead and worthless autocracy. Help to build a modern Germany if you wish, but first of all build in your hearts a temple of loyalty and devotion for the land that has been a paradise for many an oppressed German. To discover that our old, jovial German friend was cruel and merciless, a plotter and a murderer, was a shock to us all, and it will take us a long time to regain our confidence in him, for his deeds have destroyed our faith in our common humanity and left us dazed and stunned. Germany and Russia today are the two great world problems—two unknown quantities. If we knew they were going to evolve into sane, sensible, kindly, human, well-disposed democracies, the world would soon tread the paths of peace, and the nightmare of horror, unrest and uncertainty that now grips us with a chill of death, would at once be lifted.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

HURON, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Don't you think you have abandoned the cause of the underdog just at the most critical period? You helped to get him up on his feet and because he is celebrating his emancipation a little beyond good reason and good judgment you have turned against him. He is just a little intoxicated with his new found freedom and needs to be studied and advised and he will come around all right if you will just give him a little time.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31)



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There is a new, scientific tooth paste used on millions of teeth today. You see them everywhere—glistening teeth, conspicuous for their beauty.

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You can feel this film. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. The tooth brush does not end it. So month after month it **remains there, causing stain and tartar and decay.**

Film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles are constantly increasing, despite the wide use of the tooth brush. And film is the major reason.

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It is now embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which meets every dental requirement. And a Ten-Day Tube is being offered to let everyone see what it does.

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Get this free tube and let your mirror show you Pepsodent effects.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

A new discovery has made pepsin possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now found a harmless activating method.

And now this efficient film combatant can be every day applied.

Send the coupon for a Ten-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as fixed film disappears.

Compare this new-day method with the old. Then let the clear results decide what is best for you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

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The LILIES of FRANCE

by Anna S. Ells



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JOE Bentley was a huge specimen of a man, with grey eyes hard as flints, a mouth that spoke no tenderness, fists that doubled faster than his slow wits worked, and a shock of waving brown hair any girl might envy. That was before he met Nellie.

Joe's father had been that kind of a man, fast fists, and slow wits; his tiny, frightened mother had quivered into her restful grave before Joe was old enough to remember her. After that his father had "brought him up," and his fists had been more active than his brain in the beginning. It was no wonder that Joe learned early to fend for himself, and to improve upon his pugilistic education.

When he had won the proud distinction of being boss of a gang of men in the city's new subway, he had married, and in marrying, some trace of his little mother's graciousness must have crept to the rough surface of his nature, for he chose a wife as tiny and as sweet as his own mother had been, Nellie Allen, who looked upon him as a god of strength and protection from the hard blows an unkind fate had dealt her. Joe liked being a god of any kind, and his grey eyes grew less hard, his mouth more tender, as the days passed. For a year Nellie held her "Big Bear," as she lovingly called him, in leash; for a year the little home, the first either of them remembered, throbbed with happiness, cleanliness and comfort. Then the baby came. Joe's heart nearly burst with pride, although it was only a wee baby girl, and not the sturdy son he had hoped for.

The weeks passed by, and the little wife did not get strong. The home, once so cheerful, was neglected; the baby wailed in the long, cold nights, for it was winter now. Then the subway was completed, and Joe lost his job.

He took the roll of money that was his due, looked at it strangely, and walked down to the river bank to think. A lethargy that was new to him cowed him. True, there were other jobs, other gangs of men to be bossed, other rolls of money to be earned, though no one was waiting in those days around the corner to force work upon him. That was before our country entered the great war; days when men sought the jobs, not the jobs the men.

For the first time in his life Joe felt the call of the wild; the yearning to throw up all responsibility, and fare free; to get away into something new and strange; to forget the past, and all it held, and start afresh.

Sure, there was Nellie, but she was only a shadow of a wife, always with a pain up her sleeve; and she did not seem to mind him any more; he was no longer her "Big Bear," her god-man. Nowadays it was the wailing baby that held her attention. Her soothings and singings were all for the little one. His home was neglected, his wife lost in the wailings of a sickly baby girl.

Then there were the bills! He should think there were the bills, such bills as he had never known before.

He looked down at his great hands in perplexity.

"Is that all you are to bring me, you great strong things, a half-kept house, a sick wife, and a crying kid? How's a man going to get anywhere tied down like that?"

He looked over the dark, sullen water with an ugly frown.

"Everything I've ever had I've fisted for," he argued. "I'd better be fisting right now, and I think I'll strike out for a fair deal."

He took the roll of money from his pocket, and carefully counted it, although he knew full well just how much there was. For a time he looked, unseeingly, out over the dark waters of the river, his heavy brows bent. Slowly the tenderness crept out of the grey eyes; the stern mouth grew sterner; the great fists closed and opened, and closed again about the little pile of notes upon his knee. Then it was almost as though Nellie and the baby had never been; he returned to the days of his youth when might alone spelled right, and the man who hit hardest was the one who won. Still, he would play fair, for fair it seemed to him. They had joined a partnership, Nellie and he; he had grown tired of it, and apparently she was at least indifferent. They would dissolve into two separate parts. The poor little waif of a baby did not loom large enough to count. Nellie was fond of the kid; let her have her, but he would play fair. He had always treated her right, and he would now. So he divided the roll of bills into two equal parts, sought an envelope, and sent it to the little home, while he took a night train that carried him far away from where Nellie and the baby waited in vain for "daddy's" return.

As the days went by and Joe did not come back, Nellie knew that she was deserted. Her knowledge of his nature told her the bitter truth. But these are not the days when women quiver into early graves when adverse fortune beats and bruises; they have learned to beat back. Nellie, strangely enough, grew strong with her first great bitterness; anger strengthened her arms for unaccustomed tasks.

For a while Joe sent money home now and then. With the first he wrote that he had a big job in the West, and would look out for her and the kid. The second came wrapped in a soiled bit of paper, and the only message was:

"I'm all right. Joe."

Nellie's eyes flashed as she read.

"'I'm all right!' How about us, kiddie? The selfish beggar! We'll show him who's all right."

She clasped her darling close as she made plans. The next day she gave up the little flat, and rented a couple of cheaper rooms.

The third time Joe sent her some money, only ten dollars this time, there was no word at all. After that nothing came, although she had been careful to register her new address at the post-office.

Then came the declaration of war.

To some it was the deluge.

To some it was an open door.

To Joe Bentley it was the latter; for once he would have an opportunity of giving his powerful fists a lawful mission; for once his love of a fight would be commendable. He was among the first to enlist, but he sent Nellie no word.

After that the wheels of time turned methodically. Joe went to France, and Nellie, leaving her baby in a Day Nursery, found work in a munitions factory, and earned more money than she had ever seen before. Then she returned to the little flat that had once been home. Joe seemed nearer there.

For a long time she felt a dulled happiness, but the ache was still hidden in her heart. Sometimes at night, when she was not too weary, she would take it out and cuddle it, for when a woman once loves, a string is touched that never ceases to vibrate: its note may change from love to hate, but it will never be silent again. Nellie had not learned to hate Joe; she knew how big his fists were, and how carefully they had been educated to the neglect of his better self. She, herself, was of the people; poetry and roses held but vague meaning for her; it was the sturdy things of life that counted, the bills and cash to pay them, the hunger and the food to satisfy.

A note of fineness had been touched by her love of the big, burly man who had now deserted her, but even that melted into practicality, the cleaning and cooking, the washing and mending for "her man," the little round that so quietly closes the door to Romance.

The second time that "Love took up the harp of life" was when the baby came. Nellie could never quite understand the strange thrills that had crept over her when she first held the tiny bundle of life close to her heart; they seemed to have fingers that reached out beyond the life she had known into something unfathomable. Even yet she did not understand; she held her love for her child somewhat in awe. It seemed connected in an inexplicable way with a church window she had once seen.

It had been just at sunset long before she had married Joe. People were entering the church, and she, out of idle curiosity, had joined them. Through a stained glass window the sunset light had flooded, bringing out the glory of color and the beauty of The Christ blessing little children. Something had grown big within her breast; her breath had turned to sobs as she fled from the place.

"I felt as though He was going to speak to me," she had whispered to herself in explanation of her flight. Even yet she sometimes wondered what He would have said to her had she waited.

Strangely enough, her fourth glimpse of the beauty of heaven came when she handled the instruments of death in her daily work.

"These things," she told herself in awe, "can

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

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Prisoners of the Storm

By Robert Wingate

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PART II.

"OH, *don't* talk like that. You were not to blame. Stay here with me. It may be clear tomorrow."

Suddenly his fur-clad arms were about her neck, and, for one swift moment of terror and delight, her face was held against his. Then he released her, almost flinging her from him, and she heard the door close behind him. She sprang to the window with another cry of protest, but already his tall figure was vanishing into the hissing and swirling whiteness that engulfed the world.

Jeffrey forced his way through the drifts with the strength of desperation. A more terrifying fear than that of hunger, even for Jessica, had driven him forth from the shelter of the cabin. Jessica's great blue eyes of virginal innocence, the warmth and richness of her voice and the lovely, rounded lines of her figure had kindled in him such a passion as he had not known for years. He must not pass another night beneath that roof. He could reach the ranch-house in two hours, if all went well and he could keep the cottonwoods in sight. It was apparent already that there could be no thought of return tonight. He would have to wait till the wind died down and horses and men would not be blinded by the flying ice particles. He stumbled forward now with eyes closed for minutes together; then stood still till he caught his breath and a fleeting glimpse of the treetops. Sometimes these appeared on the right, and he knew that he had turned in his blind struggles and was headed away from his destination. Taking his bearings anew, he would forge ahead for a few rods more. This process was repeated over and over, his rate of progress always slower, and the drifts seemingly deeper and more yielding as the minutes passed.

Now, with his hands sheltering his eyes from the stinging blast, he peered through the welter again to locate the guiding line of treetops. He waited for one of the momentary lulls, and slowly turned around in his tracks. He could see nothing in any direction but the whirling and hissing snow-flakes. Then with a curse he turned his eyes to the sky overhead. His worst fears were realized. The sky was blacker than ever, and the snow was falling again in a smothering cloud. The treetops and all other landmarks were blotted out as by the densest of fogs. He could see nothing but the whiteness in a little circle around him, and in the whirl and roar of the storm all directions were alike. The ranch might lie before or behind or on either side. He was exhausted, half frozen and hopelessly lost. He stumbled on again through what seemed years of misery. Through his dizzied brain whirled a vision of his body, stark and stiff beneath an ever heightening drift.

Suddenly he recalled a means of escape. He could follow his track back to the sod-house. This idea, at first rejected as a miserable surrender to circumstance, came back with ever renewed force. After all, the tide of youth flowed strongly through his veins, and today he knew that as yet he had not really tasted life. The wind howled and screamed like a thousand demons, and the cold pierced him like a knife. Back in the cabin there was warmth and life; here he faced a miserable and painful death. He turned and plunged through the snow, along the winding trail he had just traversed.

For hours he struggled onward, now buried to his shoulders in a fleecy drift, fighting desperately for every foot of way, now lurching across spaces where the wind had swept the turf almost bare. The icy particles lashed his face like whips, but the fierce exertion which was the price of his slow and uncertain progress kept his blood racing through his limbs, and fought back the numbness that began to creep into his hands and feet whenever he paused for a moment's rest.

He plunged across another wind-swept space and searched for his tracks in the drift beyond. He could not find them. The wind had filled his trail as completely as though it had roared across it for days. Blindly and desperately he plowed his way through. On the other side he searched again for his trail, but still with no success. Then he made a wide detour, after the manner of a trailing hound that has momentarily lost the scent. His search was now rewarded, and he found himself stumbling forward in his almost obliterated tracks. They led into another huge drift, and when he emerged from this, they disappeared again,—swept from the face of the plain by the ravening blast. On he struggled, with no clue to the direction of the cabin save the wildest guess. His breath came in quick, hoarse gasps, and his limbs moved like the members of some senseless machine. Through another drift and yet another he plunged and crawled. Then, confronted by another wall of snow, he fell giddily forward and lay face downward with his arm wrapped about his head.

When he awoke he was lying on Jessica's bed in the cabin. The short wintry day was already drawing to a close. His hands and face ached and stung with the returning circulation induced by handfuls of snow vigorously rubbed into the half-frozen flesh. Jessica was working feverishly and without a word, her lips set in a straight line of determination.

A delirium of pain, mingled with a frightful weariness swept over him. He lay in a bed of snow and thistles while grinning imps pulled and pushed him about, jeering at his pitiful protests. But as the minutes went by the spines pricked and stabbed him less and less, and at last all sensations were merged in an overpowering drowsiness. He dreamed of ministering angels that brought soft and warm coverings to protect him from the cold blast on a great white plain. At last he sank down and down into a blessed oblivion.

* * * * * *

When his eyes again opened it was to encounter a broad beam of sunlight which came across his pillow from the eastern sky. He sat up and gazed about him wildly, and met the smiling eyes of Jessica who stood in the doorway.

"Well," she said, happily, "you're going to be as good as new."

"Did you bring me here?" demanded Jeffrey.

"I had to. There was nothing else for it. I was watching from the window, and got two or three glimpses of you between the gusts. I thought you could see the cabin, but I guess it was just another snowdrift to you. Then I lost sight of you. The place where you fell isn't more than a hundred feet away."

Jeffrey rolled to the edge of the bed and got stiffly to his feet.

"I guess I'm all here," he said, with a rueful laugh. "Wasn't I a trusty messenger? You had to get out into the blizzard and bring me in like a lost sheep. Lucky for me you're stout as well as plucky."

"Oh, I dragged you in on the little wood-sled. You're so big I couldn't have done it without. But let's not talk about that. It was all like a bad dream. Aren't you hungry?"

"Hungry? Yes. But what about you?"

"Oh, I've had plenty. And there are two more pieces of cornbread."

"Well, then, those two pieces are for you."

"I've had my breakfast, I tell you. And you haven't eaten a thing since yesterday morning."

"Those two pieces are for you. I don't eat any more in this house until we can see there's plenty for you."

"Jeffrey, you scare me when you talk like that. You *must* need something to eat terribly this morning after all you went through yesterday,—and for my sake, too."

"You'd have had plenty if I hadn't come here at all."

"If you hadn't come you would have died in the storm. Oh, let's not talk about that any more!" And now again there were tears in Jessica's eyes and in her voice.

"Eat your bread,——*won't* you?" she sobbed.

"No," he insisted, more gently. "If it comes to doing without, I can stand it better than you. Oh, Jessica! You are——"

A loud knock at the outer door and a shrill, feminine voice interrupted him. Jessica rushed to undo the fastenings, and Jeffery began searching for his missing shoes. In an instant the door was flung open and Laura Ballantyne entered, closely followed by Liveryman Nichols, bearing a sack of provisions on his shoulder. Finding the storm over at sunrise, they had made an early start from Cartersville in a box sled drawn by four horses. Now Laura stood aghast at the sight of the young ranchman.

Jessica hurriedly explained to her frowning sister that Mr. Steele got lost in the storm and nearly froze to death, and managed to save his life by finding their cabin. While Nichols bore in the remainder of the supplies Jeffrey was lacing his shoes by the stove, and the sisters were holding a whispered conference in the bedroom. Jessica quickly narrated the events of the past forty-eight hours, dwelling especially on Steele's heroic attempt to reach the ranch-house the preceding afternoon. On her lips the tale became that of a knight-errant, plunging into almost certain death at the call of duty.

Laura eyed her narrowly.

"Did that man make love to you?" she demanded.

Jessica shook her head. She was trembling and very pale.

"He was here with you for most two days, and never said or did a thing of that sort?" questioned the elder sister incredulously.

"Well, faltered the truthful Jessica, "he kissed me when he was going away yesterday."

"Oh! I *thought* so. I thought he couldn't be quite so perfect as all that. Well, Miss Jessica, you'd better be careful. Do you know he's a married man?"

Jessica's head whirled, and she almost cried out with pain. "Married?" she echoed.

"Yes, married. It's mighty lucky I found out about it when I was at Cartersville. If I hadn't, we might have had a pretty state of affairs. I guess it's bad enough now. That man, Steele, has a wife that he doesn't live with; but she shows up once in a while and makes him pay her bills. She was in Kansas City a little while ago. They know that at Cartersville on account of some checks that come through. He *will* kiss you good by, will he? He'd better not let me see him. If he comes hanging 'round here again, I'll shoot him."

When the liveryman had deposited the third and final sack of supplies, Jeffrey followed him toward the door, and there spoke to him in a low but earnest tone for half a minute.

"Why, sure! Mr. Steele," responded Nichols, heartily. "I ain't sayin' any different to you nor to anybody else. These Ballantynes are nice folks, and there ain't goin' to be no cheap talk."

"Good!" said Jeffrey. "I thought you'd understand. Now can you manage to get me over to the ranch?"

Laura and Jessica returned to the living-room. Jeffrey said good by, ignoring the marked chilliness in the manner of the elder sister. A moment later he had joined Nichols and the horses were plowing through the drifts toward the ranch-house.

A week passed. The weather was warm and sunny, and the snow rapidly disappeared. Half of it had melted away and familiar landmarks had reappeared when, in the middle of a bright afternoon, the sisters heard the jingle of sleigh bells, and looked out to see Jeffrey Steele approaching in his two-seated cutter, behind a stout and handsome pair of horses.

He drew up at the door and made a bow to the two young women who stood in the doorway. Then, hurrying around to the rear of the sleigh, he drew out a smoked ham, a sack of potatoes and another of coffee, and started to carry them into the cabin.

Laura, however, stood firmly in his path. "Mr. Steele," she said, coldly, "if you are intending to give us those things, I'll ask you to put them back into the sleigh. We can't be beholden to you for anything."

Jeffrey stopped in astonishment.

"Why, Miss Ballantyne!" he said, "I'm trying to return a little bit of kindness that you and your sister did me. And now that we're good neighbors, why shouldn't I?"

"Put them back," said Laura, firmly. "Then you might come in a minute, and I'll tell you why. We don't need to stand here in the wind."

Steele, with a puzzled frown on his brow, complied. He threw blankets over his horses, and hitched one to the clothes-line post. Then while Jessica held the door wide, he entered the cabin.

"Now, Mr. Steele," said Laura, determinedly, "I'll tell you why we don't care to be beholden to you in any way, and why it will be best for you to remain away from here in the future. Don't you think it would have been more honorable—more the part of a gentleman—for you to have told my sister that you were a married man before you started in to make love to her?"

Jeffrey turned first red then white. "Who says I'm a married man?" he demanded, looking from the stern face of his questioner into the wide blue eyes of the younger sister. Jessica was trembling violently, and all the color had left her cheeks. With a swift, furtive motion, she brushed her eyes with the back of her hand.

"I got it straight enough," replied Laura, "and it's mighty lucky I did, I guess."

Steele's black eyes searched the faces of the sisters while he drew several long breaths. On a sudden resolution, he began:

"Well, I'll tell you. Jessica knows well enough how I stand toward her, though I've never spoken of it till now. She'll never come to any harm through me. I had a right to kiss her the way I did the other day, if that's what you mean. And I've got just as good a right to do what I'm proposing to do today; and that is to take both of you over to the ranch-house for a little party we've planned for tonight."

Laura set her lips firmly. "We shan't go," she said.

"Now see here, Jessica," said Steele, looking the younger sister squarely in the eyes, "I'm telling you that this is perfectly all right,—that there is no reason why you shouldn't accept. I'll bring you back safe and sound. I'm giving you my word for it. Now will you come?"

"If you do," blazed Laura, wheeling fiercely toward her sister, "you needn't come back here."

Jeffrey's dark eyes gazed determinedly into Jessica's. "Will you come?" he said again.

Jessica trembled and swayed. Conflicting impulses tore at her heart, and tears poured down her cheeks. "Oh, Laura! she cried. "Why don't you believe him? I *know* he's speaking the truth."

"If you go with him, you go for good," replied Laura in a low and level tone. If looks could stab, Jeffrey would have fallen dead at her feet.

Jessica made no reply, but after gazing long and fixedly at her sister, she turned and hurried

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

As she did so, her glance fell upon an envelope lying in the chair where Mr. Mencke had been sitting.

She picked it up and saw that it was addressed to him and postmarked Cincinnati; also that it was of recent date.

She stood irresolute with it in her hand for a moment or two.

She longed to know its contents, and yet her innate sense of honor recoiled from reading another person's letter.

"I will read it," she at last said, resolutely. "I believe, under the circumstances, I am justified in doing so."

She drew the letter from its envelope, and turning to the signature saw that it was from a noted Cincinnati lawyer, and going back to the beginning, she read the following:

CINCINNATI, JAN. 18, 18—.

"WILHELM MENCKE, ESQ.:

"DEAR SIR:—In reply to your favor of the 12th, I regret to inform you that, unless the death of Mrs. Mencke can be proved beyond question, the property recently left to Miss Violet Huntington, by the late Jonas Huntington, cannot pass into your possession, at least for a number of years. As you say, and rightly, you are next of kin, in lieu of your child, who died in infancy; but, under existing circumstances the property will have to rest as it is, until Mrs. Mencke makes her appearance, or you can bring positive proof that she is dead.

"Yours very respectfully,

"RALPH MIDDLETON."

Violet's face expressed intense wonder as she finished reading this significant epistle.

"It does not seem possible," she murmured. "Papa's brother—Unce Jonas—must have returned to Cincinnati and died since he left. How strange! for everybody has believed him to be dead for years and years. And he has left me some money, it seems—probably because papa allowed him to name me—and Wilhelm wanted to get the power of attorney from me, so that he could control it. That is why he kidnapped me," she continued, light breaking in upon her—"he was afraid I should find it out and go to claim it for myself. Forewarned is forearmed, and I will never sign any paper for him again. I will set all my wits at work to get out of this place, and then I will go at once to Cincinnati and claim what rightly belongs to me."

CHAPTER XXXI.

VIOLET'S CUNNING LITTLE SCHEME.

"But," Violet continued, after musing a while, "Wilhelm must not be allowed to suspect that I have discovered his secret. He will probably miss the letter, and come back here to look for it. If he finds it in the chair, he will naturally suppose that it could not have escaped my eyes; he will ask me if I have read it—I am not a good liar, and I do not want to answer any such question. What shall I do with it? I would like to have him find it somewhere else, and then he would not be likely to think that I have seen it."

While she was considering what disposition to make of it, her glance was attracted to the door through which her brother-in-law had just passed.

It had shrunk badly and sagged, so that there was quite a wide crack over the top.

"I will slip it through that crack," Violet said, her face lighting; "it will fall into the hall, and he will think that he dropped it in going out."

Suiting the action to the word, she drew a chair to the door, and, mounting upon it, shoved the envelope through the space with considerable force.

It dropped about midway of the hall outside, and Violet was glad that she had acted with so much promptness, for, not many minutes later, she heard Mr. Mencke's step upon the stairs.

Evidently he was in search of the letter, for she heard him mutter something about "carelessness" as he picked it up, after which he went directly below again.

"Now what can I do to get away from here?" Violet said to herself, as she heard him pass out of the house, "for get out I must, and will."

There were three doors in the room—one leading into the hall, another into the room where Sarah slept, and another opening into a bathroom. There was no outlet from the bathroom, excepting through her chamber, and of course both of the other doors were carefully locked every time any one passed in or out.

There were two windows, but both were nailed down securely.

She might, she thought, write a letter to Mr. Lawrence, break a hole in one of the windows, and throw it out. But she could have no assurance that the missive would ever reach her friend—it would be far more liable to fall into Wilhelm Mencke's hands than into the banker's, while, if it did not, her captors, upon finding the window broken, would suspect why it had been done, and would probably change her place of imprisonment at once; besides, the weather was too cold to live in a room with broken windows.

Sarah was very cautious, and never neglected to lock both doors when she had occasion to open them, although she left the keys upon the outside, knowing, of course, that there was no way for Violet to get at them.

"I have heard that burglars sometimes turn a key from the outside of a door, by using a pair of long, slender nippers," Violet said, as she caught sight of the end of the key in the lock; "but the difficulty in my case would be to get possession of the nippers, and even if I could get out of this room, I might not be able to get out of the house without being seen by Sarah or Wilhelm."

She glanced out of her window just then and noticed a man working upon the roof of a house opposite. He was apparently repairing some leak, and, having nothing more interesting to do, she watched him for nearly an hour.

He completed his task at last, and then raising a scuttle covering, he let himself through the aperture and disappeared from sight.

"I wonder if there is a scuttle in the roof of this house," Violet mused; "if there is, I could get out that way, then I could perhaps slip into some other house by some scuttle and so escape into the street. The first and most important step, however, will be to get out of this room."

This problem continued to puzzle her for several days without any possible solution suggesting itself.

At last, however, one morning, after Sarah had removed her breakfast tray, she went into the bathroom to wash her hands, and, while thus engaged, her glance chanced to rest upon one of the pipes which supplied her bowl with water and she saw that a line of moisture was slowly trickling down its length.

Following this up with her eye, she could see the point where it started and knew that there must be the tiniest possible hole there or the water could not ooze out.

Long usage had doubtless worn the lead pipe thin in the leaking spot, and suddenly a bright idea occurred to her.

"I will make that hole larger," she said to herself; "that will necessitate a visit from a plumber, when I can tell him my story and persuade, or perhaps bribe him to help me get away."

She drew her penknife from her pocket, and, climbing upon a chair, began to scrape gently around the hole in the pipe.

Presently the water began to flow more freely, and, after darkening the spot with some moistened dirt from the floor, she left it. She did not wish to do too much, for fear of exciting suspicion regarding her purpose.

Every little while, however, she would run into the bathroom to watch the flow and was delighted to see the little pools that were collecting about the bowl and upon the floor.

When Sarah came up to replenish the fire and sweep up the hearth, she remarked in an offhand way, though her color was a little brighter than usual:

"Sarah, I noticed that one of the pipes in the bathroom was leaking this morning—did you know it?"

"No," replied the woman, and then muttering something about an "old trap of a house," she went to look for herself.

"I should think there was a leak," she said, returning a moment later; "it'll be bigger, too, afore many hours, and then we shall be afloat."

She bustled out of the room, and a moment later Violet heard her talking with Mr. Mencke in the hall below.

She stole into the bathroom to take another look at the mischief she had done, and found that the ooze or drip had now become quite a stream, shooting out directly from the pipe with considerable force.

With a feeling of exultation in her heart she slipped back to her seat by the window, and appeared to be deeply absorbed in her book when her brother-in-law walked into her room to ascertain the extent of the damage Sarah had reported.

He did not look remarkably amiable when, a few moments later, he hurried out to seek a plumber.

He returned in the course of half an hour, accompanied by quite a respectable-appearing man, whom he conducted directly to the scene of the disaster, where he left him, and then calling Sarah to come and stay with Violet, he told her that he should not return to dinner and immediately hurried from the house.

Violet was delighted with this arrangement, for it seemed to suit her purpose so well, and, thinking that it would be best to make the most of her time, she turned with sudden resolution to her companion and said:

"Sarah, you have been very good to me since I have been here, and I should be very sorry to do anything to cause you trouble; but I am bound to look after my own interests, and I am going to tell this man how I happen to be here, throw myself upon his protection, and beg him to help me back to my friends."

The woman, instead of looking terrified at this bold announcement, as Violet had expected she would, gave vent to a hearty laugh as if greatly amused.

"Miss Violet," she said, at last, as she wiped the tears from her eyes, "you may talk to that man until you are hoarse; it won't do your cause one bit of good, for he is deaf and dumb."

Violet's heart sank like lead in her bosom at this unexpected intelligence, and she remembered now that she had heard no conversation between the two men while they were together in the bathroom.

She was bitterly disappointed, for it seemed as if all her planning had been for naught.

But presently her spirit arose to meet even this emergency.

"Then I shall write what I want to say to him—I am bound, Sarah, that I will not let this opportunity pass. I am desperate, and I will stop at nothing now to regain my freedom."

"No, miss, you will not write a single line," Sarah replied, calmly, but with equal decision, "for the moment you touch your pencil I shall put you in the other room, cold as it is, and tie your hands. I imagine your brother suspected you might be inclined to make mischief, and that is why he brought this dumb Jack here."

"Oh, Sarah! why won't you be good and help me?" Violet pleaded, in a despairing tone, and realizing, all too late, that she should have done her writing on the sly, and said nothing. "You shall be handsomely paid, and I will always be your friend."

"It's no use to wheedle—I shan't break my oath," Sarah said, sharply. Then she added, in a kinder tone: "It's hard luck for you, I own, miss, but my orders are to look after you close today—and I'll be jiggered!" she interposed, with sudden energy, the term being one she sometimes used when laboring under excitement, "if I don't believe that you made that hole in the pipe for a purpose."

Violet assumed a look of mingled indignation and injured innocence at this charge, but she made no reply to it, for her strict adherence of truth would not permit her to deny it.

She went back to her window and took up her book again, as if she was convinced of the futility of her purpose and had made up her mind to submit to the inevitable.

But she could not read a word; her eyes were full of bitter tears, and she had to struggle hard to keep them from falling, for her pride would not let her break down before this relentless accomplice of her wretched captor.

She still had a faint gleam of hope, however.

She had noticed, as the plumber passed through the room that he carried a box of tools, and, remembering the burglar's idea of turning a key with a pair of nippers, she resolved before he went away to see if there was not something among them that would answer her purpose.

She appeared to take no further notice of the man after that, although he had to pass in and out several times; she did not even look up from her book, and Sarah began to congratulate herself that she had thoroughly subdued her charge for that time.

The dinner hour came, and the job in the bathroom was not completed—there was evidently more to be done than was at first supposed—and the dumb servitor went away to refresh and fortify himself for the work of the afternoon.

As soon as he was gone Sarah disappeared to the lower regions, intent upon preparing something unusually tempting for her fair captive, to make up for her harshness toward her during the morning.

The moment her footsteps sounded in the hall below, Violet quietly slipped into the bathroom and began to look over the box of tools which the plumber had left there.

She thought that he must be a Jack-at-all-trades, for there were all sorts of implements in it, and, to her great joy, she found no less than three pairs of pincers of different sizes.

Selecting the smallest of these, she concealed them in her pocket and then went back to her reading with a thrill of triumph in her heart.

When Sarah brought up her dinner she ate it with evident relish, and chatted so pleasantly meanwhile, that the woman regretted more than ever having been so harsh with her.

The dumb plumber returned about one o'clock, and before three his work was finished, and he took his final departure.

He did not seem to miss the pincers that lay so snugly concealed in Violet's pocket, although she had been very nervous while he was there, fearing that he would inquire for them. She felt guilty, too, for having stolen them, but she hoped some time that she would be able to make up his loss to him. And now she only awaited an opportunity to test their usefulness.

Every Tuesday afternoon Sarah usually went home to do the washing for her own family, and Violet was then left alone in the house for several hours.

Generally she was very lonely and nervous upon these occasions, but after gaining possession of the pincers, she could hardly wait for Tuesday to come, and when it did, it seemed as if Sarah would never get off, Violet was so anxious to try the experiment of turning the key in the lock.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)



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Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

a quick, light footfall, and the woman with the proud face and the gray hair swept to Arthur's side, took the candle from his hand, and held it in front of Neil.

Neil gazed at her as though spellbound. The woman's face hardened, and she recoiled as Neil half stretched forth his hands.

"Graceless boy!" cried the woman. "It appears that you have suffered for your past folly. I saw in a paper that you had arrived in this city from the North, and without loss of time I hurried here, arriving only yesterday. Imagine how my heart was torn when I discovered that you had been in San Francisco several days, and had not called to see Arthur!"

Neil drew closer, but the cold, proud woman retreated from his extended hands.

"Do not touch me!" she said sharply. "I shall not come near you until you declare to me that your infatuation for that common creature is a thing of the past. If you are repentant, I can forgive and forget."

Neil drew himself erect and his hands dropped.

"Mother," he began, "I—I——"

He got no further. Suddenly and silently he sank to the floor at the woman's feet.

"My boy! Oh, my son!" Mrs. Preston bent over him.

"It is only a faint," said Arthur. "He has evidently suffered many hardships on account of the general calamity. Now that we have him here, we will keep him until he is once more well and strong. Poor fellow, he was always my favorite cousin, and I am grieved to see him in this plight."

"Better for him and for me," murmured the woman, "that he should die rather than continue to disgrace our name!" It was, indeed, a hard and cruel speech to come from a mother's lips.

"Perhaps," said Arthur, "he has learned his lesson and profited by it. He is young, you know, Aunt Hester."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Preston. "We will care for him tenderly until we are able to hear, from his own lips, that the working girl has gone out of his life. He can retrieve himself, but only through contrition and an acknowledgement that he was in the wrong."

Between them, Neil, unconscious and breathing heavily, was carried to a rear chamber and laid upon a bed. A clean, fresh bandage was tied about the bruised forehead, and, some time later, his gentle, regular breathing proved that he had passed into deep sleep.

* * * * * *

Arthur Preston after admitting Beryl and Tonita into the drawing-room and placing the candle on a table, withdrew from the apartment with a significant glance at his aunt. Poor Beryl had not had time to ask a question concerning her loved one; Arthur, as soon as he had opened the door, had curtly requested his two callers to enter, and had ushered them at once into the presence of the haughty Mrs. Preston.

Although Mrs. Preston had been at some pains to see Beryl and make a note of her appearance, Beryl had never before been so close to Neil's mother as she was at that moment. Naturally, she did not know who she was, but the chill of her hauteur wove a foreboding spell about the girls.

"Girl," said Mrs. Preston arrogantly, addressing herself to Beryl, "why have you come to this house?"

"I have come to learn something about Neil," Beryl calmly answered, meeting the elder woman's forbidding look with steady eyes.

"I am Neil Preston's mother," came frigidly from Mrs. Preston, "and I deny your right to ask about him, or even to mention his name. He is not in your social sphere, and you should have the good sense to set your cap for someone in a humbler station."

"Madam!" cried Beryl, her violet eyes agleam and the color surging into her cheeks. "I have every right to call here and ask about Neil. Love levels every barrier—even if a barrier, other than of your own making, ever stood between us."

"You talk of love!" exclaimed the elder woman scornfully. "There is no love on my son's part—merely a passing fancy. Neither is there any love on your part; you are a designing creature——"

"Senora!" interposed Tonita, her quick Southern nature up in arms for her friend, "you speak falsely, for no woman ever loved more devotedly than——"

"I am addressing Beryl Grayson, the bindery girl," said Mrs. Preston, with a disdainful gesture that brought fire into the Mexicana's eyes.

"Leave this to me, dearest Tonita," said Beryl to her friend.

Beryl's face was white, but there was a gentle dignity about her, a calmness and resolution which gave her character a new aspect in Tonita's eyes.

"You have pursued my son for months," proceeded Mrs. Preston, with a supercilious air most galling to Beryl's pride, "and you have even persuaded him to go to Alaska, where he almost met his death; not only that, but you have estranged him from his mother and brother, and from all his relatives. Your conscience should prick you for this; yet, instead, you have the audacity to come here, to the home of his cousin, and ask about him. It is well that I am here. I have long desired to talk with you, and my opportunity has come."

She had not asked the girls to be seated; indeed, she did not take a seat herself, but stood during the interview. Even her stony heart was impressed with Beryl's wonderful beauty, for the girl, in spite of her poor clothes, looked a very queen in her injured dignity. But Mrs. Preston saw only evil in the girl's loveliness—the ravishing charm that had beguiled her son and played havoc with his relatives' plans for his future.

All the affairs of life in San Francisco at that time went forward against a background of sullen smoke and livid flame, amid resounding crashes of dynamite, and of a human misery that made night doubly hideous. The most trivial events thrilled with an intensity almost tragic. The good minister had said that the city's plight had brought pride to its knees everywhere; but, alas! he did not know the imperious Mrs. Preston. Heaven itself might fall, but she would still cling to the prerogatives of wealth and power.

"I will not remain longer," said Beryl, with a pride that matched Mrs. Preston's own, "and have you accuse me falsely. I cannot forget, madam, that you are Neil's mother."

"Stay!" cried Mrs. Preston. "You are seeking to make a good match for yourself; no doubt you desire money, in order that you may be freed from a life of toil. I will give you money if you will——"

"Stop!" cried Beryl, her voice shrill with the anguish aroused by what the other's offer implied. "God knows my heart is not for sale; even if it were, Mrs. Preston, it is too late to talk of such an unholy bargain."

"Too late?" echoed the other woman. "What do you mean? Speak! What is there between you and my son that——"

"I am his wife!" interrupted Beryl.

"It is false!" Mrs. Preston almost screamed.

From her bosom Beryl drew her marriage certificate, opened it, and held it before Mrs. Preston's eyes, although not permitting her to take it in her hands.

"There is the proof that I speak the truth. The ceremony was performed this morning, and since then my darling and I have been separated and seeking each other in this stricken city. I ask no favors of you, Mrs. Preston, nor of any of Neil's people; but to him I will prove, by a lifetime of devotion, that he did not do wrong when he clung to me in spite of you. You talk of money, and God pity and forgive you for doing so."

Mrs. Preston was dazed by the revelation Beryl had made.

"If what you say is really true," said she, goaded to a misstatement by her proud, tortured heart, "you will have a hard time finding your husband. He was here, but he left for Oakland, on his way back to Denver. Before you can possibly reach Denver he will be across the continent, ready to embark for Europe."

Despair, for the moment, was aroused by these words, yet Beryl hid her breaking heart as best she could.

"Come, Tonita," she murmured, stretching out her hand; "I knew how it would be if I came here. Come, let us go."

Flashing fierce looks at Mrs. Preston, Tonita placed a gentle, supporting arm about Beryl's waist, and they left the room and the house.

And in that rear chamber, watched vigilantly by Arthur Preston, Neil still slept, ignorant of all that took place in the drawing-room; slept on, with a packet at his breast which proved Beryl's right to vast wealth—and that high station which wealth alone seems able to bestow.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BETWEEN MOTHER AND SON.

"Neil! Wake up, cousin! The fire will soon be upon us, and we must leave!"

It was dawn, Thursday morning, twenty-four hours after the shattering earthquake. Neil had slept the night through, soundlessly, dreamlessly. It was only when Arthur Preston roused him that he started up in his bed with a reproachful cry.

"What is the hour, Arthur?" he asked.

"Thursday morning," replied Arthur, "and this house is doomed; all Nob Hill is going to destruction. However," he added, "I have saved my automobile for this emergency. The soldiers have been confiscating every car they can find, so I ran mine out of the garage and into the back yard, where it has been covered with rugs and things, and completely hidden. I have saved it for my own use, and I think we are going to need it."

To Neil this ruse appeared like heartlessness. Arthur had denied his automobile to the soldiers, who would have used it to save lives and carry the sick and helpless to the hospitals. Then Neil thought of his mother. Her safety was dear to him, and he condoned his cousin's selfishness.

"I have wasted hours," murmured Neil, "precious hours, while the one I love better than all the world is drifting helplessly about this stricken city."

Arthur had started to leave the room, but he halted and gave Neil a queer look.

"You will go with your mother and me to Mount Tamalpais?" he asked.

"No, no! There is work for me here." A sudden remembrance of the packet of papers crossed Neil's mind. "Arthur! I have something here I wish to leave in your fireproof vault."

"I shall have to disappoint you, Neil," said Arthur. "The earthquake undermined the foundations of the vault and jammed the door in such a way that it cannot be opened. Keep your valuables; they would be safer with you, anyway, than in the safe. I have laid out some of my own linen and clothes for you. Get into them while I am bringing the automobile around to the door."

Neil saw the value of the suggestion. His own garments were little better than rags. When he had donned his cousin's apparel, he changed his personal property to the clothing he wore, securing the valuable packet as best he could in the breast pocket of the coat. The sight of the ring, taken by force from the miserable Gorsline, brought his heart into his throat. He pressed the glittering circlet to his lips ere he put it away.

"I shall place it on your dear hand once more, my lost sweetheart," he said to himself. "Patience, patience! Yet, ah, it is hard to be patient when my heart cries so loud for you and I feel myself so helpless!"

As soon as he had dressed he went out into the dining-room, expecting to find his mother. But she was not there. It was his duty to inform her of what had happened, and he should not shirk it, be the consequences what they might. Had not his wound and his exhaustion overcome him on the previous evening, he would have declared his secret then and there.

Food had been placed on the table, and Neil snatched a few mouthfuls of it to fortify his strength against the trials he knew he must face. Then he passed into the hall, into the drawing-room, and out upon the veranda in front. He could see nothing of his mother; no doubt she was in her own room packing her possessions for flight.

The hot breath of the fire was in his face. To the east and south two walls of flame were approaching Nob Hill at right angles. In the street the refugees had folded their miserable tents, and were stealing away to points of greater security.

Coolies in blue blouses, their chattels suspended from a pole across their shoulders, went past at

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Little Things That Count

IT isn't always a beautiful complexion or a perfect figure which causes one to think of a girl as pretty or attractive. The little things have as big a part to play as these more conspicuous beauty points. A pretty complexion can't do away with the impression caused by untidy hair, nor a lovely figure undo the unpleasant picture left by soiled fingernails. It is the little things that count, girls.

What are your pet shortcomings? All of us have some. There is, for instance, the girl whose hair is rather uneven and who is inclined to give it a hasty hair-dressing. When little dragging ends fall down behind her ears, or wisps of hair trail along her neck, or a strand loosens and blows across her forehead, she merely says:



GOING OVER THE FACE TO REMOVE VISIBLE POWDER.

"Oh, my hair is such a nuisance. It's every kind of a length. I can't do a thing with it." But she could do a great deal better with it, if she would give it a minute or two longer in the dressing.

After the hair is up in the morning, look it over carefully. This inspection takes only a moment or two. There should be a packet of invisible pins at hand, and every floating lock should be deftly anchored where it will prove the most becoming. The forehead line should be adjusted, by loosening the hair a little here and pushing it back a little there, tiny hairpins fastening it in just the most becoming way. Loose ends in the neck should be gathered up, tucked in and fastened with invisible pins, and the loose hairs about the ears treated with the same care. Where there are many short hairs, the use of a hair-net is desirable. Do not, however, pull the net tight about the head, flattening the hair down until you look like a skinned monkey. Adjust the net lightly over the hair, pin it in a couple of places next the forehead, gather up any fullness of net behind and tuck it under the hair, fastening securely with a pin, then pin the net behind the ears or just above the ears in the way which makes the hair look perfectly natural and not tight and drawn. With a net thus fastened on, you may face any breeze without alarm, for you will look as well-groomed after your encounter as when you leave your dressing-table.

Then do not forget to see that the powder is brushed out of your eyebrows, that your nails are spotlessly clean and well-shaped, that your dress, if of wool, is brushed free of even one wandering speck of dust, or, if of cotton, that it is perfectly fresh and free from wrinkles.

If you will look after these small things, you will be astonished to find how much prettier you seem to have become, though your features and your complexion have not changed a bit. Though let me whisper a secret—when you have acquired the habit of being careful about these little things, you will find yourself taking much better care of your complexion than you ever did before, and paying more attention to the way you stand and sit and how you put on your clothes, and so not only will the little things have been improved but the big things as well.

Answers to Questions

ELLEN.—Your oily hair with dandruff on the scalp will be improved by careful shampooing. Use white household soap shaved—half a bar to a quart of boiling water—and let stand on the stove until the soap is thoroughly dissolved. Take off and let stand until only tepid. Use this liquid to pour on the hair for shampooing. Whatever is left from one shampoo may be kept till the next—it will form a sort of jelly and to this when you are ready to use it you may add a little hot water. Try oiling the scalp the night before a shampoo—using a medicine-dropper and running it along a part in the hair, then along another part and so on until the whole scalp but not the hair is well oiled. Then tie the hair up in a towel and go to bed. In the morning shampoo the hair, dipping it first in warm water and thoroughly wetting scalp and hair, then pouring on a little of the shampoo mixture and thoroughly manipulating the scalp with the fingers. The mixture will make a fine lather. Go all over the hair with it, then squeeze the lather out and rinse; use more lather and so repeat several times. The point to be careful about is the rinsing of the hair afterward. You should rinse many times in hot water, then in warm, and after the hair is perfectly free from soap and clean to the touch, then rinse in cool water and finally in cold. Not getting the soap out of the hair after shampooing will cause dandruff. Using too strong soap will do the same thing, as it cuts the skin of the scalp and makes it rough. If your hair is inclined to be oily—which may be the result of dandruff clogging the little oil glands and irritating them until they do not function properly—let it down and air it when you have time during the day. You can at least do this once during the day and again when you go to bed. And do not sleep with your hair done up. To tone up your scalp, give it a good massage at least once a day. Slip your fingers under the hair on each side of the head—the hair being loosened, of course—and pressing the fingers firmly against the scalp move the scalp back and forward on the skull, then round and round. Repeat at different points on the scalp until the whole head has been gone over thoroughly and is tingling and warm. If you persist in this treatment, shampoo once in two weeks, rinsing very carefully, air the hair once or twice each day, and sleep with fresh air in your room and with the hair either loosely braided or hanging free, I am sure your scalp will soon be in a healthier condition.

RUTH.—You say your hair has been coming out since you had the flu. You probably had quite a temperature and perhaps for some considerable time. This usually affects the hair and causes it to fall out. You need to tone up the scalp, and to look after your general health. Massage the scalp twice daily—see my answer to "Ellen"—get plenty of sleep and eat nourishing food at regular hours. Get as much outdoor exercise as you can. Brush your hair gently every night for fifty to one hundred strokes, and sleep with it hanging loose.

NO NAME.—Since I cannot answer your letter by mail, under the rules of this department, I am omitting your name and assuming that you will know this answer is intended for you. Dark circles under the eyes come from some physical condition which is not as it should be. It is your general health which needs looking after. Do you get enough restful sleep? Are you careful not to overtax yourself nervously? You ought to have eight or nine uninterrupted hours of sleep with fresh air in the room. Drink plenty of water during the day, and try to be careful about your food, and especially about the eliminative functions of the body. Your bowels should move once a day at least, and without using cathartics. Fresh fruit and green vegetables and plenty of water will aid in this. Chew your food thoroughly. Eat oranges daily, if possible—you are in an orange-growing country, so probably this will be a simple matter for you. As to the large pores, wash the face thoroughly at night with warm soapy water, then rinse in several waters, first very warm, then less so, then tepid, and finally dash on cold water. This latter will close the pores, or help to do so. In the daytime do not use hot water on the face, only tepid water. Hot water opens the pores, which is what you are trying to avoid. Cold water helps to close the pores—remember that. But do not use cold water on the pores if they are not clean, because you will close up their contents in them and have pimples.

MOTHER.—I am omitting your name, as you will see. To develop your bust, your whole body will have to receive attention, I think. I wonder how much you weigh. I judge you are somewhat under weight, probably a good deal so. The milk diet would be excellent for you—it usually adds a couple of inches to the bust. To get results you must persevere for two months. To begin, eat one meal a day and that at night. When you are ready to start on the diet, put half-a-dozen prunes to soak in a tumbler of water and let soak over night. In the morning, on rising, drink one or two glasses of hot water, then eat the prunes, chewing them thoroughly, and drink the juice. Fifteen minutes later, drink a glass and a half of milk (don't heat it), "chewing" each mouthful before swallowing, that it may be well mixed with the saliva. An hour later, repeat the amount of milk, and so continue taking a glass and a half of milk every hour until about 3.30, if you begin at 7.30; or until 4, if you did not begin until 8. About 6 or 6.30 eat your supper, and between that hour and going to bed drink two glasses of water. After the first week, drop the evening meal, and drink two glasses of milk every hour from 7.30 in the morning until 6.30 at night, keeping up the water night and morning, and the prunes. Weigh on the afternoon of the last day of each week, to keep track of your gain. I think you will find that after the first two weeks your bust will begin to show signs of development. If you do not take the milk diet, for any reason—though it would be a fine thing for your general health—get some cocoa-butter at your drug store, and use it to massage the bust. To use it, heat it over a flame and rub it gently on the breast with a circular movement, following the outline of the breast. Then gently massage with the same movement. The breasts are very delicate parts of the body, and must not be handled roughly.

E. A. E.—See answer to "Ellen" about hair. I do not think I would wear bangs, if I were you. Why not part the hair on one side, then arrange it so that it lies in a sort of wavy line on your forehead? Here is a good way to do that. Do your back hair any way you like, but before putting it up, part the hair from ear to ear, about half way back from the forehead. What hair is back of the part can be combed straight back with the back hair. The front section should then be parted a little to one side of the middle. Take the left half—this will be the smaller section, as you should part to the left of the center—and brush it back loosely, pinning it to the back of the head where the ends will be covered by your back hair, then loosen it next the part so you can draw part of the hair in a curve or wide "finger" down on the forehead. You can pin the hair in whatever form you find is becoming. The hair next the ear can be loosened a little and pulled somewhat forward to make a soft line, then pinned in place. For the right side of the front hair, divide in two sections, the one nearest the part being only about two inches or a little more in width. Comb or brush this back, then draw it down upon the forehead a little in a curve, pinning in place, while the ends are brought back and pinned under the back hair. The other part of the right side of the front hair should be brushed back and pinned with or under the back hair, but left a little loose by the ear. Watch the illustrations of these articles and you will see pretty ways to arrange the hair. Notice, especially, how the forehead line is softened by letting the hair come a little over on the forehead. You can do that with your hair. Bangs are not being worn, and once your hair is cut it takes a long time to grow out, so if I were you I shouldn't make this experiment. Don't worry about your height.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



PUTTING ON A HAIR NET AS A FINISHING TOUCH.

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Don't Spoil Your Hair By Washing It

When you wash your hair, be careful what you use. Most soaps and prepared shampoos contain too much alkali, which is very injurious, as it dries the scalp and makes the hair brittle.

The best thing to use is Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, for this is pure and entirely greaseless. It's very cheap and beats anything else all to pieces. You can get this at any drug store, and a few ounces will last the whole family for months.

Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in, about a teaspoonful is all that is required. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, cleanses thoroughly, and rinses out easily. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and is soft, fresh looking, bright, fluffy, wavy and easy to handle. Besides, it loosens and takes out every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Gray Hair Ended

In From 4 to 8 Days



Science has discovered the way for restoring gray hair to its natural color. It is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer. And women use this scientific hair color restorer with the same freedom they do powder. Simply comb Mary T. Goldman's through the hair. In from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone.

Mary T Goldman's

Scientific Hair Color Restorer

This Test Convinces

Send the coupon for a trial bottle and our special comb. Be sure and give the exact color of your hair. Try it on a lock of hair. Compare the results and the pleasure of using with the old way. Send in the coupon now.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1651 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

Mary T. Goldman, 1651 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your *free* trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer, with special comb. I am not obligated in any way by accepting this free offer. The natural color of my hair is
black.... jet black.... dark brown....
medium brown.... light brown....
Name .....
Street ..... Town .....
Co. ..... State .....



Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!



BEAUTY is good fortune bequeathed by kindly fate and is woman's most precious possession. Protect it. Use only

Freeman's
FACE POWDER

Pure, wholesome, delightful.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.



The Freeman Perfume Company *Dept. 714, Cincinnati, O.*

USE MURINE FOR YOUR EYES Night and Morning. *Have Clean, Healthy Eyes.* If they Tire, Itch, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated, use Murine often. **Soothes, Refreshes.** Safe for Infant or Adult. At all Druggists. Write for Free Eye Book. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment—Your druggist or by mail, 65c. Free book. Dr. C. H. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using **Stillman's Freckle Cream.** Prepared for one purpose only—*clearing the skin.* If you have freckles, write us today for our **Free Booklet** "*Wouldst Thou Be Fair?*" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you.
Stillman Cream Co., Dept. 10, Aurora, Ill.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT

My method is the only way to prevent the hair from growing again. Easy, painless, harmless. No scars. Booklet free. Write today, enclosing 3 stamps. We teach beauty culture.
D. J. MAHLER, 3484-L, Mahler Park, PROVIDENCE, R. I.



Cuticura Promotes Hair Health

All druggists; Soap 25, Ointment 25 & 50, Talcum 25. Sample each free of "Cuticura, Dept. B, Boston."

TURN HAIR DARK WITH SAGE TEA

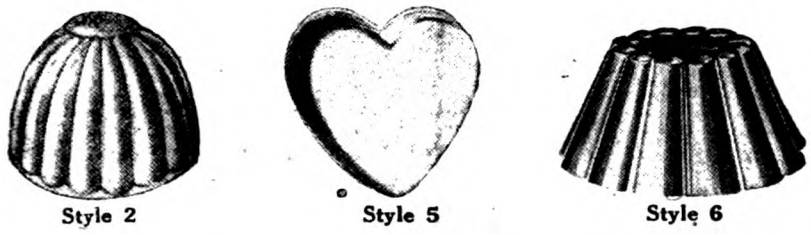
If Mixed with Sulphur It Darkens so Naturally Nobody Can Tell.

Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

Gifts to Housewives

Who Use Jiffy-Jell—Articles You Need



Style 2 Style 5 Style 6

Individual Dessert Molds

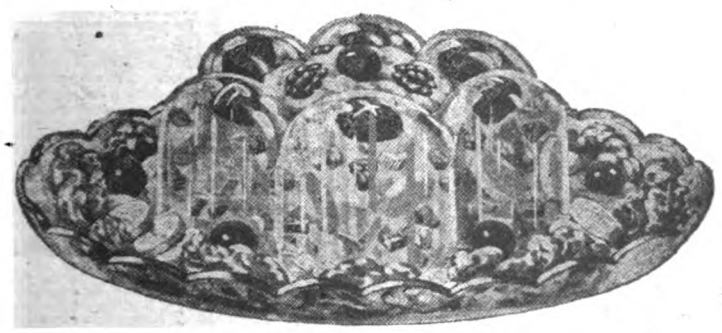
In assorted styles of aluminum, six to the set. The set will serve a full package of Jiffy-Jell. Value, 60c per set.

Send 5 (Jj) trade-marks in the circles, cut from the fronts of five Jiffy-Jell packages, and we will mail the set of six free.



Vegetable Salad Mold

A pint aluminum mold, Style—D, to serve a full package of Lime Jiffy-Jell with cooked or uncooked vegetables mixed in. The lime-fruit flavor makes a tart, green salad jell. The six indentations in the mold mark out the six servings. Value, 50c. Send 5 (Jj) trade-marks for this mold.



Pint Dessert Molds

Aluminum pint molds in four styles, as follows:

Style—B—Pint mold, heart-shaped, like individual Style 5 pictured at top.

Style—C—pint mold, fluted, like individual Style 6 pictured at top.

Style—E—Pint mold with pinnacles, as used for above dessert.

Style—H—Pint mold, star-shaped.

Value, 50c each. Send 5 (Jj) trade-marks for any pint mold—the trade-marks in the circle on the package front.



Condensed Fruit Juice

In a Bottle in Each Package

Jiffy-Jell differs vastly from the old-style quick gelatine desserts. Every housewife should learn what that difference means.

We use no artificial flavors. We crush the fruit, condense the juice and seal it in a vial. A bottle of this fruit-juice essence comes in each package of Jiffy-Jell.

The fruit is abundant. We use, for instance, half a pineapple to flavor one dessert. The fruit is crushed in Hawaii—fruit too ripe to ship.

So Jiffy-Jell brings you real-fruit desserts, rich in fruit, and at a trifling cost. The fruit comes sealed in glass, so it does not lose its fragrance or its freshness.

Instant real-fruit dainties

Fruit is essential. Everybody needs it daily. But that means the real fruit, not a mere flavor.

Jiffy-Jell brings you those real fruits in plenty. It comes ready-sweetened and acidulated, so you simply add water. Then add the fruit-juice essence from the vial and let cool in molds.

One package will serve six people in mold form, or twelve if you whip the jell. All with a rich, fruity dainty at a little cost.

The Jiffy-Jell itself is acidulated with another fruit acid—either lemon or grape—in evaporated form. So you get two fruits in each dessert.

There is also Lime-fruit flavor to make a tart, green salad jell. Also Mint flavor to make a mint jell to serve with meats or as a side dish.

Compare with old styles

Millions of housewives now use Jiffy-Jell, and we want every home to know it. So we make these offers to induce a test.

Compare Jiffy-Jell with the old-style quick desserts. Learn what these real fruit juices add, in this condensed form, sealed in glass. They come in Jiffy-Jell alone.

Order a few flavors from your grocer, including Loganberry, Pineapple, Lime and Mint. Then send us the trade-marks for any gift you want.

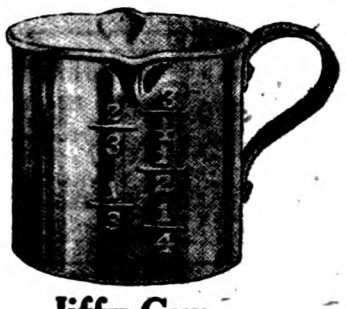
One trial will make you forever a user. That's why we make these offers. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget, and order the Jiffy-Jell now.



Wm. Rogers & Son

Dessert Spoons—Teaspoon Size

William Rogers & Son silver plate in new pattern, guaranteed for 20 years by the famous makers. Send two (Jj) trade-marks for the first spoon, with 10 cents to pay postage and packing. With the spoon we will tell you how other trade-marks can bring you the balance of the set—six or twelve.



Jiffy-Cup

A Half-Pint Measuring Cup

Jiffy-Cup

An aluminum half-pint measuring cup. Fill twice with water, as per directions, to dissolve one package Jiffy-Jell. It will then be exactly right.

This is also an exact cup, as called for in many recipes. The markings show fractions of a cup. Ordinary cups vary in size, so many recipes are spoiled. This is a daily essential.

Send two (Jj) trade-marks for this cup.

Jiffy-Jell

For Real-Fruit Desserts

10 Flavors in Vials

A Bottle in Each Package

Strawberry Cherry Loganberry
Pineapple Lemon Raspberry
Orange Coffee Lime Mint





Comfort 536

Check Gifts Wanted

____Set of Six Individual Molds
(5 trade-marks)

____Salad Mold, Style—D
(5 trade-marks)

____Pint Mold, Style—B

____Pint Mold, Style—C

____Pint Mold, Style—E

____Pint Mold, Style—H
(5 trade-marks for any pint mold)

____Jiffy-Cup
(2 trade-marks)

____Silver Spoon
(2 trade-marks and 10 cents)

Jiffy Dessert Co.,
Waukesha, Wis.

MAIL THIS

I enclose .....(Jj) trade-marks for which send the gifts I check at side.

_____

_____

_____

Enclose no money except for the spoon. On that alone we ask 10c for postage and packing.



Wash Your Clothes 30 Days With the CASCADE STEAM WASHER

As Easy as Rocking a Cradle.

Now you can wash the daintiest sheer silks, as well as heavy woolens, as though by magic with the Cascade Steam Washer. No rubbing of clothes—boiling water, live steam, and boiling hot soap suds do the work. Sterilizes as it washes; separate boiling unnecessary

Easier on You and Your Clothes

Finish the largest wash in an hour. A few turns to each batch and clothes are ready to rinse. Cylinder revolves so easily it can be turned by a child. Nothing to get out of order—easy to understand. Use on coal, gas or other stoves. Easy to clean.
Do away with the fatigue, labor and tired aches of wash day; spend less time at the tub, more time for other work and the children.

Wash 30 Days at Our Risk

Get your Cascade Steam Washer now; if not satisfied after using 30 days simply return it; **You Take No Risk.** Will quickly pay for itself through the saving of money, clothes and the added comfort. Write for literature and direct factory price. Agents wanted.

H. M. Sheer Company
124 Hampshire St. Quincy, Ill.

Dont Send a Penny

Positively one of the most sensational value-giving special price offers we have been able to make this season. You will be so surprised and delighted with this splendid bargain offer that we will gladly send them to you **without a cent** in advance and without risk on your part. **Dont send a penny.** Just your name and address. If not more than satisfied with style, fit, quality, workmanship, simply return them and you'll not be out a cent.



Smart Colored Dress Shoes

A wonderful shoe bargain typical of Leonard-Morton & Co. values and money savings. This is without question the most unusual bargain price of this season and may never again be offered. Compare them with $8 shoes then look at our low price. Smart high boot, lace style, of fine durable leather with beautiful brown cloth uppers. Smart shape, latest fashion toe and either Louis high heel or low Cuban heel. A shoe that will give splendid wear, comfort and satisfaction. Comes in brown only.

Dont Send a Penny

FREE HOSE TO MATCH

We send one pair splendid wearing, perfect fitting, fine lisle hose to match shoes absolutely free with each pair of these shoes. Dont send a penny. Just name and address with width and size shoe and style heel wanted. If not delighted, return shoes and hose and we will refund your money. **Order Low Cuban Heel by No. 107351, Louis High Heel by No. 106951.** Pay only **$4.98** on arrival.

NOW is the time to order. These splendid bargains will go rapidly. Remember, the beautiful hose are **FREE.** Dont send a penny. You take no risk. **Send us your order NOW!**

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 4824 Chicago



FREE For 10 Days Wear

Send no money. Just ask us to send you either of these wonderful, dazzling, genuine Tifnite Gem rings to wear for 10 days. If you can tell it from a diamond, send it back.

No. 1. Solid gold mounting. Eight-claw design flat wide band. Almost a carat, guaranteed Tifnite gem.

No. 2. Solid gold Ladies' new set mounting. Has a guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem, almost a carat.

No. 3. Solid gold six-prong tooth mounting. Guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem, almost a carat in size.

In sending, send strip of paper fitting around second joint of finger. If satisfied upon arrival send $4.50—then $3 monthly until the price, $16.50, is paid for either one. Otherwise return the ring within ten days and we will refund any payment made. This offer is limited. Send while it holds good.

The Tifnite Gem Co., Dept. 650, Chicago, Ill.

What 15 Cents Will bring You From the Nations' Capital

The little matter of **15 cts.** in stamps or coin will bring you the Pathfinder **13** weeks on trial. The Pathfinder is an illustrated weekly, published at the Nation's center, for the Nation; a paper that prints all the news of the world and tells the truth and only the truth; now in its **27th** year. This paper fills the bill without emptying the purse; it costs but **$1** a year. If you want to keep posted on what is going on in the world, at the least expense of time or money, this is your means. If you want a paper in your home which is sincere, reliable, entertaining, wholesome, the Pathfinder is yours. If you would appreciate a paper which puts everything clearly, briefly—here it is. Send **15c** to show that you might like such a paper, and we will send the Pathfinder on probation 13 weeks. The 15c does not repay us, but we are glad to invest in new friends.

Washington has become the World's Capital and reading the Pathfinder is like sitting in the inner council with those who mold the world's destiny.

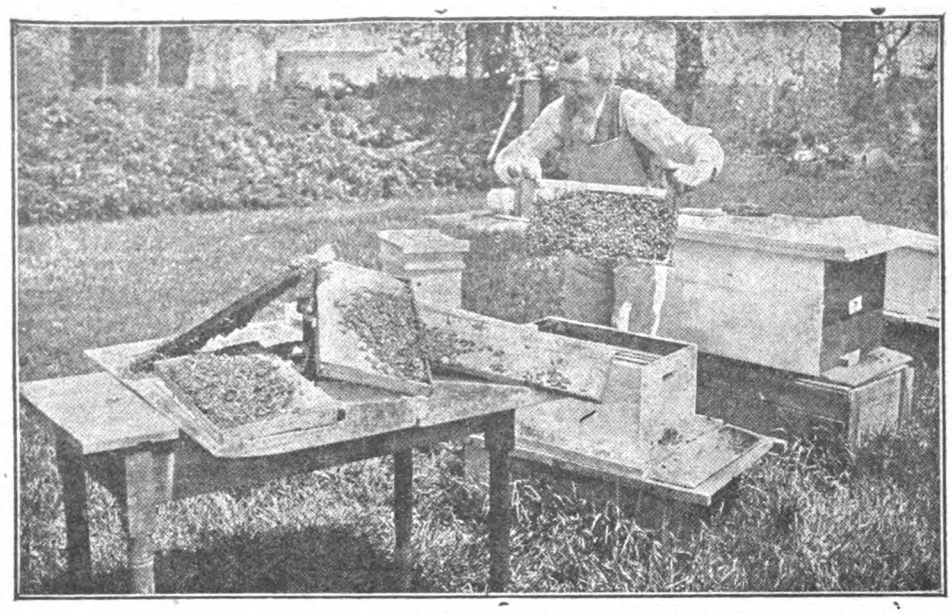
THE PATHFINDER, Box 1179 Washington, D.C.

Pin Money from Bees

Bees board themselves—find their own food. Many women sell the surplus honey to us. Women in town or country are natural beekeepers. Little money and space needed to begin with. We've had 50 years' experience. Tell us what your occupation is and if you keep bees now. Honey is nature's purest and best sweet. We'll tell you how to succeed in our handsome free booklet, "Bees for Pleasure and Profit." Write for it today.



THE A. I. ROOT COMPANY
381 Main Street Medina, Ohio
1W



NEVER LAY BROOD-COMBS ON THEIR SIDES AS THEY ARE ON THE TABLE—STAND THEM ON EDGE.

Profit in Keeping Bees

By William Beucus

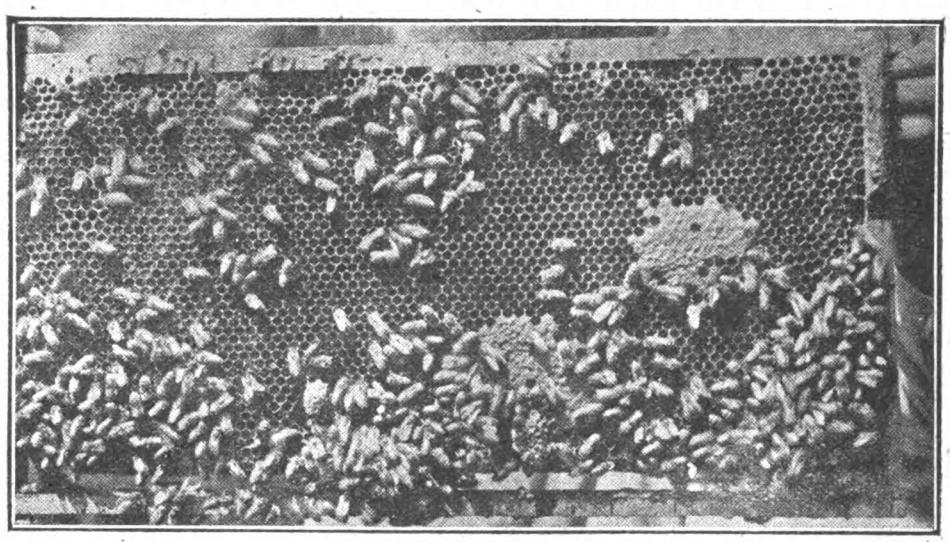
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Helps for The Beginner

If you were to ask one of the more intelligent, progressive, up-to-date farmers if the honey bee is of any importance or use about the farm, his reply would be something like this: "Yes Sir-ee! the little honey bee is one of the most useful little animals in the world. Useful to the farmer; useful to the city dweller. Our entire social structure has agriculture as the base upon which it rests. If the factories, the stores, the wholesale houses of the cities, and the railroads which unite them with the country, were to disappear, civilization would decline and we would live in an exceedingly primitive condition; but we could still live because we would still have agriculture. But let agriculture, the source of food, disappear, and human life would almost entirely vanish. But agriculture is in part dependent upon the little honey bee. We would have very small crops of currants, gooseberries, blackberries, raspberries, cherries, plums, crab-apples, apples, etc., if there were no bees to carry the pollen from one flower to another and thus make certain the fertilization which results in fruit. Dairying is dependent upon clover; and clover is dependent upon bees for cross-fertilization of flowers and consequent production of seeds. Corn and potatoes would not produce so heavily if there were less clover to assist in building up the fertility of the soil. It is well known that cucumbers cannot be profitably raised in the absence of bees. Thus the little bee occupies a niche which cannot be filled by any other animal."

Now, here, someone will exclaim: "Yes, but what about the bumble-bee. It fertilizes red clover; and the farmer relies upon red clover more than upon any other for fertilization of his land, to say nothing of the crops of hay." The mistake made is in assuming that all of the fertilization of red clover is performed by the bumble-bee. The honey bee, particularly the Italians and the cross between the Italians and the black or German bee, called hybrids, does work on red clover. It does not get much honey from red clover, excepting in rather dry years, because its tongue is a little less than a quarter of an inch long, while the tongue of the bumble-bee is about half an inch long. But the honey bee gets pollen and some honey from the red clover and in doing so carries the little grains from one head to another and thus cross-fertilizes them. Examine a few red clover flowers next summer and see where the pollen is; and notice, too, that a bee cannot work on the flowers without becoming dusted with the pollen. Watching fields of red clover has led me to believe that there are not enough bumble-bees, at least in the northern states, to do more than fertilize a part of the red clover blossoms.

Now, I have no doubt that a good many of the readers of COMFORT would like to have me help answer the question: Would it be advisable for me to keep some bees? Well, if your only thought is to make money out of bees; if you do not really care for the bees themselves; if you have no real hankering for bees; if you have no strong desire to make the bees comfortable, prosperous and happy in their little homes, do not become a beekeeper on either a large or a small scale. Success and happiness come to those who do not care for the bees simply to rob them, but to make the bees themselves happy. For example, my own success has been due largely to the enjoyment of handing over to a colony in the fall several broodcombs full of sealed honey. The bees will not waste an ounce of it, that is certain. They will not starve and it is almost certain that no dysentery will appear. And when spring comes how pleasant it is to see one after another of my colonies bob up, ready to roll in the honey.



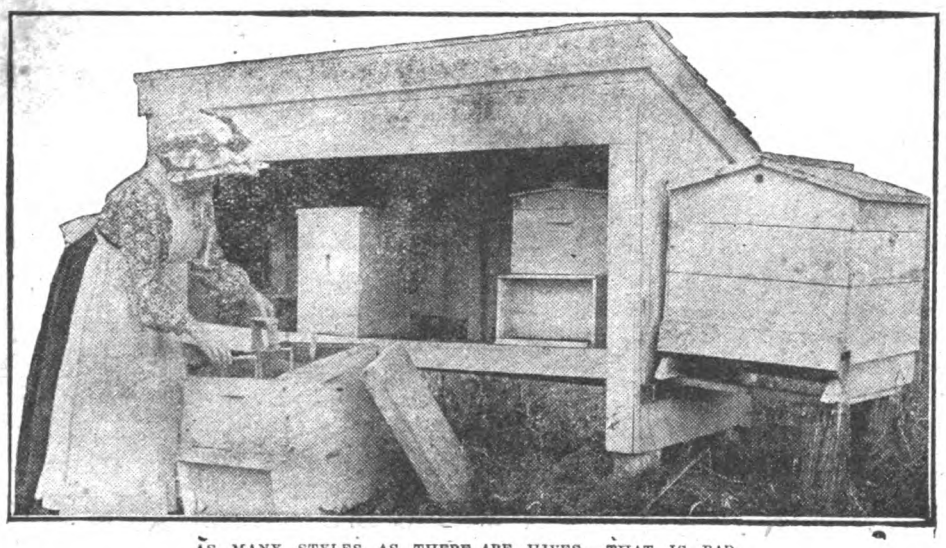
BEES FILLING COMB WITH HONEY.

Last fall, a lecturer, a very successful beekeeper, spoke something like this: "Are you sure that your bees are comfortable for the winter? When I lie comfortably tucked up in my warm bed and I think of some colony which may not have been well enough cared for and may be suffering from the cold, I feel uneasy." I knew then why that man was successful. Now if you feel that way toward living things; if you are sure you would feel that way about bees, go to it. Get one colony and feel your way along.

"But how can I tell whether or not bees will do well in my locality?" In the vast majority of places, bees will make a living and give some surplus. My first bees were kept on the roof of a flat in the very heart of Minneapolis, in the same block in which the public library is located. Strange as it may seem, they did very well indeed. Every state in the Union has its many beekeepers, large and small. In our northern states, there are extensive beekeepers who number their colonies by the hundreds and the same may be said of the southern states, east and west. Even in arid New Mexico and Arizona may be found extensive beekeepers. Wherever there are flowers, bees may be kept.

"Well, now, what is it going to cost me to get started?" That is hard to answer definitely for each, because the conditions are so widely unlike in different parts of the country; and because individuals are so unlike. My own experience may

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



AS MANY STYLES AS THERE ARE HIVES—THAT IS BAD.

Send Your Name No Money



Delivery FREE

Don't send one penny, just send your name and address—no money and I will send this all wool, money saving fashionable sweater to you. This is a wonderful opportunity of getting an $8.00 sweater for $4.98. Compare it with others and see for yourself.

All Wool **$4.98**

Fashionable Sweater

This sweater is the most handy, serviceable bit of clothing you have ever worn. Made of fine all wool yarn, woven with loose collar, trimmed with two balls. Fits snugly to the body and takes the place of a waist or sweater for girls and women of any age. Slip-over style. Order on approval. If you don't like it, or find you have not saved $3.02, return it at our expense and the trial will cost you nothing. Our price of $4.98 includes all transportation charges. Colors, **Blue, Red and Green.** Sizes to fit misses or ladies, 32 to 44.

SEND your name and address—no money. When the sweater arrives pay the postman $4.98 only. Wear the sweater, if it is not better than you expect, send it back and we will cheerfully refund your money at once. This is our risk—not yours. Order by Number 528.

Dept. 8277
Walter Field Co. 316 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago
The Bargain Mail Order House

EXTRA PAIR OF PANTS FREE



Think of it. **An Extra Pair of Pants FREE** with your new suit—without paying one penny extra. That's what you get from us. The **extra pair doubles the wear**—makes your suit last twice as long—so you really get the wear of two suits for the price of only one.

We make everything to measure—give you finest quality Fabrics—highest grade Linings—best workmanship.

We make **no extra charge** for Fancy Styles, Special Trimmings or Large Sizes, and prepay Parcel Post and Express on all shipments.

OUR NEW CATALOG tells all about our **remarkable offer**—shows all the **Latest Styles** in **Made-to-Measure Clothes** and **large assortment of actual cloth samples**—also all the BIG CITY STYLES in Mens' Furnishings, Shirts, Ties, etc. It is yours FREE for the asking. **Send for it today.**

Our FREE Extra Pants Offer makes ours the **greatest Tailoring proposition in the country today.** Many of our customers make $50.00 a week or more taking orders for our Tailoring and Furnishings in their spare time. **You can do the same.** Write us for full information—right now. Just send us your name on a card.

WRIGHT & COMPANY
Dept. 822, 500 SO. THROOP STREET, CHICAGO

Don't Send a Penny

These Len-Mort Hard Knox, Black Leather Work and Out Door Shoes are "wizards" for wear—the absolute limit in strength combined with comfort and dressy appearance. Built on stylish lace Blucher last; drill-lined; leather insoles; guaranteed counters; two full solid leather soles—clinch nailed and sewed—running clear through to the solid, strong heels that won't come off. Note the rugged construction—the wear-defying quality built right in, giving protection at every point. So durable—so strong—yet so flexible, soft, easy on the feet! Is it any wonder that shoes like these outwear two or three pairs of the ordinary kind?



$3.98

Great Shoe Offer

Much more than a mere **work shoe.** The snappy, clean cut style and dressy round toe make this model shoe suitable for almost any wear. You be the judge! Slip a pair on and **let them do the talking!** SEND NO MONEY. Just your name, address and size wanted. Pay only $3.98 for shoes on arrival. If you don't find them the easiest, most comfortable and satisfactory shoes you ever wore, return them and we will refund your money. Sizes 6 to 11. Wide widths. Order by No. A-1817. **Do it now!**

Leonard-Morton & Co., Dept. 3055 Chicago, Ill.

DRIVER AGENTS WANTED

116-inch Wheel Base
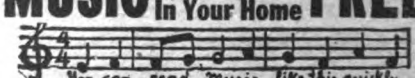


158-inch Spring Suspension

5-Pass. Touring

To drive and demonstrate 1920, 4-cyl., 37 H. P. BUSH Car—Timken Bearings—Willard Batteries—2-Unit Stg. & Ltg.—Full Floating Axel. Write at once for the best Automobile Offer in existence—don't wait—prompt shipments. Money-back guarantee.

BUSH Address J. H. Bush, President, Dept. D9, MOTOR CO., Bush Temple, Chicago, Illinois

MUSIC TAUGHT In Your Home FREE



Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Etc. Beginner or advanced players. One lesson weekly. Illustrations make everything plain. Only expense about 2c per day to cover cost of postage and music used. Write for *FREE* booklet which explains everything in full.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 18 Lakeside Building, CHICAGO

Prisoners of the Storm

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

into the bedroom. Jeffrey stood by the window, waiting.

When Jessica reappeared a moment later, wearing her hood and cloak, he turned toward the sisters with a broad and happy smile. "Well, I'm a lucky man, after all. The girl who'll take my word when all the appearances are against me is the girl for me. Now here! I'll show you both something."

Drawing a paper from his breast pocket, he unfolded it and threw it on the table.

Laura picked it up and read slowly to herself, her lips moving with the intensity of her attention. Then she exclaimed:

"This is a letter from the chief of police at Omaha. Does he mean that your wife's been arrested for forgery?"

Jeffrey smiled.

"He means that the clever lady who did me the honor to pretend to be my wife while she passed a number of checks has been arrested. Some people who knew me in a business way took the checks in good faith, and it has cost me about five hundred dollars so far. She claims, I believe, that she is not guilty of forgery since the name she signed was *Mrs. Jeffrey Steele*, and no such person exists. Still, if I can have my way, and I think I can, she'll go to the penitentiary just the same."

"And you aren't married at all?" gasped Laura.

"Not in the least."

"Oh, Jessica!" cried Laura, "how foolish and cruel I was!"

Jessica turned toward her with glowing face and outspread arms. Both the sisters had tears in their eyes. In a moment each was crying softly on the other's shoulder.

For five seconds the tall young ranchman played the part of bystander. Then his long arms proved perfectly capable of embracing the two sisters at once; and he bestowed a hearty kiss which was evenly divided between two happy, tear-stained faces.



MADE TO YOUR ORDER

$3.48 SEND NO MONEY

Biggest Value Ever Offered

Beautiful pants to your order, of fine quality striped worsteds, through and through weaves for dress or business, guaranteed to give you two solid years satisfying wear or MONEY BACK, tailored any style or size—No Extra Charges—parcel post or express prepaid. Biggest $8.00 value ever offered or money back. Write for 60 cloth samples, Free Special THIRTY DAY TRIAL OFFER, one Pair to a customer, $3.48

$3.48 Buys $8.00 Pants

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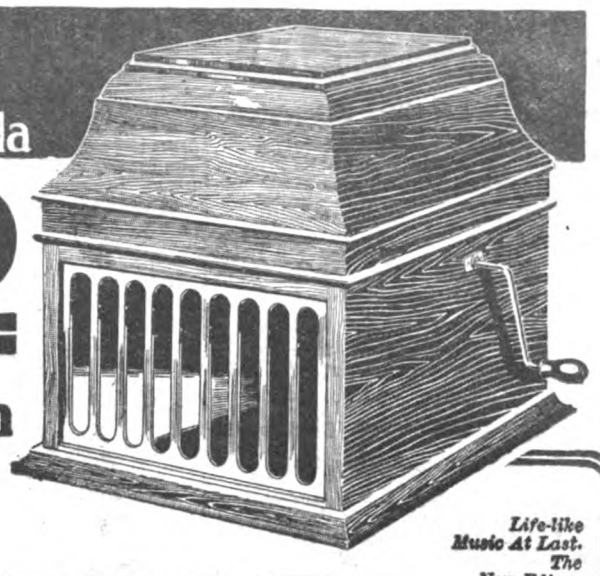
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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

just go alone by yourselves and count the many blessings God has given you, the biggest, richest and grandest one of all being health and strength. You are able to get around, to go everywhere you wish to go—able to run, climb, sport and enjoy yourself to the utmost; able to eat plentifully of anything you desire and can sleep like a babe all night. Life is sweet to you in many ways, you have all the things essential to make you happy. Go out under the stars tonight, my dears, and gaze into heaven and reflect deeply upon all these glorious privileges you enjoy—then—let your thoughts wander to dear Uncle Charlie who has not enjoyed a night's sleep nor a square meal for many years. He cannot even walk, let alone run or climb or sport. Every breath he draws is one of pain. His poor body is racked with physical suffering, impossible for the healthy to understand.

Being "celled" up in that big, noisy city, he sees not the glory of the rising sun nor the majesty of its setting. Neither the splendor of soft moonlight nights, nor the beauty of the stars as they unveil their faces at eventide. The freedom and pleasure of God's great out-doors is denied to him, and oh, how his great poet soul does crave for these things! How he loves the wild, and all God's creatures!

Lying on his bed of pain he cannot feast his eyes upon an ever changing panorama of nature. All he sees is the city streets and the narrow confines of his room. All this he endures with glorious Christian fortitude, with humble patience and resignation, and out of his affliction he sheds his love upon all the human family. From his bed of pain a corona of Light radiates to all parts of the world, brightening and warming all souls which it touches. He loves everybody. He crucifies himself in his efforts to do good to poor, blind, erring, miserable humanity. He is filling his mission here in this world as the Almighty ordained him to do it and he is doing it nobly, well.

Aren't you going to awake from your "sleeping sickness" and hustle that home for Uncle Charlie?

Just think, if the gigantic strain on his poor nerves during the war had taken him away! What if he had fallen a victim to that dread disease, influenza.

I tell you, readers, delays are dangerous. Our Uncle Charlie has now reached that age when each year is a precious jewel slipped off the cord of life. He cannot be with us so very many more years so let's all try to get that home for him to rest in, the remainder of his days.

Come on now, my hearties! Let's see how quickly we can raise money enough to buy a nice home. Let's resolve that Uncle Charlie will be established in his own "home sweet home" by early summer.

God bless you all. GEORGIANNA F. WARNER.

VICKSBURG, MISS.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have a plan I would like to get started at once. It is this: Let each of us COMFORT sisters get busy and make "that home" for Uncle Charlie a certain thing. We can do it I know if each one will do her bit. Let us divide ourselves into two classes and let one part give a cash contribution, from a dime to as much as they can and let the others agree to make one thing to sell and give the money to the fund, or they can do some sort of work and turn the pay in for the same purpose.

I will make four pretty little tea aprons and sell them at fifty cents each and give the $2.00 as my part.

The home does not have to be a fine or an expensive one but it could be a very comfortable one and just think what that would mean to him. I am a believer in giving flowers to the living while they can enjoy them. A new home now will do him more good than an expensive stone at his head when he has left us. Let us work while there is time.

Love to the dear COMFORT staff.

Sincerely, MRS. N. B. HENDERSON.

Sometimes money is sent to us to pay for subscriptions for the benefit of worthy persons who are unable to pay the price. If any sister will send us the name and address of a deserving person who would like to receive COMFORT but cannot afford to subscribe, I will see that it is placed on our waiting list to be given a subscription when donated funds become available for that purpose.—Ed.

DECATUR, ILL.

GOOD EVENING MRS. CONDUCTRESS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:

Yes, "gentlemen," although only two—another old bach and myself, daring to carry heads erect—making good the old aphorism, slightly modified, "Fools rush in where angels," married men angels, "fear to tread," as a linguistically versatile sister from N. J. recently remarked.

Quite a homey, motherly letter that of Mrs. Walter Alverson, Detroit, Mich., and how gratifying it must be to hubbies to have their wifies acknowledge their ownership of them by signing themselves with their hubby's given name, and then, woman like, to have her spoil it all by favoring us with a sly peep at her little old family skeleton—the wifely money question!

Mrs. Vesey, the idea of your giving me such a backhanded, deadly hatpin thrust after my counting on you as an able ally. Surely "frailty thy name is (married) woman." And yet she "acknowledged the corn" very handsomely.

Mrs. Married Lady from Sullivan, Ill.—Getting pretty close to home—your happy home symphony was all very beautiful but it lacked the staccato of baby voices. Better it, I beg of you, if you have to take into your home and heart one or two of the many homeless "war babies" crying for homes that are not.

Terpsichorean lady who questions the propriety of living with her elderly husband whom she has ceased to love, and longing for her old career, don't "gag at a gnat and swallow a camel." Observation and open confession of interested parties themselves convince me that if your scruples prevailed ninety per cent of our homes would be out of business. How many hubbies and wives where I've "boarded around" have confessed to me their reverence for God-given parental love which held their homes together when mere tolerance had replaced sex love for their mates. Don't you do it.

Don't any of you uns tell her I told you but Miss B., land of Goshen, California, actually had the assurance to send me her snapshot upon the very thin pretext of showing probably her possession of the seventeen matrimonial scalps she boasted—really hoping by long-distance fascination to secure another scalp to even up her dozen and a half. Not on your life, Cleo. Tote out that little old asp of yours and get busy. Your Octavius has ariv.

Oh, Mrs. Wilkinson, that "pipe dream" of yours! Me, I, a Benedict, with a little wifey all my own and being "trained," I, who have always trained! And oh the nightmare implication of my walking the nightly floor with a squirming, squalling, red-faced, bald-headed bud of humanity, as I've known being done! Dante in his subterranean excursion never "seed" nothing to compare with it.

Lean over this way a bit, Mrs. Old Subscriber from sunny Tennessee, and let me put the laurel wreath upon your brow. Any married woman of your sense and tact and honesty is fit to reign with kings or, better, these democratic days, to queen it over an American home with hubby and kiddies and all most worth living for. The divorce question and that of married martyrdom would soon lapse into innocuous desuetude were all your married sisters of your evident sense and poise. BACHELOR BILL.

Bachelor Bill.—One of the most tiresome persons to meet is he who persists in bragging about his appendicitis operation—when you want to tell him all about yours; the other is the conceited male person who thinks that every woman who looks at him twice has matrimonial designs upon him. Now, Bill, please don't be that kind of a person. If you are I shall repent of my "pipe dream" regarding you for I wouldn't want to "wish" you onto my worst enemy—you know, the one who says about you, "Yes-s-s-, she's a good woman, but—I'm kinda sorry for her husband." —Ed.

LURAY, VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

After reading the January number of COMFORT I feel like saying something for Uncle Charlie's Home Fund. We owe our thanks to Mr. Ellis and Mr. McDonald for calling our attention to the work in hand. How thoughtless we sisters have been, but we aren't going to be any more, are we? Let's give what we can and show our appreciation for him now. See what he has done and is doing for the good of humanity. If you can't give much, give a little. He will appreciate that. I'm sending my mite now. SADIE PRINTZ.

HANGEN, WIS.

DEAR SISTERS ALL:

I tried the door once but found it fastened on the inside, so have waited long for courage to try again.

I have taken COMFORT since I was thirteen years old and that has been fourteen years. I have been married nearly eight years and have one child.

I used to be a next door neighbor to Pearl Vesey but she has left old Wisconsin so we are neighbors no more. That is, there was one county between us but that's neighbors in the Sisters' Corner when we are all scattered so, isn't it?

If any of the sisters who joined Pearl Vesey's E. E. D. circle read this and happen to have the budget I would be glad if they would please return the pictures to No. 2. Pearl wrote she could get no track of the budget at all. They were pictures I should like to keep.

Will leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson.

A READER.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

DEAR SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

Your publication has for years been all to me that the name implies and I would like to ask the Sisters and "Brothers" (quite likely the men can answer this more satisfactorily than the ladies) to give me their opinions to the following questions as so much depends on the answers that I receive and may be a help to other sisters who have wondered over the same problems.

To begin with I will give you some idea as to my personal appearance, being five feet and four inches in height, weight between one hundred and twenty-five and one hundred and thirty, dark hair and grey eyes. This isn't much in my favor but may help you to know me. The worst of all, I am a divorcee. You cannot hate this more than I. A position, I think, every girl is ashamed to be placed in.

After my divorce, I returned to my mother and for a long time never went out with men, being afraid people would talk if I began keeping company too soon after regaining "my freedom."

What I really wish to know is:

Do men ever have a pure love for a girl who has been divorced and have they the same respect for her that they do for a girl who has never known matrimonial troubles?

Are they so prejudiced or suspicious, they are afraid the "divorcee" could not be as dear a mother and a lover of home as the other girl?

Probably this feeling against the divorcee depends on the circumstances which brought about the divorce; still we should not all have to suffer the same as the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)



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Summer Clothes for the Little Children

Batiste Dress with Filet Trimming

DRESSING the children daintily in spite of the scarcity and high price of Hamburgs and laces is not at all impossible to hand-workers who love to crochet or use the tatting shuttle.

These forms of decoration and also smocking and cross-stitching are so popular for little folks' things that ready-made dresses even have at least a touch of hand work.

Insertion

Materials—Three yards batiste, four spools No. 70 white mercerized crochet cotton, No. 13 steel hook.

Ch 25 sts, turn.

1st row.—3 sps, 1 blk of 4 d c, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—1 sp, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 3, ch 2, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 3, turn.

4th row.—1 blk, ch 3, 1 d c under ch 2, 1 d c on d c, 1 d c under ch 2, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—Same as 2nd row.

7th row.—Same as 1st row. Repeat pattern.

Spider-Web Edging

Ch 71 sts, turn.

1st row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, ch 7, turn.

2nd row.—1 blk on end sp in last row, ch 3, sk 1 blk, 1 blk on next sp, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—2 sps, * 1 blk, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 blk, 3 sps, repeat from * over the 2 webs, ending with 1 sp, ch 7, turn.

4th row.—* 1 blk in sp, ch 5, 1 d c under ch, 1 d c on d c, 1 d c under ch, ch 5, 1 blk, 1 sp, repeat from * twice, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—1 blk, ch 5, 5 d c over 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, repeat twice, ch 5, turn.

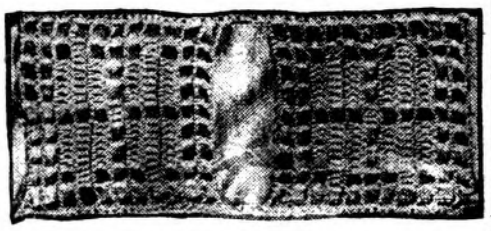
6th row.—1 blk under ch 5, ch 5, 3 d c, ch 5, 1 blk, repeat twice, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 blk, 3 sps, repeat over 2 webs ending with blk under ch 5 in last web, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—1 blk under ch 3, ch 2, 1 blk, 5 sps, repeat, ending with 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—Same as 1st row.

Repeat the pattern. For scallop, fasten thread



NARROW BEADING.

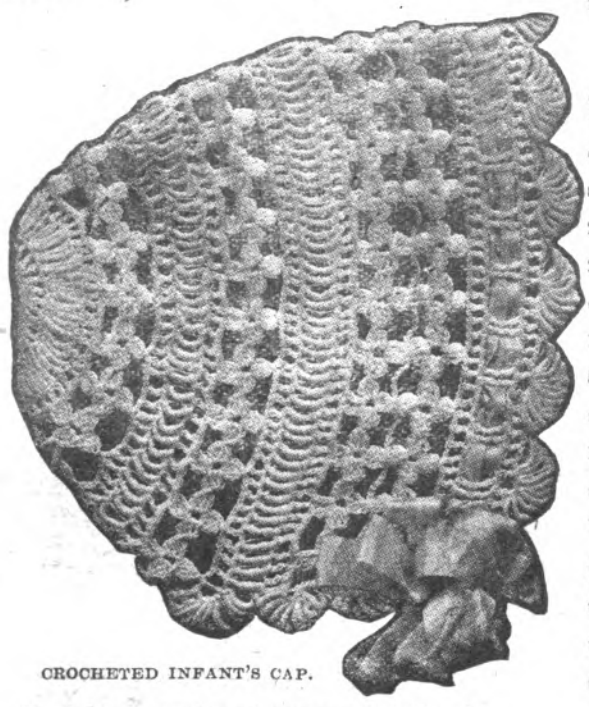
in end of 1st row, 1 scallop of 13 d c under ch at end of 2nd row, 1 scallop under ch end of 4th row, 1 under ch end of 6th row, 1 under ch end of 8th row, repeat around each point working next under 2nd row of 2nd point.

The edging on the sleeves is made the same as in the insertion, only 2 webs deep. Scallop as directed for wide edging.

As illustrated, this little garment is all hand made, the tucks and hems being hemstitched. The insertion bands are left loose, as shown, for about a three-inch space, so that the sash may be slipped beneath.

Crocheted Infant's Cap

Material—White silkateen and suitable steel hook.



CROCHETED INFANT'S CAP.

Beginning in center of crown wind thread around middle finger 10 times, working over this make 46 s c, join.

2nd round.—Ch 4, sk 1 st, 1 tr (thread over hook 3 times), ch 1, sk 1, 1 tr c, repeat and join to first ch. There should be 29 tr c and 30 sps.

3rd round.—Ch 5, 2 r sts, thread over hook 20 times, in first sp (r st, roll stitch, throw the thread over the needle as many times as indicated, insert hook in the work, thread over, pull through coil or roll, thread over, draw through the one loop on hook. The roll when completed is straight, with a thread the length of roll along its side. The length or size of a roll is regulated by the number of times the thread is thrown over; o, over, thread over hook the number of times indicated). Repeat making 2 r sts in each sp, join, ch 2.

4th round.—1 d c, ch 1, between each r st, join, ch 3.

5th round.—Ch 4, 2 tr c in first st of ch 4, ch 4, 2 tr c in first of ch 4, ch 3, 1 sl st in same st with trebles, ch 4, 2 tr c in same st with last trebles, ch 2, 1 sl st in same st, ch 4, 2 tr c in same st, ch 3, 1 sl st in same st, ch 3, 1 sl st in starting point. This makes 1 daisy. Sl st over 5 or 6 sts and repeat making 15 daisies in all. Join the second petal of the second daisy to the fourth petal of the first daisy. Join and break thread.

6th round.—Join to center of third petal of first daisy, ch 9 or 10 as seems best and join to next daisy. Repeat around.

7th round.—Ch 5, sk 1 ch, 1 tr c in next ch, ch 2, sk 1, 1 tr c in next. Repeat.

8th round.—Ch 5, 1 r st, o 15 times in first sp, ch 2, 1 r st, repeat in each sp, join.

9th round.—Ch 5, 1 tr c between rolls, ch 2, 1 tr c. Repeat around.

10 round.—23 or 24 daisies, make as in 5th round, only with 7 or 8 sts between. Join, break thread.

11th round.—Same as 6th round, making chs 8 between daisies. In next 3 rounds do not work only to daisy in center of back.

12th round.—Same as 7th round.

13th round.—Same as 8th round.

14th round.—Same as 9th round.

15th and 16th rounds.—22 or 23 daisies each, with 7 sts only between first row of daisies.

17th round.—Ch 7, 1 s c in center of each daisy.

18th round.—Trebles as in 7th round.

19th round.—Roll sts as in 8th round.

20th round.—Trebles as in 7th round.

Finish the edge all around with scallops of 10 r sts (o 20 times), worked in every 7th or 8th sp.

Run ribbon through r st border around the front and finish with ribbon rosettes.



BATISTE DRESS WITH FILET TRIMMING.

Wild Rose Filet Insertion

Begin with ch 45 sts.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c (1 sp), 5 more sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—6 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—2 sps, 7 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—4 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

Repeat pattern from first row.

Rose Filet Insertion

Ch 36 sts.

1st row.—10 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—Same as last row.

6th row.—Same as 3rd row.

7th row.—Same as 2nd row.

8th row.—10 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th and 10th rows.—4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—10 sps, ch 5, turn.

Now repeat pattern from 2nd row.

Rose Filet Edging

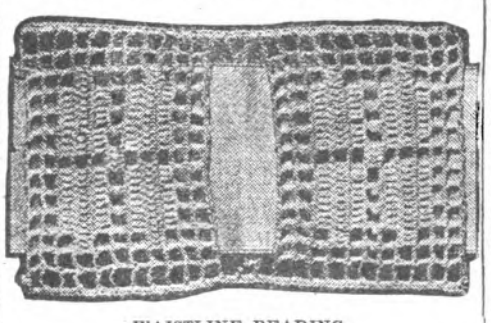
Ch 24 sts.

1st row.—6 sps, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5.

3rd row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 6, 1 s c on top of end d c in last row, ch 6, turn, 1 d c in 4th ch from hook, 2 d c in next 2 chs, 1 d c on d c in 2nd row. Sl st over 4 doubles. Just work ch 6, turn.

4th row.—1 d c in 4th ch from hook, 2 d c in next, 2 sts, 1 d c on d c, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.



WAISTLINE BEADING.

5th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, sl st over 4 d c, ch 3.

6th row.—1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—4 sps, 2 blks, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—6 sps.

9th and 10th rows.—4 sps, 2 blks.

11th row.—6 sps.

Repeat pattern from 2nd row.

Filet Yoke and Beadings

Little dresses of either white or colored material may be made very attractive by the addition of filet yokes and beading at the waistline and to finish sleeves.

The patterns here shown are simple and may be copied very readily.

No. 40 or 50 cotton would be better than anything finer for gingham or crepe dresses.

Square Yoke in Filet

Ch 33 sts, turn.

1st row.—9 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—2 sps, 2 blks (7 d c), 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

Two rows of 9 sps each and repeat pattern.

To turn a corner after completing a pattern, make 1 row 9 sps, ch 6, and on the side make 1 d c in the end of last low, ch 2, 1 d c in end of next row. Repeat making 9 sps along side of pattern, ch 5, turn, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn and repeat pattern.

Finish the neck edge with 3 picot chs over every other sp, sl st over sps between beading. The narrow beading is exactly the same as the yoke with this exception. After completing a pattern and two rows of sps, ch 30, 1 d c, ch 5, turn, 9 sps, ch 30, 1 d c, ch 5, turn, 2 rows of sps and repeat pattern.

Wide Beading.

Two rows, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—Same as 3rd row.

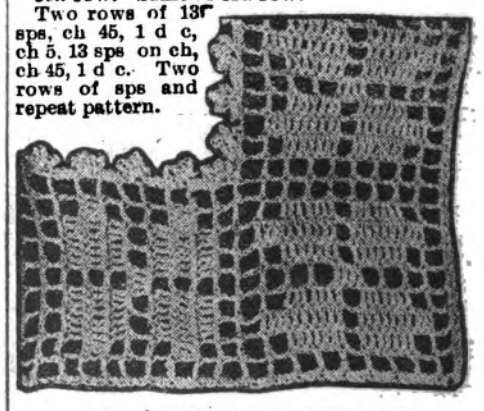
6th row.—6 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—Same as 3rd row.

8th row.—Same as 4th row.

9th row.—Same as 3rd row.

Two rows of 13 sps, ch 45, 1 d c, ch 5, 13 sps on ch, ch 45, 1 d c. Two rows of sps and repeat pattern.



CHILD'S SQUARE YOKE IN FILET.

Beadings which are to be used over waistbands of little dresses instead of being set in between two edges look and wear much better if a row of single crochet is added to each side.

Crocheted Baby Cap.

White mercerized crochet cotton No. 25 was used for this model, which measures about 14 inches around the face.

Begin with ch 9, join in ring.

1st row.—Ch 4, 32 d c in ring, join to ch 4 with a sl st.

2nd row.—Ch 5, * sk 1 d c, 1 d c in next, ch 2, repeat from *, join to first ch 5.

3rd row.—1 s c in sp, ch 7, a quintible treble (thread over 6 times), ch 6, fasten in same sp with s c, repeat. In last sp leave top st of quin tr on hook and and make a triple (o 4 times) instead of 6.

4th row.—Ch 5, 1 s c, just above quin tr in last row, repeat.

5th row.—1 d c in each st.

6th row.—Ch 5, * sk 2 d c, 1 d c in next st, ch 4, 1 d c in same st, leaving last loop on hook to be worked off with next d c. Repeat from * and join. If one does not come out even at end sk 1 d c instead of 2.

7th row.—Sl st to center of ch 4, ch 5, fasten under next ch with an s c, repeat around.

8th row.—Sl st up ch 5, ch 3, 2 d c under same ch, * ch 4, 3 d c under next ch, repeat from *, join to ch 3.

9th row.—Sl st up ch, ch 4, * 1 d c under next ch, ch 4, 1 d c under same ch, leaving last loop on hook to be worked off with next d c. Repeat from * and join.

10th row.—Like 5th row.

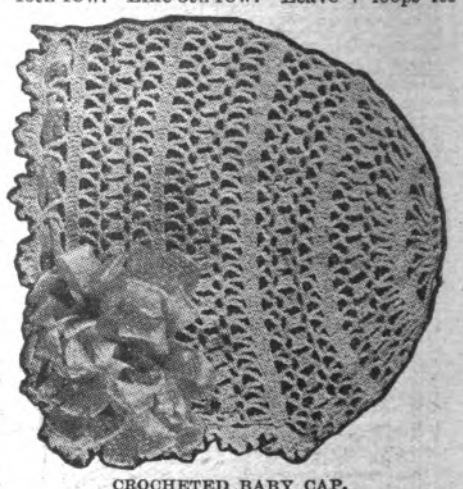
11th row.—Like 9th row only make ch 3 between 1st d c and ch.

12th and 13th rows.—Like 7th and 8th rows.

14th row.—Sl st to center of ch, * ch 4, fasten under next ch, repeat.

15th row.—Like 9th row.

16th row.—Like 5th row. Leave 7 loops for back, break thread and start at opposite side of work.



CROCHETED BABY CAP.

17th row.—Like 6th with ch 3 between and sk 3 d c.

18th row.—Ch 5, fasten under ch 3, repeat across, fasten under last chain, ch 4, a d c on d c, turn.

19th row.—Like 8th row from *.

20th row.—Loops of ch 4 across, fasten under last ch, ch 3, 1 d c.

21st row.—Like 17th row. Break thread.

22nd row.—Like 5th row. Break thread.

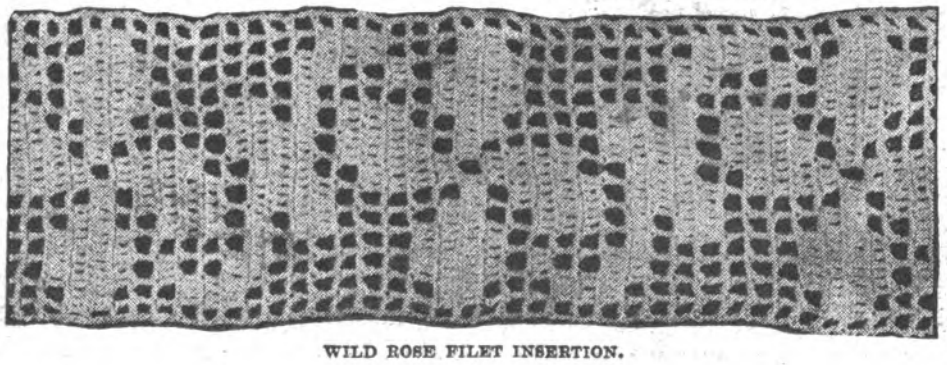
23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, 27th rows.—Like 17th row.

28th row.—Like 5th row. Continue around sides and back with loops of ch 5, fastened with 1 s c.

Beading around Front

Ch 8, a d tr c in end d c leaving last loop on hook, sk 5 d c, 1 d tr c in next, work off extra loop with last ch 5, repeat, ch 8, fasten at opposite end.

Finishing with a scallop of 3 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c, 1 p, 3 d c, 1 s c, repeat. Continue across back to starting point.



WILD ROSE FILET INSERTION.

The Lilies of France

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

open a human body, and let its soul out, and I, little Nellie Bentley, am helping to make them."

Long she pondered over the horror of it; then she began to read the papers, to listen to the voices of the people. Belgium, desecrated wives and mothers, ruined homes, mutilated babies! She thought of her own dimpled darling. No, the horror was not here; it was over there, and these weapons of life and death which she was helping to fashion were for the healing of the nations.

"I am working with God," she whispered softly. The thrill of her heart swept her like a mighty wind.

Joe? Nellie never doubted that Joe had found work for his powerful strength. Well she knew his unrest; well she knew how the clarion call from Over There would appeal to Joe.

* * * * * *

It was on a battlefield of France that Joe Bentley awoke to the dignity of the work of his mighty hands. They had been marching all night to a new field of operation, one as yet untouched by the barbarian, war. Just as the sun came over the tops of the trees on the little hillside, it rested in glory on a field of lilies, the lilies of France.

Joe, big, uncouth, weary with the night's marching, looked at the pure beauty of that field of wonder, and something stirred within his breast that he had never known before. Among the nodding lilies he could see Nellie's face, and the helpless, precious burden that she carried in her arms. He glanced around shyly at his companions; they were all strangely silent as they gazed.

Joe was not a Catholic; it is doubtful if he had ever given any religion a serious thought, but he made the sign of the cross on his forehead with his hand, as he had seen others do, as he gazed, for he had a feeling that God was there.

Later that day he saw that field of lilies once again; it was all crushed and broken, and the whiteness of the lilies was lost in crimson stain. A great feeling of desolation crept over him.

"Where is God?" he whispered fiercely, his great fists doubling at his sides. He wished that he had written to Nellie.

The great war rolled over more than the lilies of France. Day after day Joe fought bravely; was wounded; in the hospital, then back in the field to fight again. First he had been Joe Bentley, private, then he had crept up the ladder until he could write Lieutenant Bentley. Yet he felt only a dull pride in his achievements; he had done something, but not enough. Those blood-stained lilies still called for sacrifice.

Back in her tiny sitting-room, Baby Bess on the floor at her side, Nellie read of the courageous deeds of Lieutenant Joe Bentley and his men, and she knew that she had news of her husband. Her heart thrilled as she read; it was "her man" who had been brave. Unconsciously she connected his deeds of valor with the glory of the sunset lights from the great church window; she felt that she had touched something holy. She put a hand to her heart to stop its throbbing.

After that her daily work took on graver meaning. She must fill the hands of "her man" over there. Once more, though separated by thousands of miles, they were working together. The bitterness in her heart was giving place to love again, the love that cannot die, but often gets mislaid.

Then came the awful day of The Marne, when thousands of brave men tasted death that Victory might push aside the horrors of war. There were no lilies of France that day; beauty had died, that Peace might live.

When the darkness came down over the battlefield, Joe, Lieutenant Joe Bentley, lay huddled under the stars that knew no war. His body was broken and useless, but his soul had glimpsed into the Great Beyond, and it was very glad.

He had fallen into unconsciousness before the stretcher-bearers found him. He roused only long enough to whisper brokenly:

"The lilies——I helped—to make—them white."

Of course, they did not understand, but nothing seemed strange on the battlefields of France.

Long were the days when he must lie still and let others do the work he called his own, but in the nights, when pain would not let him sleep, he remembered, not the grotesquely tortured faces he had seen, not the long, rough roads he had wearily trod, not the skulking enemy he must make his own, but the nodding lilies, pure and white, touched with the glory of the rising sun.

"Victory is going to be just like that," he assured himself. "There was something more than lilies in the field that morning. Maybe God is up in the heaven as they say, but I know that He comes down to earth when we need Him bad enough. He was there among those lilies; I know it; I felt Him in my heart."

When they told him that he could not go back to the battlefield again he passed one of the bitterest weeks he had ever known; then he began to plan to return to Nellie and their child. They did not seem so far away to him; in his weakness he often thought Nellie was bending over him. He would reach out his one bandaged hand toward her, but she always slipped away. As he grew stronger he knew that she would not come to him. He had left her; it was he who must return. He could not write, for the great hands were helpless now; one he would leave behind, and the other was still swathed in bandages; so he waited, growing strong within, though he was weak enough still without.

Did you hear the bells aringing, all in tune? Did you feel the throb of nations in the air?

Over the battle-scarred land, across the seas where the heart of every nation sang with gladness, swept the peal of the bells. The wolf of war was slain and Peace reigned once more over the land. Never had the bells such a story to tell! Never had they rung into the world such a message of joy!

Lieutenant Bentley listened to the wild cheers that came through the windows near his cot. He looked down at the one great fist left him, now free from its bandages though scarred, and smiled happily. He had helped to ring the bells! Once again he saw that field of nodding lilies; they were lifting their bruised heads, and shaking away the stain.

Across the great waters, Nellie paused in her work to listen to the pealings of the bells, and to the mighty cheer that went up from her fellow-workers. Amidst it all, her heart went out to Joe, her Joe, as she crowded out into the sunlight with the throngs of wildly excited people.

"Peace has come!" they cried; it seemed that the very heavens would be rent with their cheering. That which they had once held in the hollow of their hands, and counted as of little worth, now filled them with infinite gladness.

"Peace has come!" sang the bells.

Then across the ocean came the hospital ships, bringing the heroes home, men who had fought to make peace holy; men who had fought to make us free.

It was Easter in the Great Year of the New Peace. Listen to the singing of the bells!

Down the familiar, narrow street came Joe Bentley, Lieutenant Joe. Tip-tap went the crutch that assisted his wounded knee as he hastened along. In his great heart first a song of gladness mingled with the pealing of the bells, then a shiver crept after, for Nellie might not be glad to see the deserter back; Nellie might not know that he had helped to rescue the lilies of France.

Up the stairs softly tip-tapped Joe. The door was standing open; he could hear Nellie's voice as she sang to her child:

"——the beauty of the lilies——"

Joe caught his breath quickly as the sweet words floated down to him. Did Nellie know about the white lilies, the lilies of France, after all? He waited for the next words.

"He died to make men free."

A moment later Joe stood framed in the doorway, his thin face drawn and white. His armistice still awaited signature.

Then Nellie saw him. With a glad cry she sprang forward, then paused, her eyes holding him. Private Joe was her man; she dared no familiarity with the soldierly Lieutenant Bentley who saluted from the doorway. She waited for him to speak.

"Nellie, girl," he said, "when I left you and the baby yonder I was a craven coward. I'll never be a coward again, my girl, and I've learned what love is; but it is for you to say whether you will take me back or not. Wait!" as she sprang forward. "I've been over there, as maybe you know. I am lame for life, and one arm is gone; but I did my bit. They made me Lieutenant Bentley, and there's a medal you may like to see. Oh, Nellie girl! It was your face I saw in a field of lilies one day, and then I knew all that I had lost. Can you ever forgive me, and take me back, me a broken man, but loving?"

With a little cry Nellie folded him close in her strong young arms.

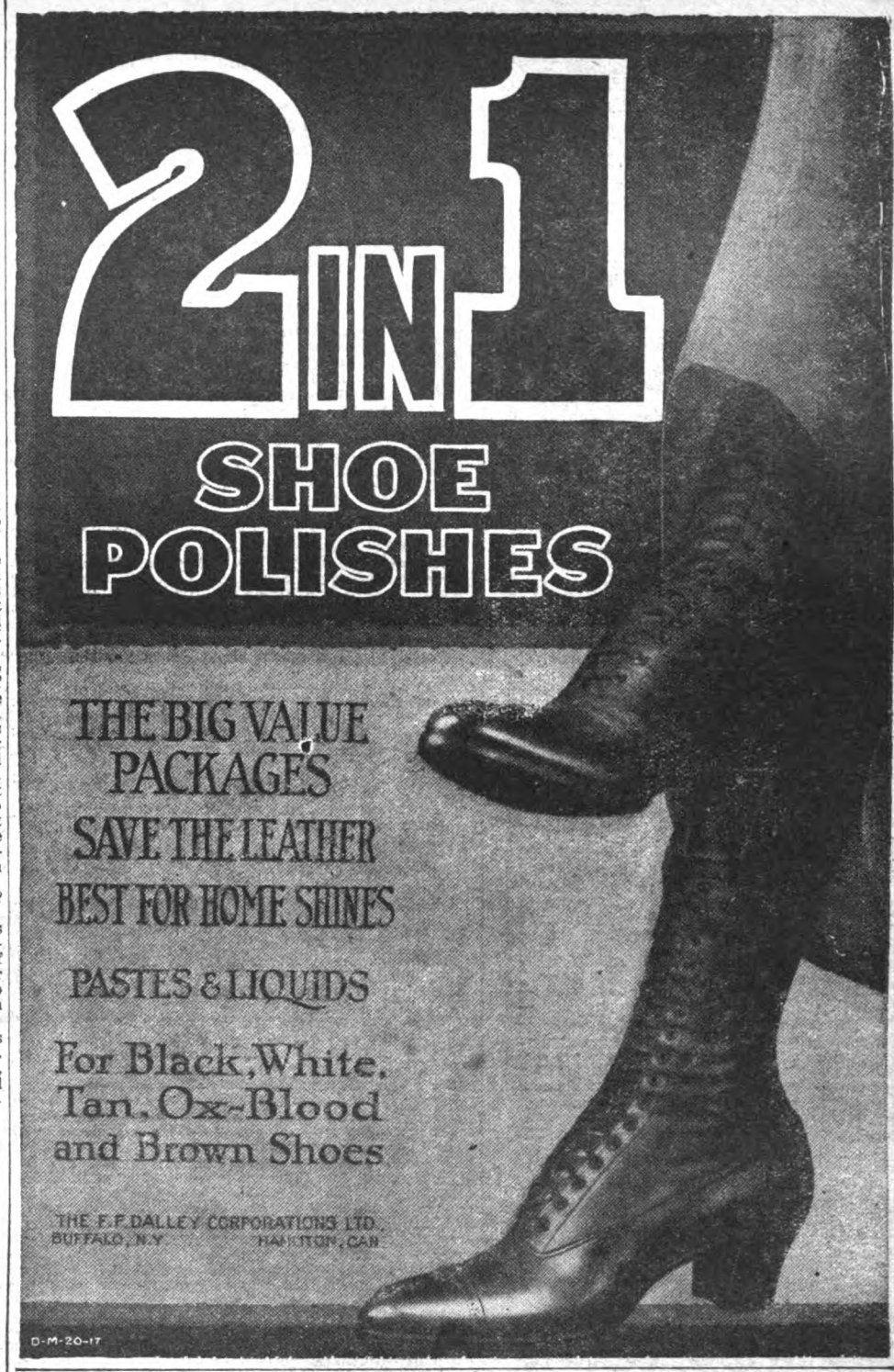
Above her bended head Joe saw the field of nodding lilies, once more pure and white.

For Nellie the sunset glories of the great church window filled her tiny home with a radiance divine.

Thus again the splendor of the sunlight touched with wonder the white lilies of France.

Do you hear the bells aringing?

"Glory to God in the Highest! Peace has come!"



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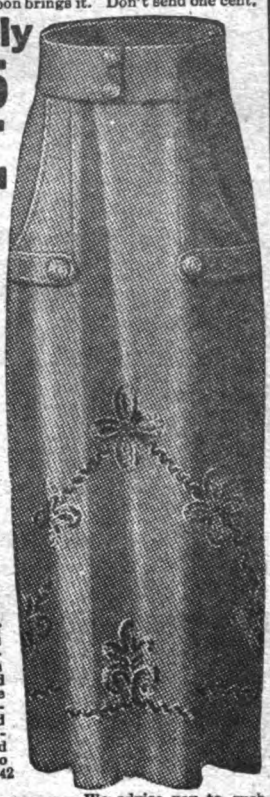
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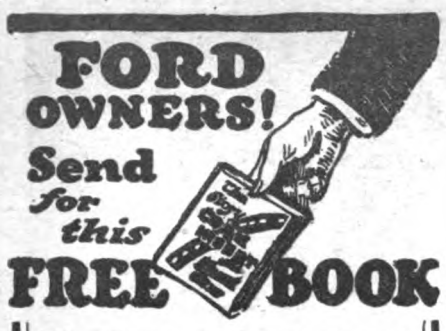
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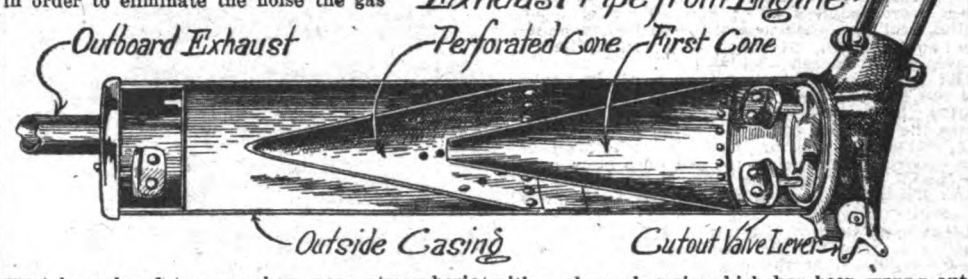
The Muffler

THE explosion inside the cylinder which forces the piston down to deliver power to the crank-shaft is an expansion of gases. It is a well-known fact that if an explosion takes place in a confined space, the escaping gas will be of a higher pressure than the surrounding air and the noise created will be proportionate to the difference in the two pressures. Take as an example a revolver of 22 caliber and another gun of 45 caliber. Needless to state that the report of the 45-caliber weapon is considerably louder than the one from the 22-caliber gun. This is due to the difference in the pressures when admitted into the surrounding air.

The explosions in the internal combustion motor create gas of great pressure which must be released from the cylinder so that it might go on with its work. This high-pressure gas has served its purpose in the motor and is, therefore, turned loose into the air.

When it is considered that for average driving anywhere from 600 to 1200 explosions to the minute might take place within the cylinder, it will be appreciated why most cities and towns object to the noise and have made laws which require the use of mufflers in connection with all internal combustion motors.

As above stated, the noise is due to the difference in the pressure of the gas and the surrounding air, and it therefore will not require much logic to understand that in order to eliminate the noise the gas must be reduced to somewhere near atmospheric pressure. This is exactly what the muffler does.



In the accompanying illustration is shown a cross sectional view of a muffler. It will be seen that there are two cones inside the main shell. The gas is admitted into the first cone and then passed along into the second cone. The only escape for the gas from this cone is through the series of small holes which break the exhaust into a series of streams and thereby bring the pressure of the gas somewhere near that of the surrounding air.

Mufflers have been perfected so that they very efficiently handle the exhaust gases. The sound of muffled gas can be compared to a hiss.

Many trucks of long wheel base are not equipped with mufflers. In lieu of a muffler, a long exhaust pipe is used and a series of small holes drilled in the pipe near the end. The end of the pipe is usually pinched almost together so as to reduce the opening and insure the breaking up of the high pressure by compelling much of the gas to escape through the small openings.

It has become common practice to equip modern cars and trucks with muffler cut-outs, but not to connect them so they can be operated from the driver's seat. The reason for this is that it has been determined by tests that no additional power is to be gained by not passing the exhaust gases through the muffler. The muffler will handle the gases from all but very high-speed motors without any appreciable back pressure. Practically the only reason for installing the cut-out is that it assists the mechanic by cutting out the muffler so that he can determine by the reports the operative condition of each cylinder.

Care of New Cars

It is human nature for the owner to take exceptional care of anything new. However, the owner often will injure the finish of a car when in his own belief he is taking the best of care to preserve it. Factories at this writing are greatly behind in production and in a great many instances bodies are allowed to leave on which the paint is not thoroughly hardened. In little time dust will settle on the finish and frequently the owner will wipe it off with a soft cloth. This practice will injure the finish and should be discouraged. Dusting the new car will invariably scratch the finish and it can never be worked out. There is but one safe and satisfactory method of getting rid of the dust and that is to run it off with a slow stream of cold water. Allow the water to soften the dust and it will run off. The body can be dried with a clean chamois which has been wrung out of clear, cold water. After the body has been washed several times in the manner outlined above the finish will undoubtedly become sufficiently set to permit dusting with a soft cloth, such as cheese-cloth, etc.

Care of Tires

Winter is hard on tires. Ruts are like emery cloth, and wear away the rubber tread at the sides of the casings, pieces of ice present razor edges, chains if improperly adjusted cut into the tread, etc. Spring is the customary time to give the car the "once over" preparatory to the summer driving season. The owner will, therefore, do well to carefully inspect the tires and vulcanize tire rubber into the tread at points showing wear, cuts, etc. The only purpose served by the rubber tread is to protect the inner fabric. If the cuts are allowed to remain open it is only to be expected that the elements will have their swing, causing sandblisters, blowouts and expense. A stitch in time saves nine.

Profit in Keeping Bees

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

help a little. Mine was, at the very start, a most virulent type of bee fever. The beekeeper from whom my first colony was purchased charged me $5.00 for a little weak colony of black bees in an eight-frame hive. There was only about a pint of bees; and this was about the first of May. It is hard to say which was the bigger fool. I paid the five cheerfully; and would have paid ten with an equal degree of gladness.

No doubt if you look around a little you can find colonies which may be purchased for five dollars. One man near here sold twelve colonies last spring for $3.75 each. A prospective beekeeper in Indiana tells me he can buy bees in his locality at $5.00 per colony. Many of my own colonies were bought a few years ago at $2.00 each. Quite often a beekeeper will throw in extra supers and sections and odds and ends to get them out of the way. It is safe to say that $15.00 to $20.00 should give you a start.

Notice the illustration of the lady putting sections in an upper story. In this picture you will observe that there are as many styles of hives as there are hives. That's bad. Don't pay much for bees in such hives. If you are going to keep bees in an up-to-date way, you will have to discard the hives as fast as you have transferred the bees into their new quarters.

In imagination, we will open up one of these hives and look at the contents. The frames are very likely not of the Hoffman self-spacing kind; but what are called loose hanging; that is, they have to be spaced carefully by the beekeeper each time he handles the colony. These frames are probably glued together with an accumulation of burr-combs, making it difficult to examine the bees. If the frames are removed one by one, it will be found that some of them are more or less largely filled with drone comb. That means an army of drones instead of workers for the honey flow. There are thousands of colonies in such hives all over the country; so be careful in making your purchases and do not pay too much. If you can, get a beekeeper to go with you to help make the selection and to guard against getting bees affected with foul brood, a bee disease regarded as the beekeeper's most dreaded enemy.

Of course, having bought a colony of bees, it becomes necessary to choose the kind of hive in which you expect to place all of your bees as they increase; for nothing simplifies beekeeping more than uniformity of fixtures. Get the ten-frame dovetailed hive with 9 9-16 depth hive body. The metal covered, telescoping cover with an inner cover, which may be used as a bee-escape, is the best. This inner cover may be filled with newspapers in the fall; which helps to keep the bees warm. That saves honey. Also, it helps brood rearing in cool weather. It does not warp and twist and it excludes robbers. Be sure to specify that your hive bodies are to be 16¼ inches wide. The 16-inch width is too narrow. After brood frames are gummed up a little with propolis the 16¼ inch will be just right. The best super for comb honey production is the one fitted with 4¼x4¼x1⅞ inch two-beeway sections. For a time, a great many of us were in favor of the plain section with the fence separator; but some good beekeepers, after giving both a trial, prefer the two-beeway section mentioned above. The fence separator is very fragile. The little cleats are glued onto the separators; and so are the end pieces. The cleats should be nailed in place. The end pieces cannot be nailed in place and, in time, will come loose, cause the fence to collapse and make the beekeeper sputter. Having decided on the hive and super you want, stick to it. All of the supply manufacturers are making the dovetailed hive with Hoffman self-spacing frames, with endbars punctured for wiring, so you are not likely to go astray.

With bees bought, a sight must be chosen for the apiary. This should be a place sheltered from the cold, northerly winds. Anything that effectively breaks the force of the wind will do, such as forests, hedge rows, buildings. But it is not always possible to place bees where they will be sheltered from cold winds; and in that case the hives will have to be left exposed. But there is still a way to protect them. "How?" With bees. "What do you mean?" Keep colonies extra strong. It is astonishing how much cold a powerful colony of bees will endure. One of our yards is unavoidably exposed to the cold northwest winds, and yet in May, 1919, about six weeks after setting out from the cellar, a good many colonies were boiling over with bees and ready to swarm. Face colonies to the south. Some very good beekeepers face their hives to the east under the mistaken notion that the light, shining directly into the entrance, will entice the bees out to the fields earlier. It is not light; but it is light and warmth and a flow of honey which, combined, cause the bee to fly early. What careful observer among bees, has not noticed that, sometimes, regardless of light and warmth, bees do not go to the fields in large numbers until 10 A. M. It is evident that the nectaries are not secreting nectar in large quantities until that time.

The elderly gentleman holding a frame in his hands is having a good time amid his pleasant surroundings, isn't he? But he has made a mistake in placing his bees rather high and in omitting an alighting board to enable the bees to get to the entrance easily in a heavy honey flow and in cool weather. The bee-shed containing two colonies, shown in the illustration, is another sample of a mistake in the same line. A hive stand about six inches high with a slanting front and with the grass cut is the best. Have things that way if you can.

With new hives bought, it is necessary to get them ready for swarms. "Shall I put starters, that is, narrow strips of foundation in sections, and brood frames or shall I put in full sheets?" Put in full sheets. It costs more but it is cheaper. Notice the illustration of the brood

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

STANDARD TIRES LESS THAN **1/2 Price**



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Don't miss this chance to cut your tire cost in two and get a standard make *Spark Plug FREE*. We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and *Your Money Back* if you don't like them. They can readily be guaranteed for 5000 miles. So sure are we you will like these tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not used sewed together tires known as the double-tread and reconstructed tires.

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Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
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30x3½	7.25	1.95	33x4½	12.50	2.85
32x3½	8.75	2.15	34x4½	12.90	3.00
31x4	9.45	2.25	35x4½	13.25	3.15
32x4	9.90	2.40	36x4½	13.90	3.40
33x4	11.25	2.50	35x5	14.90	3.50
34x4	11.90	2.60	37x5	16.90	3.75

Remember a standard make *Spark Plug Free* with order. When cash is sent with order 5% discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied return goods at our expense. Specify S. S., clincher, non-skid, plain, and *size Spark Plug* wanted.

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2—Save repair bills!
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Price Includes Tire and Tube

Size	Tires	Size	Tire
28 x 3	$6.85	34 x 4	$11.35
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30 x 3½	$8.35	35 x 4½	$13.25
32 x 3½	$8.95	36 x 4½	$13.75
31 x 4	$10.20	35 x 5	$14.50
32x4	$10.55	36 x 5	$14 75
33 x 4	$11.00	37 x 5	$14.90

Free Reliner With Each Tire

In ordering be sure to state size wanted, also whether s. s. clincher, plain or non-skid. Send $2.00 deposit on each tire, balance C. O. D. subject to examination; 5 per cent discount if you send full amount with order. Rush your order today.

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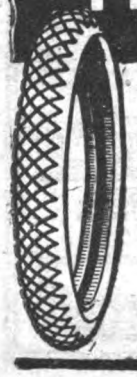
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Reliner FREE with Every Tire. Tubes Are Guaranteed Fresh Stock.

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$5.50	$1.60	32x4	$8.25	$2.40	36x4½	$11.50	$3.40
30x3½	6.50	1.75	33x4	8.50	2.50	35x5	12.50	3.50
31x3½	6.75	1.85	34x4	8.75	2.60	36x5	12.75	3.65
32x3½	7.00	2.00	34x4½	10.00	3.00	37x5	12.75	3.75
31x4	8.00	2.25	35x4½	11.00	3.15			

Send $2 deposit for each tire and $1 for each tube ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. S., C. L. (Q. D.) plain or N. S. is desired. All same price.

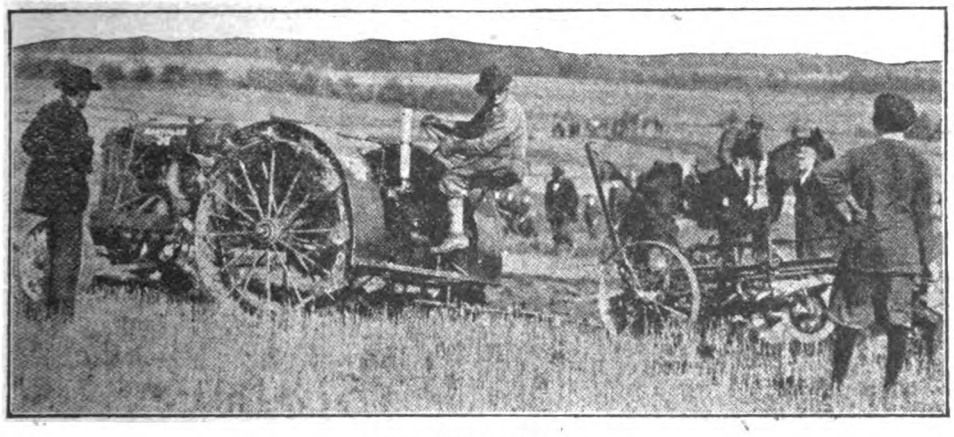
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Improved Farming

By Modern Farm Machinery

THE latest patterns of implements and machines do away with much of the dreaded old-time drudgery of farm work. They also make farming possibly profitable where sufficient skilled help practically is non-available, and increase the profits from the employment of labor under all circumstances. Help is becoming so scarce, or actually is so scarce, that modern labor-saving implements must be employed or the farmer will have to sell out or rent to a man who has a big family of workers. They are necessary, too, to keep the boys on the farm and to make things as pleasant as possible for the hired "help" who will quickly go elsewhere if they do not find every convenience at hand. It may also be added that up-to-date tools are necessary, both for the better working of small areas of land and profitable farming on a large scale.



FARM TRACTOR TESTS.

How to Study Implements

The man who is isolated upon the farm, or has little or no opportunity of talking his business over with intelligent neighbors, often is ill-informed regarding the wonderful improvements that, of recent years, have been made in agricultural implements and machines. But he readily can find out about them and even become fairly expert in choosing the best or most suitable for his personal needs and particularly soil and locality by reading and studying the fine, interesting and instructive catalogues to be had from the leading manufacturers. The names of these firms may be learned by referring to the advertising columns of COMFORT, and other farm papers, and a letter to each firm, stating that the writer is a reader of the paper, will promptly bring the desired catalogue free of cost.

It is also well for the farmer, after consulting available catalogues, to visit the store and yard of the implement dealer in the nearest village or town, and learn what "makes" he handles. He may find to his surprise and satisfaction that he has in stock the very implement he has decided from his reading is the one he wants. If that is true, buying at home often proves most profitable, as freight charges are less than had a single purchase to be made from the firm headquarters or a dealer living at a distance. If the desired implement is not found in stock, the dealer will be glad to order it, and especially so if he can be convinced that it has special merit, or if several neighbors join in giving him a profitable order. Again, if there is no agent in the district who happens to handle a new machine or implement, a letter to the manufacturer, intimating that there would be a demand for the commodity, often will lead to the establishment of a local agency. We have even known, in some instances, of farmers of business capacity taking such agencies themselves and making them profitable. Then, too, the "live wire" farmer never should neglect to visit the county fairs, for at many of them the leading manufacturing firms have fine exhibits of modern implements and machines with expert salesmen in attendance to supply all needed information and demonstrate the working of their new models. From these men also can be obtained a wide variety of catalogues and "literature" for study at home, if the farmer has not quite made up his mind what would be best for him to buy.

Another source of information and instruction about farm implements that may be considered most reliable is the Farmers' Short Course offered during the winter months by agricultural experiment stations in many of the states. At these courses instructors in agricultural engineering assemble samples of the latest machines and give practical lessons in utilizing them to the best advantage. They are also ready and well qualified to answer questions and to solve problems often so puzzling to farmers who have not made a special study of the subject.

Finally, the state fair offers the best possible opportunity for the comparative study of a great assemblage of all sorts and makes of farm tools, implements and machines, and we always are pleased to note how earnest and interested thousands of farmers are in examining these varied exhibits.

The Implement-Poor Farmer

There are three types of farmers who correctly may be accounted implement poor.



WORKING MANURE SPREADERS IN WINTER.

The first of these is the man whose yards and buildings are littered with all kinds of old junk. He attends every deplenishing sale of farm stock and tools, and, hypnotized by the oily tongue of the auctioneer and jollied along by his bantering neighbors, buys things he doesn't need, cannot use, or that are not fit for use, and usually pays more than they are worth. A lot of the valuable time of this buyer of second-hand, scrapped and antiquated implements is spent or wasted in fixing and fitting them to sell over again or use when wanted. On this account he often gets behind in his work, and the old mower, harvester or other rickety machine probably breaks down just when it is most wanted. It would be well, indeed, for this type of farmer to sell all of his trash to the junk dealer at any price he can get for it, and buy a few good, modern, serviceable implements that will do his work efficiently and effectively.

The second implement-poor farmer is he who considers himself an expert mechanic and would rather be tinkering with bolts, nuts and bearings than doing the pressing work of his farm. He spends all he can scrape and even borrow in buying every new machine offered and proceeds to take it apart "to see how the wheels go round." Sometimes he can't properly put it together again, or it fails to work satisfactorily, and so is discarded. Such a man is foolish, extravagant, and rarely successful.

Lastly, there is the careless, shiftless man who buys good machines, well adapted for his work, uses them intelligently with good effect, and then leaves them to weather, depreciate, rust and rot just where he happens to unhitch his horses when the day's work and the job is finished. He has no implement shed. The new mower is pulled out and stored in the slough; the gaily painted harvester stands in an island of grass and weeds near the center of the stubble field or on a distant brushy headland. Nearby are the seeder, the disk, and the drag, and the orchard, the fence-sides and woodlot all show their complement of machines in all stages of dilapidation and "innocuous desuetude." This man is a lavish buyer and bad waster of implements. He is disliked by the manufacturer and dealer, who admire, on the contrary, the wise man who buys carefully, and as carefully considers what he buys.

The Wise Implement Owner

Wise, indeed, is the farmer who makes himself as thoroughly conversant with the various makes of machines and implements that he invests his money in those which are best adapted for his needs and of enduring quality. Such a man discards the old style machine when a newer one promises to do better and more profitable work, and then does his best at all times to keep the machine working perfectly without detrimental friction and wear of working parts. He also houses his property in such a way that it will not be damaged by exposure to the weather, and when the year's work is done stores each machine so that it will be ready for use when again required. He cleans, oils or greases all working parts and is not stingy in the matter of paint. Then you will see him making absolutely certain, long ahead of the time of need, that each machine is in good condition and fit for instant use.

The wise farmer buys the machines he actually needs and can use to advantage, chooses the types and makes best adapted for his type of soil and special crops, and then keeps depreciation down to a minimum. Every reader of COMFORT may well give those matters careful consideration and see to it that he is a member of the class of farmers here outlined as worthy of approbation.

Stable Conveniences

Space will not permit of a detailed description of the many modern improvements to be found inside of the well-ventilated, light, concrete-floored stables now coming into use wherever farm animale are being improved by the use of pure-bred sires. When we speak of "light" stables we not only mean that there are plenty of windows for the entrance of sunlight, but electric lights or some other artificial light that makes work in the dark hours a pleasure. Where there is an electric plant on the farm it now is possible also to milk the cows by that power, for a new milking machine has been perfected that one wheels behind each pair of cows in turn, connects with the electric supply wire, and proceeds to extract the milk. This compact little machine works on the pulsating suction system and seems to milk effectually. The older plan is to milk by means of a machine operated by compressed air and a gasolene engine. Several types of milking machines are now on the market, and if kept clean and operated strictly in accordance with directions given by the manufacturer, they do their work well, and do not cause garget or dry off the cows. It is best, however, to strip the cows clean by hand after the machine has extracted practically all of the milk.

Cow stables where milking machines are used also are equipped with individual drinking cups, steel feed barrows, and manure trolleys and carriers which greatly lessen hand labor. In connection, too, is the modern silo, and in a room overhead or nearby is an engine and various forms of cutters and grinders for the preparation of feed. In short, the modern stable and barn are coming to be equipped as well as any factory with the machinery necessary to maximum production at minimum expense, saving of man power, and prevention of waste.

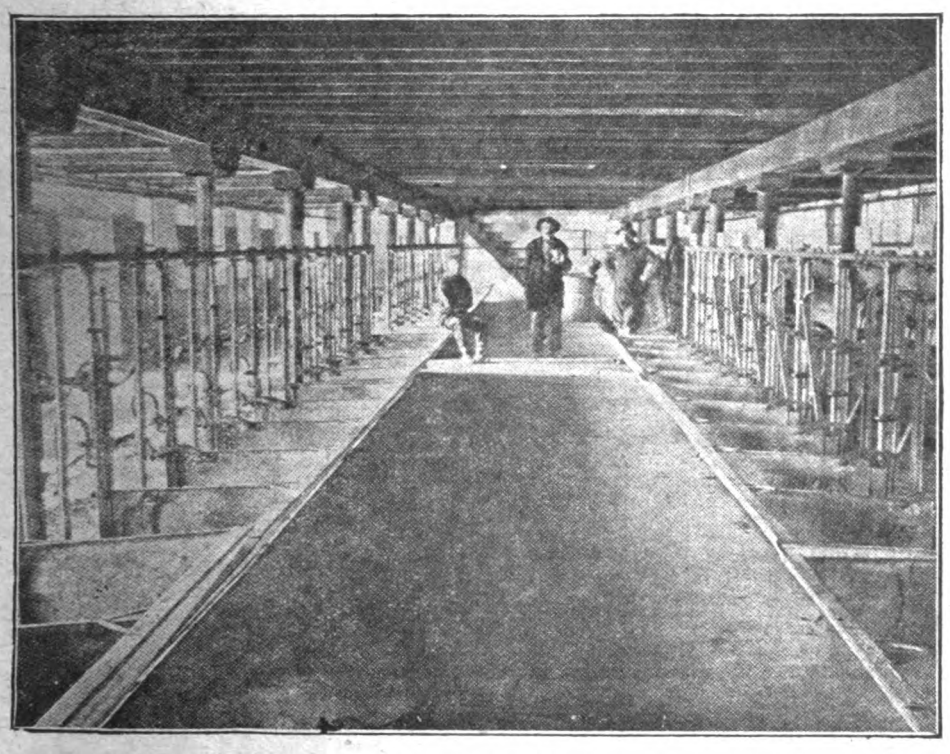
Soil Tilling Implements

The preparation of a deep, fine, moist, mellow bed for the reception of seed is one of the most important operations of farming, and the man who is not equipped with effective implements is unable perfectly to do such work. He prepares a seed bed, but usually it is too shallow, or the soil is left too lumpy, so that the seed is covered imperfectly or buried while soil moisture is lost. When land was cheap and the demand for farm products less than it is today, these things did not matter so much, but now they are serious and to be obviated or remedied so far as possible. Not every man can own expensive implements, but those of old type or that have been worn out, for success, should be superseded by better ones.

Trucks and Manure Spreaders

Many prosperous farmers now use motor trucks, and are loud in their praise. Such men feed off large numbers of animals each year and so have much heavy hauling to do. The fact that they live where roads have been improved also makes it possible to use trucks successfully. On the contrary, we have heard of instances where heavy trucks have been ordered off dirt roads in Virginia. They naturally run best on hard-surface roads and do not injure them materially. They save time and labor in such districts. As one user has said: "The truck greatly decreases the distance in time between farm and town, an item which may mean a good many dollars saved when there are hogs to be hauled on a hot summer morning." Some farmers emphasize the saving effected when motor trucks are used to market

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



A MODEL COW BARN.

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Gasoline-Kerosene
2 to 30 H-P.
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Sold under two plans—1st. Simply order Churn; pay after 30 days trial; 2nd. Take orders from your friends—your commission quickly pays for Churn, thus you get your Leader Churn FREE. ORDER NOW.
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Send No Money Order direct from this adv. checking size of Churn wanted. You pay express charge only.
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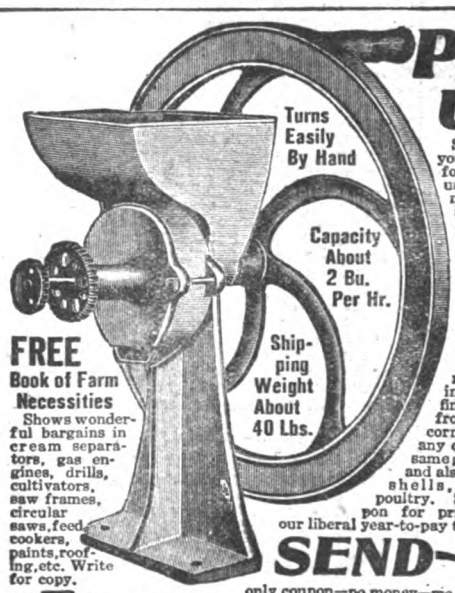
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This is only one of a hundred big sellers in our line. Our auto cleaning sets are going big, too! Write quick for details
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The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

the grain as it comes from the thresher in autumn. In some districts horses have been dispensed with in taking the grain from the separator. The sentiment seems to be in favor of one-ton motor trucks for ordinary farm use.

The manure spreader is one of the most popular implements on the modern farm, or it may be asserted that no farm is modern unless a manure spreader is used. It enables one man to haul and spread without assistance ten loads of manure or more, while five or six loads made up a good day's work when spreading was done by hand. The spreading also is very much better done than by hand. Experience teaches that it is better policy to spread the year's output of manure thinly upon a wide area of land than to spread it thickly on a small area. The spreader does the thin spreading evenly and quickly, and as many a farm makes from 100 to 200 loads of manure annually, the saving is immense when it can be quickly and evenly spread. The manure spreader can also be used to distribute lime and fertilizer by putting a layer of about an inch of wet straw on the apron to prevent the lime stone from sifting through. Another great advantage in favor of the manure spreader is that by daily use it keeps the stables clean and sanitary, which was not the case when manure was piled under the windows and in the stock yard.

Several forms of straw-spreaders also have been perfected and are in use on large farms where years ago the straw was burned shortly after threshing. Some farmers bale straw and sell it for use in the army or city stables, but that is poor policy. The best way of disposing of straw is to feed that which is palatable, bright oat straw especially, and use the remainder as bedding for animals, mulching purposes or spreading and plowing under. A special spreader makes it an easy matter to get the straw onto the fields, and it has been found profitable to utilize it in that way.

Plowing the Land

Readers of COMFORT no doubt have seen pictures of great tractors hauling numbers of plows on the wide, level prairie wheat fields of the Northwest and Far West, or immense machines that not only harvest the crop when ripe but thresh and sack the grain at one operation. They are also aware that without such machines wheat raising on a large scale would be impossible or unprofitable in remote districts where farm hands are scarce and wages correspondingly high. To them such implements are a mere matter of curiosity or astonishment, and they may not be aware that for small farms such as theirs comparatively inexpensive modifications of such tools now are available.

The small farm tractor recently has been introduced and is fast coming into use. In Europe such tractors also are doing much of the farm work and in many places they are operated by women.

These tractors at first were intended principally for plowing, but now they not only do that work but furnish the power for threshing, silo filling, wood sawing and grain grinding. More recently special tractors have been devised that can be used to cultivate corn about as readily as a team of horses. A tractor of this type, with a cultivating or harvesting implement attached, forms one unit and is operated by one man. He sits on the implement at the center of all controls of both tractor and implement and can see the work he is doing. Formerly the implements were hauled by the tractor and often required a man or two to work them properly, in addition to the expert mechanic. The tractor now works ahead like a team of horses, but does not require the use of horses to complete its work. The entire outfit turns short, backs readily, and makes fence corners produce.

It may be said, however, that tractors thus far have, as a rule, only been bought and used by men who own comparatively large farms that are level and easy to work with such machines. It would seem advisable, too, that the man who is to invest in a tractor should have some ability as a mechanic so that he will be able to keep the machine in order and insure it a fairly long life of utility. It is most important in making such a purchase that the tractor chosen should have proved practical and profitable in the field, and it is therefore a good plan to select one that has been used to advantage in the district in which the purchaser lives, or that has been tried out and found practical by the agricultural engineers of the state agricultural experiment station.

Requirements for Agricultural Tractors

The official report of the judges on extensive tractor trials held in England last September ends with some very practical suggestions which may be summarized as follows:

CONSTRUCTION.—It is deemed a great necessity that simplicity of construction should be very carefully considered in an agricultural tractor as such a machine has to be worked by men who have little mechanical knowledge and often at long distances from any place of repair. Strength is very important both in build and engine power, and it is best to have a considerable reserve of both, as through a sudden and great variation of land a heavy strain is often quickly imparted to the machine. The engine and as many of the working parts as possible should be well enclosed, as at work both dust and dirt have to be guarded against.

TRACTOR WHEELS IN FURROW.—While not convinced that it is in every case desirable to have one of the tractor wheels running in the furrow, the judges observed that when this is the case the tractor is more or less self-steering and allows the operator to devote more attention to the plow. The furrow wheels, however, should be of such a width as not to necessitate the making of too wide a furrow.

CATERPILLAR TRACKS.—The use of caterpillar tracks undoubtedly reduces the pressure per square inch on the land, and where well designed may permit of plowing under conditions where a wheeled tractor could not be used. There is, however, room for further investigation as to the wearing capacity of these tracks and as to whether an efficient system of protection of the wearing parts and their proper lubrication can be devised.

SPEED.—The judges gave it as their opinion that a tractor, to be satisfactory for all kinds of farm work, should have three speeds, varying from two to five miles an hour.

POSITION OF EXHAUST.—The exhaust should be so placed that it will not be a nuisance to the operator or have a deleterious effect upon the machinery attached to the tractor.

DRAW-BARS, ETC.—The desirability of spring attachments between the tractor and plough or other implements, combined with a release device in case of severe shocks, was emphasized. The draw-bar connections are still capable of improvement and these should admit of alterations both horizontally and vertically. The judges believe that these fitments should be an integral part of the tractor.

LIGHT-WEIGHT TRACTORS.—They were pleased to observe that a large number of the tractors which did good work were of comparatively light weight, and that the tendency of the makers is more and more in that direction.

Horse Drawn Plows and Disks

Walking and gang plows to be pulled by horses also have been greatly improved of recent years. More important, perhaps, has been the improvement in the manner in which horses are used to operate plows, disks and drags. Better multiple hitches for eight, six and four-horse teams have been devised and have been illustrated in the farm papers and demonstrated in the field. They have proved the great flexibility in power in horses for farm work. Thus one eight-horse team on a double disk with a harrow behind may later be broken into two four-horse teams for seeding, or into one pair for planting and a four for harrowing and an extra pair for general work, or a little later into four separate teams for cultivating. "No other source of power in actual use on the farm," says Wayne Dinsmore, secretary of the Percheron Society of America, "has this flexibility, and the same applies to hauling; for, when six-horse teams are needed on heavy loads, they can be used readily, but can be broken into three teams and put on three separate jobs when necessity requires." He refers in these remarks to heavy draft horses of fine quality which are the only animals that can do farm work efficiently in competition with the tractor.

Pulverizing Implements

To obtain "fine tilth," as it is called, or, in other words, finely pulverized soil, many different implements now are used according to the character of the soil. Heavy clay requires most careful and judicious handling. If it is plowed or disked when wet it may prove absolutely impossible to form a fine, porous seed bed, but plowed and disked at the right time, various kinds of harrows or drags soon get it into good condition. Spring-tooth and heavy drags do the heavy work and wood-frame lever harrows follow. An all-steel harrow cart is a new improvement. Walking after the harrows always was a most tiring job, for to do good work the horses must be made to travel fast. Now the operator attaches the cart to any style of drag harrow, and it saves him many days' hard tramp. Such a cart with 24-inch wheels weighs 95 pounds.

Steel zigzag harrows are new and popular, especially for light soil in the wheat country of the Northwest. There are three sections and each has twenty teeth, and cuts three feet wide. Heavy oak frame harrows still are very popular. Sections are independently connected to the draw-bar with drop link clevises allowing flexibility. The 150-tooth harrow cuts 26 feet, has one center, two wide and two narrow side sections, and a four-horse draw-bar which is fitted with a sheave-pulley and roller chain draft-equalizer. It can be used as a 78-tooth or as a 102-tooth harrow by separating the sections and using a shorter draw-bar. Disk harrows, which are becoming more and more popular, now are made with or without tongues. A new type has cut-out disks, and one can also buy a reversible disk harrow and cultivator for corn and another type for use in orchards. The latter may be had with extensions and tree guards.

Corn Crop Tools

What wonderful improvements have been made, in recent years, in all implements used for seeding, working and harvesting the corn crop. Two- and four-wheel sulky listers are now much in use and a combined lister and drill is available. One can also buy a serviceable one-horse power wheel corn drill, or a handy force feed cotton and corn planter. Then come the big flat and forced drop double-row corn planters, with check rower attachments now universally used in the big corn-fields of the Middle West, and one can buy a two-cylinder rotary seed corn grader so that the seed may be properly prepared to work well in the planter. A big two-row cotton and corn planter also is on the market, and we are glad to note the introduction of a powerful cotton and corn-stalk cutting machine for cleaning up a field for a small grain crop. Then, of course, there are several fine makes of corn cutting and binding harvesters and simpler ones that cut but do not bind, so that one need not do so much back-bending in cutting corn for silo filling.

Corn cultivators nowadays are a positive pleasure to operate, compared with the old-fashioned, crude walking cultivators we had to use thirty or forty years ago. The draft has been greatly lessened and the machine also is easier on the workman, while all manner of attachments have been devised, from shovels and disks to fine weed cutting teeth and knives. One can now work the crop level and form an effective dust mulch to conserve moisture, which is of great importance, or "plow" deeply, or throw the dirt up to the plants at will. The old tools should be at once discarded in favor of these newer, better, time-saving and yield-increasing cultivators.

Silo Filling Machines

Filling the silo is a big job at best, and one that many farmers dread, but the manufacturers certainly have done their part in simplifying and lessening the labor necessary to harvest and store the silage corn crop for winter use. They have supplied low-wheeled truck wagons for hauling and all sorts of fine cutters and carriers and blowers, with devices also for wetting down too dry corn as it enters the blower. Gasolene and kerosene burning engines for the work also have been greatly improved, nor is the price so high that the prosperous farmer cannot afford such a machine to do his wood sawing, grain grinding, pumping, and even threshing, as well as silo filling. Where one farmer cannot afford to own a large outfit for such work, a number of farmers in one neighborhood can join in the purchase, and such "team work" rapidly is coming into vogue, and giving good satisfaction in many farm districts.

Machine Handling the Potato Crop

It used to be one of the irksome jobs of each spring season to cut the potato "sets," but this work has been simplified by the use of improved cutting knives or a cutting box. Many growers, however, prefer to plant whole tubers and separate them with graders which screen out the smaller potatoes and hold in the large, fine ones for selling. The potatoes then are put in the ground by means of a modern planter which picks the tubers up with flexible fingers on an endless chain and sets them at correct depth and distance apart in the well-prepared soil. Then there are several different styles of row sprayers for the treatment of the growing vines to kill potato bugs and prevent early and late leaf blight. Some spray a number of rows at one time, but knapsack sprayers are provided for the small grower or gardener. Fine tools also have been devised for keeping the crop free from weeds and forming a surface mulch, and when the crop is ripe diggers are available which quickly raise the tubers and shake them free from earth and vines. The greatest improvements have of recent years been made in the horse-drawn digger, and it now is about perfect for work in mellow potato land and no longer mutilates the tubers.

Haying by Machinery

Hay has become so scarce and dear that labor-saving devices more than ever have become imperative in the hay fields. Mowers have been increased in width of cutting bar, and decreased in draft and now do their work splendidly, and some of them even have been made readily adjustable for side-hill use. On one that we have noticed is a side-bunching or collecting device which makes it easier to follow with a self-loader. Where such a device is not used the side-delivery rake quickly puts the hay into rows for the loader. If the hay is not quite dry enough for loading or has been wetted by rain, efficient tedders may be used to shake it up, and then there are several forms of "sweeps," by means of which hay in large quantities may be carried to the stack without loading it on wagons. Such sweeps deliver onto other long-toothed holders which hoist the hay onto the stack, or should such stackers not be used, the new pattern forks or slings will raise a load onto the stack in two to four "bites."

Great improvements also have been made in other implements for handling hay. One of them is a sliding top for the hayrack to use with the hay loader, a revolving hayrack for the same purpose, a drum hoist for pulling the hay rope for stacking or mowing into the barn, a tilting-platform mower for sliding the hay to either side of the mow as desired, and a ball-bearing swivel for fastening the end of the hay rope to the hay track carrier. This device prevents the hay rope from twisting when pulling up the hay, and is considered a great improvement. Another fine machine is the self-threading hay press, in which the wires for tying the bales are threaded through the press at the proper time by two arms and held until tied. This obviates the necessity of using blocks to separate the bales and of threading the wires by hand.

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AFTER such an overgrown winter as we have had, these April days, with the smell of spring in the air, make me so happy that I could dance a jig on the housetops. Not that I ever have or really ever expect to, but I've heard of it being done and it is a belief of mine that whatever has been done before can be done again. That's a good point to remember, girls, instead of giving up a more worthy task as impossible. However, I won't horrify my neighbors by such an unladylike action but will devote my surplus energy to answering the heap of letters before me. The first is from

PERPLEXED, Indiana, who thinks I have a "girl or two of my own." No, dear, I haven't, but that doesn't prevent me from understanding and loving other girls. I try to be a mother to all girls since it isn't my good fortune to have children of my own—and a home and a Ford and a husband and a cat and a dog and a canary. Give your girl friend and the young man a chance to explain before judging either. I'm inclined to think he is telling the truth but have it out with both of them, at the same time if necessary. If she has lied to you she isn't worthy of your friendship and love, so don't let it hurt you too much. (2) There were one or two grammatical errors in your letter but on the whole it was above the average I receive.

M. E. D., Pennsylvania.—My, but she's greedy! A regular pig! In love with her uncle and also a young man of twenty who has a very rich father. She wants uncle's farm, but if she marries him she can't marry this only child of a very rich father. I know something better than marrying either your uncle or the young man—marry his father!

MAY, Indiana.—Don't talk to people; find out what they are interested in and let them talk to you. It's as much of an art to be a good listener as it is to be a good talker. (2) Books, silver pencils, or fountain pens, are gifts welcomed by the average man. (3) You aren't too tall.

BROWN EYES, N. Mex.—It doesn't do a bit of harm for a girl of sixteen to *think* of eloping with a "handsome young man" of seventeen, if she confines herself to merely *thinking* about it and doesn't do it. That's my advice and if you follow it you'll thank me some day.

UNDECIDED, Mo.—Whether or not you marry the man who lowes you is for you to decide. If his ill health is permanent and he has only a pension of thirty dollars a month for the support of himself and wife—and family, doubtless—his love is very selfish. On the other hand, if you love him enough to share poverty with him and work with him, and for him if necessary, marry him and I'll admire you for it. But think it over first. (2) It isn't your "duty" to kiss him unless you want to, and if you feel that way about it you had better not marry him.

TED, West Virginia.—Greater love hath no man than he who giveth his marine blouse to another. Maybe it was too small for him, anyway, so don't judge his love by that alone. You might encourage him a little and find out how much he loves you; but for your own happiness and peace of mind don't love him very much unless you feel sure he loves you more.

VIRGINIA BRUNETTE, Virginia.—Better wait until he gets his divorce before you correspond with him. Wife or wife's lawyer might get hold of some of your letters and divorce suits are ugly things to be mixed up with—particularly as co-respondent.

PAL, California.—Bless you, my dear, you are a girl after my own heart and I'm sure we could be good pals, as I like to do all the things you do,—swimming and riding, but I haven't tried to stand on my head for some years. Of course I understand that you don't really do it, but merely that you prefer to wear clothes that allow you plenty of freedom, such as bloomers and gym shoes, so that you could if you wanted to. But you should know how to do housework even if you don't like it. I'd want my daughter, if I had one, to know how to cook and sew and do housework, as well as to shoot and ride and swim. Is there a Girl Scout organization near you?

JULIA, Texas.—Never mind, dear, if everybody says you are good looking. Maybe they aren't telling the truth and if they are there's lots worse things than being good looking—being conceited, for instance. Is it any harm to "set on a boy's lap if the car is so ful there ain't no room for you to set enywhere elce and enyway I love the boy's lap I was settin on." It may be that your love for his lap glorifies the action and makes it right. I don't know positively for I never loved anyone's lap. Poor fat men! They haven't much lap to be loved. (2) Boys don't waste a lot of time kissing their sisters so don't let them fool you with this sister-kiss stuff. It's old.

WHOSE GIRLS? Virginia.—Not mine, certainly. Am sorry to say it, but I don't think girls of fifteen and sixteen should go to a dance with two young men and without a chaperon, no matter how much they might want to. We always want to do the things we shouldn't. (2) Doubtless you "dare" to kiss them good night but it is better not to. Save your courage for a more worthy deed. Now you know I'm not "a lovable lady with auburn hair and a dimple," as you were kind enough to picture me. (3) Brown should be a becoming color for both.

ANXIOUS FOR HELP, Va.—Unfortunately I haven't any artists or teachers of drawing concealed in my desk or up my sleeve, as you seem to think. Send me a sample of your work and if it is worth while I'll advise you further.

LOUISE, Mo.—There's nothing you can do but keep silent. I shouldn't think you'd care about speaking to such a rude person anyway.

EDNA, Minn.—If your mother doesn't object it doesn't seem that there could be any harm in friendly letters, but be very careful what you write. What does your mother say about the Christmas gifts? You are an ambitious girl and I wish you success with your school work.

BLUE EYES, Mo.—When Mr. Right comes along, if he *is* Mr. Right, he will appreciate you all the more for your convictions. By "large" do you mean that you are fat? Reduce if you are, for fat and romance aren't good mixers.

GLADYS, N. C.—Love at first sight has been known to happen and it may be so in your case. Absence is a good love tester. How do you feel toward him now? (2) When in doubt—don't kiss.

BLONDY, Virginia.—Your spelling and writing would indicate more intelligence than your questions. If my fiance denied that he was engaged to me—well, he wouldn't be, that's all, particularly when it happened to be to a girl he was going out with.

Now I'm going to look for the Mayflowers which the April showers bring. Want to come with me?

By, by. COUSIN MARION.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Vie Wells, Water Valley, Ark., wishes to know the whereabouts of her brother, Ben Eaves, last heard of at Sacramento, Calif. Age, 31 years.

Mrs. C. W. Harmon, Van Buren, Ark., wishes to know the whereabouts of her uncle, Manson Short, or any of his children, John, Minnie, Annie, Hattie, Manson or Frank.

Mrs. Grace Hall, Hartman, Colo., would like to hear from her half-sister, whose maiden name was Lizzie Brummitt, last heard of in Oklahoma.

Mrs. Katie Pattridge, Abbott, R. R. 1, Ark., is anxious to hear from her brother, John M. Smith, and wife, Augusta, last heard of eleven years ago at Holdenville, Okla. They have two children, Amy and Florence.

Mrs. M. J. Crainshaw, 240 W. Carbin St., Concord, N. C., would appreciate any information of her brother, Jim Dulin, age 70 years, last heard from in Texas twenty years ago.

Any information regarding the whereabouts of Joseph E. and Roxie Loovarn would be gratefully received by their sister, Mrs. F. M. Adams, Bowdon, Route 5, Ga.

Maggie Palmer, Sulphur, Okla., would be glad to receive any information of her brother, Samiel E. Tromell, age 35 years.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of George Scott, age about 66, last heard of 35 years ago in Pentwater, Mich., kindly notify his daughter, Mrs. Ora Freeman, Pentwater, Mich.

Wanted:—To hear from the friends and relatives of the Dyers of Milam, Palo Pinto and Coleman Counties in Texas. M. L. Irby, R. R. 6, Rockdale, Texas.

Ceph Clements, Warrior, R. R. 2, Ala., would appreciate the addresses of his friends, Eugene Clardy and Billy Browning.

George Harsch, son of Mrs. Sophia Harsch, 3 Myrtle St., Le Roy, N. Y., left home six months ago and no trace of him has been found. Any information would be gratefully received by his mother. Should he, himself, see this advertisement, his mother wishes him to write her even though he wants to remain where he is now located.

If any COMFORT reader knows the whereabouts of Mrs. F. R. Waterman, last heard of in Omaha, Nebr., kindly write to W. H. Taylor, St. Pauls, R. R. 2, N. C.

Anyone knowing the location of Captain Edward Drake, Co. A, 124th Infantry, kindly write Mrs. M. F. Vinson, R. R. 1, Rhea, Ark.

Mrs. Elvira Reynolds, Vista, Missouri, would like information concerning her uncle, Angus Orr, age between 75 and 80 years; when last heard from was salesman in a lumber yard in Michigan.

If any COMFORT reader knows the present address of Mrs. Josephine Mitchell, who formerly lived in Helena, Mont., kindly write Mrs. Nellie Rosenwall, 21 Spencer St., Helena, Mont.

Mrs. Ella Sund, R. R. 2, Sandy, Utah, wishes to hear from Mrs. J. Amos Barrett, last heard of in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1910.

Mrs. J. F. Mize, Pulaski, R. R. 1, Tenn., wishes information of her son, Loyd Mize, who left home December 22, 1919. He has dark brown eyes, dark complexion, short forehead, light hair and weighs about 98 pounds. He was dressed in a dark brown mixed wool suit, overcoat of corduroy and blue cap. If any COMFORT reader knows any information about this person, please communicate with his mother.

Cloumn Mamie Furtick, R. R. 6, Box 228, Charlotte, N. C., wants information of Brice Moody, age 18 years. Has black hair, blue eyes and was last heard of in Little Rock, Ark.

Mrs. James George, Greenville, R. R. 48, Pa., would greatly appreciate any information regarding her brother, Charles R. Clark.

Special 3 Beautiful Madras Dress Shirts

$1.00 Down



Great Introductory Shirt Bargain

3 Different Patterns in Each Set

These 3 fine, handsome, high class Madras dress shirts sent you for only $1.00 down. Act now. We have only a limited number of these splendid quality shirts. Money back instantly if you ask for it after you see them. Send the coupon now.

Biggest Value We Ever Offered In a Men's Shirt Set

Splendid set of three very fine negligee dress shirts of superior quality Madras. Patterns all entirely different in color and design. Handsome, rich, glossy weaves and latest designs in harmonising colored stripes on white background. Cut coat style. Very full and carefully made with French double turn back cuffs and fine pearl buttons. Will wash and launder well. The kind of shirt you will be proud to wear without coat or vest. Packed three assorted patterns of same size in a set. Sizes 14 to 18. Be sure to state size. Order by No. S-15. $1.00 with coupon, $1.70 monthly. Total price $10.95.

6 Months to Pay

These three splendid shirts cost you less than six cents a day. Buy the Elmer Richards way. Six full months to pay in sums so small you will not feel them. Latest styles and biggest values in clothing and shoes. No charge for credit—no cash discount. We trust honest people everywhere. All business men use their credit. Use yours.

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Don't delay. This bargain offer is only open for a limited time. Remember, you take no risk. Shirts come on approval. Money back if you say so. Don't miss this chance. Mail the coupon now.

Elmer Richards Co.
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Elmer Richards Co. No. S-15
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Gentlemen:—I enclose $1.00. Please send Men's

3 Madras Dress Shirt Set No. S-15 Size.....If I decide not to keep these shirts I can send them back at once and every cent I have paid will be returned without question. If I keep them I will pay $1.70 monthly. Total $10.95.

Name.....

Address.....

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

women who consider love and marriage a mere "pastime."

Thanking you for your consideration of a position like mine,

Love to all, E.

E.—We'll see what the men have to say in answer to your question but it would seem that you are taking the matter too seriously and dwelling upon it too much. Don't do it any more. —Ed.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Hot vinegar will remove splashes of paint from windows.

Silver stained with egg should be rubbed with damp salt before being washed.

If brown sugar is lumpy put it in a pan and set it over a dish of hot water.

Soak worn-out stockings in kerosene and dry. They make excellent dust-cloths.

Vinegar and fruit stains upon knives can be removed by rubbing with raw tomato.

Add a teaspoon of vinegar to a prune pie and the flavor will be greatly improved.

Spirits of camphor will remove white spots from varnish.—M. E. H., Milton, Mass.

Grease spots on leather chair may be removed by covering with the beaten white of an egg and letting dry in the sun.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)



10 Cents a Day Pays for This Symphonola

Plays all records, Victor, Columbia, Edison, Pathe, Little Wonder, Emerson. Take a year to pay, after 30 days' trial. Compare its tone for clearness, volume, with more costly instruments. Return at our expense if it fails to make good. Ask today for the Beautifully Illustrated Symphonola Book FREE Shows this and other Symphonola Styles sold on easy payments.

Symphonola Records Get our list of the latest song, dance, popular, clear sounding, full toned disc records. Playable on any Phonograph.

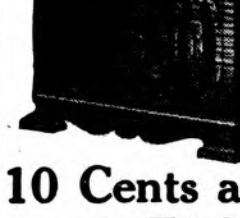
Larkin Co. Desk SCT 420, Buffalo, N. Y.

GIANT SWORD BEAN



A new BEAN we are introducing this year. Comes from Japan and the Growers claim that full pods measure up to **10 inches in length** and **2 inches wide.** Grows in any climate. Of excellent flavor as **String Beans.** Tender and delicious. Can't be beat for **BAKING.** A large handsome Bean. Try a few Packages this year. It's a **wonder.** One pkt. 10cts. 3 for 25c. 7 for 50c or 15 Packets for $1.00. By mail postpaid. The Kreiter-Murphy Co., Box 322, Stamford, Conn.

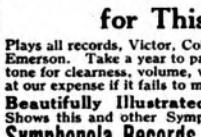
FREE LARGE GENUINE EASTMAN Premo Film Pack Camera, for selling 20 large colored pictures or 20 pkgs. post cards at 10c each. Order choice today. Sent prepaid. GATES MFG. CO., DEPT. 225 CHICAGO



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Whatever you need—from a drumstick to the highest priced cornets in the world. Used by the Army and Navy. Send for big catalog; liberally illustrated, fully descriptive. Mention what instrument interests you. Free trial. Easy payments. Sold by leading music stores everywhere.

LYON & HEALY 59-80 JACKSON BLVD., CHICAGO



FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.38 C.O.D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

KRAUTH & REED, Dept. 13 MASONIC TEMPLE CHICAGO



Needed —like rubbers in wet weather

Because Piso's protects the children by soothing irritated and tickly throats—allaying troublesome coughs and hoarseness.

Keep Piso's in the medicine cabinet ready for instant use. It saves weary trips at night and brings quick relief.

30c at your druggist's. Contains no opiate. Good for young and old

PISO'S for Coughs & Colds



FREE Sell 30 Novelty Pins at 10c. When sold send $3.00 and we'll send stem wind watch, or keep $1.00. Clare Watch Co. A4, Chicago

25 POSTALS, Birthday, Views, Flower, Lovers, etc. Silk Flag Free. Magnus A. Hess, 412 So. Laflin, Chicago. 10c

HAND KNITTING WOOL

SAVES MONEY. Keeps your hands happy. Makes others happier. Direct from maker to you. All-wool, four-ply yarn—soft, durable, easy knitting with comfortable "give."

Oxford White, Natural Black Navy, Salmon Peacock Canary, Khaki Turquoise

Sent postpaid, insured, the day we get your order. Free samples sent on request; 2-lb. carton (4 hanks to lb.), $3 per lb.; 5-lb. carton, $2.80 per lb. Send check, money order or bank draft. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

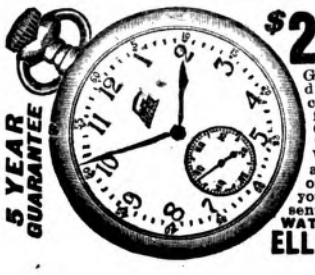
F. W. WALTER, Dept. B, 48 Letitia Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Buy Today 10 Months To Pay

According to our simple, easy payment plan, we will send you this magnificent cluster ring for your examination, express prepaid. If satisfied, pay only $15.50 and keep it; **balance in ten monthly payments of $6.20 each. 10% discount for cash.** Cluster has seven perfectly matched, blue-white, perfect-cut, gorgeous Diamonds skillfully set in white gold to resemble a solitaire worth $175.00. Guarantee value bond with every Diamond purchase. SWEET'S Policy—You must be satisfied or no sale. Write for FREE de luxe catalogue **No. 7J.** It brings Maiden Lane's Best right in your home. *Liberty Bonds accepted at face value.*

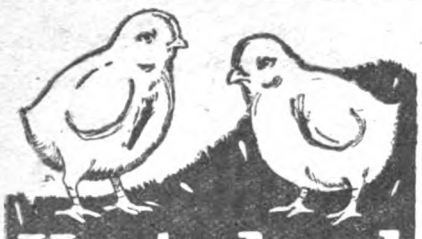
L. W. SWEET & CO., Dept. 7 J, 2-4 Maiden Lane, New York.



$2.95 SAMPLE WATCH FREE

Genuine full standard size railroad style watch with locomotive on dial and locomotive handsomely engraved on back. Full nickel plated case, extra dust proof, Arabic numerals on dial, heavy R. R. style figures. Genuine American make, stem wind and set, fully **GUARANTEED for 5 YEARS.** To advertise our business and introduce this wonderful watch and our great catalogue of Elgin, Waltham and Hampden watches, we will send this elegant watch to any address by mail post paid for **ONLY $2.95** and if you sell two of these watches we will give you **ONE SAMPLE WATCH FREE** for your trouble. Send this advertisement with $2.95 and watch will be sent by mail postpaid, or send $5.90 for two and we will send **ONE EXTRA WATCH FREE.** Order today as this offer may not appear again. Address

ELLIOTT, PHELPS CO. 1112 Morton Bldg, Chicago, Ill.



Hatched 65 Chicks Without A Loss

Mrs. J. W. Price, Maxwelton, W. Va. writes: "I fed 65 chicks your Developer. They were hatched last April and on July 29th they weighed 2½ pounds a piece. Can you beat that anywhere?"

Raise All Your Chicks

It isn't how many chicks you hatch; it's how many chicks you raise. Mayer's Chick Developer has helped thousands of Poultry raisers to raise their chicks without loss. It is a tonic, highly concentrated, and builds tissue, blood and bone. This scientific preparation is given to baby chicks and growing chickens for the same reason that we give our babies scientific food preparations. Use it and you will be amazed with the results.

2 Big Regular $2.00 Sacks $4.00 Worth for Only $2.00

I want everyone who raises poultry to use my Chick Developer this year. I want to prove to you that it does all that I claim for it. If you don't raise more chicks than you ever did; if you don't raise at least 95% of your entire hatch, let me know and I'll refund your money.

Send No Money

Mail the coupon now and I will send you the two big regular $2.00 sacks of Chick Developer for only $2.00, all carrying charges prepaid. When the sacks arrive, simply pay your postman the $2.00. My two sacks weigh about two pounds, and a teaspoonful of the preparation goes a long way. Full feeding directions come with every sack. ORDER NOW.

2 Sacks $2.00
6 Sacks 4.50
12 Sacks 8.50

MAYER'S HATCHERY
645 Washington Ave. N.
Minneapolis - Minn.

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Send me.....sacks Chick Developer, for which I will pay my postman $.....
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Town.....
State..... R. F. D.....



Baby Chick Book FREE

tells why chicks die and how to save them—how to keep your poultry strong and healthy—how to rid them of white diarrhoea and other diseases—how to increase egg production when eggs are scarce. Write today for this free book, and we will also send you on approval, at our risk and expense, a full sized standard package of Macnair's Chicken Powder, the guaranteed baby chick tonic, poultry vitalizer and egg producer. Send no money, but write today to **Macnair Poultry Products Co., Dept. 221, 47 S. Gay Street, Baltimore, Md.**

POULTRY AND PIGEONS FOR PROFIT



Foy's big book tells all about it. Contains many colored plates—an encyclopedia of poultry information, poultry houses, feeding for eggs, etc. *Written by a man who knows.* Sent for 5 cents. Low prices, fowls and eggs.
FRANK FOY, BOX 6, CLINTON, IOWA.

Baby Chicks



20 leading varieties, day old chicks. Safe delivery guaranteed. Postpaid. One of the largest and best equipped hatcheries in the United States. Catalog FREE.
Miller Poultry Farm, Box 501 Lancaster, Mo.



Incubator & Brooder both are made of California Redwood. Incubator covered with asbestos and galvanized iron; triple walls, copper tank, nursery, egg tester, thermometer. 30 days' trial—money back if not O.K. Write for FREE catalog.
Ironclad Incubator Co. Box 21 Racine, Wis.

$12.95 Buys 140-Egg Champion Belle City Incubator



Hot-Water, Copper Tank, Double Walls Fibre Board, Self-Regulated. With 37.55 Hot-Water 140-Chick Brooder—both only $18.50



Freight Prepaid East of Rockies & allowed on express. **Guaranteed.** My **Special Offers** provide ways to earn **extra money.** Order Now, or write for book, **"Hatching Facts."** —It's **Free** and tells all. Jim Rohan, Pres.
Belle City Incubator Co., Box 135 Racine, Wis.

Prevent Bowel Trouble—Big Hatches.

How to get better hatches; avoid chick death from bowel trouble and get more fertile eggs is explained in a new bulletin sent free to those who write at once to the American Poultry School, Department 318, Kansas City, Missouri.—Adv.

Army Auction Bargains

Tents	$4.25 up	C. W. revolvers	$2.65 up
Saddles	4.65 up	Army Haversacks	.15 up
Uniforms	1.50 up	Knapsacks	.75 up
Teamharness	26.85	Army Gun slings	.30 up

Spring. Rem. cal. 30 single shot rifle for model 1903 cartridges, $7.77 Ball cart. $3.50 per 100
15 acres Army Goods. Large illustrated cyclopedia reference catalog—428 pages—Issue 1920, mailed 50 cents. New Circular 10 cents
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CARDS Send 10 cents for large Sample Album of Hidden Name, Silk Fringe, Envelope, Friendship, Joker's, Lover's and all other Kinds of Cards, Post Cards and Premiums. Star Bean Catcher and list 999 Songs given Free. No trash. **OHIO CARD CO., 9-417 Columbus, Ohio.**



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Good Equipment a Strong Factor in Success

PEOPLE who have only a few hens and have plenty of time can get along without equipment, because they can fuss with food and water and such things at all hours of the day. A man or woman who starts poultry raising with the idea of developing a business may be compelled for want of capital to do without necessary fixings, but just as soon as there are any profits coming in, up-to-date, labor-saving devices should be acquired, because they save time; and time is money when you are running a business enterprise. Besides which, they usually mean greater comfort for the stock, and that increases production, and most certainly they lend an air of prosperity and business enterprise to the establishment, which impresses visitors. But the real advantage lies in the saving of time, an advantage to stock. Take self-feeders, for instance. They need only to be filled once or twice a week, according to the number of hens you keep, and the sized hopper you buy. Fill them with dry mash, and the hens can take a little whenever they want it, just as they would if they were out on free range; an economy in feeding, for when they take it little and often through the day, they eat reasonably what they really need at the regular feed hours, instead of gobbling up all their crops will hold, which is more than they can assimilate or use, either for bodily heat or production of eggs, so a great part of the food which has cost money simply overtaxes the birds' digestive organs and upsets their health, without in any way benefiting the poor man who has spent his money for feed.

The automatic hopper for small grain is another time saver, and most valuable to the man or woman who is occupied during the middle of the day, and can only feed at night and morning. The automatic is worked by the hens themselves. The smell of the grain attracts them, and they jump on the base, which releases a spring, and scatters grain on the litter, so that the hens have to scratch for it, which insures their getting plenty of exercise. Drinking fountains are really a sanitary necessity, and should be one of the first things bought. Trap nests, incubators and brooders have all been discussed rather fully in the early spring numbers, so I shan't give them any space this month.

Of course, a well constructed house, with practical accessories, means quick and easy work, and well-made brood coops are just as necessary. Have you ever kept track of the time spent in opening and closing makeshift brood coops, where pieces of board have got to be put up in front of openings, or some such contrivance? Then there is always the fear that the work has been done in a hurry, and the stone or stick may slip down, and leave an opening for the chicks to slip through in the early morning before the grass is dry, and when stray cats or hawks are prowling about, ready to pounce down and destroy the poor little creatures.

The henhouses are the foundation of an up-to-date plant, but I have enumerated some of the small things first, because singly they don't cost very much, and can be bought from week to week, as money comes in. A new house requires quite a sizable amount of cash. However, it should be built as soon as you can possibly manage it, for good housing increases egg production, materially lessens the fear of disease and hastens ultimate success for a flock of birds numbering twenty-five or forty. The open front insures circulation of fresh air and ventilation, so the house is especially valuable for sections of the country where they have cold winters, as the constant circulation of air night and day prevents the birds getting overheated during the night and chilled in the early morning, which they are very apt to do when closed houses are used. I will try to explain the construction and inside fixtures so clearly that any handy man can build it without the help of a carpenter.

The house should be located on dry, well-drained land, and should face south or a little east of south. Twelve posts are needed, five for each side and one for the center of each end. Post holes should be made three feet, and posts should be well tamped to make them firm. Sills of four by four-inch stock are laid level on top of posts and spiked to them. Ends are halved to match sill joints.

Nest is placed with entrance at drop board level (two feet above top of sill). Food hopper and water pail are at convenient height for fowls. We prefer to place them high and to make a slatted platform in front of each for fowls to fly up to. This keeps food and water up out of litter and dirt. It also leaves more free floor space, as floor beneath platform is open and available. If rear section is made two feet deeper, making whole house sixteen feet deep, it will give room for one more roost and give a capacity of forty layers for winter or thirty for summer; fowls confined to house or with only a small yard. Nests are simple boxes twelve by twenty-four inches, inside measure, open at north end only and have shed-roof hinged cover. With more than twenty-five fowls a second nest should be supplied.

Building Instructions

Door placed in east wall between two highest studs, with bottom just below top of sill to break joint and stop draft. Door opens outward and hinges on north side. A screen door of one-inch mesh netting should be made to open in, just inside of solid door. This is useful in summer time or at any time when it is desired to have door open. A litter board from floor level to four to six inches above sill is used to keep all litter in rear section of house. It should be made removable, resting in cleats. Front section should have sand or earth floor only. In rear section use clean oat straw litter or dry leaves. This house may be made with sand or gravel floor only filled in to top of sill, but we use light wooden floors and raise the house on blocks. Sand and litter should be renewed as often as needed.

After sills are laid studs should be placed in position and nailed to sills. Plates are spiked to top of studs after making sure to have them plumb. Rafters are lightly notched to engage plate. Side boards should be put on in horizontal position and should be covered with good roofing fabric. Roof boards lay east and west. Joints of sides with roof should be flush and smooth. Roofing fabric for sides should go up and down and should lap on roof about one foot. This gives a windproof joint. Eaves at north end of house should be made by a double course to project three inches. Roof covering should be laid to roll east and west with generous laps, and should allow only four inches of shingle course to make eaves in same manner as north end.

Windows for semi-monitor top should be three three-light common small cellar windows, and should be screwed tightly in position to make a wind and storm proof joint. These windows may be removed in hot summer weather, but in cold climates should be firmly fixed in place from September 1st until first settled warm weather in June. West window may also be removed in hot summer weather and replaced by wire screen. With windows out in warm weather, the house is cool and comfortable even in "dog days."

Front Elevation

The front is boarded up from bottom eighteen inches to break floor drafts and is also boarded down six inches from top. Balance is one quarter inch wire netting. Door for fowls is only break in wire front, and is closed by a board shutter run in cleats on the inside.

Nest boxes, which contain two nests each, are placed at each end of the house. The dropping board is eighteen inches above the floor, three feet wide, and runs the full length of the back wall. The roosting frame, consisting of one or three perches, according to the number of birds which are to occupy the roosting house, is elevated on nine-inch legs above the dropping board. Three self-feeding hoppers stand on a shelf fixed on the wall of the east end of the house, and eighteen inches above the floor. A perch is fixed in front of them, so the birds can hop upon it while helping themselves to dry mash, grit or oyster shell. A water fountain stands on a smaller shelf on the west end wall, and, of course, a perch in front of it. Lifting the feed and water on shelves leaves all the floor space free, and prevents feed or litter being scratched into them. Whatever else you may omit in the way of inside fixtures, don't forget to put in a board to keep back all litter, otherwise it will be scratched up under the windows and get wet every time there is a driving rain or snowstorm. And then, ten to one, it will become moldy, and within a month or so birds will commence to show signs of sickness, for moldy bedding causes trouble with breathing and digestive organs, and is often the unsuspected cause of serious epidemics.

Lice Exterminator

One of the most difficult problems which the poultry keeper has to meet is that of keeping his poultry houses and stock reasonably free from lice, mites and other external parasites.

In keeping a poultry plant free from lice there are two points of attack; one, the birds themselves; the other, the houses, nest boxes, roosting boards, etc.

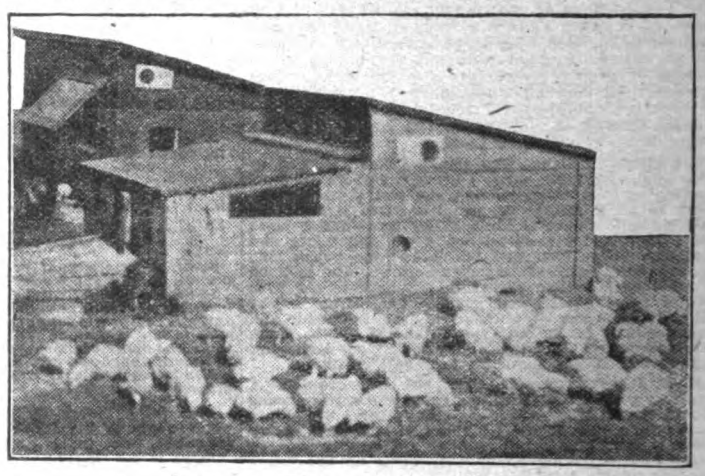
In using any kind of lice powder on the birds themselves, it should always be remembered that a single application of powder is not sufficient. When there are lice present on a bird, there are always unhatched eggs of lice (nits) present, too. The proper procedure is to follow up a first application of powder with a second at an interval of four days to a week. If the birds are badly infested at the beginning it may be necessary to make still a third application. To clean the cracks and crevices of the woodwork of houses and nests of lice and vermin, a liquid spray or paint is probably the most desirable form of application.

A splendid lice powder may be made at a cost of only a few cents a pound in the following way: Take three parts of gasolene and one part of crude carbolic acid; mix these together, and add gradually with stirring, enough plaster of Paris to take up all the moisture. The liquid and the dry plaster should be thoroughly mixed and stirred so that the liquid will be uniformly distributed throughout the plaster. When enough plaster has been added, the resulting mixture will be a dry, pinkish brown powder having a fairly strong carbolic odor and a rather less pronounced gasolene odor.

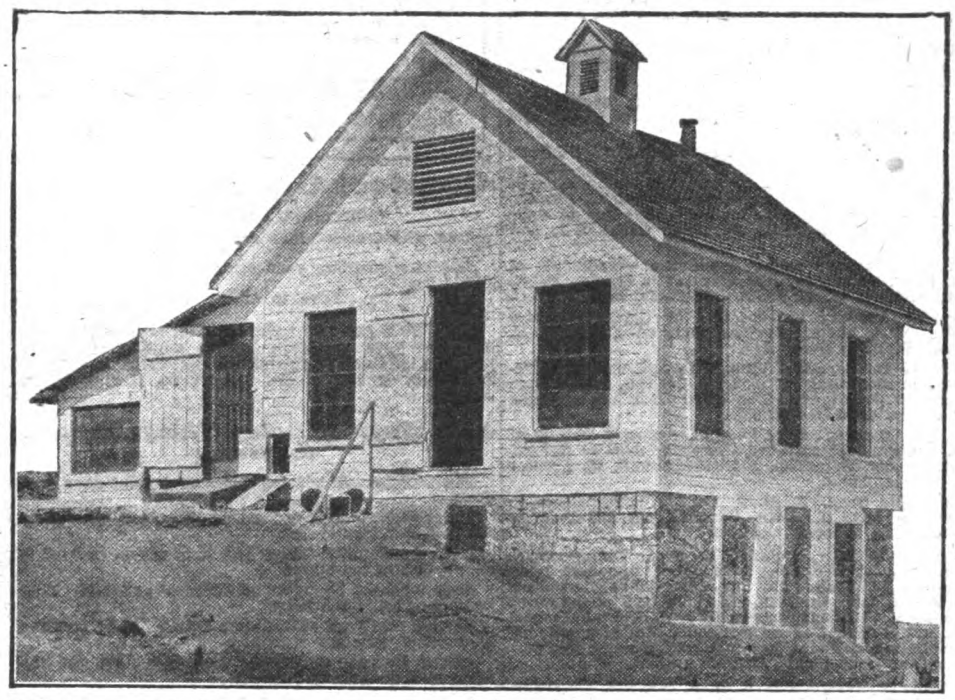
Do not use more plaster in mixing than is necessary to blot up the liquid. This powder is to be worked into the feathers of the birds affected with vermin. The bulk of the application should be in the feathers around the vent and on the ventral side of the body and in the fluff under the wings. Its efficiency, which is greater than that of any other lice powder known to the writer, can be very easily demonstrated by anyone to his own satisfaction. Take a bird that is covered with lice and apply the powder in the manner just described. After the lapse of about a minute, shake the bird, loosening its feathers with the fingers at the same time, over a clean piece of paper. Dead and dying lice will drop on the paper in great numbers. Anyone who will try this experiment will have no further doubt of the wonderful efficiency and value of this powder.

For a spray or paint to be applied to roosting boards, nest boxes, or walls and floor of the henhouses, the following preparation is used: Three parts of kerosene and one part crude carbolic acid. This is stirred up when used, and may be applied with any of the hand spray pumps or with a brush.

In both these formulas it is highly important that crude carbolic acid be used instead of the purified product. Be sure and insist on the druggist giving you crude carbolic acid. It is a dark brown, dirty looking fluid, and its value depends on the fact that it contains tar oil and tar bases in addition to the pure phenol (carbolic acid).



LITTLE CHICKS AND OUTDOOR BROODERS.



A Model Poultry House. The basement is used as an incubator cellar. Right-hand side of this room is fitted with a seven-compartment brooder where chicks stay until four weeks old, when they are moved to the lean-to brooder-house which has outdoor yards. Left-hand side of this room is used as feed room and at one end is a bench for killing and dressing the broilers which are marketed when from ten to twelve weeks old.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

M. M. W.—It would not be advisable to use permanganate of potassium in drinking water for little turkeys, because if you put enough in to kill any germs it would be too strong for the intestines of young birds. Better give them sour milk to drink. It is much safer. Yes; you can wipe the eggs with wood alcohol; it will answer as well as pure alcohol.

F. S.—The January and February numbers of COMFORT will help you on incubation and brooding. As you only intend to raise about 150 chicks, I don't think it would be advisable to buy a coal burner brooder. Better get a lamp heated outdoor brooder—a box brooder—or if you have a warm room in which to keep two or three home-made fireless brooders, they would answer very well for such a small number. See answer to M. J. F. in this number. Early in the spring, when the nights are still cold, chicks should be allowed access to a brooder at night, until eight weeks of age. In warm weather brooders may be dispensed with when the chicks are five or six weeks old.

F. E. S.—You don't give me any idea of the approximate age of the fowls, or how much you feed them, so it is quite difficult for me to tell whether they are suffering from rheumatism or the effect of liver trouble, as lameness is a symptom of both diseases. Is the house dry and well ventilated? Plenty of fresh cold air never hurts hens. Drafts and dampness are fatal. If a number of hens are kept in a tight, warm house, the moisture from the birds' breaths will collect on the walls and ceiling, and cause the house to become damp in cold weather. In such a case, the birds will be very likely to be suffering from rheumatism. Examine a few hens; if they feel fat and baggy, you may be pretty sure that you are feeding too heavily, and that the lameness is caused by liver complaint. For rheumatism, correct the troubles of the house. If the floor is damp, fill it in. If the house is small and has no ventilation, take out one or two of the windows and cover the openings with unbleached muslin. Rub the birds' shanks and feet with a mixture of two tablespoonfuls of sweet oil to one tablespoonful of spirits of turpentine. For liver

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

ROUGH ON RATS

Clear your house and keep it free of rats and mice with old reliable "Rough On Rats," Kills them all quickly — and they

"Dont Die in the House"

"Rough on Rats" successfully exterminates these pests where other preparations fail. Mix it with foods that rats and mice will eat. Change the kind of food whenever necessary. Don't be pestered—get "Rough on Rats" at drug and general stores. Send for booklet, "Ending Rats and Mice".
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Originator of "Rough On Rats".

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STANDARD FOOD & FUR ASS'N
305 A. Broadway New York

Pretty Girls' Club

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

It is really a fine height, as you fill out more. What you should do is to seek to gain in weight and fill out your figure. There isn't any way to "stop growing," my dear, but you probably will not add much more, if any, to your stature. Tall women need to be careful how they stand. Sometimes they are inclined to stoop over a little. That is a bad thing, for they need to stand well. To be straight does not make one a bit taller, indeed it adds grace to the inches we have. So cultivate a good backbone, my dear, and hold yourself well. Don't even let your chin sag but give it an independent poke into the air which sort of seems to say that you are exactly the right height and know it. About the scars, if they are recent they will no doubt soon pass away. It is against the rules of this department to give the names of any advertised articles, but any cream which you see constantly advertised in all the big magazines is pretty sure to be reliable. The only object of using a skin food in massaging a scar is to soften the skin as you manipulate it. It is the massaging which does the real work. You might try dampening the scars with a cloth dipped in peroxide of hydrogen, but do not use this more than once a day for a few days.

"CICERO."—Did you ask your druggist for toilet ammonia? You probably have the undiluted ammonia, though if you have added as much water as ammonia that ought not to be too strong. Your skin may be more than ordinarily sensitive. Unless it irritates your skin unduly, I should continue to use it.

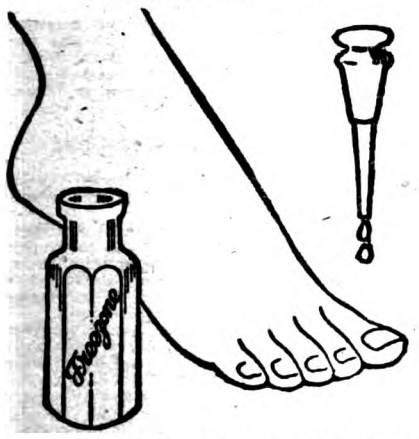
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Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS Hot water Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION



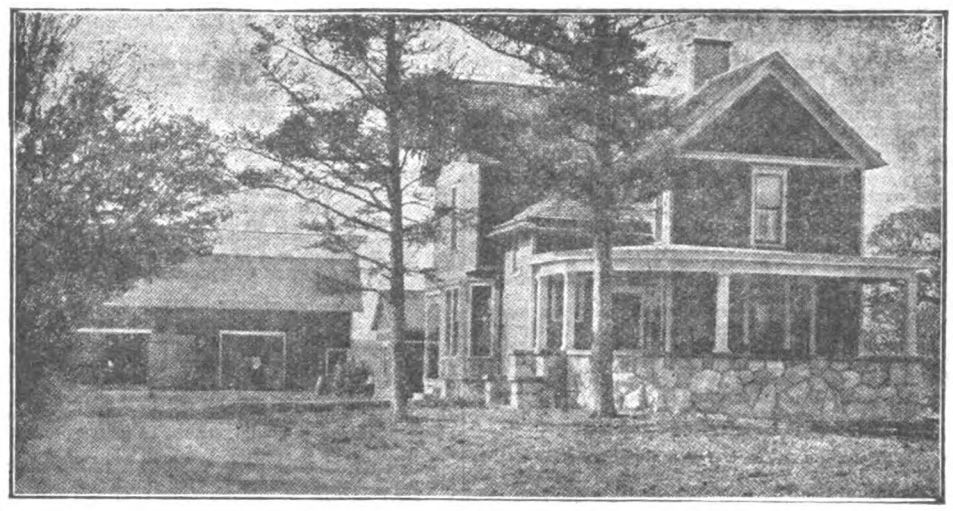
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Stamford, Conn.



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Home Supply Co., Dept. 607 Chicago, Ill.



FARM HOUSE EQUIPPED WITH ALL MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

Farm Improvements that Are Good Investments

"Let There Be Light"

AS the command, "Let there be light," found in the first chapter of Genesis, was the first necessity for human happiness upon this earth—so even today it still stands.

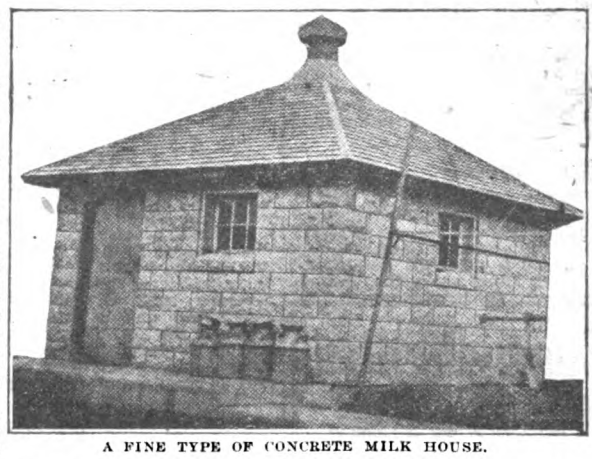
No home can fully enjoy the delights of a good book by the winter fireside without adequate light. Our grandfathers read by the glow of the huge logs upon the fire-dogs, our fathers by the kerosene lamp—but for us there is better light. This better light is adequately supplied by the city lighting plants for those who live in cities. But many farm homes are still in partial darkness. For them, too, "Let there be light."

Two Kinds of Lighting Plants

There are two classes of lighting plants for rural homes—gas and electricity. Small gas plants are made which are suitable for single homes. In these the gas is manufactured outside the house and led into the house in iron pipes. Similarly there are now on the market various types of small generators built especially for making the current necessary to lighting a country home. This current is distributed over the place by means of wires.

How Gas Plants Work

There are two principal kinds of gas plants used for making gas for the country home. The one uses acetelene, the other gasolene gas. Both of these plants are much like each other in general plan of distribution and use of gas.



A FINE TYPE OF CONCRETE MILK HOUSE.

The gasolene tank is almost always placed outside the house—preferably buried in the ground; the acetelene seldom is for obvious reasons. The gasolene is pumped inside the building and here mixed with air, forming a combustible gas which is stored in a little tank exactly like the huge tanks used by city gas companies. From this tank it is piped to the lights and to the stoves where it is burned.

Acetelene gas is made in an enclosed tank so arranged that a small stream of water drops upon a substance called "carbide." The gas thus provided is stored away for use in a tank very similar to the one used for the storage of gasolene gas. The tanks are of such size that if properly attended to there is always sufficient gas supply on hand for daily use.

How This Gas Gives Light

Both kinds of gas are used in the same way for the same purposes—heat and light. The only difference is in the burner used. Acetelene gas burning in the air gives a bright, white light, hence open burners that need no mantle are usually used. For general use these burners should be protected by shades.

Gasolene on the other hand gives little light on burning in air. This necessitates the use of a "mantle." This mantle is composed of a substance called calcium, which, when hot, shines with a bright white light. In the gasolene lamp, therefore, the light is produced by the glow of the white hot calcium while in the acetelene the light is caused by the burning itself.

Gas for Cooking

In every home equipped with a gas lighting plant the same gas should also be used for cooking. Special gas stoves with burners adapted for each kind of gas are on the market. It is so easy and clean and economical to cook with gas. No housewife who has ever tried to cook with gas will go back to the old-fashioned method.

Electric Light for the Farm and Home

Every farmer knows the inconvenience of doing chores around the barn all winter by lantern light. Yet this is done on almost every farm throughout the country. It need not be so. Either gas or electricity may be used to light the barn—the latter preferred, because of its greater safety, though modern gas lights may be protected by glass globes that reduce the fire risk to a minimum. So far as electricity is concerned, the ordinary farm lighting plant is absolutely safe.

How Electricity Is Generated

There are three different ways of generating the electric current for farm use—by wind—by water and by engine power. When connections may be had with a city lighting plant, of course the city current should be used but the farmer no longer needs to depend on city plants. He can have an electric plant all his own at no great cost.

The Windmill and Electricity

The cheapest source of electric current is the ordinary windmill when properly connected to a suitable generator. During the past few years the dynamo has been greatly improved for use in the automobile and a similar generator slightly larger will serve for use in connection with the windmill. From the generator the current is led on heavy copper wire to the storage battery, usually of 15 or 16 cells, which gives a low voltage of 30 bolts. Such low voltage can do no harm—one scarcely feels it if taken through the hand—and it cannot easily cause a fire on short circuit. When the wind blows, the current is stored in the battery to be drawn upon as needed.

The Gas Engine for Driving the Generator

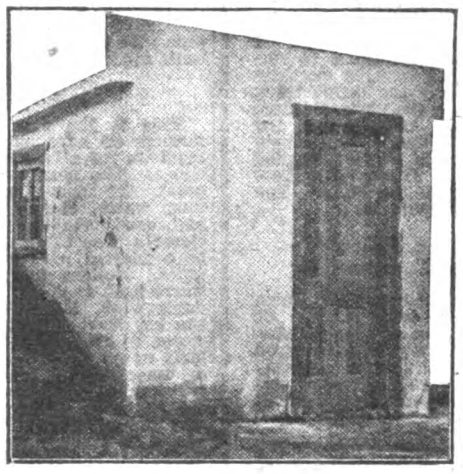
On nearly every farm there is a gas engine of some sort which may be "hooked-up" with the same kind of a generator and the electric current stored up in the batteries to be used in exactly the same way.

Often the engine is used in pumping or at some other work when the load is light. Where this is true, the dynamo may be run at very little extra cost. Some farmers even use their automobile generators to light their country homes. The method is simple. Two wires are run from the main posts of a 16-cell battery which they have stored in the garage alongside of the auto. These loose ends are quickly attached to the two terminals of the automobile generator and the engine allowed to run at the proper speed. This is one of the easiest ways, but not the easiest, to provide electric lights for the farm home. Here is still an easier way if only one or two lights are used.

Just run a double wire into the house and suspend from its terminals an electric bulb of the same size used in the auto headlight. Attach the other two free ends to the terminals of the auto storage battery and the job is done. When the switch at the bulb is turned, the current is drawn from the auto storage battery. If it runs low, start the engine.

The Combined Engine Generator

So popular has the demand for electricity on the farm become that many concerns are now making a combined engine and generator in one machine. The power is furnished by gasolene and the gas engine and the dynamo are hooked up together on the same shaft; aside from this arrangement, the connections are the same as those already described. For all electric light plants a 15 or 16-cell storage battery is essential, that is one giving an electrical pressure of at least 30 volts.



SOLID CONCRETE MILK HOUSE.

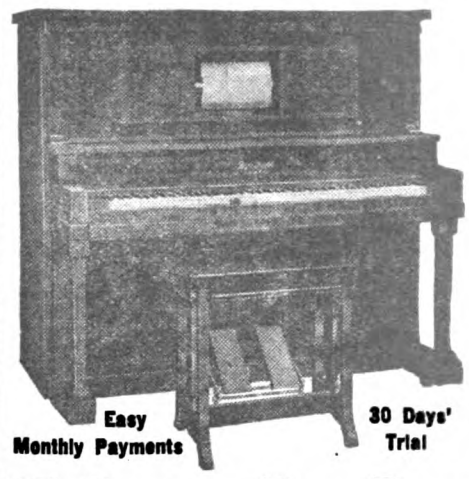
Electricity—From Water Power

There is on many farms, if properly utilized, sufficient water power to run a generator that will provide all the light needed on the place. It only takes the tiniest of streams to do this, provided there is sufficient fall. Any stream that has flow and fall enough to develop one half horsepower—that is about enough power to turn a grindstone—will do the trick. Of course, the stream must be dammed and a suitable water wheel installed. The water wheel is connected directly to the generator and so geared as to produce the proper speed. The generator is connected to the storage battery and the current distributed in exactly the same way as in all the other systems described. The only thing to be reckoned with here is the distance from the water wheel or source of power to the farm buildings since relatively weak currents cannot be carried long distances owing to the resistance of the wire. Currents developed by one or two horse-power could not well be utilized more than a couple hundred of feet away.

The Necessary Parts of the Electric Plant

There are four essential parts to any farm electric light plant—the power, the generator, the storage battery and the distributing system. As has already been shown, the power may be fur-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



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A smart frock, made of splendid quality fancy flowered voile. See the exquisite new design full flared tunic—now the smartest fashion. See the smart white organdy collar and cuffs daintily edged with handsome pattern Val lace. Vestee trimmed with fine pearl buttons. Sleeves ¾ length. Full cut skirt. Colors: Navy Blue, Rose or Lavender. Sizes, bust 34 to 46. Misses, bust 32 to 38. Order by No. B882 for Blue, B883 for Rose, B884 for Lavender. Be sure to give size.

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PRICES SMASHED! Just send your name and address, no money. I will ship this embroidered voile waist, serge skirt and lace trimmed chemise to you on approval. The skirt is worth the price alone, so you are getting waist and chemise absolutely free. Order at our risk.

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Embroidered Waist Lace Trim Chemise Tucked Serge Skirt All for $4.98

You will save $3.00 by ordering this outfit now. The voile waist is made in groups of tiny tucks. Has a large collar prettily embroidered and edged with lace. Color, white only. Sizes 32 to 46. The chemise is made of good quality muslin with broad band of filet lace on top, also lace shoulder straps and lace trimmed bottom. White only. The skirt is made of good quality serge, tailored into fashionable design, with loose belt, button trimmed pockets and four tucks encircling skirt at bottom. Cut full and roomy. Colors **Navy Blue, Green or Black.** Sizes 22 to 30 waist measure and 36 to 42 length. Each article guaranteed to give satisfactory wear.

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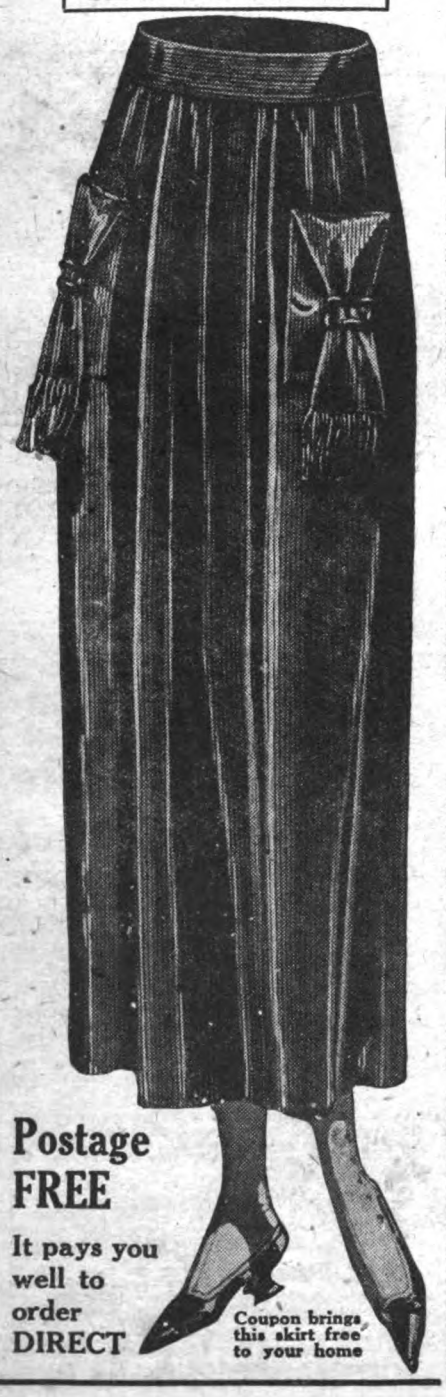


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Send No Money for this stunning Susquehanna silk skirt. Just mail us the coupon below and it will be sent immediately; postage paid by us; direct from our factory. See for yourself what a wonderful value it is. Observe the excellent way it is made. Your mirror will prove it the most graceful, shapeful skirt you ever wore. Your friends will admire its style and appearance. Compare it with the better class skirts that sell for $8.00 or $10.00, and then if you are not convinced that you have saved at least $5.00 by buying from us, you can return the skirt at our expense.

Long Wear Combined With Stylish Beauty

This skirt has a high beautiful luster, is woven firmly and lends itself admirably to correct draping. It combines long wearing qualities with stylish beauty; absolutely the latest thing for this season. Provided with the desirable deep style pockets, run through with large buckles and trimmed with long silky fringe,—charmingly gathered at the waist and falls in soft rippling folds. Hips are extra full. The picture does not do justice to the beauty of the style. You must try it on to really appreciate it.

Colors Black, Blue or Taupe

Sizes 22 to 40 waist, 34 to 40 length. Extra waist size from 32 to 40—35 cents extra. Be sure to state color desired, waist and length size. This, with your name and address on the coupon below is all we require. Don't send a penny with the coupon. Remember, you can send this skirt back at our expense if you don't think it is the greatest skirt value ever offered.

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Pay the postman only $3.95 on arrival. If you don't think it is worth $8.00 or $10.00 just send it back at our expense. We will return your money at once. Fill in and mail this coupon NOW.

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Send me at your expense Susquehanna Silk Poplin Skirt on arrival. I pay only $3.95 on arrival. My money back if I want it. I risk nothing.

Color.....Waist Size.....Length Size.....

Name .....

Address .....

Farm Improvements

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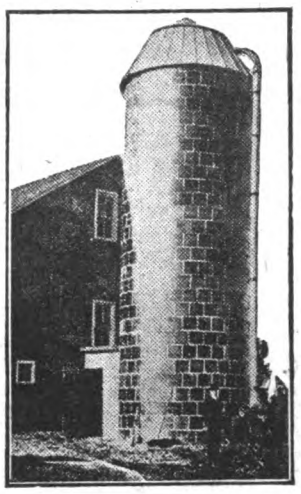
nished by a water-wheel, a windmill or an engine either gas or steam. The generator must always be purchased from an electrical supply house which makes a specialty of building these small dynamos. It must be adapted to the kind of storage battery used and the number of lights in the circuit.

The storage battery must also be adapted to the system, whether of high or low voltage. If of high voltage, 55 to 60 cells are needed. The low-voltage battery of 15 or 16 cells is the one ordinarily used and is the best for general farm purposes, since it is smaller, much less expensive and provides a current which can be handled with safety by the amateur.

The distribution system consists of the lamps, wiring and switchboard which are always furnished with the outfit if any of the standard farm plants are purchased. It is not a difficult matter for the farmer to do his own wiring if he understands the principles.

How to Wire the House

Two parallel wires are run three or four inches apart and the lamps are strung in between so that the current can cut across from one wire to the other. As large covered copper wires as possible should be used. The wires should be covered or insulated so as to keep the current from escaping by short circuits. They should be of copper because copper is the best metal to conduct electricity. They should be large because small wires are so high in resistance that a weak current flows over them. Very large wire, however, is so expensive that it is impractical. For the average farm, number 10 to 14 wire is about the right size.



A STYLISH, SERVICEABLE SILO.

Electrical Conveniences

Lucky the housewife who has electricity on the farm.

The electrical conveniences and the many labor-saving devices possible, make housework so much easier that it is like having an ever-faithful servant at command.

During the short days of winter when so much labor must be done by lamplight, a bright light which can be turned on, at a touch, in every room in the house makes the work a half easier. No carrying around lamps and no stumbling around in the dark.

Electric Washer

Blue Monday is done away with by an electric washer. Washings are always the most dreaded job on the farm. The men's clothes are so heavy to wash by hand and the ordinary hand washing machine requires so much strength before the clothes are clean. Then many times they cannot be turned fast enough to properly cleanse the clothes.

The electric washer does away with all this. The clothes are put in, the washer started and no more attention need be paid to it till the clothes are ready to rinse—then by switching the current on the wringer, the only labor that is required is to hang them up.

The Electric Iron

Another hard job is the ironing. An electric iron means a cool kitchen—a constant, evenly-heated iron and no trotting back and forth to the stove when an iron cools.

The ironing can be done on a cool porch, during hot weather, and if the housewife adds a high stool to her kitchen equipment she can sit down and take it easy.

Electric Vacuum Cleaner

The electric vacuum cleaner almost completely solves the cleaning problem in the living-room, dining-room and bedrooms.

It not only picks up the surface dirt and lint, thread or hair, but it draws the dirt out under the surface of the rugs where it is impossible to get at it with a broom.

With the cleaner come various attachments for cleaning the upholstery, the draperies and the bedding.

Besides being a great labor-saving device it does away with the dust choked air, caused by a broom, that is so harmful to the good health of the household. Broom sweeping merely stirs up the dirt and distributes it all over everything in the room, where, after the most careful dusting only a part of the dirt is removed.

With the vacuum cleaner, the great volume of air rushing through the nozzle sucks up the dirt and deposits it in a dust-proof bag which can be emptied out of doors.

The vacuum cleaner keeps the house clean, wholesome and sanitary.

Other Conveniences

Then there are many other electrical conveniences for the home that are real luxuries—the toaster, the coffee percolator, the foot warmers—but it is impossible to name all the home labor-saving equipment possible by having an electric farm lighting outfit.

The Farm Water Supply

Few farms are favored with springs or running water and few of those that are, have piped this natural supply into the house and barn. But every farm *must* have water, and every farm *may have running water*, in both house and barn. No one who has ever had such a convenience will be without it, no matter what it costs. But the best of it is that the cost is less than that of many labor-saving machines which are found on farms for use only a few days in the year. Water is used many times a day in both house and barn every day in the year!

The Hydraulic Ram

If there's a running stream of water on the place that can be dammed so there will be a fall of a foot or two, a hydraulic ram which works automatically will push it up hill through a small pipe into the house or anywhere it is wanted. The cost is small and the convenience great.

The Storage Tank

Storage tanks are usually placed either in the attic, on the windmill or on top of the silo where the water will fall by gravity anywhere it is wanted, or else under pressure in the cellar. The pressure tank is kept partly filled with compressed air, which forces the water through the pipes wherever wanted. The advantage of the pressure tank is that the water is usually kept cooler and is better for drinking purposes. Whether the gravity or the pressure tank is used, the water must be forced into it by use of a force pump, which may be operated by a windmill or gasolene or kerosene engine.

Water Fresh from the Well

Another type of pressure system is often used which stores air in a big tank under high pressure. This pressure tank is connected by a pipe to an under-water pump in the well, which works automatically. When the tap at the house or barn is opened the pump starts and thus lifts the fresh water directly from the well, and stops pumping as soon as the tap is closed.

How Water Is Distributed

No matter what kind of a water supply system is used it is distributed through pipes in or near the walls to the kitchen and bathrooms of the house and to the tank and drinking cups for cattle in the barn. The only care that needs to be taken is to keep the pipes from freezing. For this reason they should never be run near outside walls and should always be buried outside—sufficiently deep to escape the frost.

With running water in the house it is possible to have a supply of both hot and cold water always available at the kitchen sink. Hot water is obtained by putting a brass or iron coil in the fire-box of the kitchen stove or the furnace, whichever is used. This coil is connected by a pipe with a tank in which the hot water is stored until needed for use.

The Bathroom

This is the one city luxury which so few farmers do have but which all may. The first requisite for a bathroom is running water in the house. The next is some means of sewage disposal. No farmer who has, or can install, running water, should fail to put in a complete bathroom, including tub, set bowl, and toilet (flush closet). The tub and set bowl should, of course, be connected with both the hot and cold water pipes. Besides the joy and luxury of the nice warm bath in a big tub at the end of a sweaty day's work, there is the added convenience of the set bowl for washing hands and the flush closet so important to health. This is particularly appreciated during the cold winter weather or during sickness in the house. Besides being exceedingly disagreeable and uncomfortable, the old-fashioned outhouse is exceedingly unsanitary and unhealthful. These should be speedily replaced on every farm by a nice, clean, comfortable toilet and bathroom in the house.

How Dispose of Sewage

The waste from the bathroom, toilet and kitchen sink can easily be disposed of in either of two ways, by a cesspool or a septic tank. Whether a cesspool or a septic tank should be used will depend upon conditions, such as the slope of the land, the kind of soil, nearness to the well, etc.

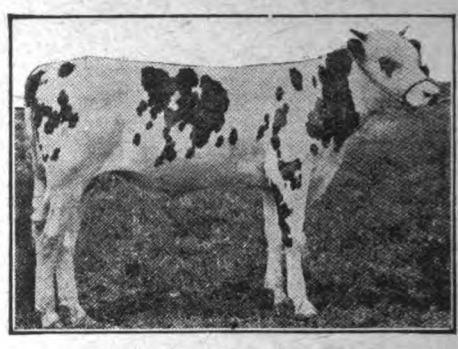
When the Cesspool Can Be Used

The cesspool can be used when it can be located in sloping ground considerably lower than the well and at some distance—say a hundred feet or so—and then in no possible danger of contamination of the well from the cesspool. It is a good precaution to encase the opening to the well in an iron pipe coming above the top of the ground and extending deep down into it and the top surrounded by a good concrete platform.

But a cesspool to be effective must drain out rapidly, otherwise it may easily become a nuisance. To drain out it must be either in sand or gravel. When it is easy to get down to sand or gravel it is easy to build a cesspool. But in clay or heavy soil a cesspool is not advised.

The Septic Tank

The septic tank is usually made of concrete, with a partition across near one end separating it into two parts. The large end receives the waste from the house, which it gradually discharges into the small tank when it becomes completely liquefied. When the small tank becomes filled it automatically empties into the drain tiles which are laid a foot or so under the surface of the garden or other nearby area. Where the soil is very dense as in clay, it is sometimes necessary to place a few inches of sand or cinders under the tile so that they will drain out rapidly. Ordinary drainage tile is used for this purpose.



A PROMISING PURE-BRED BULL CALF.

The Association of Cement Manufacturers have published a very valuable bulletin which may be had for the asking by writing their office at Chicago. Besides this, several state agricultural colleges have prepared bulletins on the same subject.

The Heating Plant

Neither a water supply or sewage disposal system can be installed in a poorly heated house. There are many types of farm heating plants among which the pipeless furnace is now having a big run. It is both cheap and efficient. Send for bulletins and catalogues of lighting, heating and water supply plants if you are interested. They will furnish you a lot of valuable information.

A Place to Keep Milk

Have you a good milk house on your farm? If not, then why not one of concrete? With a good water supply so that a tank can be put in one end for cooling the milk or cream, concrete makes the best possible material for a milk house. It is cool and can be kept clean and perfectly sanitary. Every dairy farmer should have a good clean place to keep milk and cream both winter and summer. A milk house made of tile or concrete is just the thing.

Kitchen Conveniences

The good man of the house should realize that the kitchen is a big factor in the success or failure of his business.

A smooth running kitchen—well equipped with modern conveniences—means time to prepare better meals, a saving in household supplies, ability to cut out needless waste, and above all, economy of strength and effort that is so vital to the health and happiness of the good wife.

A kitchen equipped as it should be results in labor saving that reacts on every member of the household. The more time saved by conveniences the more time that can be given to the selection of food and the appetizing ways of serving it.

On a farm, good, clean, wholesome meals mean keeping not only the family happier but often decides whether the hired man will stay on his job. It's not only the wages paid but the board that he gets that decides whether he will be hunting another place or not.

Water in Kitchen and Sewage Disposal

The first thing in equipping a kitchen is to see that there is water in it. If not on tap, at least a pump and a sink can be installed. Every kitchen should have both soft and hard water. It is just as easy to install a pump in the kitchen as in the yard. Pump from the well or cistern directly into the sink. Don't ask an overburdened wife to carry in the water. No farmer carries water to his stock—then why ask the wife to carry water for the family cooking and cleaning.

It is astonishing how many pails of water are needed during the day. Until water is installed one little realizes how an abundance of water means a lessening of kitchen labor.

Vegetables are especially hard to prepare—they need so much washing and rinsing—a pail of water is just a beginning for washing the day's supply.

When water is installed, of equal importance is the sewage disposal. Have a place to dispose of the water. Drain the sink out of doors by means of a pipe. Run the pipe far enough away from the house that odor and flies will not bother. Better a cesspool—or an underground disposal connected with a septic tank.

The water and sewage disposal and its installing comes under a man's work and is as much a part of the house as its cupboards, closets or heating plant. Most women are too self-sacrificing and would not think of demanding the conveniences for her work that her husband thinks absolutely necessary for his.

Water and its disposal should be in every kitchen. It means less and easier work, time saved, cleaner home, and, greatest of all, the housewife is not made a beast of burden in trying to do her share of the labor of the farm.



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Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have not a wrinkle on my face now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment is a God send to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
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How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to quickly remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to **Helen Clare**, Suite A 307, 3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.



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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

NEWLY WED, Mont.—You should know best whether or not you can trust your husband. We can say that it is right you should try to have no doubts of his faithfulness while away, and that if you are "newly wed" it is well to know that love and trust must go together. (2) It is not necessary that you remain away from all forms of entertainment during your husband's absence but it is well to avoid any cause for reproach or gossip, and you would do best to attend all kinds of amusement in the company of married women who are your friends.

A. G., Corpus Christi, Texas.—When someone expresses regret at your absence from an entertainment, you might say: "Thank you; it is nice to know that I was missed." (2) As you knew from his sister that this boy was yet single, you might have said in answer to his harmless joking: "It is strange that your sister told me you were not married."

C. W., Ellamore, W. Va.—No girl can consider herself engaged unless she has been definitely asked to marry some man, and has given her promise to become his wife. Any talk of a fifteen-year-old girl being engaged is both wrong and ridiculous. (2) You should not have accepted so costly a gift as a wrist watch from this young man.

MAYME AND FANNY, Texas.—When a boy "squeezes a girl's hand and smiles at her," it means that he would like to have her squeeze his hand and smile back—and some girls are foolish enough to do this. (2) A boy and girl should not "hold hands" while out walking "in the daytime," nor at any other time.

L. H., Cato, Wis.—When a boy takes a girl to an "ice cream parlor," each is free to order the dish or flavor preferred—the girl giving her order first.

TROUBLED TWINS, Linn Grove, Ia.—Of course you must expect to be "troubled" if you are but sixteen and are attempting to oppose the wisdom and experience of your parents with your own young and foolish wishes. If your parents do not approve of these young men, you must not continue to receive their attentions. This may make you a little unhappy now, but when you are older you will know that your parents acted for the best. (2) No girls of sixteen—or older—should attend "public dances" and return home at two in the morning.

BROWN EYES OF COLORADO.—We remember reading, "There is nothing hidden that shall not be revealed," and this certainly applies to children who attempt the concealment of something from their parents. When you started to correspond with this boy, you knew that your father would be displeased should he find it out, and now it seems to us that you can only accept his displeasure and charge it up against the fun you think you had from the concealed correspondence. However, your letter is a sensible one and we are not unsympathetic to your difficulty. Perhaps the boy will turn out to be just as fine a character as you think he is, and if this should be true, it should largely lighten your scolding. And if he is the wrong sort of a boy, it is best that your father's wrath should end the circumstance. Do not meet the boy at the train, but let him call to see you at your home, or that of some married woman who is your friend. We hope you will not make a mistake of this sort again.

TWO CHUMS, Durham, N. C.—It is best that you should be chaperoned in attending any entertainment with this young man whom you have known for so short a time. (2) We do not think any girl should want to "tangle" her hair in attempting to follow some certain style of hair dressing, and if you and your chum are as young as we think you are, you will do best and keep yourself more attractive by arranging your hair in simple schoolgirl fashion.

A. D., Cementon, Pa.—You should have this spot or "birthmark" looked at by a physician or a dermatologist if you seriously wish to have it removed. It should be possible to do this if the spot is small as you say.

D. A., Anderson, S. C.—Because you have "never kept house" before is no reason to believe you might not like it nor learn to do it well. We believe it to be a wife's duty to follow her husband to such a home as he may select or be able to furnish. Why not compromise your doubts and objections by pleasantly agreeing to try the new home and way of living for a year at least before you are sure of your unhappiness and dissatisfaction. Remember your husband's part in the war and the discomforts and dangers he endured in France—and read also the words of the ceremony which made you man and wife.

BIG EYES, Montana.—We do not think it is kind to "go" with a young man to make another girl "very jealous." We think you would do best to follow your own suggestion of seeking another escort.

SWEET WILLIAM, Garner, Texas.—We do not know how nice this "nice young man" may be, but we do know that a girl of seventeen—who is still at school—must be governed in her conduct according to her parents' judgment and wishes. Perhaps if you worried less about this young man you would learn better how to spell. There will be plenty of time for "nice young men" after you have courted with your school books a bit longer.

TOPSY, Okla.—After he has brought you home, you may thank the young man for having taken you to the entertainment and tell him that you have had a very good time. (2) Certainly you may ask a young man to call again, and you need not wait for him to request the privilege.

E. J., Kingsport, Tenn.—Certainly a new pair of gloves should not be "cut all to pieces," and if this is what the young man threatens to do with his gift, you will be wise not to return it. You have done your part in offering to give back the gloves and asking him for an explanation of his strange conduct. We think the next move should be his.

BLUE EYES, Martinsburg, Nebr.—The burning and redness of your face, particularly at night, may be due to your being much out of doors and having your skin exposed to the cold. Anyone who is physically strong and fullblooded is more subject to such skin conditions. Use some good cold cream on your face before walking or driving in the winter air, and upon your return indoors, wet a towel in hot water and go over your skin with more cold cream which you have placed upon the hot towel. If you live in the country, and can procure it, you will find buttermilk one of the best skin lotions for red or roughened complexion. Put this on your face upon retiring, and let it dry on the skin.

ANXIOUS, Gorman, Tex.—A simple "yes" or "no" is correct and sufficient.

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Poultry Farming for Women

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

trouble, add one teaspoonful of magnesia to one pint of drinking water every third day for two weeks. Decrease the amount of corn, feeding more oats to take its place.

M. R. M.—Yes, ducks and geese can be hatched in an incubator, but unless you want to raise large quantities, I advise you to set the first duck and goose eggs under common hens, and let the old geese keep their second clutch of eggs to raise themselves. A common hen can only successfully cover five goose eggs, and eleven duck eggs.

A READER.—At the end of the first part of this month's department you will find a good lice exterminator. I have found that wrapping a piece of paper around the stalk of young cabbage plants when setting them out, prevents cutworms from injuring them. The paper must be long enough to reach half an inch below the soil, and one inch above it. Wrap it loosely two or three times around the stalk.

R. T. S.—We have no book on Rhode Island Reds, so I cannot comply with your request.

C. E. H.—If your local hardware or drug store cannot get you a hygrometer, send to the Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y. The hygrometer should be placed in front of the egg tray in the make of incubator you are using. There is a scale printed on the dial of the hygrometer, which is just as easy to read as the scale on the thermometer.

R. C. F.—As you say that, according to the thermometer, the temperature in the incubator was at the correct degree all through the hatching period, I can only suggest that the thermometer was not working properly. Better get your doctor to compare it with his thermometer, or take it to a drug store.

W. S.—Without doubt, your flock has got roup. Please read answer to A. B. in this issue. Roup is a contagious disease, which frequently develops from a cold. It may have been carried to your flock from some neighbor's poultry, or some of your birds may have inherited roupy tendencies, which develop into active form and spread from bird to bird.

L. R. C.—I am very sorry there was a mistake in answering your previous letter, and very glad that you wrote again. Turkey and goose eggs can be hatched in an incubator, but I prefer setting them under hens. One drake will mate with five ducks. I prefer two and three-year-old ducks for breeders. There is a difference between the cry of a gander and a goose, and, as a rule, the gander is more upright in carriage. It is important that the heat in an incubator is kept up at hatching time. I don't like it to go above 105½, but if it runs up to 110 for a short time when the birds are coming out very quickly, it won't do any harm. I really don't think there is any preference between hot air and hot water machines.

J. A. W.—Feather pulling is a bad habit, and difficult to cure when once established in a flock. Give the birds free range if possible, if not, put a lot of chopped straw and green stalks on the floor of the house, and feed the grain scattered over the litter, so that it will take their time to hunt over it. Instead of corn and wheat, use commercial scratch feed; or, if you can't get that, oats or Kaffir corn or cracked corn. Make a salve of bitter aloes and lard or vaseline, and rub it on the feathers all round the spot from which they have been pulling feathers. Perhaps the young gobbler has got some poisonous substance, or is just starting with blackhead. Better keep him away from the other birds until you know what is really the matter.

A. B.—The birds had roup, which is very contagious. Clean and disinfect the poultry house and fixtures. Burn up all the old litter, scrape the floor, scatter fresh lime over it, then whitewash the walls and ceiling. Watch your remaining birds very carefully. If any show signs of cold, remove them from the flock at once, and place them in small coops as far away from the chicken house as possible. Dissolve one teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in a quart of water. For use, dilute one tablespoonful of the lotion with two tablespoonfuls of water. Fill a small glass syringe and spray the bird's eyes, nostrils and throat three times a day. Feed on light, nourishing food, giving small quantities four times a day.

F. W.—I have never had a crowing hen. Don't you think there may be some mistake? You say that the crow sounds smothered, as if a rooster had his head under his wing. Perhaps one of the hens has got bronchitis, or some obstruction in the nasal passage or throat. Better take an early morning trip to the chicken house, and watch and listen. If at close range it only proves to be a croaky sound, locate the hen, remove her from the henhouse, and put her in a quarantine house; then use permanganate of potassium as recommended to A. B.

M. J. F.—To make a fireless brooder out of a lard tub, cut a square hole at one side near the bottom for chicks to go in and out. Fix a cleat on the inside of the tub, four or five inches from the bottom. Take a piece of stroug wire, such as you would use for clothesline) long enough to form a circle, which will fit into the tub and rest on the cleats. Cover it with unbleached muslin, then place on the cleats. Make a round pillow, the same size as the frame, and stuff with cotton or feathers. The pillow should be made with the casing three inches between the top and the bottom, so that the pillow will be three inches thick all over. Place it on the top of the frame, and your brooder is finished. The bottom of the tub must be covered with finely chopped hay to make a soft bed for the chicks, and also to prevent the droppings from sticking to the bottom of the tub. Clean, and put in fresh hay over it. Also, take out the pillow and hang it up to dry every day. It will surprise you to see how much moisture it absorbs during the night. A small frame covered with muslin should be made to close the front opening, at night. Such a brooder must be used in a tight, warm coop, or brought into the kitchen at night.

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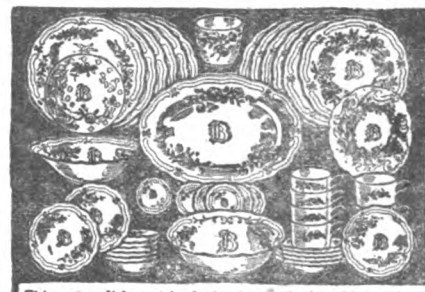
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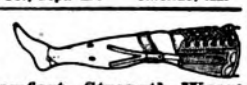


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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

At last she heard her go out, and knew that she would not return until nearly six o'clock. She had heard Wilhelm go out, also, directly after dinner, and, for the first time during her imprisonment, she was glad to be alone in the house.

She immediately began to experiment upon her key. She imagined that it would be a comparatively easy thing to turn it, but she found, to her disappointment, that it resisted all her efforts; she would get it about half turned, when the spring of the lock would force it back into its former position.

For more than two hours she worked, until her fingers and arms ached, and her courage was about expended; but at last, by a dextrous movement, she turned the key completely around, and her way from the room was clear.

Opening the door, she found herself in a long and narrow hall, shabby in the extreme from marred paint and torn paper; the floor carpetless, the ceiling grimy and hung with cobwebs, while at the farther end there was a window, several of the panes of which had been broken and the holes pasted over with thick brown paper.

Approaching this, Violet looked out upon a row of untidy back yards; other back yards, belonging to another row of houses, joined these, and all the dwellings seemed to be alike in that vicinity.

Glancing at the roofs, which were flat, she saw that there were arrangements upon them for hanging out clothes, and surmised that there must be scuttles leading out upon them.

Retracing her steps, and going to the opposite end of the hall, she found there a staircase leading up into another story. Mounting these, she came to a hall similar to the one below, and another very steep flight of stairs that led directly to a scuttle—a circumstance which she noted with a thrill of joy.

She crept carefully up to the top and found that the cover to the scuttle was fastened only by a flat strip of iron about three feet long, in which there were several slots, for a bolt, so that it could be raised high or low at will.

She tried it, and found that it opened very easily.

Going up a couple of steps more, she put her head out of the opening and looked about her.

She saw a continuous roof for a long distance, with scuttles at intervals, and a perfect network of clothes-lines above, upon some of which clothes were flapping in the wind.

There would be considerable risk, she thought, to try to escape by the way of this roof, still she believed that she would find an open scuttle somewhere, through which she would make her entrance to another house, when she would trust to her native tact to get out upon the street.

The day was cloudy, but it was still too light to attempt her flight—she felt it would be better to wait until it began to grow dark, so that she would not be seen upon the roof and traced.

She returned to her room and waited for another hour; but she was very nervous and anxious, for Wilhelm might return at any moment, and thus all hope of getting away that day would be destroyed and her trick of turning the key probably discovered.

She dressed herself warmly, and tied a veil over her cap, but not over her face, for she knew that she would need to see distinctly, and then, making sure that she had her purse, in which, fortunately, there was considerable money, she left her recent prison forever, taking care to lock the door and remove the key, for she meant to give her captors as much trouble as possible before they could discover her flight.

With light but rapid steps and an anxiously beating heart she again mounted the two flights of stairs leading to the roof, and in another minute found herself free, breathing the pure air of heaven once more.

She resolved to get just as far away as possible from the house she had just left, before attempting an entrance elsewhere, and so she sped lightly over the roofs until she came to the middle of the block.

Here she discovered that an open space separated the two buildings.

"Dare I leap across?" Violet asked herself. "It looks like a very narrow opening, and yet distances are sometimes so deceptive, and if I should miss my footing I should surely be dashed in pieces upon the pavement below."

She crept to the very edge and reached out her hand.

Yes, she could almost touch the opposite roof—the two buildings could not be more than three or four feet apart, where the eaves overhung, though doubtless they were more than that below.

She stood up again, gave a light, swift spring, and was safely over, though the effort and the risk made her so dizzy and weak that she could scarcely see or move for a moment.

She soon recovered herself and went on until she came to the very last scuttle, only to find it down and fastened inside; she had not seen a single one open since coming out.

She did not wait long before deciding what she would do; time was too precious to be wasted, for Sarah must already be on her way back to prepare her supper, and she wanted to get out of sight before the search for her should begin.

So she resolutely set her little heel upon a pane of glass and crushed it in.

The jingle of glass startled her for a moment, for she feared the sound might bring some one up to ascertain what had caused it. But she would pay for it a dozen times over if need be.

She reached down through the aperture, unfastened the bolt, and lifted the scuttle; then quickly slipping through, she closed it after her and began to descend the narrow flight of stairs, thankful to be under cover and out of sight once more.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. H. O. L., Minnesota.—If, as you state, you can establish by the proper evidence that your adjoining neighbor has built his fence on your side of the line of ownership, you can compel him to remove same in the proper ejectment action brought for that purpose; we think, however, before bringing such action you should make sure that your title to the land is a better title than he can show as in such an action it will be necessary for you to show that your survey of the property is correct, and that you obtained title to the property through owners whose title was paramount to any title he can show to the property, and that he has not acquired title by possession to the property.

M. E. P., Virginia.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion that the young man you mention would be entitled to recover such sums, as he can show by the proper evidence, he loaned his father together with legal interest thereon.

MRS. B. M., Kansas.—Under the laws of Oklahoma, we are of the opinion that the consent of children is not necessary for the sale of property belonging to their father.

R. M. F., New Hampshire.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, and upon waiving the provisions of any will he may leave, and upon waiving dower and homestead rights in his real estate, you would be entitled to receive one third of the real and personal estate if he leaves issue by your marriage to him. If he leaves no issue, you would be entitled to fifteen hundred dollars if the estate does not exceed three thousand dollars, or one half of the estate where the value is in excess of three thousand dollars.

J. S. B., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it would have been necessary for the wife of the man you mention to have survived him in order to have acquired an interest in his property, and that upon her death he could mortgage or convey his real estate without the consent of their children.

MRS. P. E. D., Montrose.—If your mail carrier does not properly deliver your mail you should make your complaint to the Post-Office Department.

M. M., Kansas.—If you have instructed your lawyer to foreclose the mortgage you mention, and if there has been a default in the payments required to be made you by the terms of the mortgage, and if your attorney refuses or neglects to proceed with the foreclosure action, we think you should employ some other attorney to attend to the matter for you. (2) If the administrator of your uncle's estate refuses to account to you, we think you should proceed against him to compel him to account.

M. E. S., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you should make an application to the court to compel the guardian of the small children you mention to apply a sufficient amount of their income to their support, if they are without other means of support.

C. F. P., North Carolina.—If the property you mention legally belonged to the man you state stole some money and ran away, we think, upon his death, it would, after the payment of his debts, including the persons from whom he stole, go as provided in his will.

MRS. A. G. O., Oregon.—Under the laws of Massachusetts, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married woman, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, her surviving husband would receive her whole estate up to five thousand dollars in value and one half of the excess above this amount, the balance of the estate going to her kindred; if none such, the whole estate would go to her surviving husband.

MRS. R. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the claim, of the father of the children you mention, to the custody of such children is prior to the claim of the dead mother's relatives, unless some court of competent jurisdiction has decreed, upon proper evidence, that such father is not a fit person to have such custody.

W. J. M., Montana.—If you can establish by the proper evidence that the injury to your son was caused by the negligence of the driver of the horses you mention, and if you can establish that the owner of these horses knew they were not broken when he sent them out, and if your son was not guilty of any contributory negligence in connection with the accident, we think you can recover such damages as you can prove you have suffered by reason thereof, in the proper action brought for that purpose against the owner of the horses.

C. H., Indiana.—The Constitution of the United States does not prohibit any one from holding the presidency of the United States for a third term.

O. R. E., South Dakota.—If the present owner of the real estate you mention obtained title to the same before the taxes you mention become a lien upon the property, we think he should pay the taxes, and not the former owner thereof.

MRS. I. P. H., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that title to property, given by a husband to his wife, would not be affected by his death; it would remain her property, and would not be an asset of his estate. (2) We think that the proceeds of a life insurance policy, upon the death of the person insured, are payable to the beneficiary named in the policy.

MRS. B. E. B., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the man who purchased the furniture and gave his note for same obtained ownership to such furniture, and that the former owner could not now claim ownership of same, unless he took a chattel mortgage upon the property, and foreclosed same, and in that way regained ownership of said furniture. In the absence of a chattel mortgage, we think the former owner should bring suit upon the notes given in payment for the furniture, in order to enforce his claim for the money still due him.

MRS. C. M. F., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, if his surviving widow has a child born of the marriage, living at the death of her husband, she may elect to take a child's share absolutely in the real estate of her deceased husband in lieu of dower, subject to the payment of her husband's debts; except for this provision and some minor allowances, we think the husband can by will bar his widow from any share in his estate except her dower rights in his real estate. We think that marriage would be a good consideration upon which to base a contract providing certain money or property to go to the wife in case she survives the husband. Such contract must be in writing, and should be carefully drawn; if there is any question that the husband might dispose of the property during his lifetime, it should be turned over to some reliable Trust Company to hold as trustee. Marriage contracts of this nature are not much used in this country.

MRS. S. L. G., Idaho.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, his surviving widow would receive the entire community property, and one half of his separate property, the other half going to his parents. There is an inheritance tax in your state, assessed upon a graduated scale above certain exemptions, and in addition to that there is a Federal inheritance tax upon estates above $50,000. This is also assessed upon a graduating scale, increasing at various stages as the value of the estate exceeds certain amounts.

MRS. C. D. H., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your signature is not necessary for the conveyance of real estate by your husband, unless such real estate is homestead property.

C. L.—If, as you state, the widow of the man you mention has only a life estate in the property you mention, we do not think she has a legal right to cut and sell the timber from the property without the consent of the persons entitled to the remainder interest, except that she would be entitled to cut and use firewood and such other timber as the maintenance and care of the property might require, provided she does not cut timber for sale.

MRS. H. L., West Virginia.—If the property you mention was deeded to you, we think you would be foolish to sell same and divide the proceeds with your husband, if, as you state, he is preparing to leave you again; we think you would exercise better judgment in letting him go empty handed, unless, of course, you want him to leave you, and feel that he is entitled to a share of the property.



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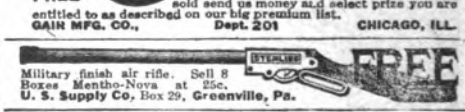
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Ruth was a mighty attractive looking girl, the daughter of John Holmes, the druggist. But ever since birth she had been frail and delicate. And Jim was no robust specimen of manhood. Since he has been working in the tire factory's office he seemed even taller and thinner and more sallow than ever.

Starting married life under such a serious handicap, it naturally looked as though Jim and Ruth were in for a mighty hard, up-hill struggle.

But that was five years ago. Today, Jim and Ruth Thomas are the happiest married couple I have ever known. They are both healthy and vigorous. They have prospered. They have two of the darlingest, chubby little children you ever saw. They are the leaders in our younger social set and are envied by every other married couple in our town.

They Learned the Secret of Happiness—Early

Ruth Thomas told me all about their early struggles with married life, while I was taking tea with her the other afternoon, on the sun-porch of their beautiful new Colonial house. And here is her story just as she told it to me:

"You know," she said, "that ever since I was a girl I have been afflicted with terrible, nervous, sick headaches. After Jim and I were married there was hardly a week went by that I wasn't stricken with one of those severe, nerve-racking attacks.

"When one of these spells would come on, I would be nauseated, deathly sick and prostrated for hours. The misery and pain that I suffered would be almost unbearable. And then after they would pass off, I would be worn out, nervous, irritable and blue for days.

"And Jim, the poor boy, I hardly see how he stood it. He had troubles of his own. He wasn't any too strong. And he was working harder than ever at the office with no outdoor exercise. His appetite was poor and he was bothered with indigestion, biliousness and habitual constipation.

"Naturally, under these conditions, I was irritable and nervous, and Jim was cross and discouraged. Things seemed to go from bad to worse, so that the first six months of our married life were just like a nightmare.

They Found That Health Was the Keynote of Happiness

"And then one evening as I was recovering from one of my attacks and Jim was sitting on the couch beside me, we had a good heart-to-heart talk about our troubles.

"Right then and there we made up our minds that if we were going to be happy, we would have to get rid of the chronic ailments that were wrecking our lives and spoiling our dispositions. We decided that health was the first essential to our happiness and that we both would have to be healthy before we could make our married life a happy and successful one.

"Father had told me some time before about a well-known preparation that he had sold in his drug store for years. So the next day I phoned him and he sent me a package of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills for my headaches.

"The first package helped me. You cannot imagine what a wonderful relief they gave me. I used them regularly for some time and it wasn't long until I was free from those excruciating headaches. Today, I rarely have an attack.

"I urged Jim to try Dr. Miles' Liver Pills for his troubles and within a few weeks he was a changed man. From that time on we both began to know what real health and real happiness meant.

And Happiness Was Half the Battle to Success

"As our health grew, our prosperity grew. Jim was promoted to the sales department a year later, and last year he was made sales manager of the tire company.

"Why, even today, I keep a supply of Dr. Miles' reliable remedies always on hand. We give Jim junior and little Betty Dr. Miles' Laxative Tablets. The children just love them. They taste like candy and are so mild, soothing and effective.

"Father says that Dr. Miles' Remedies are absolutely safe and harmless for both young or old because they contain no opiates or habit-forming drugs whatever. He has sold them in the drug store for years. He tells me there are hundreds of people right here in our city that have used them with equally as good results as we have had.

"I believe that I can truthfully say that the relief and help which we have received from Dr. Miles' medicines are largely responsible for our success. They helped us acquire health. Health brought us happiness and happiness brought prosperity."

You, Too, Can Get the Habit of Health and Happiness

If you are run down and subject to headaches, and other common ills, constipation and kindred chronic disorders go to your druggist, and get the Dr. Miles' Remedy that is best suited to your needs. You can try them without any risk on your part whatever. If you receive no benefit, take the empty package back and your druggist will refund your money.

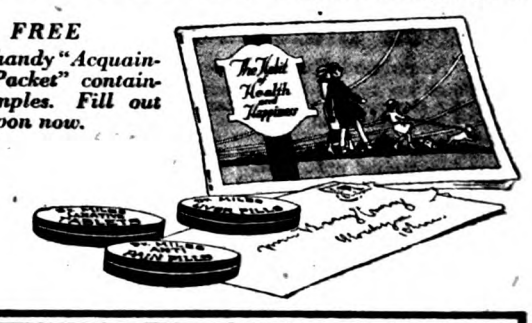
Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills cost 30c for 25 doses. Dr. Miles' Liver Pills cost 30c for 50 doses. Dr. Miles' Laxative (Candy-like) Tablets cost 30c for 25 tablets. Sold by drug stores everywhere.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

H. N., Moscow, Miss.—To attempt to re-back your mirror at home by the use of quicksilver would be an experiment of such difficulty that we cannot advise you to try it.

R. H., Badin, N. C.—Write to the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., for information concerning positions in the Forestry Service.

MRS. G. M. V., Bliss, Ida.—For the light refreshments needed at your sewing club, serve lettuce sandwiches made with a mayonnaise dressing and other sandwiches of which the filling is a mixture of chopped nuts and raisins. Have your bread for these sandwiches lightly buttered and cut thin in diamond shape. Serve either tea or chocolate, and have small individual cakes with orange, almond and chocolate icings. (2) The magazine you ask about is published at 95 Madison Ave., New York City.

MRS. E. T., Richmond, O.—Your violin would be a valuable instrument if it was one that had been actually made by Stradivarius in the year 1716. But the fact is that very few of these mastermade violins are in existence, and all of these are known by experts. It seems certain that your instrument is but a product of the fraudulent "old violin" industry, concerning which we have written so often in this column in answer to COMFORT readers who have purchased instruments in which a false inscription had been placed to deceive buyers regarding the age and quality of the violin.

E. M., Wever, Ia.—Write to the Secretary of the Camp Fire Girls of America, 37 East 17th St., New York City.

A FRIEND, Prentice, Wis.—The imperfect speech of one who stammers is sometimes the result of irregular and spasmodic action of the throat muscles—which action is largely mental in its cause. Fear, anger and embarrassment all increase a stammerer's troubles as a result of the part the nerves and the mental state play in controlling the throat organs of speech. There is apt to be a stuttering repetition of words beginning with the consonant sounds B, P, T and D, which seem to be particularly hard for the nervous throat muscles to handle. There are said to be five times as many men who stammer as there are women thus afflicted. Anything which improves your health of mind and body will aid your case. We advise you to get as much out-of-door exercise as possible. Try to form the best of mental and moral habits, all of which will help you more than you think. Try speaking as firmly as you can and in calm, measured tones. Sometimes the motion of the hand or foot in time to the words will aid in speaking.

B. S., Youngsville, Pa.—Paraffin is found native in connection with some mineral and as a constituent part of certain bituminous deposits and mineral oils from which it is extracted by distillation. A great deal of paraffin is manufactured in Scotland, where a chemist by the name of James Young first started the industry in 1851. Germany has also supplied much of the product, as well as our own Standard Oil Company in this country. You would not find it possible to make your own paraffin, but it is not expensive to purchase—in such quantities as are used in the ordinary household routine.

R. F., Rock Rapids, Ia.—Some metals are almost infusible and even when heated to the highest point refuse to melt. Aluminum, however, is not one of these, and the metal will melt at 654.5 Centigrade. The addition of either tin or zinc would cause the aluminum to melt at a lower degree of heat than that which we have stated.

MRS. L. W., Wilmington, (?).—We believe this boy will have to serve out his enlistment. Write to the Bureau of Navigation, Washington, D. C. Be sure and add the name of your state—which you failed to do in your letter to this department.

B. M. D., Albertville, Ala.—You do not state your age, or if you mean schools which furnish specialized courses. The advantages of any grammar or high school would be yours without charge, if you made your home in any village or city having such educational facilities. It is possible for a student to "work her way" through many of our well-known colleges for girls. But we judge from your letter that you are in search of more elementary training than that of a university.

C. A. P., Rollwitz, Nebr.—There are 20,721,658 acres of vacant public land in Wyoming. If you are but sixteen years of age, any homestead claim would have to be filed in the name of your father. For necessary particulars write to W. Reid, Register of U. S. Land Office, Cheyenne, Wyo.

B. B., Lusk, Wyo.—In 1582 the old Julian Calendar was succeeded by the present Gregorian Calendar. This calendar was introduced by Pope Gregory XIII for the purpose of keeping the Equinox to the same day of the month. It was a ruling of the Gregorian Calendar that, of the centurial years, only those were to be of 366 days which could be exactly divided by 400. Thus the year 1900 was not a Leap Year and eight years elapsed between 1896 and the next year of 366 days, 1904.

J. A., Owings, W. Va.—There are but 300,599 acres of public land remanining vacant in the state of Arkansas. We fear that little of this would be of value for general farming. Sevier county in the western part of the state has good farming and fruit raising sections. DeQueen is the county seat. For particulars of the remaining vacant lands which might be homesteaded, write to J. L. Clendenin, Register of U. S. Land Office, Harrison, Arkansas.

COMFORT READER, Young America, Minn.—This department has no information regarding banks which pay "interest above six per cent." We do not believe that any bank could do business safely and legitimately on any such basis.

Z. Z. Z., Va.—Write to the U. S. Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C., asking for particulars of positions open in the Federal service for rodmen and chainmen. The information sent you by the commission will cover the matter of salary paid for various positions.

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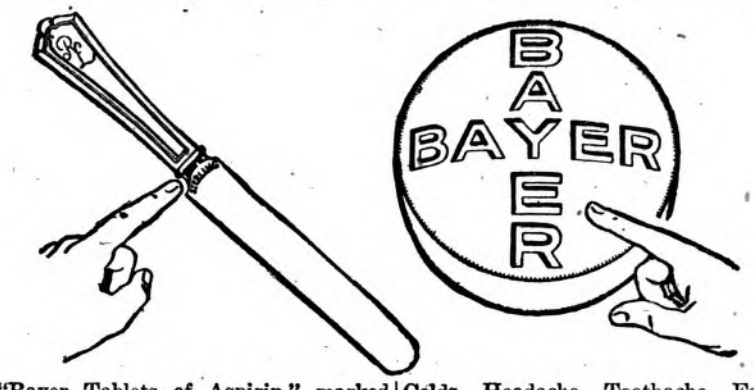
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Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

a curious, steady dog trot. Japanese, Italians, negroes, were likewise in that fleeing procession, and over all was the scrape, scrape, scrape of trunks as their owners dragged them westward.

There were no complaints, no wailing against this heavy visitation of misfortune; every face was set with resignation, and every form labored manfully onward. For Neil there was something pitiful in the sight. And, as usual, the dogged spirit of the fugitives inspired him to similar effort.

"Neil!" It was his mother's voice calling him sharply.

He turned back into the drawing-room, and met her there. She had two satchels, and he sprang forward to carry them for her. She repulsed him.

"So," said his mother sternly, "you were married to your low-born beauty yesterday! At one stroke you severed the ties that bound you to your family! Answer, and tell me whether I speak the truth. I hope I have been deceived, yet I have a conviction to the contrary."

Neil was astounded by his mother's words. Where had she learned of his marriage? He started with a wild hope. Had she, by some wonderful play of chance, met Beryl? And had Beryl told her?

"Mother, have you seen my wife? Where is she? Oh, tell me where!"

She parried his eagerness with merciless eyes. A sigh of bitter disappointment burst from her lips.

"Then it is true," she said mechanically. "What a blow, what a grievous blow! Do you realize what you have done?" she cried. "You have made yourself a social outcast! Eunice Bartholdt, with her prestige, her millions, her love for you which only awaited the asking of her hand, would cut you dead on the street. You have broken my heart, Neil; your waywardness has broken my heart!"

She caught blindly at the satchels, and his heart smote him. Not because he had obeyed the dictates of his heart and wedded the girl he loved, but because of his mother's mistaken ideas and the sorrow they were causing her.

"Mother, mother," he exclaimed, "only to know my dearest Beryl is to love her! She is so good, so beautiful, so true, that she would win you from your false notions of pride and blood. Besides, her family is as good as our own——"

"No more!" interrupted Mrs. Preston. "I forbid you singing her praises to me. The girl laid her plans well and won you in spite of us. You have made your choice and must abide by it. But not a penny of your father's fortune shall ever come to you. You were not brought up to be a working man," she added, with curling lip, "and love in a cottage will not turn out as you fondly imagine. When your bride"—the word came with bitter emphasis—"finds you are penniless, she will not long remain to share your lot."

Neil's spirit quivered under the lash of his mother's tongue. His manhood asserted itself, and he drew his tall form erect.

"I have married the woman I love," he answered, "the only woman I ever could love. I was reared a gentleman; I trust I can still keep the title, even though I am cut off from my patrimony and compelled to work. Honest toil is not degrading."

"I will have none of your heroics. Arthur is in front with his automobile, to carry me out of the city. Are you disposed to accompany us?"

"I cannot leave until I have found my wife! Will you not tell me where you saw her, where I can find her?"

"She called at this house last evening, and asked for news of you."

"Before—before I came, mother?" asked Neil hoarsely.

"After you came. You were asleep when I talked with her and sent her away."

"Asleep!" echoed Neil blankly. "I was under the same roof with her, and—and—— Oh, merciful heavens, this is too much! Why did you not call me?" he harshly demanded. "If you were too heartless, why did not Arthur arouse me and tell me my darling was here?"

"Call me heartless, what you will," answered the mother bitterly. "I am glad to think I have not done the least thing to help on your mad infatuation for this pretty working girl—this penniless toiler who has dared to come between you and me."

"What did you tell her?" he asked, a threat in his voice and eyes. "It cannot be that pride has turned your heart to stone? Surely you did not send her away without one little word of hope?"

"She got no word of hope from me, the insolent creature! I told her——"

"Mother! You are speaking about my wife, and I will not listen to the terms you use, for they are cruel and unjust. You are deliberately wounding me!"

Anger rose fiercely into the proud face.

"And have you not wounded me, young man?" the mother sharply demanded. "You have made your own bed, and must lie in it. Go, and never let me see your face again!"

Those awful words struck him to the soul.

"You—you cannot mean that!" he finally whispered.

"I mean every word of it! I thank Providence that I have still your brother Morley to lean upon in my declining years. Go with your working-girl wife; and when your friends turn from you with contempt, and the doors of the best society are closed in your face, remember that you have only yourself to blame! Leave me! I have suffered enough!"

A half hysterical laugh accompanied the words. Neil knew his mother was not herself, yet he did not linger. Turning slowly, he left the room and the house.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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MISS V. F., Mandan, N. D.—Apply an ointment of aloes to the finger nails. This is very bitter, and will prevent you from biting your nails, in consequence of the taste. You might also try five-grain doses of bromide of soda morning and night, to counteract your nervous tendency.

MRS. M. J., Axtel, Ky.—COMFORT does not publish sure cures for anything, especially a sure cure for epilepsy. As stated in COMFORT, this disease is incurable.

MRS. W. E. C., West Columbia, Texas.—For reducing your flesh, exercise moderately, and on alternate days drink one quart of skimmed milk in divided doses—one glass in the morning, one at noon, one at four o'clock and the last glass at night. Of course, at all times avoid sweets, potatoes, etc., and eat such vegetables as spinach, lettuce, celery. Drink plenty of good water.

MISS M. T., Oregon, Ill.—You have answered your question in your letter. You mean neurosis. This is inflammation of the nerves. Possibly your trouble is of malarial origin; if so, you should take some quinine pills three times a day. Also rub the inflamed parts with some stimulating liniment—such as the official "army liniment," so-called.

MRS. J. D. S., Greenboro, N. C.—You probably have muscular rheumatism. Try ironing the back with a hot flatiron. First wring out three or four thicknesses of flannel in mustard water, apply the flannel to the back and then have some one apply the iron until the back is well steamed. You may have myocarditis and this would cause your heart attacks. For the whitish discharge, try a teaspoonful of table salt to the quart of water as a douche.

MRS. V. E. J., Kingman, Arizona.—The lumps on the back of your husband's neck are no doubt enlargement of the lymphatic glands. He probably has been eating too much red meat. A meat free diet, including eggs, will help him. He should also paint the "lumps" every other day with tincture of iodine. Internally, he should use five drops of a saturated solution of iodide of potassium, well diluted, after meals.

MRS. L. A. D., Falkville, Ala.—Maybe the irregularity of your daughter, as to her periods, is due to anemia; if so, Basham's mixture is indicated, in tablespoonful doses after meals, well diluted. In case she has malaria, which frequently causes irregularity, use two-grain quinine pills, three times a day, after meals. In any case, treat the cause, and omit a local examination, at least until you have tried the above remedies.

MRS. W. B. C., Floydale, Texas.—You can get the ovarian tablets at any good wholesale druggist. Have your family doctor write to some good wholesale druggist and get them for you.

MRS. W. S. V., Pioneer, La.—Your sty, which is not a sty but a chalazion, must be removed by operation. This is the only cure for you. You should have your eyes examined for eyeglasses at the same time.

MRS. T. D. S., San Antonio, Texas.—There is no simple remedy for "bed-wetting." It is one of the most persistent and difficult troubles to handle known to the medical profession. Petuitrin extract is the last and best suggestion along this line. This remedy can only be used on the advice of your local doctor.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

He is in much the same condition that the son of parents who have placed unreasonable hardships on him and restrictions round him and by so doing have bred in him a spirit of revenge which shows itself as soon as he is of age and realizes he is free. He demonstrates his freedom by raising a little hell but in time he sees the folly of it and cools down and becomes a good citizen. That is about the condition of the laboring world. What is needed from you is advice and council to assist in sobering him up and bringing him back to a sense of his responsibility and a normal state of mind and not opposition and harsh criticism.

W. S. HURST.

Bill, yours is a delightful letter and shows the spirit of a real man, but, alas, you have not got the right viewpoint regarding the situation on which you write. The young laboring giant you speak of (and I am part of him and belong to his class, and for my part work twice as hard and twice as long as he ever does or ever will do) is not open to advice from any quarter except that of the red-eyed radical. His parents restricted him, as wise parents should restrict their children because they know the evil passions that are in them, and he is drunk, not with freedom but with license. He is intoxicated with the vision of a world which he will dominate, a workless world, where crops, bridges railroads, locomotives, yachts and automobiles (especially the automobiles for he will have a string of them tied round his neck, and a dozen or two in each pocket) will all spring into existence by just wishing for them or by issuing an order which will be handed to a commissioner, who in turn will hand it to a clerk who will politely pass it on to the office boy, who will present it to the office cat, who will drop it into the waste-basket and make a sofa pillow of it. Oh, it's a great life if you don't weaken, a great dream if you don't wake up. As for advice! Ye gods, I have handed it out by the bushel and I have been rewarded with insults for my pains. I told you years ago if labor acted sanely and sensibly, after its mighty arm had won this war, that it could get almost anything it wanted, within reason, then I was spat on and accused of being in the pay of Morgan and Rockefeller. Our social fabric is a complex and delicate thing, and it must be still fresh in your mind that I implored labor to heed the sign visible on all old bridges to "Walk your horses!" But the radical element (and it is always the radical hotheads who get control and lead the more conservative men of your type round by the nose) insist on galloping over the bridge, smashing it to pieces, and letting the whole fabric of society plunge into the abyss below. Your young man, unfortunately, does not want to sober up, he wants to stay wild, and, what is more, instead of appreciating the care his parents have taken of him, he is waiting a chance to beat them up. Today we do not want any top dogs or underdogs, we do not want to be bitten from below or hammered from above. A new spirit had come into the world, and it was a good, brotherly spirit. It was the spirit of live and let live, of give and take, and take and give. To a sane, sensible, reasonable, loyal and honest man, can be granted anything within reason, and I fondly hoped our young laboring giant was the type of man who visualized this fact. But, alas, he got into bad company, began drinking wood alcohol and lost his vision. He refused the advice of his conservative leaders. He realized his strength and started out to demonstrate the driving power of his new six-cylinder engine, without knowing how to use it, and he was determined to use it if he brought all creation down into the abyss on top of him. The result was that those who by superior intelligence and initiative controlled a business, big or small, were afraid to go ahead in their enterprises. There was much they wanted to do but when they gazed at the young giant and saw he was ugly, vicious and drunk with power, and that behind him were a gang of clever, red-eyed, scheming rascals urging him to deeds of violence, both Mr. Mild-eyed employer and Mr. Hard-boiled employer got scared. They saw that the man who had saved them now wanted to destroy them, so they just closed their office doors and phoned for the police, and that is just about all any man or set of men can do when they are dealing with a case of wood alcohol jag. Now if the young giant would really sober up and stay sober, produce instead of loaf, win back the confidence of those who do want to help him, purge his body and mind of the poison that has been injected into it by the glib-tongued agitators who would exploit him a thousand times more than he has ever been exploited in the past, then we'll jog along the middle course that will bring peace, prosperity and happiness to all. Your picture of the young man looking for revenge is about the worst possible picture any man could draw, and should you bring that picture near me I'd put my foot through it. You cannot build a safe and sane world while dominated by a spirit of ugliness, envy and revenge.

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(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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In Hares. We pay $7 to $13.50 a pair for Hares, and express charges. We furnish largest and finest guaranteed high grade stock and buy all you raise. Free illustrated booklet and contract.

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MOVIE MACHINE FREE Have Your Own "Movie" at home. Wonderful moving picture machine, complete with gas generator and 8 sets reels, all different (96 views). Powerful lens, showing large, clear pictures. Given for selling 20 large colored pictures, or 20 packages beautiful post cards at 15c each. Order choice today. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 825 CHICAGO

GIANT BUTTER BEAN.

The most wonderful BEAN in the world





A Record breaking FOOD producer. Comes from the ground in a few days, and grows quickly to a height of two feet, on a strong, sturdy stalk.

This bean produces profusely. We have counted over 100 blossoms on ONE stalk. The pods grow straight out from the stalk and its branches, and while there are only 2 to 4 beans in a pod, the bean itself is often the size of a SILVER Dollar. Has WONDERFUL FOOD VALUE.

After three years experimenting, we are now ready to offer this delicious vegetable for 10 cts a packet. 3 for 25 cts. 7 for 50 cts or 15 packets for $1.00 By mail postpaid The Krieter-Murphy Co. Seed Growers Dept 278 Stamford Conn.

FREE

A 46-PIECE FULL SIZE HANDSOME DINNER SET

NO MONEY NEEDED. WE PAY FREIGHT.



SELL ONLY 11 BOXES OF SOAP, each box containing 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles: a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair of Shears and Package of Needles and this artistically decorated Dinner Set is Yours. Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or Cash Commission for your time.

We also give magnificent Premiums and pay Cash for appointing agents. Special Extra Present of a High-Grade Granite 10 qt. Dish Pan, 3 qt. Sauce Pan and 3 qt. Pudding Pan FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. You advance no money. We trust you. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our Big FREE Agents Outfit. Don't delay.



THE PERRY G. MASON CO. Est. 1897. 506 W. Pearl St. CINCINNATI, O.



Six Rose Bushes!

BY special arrangement with a famous rose grower COMFORT, is enabled to give you six of the finest Hardy Ever-blooming roses in cultivation. There are six different varieties in the assortment and each of them is absolutely the **prize** of its class. They are the **"Hoosier Beauty,"** a glowing crimson scarlet, **"Francis Scott Key,"** a beautiful deep red, **"Madame Marcel Delanney,"** a soft pink, **"Sunburst,"** a magnificent yellow giant, **"Florence Forrester,"** a snow-white, and **"Red Dorothy Perkins,"** a brilliant crimson climber. Each bush is **one year old** and in a **growing condition** when delivered to you.

No matter where you live, our grower will send the bushes at the proper time to plant in your locality. You will receive them packed in damp moss, by prepaid parcel post, and we **guarantee** that they will reach you in perfect condition. If for any reason they do not, or if any of the bushes fail to grow or otherwise prove unsatisfactory, we will replace them for you **free of all cost.** We will give you these six beautiful rose bushes upon the terms of the following special offer.

For One Subscription. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the above described six rose bushes free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8571.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



SELF-FILLING

Fountain Pen

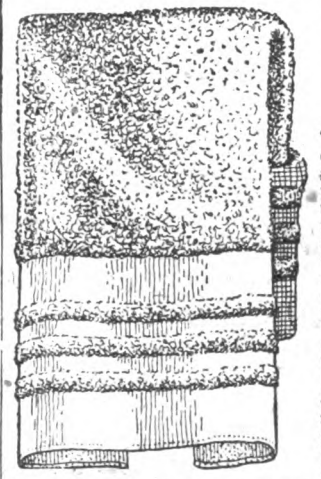
For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Fine Turkish Towels



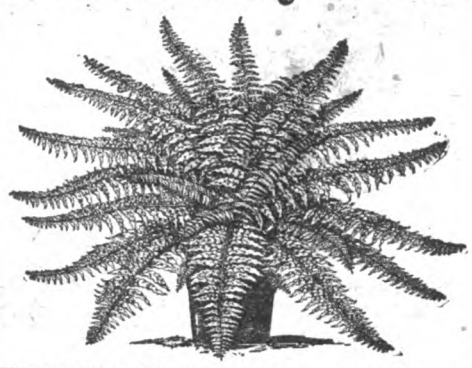
Good Size Soft And Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down with a Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the **water** much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8503.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Asparagus Plumosus** or "Lace" fern, the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled



APRIL

Guaranteed For 5 Years



AUGUST



JANUARY

Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SCRIM CURTAINS GIVEN!



THE price of cloth has advanced tremendously within the past few years, but that does not prevent us from offering these stylish Scrim Curtains for the ridiculous small club of six. We make no money profit on our premiums — that's the reason. They are full size, each side piece measuring **2½ feet in width** and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance," as it is commonly called, is **1 1-6 feet wide and 2½ feet long.** The insertion is a 3-inch band of Filet lace. The color is White or Ecru—whichever you prefer. These Curtains are all the style now, so don't miss this wonderful opportunity to secure one or more of them absolutely free. And be sure to send in your order **at once** as our supply is limited.

Given To You. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these stylish Curtains free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7756.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



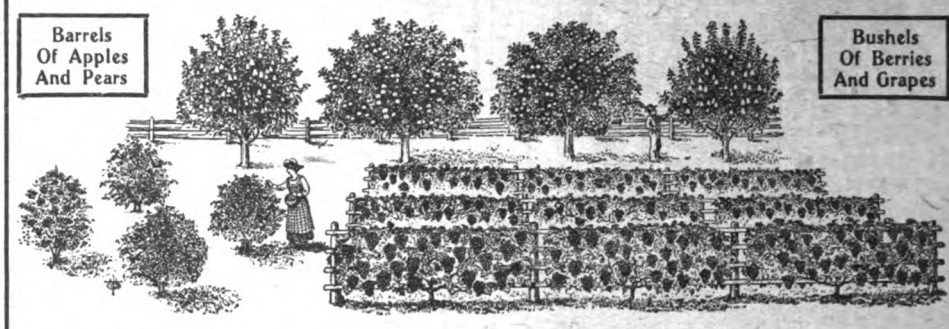
Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are **carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork."** We will send you a **package** containing more than **one hundred** of these beautiful **silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors,** also an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting.** All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Plant This Grand Fruit Orchard





Delaware Grape



Bartlett Pear



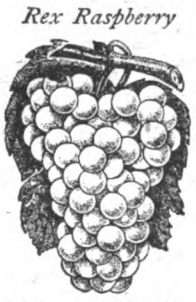
Concord Grape



Wealthy Apple



Rex Raspberry



Niagara Grape

For A Club Of Two

We Will Send You Seventeen Apple And Pear Trees, Berry Bushes and Grape Vines!

BY special arrangement with the growers in Michigan we can now offer our readers this grand Fruit and Orchard Collection of 17 Choice Fruit Trees, Berry Bushes and Grape Vines. If planted at standard distances apart they will nicely fill **an eighth of an acre.** Or they can be planted closer if desired, or they can be made to form a border around your yard or lot. Wherever grown, however, they will yield loads of the finest Apples, Pears, Grapes, Raspberries and Dewberries every year as long as you live. All the varieties in this splendid Collection have been carefully selected for their characteristics of rapid growth, early maturity, immense yield and extreme hardiness. We believe it would be difficult to secure as much **actual value from** any other assortment of the same size.

Here is what we give you:

One Snow Apple Tree, One Wealthy Apple Tree, One Kieffer Pear Tree, One Bartlett Pear Tree, Two Lucretia Dewberry Bushes, Two Rex Raspberry Bushes, Three Niagara Grape Vines, Three Delaware Grape Vines, Three Concord Grape Vines.

The four grafted Apple and Pear Trees in this Collection are the best that can be procured. **They are one foot high,** grafted by experts from bearing trees with high records. They will take root as soon as planted and grow rapidly into vigorous healthy trees. You could not get better trees at **any** price.

The nine Grape Vines are a product of southern Michigan, where the finest grapes in the world are grown. From selected vines, cuttings are taken and buried in underground pits until they undergo a process known as "callousing." After being properly "calloused" the cuttings will take root as soon as planted. **The "calloused" Grape Cuttings in this Collection are all produced in this manner.** They will grow rapidly and bear immense crops of choice grapes even sooner than large vines planted at the same time.

The two Raspberry Bushes and two Dewberry Bushes in this Collection are robust, one-year-old youngsters, ready to set out as soon as you receive them. They will begin growing at once and develop into fine, heavy-bearing bushes if given proper attention.

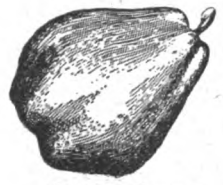
All Will Bear Soon! The garden which you plant with this fine Fruit and Orchard Collection will prove an ever increasing source of pleasure and profit to you year after year. All the trees, vines and bushes will bear fruit in a remarkably short time. The Raspberry will produce some fruit this season. Then next year your Dewberries will commence bearing. The following year you will have grapes and some pears. (A properly cared-for Grape Vine will yield a bushel of grapes every season.) Your Apple and Pear Trees will begin bearing in from three to five years. Then you will have loads and loads of fine fruit in increasing quantity every year.

Guaranteed To Grow! Everything in this Collection is **absolutely guaranteed to grow.** We stand behind every Collection sent out and the growers in turn stand behind us. You may rest assured that if you order this splendid Collection (and you surely ought to), it will reach you in **good condition** and grow to your **entire satisfaction** if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to make growth satisfactory to you, we hereby guarantee to replace them promptly and **absolutely without charge to you.** You cannot lose. You run absolutely no risk in accepting this offer.

Full Planting Instructions! With this fine Fruit and Orchard Collection we are also going to send you **complete instructions for planting.** These directions are fully illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing you **just what to do and when and how to do it.** By following these simple directions you will in a few years have one of the finest orchards in your neighborhood.

Our Free Offer! Send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each and this remarkable Fruit and Orchard Collection is yours free—The two Apple Trees, two Pear Trees, two Dewberry Bushes, two Raspberry Bushes and nine Grape Vines. The whole Collection will be carefully **packed in moss,** securely wrapped and sent to you by prepaid parcel post, direct from the Michigan growers **at the proper time for planting in your locality.** Remember we guarantee that everything will reach you in perfect condition. You will also receive complete illustrated instructions for planting. Be sure to send in your order this very day and ask for **Premium No. 9542.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



Kieffer Pear



Lucretia Dewberry



Snow Apple

For A Club Of Four



All Metal Hot Water Bottle

COMFORT housewives who know the danger of using hot water bottles or bags that are liable to burst or leak will quickly realize the many advantages of this new patented **all-metal** bottle.

It is made of finest nickel-plated brass—absolutely no rubber about it to dry up or chip off. It **cannot** be punctured and will **not** leak. It is the **only** bottle in which **boiling** water can be safely used. It can be heated hotter and stays hot **longer** than any other bottle. It gives a dry, healthy heat. It can be used every day and all day long. It holds two pints, comes in a soft, warm blue-flannel removable cover and has an attachable handle for filling and carrying, so as not to burn the hands.

A hot water bottle like this should be in every home. Not only is it indispensable in time of illness and emergency, but whenever extra warmth is needed for the body—between the sheets on winter nights, for the nursery, on the sleeping porch, in baby's carriage, for sleighing or motor trips, it is a wonderful **comfort,** an absolute **necessity.** It will never wear out. It will last a lifetime if given ordinary care.

You can have one of these splendid hot water bottles free by accepting the following special

Club Offer. For a club of four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this all-metal hot water bottle exactly as described, free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8044.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Send Only Two Subscriptions For This

Handsome Stamped Pillow-Top With Back and Fringe

A DESIGN that will appeal to all lovers of home. A comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, the well with the "old oaken bucket," and a cluster of handsome American Beauty roses. The stamping is done in natural colors on tan art crash, 17x21 inches, these colors acting as a guide to the embroiderer. Or, if desired, the whole design may be simply outlined in black. If embroidered, the roses should be worked in red and pink, using the outline stitch for all but the light part, which should be worked solid. The leaves are to be outlined in green, the stems in brown. Work the house, well and surroundings in outline in colors corresponding to those stamped. The words "Home Sweet Home" are to be done in black in solid embroidery and outline stitch. We will send you this handsome stamped pillow-top with back and fringe upon the terms of the following

Special Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 9242.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Quick Action Corn Cure

"Gets-It" Stops Pain Instantly and Corn Soon Lifts Right Off.

A few drops of "Gets-It" quenches corn pains like water quenches fire. Gives you immediate relief.



The corn begins to lose its grip at once. In a a day or two it is so loose that you can lift it off, roots and all, 'twixt thumb and finger. That's the last of it, as many millions have found out. It is the simple, effective and common-sense way to be rid of corns.

"Gets-It," the never-failing, guaranteed, money-back corn remover, costs but a trifle at any drug store. Mf'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

FOR HEADACHE AND NEURALGIA
ANTI-KAMNIA
AK TABLETS
10c & 25c PACKAGES
ASK FOR A-K TABLETS

ALL FREE



Gold finished Necklace, Gold plated Bracelet with sparkling stone, Cameo Ring, Persian Brooch. Complete Jewelry Outfit for selling 15 pkgs. Bingo Products at 10c each. **Send no money.** Bingo Co. Dept. 413, Binghamton, N.Y.

Profit in Keeping Bees

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

comb. It was built on a full sheet of foundation. The frame was wired with four horizontal wires; each was firmly embedded in the foundation. Observe that the comb is built out to the wood all around and that there is no drone comb. All cells are of the worker size. Try to get all combs like this one. Full sheets are better also in sections. However, those who buy supers nailed up and painted and fitted with sections, will have to be satisfied with starters, as full sheets in sections do not ship well.

And now about the problem of making a success, making the bees pay. It can be summed up in a few words. Keep all colonies strong all the time. This involves a good many problems which will have to be dealt with separately. If you can keep colonies strong in the summer, that is, have strong colonies for the honey flow. If you can keep colonies strong in the summer, that is, prevent them from splitting up into swarms, you will get a good crop. If you go through the summer and fall with strong colonies you will carry your bees into the winter months in good condition; and if you carry them through the winter, still strong, they will be ready to build up rapidly for the honey flow again. Keep this idea fixed in your mind at all times and it will assist, immensely, in making a success.

"How much can I make out of a colony of bees?" This is a hard question to answer. Locations differ, seasons differ, and beekeepers differ. Four or five miles sometimes makes all the difference between a good and a bad location. Seasons vary all the way from scanty to copious honey flows; and every one acquainted with the facts knows that one beekeeper may make a success in a poor location while another will make a failure in a good location. In a general way it may be said that a colony of bees should give a return of $10.

"Is there very much labor connected with beekeeping?" When the number of colonies is small—half a dozen or so—there is no labor. It is simply a pastime, if one is a real beekeeper. But if the number of colonies runs up to 150 or 200, there is a good deal of work. And yet a knowledge of the business enables one to eliminate a large amount of work. Thus, in my own case, from ten to fifteen trips, remaining from one-half day to two days, are all that are necessary for the care of an out-apiary for an entire year. The variation is determined by the peculiarity of the season. In June and July, trips are made every ten days. This is the busiest time of the year.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23.)

Put celery in glass jars, air tight. Set in a cool place and it will keep fresh and crisp.

Salt thrown on a coal fire when broiling steak will prevent blazing from the dripping fat.

Requests

Will someone send me the September, October, November and December numbers of COMFORT?—VERA CARLETON, Star City, Ark.

Miss Roena Hemphill, Montezuema, Georgia, would like the June, 1917, number of Needlecraft. Will return as soon as read if desired.

Would like to read book, "The Shadow of the Cross." Will someone loan it to me or tell me where I can secure a copy?—NENA PRINTZ, Luray, Va.

Will someone please send me the book, "The Hidden Hand." Will return book and pay postage. Write first.—MISS HAZEL HILL, Echo, R. R. 1, Box 50, PA.

I would like to have the song, "Dark Eyes," which begins: "When dawn awakes the Eastern skies, and the Oriental zephyrs kiss the sea."—FLORINE MILLER, Parhams, La.

Will someone please send me the December, 1919, issue of Illustrated Companion. Will return paper and postage. Write first. Also book, "St. Elmo."—JESSIE M. CHANDLER, Pleasantville, Tenn.

Remedies

ECZEMA.—Boil one cup of sassafras bark and one quart of hot water twenty minutes; drain. To one half cup of the tea add one tablespoon of pure lard and let simmer on back of stove until water is evaporated. Then put in cold cream jar. Wash affected parts three or four times a day and let it dry, then apply the salve.—MRS. MARY K., Kansas.

INGROWING NAILS.—Nearly thirty years ago I worked as general utility man in a small hotel. Part of my work was to keep things clean. One time while scrubbing the kitchen floor with hot and strong lye water I went at it barefooted and the next day I discovered that all the nails on my feet were bent up and I've never been troubled with ingrowing nails since.—F. W. K., Texas.

COLD.—To loosen cold in throat or lungs, beat one egg in a coffee cup and fill cup with boiling milk and drink as hot as possible.—MRS. H. F. R., Hutchinson, Minn.

GOITRE.—Make a sack from flour sack muslin, fill with table salt, dampen one side and put damp side to goitre, every night until cured. Tie a dry cloth over damp pack. No change will be noticed if goitre is large for three months, then on measuring after that a change will be noticed with little tissue paper like wrinkles over the growth. Keep on and the change will be more rapid from then. Don't discontinue the treatment for one year for large goitres, even though the neck has become normal as it may start to grow again. I made my sacks a dozen at a time, as they become very hard and uncomfortable. As the salt would get into a pile in one end I quilted lines across the sack and filled each space with salt. This keeps the salt evenly distributed over the neck. Rub a little vaseline on throat if it gets rough. This will relieve the choking sensation very soon.—COMFORT SISTER, Portland, Oregon.



Factory

price direct to you
This $12 Officer Shoe

Hand sewed. First Grade. The Factory price—direct to you at only $6.89

The retail price of this shoe is $12.00. It is made of the best waterproof mahogany calf leather. Guaranteed to give the best wear. If these shoes are not just as we say, send them back. You don't lose a cent.

If you are sending money order or check, do not include postage. Pay only $6.89 for shoes. We pay postage. State size.

These shoes are built to be good for work and dress at the same time.

U. S. NATIONAL ARMY SHOE CO.
Dept. 822, Westfield, Mass.

How To Prevent Weeds

My book is worth its weight in gold to you

if you want to make your garden this Spring so weeds will not grow! These cantankerous pests can be **entirely eliminated** if you will till the soil according to my method! Enjoy a garden such as you have never had before! My book costs only **$5.00**—postpaid. **DeWitt C. Reilly, 508 Clinton St., Hudson, N.Y.**



Ford Auto

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

SEND ANSWER TO-DAY

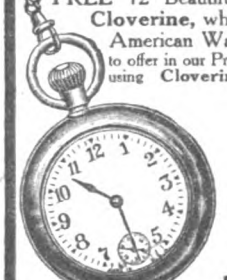
We not only give away this Ford auto, but hundreds of dollars in cash and scores of other valuable prizes. Bicycles, Guns, Watches, Talking Machines, something for everybody. Everyone who answers this can have a prize of some sort. There are no losers. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody wins. Someone gets this new 1919 Ford Auto free. Why not you? Address

FORD WILLSON, 141 West Ohio Street, Dept. 51, Chicago, Ill.

WATCH, CHAIN AND TWO RINGS



as premiums—send no money—simply name and address—merely give away FREE 12 Beautiful Art Pictures with 12 Boxes of our famous **White Cloverine,** which you sell at 25c each. We will send you this Genuine American Watch, also Chain and two **Gold** Shell Rings, according to offer in our Premium Catalog which you will receive with the White Cloverine. Millions are using **Cloverine.**



LADIES! YOU CAN ALSO EARN A BEAUTIFUL DINNER SET OR SIX LACE CURTAINS

and many other beautiful premiums. Our plan is the easiest and absolutely square. Write quick—Pictures and Cloverine sent promptly, post-paid. Be first in your town.

THE WILSON CHEMICAL CO.,
BIG CASH COMMISSION TO AGENTS Dept. L. 112, Tyrone, Pa.

How Signs Of Old Age Creep Into Your System When The Iron In Your Blood Runs Low

For Want of Iron, You May Be Old At Thirty—Nervous, Irritable and All Run-Down While at Fifty or Sixty, With Plenty of Iron in Your Blood, You May Be Young in Feeling and Brimming Over With Vim and Energy

IRON IS THE RED BLOOD FOOD

That Helps Strengthen the Nerves, Restores Wasted Tissue and Aids in Giving Renewed Force and Power to the Body. Physicians Explain Why Administration of Simple Nuxated Iron Often Increases the Strength and Endurance of Delicate, Run-down People in Two Weeks' Time.

Old age has already sunk its talons into thousands of men and women who ought still to be enjoying the springtime and summer of life simply because they have allowed worry, overwork, nervous strain, dissipation and occupational poison to sap the iron from their blood and thereby destroy its power to change food into living tissue, muscle and brain. You will find plenty of people at 40 who are broken in health and steadily going downward to physical and mental decay while others at 50 are strong, active, alert and seemingly growing younger every year. One class withers and dies like leaves in autumn while the other by keeping up a strong power of resistance against disease may pass the three score and ten mark with surprising health, strength and vigor. But you cannot expect to look and feel young and vigorous unless you have plenty of iron in your blood, and physicians explain below why they prescribe organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to supply the iron deficiency in the weak, nervous, and run-down so as to build them up into stronger, healthier men and women.

"Many a man and woman who ought still to be young in feeling is losing the old time vim and energy that makes life worth living simply because their blood is starving for want of iron," says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly Physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "Thousands are ageing and breaking down at a time when they should be enjoying perfect health because anaemia—lack of iron in the blood—has fastened its grip on them and is sapping their strength, vitality and energy. But in my opinino you can't make strong, keen, forceful men and healthy rosy-cheeked women by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or if you don't want to go to this trouble then purchase Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron) appears on the package. If you have taken preparations such as Nux and Iron and other similar iron products and failed to get results, remember that such products are an entirely different thing from Nuxated Iron."



YOU ARE AGEING
If you are wearied by the activities of your daily life

YOU ARE AGEING
If you have lost the spring of your step and your movements are cumbrous

YOU ARE AGEING
If your skin is shrinking and your face looks wrinkled, careworn and old

YOU ARE AGEING
If the enthusiasm for tackling your daily problems has waned

Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon, Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, says: "From a careful examination of the formula and my own tests of Nuxated Iron, I feel convinced that it is a preparation which any physician can take himself or prescribe for his patients with the utmost confidence of obtaining highly beneficial and satisfactory results."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE. Nuxated Iron which has been used by Dr. Sullivan and other physicians with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

Dont Send a Penny

Just write stating size and width—that's all. We'll send the shoes promptly. We want you to see these shoes at our risk. Examine them, try them on—and then decide as to whether or not you wish to keep them. Our special bargain price is only $4.69 per pair while they last. Season's greatest bargain. We send them to you, not a cent in advance, so that you can compare them with any $7.00 or $8.00 shoes. If you don't think this the biggest shoe bargain you can get anywhere, send the shoes back at our expense. You won't be out a cent. We take all the risk.

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Made of genuine leather in gun metal, popular style, Manhattan last. Blucher style. Comfortable, substantial, long wearing genuine oak leather soles—reinforced shank and cap. Military heel. Best expert workmanship. Black only. Sizes, 6 to 11.



Pay only $4.69 for shoes on arrival.

If on examination you don't find them the greatest shoe bargain of the year, return them to us and back goes your money. No obligation, no risk to you. But you must send at once. A sale like this soon sells the stock.

SEND NOW Just your request. No money now. Wait until they come. Pay when shoes arrive. Keep them only if satisfactory in every way. Give size and order by No. A15105. Send no money.

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We Trust You with seeds until sold.

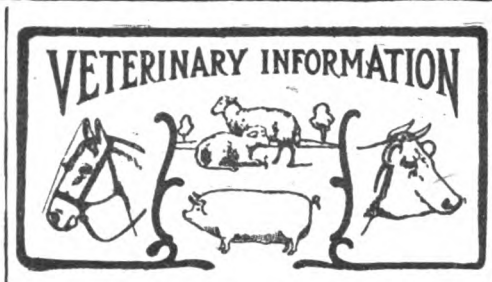
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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Preventing Harness Sores

WERE owners more careful to have collars and other parts of the harness fit properly and then keep them clean, smooth and dry, collar galls and other sores would be comparatively rare. Better buy and fit properly a new collar for a new bought or broken-in horse or colt than try to fit the old, worn, rough collar that has been "handed down for generations." The harnessmaker is best able to fit a collar. He will advise wetting the leather with hot water to soften it before placing the collar upon the neck and then to mould it perfectly to the neck and shoulders. Some simply put on a wet collar and let it dry in place, but that is not sufficient. Moulding the collar to place is necessary. To toughen the shoulders for spring and summer work it is well to bathe them two or three times daily with cold, soft water containing half an ounce of tannic or gallic acid to the gallon; or a tablespoonful of powdered alum to the quart. A strong tea of white oak bark is popular for this purpose with many practical farmers. During the days of hard, hot work in the fields, bathe the shoulders, neck and other parts irritated by the harness, with soft cold water containing a heaping teaspoonful of table salt to the quart. Raise the collar and allow air to play between it and the skin every time the horse stops when at work. Remove the harness at noon, unless that is absolutely impossible. Cleanse the collar and set it in the sun to dry at the noon hour. Keep it smooth. Hair, dandruff and sweat collecting upon the bearing surface of the collar cause sores. If the shoulders are a bit sore, dust the inner surface of the collar with talcum powder before use. Do not clip hair from the neck where the collar rides if the skin is seen to be sore. Have the collar properly adjusted with the hame strap and if necessary use a new, smooth collar pad of leather or zinc. To sore necks apply twice daily a lotion composed of two ounces of tincture of iodin and six ounces of extract of witch-hazel. Use this on all lumps caused by harness. A good gall ointment is made by mixing together one dram each of iodoform, tannic acid and boric acid to the ounce of lard. If iodoform is objectionable on account of smell, substitute calomel or subnitrate of bismuth. "White lotion" composed of one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate of zinc in a pint of soft water is most popular for surface sores and wounds. Label the bottle "poison" and shake it well before use. This lotion also is excellent for barb wire wounds that do not cut deeply. If a large, hard, round, sore lump forms on the shoulder under the collar, a deep-seated abscess is present and the pus will have to be liberated by a veterinarian. External treatment will not suffice. A dead, horny "island" of skin usually is present in a chronic sore where the collar rides. It is termed a "sit-fast" and must be cut out before healing can take place. Afterward use white lotion two or three times a day.

BOTS.—Please inform me the best treatment for bots in a horse's stomach. W. L.

A.—Bots are present in the stomach of practically every horse that has grazed during the previous grass season and seldom if ever cause noticeable ill effects. In a few instances they may cause ill-thrift and when passing out of the body in spring and early summer they sometimes hook onto the lining of the rectum and cause irritation. Prevention is of most importance and consists in removing the nits from the long hairs of the legs and breast by singeing, clipping or wetting with a five per cent solution of coal tar dip as often as seems to be necessary. A veterinarian may be employed to administer capsules containing bisulphid of carbon, if bots are known to be doing harm.

INJURED STIFLE.—My colt, one year old, slipped down and hurt one of his hind legs in the joint. After the lameness and swelling was gone, it left an enlargement just above the joint. What can I do to reduce it? J. E. B.

A.—We should advise you to treat this condition with a proprietary reducing lotion which you can buy at a drug store; or rub in 10 per cent iodin vasogen or petrogen twice daily.

SWINE PLAGUE.—Please tell me what is the matter with my hogs. They began to cough and some would vomit green frothy foam. In about three days they began to thump and later die. Upon examination I found that the lungs were completely decayed. MRS. J. V. W.

A.—Your hogs have died of swine plague (hemorrhagic septicemia) and this might have been prevented, with a fair degree of success, by vaccination. You should have a veterinarian show you how to cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the houses and pens. Then he should vaccinate any new hogs you put in those quarters. It would be better still to provide new quarters on new ground.

POINTING OF FEET.—What ails my mare? She sets out her front feet and stretches back as if something hurt her, otherwise she seems all right. I feed her hay and oats when she is working. D. K.

A.—Such "pointing" of both fore feet usually is a symptom of founder, in which disease the horse is excessively lame and is liable to remain so. The hind feet are advanced under the body in founder. If the mare is not lame and does not advance her hind feet under her body when the fore feet are advanced, she probably stretches on account of constipation or irritation of the kidneys from indigestion. Allow her a roomy box-stall, work her or give her exercise every day and keep her bowels active.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for April

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Priscilla Tillery, Elm City, N. C. Invalid for many years. No means of support. Send her a greenback shower. Mrs. Alice Stacey, R. R. 3, Dalton, Ga. Invalid, 57 years of age. Widow with one son who is helpless and unable to work. She would be grateful for a dime shower, also second-hand clothing. Fred W. Bizzell, Newton Grove, N. C. Helpless from rheumatism for 21 years. Lovely character. Well recommended. Open your hearts and pocketbooks and extend to him a helping hand. Miss Sarah Ruth Deal, Stuart, Va. Shut-in. Alone in the world. Helpless and needy. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. James D. Lively, R. R. 1, Box 84, Liberty Hill, Tenn. Helpless shut-in. Depends on father for support and he is old and sick. Highly recommended. Send him a greenback shower. Mrs. S. P. Mitchell, Dawson, Ala. Widow. Has tuberculosis. Her daughter, aged sixteen, her only support. Send her some substantial cheer. Well recommended. Rosa E. Joyce, R. R. 1, Box 57, Spencer, Va. Invalid for many years. Needy and worthy. Send her a dime shower. Charles Kerr, Buffalo, Ill. Helplessly crippled for more than five years. Unable to work. Well recommended. Send him some cheer. Mrs. Rachel Ealdeman, Hillsville, Va. Seventy years of age. Would appreciate quilt pieces.

Here is a chance for you to do good, a chance to lay up treasure in heaven where no Bolshevik can swipe it. The Christianity that is worth while consists in helping others. If you don't help others, you are a mighty fine hypocrite but you are no Christian. Help me in this work.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Uncle Charlie's Poems the Best Spring Medicine in the World!

There is no spring medicine that compares with Uncle Charlie's Poems. They make the sluggish blood course through the veins like a mill-race, for the best tonic in the world is a hearty laugh; and there are a thousand laughs in Uncle Charlie's Book of Poems. You owe it to the children, if not to yourself, to get immediately a copy of this exquisitely dainty book, bound in silk cloth, containing splendid illustrations of the author and his faithful Maria and a sketch of his life. Free for a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Yours for an hour's easy work. Don't be left out in the cold, but start your clubbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is a Whole Entertainment in Itself!

Uncle Charlie's Song Book supplies a complete musical entertainment for church, parlor or concert room. Twenty-eight songs for any and all occasions; comic, sacred, coon and novelty songs, with full music for voice and piano. On the handsome cover appears several splendid photographic pictures of Uncle Charlie. Five dollars' worth of music for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. These premiums count toward our grand cash prize competition. Both books free for a club of five. Work for them today.

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A 1920 OVERLAND 4 *Completely Equipped.*
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YOU have a chance to own this splendid $945.00 Overland touring car or this shiny new $600.00 Ford, no matter who you are or where you live. Two people who answer my ad and act energetically in following instructions will get them. No one will be asked or permitted to spend a cent of his own money at any time.

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Besides these cars I will give away thousands of dollars in Cash Rewards, and Minor Grand Prizes. These will include Bicycles, Gold Watches, Diamond Rings, Phonographs, Silverware, Cameras, Money Rewards, etc., etc. (Prizes duplicated in case of a tie.)

Every one taking an active part in this contest will be well paid in cash, whether or not he wins a car or one of the other Grand Prizes. Just your name and address with five or more faces correctly marked in the picture below, starts everything. Act quick. Mail me the coupon today sure.

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In the picture are a number of hidden faces. See how many you can find. Some are looking right at you, some turned sidewise. You will find them upside down and every way Mark each face you find with a pencil, write your name and address plainly on the lines below, clip out this coupon and mail to me now. If you find as many as five of the hidden faces I will enter you in this contest and credit you with 1,000 votes. Send me this coupon today SURE.

D. W. Beach, Contest Mgr., FARM LIFE, Dept. 158 Spencer, Ind.

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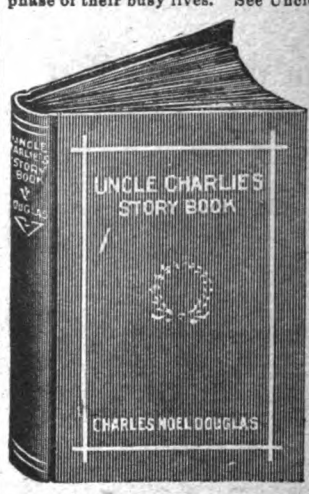


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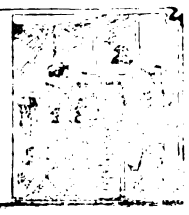
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Agents and Crew Managers, New fast selling food specialty. Livest article. Packed your label. Write or wire. Federal Pure Food Co., 2303D Archer Ave., Chicago.

500 Agents Wanted At Once For Mitchell's Magic Marvel Washing Compound 300% Profit. Enormous Repeater. Washes clothes spotlessly clean in ten to fifteen minutes. One thousand other uses in every home. Astounds and delights every woman. Nothing else like it. Nature's mightiest cleanser, contains no lye, lime, acid or wax. Free samples furnished to boost sales. We positively guarantee the sale of every package. Exclusive territory. Own your own business. You cannot fail to make big money. Barber, Ohio, made $600 last month. Send for free sample and proof. Hurry, hustle, grab this chance. L. Mitchell & Co., Desk 306, 1312-1314 E. 61st, Chicago.

Big Money For Agents! Men-or-women, demonstrating and selling the Union Rug and Embroidery Machine. It quickly makes beautiful velvety rugs from bits of rags. Price only $1.50. Lady sold 10,000 machines. Also good income at home making handsome, fast selling rugs. Write today. Union Loom Works, 72 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

$3.50 Per Day paid one man or woman in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for Economy Non-Alcoholic flavoring. Permanent position. F. E. Barr Co., Dept. B, Chicago.

Agents—Sell Furniture from our catalog. Make big money in your locality. Exclusive territory. Write for Free Catalog. Western Factories Furniture Co., 1320 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

Agents, Sell Raincoats, garbardines, leatherettes. We deliver and collect. No advance payments. Sample coat free. Largest commissions. Temple Raincoat Co., Box 1A, Templeton, Mass.

Sell World's Greatest Auto Invention; wonderful chemical cloth prevents rain blurred windshields; one rub keeps glass clear 24 hours; agents amazed—coining money. Address Security Mfg. Co., Dept. 277, Toledo, O.

Hustlers make big money selling patented Spring Maid Fibre House Broom. Outlasts 6 corn brooms. New exclusive features make it big seller. Every woman wants one. Write today. Sample $1.50. Sterling Products Co., 42 S. Desplaines, Chicago.

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Salesmen—Sell groceries, paints, lubricating oils, roofing, stock powder, automobile supplies, phonographs, to farmers, ranchmen and other large consumers by sample; profitable, steady, desirable work. No experience necessary, satisfaction guaranteed; commission advanced: 47 years in business. Write Loverin Browne Co., wholesale grocers, 1761 S. State St., Chicago, Ill.

Our men earn from $150 to $500 per month selling wonderful series of uncensored stereographs of the late World War. Everybody interested a sure money maker—endorsed by men like Edison. Exclusive territory contract to live wires. Write today. Underwood & Underwood, Inc. Dept. B, 417 5th Ave., New York.

Some of our salesmen earn from $3,000 to $6,000 a year selling Visual Instruction equipment to schools. Exclusive Territory contracts and Free sample outfit to high class men with references. Underwood & Underwood, Inc., 421 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

Lubricating oil, grease, paint, specialties. Whole or part time. Commission basis. Men with car or rig. Riverside Refining Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

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Scientific, Expert, Court Reporting Shorthand only 50 cts a lesson. Send money order for first lesson to Edgar Fuller, 1051 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Your Chance in Life to own dignified profitable business. Learn the real estate business; brokerage, farm agency and insurance; earn $5,000 a year; office at home; representatives wanted; no capital required; stamp for booklet. Ed. Hayes Realty Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Look: A great opportunity for you to be either a manufacturer or salesman. Write for attractive proposition. Lester M. Garber, Timberville, Va.

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Good Hardwood Land On Credit in Mich. best counties. Raises fine grain, fruit, truck. Only $15 to $35 Per Acre. Very easy terms. In tracts of 10 to 160 A. No swamps or stones. Free farm advisers and insurance. Money loaned after land is paid for to erect buildings and buy livestock. Near good markets, schools, churches, hardroads, R. R., etc. Best land offer in U. S. from largest Co. Write today for free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First Nat'l Bk. Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Fords run 34 miles per gallon with our 1920 carburetors. Use cheapest gasoline or half kerosene. Start easy any weather. Increased power. Styles for all motors. Runs slow in high gear. Attach yourself. Big profits for agents. Money back guarantee. 30 days' trial. Air-Friction Carburetor Co., 427 Madison Ave., Dayton, Ohio.

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Honey of Superior Quality. Also Green County's Famous Cheese. Price list Free. E. H. Rosa, Monroe, Wis.

Finest Quality Clover Honey. 30 lb. can $8.50. 10 lb. cans 29, and 5 lb. cans 30 cents per pound. Every order carefully packed and promptly shipped. Sample 15 cents. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

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$35 Profit Nightly. Small Capital starts you, no experience needed. Complete outfit sold on easy installments. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 446 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

Make Money Fast. Small capital buys professional machine and complete outfit. Easy payments. No experience required. Openings everywhere. Catalogue free. Dept. 629, Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Address nearest office, Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago, Ill., 420 Market, St. Louis, Mo., 228 Union, Memphis, Tenn.

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Big money in Weaving Rugs, Carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rags and waste materials. Our free loom book tells all about the weaving business and our wonderfully low priced, easy-to-operate looms. Union Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

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Strout's Spring Catalog Farms! Just Out!! More than 1,000,000 people will read this New 100-page catalog packed with money-making poultry, dairy, general farms in 33 States. See page 3 for details 80 acres, 6-room house, barn, &c., for $600, half cash. You'll want to read on page 11 of 160 acres, 10-room house, barns, silo, with pair horses, 7 cows, hogs, poultry, tools, to close estate $2500, only $1000 down. Write today for your free copy showing you the farm you want, where you want it, at the price you want to pay. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BG Nassau St., New York.

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Men wanted. Railway Mail Clerks. $110 month. List positions free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R12, Rochester, N. Y.

ROOTS, HERBS & EVERGREENS

Earn $10 Day gathering roots and herbs. Ginseng grows wild like weeds; selling $24 lb. Grow in your yard. We buy your roots. Free book. Botanical 1100 New Haven, Conn.

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Eureka System of Child Education, Monadnock Bldg., San Fran., Cal. Send 10c for Photo of 3 best educated children in world & literature. Home teaching.

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Cabbage Plants. Tomato Plants, Sweet Potato Plants, leading varieties, 1000 for $2.25, 500 $1.50. Clark Plant Co., Thomasville, Ga.

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Your Worn-Out Clothes made into hats or caps for you. For particulars, Criterion Cap Co., 204 W. 23 St., New York.

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Patents—Write for free Guide Book and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

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Thousands Men-Women-Boys-Girls, over 18, needed for Government Positions. Commence, $100. Experience Unnecessary. List Free. Write, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Firemen, Brakemen. Baggagemen $140—$200 Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

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Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made $30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Wanted—5 bright, capable Ladies to Travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 62, Omaha, Nebr.

Hundreds Government office positions for women. $100 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R9, Rochester, N. Y.

Women Wanted. Be Dress Designers. $125 month. Sample lessons free. Write today. Franklin Institute, Dept. R 851, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

Want to hear from party having Farm for sale, give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

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Trained Nurses, Earn $15 to $30 a week. Learn without leaving home. Send for free booklet. Royal College of Science, Dept. 49, Toronto, Ontario.

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Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$600 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands. Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. L. J. Bricker, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

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Tires—10,000 Miles Guaranteed in writing. (No seconds). At special direct-to you prices. Write Washington-McLean Tire Co., 2104-14th Street, N. W. Washington, D. C.

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Mail Us 15c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Best materials. Skilled operators. Get our book. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For 10c we will develop and furnish prints from one 6 or 8 exposure film, or enlargement 5 x 7 your favorite negative. Inc to show quality and service. Associated Photo Company, Sta. A. 15, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodakers—Your money back if we fail to convince you that our enlarging and finishing of films excel what you are now getting. You can't lose. It's worth a trial. Your next film and 25c and we will surprise you. Better do it now. Moreau's Kodak Finishing Service (Established 25 years) 622 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Special Offer—Your next Kodak Film Developed 10c and prints 2c each. Best workmanship. 24 hour service. Enclose money with order. Write for price list "G" and sample print. Johnston & Tunick, 53 Nassau Street, New York.

Kodak Films developed, any size 6c each. Prints, any size, 3c each. This is not a special trial offer, but our regular price. Superior service. Locke & Co., 279 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati.

Mail Your Kodak Films to the French Studio, Union City, Michigan, and get the benefit of our 25 years' experience in professional photography. Any size roll developed and 6 mounted prints for 10 cents. No stamps. Our secret methods get results. "There is a difference."

Disabled Soldiers Photo Service Co., 3654 N. Halsted St., Chicago. Films Developed 5c, Prints 3c each. Give us a trial.

World's Finest Kodak Prints, all in frames, New, never seen before. Trial roll dev. 5c prints 2c each. Malden Art Co., 5, Cin., O.

Professional Developing, Printing and Enlarging. Photo Pillow Tops, Crayon Portraits, etc. Best workmanship. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for price lists today. The Liberty Photo Co., Dept. "C", Owego, N. Y.

Avoid worry, useless expense and disappointment by mailing your films to us. Send your next roll at once. Six exposure roll developed and prints furnished for 35c. Additional prints 5c each. All orders returned within 10 hours. Expert developing—printing—enlarging. Central Photo Finishing Co., Dept. F, 911 Main St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodak Prints; 2 for 5c, postcards 5c, developing 5c, "Quality and service." Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1982 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit MSS. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

POULTRY & ANIMALS FOR SALE

Raise Giant Rabbits For Me. I furnish breeders cheap, and buy all you raise at 30 to 60c per pound alive. Hundreds make big money. Send 10c for Breeders Instruction book, contract, price list, etc. N. Cross, 1407 Ridge, St. Louis, Mo.

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Day Old Chicks for sale. Thousands per week. Better hatched, vigorous chicks. Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, Ohio.

Baby Chicks. Hatched and delivered right. 23 varieties. Catalog free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box 204, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

AUTOMOBILE TIRES

Buy new tires at wholesale prices. Save 50%. Guaranteed 8000 miles. Send for list. Reliance Tire Co., Kansas City, Mo.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

Six Wheel Chairs in March

549 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

Our March distribution of wheel chairs makes a gain of one over the February distribution. That is good work, considering the adverse weather conditions. Let us all pull together and try to boost the April wheel chairs up another notch to seven for the month.

The six March chairs go to Thomas Henry Williams, Rear 738 S. Main St., Akron, Ohio, 139; Harold Stewart, 840 Madison Ave., Kansas City, Mo., 138; Dewey Beldon Adams, R. R. 3, Springfield, Tenn., 92; Clifford Brown, Avant, Okla., 81; John Bailey, Duffau, Texas, 81: Ray White, Milam, Texas, 78.

The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Thomas Henry Williams, age three years and nine months, had infantile paralysis when sixteen months old, which left him crippled in both legs.

Harold Stewart, age 10, was crippled in both legs by an injury to spine and hip three years ago caused by rough treatment by another boy.

Dewey Beldon Adams, age 21, has been almost totally helpless the past eight years, caused by epilepsy. His mother writes that she is very desirous of obtaining the wheel chair to cheer him up, as he is so helpless that he can not get about the house and never able to go out of doors. Also it will be a great help to her in caring for him.

Clifford Brown, age 10, a helpless cripple from birth, so helpless that he has to be waited on like an infant. He is getting heavy to be carried about, and the wheel chair will be a help in caring for him.

John Bailey, age 4, is a brave little sufferer from tuberculosis of the hip with which he has been afflicted the past two years and by which he has become permanently crippled.

Ray White, age 12, another entirely helpless little cripple who is much in need of a wheel chair.

This is an aggregation of especially pitiful cases, mostly those of children whose young lives have been blighted at such an early age that they have never known the common joys of childhood.

On our waiting list are many whose condition and need are equally distressing. Lend a helping hand to provide some of them with much needed wheel chairs.

You will be interested in the Roll of Honor. Try to get your name in our own Roll of Honor next month.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Roy Davidson, Texas, for Ray White, 73; Mrs. Rolland B. Dorris, Tenn., for Dewey B. Adams, 73; J. E. Stewart, Missouri, for Harold Stewart, 63; Mrs. Alice McCrory, Miss., for Mrs. Kiziah Scueggs, 58, Mrs. Mary Stewart, Missouri, for Harold Stewart, 37 subs and $3.25 cash; Mr. Garnon, Ohio, for Thomas Williams, 26; John Herman Adams, Va., for own wheel chair, 25; Mrs. Suda Cotman, Ark, for own, 23 subs and $4.50 cash; R. Porter, N. Y., for own, 22; Mrs. J. W. Kent, Va., for J. H. Adams, 18; Mrs. W. L. Hudgins, Texas, for Virgil Hudgins, 18; Turner Lois, Missouri, for own, 15; The Woman's Welch American Club, Ohio, for Thomas Williams, 14; Mr. George Lack, Ohio, for Thomas Williams, 14; Mrs. Whitaker, Va., for J. H. Adams, 13; Mrs. S. H. Deaner, Okla. for Clifford Brown, 13; Mrs. Nannie Shipley, Tenn., for Mrs. Nannie Shipley, 13; Mr. W. W. Crenshaw, Va., for J. H. Adams, 12; Hans Lund, Minn, for Elmer Dahlgren, 11, Mrs. David Williams, Ohio, for Thomas Williams, 11; Mrs. Lottie Sullivan, Texas, for George E. Sullivan, 10; Mrs. Beatrice Collis, Tenn., for Dewey B. Adams, 10; Mrs. C. L. Hollimon, Ala., for Mrs. Janie Hollimon, 10; Mrs. John Rowland, Ohio, for Thomas Williams, 9; Mrs. Hazel Reynolds, Texas, for Vera Walters, 8; Mrs. Caroline Davis, Ark., for Mrs. Suda Cotman, 8; Mrs. Effie Bash, La., for Lewey Bullock, 8; Mrs. Mary Ashley, La., for Pink Lawless, 8; Charlie Marshall Bullock, Miss., for Lewey Bullock, 7; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Texas, for George Sullivan, 6; Miss Eudina Pearl Dowdy, Texas, for Roy White, 5; Mrs. A. L. Firesheets, Va., for J. H. Adams, 5; Addie McGuire, N. C., for general, 5; Mr. Henry Evans, Ohio, for Thomas Williams, 5; Mrs. Delphia D. Schwartz, Ind., for general, $2.00; Agnes V. Smith, Ohio, for general, $1.00 and 1 sub; De Witte Florvers, Miss., for general, $1.00.

Free Yourself of Rupture Without Pain, Operation or Loss of Time

THIS remarkable offer is published for the benefit of all who are ruptured and to save them from wearing painful makeshift trusses.

The Brooks Appliance Co. gladly send their remarkable patented Appliance ON TRIAL to prove that it holds the rupture back, keeps it in place, prevents it coming down or slipping out and finally assists Nature to heal up the rupture.

No man or woman ever can look and feel his or her best while suffering the torment, pain and discomfort of rupture.

Every day that you suffer from rupture—every hour of truss torture that you endure after you read this page *is your own fault.*

For many years we have been telling you that no makeshift truss will ever help you. We have told you about the harm ill-fitting trusses are doing. We have told you that the only truly comfortable, sanitary and scientific device for holding rupture is the Brooks Rupture Appliance.

Now we offer to prove it to you, entirely at our risk. We will send you a Brooks Rupture Appliance ***on trial.*** If you really want to be rid of your rupture fill out the coupon below and mail it today.



Mr. C. E. Brooks, Inventor of the Appliance. Mr. Brooks cured himself of rupture over 30 years ago and patented the Appliance from his personal experience. If ruptured, write TODAY to the Brooks Appliance Company, Marshall, Michigan.

Instead of wearing a steel spring or inflexible harness, try the ***velvet-soft*** Brooks Appliance.

Instead of the old hard or stuffed pad, use the ***soft rubber automatic air-cushion*** of a Brooks Appliance.

The Brook Appliance clings to you without force and you are hardly conscious of its presence. But above all else, it ***HOLDS always.***

Within an hour after you receive the Brooks Appliance, if you take advantage of this remarkable trial offer, you will throw away your truss forever.

Over 685,000 People Have Accepted This Offer. Why Not You?

Doesn't that prove that the Brooks Appliance is not an experiment but a positive success—that it does all we claim for it? Among those 685,000 men, women and children there must be ***hundreds whose condition was identical with yours.*** Can you afford not to investigate and satisfy yourself when it costs you nothing to prove what the Brooks Appliance will do for ***you?***

This wonderful device is a triumph of scientific and mechanical genius, the outcome of more than 30 years experience and the results accomplished by its use are little short of miraculous.

Many hundreds of physicians and surgeons recommend the Brooks Appliance and condemn makeshift trusses as more harmful and dangerous than any other method of retaining and treating rupture. Thousands of people have written us testifying to the amazing results they have secured from this great invention. Many of these people live right in your vicinity and we will be glad to send you copies of their thankful letters if you will ask for them when you write.

Men, Women and Children Find the Brooks Appliance Equally Effective.

No matter if your rupture is old and severe or only recently developed, no matter if you are young or old, you should not fail to profit by this ***No-Risk Trial Offer.***

No other rupture support, truss, lock, device, pad or plaster is offered to the public under so broad a guarantee of satisfaction.

If for any reason whatever you do not wish to keep the Brooks Appliance after you try it, send it back. You don't have to give any reason. You are to be the sole judge. There will be no argument, no dispute or misunderstanding.

Ten Reasons Why You Should Accept This Offer

1. It is absolutely the only Appliance embodying the principles that inventors have sought after for years.

2. The Appliance for retaining the rupture cannot be thrown out of position.

3. Being an air cushion of soft rubber it clings closely to the body, yet never blisters or causes irritation.

4. Unlike ordinary so-called pads, it is not cumbersome or ungainly.

5. It is small, soft and pliable, and positively cannot be detected through the clothing.

6. The soft, pliable bands do not give the unpleasant sensation of wearing a harness.

7. Nothing to get foul; it can be washed without any injury.

8. There are no metal springs in the Appliance to torture one by cutting and bruising the flesh.

9. All materials are the very best that money can buy, making it a durable and safe appliance to wear.

10. Our reputation is so thoroughly established and our prices so reasonable, our terms so fair, that you should not hesitate to send the free coupon *today*.

The Brooks Appliance Co.
157H State St., Marshall, Mich.

Without cost or obligation on my part please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for rupture, and your Trial Offer.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... State.....

VOL. XXXII
NO. 7

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

MAY
1920



A Gem of Destiny

See Story on Page 3.

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Table of Contents



Railroad Men Demand a Billion Dollars Wage Increase Which, if Granted, Will Add that Much to the Cost of Living

EVERY man, woman and child in the United States has a personal interest in the pending demand of the railroad men for an increase of wages because, if allowed, it will amount practically to a national tax, that no one can escape, averaging ten dollars a head per year, fifty dollars on a family of five. On March 22 the trainmen and other workers in the employ of all the railroads in the country, numbering one million eight hundred and fifty thousand men, demanded additional wage increases averaging five hundred and ninety dollars more pay per man and totaling one billion one hundred million dollars yearly wage increase. Such an enormous sum is almost beyond human comprehension and only by comparison can its significance be grasped. It is as much as the entire national debt was at the time we entered the World War. It is a big billion dollars and a hundred millions more; and bear in mind that a billion is a thousand millions.

The railroad men are entitled to and should, of course, be paid a fair wage but no more, because any excess above just compensation would impose a gross injustice on the entire population which has to pay it. Understand that the large increase now demanded is additional to the various wage increases given the railroad men during and since the war and in recent years previous thereto. Whether the railroad employees are justly entitled to the increase they demand or to any wage increase at this time are questions that concern the public interests far more than they do the owners of the railroads, and therefore the representatives of the people should have an authoritative voice in the decision, and the pressure of public opinion should be exerted in favor of this course. Let us examine some of the important facts bearing on this proposition.

During the war the Government took over the railroads, cut down the service and burdened the country with much higher passenger and freight rates. Nevertheless in the little more than two years of Government management it operated the railroads and express at a loss of nine hundred million dollars which had to be made good out of the United States treasury, or in other words out of the pockets of the people who in the end have to pay this loss as well as the higher passenger and freight rates. As it happens this operating loss approximates the wage increases given the railroad employees under Government management. Besides this operating loss the Government has been obliged to assist the railroads in the way of loans for equipment and advances for other necessary purposes to a still larger amount, so that, as appears by the report made to Congress April 5, 1920, by Walker D. Hines, U. S. Director General of Railroads, the Government has already appropriated out of the national treasury the sum of one billion four hundred and fifty millions for the support and expenditures of the Railroad Administration, and Mr. Hines now asks for a further appropriation of four hundred and twenty millions which he estimates to be "required to enable the Railroad Administration to fund certain indebtedness in accordance with the Transportation Act and to defray cost of Federal control," making a grand total of one billion eight hundred and seventy million dollars that the Government has been called upon to provide for the purpose of meeting the expenses and obligations incurred by its Railroad Administration.

The railroads as a whole were in sorry plight when, on the first day of last March, the Government returned them to the corporations that owned them. Many of them lacked adequate equipment, and notwithstanding the largely increased passenger and freight rates very few were earning enough to pay their fixed charges and running expenses, the latter having grown enormously under Government management. It was conceded at that time that when Government aid ends, as it will on the last day of August, a further increase of transportation rates will be necessary to save the majority of the roads from bankruptcy. It is evident from this state of affairs that any wage increase allowed the railroad men will have to be passed on to the public in the form of a corresponding increase of freight rates. And it was for this reason that the railroad managers on conferring with the representatives of the railroad employees refused to grant the large wage increase recently demanded or any considerable increase except with the approval of arbitrators to be appointed by the President to represent and safeguard the rights and interests of the public as authorized by the Act of Congress which provided for the return of the railroads to their owners. Thus the matter has been passed up to President Wilson who, at the present writing, has not acted on the request to appoint the arbitrators to serve in behalf of the public.

High freight rates are an important factor in raising the cost of living. High freight rates, like middlemen's profits, raise the price the consumer has to pay and in many cases lower the price the producer receives. Don't think that freight rates do not concern you merely because you have no direct dealings with the railroad. You pay freight every time you buy anything at the store, because the price of every article of commerce includes at least one, and more often than otherwise two, three or more freights depending on the journeys the raw material had made to the factory and the finished product had made from factory to wholesaler and thence to the retailer. Freight may even double the price of an article. The writer saw a railroad freight bill in which the charge for transportation of a carload of watermelons exceeded the sum received by the producer of the fruit. As a rule the consumer pays the freight; but when the freight raises the price to a prohibitive figure the producer has to pay the freight, or the expense may be divided between producer and consumer depending on competitive market conditions. Farmers know full well that the prices they receive for produce they ship to distant markets in competition with nearby producers is reduced by the amount of the freight charge. The freight charge is a tax that can't be dodged and everybody has to pay. Freight rates so largely affect the prosperity of the entire country and so intimately concern every person that any proposition that involves a great increase in the cost of transportation should receive the most careful consideration by those in authority.

Senate Finally Rejects the League of Nations Proposition

ON March 19 the question of the acceptance of the proposed peace treaty again came to a vote in the U. S. Senate and again met the same fate as when voted on and defeated last November. Both times the stumbling block was the League of Nations part of the treaty, and both times its defeat was due to the determined opposition of a stubborn minority. The action on the latter occasion amounts to a final rejection of the League of Nations proposition, as the Senate then voted to return the treaty to the President with a notification that it had "refused to advise and consent to its ratification."

The people should feel a deep sense of relief in the assurance that our country has thus escaped the manifest dangers to our national independence, peace and welfare that lurked in the League of Nations program as written in the peace treaty. Our February editorial described a few of the worst of these dangers and explained how the majority of the senators proposed to make the acceptance of the treaty subject to and conditioned on certain reservations designed to safeguard the rights and interests of the United States, and to prevent the League of Nations from being used as a means of foreign interference in our domestic affairs or of drawing us into European wars, or as a pretext for Europe to meddle with any American nation in violation of our time-honored Monroe Doctrine. This was the compromising attitude of the 49 senators who, though many of them had little faith in the League of Nations, were willing to accept it with these safeguards rather than sacrifice the entire peace treaty in order to get rid of the League. They constituted a majority of the Senate but were short, by a few votes, of the two-thirds majority necessary to ratify the treaty.

And so the entire peace treaty was eventually rejected through the opposition of a minority of 35, consisting of a strange combination of 20 senators of un-American ideals, who voted against it because they wanted the European-made League of Nations without any Americanizing reservations, and 15 senators so intensely American that they would not stand for tying the United States up in a foreign league under any conditions. The action of these two discordant elements, though actuated by directly opposite motives, chanced to run in the same direction and proved effective in accomplishing the purpose of the 15 "Irreconcilables," as they were called.

The League of Nations scheme should not have been inserted in the peace treaty, but ought to have been submitted as a separate and distinct proposition to be considered and determined after the peace treaty and on its own merits, as the result has shown. Had they been separated the peace treaty could have been presented much earlier and would have been accepted promptly and gotten out of the way a year ago. But there is reason to suspect that the promoters of the League project purposely linked it up with the peace treaty in the hope that the embarrassment that the Senate would meet in not being able to refuse the one without rejecting the other would prove effective in overcoming the opposition to the League. The result is different from what was probably anticipated, but we are subjected to embarrassment in having had to reject the peace treaty to keep out of the League. However, this difficulty will soon be remedied, though in a somewhat awkward and unusual manner, by the adoption by Congress of a joint resolution declaring the war ended provided Germany accepts our offer of peace on the terms specified in the rejected peace treaty.

Allies Disagree—Europe a Seething Cauldron of Enmity and Strife

THE World War seems to have settled nothing. In spite of the peace treaty, signed months ago by all the belligerants except the United States, Europe remains an armed camp; armed conflicts are in progress in spots; civil war is rampant or imminent throughout that continent and in Asia; Turkey, in defiance of the Great Powers, persists in carrying out its barbarous policy of exterminating its Christian inhabitants; Germany has recently broken the peace treaty by sending an army into the neutral zone to suppress a Bolshevic insurrection and France has retaliated by military occupation of the German city of Frankfort in the neutral zone at the risk of precipitating a renewal of the World War; discord has arisen between Great Britain, France and Italy, and a general feeling of insecurity, jealousy and mutual distrust pervades the governments and peoples of the old world.

The League of Nations, which we were urged to join as a sure means of keeping peace throughout the world, was organized over there some months ago. But what does it amount to when the principal members of the League disagree? When put to the test of a serious strain the League covenant amounts to a "mere scrap of paper." Fortunately for us, by not joining the League we are under no obligations to mix in this or any future European imbroglio. They want to draw us into their mess, but we shall do well to keep out and let Europe stew in her own juice until she has had enough of bickering and fighting and comes to her senses.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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HOME PRESERVING OF FISH



FISH CAKES WITH PARSNIP BALLS.

WELCOME SPRING TONICS

DANDELION, RHUBARB, ASPARAGUS

By Violet Marsh

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FISH is invaluable as an article of food because of its comparative cheapness, its abundance and its wholesomeness. Americans are notoriously deficient as fish eaters and we would do well to follow the example of our foreign-born neighbors who are expert in fish cookery. One reason why fish is not so popular here as abroad is that we do not properly season and cook it. Rolled, and fried until all the juices are dried out, is far too common a method of cooking fish.

Generally speaking, fish is better when plainly cooked, and this includes baking, steaming, boiling and broiling. Chowders and soups made from fish combined with other materials make excellent one-dish meals. Plenty of seasoning in the form of sauces, stuffing, or seasoning the water in which the fish is boiled, will create a new interest in fish eating.

The canning of fish has been more extensively entered into the past year than ever before, and now that the lakes and streams are open, a new source of food is given us which, in the season of plenty, should be preserved for future use just as we do our meat and vegetables. Canning and salting are two easy methods available to housewives.



MARSHMALLOW.

In using commercially canned fish, it will be found that the organic matter in the bones is dissolved, leaving only a soft mineral that can be eaten. With the small bones thus softened, the fish is much more acceptable as food. The large bones and vertebræ are easily removed, and if this is not done it is not necessary to continue "processing" until they are "soft." The steam pressure cooker process for canning fish is to be recommended as it makes rapid handling to prevent spoilage possible. A community outfit for canning will reduce the cost and labor on the principle that "many hands make the work easy."

Canning Fish

When using coarse-scaled, thick-skinned fishes, cut off the fins or make an incision on each side of the fin and pull it out. Make an incision through the skin along the back, another along the belly, and connect these two by a third encircling the body just behind the head, press the head onto a sharpened nail driven through a plank so that it may be firmly held, and take hold of the skin at the angle of the two incisions at the back of the head and remove it by pulling toward the tail. Thin-skinned fishes should be scaled, not skinned. Cut off the head, remove the intestines and other organs, and take out the backbone by making a cut with a sharp knife on each side, inside the body cavity. Wash thoroughly, taking particular care to remove the blood along the back.

Cut the fish into strips to fit the length of the jars to be used and rub with dry salt, using a level tablespoon to each pint jar of fish. Fill the jars with the pieces packed as tightly as possible, put on the rubber rings, and place the caps on the jars loosely, so that the steam can escape; that is, a screw-topped jar should not be tightly turned down, nor the second wire of the wire-topped type snapped into place. Put no water in the jars. Cook in a pressure cooker for one and one half hours after steam pressure registers 15 pounds or the temperature 250 degrees. Tighten the tops and cool.



DATE MUFFINS.

Salting Fish

Large fish having soft fins, small scales, and thin skin, should be scaled but not skinned. Remove the head, split down the belly to the vent, and clean. Make a cut on each side of the backbone inside of the body cavity, cut the bone in two as far back as it can be reached and remove the cut-off portion, then with the knife follow along the backbone to one side and remove it with the tail. Cut the fish to fit container so that the pieces will lie flat. It is not necessary to remove the backbone of small fish. They are split the entire length, and the bellies washed out clean. After the fish are cleaned, wash in salted water and be sure that all particles of blood are removed.

To salt, place a layer of coarse salt on the bottom of the container; a tight barrel, keg or earthen crock. On the salt put a layer of fish, one deep, and sprinkle with salt. Continue the order of salt and fish until container is filled. In about eight or nine days the salt will have sufficiently dissolved to make a strong brine and the fish should be taken out, washed and repacked in the container and covered with a freshly-made brine, strong enough to float an egg. In seven days drain off this brine and cover with a fresh one made with a little more salt than the water will take up. Cover the fish tightly. A good plan is to have a wooden cover that fits tightly into the container and is weighted with a heavy stone. Use only fresh fish. Do not use any old brine as it will spoil the fish.



FISH SALAD.

The salted cheeks and tongues of large fish make an excellent dish by themselves when soaked over night and boiled a few minutes.

Ways of Cooking Fish

CAPE COD SALT FISH DINNER.—Soak salt fish over night in cold water. If the fish are small, they should be boiled until tender, but salt codfish should be kept hot until tender, not boiled. Boil potatoes in salted water, drain and dry out in the oven. At the same time have cubes of salt pork slowly frying until crisp. Arrange the potatoes in the center of a platter. Cover with the fish cut into medium-sized pieces, and over all pour the pork fat and scraps. Surround with boiled beets, carrots and onions.

BAKED FISH LOAF.—Flake two cups of salt fish that has been soaked over night. Add one and one half cup of boiled rice, three mashed potatoes, six tablespoons of milk, one half teaspoon of salt, pepper, and two well-beaten eggs. When thoroughly mixed together, put into a square bread tin or other deep baking dish, lay over the top very thin bits of salt pork, sprinkle lightly with fine cracker-crumbs, and bake in a fairly hot oven until the pork is done and the loaf browned. Serve with a cream sauce.

CODFISH CREAMED WITH EGG.—Pull apart and cut in not too small pieces one cup of boneless codfish. Cover with cold water, soak about half an hour and drain. Put fish in frying pan, cover with cold water and very slowly bring to scalding point and drain again. In same frying pan put one cup of rich milk, and when at the simmering point add three tablespoons of butter creamed with one rounding teaspoon of dry flour and continually stir until it is blended and bubbles all over. Season with salt and pepper. Now add two cups of sliced boiled potato and when thoroughly hot spread the drained fish over the top and when heated through (without stirring) fold in one egg that has been lightly beaten with a fork and serve at once. The heat of the mixture will sufficiently cook the egg.

FISH SALAD WITH TOMATO OR PEPPERS.—Use fresh or canned whole tomato or green peppers. One small can of salmon flaked with a fork into small pieces, two cups of freshly boiled potato cut into small cubes, half a cup of celery cut fine, and one teaspoon of scraped onion. Mix together and stir in about one cup of boiled dressing. Take centers from tomatoes or peppers, and fill and surround with salad.

BOILED DRESSING.—Beat until light and creamy the yolk of one egg, add one quarter of a teaspoon of mustard, one half teaspoon of salt, a dash of cayenne pepper, three teaspoons of sugar, and one-third cup of thin cream. Beat well with the egg beater and then beat in the stiffly-beaten white of one egg and two tablespoons of good hot vinegar. Put in a double boiler and cook until it thickens like custard. Add it cold to salad. This dressing will keep in a preserving jar for two weeks.

FISH CAKES WITH PARSNIP BALLS.—Flake one cup of cold cooked fish and mix with it two cups of hot mashed potato, a grating of onion, two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of cream, the beaten yolk of one egg, and salt and pepper to taste. When cool, shape into cakes, roll in a little unbeaten white of egg and brown in hot fat.

PARSNIP BALLS.—Boil and mash parsnips. To one pint add pepper and salt to taste, two tablespoons of butter, and the beaten yolk of one egg. When cool, shape in balls, brush with unbeaten white of egg and roll in fine corn meal. Brown in a hot oven.

FISH AND BACON.—Bone smelts or other small pan fish, or use any larger fish cut into strip. Lay strips of bacon on a bake tin, and on each place a strip of fish. Sprinkle with a little flour, pepper and salt and bake in a hot oven. Freshly boiled and peeled potatoes may be placed in the pan to brown while the fish and bacon cook.

Spring Tonic Foods

Just at a time when our systems are a little below par, and require foods that contain tonic and blood-purifying elements, nature provides us with three of her best; dandelion, rhubarb and asparagus.

Dandelion, as long as we can remember, has been classed as a "cleansing" medicine. As a food, who does not look forward to the bright, appetizing bitter of dandelion greens, or eating raw the young tender plants as a salad?

Most welcome is the refreshing flavor of rhubarb, and the delicious sauces and desserts made from it after the long use of stored fruits. For those who do not care for or require the full amount of acid contained in rhubarb, ways of reducing it will be given below.

Asparagus is one of our most valuable vegetables and can be eaten by those having weak digestions. Over cooking destroys its fine flavor, and salt should not be added to the water until just before it is done. Twenty minutes' boiling in just enough water to cover is sufficient time unless the asparagus is old, in which case it is a still better plan to break off the tender ends and not put them into the water until the harder pieces are partly cooked. The water in which asparagus is cooked is a delicious addition to soups.

Another way to cook asparagus, and perhaps the best, is to tie it in even bunches and stand it on end in a deep kettle, adding boiling water to come half-way up the stalks. In this way the lower half is boiled, while the upper and more tender parts will steam cook. This method requires a little longer cooking. The kettle should be tightly covered.

ASPARAGUS ON TOAST.—Have ready a hot platter and some softened butter. If the oven is hot, make oven toast as it is better. Dip the toast very quickly in the water the asparagus is cooked in, and spread with the softened butter. Lay toast on hot platter, carefully lay the bunch of asparagus across it and cut the string, letting it fall apart. Pour over the warm butter, sprinkle with salt and pepper and serve at once.

ASPARAGUS SALAD.—Cook, drain and cool. Lay on lettuce leaves, grate over it a little hard-boiled egg and add boiled dressing.

STEAMED RHUBARB.—If the rhubarb is very young, wash and cut it in inch pieces without peeling. If old, it should be peeled. Put into a granite or agate-lined double boiler and add half as much sugar as there is rhubarb. Cook without stirring until very soft. When the rhubarb is very sour, add a few spoonfuls of water, steam a short time without sugar and drain. Add sugar and proceed as above. Steam baked in a tightly-covered earthen dish with the addition of grated orange rind, makes a delicious variation.

RHUBARB PUDDING.—If the rhubarb is too acid, after it is cut into pieces cover with boiling water, let stand five minutes and drain. Make into a rich sauce, using two cups of rhubarb, one half cup of raisins, the rind of half an orange and one cup of sugar. Beat the yolks of two eggs until light yellow, add one tablespoon of cold water and then stir into the rhubarb mixture. Spread one cup of boiled rice over the bottom of a pudding dish, and then add the rhubarb. Bake in a moderate oven until the egg is cooked. Cool and spread with a meringue made from two stiffly-beaten egg whites and two even tablespoons of sugar. Return to oven and lightly brown.

DANDELION DINNER.—Prepare dandelions by picking over and cutting off the roots close to top. Wash through several waters. Cover with boiling water, add a small piece of salt pork and cook. When nearly done, lay on top pared potatoes and steam cook.

DANDELION GREENS.—Prepare as above, and when nearly done put a little salt into the water. Drain, cut fine and add butter, salt and pepper. When cold they make a delicious salad combined with diced potato and boiled dressing.

DATE MUFFINS.—Mix together one cup of graham, one cup of white flour, one slightly rounding teaspoon of cream of tartar, half a teaspoon of soda, half a teaspon of salt, and two tablespoons of sugar. Skin, stone and cut into small pieces one dozen dates and work into the flour mixture. Beat together one cup of milk, one egg and one tablespoon of molasses and stir into the dry ingredients. Add three tablespoons of melted butter and beat hard until smooth. Bake in a moderately hot oven until brown. Makes one dozen.

MARSHMALLOW.—Soak one tablespoon of fine gelatine in one half cup of cold water twenty minutes. Dissolve with one half cup of boiling water. While hot, add one scant cup of sugar, stir until it dissolves, and cool. Add one teaspoon of vanilla. Beat the whites of four large or five small eggs until dry, and then add the gelatine syrup, one tablespoon at a time, beaten thoroughly in. Have ready melted over a steaming teakettle two squares of chocolate, and beat this into one half of the marshmallow. Pour into small round pan to set. Pour the remainder of marshmallow into a pan about one inch thick, and cut into squares with a sharp knife dipped into hot water. Roll in powdered sugar. An attractive dish is made by surrounding the chocolate cake of marshmallow with the white squares, and it may be served with cream, fruit sauces or soft custard.

A Gem of Destiny

By Anne McQueen

See front cover illustration.

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OLD Miss Molly Carter, who had been governess at Rosecourt when Kitty Plair was a little girl, had a mania for traveling in vacation time. On one of these journeys—her last, as it proved, for the good soul, who was getting on in years, died soon after—she bought in San Francisco's Chinatown a jade necklace, which she sent as a birthday gift to Kitty Plair, down in Virginia. The particular Chinaman who kept the little curio store was ill at the time, so it happened that he never saw the jade necklace, which his wife had purchased from a white man who was plainly a dope fiend, and sadly wanting his drug, so that he parted from the necklace very cheaply. The woman merely made about five hundred percent on the trinket, so that if the fact had been known to her lord and master he would probably have beaten her very severely for letting it go at a sacrifice. However, if it hadn't been very cheap, Miss Molly couldn't have afforded it, and Kitty Plair would never have been its owner.

Kitty and her twin brother, Clint, were sole owners of Rosecourt, which had the loveliest roses and the barest fields of any plantation in the county. Kitty tended the roses and Clint plowed the fields with an ancient mule. All, including the mule, did their very best, but it seemed that the fields were worn out, needing all sorts of cultivation and fertilizers to coax the soil into producing, and these Clint didn't have.

"I'm ready to give up," he confided to his twin one spring day when the roses were all doing their level best to reach perfection, and nearly approaching it. "I hate to leave home, but there's no use—taxes eat up what little we make, and nobody wants to rent, the old house is in such bad repair. Reckon we'd better pull out and go to town, Kit; you can study stenography and I can clerk, or something like that, and study at night bookkeeping, or something. We'll rent us a little apartment and you can cook our meals over a gas jet for a while."

"How about Susie Cameron?" queried Kitty, who was fastening up a burdened vine; "look—Clint; did you ever see this yellow Lady Banks so full of blossoms before?"

"Pity we couldn't eat 'em," observed her twin, gloomily. "As to Susie—she'll wait for me, I reckon; if she doesn't I don't blame her—not a bit."

"I'm like Mr. Micawber, I always believe something'll turn up," said Kitty, cheerfully. "Anyway, I don't believe anybody will buy our house, though it does look fine from the road, with all these lovely flowers in bloom; gracious knows I work hard enough to keep it and the yard—our rose-garden. Well, don't let's cross bridges till we get to them. You know we are going in to town this afternoon to a reception given that British officer. It's a lawn party, like they have in England, you know. Susie Cameron says they want him to feel at home, so they'll have tea and—crumpets, I believe. I don't know what crumpets really are, but I reckon they are cakes. I bet Sally Lunn is a heap better."

"I met him," nodded Clint; "got wounded early in the war, and they sent him over here, invalided, to teach—instructor at a camp, I believe."

"I wonder why he doesn't go home, now the war's over?" mused Kitty, regarding her roses with a loving eye, and thinking but little of the Englishman.

"Been staying till he got good and well, I believe; been out in California for his health. Looks well enough, now, and I think he's on his way—will leave in a few days, Susie said. Say, Kit, did you know he was a real live lord—the eldest son of an earl—a viscount? Lord Leslie."

"Never saw one; but I know how they look—monocle, droopy mustache, a drawl and some very exclusive slang, patronized, apparently, by the nobility. I've read about 'em in stories."

"All right," chuckled her twin, "wait and see for yourself. What are you going to dike out in?"

"My lands, what a question! My white voile, of course!"

"That's it—white voile for summer, blue serge for winter. Kit, when we go to the city——"

"Hush up about the city! Something may turn up. A white voile doesn't fade, and it lasts two summers. A blue serge can be easily cleaned, and it lasts *three* winters. I stick to my colors!"

But, when she dressed for the lawn party that afternoon she considered the white voile with a meditative eye, wondering what she might wear in the way of accessories, for it wasn't every day that one was invited to meet a lord.

She finally tied on a green sash and put round her slim white throat—only it was sunburned, really—the jade necklace old Miss Molly had sent her, just the year before.

It was a queer thing, set in silver, with a huge oblong pendant of silver with a tiny jade idol dangling at the end.

"I don't think poor Miss Molly's necklace is improved by the pendant," thought Kitty, as she viewed her reflection in the tall pier-glass which had been her grandmother's—all of the furniture in the house had belonged to grands and great-grands, which was lucky for the twins, being made on principle and to last for several more generations, with good usage. "I think that I'll take it off before I wear it again. It's hammered on hard and fast, or I'd get Clint to take it off with his penknife. Anyway, it matches my sash, so I'll wear it for the jade."

She stuck a bunch of perfect Duchesse roses in her belt, and regarded her image with approval. "White voile, pink roses, green leaves, green sash, green necklace—and you're not so frightful looking your own self, Kitty Plair!"

She was not; there was nothing to frighten anybody in Kitty Plair's face, which was a soft, clear brown, with the pink showing ruddily through in lips and cheeks, and a dimple lurking in every out-of-the-way curve—dimples that were so charming one naturally watched for them to come out and play hide-and-seek.

There was nothing frightful in her eyes, which were the brownest, merriest mirrors of light and shadow; clear as sunlit streams, deep as the cool pools of the river, soft as the haze of evening, bright as the rays of morning—eyes that were very good to look upon in all their lights and shadows.

Her hair was dusky and soft with waves that broke out into fetching little curls when she gave them a chance, or the wind frolicked with them; her figure was small and rounded and firm, with brown, dimpled hands and arms that, because of her fresh youth, still showed no signs of the toil that would, in time, roughen and wrinkle them. Decidedly, Kitty Plair was anything but frightful. And Clint, her twin, was very much like her in a decidedly masculine way.

They were a very good-looking pair indeed as they walked briskly along the grassy border of the red road on their way to town—which folks outside called village. They walked in the grass to keep from getting dusty; it was only two miles, and just a fair walk, but they would have much preferred a vehicle, if they had owned one outside the wagon which was drawn in time of need by the ancient mule, hight Adam.

"I wish Adam were an automobile," said Kitty, critically, viewing her white slipper. "I say, Clint, we need a shower."

"Sure we do; and you might as well wish Adam were an airship while you are about it. I'd rather fly than ride in a smelly car, every time."

Clint had gone up a time or two in a "ship" with an army aviator; he considered himself hardly used because they refused him for that branch of the service. In fact, Clint had not had a dog's chance, he declared, in the big war, because it was ended before he could get across from the training camp—that injustice would always rankle in his memory—they went and finished before he had his chance!

Still, they looked very fresh and spotless when they reached the big, red-bricked home of the Camerons, set in a tree-shaded lawn of soft sward thick as carpet, whereon a gay company moved about among tables and benches, chatting, drinking tea—which not many of them liked, and flocking like a big bunch of many-colored blossoms about a tall, slender, rather good-looking young man, guiltless of monocle or mustache, and talking, apparently, in English that was quite free from slang—Lord Leslie, or Major Leslie, as he preferred to be termed, the son of an earl and a real, live lord.

Kitty, watching intently for some choice specimen of lordly slang, was disappointed, she told herself, to find that he was just a nice, ordinary young man. From the first he seemed fascinated by that young lady; he did not talk very much, but he stared—actually stared at her all the time.

"I couldn't make out whether it was my sash, my roses or my necklace, for he didn't get as far as my face," she confided to Clint, as they took their way homeward. "What do you reckon it was, Clint?"

"Don't know—surely not that old white rag you wear; if you wore pink or red, or something striking—and that necklace Miss Molly gave you is ugly as the devil!"

"Must have been my roses, then," decided Kitty, tranquilly patting them, "but they are all withered now."

Next morning Kitty was kneading bread in the kitchen when Mattietta, the small colored girl who was her one servant, came in with round eyes. "White man out to de front, Miss Kitty, say kin he see you, please ma'am."

"Agent," declared Kitty, up to her elbows in dough; "I can't leave my bread, Mattietta—bring him round to the back of the house—not through it, mind—I don't trust agents too much."

Mattietta obeyed, marching in at the kitchen door and standing aside to let in the white man, who had meekly followed her round the house. "Here he is, Miss Kitty."

It was the English Major—the lord, eldest son—and presumably heir of an earl!

"For goodness sakes!" breathed Kitty, from her rolling board—"I thought you were an agent! Mattietta, set a chair for the gentleman. If you'll just excuse me while I finish my dough—you know how it is when you're working light-bread—you just can't let it get cold—or it falls flat."

"Yes—oh, yes indeed," agreed the Major, heartily; "I'm in no hurry—not the slightest, take your own time."

And right then and there, without the slightest intention on the earth, the earl's heir fell head over ears in love with Kitty Plair!

She was so charming, so utterly unconscious, and so terribly beautiful in a faded pink gingham bungalow apron, with short sleeves and a dutch neck, as she kneaded the dough with firm, dimpled hands; a smudge of flour on her nose, of course, which but added to her beauty, the major thought as he watched her, and forgot his errand.

"Run out to the three-acre field and call Mr. Clint, Mattietta—he's plowing potatoes," said Kitty, quite as a matter of course.

"Do——please don't interrupt your brother," begged the lord, earnestly. "I came—I came."

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



The door yielded. She pushed it open a little way.



With a shriek, followed by a wild cry "Violet!," then all was still.



"Belle," she cried, indignantly. "You have betrayed me!"



She fell forward in a dead faint.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

On a car, going up a steep hill, leading to the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, is Violet Draper Huntington. Opposite her sits Wallace Richardson. Nearly at the top of the hill, something beneath the car breaks. Wallace seizes Violet's hands and locking them behind his neck commands her to cling. The car crashes down, burying all the passengers beneath the ruins. They are the only two alive and hurried to Wallace Richardson's home, are cared for by his mother. Mrs. Mencke, Violet's sister provides a nurse and leaves orders for Violet to see no one. The nurse out for a walk, Violet goes to the adjoining room to meet Wallace and thank him for the life saved. As they become more friendly, Wallace realizes his danger and Violet is hopelessly in love. Violet asks Wallace to come with his mother to see her. Mrs. Mencke takes Violet to Saratoga for two months, then to Cincinnati, and home. The following day, picking up a paper, Violet reads of Mrs. Richardson's death. She goes to the Richardsons' house and expresses her sympathy to Wallace, who unconsciously calls her my darling, and asks her forgiveness. As she whispers, "I am glad," he knows she is all his own. Returning home, her sister demands where she has been, and learning it was at Mrs. Richardson's funeral, that she rides in the carriage with Wallace and Mrs. Dent, Mrs. Mencke denounces it as questionable and that she must drop him for all time. Wallace, calling upon Violet, Mr. and Mrs. Mencke return and she introduces him and admits he is her promised husband. She overhears Belle's and her husband's scheme to place her in a convent. Mrs. Mencke, proposing a trip to Montreal, Violet refuses to go, and Mrs. Mencke takes Mrs. Hawley, who is to sail for Europe and chaperone Nellie Bailey, into her confidence and requests her to induce Violet to join them. Violet makes ready for the proposed trip and Wallace is at the steamer to say good by. Vane Cameron and Ralph Henderson join Mr. and Mrs. Hawley's party and before the voyage is over Vane Cameron surrenders his heart to Violet. Mrs. Mencke schemes that no letters pass between Violet and Wallace and later, joining the party in Europe, gives her permission for Vane to win Violet. Failing to get Violet's consent, she produces a notice of Wallace Richardson's death, which throws Violet into a severe sickness, leaving her sad and heartbroken. She confesses to Vane her love for Wallace Richardson, her sister's opposition, concealing nothing. Knowing she is unhappy from causes other than Wallace's death, Vane urges her to allow him to give her his name, to shield her from sorrow and care. Violet, afraid to yield, hesitates, but later she consents to what he thinks best, but with many misgivings. Mrs. Mencke, entering Violet's room, finds the bed made and the room in order and no trace discovered of her. Four weeks later, Lord Cameron sees the body of a woman upon the beach clad in dark grey suit with bands of blue silk. Believing it is Violet, he selects a spot near the sea for burial. The next day a stranger appears and requests to meet the woman reported to have married Lord Cameron. Being questioned by the Menckes his right, he produces the marriage certificate and Vane Cameron confirms it by Violet's admission of it to him, the treatment received, her disappearance and later the finding of her body by drowning and the burial. Wallace falls unconscious and Lady Cameron and Vane remain with Wallace through a severe illness, after which he returns to New York, building up a fine business. In the meanwhile, Wilhelm Mencke squanders all at the gaming table and Mrs. Mencke goes to Cincinnati from which place she suddenly disappears. Violet comes to New York, securing a position as governess for Bertha Lawrence, who is partially blind and possessed of a strong will. She wins her affections, Mr. Lawrence treating her as a member of the family, and alone with himself determines to win Violet. Wilhelm Mencke secures Violet's address and learns that Wallace Richardson is in the city. Calling upon him and desiring to raise money, he offers Violet's jewelry for two thousand dollars. Wallace objects. As the husband of Violet, he is the legal heir and will give a sum which may be named as their value and fifty dollars. Jonas Huntington dies, leaving a fortune to his niece, Violet Huntington. She, supposed to be dead, the nearest heir is Mrs. Wilhelm Mencke, for whom search is being made. Wilhelm Mencke, to secure this property, schemes to get Violet in his power. He haunts Fifth Avenue and learns of her movements. Bertha Lawrence, meeting with an accident, is lovingly cared for by Violet, until her death, after which she proposes to look for employment. Mr. Lawrence, in his gratitude, desires to adopt her as his daughter and heiress. Violet, going out at dusk, is accosted by Mencke. She steps around the corner of a street, when she is suddenly seized and thrust into a carriage, and carried to a scantily furnished apartment where she is waited upon by a woman who is sworn to guard her. Lord Cameron, still in the city, receives many invitations, and secures favors for Wallace. The first they attend, Lord Cameron meets and is charmed with Alice Humphrey who later promises to be his wife. Wilhelm Mencke calls on Violet and fails to get her signature. Dropping a letter, which Violet reads, she learns why she is kidnapped. Determined to escape, through strategy she obtains a pair of pincers and succeeds in turning the key. Making her way to the roof she lifts a scuttle and slipping through descends the narrow stairs.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

EVIDENTLY nobody had been disturbed by the noise of the falling glass, for all was quiet in the upper story when Violet reached the foot of the scuttle stairs.

She groped her way around to the head of the next flight, and cautiously descended them.

Upon reaching the bottom, she caught sight of a streak of light shining through a crack beneath a door just in front of her.

This led her to suppose there was a room beyond, and doubtless there was some one in it. She felt that she would have to be very cautious in her movements, or she would be detected, and her aim was to make her way straight to the street door, and get out without disturbing any one.

Very softly she felt all about her, but could find no stair railing, as in the house from which she had just fled. She seemed to be inclosed in a small space, the only outlet to which was the door below which she could see the light streaming, and the stairs behind her, and she at once surmised that this house was divided into two tenements and so arranged that no one could get into the attic who did not belong in this portion of the house.

What should she do in this unforeseen emergency?

She must get out some way, for she could not stay there all night, and she was liable to be discovered at any moment.

She thought of going back through the scuttle and trying some other; but if the houses were all arranged like this, she would be no better off. She approached the door and listened; but she could hear no sound within the lighted room. Perhaps it was only a hall, after all, and she had only to boldly push her way on, in order to quickly get out of her difficulty.

She felt for the handle of the door—found it—turned it.

The door yielded. She pushed it open a little way, and saw a poorly furnished chamber beyond. There was no carpet on the floor—only a rug or two. A scant fire was burning in a small stove. In one corner there was quite a comfortable-looking bed, upon which there lay the form of a woman—or at least Violet judged so from the cap which covered the head upon the pillow.

A small table stood beside it, upon which there was a lamp, a cup, and some vials containing medicine.

There was also another table opposite, and this, with two ordinary chairs and a rocker, completed the furnishings of the room.

There was another door opposite the one through which Violet was looking, and she was sure that it must lead out to another stairway, while it was evident that she could escape no other way.

The occupant of the bed appeared to be sleeping, and the young girl wondered if it would be possible for her to cross the room and get out without waking her. It would be a hazardous attempt, but she must make it.

She pushed the door a little farther—it creaked sharply upon its hinges, and Violet's heart leaped into her throat with sudden fear.

The sleeper did not stir, however, and, after a moment, Violet stepped inside the room, closed the door behind her without making a sound, and then glided noiselessly toward the one opposite.

She had just reached it, and was about to open it, when the woman upon the bed suddenly turned over and opened her eyes.

She saw the intruder instantly, stared at her in blank wonder for a moment, then she threw up her arms, with a shriek, followed by the wild cry of "Violet!" then all was still.

The woman upon the bed was Mrs. Mencke—Violet had recognized her instantly, and stood spellbound with amazement—and she had fainted from fright, believing her sister had appeared to her as a spirit.

That cry unlocked Violet's stupefied senses.

"Belle!" she cried, rushing to her side and grasping her cold hands in hers, while a feeling of horror and dismay overwhelmed her at finding her sister living in such apparent poverty, and ill besides.

All thought of self or of past injuries was swept out of sight in view of her wretched condition, and, hastily throwing off her cap and ulster, she at once set herself at work to do what she could for her restoration and comfort.

Mrs. Mencke was not long in returning to consciousness; but the wild look of fear returned to her eyes when she again opened them and they rested upon her sister, and the young girl knew that she still believed her to be an apparition.

"Violet!" breathed the woman, in an awe-stricken, scarcely audible tone.

"Yes, Belle, I am Violet," she said, smiling reassuringly. "Don't look so frightened. I know that you have long believed me to be dead, but it was all a dreadful mistake. See!" she continued, clasping her hands again; "is not this hand good, substantial flesh? No spirit ever had such warm, strong fingers as these."

Mrs. Mencke shivered and drew away from her.

"No, you cannot be Violet," she said, in a hollow voice, a half-dazed look still on her face, "though you have her face and voice and ways, for she was drowned—the fishermen and Lord Cameron found her body and buried it at Mentone, and——"

"It was not my body, Belle," Violet interrupted, anxious to set her sister's mind at rest, "but that of a poor peasant girl with whom I exchanged clothing so that I could more easily escape detection. Now be sensible, Belle, and don't look so dreadfully frightened. I am going to sit right down here beside you and tell you all about my running away."

"It can't be possible!" reiterated Mrs. Mencke, but her blank look was beginning to give place to one of credulity, and her natural color to return to cheek and lips.

"Indeed it is possible and true," Violet persisted, "and I will prove it to you. I couldn't marry Lord Cameron, Belle, for I did not love him. I knew I should make him miserable and be very unhappy myself, so I ran away at the last moment to save him as well as myself. I was so afraid that you would trace me I made this peasant girl let me have her costume for mine, and she must have fallen from the cliff after leaving me—it could have been no one else."

Violet then went on to tell her of all that had occurred since, until she finally succeeded in proving to her that she was indeed the sister whom she believed she had left lying in the church-yard at Mentone.

"Well, it seems very wonderful," she said, when Violet concluded the story of her flight and return to America. "I can hardly believe that I am not dreaming after all. But where have you been since your return, and what have you been doing all this time?"

"I have been living here in New York and teaching a little blind girl," Violet told her.

"How well you are looking," said Mrs. Mencke, thinking that she had grown prettier than ever. "No one would imagine that you missed your money at all, nor the luxuries to which you have always been accustomed. Oh, it is dreadful to be poor!" and the unhappy woman looked around her poverty-stricken room with a groan of anguish.

"Yes, it must be hard to be poor and sick, too, Belle," Violet said, in a tone of sympathy, for she could not treasure unkind feelings against her sister in her present condition. "But," she added, brightly, "as for me, I have not minded it much. I have rather enjoyed my work and the feeling of independence it has brought with it. I have begun to realize that I can be of some use in the world, instead of the idle, inefficient girl that I used to be. I will never lead such a life again—if I should ever be rich again, so that I shall not need to do anything for myself, I will work for others. But how does it happen, Belle, that I find you in such a woeful strait? Have you been sick long?"

"No; I am not really sick. I have only a heavy cold, and went directly to bed after taking an early supper. "But," with a moan, "I never thought I should come to this—to think that a Huntington should ever have to live in such a room and from hand to mouth, as I have had to do of late. Violet, it is dreadful!" and she began to wring her hands and sob in a heart-broken way that touched her companion deeply.

"Hush, Belle," she said, kindly. "If you have suffered you shall suffer no longer. I have money, and," remembering the letter which Wilhelm Mencke had dropped, "I shall probably have a good deal more soon. But tell me how you came to be so very poor, and all about yourself."

She did not think it best just then to say anything about her husband or to tell her that she knew aught regarding his movements.

"Well, to begin with," Mrs. Mencke replied, and assuming a mournful, complaining tone, "you can imagine that it was a terrible disappointment and shock to me to have things turn out as they did at Mentone, and then all that followed after you ran away—you know, I suppose—don't you know——"

"Do I not know what, Belle?" Violet inquired, wondering what made her stammer so, and regard her so strangely.

Mrs. Mencke had been upon the point of saying something about Wallace's sudden appearance at Mentone, when it occurred to her that Violet had not mentioned his name, in relating her experiences since her flight, and possibly she might not know, even now, that he was living. If she did not already know how she had been deceived regarding his supposed death, the woman thought that there would be no need of confessing her share in the deception just at present.

"Of course you must know," she answered, recovering herself, "that Lord Cameron would blame me for what occurred. He naturally inferred that I knew how you shrank from the marriage, and resented it because I kept the fact from him, so of course there were hard feelings and an estrangement. Wilhelm and I spent the remainder of that summer in Switzerland, returning to London in the fall. Wilhelm had been getting into bad habits ever since we began to travel—and even before we left home, I imagine, if the truth were known, but after that *denouement* at Mentone he drank more deeply than ever, and gambled constantly. Of course our money melted away like ice in midsummer, and one night he burst in upon me saying that our last dollar was gone. You can imagine what followed. I was furious, and said a great deal that I should not have said in calmer moments, and he suddenly absconded, taking with him all your jewelry and some of mine."

"Why, Belle, did he dare do that?" Violet cried, indignantly.

"Yes," said Mrs. Mencke, "I expect he was half-crazed from his ill-luck and drink, and, not having any money, or at least not very much, he did not know what else to do. Fortunately I had enough to pay my bills and bring me back to America, and I returned almost immediately. Of course I would not go back to Cincinnati where we had always been at the top of the ladder, and so I concluded to bury myself here where no one knew me. I sold a piece or two of my jewelry, hired a room and furnished it, then tried to get something to do to support myself, but I was not used to work. I tried sewing and just managed to get along, when I took a sudden cold, had rheumatic fever, and was laid up for weeks. I could not do very much for a long time after that; my funds became low. I had to leave my comfortable room, and was finally reduced to this. I have lived here for several months, and have managed to get enough to eat by making lace—that German lace that mamma taught us how to make when we were children—but it has been hard work, and the shame of it has nearly killed me."

Violet well knew that her sister's proud spirit must have suffered tortures over her downfall, and she fetl a deep pity for her.

"But, Belle, you had lots of diamonds—they were worth a small fortune. Could you not have sold them, and lived better than this?" she asked.

"Sold my diamonds!" exclaimed the woman, aghast. "No, indeed; they were all that I had left, except my clothes of better days, and I would have lived upon a crust before I would have parted with them."

"But they surely could have been of no earthly use to you in your present condition," said Violet, thinking that bread was better than stones when a person was hungry.

"I know it, but I love them, and I will never part with them; something may yet happen to restore me to my former position. Oh, Violet, if you had only been sensible—if you had never fallen in love with that miserable carpenter, you could have married Lord Cameron, and all this trouble never need have come upon us," she wailed, in conclusion.

Violet flushed. She thought it was very hard and unjust that she should be blamed thus for what could not have been the result of any fault of hers.

"Hush, Belle," she said, keen pain in her tone. "I loved Wallace—I love him still, even though he is gone, and I never could become the wife of any man while his image filled my heart. You should not blame me for your misfortunes, when I have had nothing to do with them."

"She does not dream that he is living," Mrs. Mencke said to herself, and then, while she was revolving in her mind whether it would be best to undeceive her, Violet changed the subject by asking:

"Have you ever heard anything from Wilhelm since he left you in London?"

"No, and I don't think I ever wish to," the woman replied, a frown settling upon her brow. "He behaved so abominably during those last few months and has got to be such a gambler and spendthrift that I believe I am better off away from him. I imagine that you do not care very much about seeing him again, for he has spent all your money as well as mine."

"No," Violet returned, flushing, "I do not think that I care to meet him."

"I cannot understand how you happened to find me out," Mrs. Mencke suddenly remarked, "and you came in by the door leading from the attic, too; how could that be possible when everybody has to pass through this room to get up there?"

Violet had been wondering how she should explain her presence there, and she now concluded that she could give no reason but the real one, and so she resolved to tell her sister the whole truth.

She saw that she was feeling very bitterly toward her husband on account of his treatment of her, and so she believed she would sympathize with her if she should tell her how she had recently been abducted and kept a prisoner.

"Why don't you answer me, Violet?" Mrs. Mencke demanded. "It is the strangest thing in the world, and now I think of it, you looked as if you were trying to get out at the door without my seeing you. I hired this room and the attic because they were cut off from the rest of the house; my trunks and all my fine clothes are up there so no one can get at them without my knowing it."

"Well, Belle, if you must know, I came in through the skylight," Violet said, seeing she must explain.

"Through the skylight? Good gracious! how could you do that? Wasn't it fastened?" exclaimed her sister, in alarm.

"Yes, but I broke a pane of glass and unfastened it."

"But how came you up there on the roof?"

"I came out of another house at the end of the block—in fact, Belle, I have been locked up in one of the houses at the farther end of the block for the last three or four weeks, but succeeded in getting away today by walking over the roofs and, as it happened, stumbled upon you here."

"What can you mean?" cried Mrs. Mencke, sit-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

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Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

WITH all the world at the spring o' the year and everything so beautiful, even the thought of gossip seems out of place. But since it is here, there and everywhere, and nine times out of ten unintentional, the following poem (sent in by a Colorado sister) may serve to make someone think twice, three times, before carelessly repeating something that had better be forgotten.—Ed.

The Three Gates

"If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak, three gates of gold.

"Three narrow gates—First, 'Is it true?'
Then, 'Is it needful?' In your mind
Give faithful answer. And the next
Is the last and narrowest, 'Is it kind?'

"And if to reach your lips at last
It passes through these gateways three
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the results of speech may be."
—*Author unknown.*

DENNIS, W. VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Let us send up three cheers for the Daddy of "Subscriber." I am with him on the check question. Let us see how many of us can hold as a souvenir a check with Uncle Charlie's signature and the prints of the Goat's pearly teeth on the corner. I raised only one hundred pennies and you will say I needn't make such a fuss over so small an amount, but I am almost sixty years old and not in good health.

ONE OF UNCLE CHARLIE'S ADMIRERS.

BATESVILLE, 143 S. Park Ave., IND.

HOWDY EVERYBODY:

Slowly now and cautiously with sidelong glances under Mrs. Wilkinson's table and all the chairs—a deep sigh of relief—for no goat is in sight just now but I'm thoroughly convinced that a cousin or nearer kin, to Uncle Charlie's Billy inhabits this office also, as it completely devoured my last letters. Such an appetite. Ugh!

Here's my donation to Uncle Charlie's Home Fund. How was it earned? Oh, it's only a tenth, the whole of which was earned darnin' socks, washin' dishes and such like.

Any one care to try my recipe to give the face a good color? "Get a pot of rouge and a rabbit's foot. Bury them two miles from home and walk out once a day to see if they are still there."

Some one please strike the chords of "Back Home Again in Indiana," where I'll be glad to meet the "hull" crowd of you anytime.

By, by, MISS EDNA STOCKINGER.

WALTONVILLE, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for nearly fifteen years and have made several dear pen friends through it; one lives in W. Va. and the other in Texas. They are both dear, good women, I know.

I have been married seven years to the best Will in the world and he has never given me a cross word and is always ready to help when he has any spare time. We have a sweet little girl, three years old, who is Papa's pet. She is the sunshine of our home.



TAKEN WHEN SHE WAS ONE YEAR AND NINE MONTHS OLD.

This picture was taken when she was one year and nine months old. She has black hair, big brown eyes and rosy cheeks.

We live in the country and I enjoy the outdoor life and think it the only place for children although the city offers better advantages in the way of education.

Pearl Vesey and Nelle Fischer, your letters are fine.

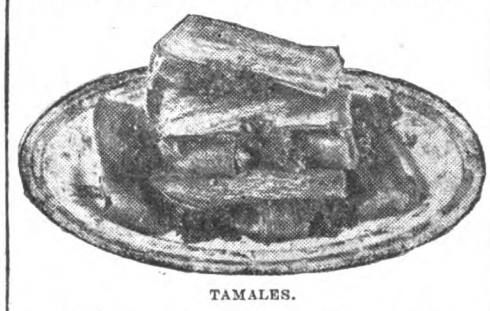
Mrs. Alverson, my girlie also loves stories and when COMFORT comes she always finds the Cubby Bear story

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

A READER from the state of Mexico sends us a recipe for a dish that is well known in her state and it would add variety to the Sisters' Recipes if others would follow her example and tell us how to prepare some particular food for which their state or locality is famed. And remember that while you may know just how much "enough," or "a little" is, a great many of us do not, so give exact measurements. —Ed.

TAMALES.—Put corn husks, either fresh or dried, to soften in warm water. In a tablespoon of lard or beef fat put one large onion thinly sliced with two cloves of garlic and fry well but do not brown. Add to this one and a half cups of any cooked meat finely minced, one tablespoon of chile powder, and enough gravy to make the mixture the consistency of dough. Stir and cook about two minutes, then set aside. Put two cups of boiling water, or gravy and water, into a stew-pan, season with a scant teaspoon of salt, two even teaspoons of chile powder and one tablespoon of



TAMALES.

fat, and, when boiling hard, slowly add one cup of dry corn meal and cook slowly about half an hour. Wipe husks dry with a clean cloth, and on each spread a little of the mush, making it about three or four inches long. To every five husks covered with mush, to one add a large spoonful of the meat mixture and spread smooth, pressing into the meat a few raisins and sliced olives. Over this put a husk of plain mush so the meat will be entirely covered, and on either side one more. It should be about the size of an ear of corn. Tie with ribbons of the corn husk at each end and with scissors trim evenly at each end. Steam one hour with water in steamer kept boiling hard.—MEXICO SISTER, Mexico.

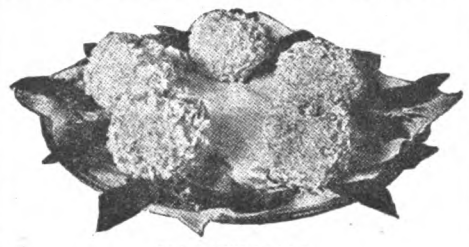
BAKED HALIBUT.—Boil two pounds of halibut from twenty to thirty minutes; take out the bones and break the meat into small pieces; mix four hard-boiled eggs, sliced, and four ground crackers with the fish. Add a pint and a half of milk, half a cup of butter and salt and pepper to taste. Bake one hour.

FISH SALAD.—Take one pound of baked fresh cod or any kind of cooked fish and chop fine; pour over it a dressing made as follows: Two eggs, three tablespoons vinegar, one tablespoon of cream, one teaspoon of sugar, one quarter of a teaspoon of salt and one quarter of a teaspoon of mustard. Cook in double boiler until thickness of cream.

FISH CHOWDER.—One half pound pork, one fresh haddock, and one quart sliced potatoes. Fry the pork in a deep kettle; then add a layer of fish and a layer of potatoes, with a sprinkling of salt, pepper and flour. Cover nearly to top with boiling water and cook twenty minutes. Add one quart of boiling milk when ready to serve.

VEAL LOAF.—Two pounds of veal, one egg, small piece of salt pork, one onion, one cup cracker-crumbs, one tablespoon cream. Grind meat, onion and crackers, add egg, cream and seasoning. Put in buttered tin and bake one hour.—MRS. FRANK THOMAS, Thief River Falls, Minn.

COCOANUT BALLS.—If fresh cocoanut is not available, use the dried, first soaking it in whatever amount of fresh milk it will absorb. To each two cups of cocoanut



COCOANUT BALLS.

add one cup of sugar, powdered preferable. Add two tablespoons of flour, and one well-beaten white of egg. Mix thoroughly, shape into balls, roll in powdered sugar and bake in a slow oven twenty minutes. If cakes are preferred, flatten the balls.

POTATO SALAD.—Peel and slice enough cold boiled potatoes to fill a quart dish; salt and pepper to taste; chop two small onions very fine and mix with them. Put half a cup of vinegar and one teaspoon of butter in a dish and let it heat gradually. Beat the yolks of two eggs thoroughly, pour into a cup and fill cup with thick sweet cream; beat well together and pour into the vinegar. Stir constantly until it reaches the boiling point, then pour it over the potatoes and mix thoroughly. Serve cold.

RICE RECIPE.—Cook rice in salted water until done. Make a tomato gravy as follows: One half can tomatoes, or ripe tomatoes in equal proportions, season with salt, bay leaf, paprika, a little soda and a small onion cut into small pieces. Add a cup of water and boil five minutes. Now fry a tablespoon of flour in two level tablespoons of butter and add tomato pulp and let boil until it thickens. Pour this over rice and serve at once or put rice in baking dish with alternate layers of bread-crumbs and tomatoes and bake. Beans and macaroni may be fixed the same way.—MRS. F. C. W., California.

BAKED ONIONS.—Select smooth, evenly sized onions, place in baking sheet and bake half an hour in a quick oven. Pare off the burnt skins, season well with salt and pepper, add butter and serve.

STEAMED PARSNIPS.—Wash and scrape clean, steam one hour, then cut into thin slices and season with salt and pepper. Add plenty of butter and serve.

PRUNE SHORTCAKE.—One pint of flour, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, half a teaspoon of soda, and half a teaspoon of salt stirred together. Rub in one third of a cup of butter, or chicken fat. Beat one egg, add one scant cup of milk and stir it into the dry ingredients. Pour dough into a cake tin, cover top with a sprinkling of sugar, and bake. Remove from tin, let partly cool, then cover the top and sides with whipped cream and arrange rows of steamed prunes on top and around cake. Serve at once.



PRUNE SHORTCAKE.

PRUNE COOKIES.—One cup sugar, one half cup shortening, one cup of prunes, chopped fine, one quarter cup of milk, three teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoon cinnamon, one half teaspoon salt and four cups of flour or enough to roll. Cream the sugar, shortening and prunes together; add milk, cinnamon and salt; sift the baking powder with three cups of flour and add; then add as much flour as needed to roll dough to quarter inch thick. Cut out and bake in hot oven fifteen minutes.

PRUNE SPONGE.—Dissolve two tablespoons of gelatine in one and one half cups boiling water. Add one and one half cups of prune juice and enough sugar to suit taste. As soon as it begins to set, beat it with an egg beater until light and foamy, then fold in one cup of sweetened whipped cream and pour into mould to harden. When ready to serve garnish with whole cooked prunes and whipped cream.

SALAD DRESSING.—For one quart of diced vegetables put in a small bowl one level teaspoon of salt and one third of a teaspoon of pepper; mix, and gradually beat in six tablespoons of salad oil and two of vinegar. Mix thoroughly through vegetables and serve.

TRIPE IN TOMATO SAUCE.—(Italian Style). Put two tablespoons of butter in pan, add four chopped onions and quite a lot of chopped parsley. When well done, add one cup of canned tomato and salt and pepper to taste, with a dash of spices if preferred. Have tripe clean and cut into strips. Put into sauce and cook one hour. Add water to prevent burning.—MRS. ALFRED BEETORI, Meadeville, Mont.

SPONGE CAKE.—Two eggs, one half cup sugar, one cup corn syrup, two tablespoons hot water, one teaspoon lemon extract, one cup corn flour, one and one half teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoon salt. Beat yolks of eggs until thick and lemon-colored; add sugar and continue beating. Add syrup, water and extract. Sift dry ingredients together and add alternately with stiffly-beaten whites of eggs to first mixture. Bake in moderate oven.

BARLEY AND ROLLED OATS DROP COOKIES.—One cup barley flour, one and one fourth cup rolled oats, one half cup fat, one fourth cup brown sugar, one half cup corn syrup, one egg, two teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon cinnamon, one half cup nuts, one half cup raisins. Cream the fat and sugar; add syrup and beaten egg. Mix dry ingredients and add to first mixture. Drop from a teaspoon upon a greased pan and bake in a moderate oven.—U. S. DEPT. AGRICULTURE.

DOUGHNUTS.—One cup sour cream, one teaspoon soda, one cup sugar, three eggs, a little salt, ginger and cinnamon, and flour enough to make dough to roll. Fry in hot fat.

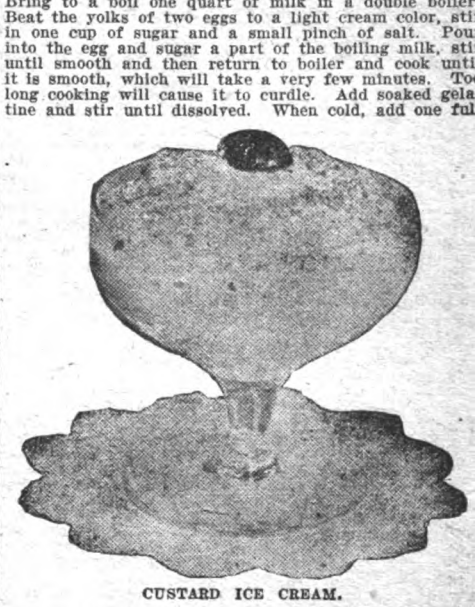
HOT WATER GINGERBREAD.—One egg, one third cup sugar, two thirds cup molasses, two tablespoons fat, one and one half cup barley flour, one teaspoon soda, one teaspoon salt, one half teaspoon ginger, one half teaspoon cinnamon, two thirds cup boiling water. Combine the egg, sugar, molasses and melted fat. Sift together the dry ingredients and add alternately with the boiling water. (This cake may be made with buttermilk, omitting the egg and fat.)

BARLEY SPICED CAKE.—One half cup fat, two thirds cup sugar, one cup corn syrup, three eggs, three fourths cup milk, one teaspoon vanilla, one half teaspoon ginger, one teaspoon cinnamon, one half teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon allspice, one fourth teaspoon salt, six teaspoons baking powder, three and three fourths cups barley flour, one cup of raisins. Cream the fat, sugar and egg yolks. Add the syrup and mix well. Add alternately the liquid and dry ingredients sifted together. Add the flavoring, and fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Bake for one hour, starting in a moderate oven and after twenty minutes increase the heat to a hot oven. (This makes a large cake.)—U. S. DEPT. AGRICULTURE.

MAPLE SUGAR CAKE.—Two cups of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, three quarters of a cup of butter, three cups of flour, three heaping teaspoons of baking powder, four eggs, beaten separately. Use maple sugar for frosting.—MRS. EARL SPINDLER, Strasburg, Ohio.

EGG DUMPLINGS.—Beat two eggs, add one quarter teaspoon salt, two tablespoons milk. Sift one cup of flour with one scant teaspoon baking powder, add egg mixture and more flour if necessary to make thick batter. Drop by half teaspoonfuls in boiling broth. Cover and cook for ten minutes.—MISS BERNICE RUMMER, Lowell, Ohio.

CUSTARD ICE CREAM.—One teaspoon of fine gelatine soaked in three tablespoons of cold milk twenty minutes. Bring to a boil one quart of milk in a double boiler. Beat the yolks of two eggs to a light cream color, stir in one cup of sugar and a small pinch of salt. Pour into the egg and sugar a part of the boiling milk, stir until smooth and then return to boiler and cook until it is smooth, which will take a very few minutes. Too long cooking will cause it to curdle. Add soaked gelatine and stir until dissolved. When cold, add one full



CUSTARD ICE CREAM.

teaspoon of vanilla, and pack to freeze. After twenty minutes begin turning freezer, and when the custard is about half frozen, add the two whites of eggs beaten stiff and continue turning until the custard is firm.

MOCHA CAKE.—Beat yolks and whites of three eggs separately, then beat well together. Add slowly one cup of sugar, beating while adding. Then add one and one half cups of flour to which has been added one teaspoon of baking powder. Beat well and then add one half cup of boiling milk to which has been added one teaspoon of butter and one teaspoon of vanilla.

FILLING.—Cream one and one half cups of powdered sugar, one third cup butter, two teaspoons cocoa and one teaspoon extract of coffee. Spread on cake.—MRS. GUY COOKE, Magnet, Ark.

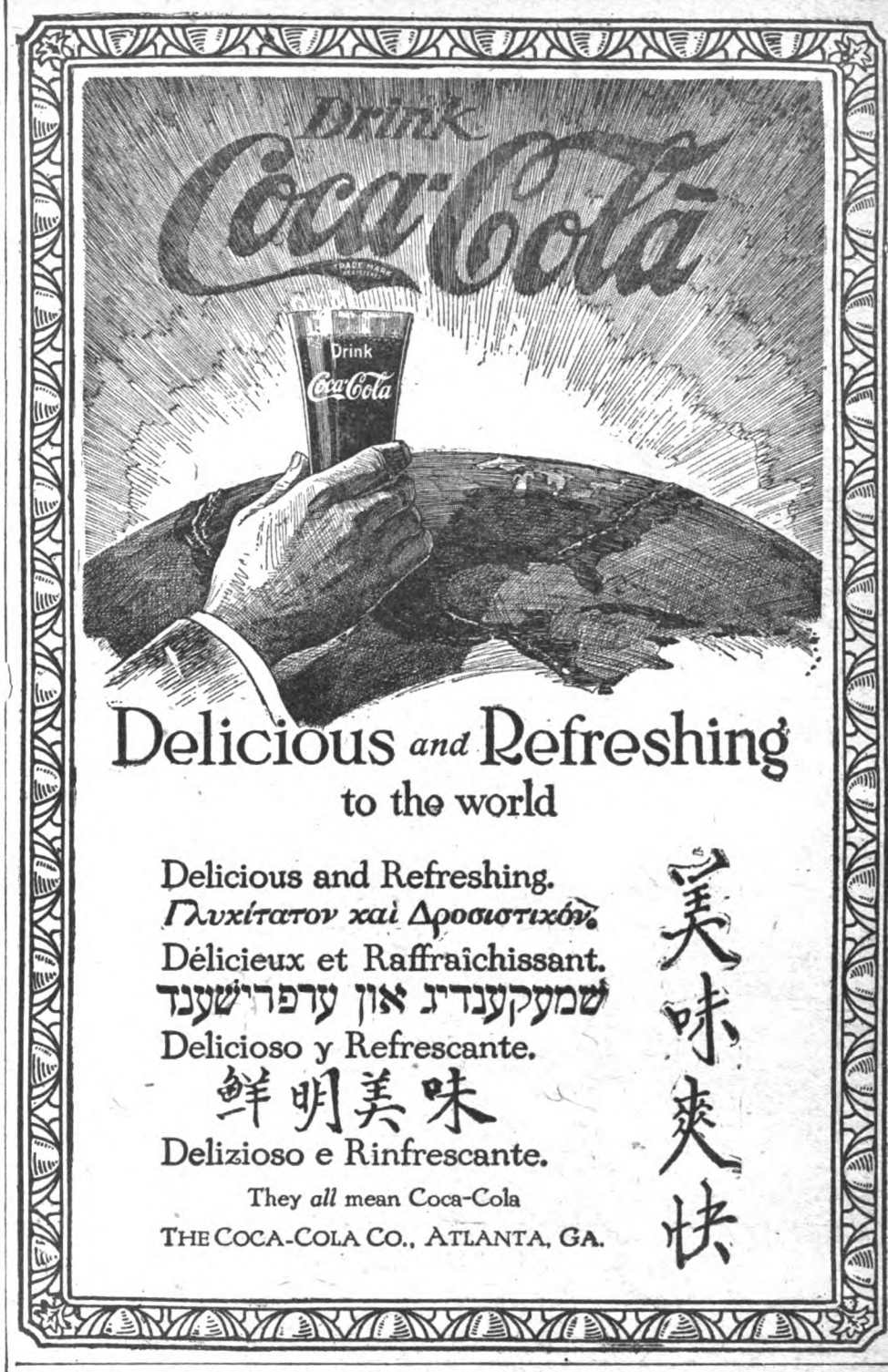
COTTAGE PUDDING.—Two heaping cups of flour, two teaspoons baking powder, one half teaspoon salt, one egg, three quarters cup of sugar, three tablespoons melted butter and one cup of milk. Mix the salt and baking powder with the flour. Beat the egg, add the sugar, melted butter and milk and stir in the flour. Bake in a shallow pan.

SAUCE.—One half cup butter, one cup powdered sugar; cream and add one pint of mashed strawberries (canned ones will do), and last the beaten white of an egg.—MISS PEARL L. GUNTER, Ellisville, Miss.

APPLE CUSTARD PIE.—One cup cooked apple, one cup corn syrup, two tablespoons sugar, one and one half tablespoons corn-starch, one tablespoon butter, one teaspoon lemon extract, one egg yolk. Combine the ingredients and cook in a double boiler until thick. Fill pie shell, cover with meringue made from stiffly-beaten white of egg and two tablespoons syrup. Brown in oven.

RICE PIE CRUST.—Line a greased pie pan with cold boiled rice, bringing the rice well over the edge of the pan and shaping it with a spoon dipped in milk. Bake the crust in a moderate oven until it is slightly brown. Use the crust like any pastry for a one-crust pie.

RICE CREAM.—Boil a cup of rice in sweet milk until soft, adding sugar and salt to taste; pour into cups, and, when cool, turn out into a dish, scoop a little piece out the top of each, and fill the space with jelly; beat a cup of cream until stiff, sweeten and season, and pour over the rice.



Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



"Trenwyck!" Beryl quiveringly gasped in Tonita's ear.

"You are always thoughtful, Tonita", said Beryl gratefully.

With a despairing cry, Beryl dashed forward.

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Nicholas Berdyne, past middle age, his face marred by dissipation, schemes with Hartley Trenwyck to win Beryl Grayson, whose father is dead. She is engaged to Neil Preston, who goes to Alaska in the interest of a mine owned by Grayson and which falls into Berdyne's hands. Neil Preston is reported dead by Dave Gorsline, who is hired by Berdyne to tell Beryl. In her sorrow and loss of wealth, she refuses continued aid from Berdyne. Mr. Jackman from Denver, wanting to repay a debt owed to Beryl's father, invites Beryl to his ranch, where she forms a friendship for Tonita, a beautiful Mexican girl, who advises her not to marry Berdyne through any mistaken idea of gratitude. Irma Lee, discarded by Berdyne, warns Beryl that he serves his own selfish purpose and that Neil Preston lives and is on his way to Jackman's Ranch. Berdyne, persistent that Beryl shall become his wife, Neil Preston, overhearing her denunciation of his baseness and treachery and refusing to marry him, confronts Berdyne who swears he will follow his trail. The day Beryl Grayson becomes Berdyne's wife, Morley Preston, opposed to Neil's marriage, will tender Trenwyck a check for five thousand dollars and Berdyne will give a like sum. He admits Beryl's trust in Jackson and that the letter written offering her the home was inspired by him, that he holds a heavy mortgage on the Jackman ranch, and with this knowledge they plot to separate the lovers who plan to be married the following day. Jackman, a tool in Berdyne's and Trenwyck's hands, drugs the wine which he gives Beryl when he drinks with her to her happiness, and she, feeling dizzy and faint, goes to her room and the door is locked. Neil Preston, returning for Beryl, meets Tonita. Approaching Jackman's house, an automobile is in waiting and a man with Beryl in his arms appears from the house and lifts her into the car. Preston strikes him down, and taking the auto, with Tonita, they make their escape through the night for San Francisco. Trenwyck advises Berdyne not to go too far. Not to be foiled in capturing Beryl, they take an early train to San Francisco, wiring Gorsline to watch for the auto, the *Red Flyer*, which he locates near the residence of a minister, who is called early to perform a marriage ceremony, which is scarcely over, when there is a summons from the door. Berdyne enters, and Neil, struggling to defend his wife, reels and falls to the floor mid the chaos of an earthquake, while Beryl is borne helplessly away. Making her escape, she wanders back to Pine Street, searching the wrecked house in vain for her husband, who is hurried to a temporary hospital by Tonita. She leaves a note for Neil that Berdyne has taken Beryl in the *Red Flyer*. Neil, regaining consciousness, goes in search of his wife, and seeing the wreck of the machine, knows that Beryl has escaped from Berdyne. Trenwyck, in league with Gorsline, meeting Beryl, assures her that Tonita is waiting for her on Sutter Street, and, unconscious of treachery, she goes with Trenwyck, where she is made a prisoner by Gorsline. Neil, wandering on Portsmouth Square, recognizes Trenwyck and following him sees him enter the house to which Beryl is persuaded to go. He opens the front door and lets himself in. Following the sound of voices, Neil sees Trenwyck and Gorsline and overhears the talk that a woman is made a prisoner. Positive that it is Beryl, he demands to know where she is, and with the refusal to tell there is a hand-to-hand struggle, in which Neil overpowers Gorsline, who admits she is in the library. Neil, entering, finds it vacant. Again in the street, he is pushed into a group crowded around a van piled with trunks, one of which is Berdyne's. The toppling of a brick wall breaks the trunk open and among the scattered papers is a charred bundle marked "Papers Concerning the Grayson Affair," and knowing their value, he hastens to the home of his cousin Arthur Preston of Nob Hill, where they can be safely guarded. At the same hour Beryl and Tonita go to Nob Hill hoping to find Neil. His mother, recognizing Beryl, requests Arthur to prevent Neil from meeting her. She accuses Beryl of intrigue in winning Neil, and to prove her relation with him Beryl produces her marriage certificate. Mrs. Preston, dumbfounded and anxious to mislead Beryl, infers that Neil is on his way to Denver. The next morning Arthur hurriedly awakens Neil. The fire is upon them, the house doomed, and making preparations to leave, Neil encounters his mother, who admits her knowledge of his marriage and with his refusal to go with them and not desert his wife, his mother hopes never to see his face again.

CHAPTER XXIV.

PURSUED!

NOT until the two girls reached the walk outside the stately home of Arthur Preston did the emotions which poor Beryl had so bravely held in check while under the eyes of Neil's arrogant mother find vent. Tears brimmed from her eyes and fell over her soft cheek. She staggered, too, as though her strength had gone suddenly from her.

"Oh, my darling!" breathed the Mexicana tenderly, "only to think that there could be such people in the world! That woman acted," added Tonita fiercely, "as though we were not good enough for her to wipe her shoes on. I hate her!" and she turned and shook her clenched brown hand toward the house.

The flickering flames from the portable stoves beat luridly about Tonita, bringing out her graceful, defiant form like a clear-cut cameo against the gloom of the street.

"Hush, dearest, hush!" murmured Beryl brokenly. "Let us not forget that she is my darling Neil's mother."

"For all that," cried Tonita, "she is a heartless wretch! I shall hate her always. Then think what she said about the Senor Preston!"

"That was false!" said Beryl, with sweet confidence. "Neil would never forsake me; he would never leave me alone in this great, desolated city. He is searching for me, and will continue to do so until we find each other and come into our happiness."

Beryl's grief and sadness fled, for her trust in her lover brought an all-pervading calm to her troubled breast.

Suddenly, with a muttered exclamation of alarm, Beryl seized Tonita's hand and drew her down in the deep shadow of the inclosing wall.

"What is it?" asked the surprised Mexicana. "What caused you——"

Beryl placed her little hand over her friend's lips and pointed. A man was coming along the sidewalk, walking hurriedly among the huddled refugees. He passed so close to the girls that they could have reached out and touched him. The light from the stoves shone in his face, and Beryl and Tonita could see him turn from the walk and climb the broad steps to the door of the Preston mansion.

"Trenwyck!" Beryl quiveringly gasped in Tonita's ear. "It is the wicked lawyer Irma Lee told me about—Berdyne's confederate—the man who lured me into the deserted house where we found Gorsline. Oh, if he had seen us! Come quickly, Tonita; let us fly from here and escape him."

Trembling with terror, but with strength inspired by her very fears, Beryl arose and started along the walk. Tonita, calmer and more collected, supported her as they hurried. At almost every corner they turned. The roar of the flames, the frightful pall of smoke in the sky, the desultory booming of distant dynamite, all conspired to unnerve poor Beryl, now that she had caught a glimpse of the lawyer's evil face.

"Courage, *querida*," said Tonita reassuringly. "You must stop and rest, for you can hardly drag yourself along."

"But we are followed! That wretched lawyer is behind us."

"I do not think so, dearest."

"They told him at Arthur Preston's that we had been there!" went on Beryl wildly; "they have put him on our track, knowing he is an agent of Berdyne's! They would do anything, anything, to have harm happen to me. Ah, was ever a poor girl so persecuted?"

But Beryl's fictitious strength was waning fast. She staggered, and Tonita drew her tenderly to the side of some steps by which they were passing. While they crouched there, the Mexicana clasping her friend to her breast, Trenwyck came hurrying along, staring straight ahead. In a few moments he vanished. Beryl could not see him, as her eyes were hidden, but she heard the quick, eager step.

"Is it—is it Trenwyck?" she murmured.

"No, *querida*," whispered Tonita, speaking deliberately, in order to spare her friend. "You have nothing more to fear now. Your Tonita would not let any harm come to you."

They rested a little while longer; then they got up, and the Mexicana, guiding her friend, started in a direction opposite to that taken by the lawyer. Tonita herself was very weary, and a return to Russian Hill was out of the question. They must find some nearer refuge for the night.

Presently they came out upon an open space, gleaming with white tents, and they could see soldiers patrolling back and forth.

"Halt!" cried a stern voice as the two girls approached the encampment.

The poor wanderers halted, and the soldier who had challenged them came close and stared into their faces. The flickering, sullen light from the fire banners that waved over the city fell on the two fair faces, and the soldier marveled at their beauty.

"Sir," appealed Beryl, recalling the kindness of the other soldier she had met, and feeling that she and Tonita were near one who would befriend them, "we are very tired, and have no place where we can stay for the night. Our friends are at Russian Hill, but we do not feel able to walk so far."

"You ought to be with your friends," said the boy in blue, "but I can find a place for you in a tent where there are some other women. Come this way."

He led them in among the army tents, halted at one, stepped back, and waved them in.

"You will be safe here," said he kindly, "for the park is patrolled on all four sides. If any one should seek to molest you, you have only to cry out, and assistance will come."

They thanked the guard and crept into the tent. There were others there, farther back in the gloom. A woman's voice called:

"Anna, is it you? My daughter, my little daughter!"

"We are two homeless girls, madam," answered Beryl.

A wail of disappointment came from the woman.

"I was asleep and dreaming, dreaming that my lost child had been restored to me," cried the woman. "We were separated, and I wonder if we shall ever meet again in this life!"

The moaning voice subsided into a sort of dumb despair. In a few moments the soldier returned and passed something into the tent.

"Here are two blankets," said he; "I got them for you out of a couple of our blanket rolls."

Again they thanked him for his thoughtfulness, and made themselves as comfortable as they could on the hard ground. Beryl soon fell into sound slumber; but Tonita, worried because she knew Trenwyck had followed them so successfully from the Preston mansion, could not sleep.

The flickering light of the great conflagration beat upon the outer walls of the tent; and in this light, reflected on the canvas, she saw a figure—a man's shadow. Her heart leaped into her throat and almost choked her. The shadow moved stealthily along the tent wall, pausing again and again. Several times the frightened girl was on the point of crying out, but each time she smothered her fears, not wishing to disturb Beryl.

Could that shadow be cast by the form of Trenwyck? Had he succeeded in following them, even there? If so, how had he got through the cordon drawn about the encampment by the soldiers?

Presently the shadow left the tent wall and hovered around the end of the structure. Silently as a gliding serpent it approached the opening. Then, just as a wild scream was on Tonita's lips, a vigilant guard shouted:

"Come out of there! Come out, I say, or I'll fire!"

A muttered imprecation struck on the girl's ears. The form started to run, and the sodden report of a rifle echoed out. No cry followed the shot—merely the hurry of running feet, dying away into silence.

No one in the camp seemed to have been aroused; certainly no one in the tent took notice of the shot, other than Tonita. The other occupants slept peacefully on, and Beryl slumbered dreamlessly in her friend's arms.

Tonita was reassured. Certainly the wretched, homeless people were vigilantly guarded by those brave soldier boys. As the Mexicana's fears gradually passed away, sleep came to her own tired eyes.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE TOTTERING WALL.

Beryl started out of her refreshing slumber into the light of morning. She sat up, bewildered and confused, grappling with the mystery of her presence in the tent, wondering at the babel of sound that reached her from without, trying to piece together the links in that dread chain of events.

At last a wave of recollection rolled over her. She remembered the visit to the stately home on Nob Hill, the pursuit by Trenwyck, the kindness of the soldier, and the refuge to which he had led her and Tonita.

Beryl turned to speak to her friend, but found the tent empty, save for herself. Tossed, disordered blankets covered the ground, but Beryl was the only one in that rude shelter. A pang of fear shot through her heart.

"Tonita! Tonita!" she called, struggling to her feet and out into the open.

Wretched people were all around her, many of them but half clad, and some wearing the poorest of garments. The heaps of luggage, with which she was already so familiar, were to be seen in every conceivable place. Sewing machines, dressers, chairs, trunks formed the nucleus of each poor heap of belongings, and among these the old and young, the delicate woman and the strong man, were sitting and eating the rations distributed by the government.

The morning light was darkened by the smoke pall. The sun could only be seen at intervals when it broke, like a ghostly, blood-red ball, through the awesome haze. Already the fire had touched that part of the city—lightly, however, for the demon had been fought with dynamite and with some success.

Across from the small park, and half a block below, was the great, tottering front wall of an apartment house. Back of the wall was only a mass of smouldering ruins, and the wall itself swayed back and forth with a wavy motion, threatening to fall at any moment. It might drop into the street, or inward upon its own foundations. The ever-present soldiers patrolled each end of the block to warn people away.

Beryl gazed with awe at the great, fluttering mass of masonry, then turned to observe another spectacle of a different sort. A huge army wagon was drawn up at one side of the square. On the seat with the driver sat an officer with a drawn revolver; on the ground, beside the wagon, stretched a file of men and women with baskets and pitchers, receiving water and food from men in the rear of the wagon.

A cry of joy escaped Beryl's lips when she recognized Tonita in the line, waiting to receive her own portion of fare. The Mexicana, gazing toward her friend, waved one hand encouragingly.

In a little while Tonita had received her store of water and food, and came hastily back to her friend.

"See, darling!" she cried, displayng a cracked pitcher half full of water and a tin dish containing bread and canned meat, "a woman loaned me the pitcher and the basin, and the good soldiers have supplied us with our breakfast. We shall do very well indeed, *querida*. A sound night's rest and a morning meal will make us feel like different persons."

"You are always thoughtful, Tonita," said Beryl gratefully. "It must have tired you to stand so long in line. Why did you not wake me?"

"I felt that you should have all the rest that you could get, dearest," answered the unselfish Mexicana, setting the food and water on the trampled grass. "Come; sit before me, and I will comb that bonny golden hair of yours with one of my side combs, and we will do what little we may to make ourselves presentable."

Something of the Mexicana's enforced gayety was imparted to her friend, and soon they were eating their rude fare with a hearty relish.

"Do you know what I have heard this morning, dear?" queried Tonita, sadness creeping into her voice. "Stanford University has been wrecked and ruined; and Manuel, my faithful *caballero*, I do not know whether he escaped or not."

"My dearest Tonita!" murmured Beryl sympathetically. "And you can be so brave even with that fearful uncertainty before you."

"'Tis better to keep up a good heart, darling," returned the girl, albeit her lips quivered as she spoke the cheerful words. Then, as they finished their meal and drew away, she sang softly:

"Oh, sing the song we loved, love,
When all life seemed one song;
For life is none too long, love——"

The words died away on her soft lips, and she turned her face that Beryl might not see her gathering tears. Silently, sympathetically, Beryl clasped her friend's hand. Their hearts went out to each other, in that sad, lonely moment, as never before.

"Let us not give way," said Tonita bravely, drying her eyes. "Our own trials and misfortunes seem so insignificant when compared with the woe that has fallen upon so many. All Santa Clara Valley, I heard, has suffered from the earthquake. Not so much as San Francisco, for here the fire is adding its horrors; but, where there is so much sorrow, why should we not be like so many others, and bear up with a good spirit? The saints will protect and defend us, and, if it is their will, we shall meet our loved ones again."

While they sat talking, they were brought to their feet by a shout from one of the soldiers on guard before the swaying wall of the burned apartment house. As the two girls could see, being in the rank of refugees nearest to that side of the park, an automobile had rushed out into the street, heading into the danger that threatened from the swaying masonry. There were two persons in the automobile—a man on the front seat and a woman on the seat behind. Trunks and satchels were piled about them.

"Why!" cried Beryl, quick to recognize the two figures in the automobile, "one of them is—is——"

"One of them," spoke up Tonita cuttingly, "is the cruel woman we met last evening. She has been obliged to flee, like the rest of us. What good is her money to her now? They will not get far in that vehicle, for the soldiers will take it away from them. Ah, I love to see the pride of such people humbled!"

Tonita's fiery words were unheeded by her friend. Beryl, gazing as though spellbound, watched Arthur Preston continue his onward dash in disregard of the soldier's warning that he was going into peril. Perhaps the man in the automobile did not understand: in view of what quickly happened, it would seem that the meaning of the soldier's words had not been understood.

"Look!" whispered Beryl, running forward a few steps in her excitement. "There is another automobile with soldiers coming from around the corner.

A warning was called to the second car. "Red Cross!" flung back the driver of that machine, and the soldiers fell back, merely pointing toward the tottering wall.

A collision between the two cars, coming from opposite directions, and with the menacing wall between them, seemed inevitable. A deep silence settled over the people who were watching. Not a cry went up because of a threatened calamity; every beholding eye had looked upon so many accidents that it had become inured to such spectacles.

A shout went up from the driver of the Red Cross car, when, doubling around the corner of the wall, he saw the other vehicle approaching. The driver of each car flung himself desperately upon the steering wheel. Presence of mind averted a head-on collision, the Red Cross automobile scurrying across the front of the Preston car; but the front wheels of the latter machine jolted heavily against the rear wheels of the former. There was merely a tremendous jar, and the cars rushed onward.

"The wall! The wall!" shouted the men in the Red Cross car.

Arthur Preston gazed up at the tottering mass lowering over him. The wall had stood there for hours, swaying on its foundations; would it, by some uncanny working of fate, fall in that supreme moment?

Then, while all eyes appeared to be following the rapidly separating automobiles, Beryl saw something that had apparently escaped the other. Mrs. Preston had been thrown from her seat,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

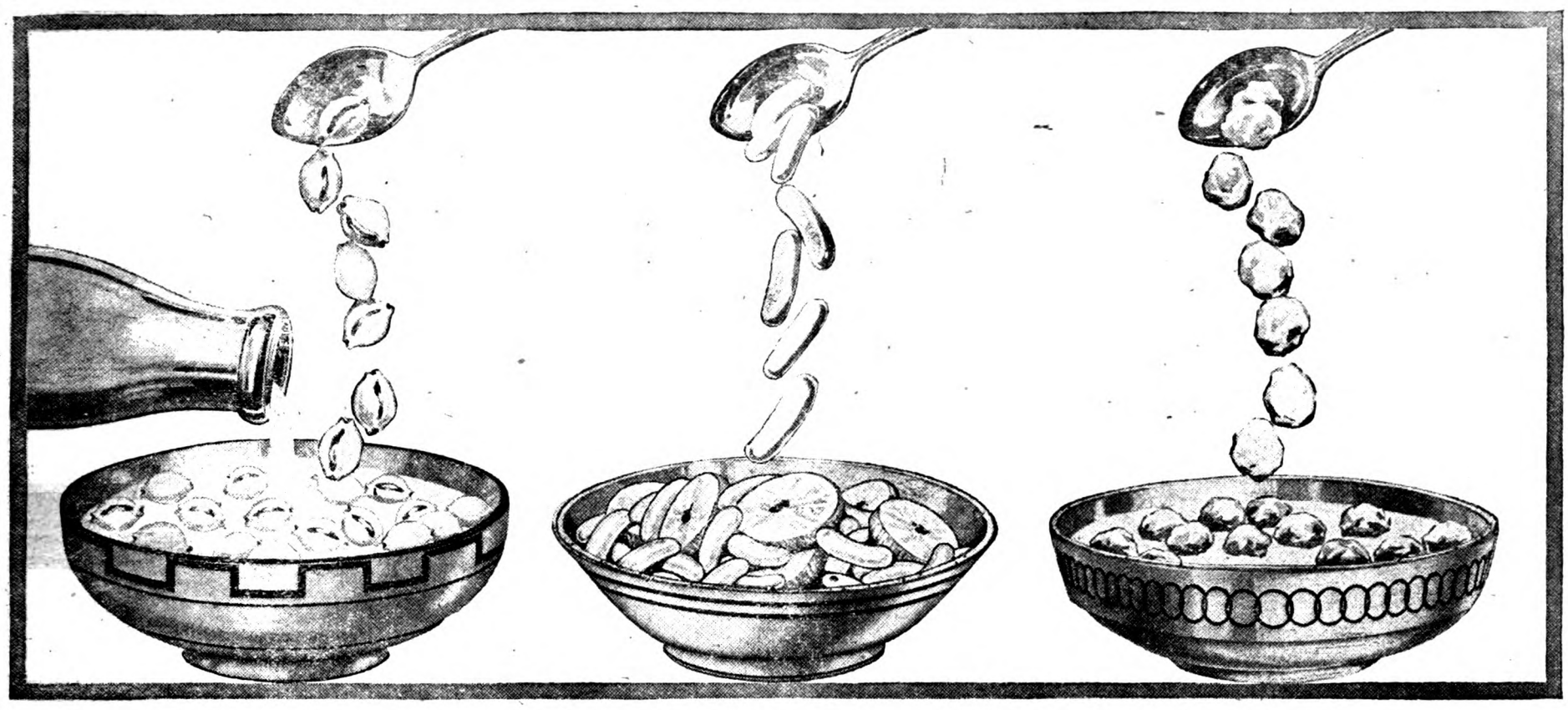
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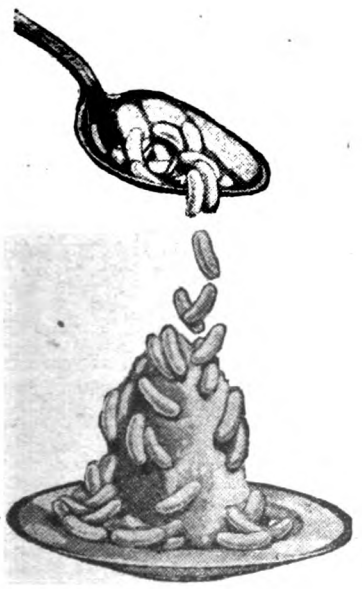
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So like nut meats

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They crisp and douse them with melted butter for children to eat like peanuts when at play.



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Girls use Puffed Rice in place of nut meats in home candy making. And it makes the candy light.

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Ordinary cooking breaks some food cells, but not all. His object was to break all food cells so the whole grain would digest.

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The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in 550 degrees of heat. The trifle of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

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A grain of wheat contains over 100 million food cells. So 100 million separate explosions occur in every kernel.

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Puffed Wheat in milk forms the ideal supper dish. And it does not tax digestion.

In the morning, any Puffed Grain with cream and sugar is a fascinating dish. Or serve with melted butter.

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Cubby Bear and the Bird Concert

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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BILLY Bluejay, Redtop Woodpecker and Wise Owl were talking together earnestly one day in early spring, when Cubby Bear came upon them.

"Shall we tell Cubby about it?" asked Redtop.

"Yes," answered Wise Owl, "I have about decided to invite all the animals (excepting Sammie Skunk, of course); that is, all who will promise to be good, and not frighten the birds who are strangers."

"Oh, what do you mean?" asked Cubby, interested at once.

"It is spring," said Billy Bluejay, "and we birds who stay in the north all winter are planning on a real jubilee when all the other birds have come back from the south. We shall make ourselves a welcoming committee, meet them as they come, one by one, and invite them to help in our concert, which we shall give as soon as everyone is here."

"Shinyblack Crow has been here for some time," said Cubby Bear, "and only a few days ago I saw Robbie Reddie."

"Yes, and I saw a wedge-shaped flock of wild geese flying wild overhead this morning," said Redtop, "but they would not be a help in our concert."

Chirpy Chipmunk joined the group, and was told about the birds' plan.

"That is good!" said little Chirpy. "I wish I might do something to help."

"Oh, this is to be a birds' affair," said Wise Owl. "We do not need your help, but you may be one of the audience. We mean to have some distinguished guests here if they will come. Robbie Reddie has promised to look them up, and invite them as politely as possible."

"Who will they be?" asked Cubby.

"Mr. and Mrs. Cardinal, and if possible the Mocking-bird, though he seldom comes as far north as this. He would not dare to be caught in a storm here, even in May, for fear that his throat might be injured, and spoil his wonderful voice."

"Be sure to let me know when the concert is to be," said Cubby. "I would not want to miss it."

"I shall write the invitations on white birch bark, and send them around as soon as we decide on the day," Wise Owl promised.

A few days later Chirpy Chipmunk came to Mamma Bruin's house, brimming over with excitement. "Oh, Cubby Bear!" he cried, "I have thought of a way to help the birds with their concert! Come and help me find Wise Owl, so I can tell him."

They started at once.

"What can you do?" asked Cubby.

"Why, there must be a banquet, of course," said Chirpy. "The birds will want something nice to eat after giving their concert. And there is not much to be found now, so early in the season, to feed all their fine guests."

"That is so," agreed Cubby.

"Last fall," Chirpy hurried on, "I laid in a large store of food, more than I ever had before—more than I could eat—and my underground storerooms still hold quantities of seeds and grain, which the birds would like. I will give them, and you shall help pass them around, if Wise Owl says we may."

"Oh, that is good of you!" said Cubby admiringly. "Racky Coon has a nice basket, and I am sure he will lend it to us to hold the things."

As they drew near to Wise Owl's hollow tree, they heard a noise which puzzled them.

"There is Redtop Woodpecker," said Chirpy. "We will ask him what it is."

"Why, that," explained Redtop, "is our jazz band. I don't like it myself, but Wise Owl says it is very stylish, so we must have it. I only hope it will not drive our audience away."

"But what bird could make a noise like that?" asked Cubby, listening to the harsh, discordant sounds.

"No *one* bird could," said Redtop; "it is a dozen or more Purple Grackles. They are rehearsing for the concert."

The birds were delighted with little Chirpy's offer, and were loud in their thanks.

"We will give you a seat of honor at the concert," they told him. "You and Cubby Bear, who will help you to serve the refreshments. You remember the great willow tree, with wide-spreading branches, which grows by the Big Brook, a mile or so below here? Well, that is where we shall give the concert. There is one great, broad branch which we shall use for the stage. We plan to have the animals down on the ground, but you and Cubby shall be up in the tree, with the birds."

Cubby and Chirpy hurried back home to tell Mamma Bruin the glad news.

Rehearsals went gaily on, filling the Pleasant Forest with bird songs through all the mild spring weather, and at last, on a morning in May, came the grand concert.

All roads through the forest led, that morning, to the great willow tree, whose leaves were now a tender, beautiful green; and birds and animals of every sort flocked to the spot.

Cubby Bear, his face one broad smile of happiness, sat on a bough of the tree which reached across Big Brook. He balanced carefully beside him Racky Coon's prettiest basket, filled with the good things Chirpy Chipmunk had provided, and little Chirpy was perched on the other side of the basket, his tawny tail rising like a plume behind him.

Shinyblack Crow, every feather preened and glossy, flew here and there, calling the birds together with his loud "Caw, caw!"

Mr. Wise Owl stood silently on a limb of the willow, sedate and dignified, staring through his colored glasses at the gathering throng.

The animals were seated on the ground and on logs and stones, eager for the concert to begin. Some of them looked up enviously at Cubby Bear and Chirpy Chipmunk in the tree.

The Purple Grackles' jazz band was the opening number on the program. "If we must have it," Redtop Woodpecker had said, "let it come first, to be over with the sooner!" Their creaky, grating cries were not musical, but the noise was loud enough to be heard a long distance, and call any belated straggler to the scene.



CUBBY BEAR, HIS FACE ONE BROAD SMILE OF HAPPINESS, SAT ON A BOUGH OF THE TREE.

Robbie Reddie, his red vest glowing in the sunlight, carrolled a springtime song in his own joyous fashion.

Then the whisper went around, "Mr. and Mrs. Cardinal are coming!"

Shinyblack Crow appeared, sailing along on his broad wings, and after him came the distinguished visitors.

Mr. Cardinal was a large bird, grand enough in manner, and gorgeous enough in color to impress all who saw him with wonder. Mrs. Cardinal was less showy than her husband, and quietly took the place shown her in the tree, seeming not to expect any notice. But Mr. Cardinal, not waiting to be announced, took his stand in the center of the stage, and, head held high, poured forth his strong, rich whistle, *"Cheo, cheo, cheo!"* over and over and over. Of course with such a brilliant prelude, a wonderful song was expected, but "Cheo, cheo!" was all Mr. Cardinal could sing. However, he was much applauded.

The Hermit Thrush, a shy bird, would not come in sight of his listeners, but gave a song of wonderful sweetness from a shady thicket.

The Yellow Warbler warbled sweetly, and all the other warblers joined him in a rollicking chorus. Blue-winged Warbler, Hooded Warbler, Magnolia Warbler, and others of their cousins were there, gaily dressed, and showing a surprising variety of colors.

Little Chickadee Chirrupee gave an acrobatic performance, swinging head downward from a twig of the willow tree, and showing skill and daring in many odd performances.

Next, the Nuthatch ran head-first down the tree trunk, going with wonderful swiftness, yet never missing his foothold; while at the same time the Brown Creeper climbed rapidly up the tree, circling around and around in dizzying spirals.

The Song Sparrow's name was down on the program for each of his fourteen different songs. Some of the audience grew restless seeing him come forward so many times, but his cousins, English Sparrow, Vesper Sparrow, Chipping Sparrow and all the others, listened admiringly and applauded their relative with shrill chirpings.

Bluebird, Meadow Lark, Goldfinch, Bobolink, Purple Finch and Brown Thrasher delighted everyone with their sweet melodies.

The Scarlet Tanager, too, was a pleasing songster, but Chirpy whispered to Cubby Bear, "I like our own Robbie Reddie better."

At the conclusion of the concert, the Catbird flew to the stage, though he had not been invited to sing.

"Shoo him away!" said Wise Owl indignantly to Shinyblack Crow.

"No," answered Shinyblack, "let us see what he means to do. He can mimic them all."

The Catbird gave a few dismal squakings, like a frightened kitten.

"What's *he* trying to do, any way? With a voice like that!" exclaimed Scarlet Tanager, with a flirt of his wings.

Then Catbird whistled clearly, *"Cheo, cheo, cheo!"*

Mr. Cardinal looked around for another Cardinal bird, but decided the call was made by this sober-coated Catbird.

Ready for action now, Catbird raised his head, opened his bill, and poured from his slender throat a most surprising burst of melody. Every warble, chant, carol, chirp, purl, quaver, trill, and twitter that had gone before, were in his song—a perfect repetition of the whole concert.

Then such a cheering followed as had not been heard before.

"We do not care now that the southern Mocking-bird could not be here today," said Shinyblack Crow. "Our northern Catbird is all we need."

"I never heard him sing like that before," was heard on all sides.

Cubby Bear had been listening in wonder to the Catbird's song, and when it was finished clapped his paws and laughed in joyous applause, quite forgetting for the moment the basket he had been so carefully guarding.

It rocked, slid and fell.

A shriek from Chirpy Chipmunk made Cubby look around.

Making a lunge to catch at the falling basket, Cubby, too, lost his balance, and followed the basket into the cold waters of Big Brook, which were swollen with springtime rains and melting snow.

He made a tremendous splash, then scrambling to his feet, dashed after the basket, which was already floating away.

Alas, the basket had turned upside down in falling, and the birds' banquet, which little Chirpy had so generously given from his storehouse, was hopelessly scattered.

The animals crowded the banks, dismay on every face. Some of the birds flew down and rescued a seed here and there.

Poor Chirpy wept openly.

There was no banquet left to serve. "And with the grand Cardinals here, too!" mourned Redtop Woodpecker.

Poor Cubby Bear was covered with confusion and distress. He had been so happy, and now everybody would blame him for spoiling the whole affair. He crawled up on the bank, and shook the cold water from his coat.

"I am sorry!" he said sadly.

Then little Chickadee Chirrupee came forward with an announcement to make, and the day was saved.

"Chickadee, dee, dee, dee!
Come, listen to me,"

he called. "I can tell you of a place where a feast is always spread, ready for any bird, for *all* the birds, to eat freely. I have had no hungry days through the past winter. If you will wait for just a little while, I will go quickly and see if enough is there now for our concert singers and visitors."

He darted away, his little black cap headed toward the farm.

"Do you know what he means?" Wise Owl asked Redtop Woodpecker.

"No," was the answer, but Billy Bluejay said, "*I* do. I have feasted there many a day myself. The farm children made a feeding table for the birds near the house, and all the winter and spring have kept it covered with bits of suet, grain and crumbs."

They had not long to wait for Chickadee's return.

"Yes, yes," he said. "All is ready; follow me. The table is covered with good things to eat, and the children were watching me from a window. How glad they will be to see so many of us! If there is not enough food for all of us, they will bring more. They like to have us come, for they know we are a help to the farmer, destroying so many insects that spoil the flowers, and fruits and vegetables. And after we have had our feast, we can pay them for their kindness by giving another concert."

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State of Maine,..... } ss.
County of Kennebec,... }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William H. Gannett, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the COMFORT and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, W. H. Gannett, Publisher (inc.), Post-office address, 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Editor, A. M. Goddard, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Managing Editor, William H. Gannett, Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

Business Managers, W. H. Gannett, Bus. Mgr., Guy P. Gannett, Assist. Bus. Mgr., Post-office address, Augusta, Maine.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Owner: W. H. Gannett Publisher (incorporated), 20 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.—Stockholders:—W. H. Gannett, Augusta, Maine; Guy P. Gannett, Augusta, Maine.

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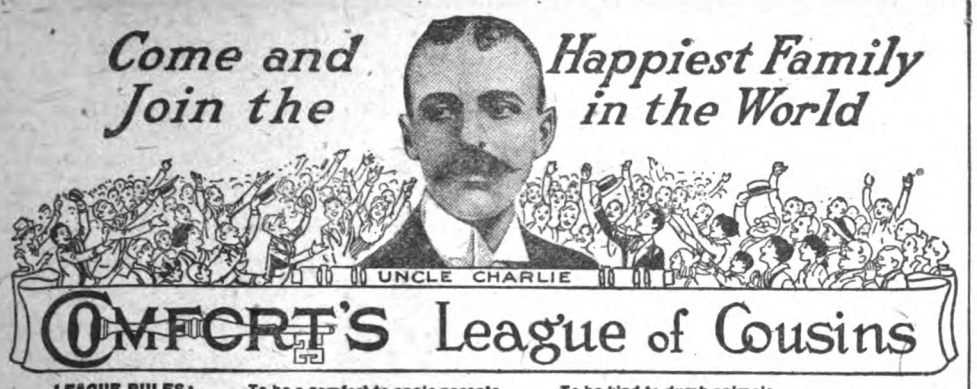
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WILLIAM H. GANNETT,
Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 26th day of March, 1920.

(NOTARIAL SEAL) HOWARD E. WEBBER,
Notary Public

(My commission expires July 17, 1925.)



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THE League of Woman Voters which met in Chicago last February passed two resolutions, both of which vitally affect the future of this nation and one of which vitally affects all humanity. The first resolution was in favor of the League of Nations, which has been approved by 18,000 ministers and numerous other organizations working for peace and world betterment. The second was a determined opposition to any sort of universal military training. The position the women took on these matters showed a woeful lack of vision and sound common sense, for they can't have a League of Nations, which, for years at least, will have to deal with problems bristling with racial dynamite and national discords, unless they have military power to enforce the League's mandates. Do they expect the sons of European mothers, of nations already bled white and practically bankrupt, to do all the enforcing and fighting, while they coddle their sons and revel in that brand of fool pacifism which always reacts with terrible effect on the puerile dreamers who indulge in it? We get nothing in this world by merely wishing for it. If we want universal peace, we must work for it, if necessary, fight for it. Life is a struggle and the more we struggle the more we shall grow and achieve, and only by growth and achievement shall we reach the goal of universal fraternity, peace and good-will.

I know you are heart and soul behind every effort to do to old King War what you have done to old King Booze. You'd like to put them both in the same grave and so would I. Time and again men have attempted by leagues and alliances to preserve peace and so far have failed. Some pinheads take the stand that because history is strewn with the wrecks of these leagues and alliances, we should make no more effort in that direction. But there is one saving and divine grace in the natures of all who are human beings and not beans, and that is that failure in a good cause (and I take it for granted there is no greater or more sublime cause than keeping peace and preserving mankind and womankind from the horrors, miseries and deviltries of war) only spurs men to renewed effort. Look how long you women took to get a vote, and think how many years it took you to down old King Booze, but you did it. Now you have another and more terrific fight, and you will not quit until the hell hounds of war are also laid in the dust. It is not in God's purpose that we shall quit until war is banished from the earth. We must face this thing, not in any petty, partizan or fool pacifist spirit, but with the zeal of the crusader, and give the democratic, peace-loving nations of the earth our moral support (and if civilization was threatened as it recently was, possibly something more substantial) until war, which is hell, is driven forever from this planet. It is a big order, but what the men can't or won't do, the women will.

There is one vital fact that those who write about this and all other similar efforts to preserve world peace entirely overlook. Man has progressed along scientific and inventive lines to such an extraordinary degree that he has become, in all material things, a very giant, and a very dangerous giant at that. The spiritual side of man's nature has not, except in a very small degree, begun to keep pace with the material. Thus one half of man is over-developed, the other half, atrophied by millions of years of bloodshed, greed, animalism and selfishness, is undeveloped. Thus we have not a real man as God would have men be, but a human flivver running on two wheels instead of four. Man is lopsided and must go into dry-dock and have his cargo trimmed and be put on an even keel, otherwise the material and murderous side of him will destroy the spiritual and he will perish by his own hands, fall a victim to the terrible and terrific forces his marvelous but badly-balanced genius have unleashed. Man has developed more scientifically and materially in the last thirty years than in all the millions of years he has inhabited this planet. Spiritually, however, he has advanced but little. Only in war does he show by his heroism and sacrifice the grandeur and greatness that is in him. But directly war is over and the fever of battle is passed, our hero flops back into his old ruts of selfishness and ugliness and thus bears out the contention of the cynic that a hero in war is a jackass in peace.

Now we cannot afford to fill the world full of blood and agony to give men a chance to die heroically. What we want them to do is to live heroically at all times; and, too, we cannot afford to turn the world over to human jackasses or permit the genius of the few to be used for the destruction of the many. Man will keep on warring and killing until he is humanized and civilized by the spiritual forces of society and it is you good women, who largely control those forces, who must put them into effect or mankind will perish from the earth. You will say man never had a chance. Man has had chances, many of them, but dread, fear, suspicion and false counsel have always switched him onto the wrong track and off he has gone with bleeding feet up another blind alley, learning nothing from the bitter experience of thousands of years of misery and suffering. The time has come, however, when man will no longer permit the timid to scare him, the heartless to bleed him, or the unscrupulous to mislead him. The finger of Time points to the broad Highway of Peace. The blind alleys of war and despair must be closed forever and it is you women who suffer most from war who have a right to demand that it shall cease. Science has annihilated space. If you doubt this, note that the Atlantic has been crossed in a few hours and that four men in an airplane have flown from England to Australia, and man has made the world so small that we can't move without falling over each other. There is no isolated spot to which decent folk can retire when the dogs of war are unchained, and live in peace and security. Do not be lulled by Atlantic and Pacific Oceans into any sense of false security, for, though these oceans exist on the map, science has demolished them and we are today, for good or ill, whether we like it or not, one big and very quarrelsome family, and means have got to be devised for keeping the family in order so that its decent members can live out their lives in peace and be protected from the turbulent and lawless. The old world is a thing of the past and the standpatters and reactionaries cannot resurrect it. Now it is up to you to decide what kind of a world this is to be. It will not be a better, but an infinitely worse world, unless you use all the power at your command to spiritualize it and keep it clean and wholesome. Remember, we have outgrown old methods and old ways of doing things. If no effort is to be made to end big wars first and all wars later, then why live at all? For with the menace of war ever hovering over us and every war breeding new forms of plague and pestilence, what, I say, is the good of it all? And why should we submit and ask our children and children's children to submit to all these horrors when it is in our power to stop this reign of Satan and let the Christ come in?

But if your new world is to be a success you must be intensely practical as well as idealistic. You've got to see the coal hole at your feet or you will never reach the mountain peaks beyond. All sorts of traps will be placed in your path, every means devised to scare you, and you will have to suffer and endure before you will have the world you want. We rejoice in the Christmas covers we see on our magazines and prattle about peace on earth, good-will to men, Glory to God in the Highest, etc., then we plan to surround ourselves and country with a stone fence of selfishness, crawl into a hole like a prairie dog and by that act admit that our belief in a God and Jesus Christ His Son, the Prince of Peace, was all humbug and hypocrisy.

We cannot, however, rear a temple of peace on a foundation of piffling pacifism and sloppy sentimentality. We must be ready to fight for peace with the same grim determination that we wage war. Now how can we have peace? Never by hog isolation. We have all got to get together and talk things over and even if selfish and conflicting interests cause contention and bad feeling, we must still stick together, and after a time we shall get to know each other better, for the trouble with men is not so much that their interests differ as that *they lack the desire to understand and know each other.* With understanding and knowledge, contention and strife will gradually disappear, friction will wear smooth the rough edges of our high and noble purpose, and then some day when cant, fear, hate, hypocrisy and selfishness are buried, men, gathered from all parts of the earth round the council table of the nations, will grasp each other's hands, look into each other's eyes and say: "Brother, what in thunder have we been fighting and scrapping for all through the ages? God did not want us to do it; it broke His heart to see us do it. Now, thank Heaven, the horrors of the bloody past are forever over and together we can walk the paths of universal fraternity in peace and content."

This is the end for which you must strive, this is the ideal you must cherish in your bosoms no matter how distant the goal or how hard the road. But to get rid of the devil, you have got to use some of the tools of the devil. It is paradoxical, but none the less true, that you cannot have peace as conditions are at present, unless you are willing to fight for it. That is why you have policemen in your city and all the machinery of the law to protect you. Without that protection, your homes would be raided and your lives snuffed out. So if you want a United States safe and secure from invasion and insist on an association of nations or something similar to the Hague Conference, which failed because it had no teeth, just as your dog would fail to scare away the tramps if he were toothless, you've got to have force behind it. Not aggressive, imperialistic force but the force of righteousness, for force is the only thing that the lawless respect. It was the utter lack of any real military force in Great Britain and the U. S. that emboldened the Kaiser to embark on his mad scheme of world conquest. It was the efforts of fool pacifists in the late war that came within an ace of wrecking civilization and handing us over to the military despotism of Prussia. We have taught men that it pays to be sober; we must get together and make the world realize that it *pays to be peaceful,* and then the nations won't need a universal policeman to make them behave. Humanity has come to the parting of the ways, has come to that point where it must forever stand armed to the teeth and confess that it is a vile, hateful thing, or follow in the footsteps of the Savior and be really humane and truly Christlike. In this period of reconstruction, which will last for a considerable time, we must be prepared for all emergencies. We cannot have what we seek by being either fool pacifists or brutal militarists, but we *can* have what we want if we recognize our obligations to our country and to mankind; realize that owing to our great heritage of wealth and strength we must bear our share of the burdens of our common humanity. If you did not want to undertake those burdens, then you had no right, you good women, to vote for any League of Nations, for those who enter into Leagues must be prepared, if they want them to function and usher in the peaceful world they dream of, to be ready to sacrifice and, if necessary, die for their principles and ideals. Weakness invites aggression, strength repels it. Only as you are strong can you accomplish anything. Youth must have discipline and learn to respect authority, and neither of these fundamental principles of right living and good citizenship are instilled into the minds of our youth today, either in the home or in school. Hence, hog selfishness, crime, indifference to the public weal, lax morals or no morals at all, abound and love of luxury, pleasure, ease and hatred of work and contempt for law threaten our whole national fabric with ruin and decay.

Thousands of American mothers are breaking their hearts today because fifty thousand of their sons perished during the late war, and they perished because many of these same mothers did not believe in preparedness. Fifty per cent of the men who were enlisted during the late war, after seeing a little service in the draft battalions were pronounced physically unfit and were not available for military duty. Here are Senator Chamberlain's seven economic and social reasons for the adoption of universal military training, which should not be called training for war but training for citizenship, manhood and fatherhood: (1) Physical and consequently mental development, because there can be no strong mind in a physically defective body. (2) Discipline, very much needed in this day and generation. (3) The inculcation of patriotism and the love of the flag. (4) The Americanization of the different elements which compose American life. (5) Democratization of our youth, making the rich and poor learn, shoulder to shoulder, to perform our country's service when needed. (6) Vocational training fitting the man to do the things for which he finds himself best fitted. (7) Teaching the laws of hygiene and sanitation so that the young man when he is called into service or engaged in peaceful pursuits knows how to protect himself against the ravages of disease. The only trouble is we have not at present got the money to put this splendid project through, but you will never have a healthy, worth-while nation until it is put through. The American Legion says it is deeply impressed with the folly of national unpreparedness, from the results of which it suffered terribly while in France. If you do not realize the sacrifices involved and the magnitude of the task you have undertaken in attempting to wage war on war, and if you haven't a fighting as well as a prayerful spirit and an indomitable will, then this is no job for you. Remember, I have nothing to say for or against this present League of Nations. It was a league of nations and not any special nation that won the late war, and whether this League is thrown into the discard or not matters not a jot, for something similar or better will soon replace it, for humanity is determined that war must go, for it realizes that unless war goes man must. There isn't room for both, man and Mars (the god of war) upon this planet.

The one thing that fills my weary soul with joy is that you women have made up your minds that war has got to go just as booze has got to go. Every scheme that is invented to make it go, however, will meet with ferocious opposition by those reactionaries who see in every effort to better conditions, evils and dangers that exist in stage-coach minds that can only look backward. But the backward trail is a trail of blood and most men and nearly all women are agreed that that trail shall be trodden no longer, for a few more steps on that loathsome path will plunge us all over the precipice of eternal ruin. So go ahead, you good women, and fight the hell hounds of war unto the death; fight them, if necessary, with their own weapons, and may the Lord God of Hosts be with you and give you victory.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

BLUFORD, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a brown eyed, brown haired girl of sixteen. In summer I live on a farm but in the winter I stay in town to be close to school. I've been separated from my parents for over eight years and do not know whether they are living or not. I am living with a fine family but of course it is not like being with one's own folks. I had two brothers in the war but don't know if they returned home or not. I am in the eighth grade and hope to graduate from the common school this winter. I have always had the ambition to travel, but never knew how I could manage it. What do you think about the acts of Mexico in kidnapping our agents? I think they had better look out or they will get what they need. I would be glad to have the cousins write me.

Lovingly your niece and cousin, EVA WILKERSON.

Eva, I hope some day you will find your parents. It seems to me that something must have happened to them, otherwise they would have found you. You are lucky to be living with a fine family and I advise you to stick to them. What is the matter with your brothers that they do not communicate with you or you with them? If your brothers are as bright and write as well as you do, it seems to me they are missing a whole lot of pleasure and must be strangely lacking in natural affection or they would keep in touch with you. As regards your ambition to travel, let me advise you, if you are wise, to stay right at home where you can get free board and free eats and free clothes. If, however, the wanderlust has got the best of you and you want to indulge in the joyous abandon of bumping the bumps over our broken-down railroads, just save up a thousand dollars, buy a ticket for the nearest town, which will cost you about half of your thousand, and then, hungry, sore, travel-stained and weary, go into a restaurant when you get to your destination, and order a bowl of soup and that will use up the other five hundred. Then with a sad heart and sore feet you can hit the trail for home. That will cure you of your wanderlust. Eva, I cannot thrash out the Mexican question in the limited space at my disposal, but I may say that the acts of Mexico are not quite so exalted or spiritually inspiring as the Acts of the Apostles. You say "the Mexicans had better look out or they will get what they need." Of course, what they need, and what most of us need, is civilization and education. What, however, a good many of them want, or at least those who live in the neighborhood of the border, is a good spanking. Of course, I don't blame the Mexicans for kidnapping our agents, if they were book agents, as they probably were. Mexico needs education and books, and possibly that is why she swiped the agents. We shan't go to war with Mexico because Mr. Jenkins was kidnapped, or because, as the Red propagandists say, he kidnapped himself. A few Jenkinses more or less do not matter, but heaven help the Mexicans if they ever kidnap a Dooley or a Murphy, for if they do no barricade of whiskers will ever protect Carranza from a trouncing. If a general is needed, William Randolph Hearst will lead the army. Mr. Hearst would like to force us into war with Mexico where he has quite some ranch, and also he would like to plunge us into war with Britain, which would embroil our good neighbor, Canada, and possibly involve us in war with Japan. After years of study and observation, I have come to the conclusion that the things that Mr. Hearst wants are the very things that the American people do not want. American citizens, however, in Mexico and all over the world, must be protected. Mexicans regard us with contempt and kill Americans with impunity. We have coddled them so much they think they can do as they like with us. They took mighty good care, however, in the past, not to kill a Britisher or a German, and, too, they were rabidly pro-German all through the war. It is hard to punish a whole people, most of them poor, ignorant, exploited and half-civilized, for the misdeeds of their fatuous, arrogant rulers on the one hand and their murderous banditti on the other. Mexico, if left alone, may find herself eventually, but in the process of evolution she must restrain her marauding and mutinous subjects from raiding our territory and slaughtering our citizens. If she does not do that she will get into trouble. A prominent American, writing from the City of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Choosing Curves

SOME long time ago a wise man said that the curved line was the line of beauty. By which he meant, my dears, that angles were not pretty—whether in elbows, sharp shoulder-blades, pointed chins, or other less personal connections. But there are some limitations which I wish he had added to his statement for the benefit of the twentieth century young girl. When I walk down the boulevard and see waists slinking in in front and shoulders hunched forward in an attempt at languid elegance, while the spine describes a curve like Robin Hood's bow, I feel tempted to say a word in favor of straight lines!

What do you suppose is going to happen to all the youthful lungs which are shut up in the narrow chests such attitudes produce? Lungs have to have room to expand. Take a large sponge in your hand and partly close the hand. How much water do you suppose that sponge could hold under such conditions? Then open the hand generously and see the sponge expand. Our lungs are like sponges. They can be contracted and expanded. And if the chest walls are drawn in so that they crowd the lungs, that means that less air can be held, and less air means less purification of the blood, for it is the air which we take into our lungs which cleans house for us—sweeps the impurities out of our blood and makes us new every minute. Imagine the result when the lungs are so crowded that the air can only fill a certain number of cells.

I wish you'd all think about this and make up your minds to give your lungs all the room they can possibly fill. The only way you can do this is by standing straight and throwing the chest up a little, while dropping the shoulders. Deep breathing will not only strengthen the lungs but increase their capacity, so practice deep breathing at least twice a day, and as you walk to and from school, market, your friends' houses, breathe in as much air with every breath as you possibly can.

Did you know that when you feel a little chilled, which may mean the beginning of a hard cold, you can often warm the entire body and drive away the cold, by standing still and breathing to your very toes—to exaggerate a little—for a few minutes? Try it.

Incidentally, let me remind you that anything which increases your chest measurement will increase the apparent size of your bust, and from the hundreds of letters I receive asking for a few more inches bust measure, I imagine this will be good news to many of my girls. So, breathe deeply, stand and walk with chest up and out, and grow pretty and healthy at the same time.

Answers to Questions

MRS. F. S. R.—I am very sorry I cannot express an opinion as to any proprietary article. There are several reasons for this—first, no one person could possibly try every proprietary article on the market; but more important still, what accomplishes good results for one person may not accomplish the same good for another, conditions being different. And a general opinion, such as the opinion of any one person must be, is not a good guide in such matters. If your hair is slow of growth, I urge nightly scalp massage according to the directions printed many times, and quite lately, in COMFORT. The object of massage is to loosen the skin from the skull and so permit the blood to circulate more freely. Nourishment for the hair comes from the blood, so if you want your hair to grow, keep your skin loose on your skull, the scalp well shampooed, the hair gently brushed each night and left hanging loose to air, and then look to your diet. Eat nourishing foods three times a day but not between meals, and be sure to drink plenty of water.

MRS. B. C. C.—For superfluous hair, it is peroxide of hydrogen that I recommend, and ammonia. I should try the ammonia the druggist gave you. If it proves too strong for your skin, irritating it, dilute it a little. However, some of the "toilet ammonias" are so diluted that they have not strength enough to kill the hair. Do not use the ammonia except on the particular hairy spot you wish to remove. Don't bother about the fine down which most of us have on our faces. It is better to leave it alone, and nobody on earth ever notices this. You may, of course, when you are facing a mirror and looking for defects, but if you will look carefully at the people you know you will find that many of them have considerable hair on their faces, and that you have never noticed it before. Don't attach too much importance to a little hair, though if there is some special spot, like the corners of the lips, where there is quite a little dark hair, it is the wise plan to remove it. The object of the peroxide is to bleach the hair—that of the ammonia to take the life out of it, killing it eventually. You say your hands are red and rough. Be very careful to rub your hands perfectly dry whenever you take them out of water. Careless wiping of hands is responsible for most of the chapped and red hands, and too much soap for practically all the rest of the trouble. You see, what soap does is to take off the surface skin. This exposes a softer skin; then if you take that off with more soap, and keep this process up, the skin is so tender that it chaps and reddens. You say you do your housework, but why not take as much care of your hands as possible? You can buy cotton household gloves to use for sweeping and dusting, and you can use a dishmop for a great portion of your dish-washing. Even an old stocking leg slipped over the hand helps to protect it when dusting, making beds, and doing all the other things about a house which roughen or soil the skin. And when your hands must be used in water, be sure to rinse them carefully so that no soap is left in the pores, and then dry thoroughly, especially rubbing the knuckles. Water in which bran has been boiled is good for washing the hands. And you should rub on some good hand lotion a couple of times a day—something that will be absorbed by the skin, not an ointment. One thing you should be careful about is extremes of temperature; for instance, if you take your hands out of very hot water, and go out into a cold shed, your hands will crack and roughen. Be more gradual; don't go from hot to cold, or from cold to hot without giving the hands time to get over their extreme of temperature. It is because of these things that your hands are rough and red in winter and not in summer. Here is a good lotion for whitening the hands:



SQUEEZING THE LUNGS BY INCORRECT POSTURE. NOTE THE EFFECT ON THE BUSTS.

To Whiten the Hands

Elder-flower water, twelve ounces; glycerine, three fourths ounce; pulverized borax, three drams.

Another Hand-Whitener

Another good lotion is as follows:
Rosewater, four ounces; glycerine, one half ounce; pulverized borax, one half ounce; tincture of benzoin, one dram.

EVELYN.—How to darken your eyebrows and eyelashes? Buy an eyebrow pencil of your druggist. But, my dear, let me say a word. Unless your eyebrows are almost invisible, I shouldn't darken them, for they almost always show that they have been touched up. Try oiling them each night with a little olive oil, and brushing them from the nose toward the temple, following the line of a slight arch. Use an eyebrow brush—which won't cost you more than an eyebrow pencil, and looks like a baby's toothbrush. It is a good plan to wash the eyebrows in the morning, then brush them against the grain or toward the nose vigorously, and finally brush them back toward the temple in the way they should like. I think if you will keep this up for a few weeks, your eyebrows will have so improved that you will give up all idea of an eyebrow pencil—I hope so. As to the eyelashes, don't brush those, but do anoint the edges of the lids very gently at night with the warm olive oil. Be careful not to rub the eyes on waking in the morning, for this does more harm to the lashes than anything else. If the eyelid feels irritated at any time, instead of rubbing it, put a little oil on the finger-tip and gently anoint it.

MAYME.—Blackheads are nothing but little pores in the skin which have filled with dust—in other words, blackheads are specks of dirt lodged in the pores of the skin. The cure is to stimulate the skin to keep its pores active and to throw off all secretions for if the pores are careless about their work, the little secretions they contain catch the dust and become disfiguring. Here is what I recommend: Every night before you go to bed, wash thoroughly in warm soapy water, with a washcloth or a complexion brush, then rinse many times, and finally use cool water for the last rinsing. This will help to close the pores. In the morning wash with warm water—very slightly warm—and not soap, and rinse in cold water. Try not to keep washing the face during the day. Wiping it off with a cool damp cloth will probably remove any dust which needs removing, but of course if it is dirty it must be washed. Pimples are often caused by clogged pores hardening and becoming inflamed, so keep your pores open.

CLELIA.—The best thing for superfluous hair is the peroxide and ammonia treatment—using the peroxide of hydrogen one day, and the ammonia the next, to dampen the hairy spot. This is a slow treatment and requires patience and persistence but it will accomplish the result in the long run. Of course, the electric needle is quicker and more satisfactory if you have a good operator, but unless you are where you can get this done by an expert, the peroxide and ammonia is the best home treatment of which I know.

LILLIE.—See answer to "Clelia."

SUNSHINE.—I am glad the exercises for reducing hips and legs are proving so successful for you. Your



GIVE THE LUNGS A CHANCE. SEE HOW THE BUST IS IMPROVED.

measurements seem very good, though according to strict rules your waist should be two inches larger—the waist is usually ten inches smaller than the bust, and bust and hips should have the same measurement. Now about those arms and shoulders.

To Reduce Arms

To make fat arms smaller, grasp the upper left arm firmly with the right hand and push the flesh toward the left as far as possible on the arm bone. Then grasp the arm again just below the point of the first grip and push the flesh in a similar manner. This is like a wringing motion, and you should go over the upper arm—the lower arm, too, if that is over-fat—a number of times with this motion. Repeat twice a day, treating first the left and then the right arm.

To Reduce Shoulder

Standing erect, raise arms on a level with the shoulders, and extend out in front, back of hand to back of hand. Now throw the arms back as if you were trying to make them meet in the middle of the back. Do not let them fall below the shoulder line, and as you make this vigorous motion, inhale. Then bring the arms back to the front again, exhaling as you do so, and repeat the movement.

Address all letters containing questions to
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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

ting erect and regarding Violet with amazement. "You have been locked up for three or four weeks, and in this part of the city? Who locked you up?"

"Wilhelm," said Violet, thinking it best to come to the point at once.

"What?"

"Yes, your husband—Wilhelm Mencke."

"Mercy! is he here in New York?" panted the astonished woman, growing pale at the announcement.

"Yes, and has been for many months—I first met him on the street one day last spring."

"How did he look—as if he were prosperous?" his wife questioned, eagerly.

"Not very—he asked me for money," said Violet.

"Faugh!" returned Mrs. Mencke, with an expression of disgust. "I hope you didn't give him any."

"Yes, a little. I hadn't the heart to refuse him as long as I had it."

"Well, I wouldn't have given him a dime, after he had spent a fortune for me as he has for you," was the spirited retort. "But," returning to the former subject, "what did he lock you up for?"

Violet related how she had been kidnapped, and her sister listened to the recital with wondering interest.

"What could have been his object?" she questioned, when Violet concluded.

"He tried to make me think that it was for the reward that would be offered for me; but I have learned since that he had another object," she replied.

"Yes, of course he had—Wilhelm is a schemer," said his wife; "but what was it?"

Violet then told her about the paper that he had tried to make her sign, and also of the letter which she had found and read later.

"Aha!" exclaimed Mrs. Mencke, with considerable excitement, "so Jonas Huntington has turned up at last, and with a fortune, too! I have always thought it was very singular that we never heard anything about him. And he has left all his money to you," she concluded, with evident jealousy, a sneer curling her proud lip.

"I have told you all that I know about the matter, Belle," Violet answered, flushing at her sister's manner. "The letter simply spoke of the property that Jonas Huntington had left to Miss Violet Huntington, and stated that since I was not living, you were next of kin and Wilhelm could not claim the money, as it was evident he had tried to do, unless he could prove that you were also dead."

"I should think that Uncle Jonas might have divided it between us," Mrs. Mencke remarked, resentfully.

"You know that he named me, Belle, so I suppose that was his reason for his leaving it to me, and it may not be very much after all. But you shall not want for anything—as soon as you get over this cold we will go to Cincinnati together—I will prove myself the heir and then you shall have a comfortable home," Violet returned, kindly and generously.

"All the same I think it was mean in Uncle Jonas to leave everything to you," was the sullen and unappreciative reply, and then she appeared to sink into a disagreeable reverie.

A few moments later there came a knock at the door.

"Hush!" whispered Mrs. Mencke, with a startled look. I don't want any one to see you here, Violet—step back into the attic stairway while I go to the door."

Violet could not understand the need of so much secrecy, for of course she had a perfect right to visit her sister if she was so disposed; but she silently obeyed the command while Mrs. Mencke hastily slipped on a wrapper and then

It proved to be only the woman who lived below and who occasionally brought her up a newspaper to read, when she was fortunate enough to have one herself.

Mrs. Mencke took the paper and thanked her; then closing the door again, carefully locked it, after which she called Violet from her place of concealment.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"IT EXPLAINS EVERYTHING TO ME."

"Have you had your supper, Violet?" Mrs. Mencke asked, as her sister sat down by the fire, looking somewhat pale and weary.

"No; but I am not hungry, Belle, and I think that I will go at once to Mr. Lawrence's. I know that he must have been terribly anxious about me all these weeks, and I want to relieve him as soon as possible from suspense."

A peculiar gleam shot into Mrs. Mencke's eyes at this.

"No, indeed, Violet, you must not go tonight; you are not in a very reputable portion of the city, and you could not go a block by yourself without being insulted. You must stay with me tonight—you are perfectly safe here—and take daylight to return to your Fifth Avenue prince."

Violet did not exactly like the tone her sister adopted, for there was a suspicion of a sneer in those last words. But she saw that she was right—she knew there would be danger in going out alone, and she might be miles from Fifth Avenue. A few hours could not make very much difference, so she decided to remain where she was.

Mrs. Mencke prepared some tea and toast for Violet, and after this humble repast had been eaten, they sat at the table for a long time.

Then Violet, at the urgent solicitation of her sister, undressed and went to bed. In less than fifteen minutes she was sleeping soundly; but Mrs. Mencke, drawing the light nearer the fire, sat down to read her newspaper.

It was not often that she had one, and now she greedily devoured its contents, beginning with the first page and reading every column. She did not even skip the advertisements, for she was always on the lookout for something to better her condition, and so, strangely enough, she finally came upon this personal:

WANTED.—To learn the whereabouts of Mrs. B——— M———, formerly of Cincinnati. She will learn something to her advantage if she will confer with W. M., No. 90 ——— Street, New York City.

"Wilhelm put that in the paper, and he has some deep scheme in mind," Mrs. Mencke mused, a keen look leaping into her eyes. "Violet said he wanted to find me; it must be something about this property she has been telling me about and which he wants to get control of. Ah, I see his game now!" she added, with some excitement. "He heard about this fortune and tried to find me, hoping to reap some benefit from the fact that I would inherit it, Violet being dead. Then he met Violet, and that seemed likely to upset all his plans, so he kidnapped her, intending to keep her out of sight until he could get track of me and through me the control of the money. He probably wants a third fortune to squander, like the other two; but my wisdom teeth are cut, fortunately, and whatever I may possess hereafter shall be at my exclusive disposal. I may need him, however, to help me in my plans, and I believe I will answer this advertisement. It is a shame that Jonas Huntington should have made Violet his sole heir—it isn't fair, and I shall not submit to such unjust partiality."

She bent a stealthy, vindictive look upon the sleeper on the bed, but the fair girl was oblivious of everything around her, and after pondering deeply for half an hour longer, she arose to get pen, ink and paper, and then wrote a brief note, which she sealed and directed to her husband at the address he had given in the advertisement.

This done, she burned the paper, then, muffling herself in a heavy shawl, she stole quietly from the room, taking her letter with her.

She was not absent more than ten minutes, and retired immediately upon her return.

The next morning, when Violet awoke, her first thought was of her recovered freedom, while all the anxiety and depression of the previous evening had disappeared.

The sun was shining cheerfully into the room, and she knew that the day was fair and bright.

Her spirits arose as she thought of going back to Mr. Lawrence within a few hours, and to the delightful home from which she had been so long absent.

Should she return to remain with him as his adopted daughter? The question had never been decided, and now, after her recent experience, it forced itself upon her with more of temptation than ever before.

It was very home-like and pleasant in his beautiful Fifth Avenue residence: it was delightful to be with one so kind and cultured, and, now that there was a prospect of her having money of her own and she would not be dependent upon his bounty, she did not shrink so sensitively from giving him a parent's place in her regard, or from availing herself of his protection. It seemed more desirable than ever since Wilhelm's recent persecution.

Yes, she believed she should consent to the adoption; and having settled this important question, she began to plan what pleasant things she would do to make life enjoyable to her kind friend, and how much good she would try to do with the money that was coming to her.

But her attention was soon distracted from these pleasant musings by groans from her sister.

"What is the matter, Belle?" she inquired, anxiously.

"Oh, I'm afraid I'm worse this morning," was the plaintive reply.

"Worse? Did you take more cold last night?"

"Perhaps so. Won't you get up and fix me something warm to drink? pleaded Mrs. Mencke, apparently in great distress.

Violet immediately arose and dressed herself, and, under her sister's directions, prepared something for her to take. But she appeared to gain no relief from the potion, for she continued to moan, and seemed very ill.

"You need a doctor, Belle," the young girl said.

"Yes, I do. I sent for one before you awoke—he will be here by and by."

"You sent for one befofe I awoke!" repeated Violet, in astonishment. "I did not know that you had been up. Why did you not call me and let me wait upon you?"

"I did not like to wake you, you seemed so tired last night and were sleeping so quietly. But you will not leave me until I am better, will you, Violet?" the woman continued craftily.

"Of course not," Violet responded unsuspiciously. "I will remain until you get relief; but I must write a note to Mr. Lawrence and tell him where I am—he shall not be kept in suspense any longer about me."

"Well, you will find paper, pens and ink on the mantel, and you can send it out by the doctor to be mailed," Mrs. Mencke replied, a peculiar smile curling her lips.

Violet sat down at once to write her note, telling Mr. Lawrence something of what had happened during the last three or four weeks, but saying she might not be able to leave her sister for a day or two if she should continue to be ill.

This occupied her longer than she had intended it should; for she forgot herself while writing; but it was finished at last, and then she proceeded to get her sister and herself some breakfast.

Not being used to such work, it took her considerable time, and it was after nine o'clock when they partook of their meal.

Then Mrs. Mencke, pretending to be more comfortable, said she would have on her wrapper and sit up while Violet made her bed. This was done, and the room nearly put in order, when steps were heard ascending the stairs, and presently there came a knock upon the door.

"The doctor," said Violet, looking relieved, and hastened to let him in, when she suddenly found herself confronted by Wilhelm Mencke.

She uttered a low cry of dismay, then stood spellbound by terror for a moment, gazing at him with a wild, frightened stare.

The next she turned and faced her sister, all her spirit in arms, for she understood at once the treachery that had thus thrown her again into the power of her knavish brother-in-law.

"Belle," she cried indignantly, "you have betrayed me!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Mexico, asserts that it is a much safer place to live in than Chicago. Even if we admit the truth of this statement, and we must, it does not say much for Mexico. Chicago should change its name to Crime Center.

PLEASANT PLAIN, OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am ten years old, four feet six in my stocking feet. I go to school and am in the fifth grade. I also go to Sunday School and church. I live on a farm near Marathon with my parents and three sisters. I have no brothers. Don't you think they have cheated me? I have driven the pony right along ever since I was six years old. I also have a dog we call Sport. He helps to keep the chickens out of the garden. I have an aunt that is a red cross nurse. She is stationed in Pennsylvania at present. I also have a cousin that served nine months over seas that is home now.

Your nephew, EARL SHAFFER.

Congratulations, Earl, on your dandy letter. So you are four feet six in your stocking feet. I am sorry to say that affords no definite indication as to your exact height. Since the dear, patriotic girls started knitting socks for their soldier boys and relatives (and I suppose you have been equally favored, Earl) it is a mere matter of conjecture as to just how tall a man may or may not be. I know a man who was six feet tall in his stocking feet, but when he took the stockings off he was only five feet. You see, his sister had knitted the stockings. Well, it is a good thing for a single young man to get all the wool he can on his feet for the chances are when he gets married he will have mighty little of it on his head—his wife will attend to that. With a prohibition country, however, men will have a better chance of retaining their hair as well as their equilibrium. Glad to know you go to Sunday school and church, Earl. Keep it up. In this age of atheism, anarchy and unrest, the future of this and all countries lies in the hands of those who have had Christian training. You ask if I don't think you have been cheated in being deprived of a brother. No, I don't think so, Earl, for you would probably have been more cheated if you had had one. Brothers, as a rule, take a particular delight in "cheating" one another. Think how glorious it must be to have three sisters, especially when they want (and they always want) to pull a hay rake through your hair and stuff your mouth and ears full of soap about every three minutes of the day and night. It seems to me you might give that poor pony a rest if you have been driving him right along ever since you were six years old. Now that the hired man wants six hundred dollars a month and board, it must save lots of money to have a helpful dog like Sport, which keeps a watchful eye on the chickens and never goes on strike. I am glad to know you have an aunt who is a Red Cross nurse. They are the noblest and most useful women on the face of the earth.

WALT HILL, NEB.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl of eleven years have blue eyes and light hait and live on a farm six miles from town the farm is a hunderd acres we have ten horses. Three cows. And about three hunderd chickens I go to school and am in the fifth grade. Uncle Charlie I have got two subs and I want your story book Uncle I want to see my letter in the Feb paper and will you put the song in When Barny flew Over The hills to his Darline.

ZELLA MARTIN.

Zella, you have some highly original ideas regarding spelling and punctuation. But then, you are only a little girl and maybe your school, like so many others, is suffering from a shortage of efficient teachers. Magazines are not rushed into print over night as are the daily newspapers. We magazine contributors have to have our matter printed, then a copy of this matter, which is called proof, is sent to us to look over. The proof is returned to the editor and the process of arranging the pages and advertising has to be gone through. In fact, if you knew what a lot of work is involved in the getting out of a magazine, you would not write one month and expect your letter to appear in print the next. Zella, I do not possess a copy of that immortal old ballad, "When Barney Flew Over the Hills to His Darling," but doubtless some of our readers will be kind enough to see that you get what you want. In case, however, no one has a copy of this song on hand, you don't need to break your heart about it as I have written a few verses on the subject which will probably hold you for a while.

When Barney flew over the hills,
His pride and his darling to see,
His engine went dead and he fell on her head,
Now they sleep in the cold cemetree.

When Barney flew over the hills,
Said he to his darling, "Oh my,"
When he sat down and talked, "I'd rather have walked,
But the cost of shoe leather's too high."

When Barney flew over the hills,
His airplane came down with a flop,
But his darling, bedad, didn't grieve for her lad,
But eloped with a fat Irish cop.

When Barney flew over the hills,
His darling remarked, "How absurd!"
And exclaimed with disdain, "Don't you come round again,
It's a man that I want, not a bird."

Zella, if you want any more, just drop me a card, as I have plenty of the same brand on tap.

RAYMOND CITY, W. VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

What did you get for Christmas? Santa was very good to me and gave me a lot of things I am very proud of. I had two brothers in the army and both came back with a sad tale about the little French children. I am so glad so many of the cousins gave

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

5-Piece Outfit



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Special price if you order from this Ad

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Big Special Bargain at Reduced Price.

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Soft, good quality lawn with pretty fancy border.

Be sure to give size of cap—also size and color of suit.

Order by No. S-11. Send only $1.00 with the coupon. Terms $3.00 monthly. Total $18.95.

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Only 10 cents a day buys this outfit. No charge for credit. Buy on our liberal credit plan and pay in small monthly sums. Splendid values. Everything sent on approval.

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This is a special clearance bargain at a big reduction. Don't miss this opportunity. Remember, you take no risk. Suit and outfit come on approval. Mail the coupon with a $1.00 P. O. order or a dollar bill. Don't be too late. These suits will go fast. Order NOW.

Elmer Richards Co., Dept. 3045, West 35th St., CHICAGO

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I enclose $1.00. Send the 5-Piece Boy's Outfit No. S-11.

Color Suit..... Size Suit..... Size Cap.....

If I am not satisfied with the Boy's Outfit I can return it and get my payment back. Otherwise I will pay $3.00 monthly until $18.95 has been paid. This coupon must be signed by your mother or father.

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Address.....

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NOTICE—Have you tried Liquid Veneer? If not, send for liberal trial bottle and story of the $150,000 World Champion Cow, all free.

His Good Mother

By Yetta Kay Stoddard

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"THERE'S marks of a good mother on him, if ever I saw them, and I can detect good or bad breeding at six months, ma'am."

"But you say, Mrs. Jiznot, that you have no papers for him. We had decided to take a younger child, one whose parents were respectable." Ammy Tarbox looked knowingly over lowered spectacles at her husband, who telepathed, "We're taking no chances."

"Outside show of respectableness don't go far with some, ma'am. Them that's had the best papers have sometimes gone straight to the penitentiary as fast as the getting would take them, in spite of our doing what we could to keep them out; and two or three weazened foundlings, nameless, half-dead with bad blood, that didn't seem worth saving, have turned out A-1 citizens. It's something deeper than names on paper that we learn to know them by."

"Will you let us see the ones that came of decent parentage?" asked Ammy, firmly.

Mrs. Jiznot rose. "You can go upstairs, Whicket," she said to the five-year-old boy who leaned against her knee, studying the hard faces of the Tarbox couple. His gray eyes glinted back at them—in the matter of unsympathetic glances giving them as good as they sent. Then, catching sight of the shiny gold chain festooned above Sanford Tarbox's waistline, he followed, unnoticed, close at heel, as the party toured the asylum.

When Providence bestows a child you take unquestioningly what comes. You would have had none other if the choice of the babies of the world had been yours. When you child-hunt you go fastidious. Red hair with brown eyes you fancy not, though the colorings belong to the handsomest of your kind. You see an angel-faced darling and exclaim, "This—this seems as if it were my very own," and the matron freezes your blood with, "Father and mother deficients with long criminal records." You take home one that resembles distantly your mental conception of what you wanted, and the years reveal that he whom you had intended to manage the business in your old age, succeed you after your demise, is a hopeless case of arrested mentality, a perpetual embarrassment.

Ammy and Sanford stood at the street door. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Jiznot," Mrs. Tarbox was saying. "We didn't find any that just suited. We'll call again. There's no hurry. Good by."

A little hand was touching the gold chain. Sanford looked down to see Whicket smiling generously, admiringly. "Very pretty," he murmured.

"I told you to go upstairs," commanded Mrs. Jiznot, not unkindly. Whicket turned.

"He's a dear little chap, Ammy," Sanford ventured. He had seen something Ammy had missed. The small figure began the long up-journey, hugging close to the friendly bannister. "I've forgotten what he looked like. We've seen so many," Ammy said.

"Come back a minute, Whicket," called Mrs. Jiznot. "Really, Mrs. Tarbox, I can recommend him. Of all the children that have gone through here in my time, he's my choice. The marks of a good mother are on him, nice habits—something sweet inside—you know what I mean."

"What's your name, sonny?" asked Ammy, with a welling up of genuine mothering towards him.

"Whicket Inyat Loroon."

"I feel like taking him just for the pleasure of naming him over," Ammy laughed, the light of her fun-loving spirit momentarily glowing. The boy saw it and went on:

"No one else has a name like mine. There's three Johns and seven Franks and——"

"Let's take him, Ammy!" Sanford put his arm around the child. "Do you ever send them out on trial, Mrs. Jiznot?"

"We do everything to try to launch them safely. There's such lots coming along all the time."

"I suppose there's some kind of record," questioned Ammy. "Never mind clothes. We'll get something as we go through town." Mrs. Jiznot opened the safe and turned to the meager information entered on a page of her private memorandum book.

October 8, 1907. Male child found by Hester Jiznot at 4.20 A. M. on asylum front doorstep. Hand-printed card sewed to underskirt said, My name is Whicket Inyat Loroon. Born September 13, 1903. Please be very good to me for my dying mother's sake.

"That's all, ma'am." Mrs. Jiznot put the book back into the safe. "There was a locket on the string around his neck, but one of the big girls either lost or stole it, quite recently. That's what makes him so sad-like. He keeps saying, 'My pretty mother is gone.' He remembers she said she would be always with him, when she went away."

"We'll take him from month to month. If we like him and he us, we'll adopt him." Sanford took one of the little fists, Ammy the other, and started for home—their big, lonely, empty farmhouse on the other side of the city.

"What's that?" asked Whicket, pointing to a large gilt frame that hung, back foremost, above the mantel in the dining-room.

"He's beginning fine, isn't he?" Ammy asked, bitterly. The hard looks that Whicket had first seen came into the woman's face. He glanced at Sanford. They were there also—terrible looks for a child to see—such a helpless child, unprotected, among people who could put on expressions of hatred, cruelty! Whicket had never been struck but he had seen other naughty orphan children beaten and hurt and he knew what angry grown people sometimes did to little ones. He shrunk away, saying:

"I want to go back to Jizzy. I want to find my pretty mother."

"Listen, Whicket," said Ammy, as Sanford, white and unsteady, staggered from the room. "Never, never look up there. Never speak of that thing when—when—"she was searching for a name that Whicket could use—"when Father Sanny is here. That is a bad, bad, bad girl—understand?"

Whicket gazed very understandingly indeed. Perhaps his good mother had put the mark of such strange knowledge as that upon his baby heart.

"I believe you know what I am saying, you dear!" The hard, hurt lines melted from Ammy Tarbox's face. Tears rolled tempestuously, as she drew the child into her bosom, casting a sorrowful upward glance at the place where her daughter's innocent prettiness should be looking back at her. The usual household tragedy the ugly object above the mantel suggested; an unforeseen swift blow that had brought unusual shock, heart-crushing, to this couple—upright and clean themselves, descended both along lines of those whose integrity had been unassailable, expecting clean-living from all belonging to them. And Azabel had been a pure, radiant lily, the white immaculate flower of all their kin.

"Now we'll have supper," Ammy said, rising, taking off her wraps and showing Whicket where to put his new cap and jacket. Out to the big bright kitchen they went, into the first of the many happy hours there to be worked through together. The childish wonder-questions brought and kept smiles glimmering on Ammy's countenance. When Sanford came in, his own grim face lighted at the sight of Whicket carrying the potato tureen.

"He's so smart!" commented Ammy in a whisper to Sammy, as she heaped cushions into a chair for Whicket to occupy between them.

The child smiled from one to the other. Then he noticed the plate at the other side of the board. "What's that for?" he began but left the question unfinished, before the older faces could get back the terrible troubled look he had already learned to fear. It was the last approach to a grievous mistake on Whicket's part, in all his dealings with his foster-parents. From that hour forward he went winning his way into their hearts, in and in, returning them genuine lasting love—the richest reward they hoped for.

Reporting satisfactory progress to Mrs. Jiznot, "He is really remarkable," Mrs. Tarbox would often say in an aside. "We must keep in touch with you so that if ever you hear anything about his people, you can let us know. We owe it to him to find out. I don't believe we'll discover a bad lot. Why, sometimes, do you know, I feel myself in the presence of something almost holy, with that little child beside me?"

"It's the mark his mother left on him. I saw it in the way he washed his little hands, as if he had been taught to love to be clean," Mrs. Jiznot corroborated.

Whicket kept his odd name. "His mother gave it to him. We may as well respect it. It's all he has that she gave him," said Sanford one day when Ammy proposed changing it to Sanford, Jr. They had taken out adoption papers. The boy was as nearly their own as mutual love and the law could make him.

"She gave him a lot more, that mother. More than you and I could if she hadn't impressed it on him first. Goodness she gave him. I love her for what she gave Whicket when she must have been in dire straits. Oh, I long to have her know what he is turning out to be." There were tears of deep emotion in Ammy's voice as well as in her eyes, called up by thoughts of the marks that wicked Azabel must have put upon *her* child, if ever she had had one. They did not know; nor even if she lived. They told themselves that they did not care.

And along Whicket's years the memory of his beautiful mother lingered. He had lost her words, the sound of her voice, the touch of her hands, but Mrs. Jiznot and Ammy had told him that his mother had said that her love would be with him wherever she was. The belief in that statement freshened as he grew towards young manhood. The recollection of his mistake when he had taken the first step across the Tarbox threshold kept him always unseeing, mute, in respect to the unsightly object above the mantel, the fourth plate at table. Then when old enough to understand it all, in loving sympathy for his parents he shared their honest shame—glad not to have to communicate his knowledge to his mother. "She could not have understood such a thing," he told himself. When, once, alone in the house, he had been tempted to climb up and take a look at the face of the vile creature—his foster-sister, he considered her—the thought of that stainless lovely mother of his restrained him.

The management of the big farm began to show the results of young Whicket's capable mind and strong hands. The pride of Father Sanny and Mother Ammy grew with the boy's growing manliness. What Whicket proposed they found good to be carried out; they sat planning for his future through most of the hours of their slowing-up years.

"I'm taking a load of Pearmains to town tomorrow. Want to go along, Father?" Broad-shouldered Whicket touched Sanny's shining gold chain.

The old man recalled the little Whicket that had caught at his heart, there at the orphan asylum door fifteen years before.

"No, I'll not go, but don't forget to leave a barrel for Mrs. Jiznot's kiddies. The Tarboxes still called on the good matron. Long they had kept the hope that sometime a clear record, showing honorable parentage for Whicket, would come to light. That hope had died; but the custom of remembering Mrs. Jiznot's large family at harvest time was one they intended to continue.

Whicket was late returning from town. He burst into the dining-room where his parents awaited him.

"What do you suppose? Mrs. Jiznot has found my locket! It was in a joint of the frame of the crib I slept in. See, we have at last a clue to my mother's identity." He placed the case in Ammy's hands and went out to put up the team.

The excited old couple drew near the light, adjusted spectacles and peered, squinting and pucker-lipped, into the tiny gold frame. Suddenly they stood apart, breathless, staring large-eyed at each other.

"Azabel!" groaned Sanford, dropping into his chair, shaking as if fever-stricken.

"Hush! Straighten up, Sanny! Whicket must not know!"

"Isn't she a beauty?" called a happy voice from the washroom.

"Indeed she is!" answered Ammy, steadily.

That night when the young man was deep in glad dreams of finding his lovely lost one, two old night-capped prowlers stealthily took down and replaced the gilt frame above the dining-room mantel, having removed therefrom the crayon portrait of a bad, bad, bad girl. As the flames leaped swiftly across the smiling features Azabel seemed to challenge her parents to continued and deepening love of her son.

"Remember that I left the marks of a good mother on Whicket. You have seen them yourselves, dear hearts."

"We did not understand. Forgive, little one. Yes, we will think of you that way, as a good mother." They did not say the words, but the promise was recorded none the less.



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Look about you and you'll see that countless teeth look whiter nowadays. It is evident on every hand that a new method of teeth cleaning has come into vogue.

All over America leading dentists are advising it. And millions of people have proved it at home, by using a 10-Day Tube.

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There forms on teeth a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue.

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The film is clinging. It enters crevices and hardens. The periodic cleaning in the dentist's chair is to remove it. But between times it may do a ceaseless damage.

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That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Dental science has for years sought a way to fight film. Now that way is found. Able authorities have proved this beyond question. The use has spread, through dentists and through home tests, until millions of teeth are now benefited by it.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And everyone who writes us is supplied with a 10-Day Tube.

Watch the Quick Results

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to constantly combat it.

A new discovery has made pepsin possible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But now a harmless activating method has been found. Now active pepsin can be constantly applied.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Do this for your sake and your family's sake. There are few things more important. The damage which film does to teeth is life-long in effect. Cut out the coupon now.

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The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant, now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

for me to read. She has learned the little verse you sent and can spell several words.

I am twenty-seven years old and have dark hair and blue eyes. Am five feet, four inches tall and weigh 115 pounds.

With love and best wishes to all the sisters, and Mrs. Wilkinson,

MRS. W. D. FORD.

GREEN FOREST, ARK.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Though your department is for ladies only, I am sure that when you hear my plea, and understand the nature of my errand, you will not close the door upon me, even though I am but a young man of 22.

I have watched with profound interest, the efforts of the sisters to purchase a home for Uncle Charlie as a substantial mark of their appreciation and gratitude for the patriotic, humane and inspiring work that has been done through the columns of COMFORT.

War drives and excitement are probably responsible for the fact that this beautiful and Christ-like act was not consummated within a few weeks of its inception.

If a few thousand people stirred to the depths by religious emotion, can present a six thousand dollar automobile to a healthy and wealthy evangelist, why cannot the six million readers of COMFORT be stirred by similar and worthier emotions, and present a home that costs not much more than an auto, to our evangelist who is neither healthy nor wealthy?

It pleases me to see that nearly all the good women who write to the sisters' department are filled with the Christ spirit, but that greatest of all evangelists said in the good Book, that faith without works was dead; to talk so much of Christ and ignore the one who has set such a wonderful example of the Christ-spirit, seems to put us in the same position with the Levite who passed by on the other side, and left the work of ministering to the sick to that good Samaritan, who through all the ages has been the symbol of service, sympathy and love.

But to more practical matters: to make a success of the Uncle Charlie Home Fund, certain facts should be made clear. I have heard from my brother when he was in New York City and Brooklyn, and I have read of conditions in those (and other) large cities, which affect real estate and rental values. Owing to the lack of house construction during the war, congestion in the large cities is terrible. Speculators buy houses and double rents, and I have heard that Uncle Charlie's home may, at any time, be sold over his head. Then, I suppose, he will want to buy the house he occupies (which he cannot do), have his little home broken up and be forced to go to a hospital; and, as I understand it is a physical impossibility to move him, without endangering his life—a life that is precious to us all—and we must see that the home he occupies is his without delay.

Had we gone "over the top" in this undertaking three years ago, we would have saved about one thousand dollars Uncle Charlie has had to pay for rent; and as the value of property has increased so enormously, another thousand might have been saved, had we hustled instead of dallied; another thing: every day we hesitate, robs Uncle Charlie of just so much satisfaction and pleasure in knowing that the home which shelters him, was provided by friends who love him.

Uncle Charlie is growing older and his health is very precarious. Therefore, how would we feel, six million of us, if he should pass beyond our ken, without having done for him a millionth part of what he has done for others.

Now, as I have tried to place this matter before you, both in a practical and business-like way, there surely can be no possible excuse to offer, unless we wish to confess that we are lip Christians and slackers for not bringng this project to a glorious conclusion. Is this beautiful work we honor COMFORT, ourselves and prove to the world that Christianity is still a living, breathing force; not a lifeless and soulless thing.

May God, the giver of every good and perfect gift, pour out his richest blessing upon Uncle Charlie and every reader of COMFORT.

Sincerely, ROY R. SMITH.

SOMEWHERE IN THE UNITED STATES.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Will you give space in your corner to an old bachelor on the shady side of fifty? No, I am not going to give any advice as to how to treat a wife, or raise children. However, in this day of crazy theory chasing, suppose that it would be entirely proper to give lengthy abstractions on the above subjects.

I want to make a suggestion to the readers of COMFORT that is very near my heart and one which I trust will touch their hearts and purses. It is in regard to a home for Uncle Charlie. I am enclosing four dimes from four readers of COMFORT to start the monument and if dimes fail we will back the monument with dollars. I cannot help but believe that Uncle Charlie would rather have a home built with dimes than with dollars. COMFORT has more than one million subscribers and at least five million readers. If one tenth of our readers would give a dime it would be $50,000—which would get Uncle Charlie a home and if anything should be left over it could be used for a trust fund and the income used to buy tin cans with which to feed Billy the Goat.

I have been a reader of COMFORT for twenty years and have learned to love Uncle Charlie. I love him for his gentle humor and wit without a sting. I love him for the clean, wholesome advice that he gives the boys and girls, young men and young women. I love him for his patriotism and one hundred per cent Americanism. I love him as a permanent builder of law and order.

Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts, is being mentioned for President on account of his magnificent stand for law and order. In my opinion, Uncle Charlie is doing a greater work for he is teaching the youth—by the millions—to back such leaders as Governor Coolidge.

Our zealous friends gave the late Admiral Dewey a home that was not appreciated but let us buy Uncle Charlie a dime home, feeling sure that he will appreciate the love that touched the thousands of hearts that prompted the gift.

I would urge all of Uncle Charlie's friends, male and female, to pause in their realization of the physical handicap that Uncle Charlie has overcome, and contribute a dime for Uncle Charlie's home. He is surfeited with sympathy.

I have found some heroines in the Sisters' Corner and have enjoyed their letters but advise them not to take Bachelor Bill's letters too seriously. I am a bachelor and know the breed.

A JOLLY OLD BACHELOR.

Jolly Old Bachelor.—It is very unwise to disagree with a man but if you are a jolly one maybe you won't mind so very much; anyway, it is in a good cause so I'll take a chance. It's just in the matter of dimes for Uncle Charlie for I feel sure we'd get along famously on all other subjects. A dime, J. O. B. (that doesn't mean I'm getting you mixed with the Biblical character of well-known patience—though I'm sure you are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

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THE METAL MENDER

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

themselves to Uncle Sam when he needed them. Uncle do you think there are any good men? Sometimes I think there are none. I have a lot of friends and have been in their homes and, Uncle, I know none like I think a home ought to be. The wife will fuss if the husband drops a paper on the floor or puts his shoes in the wrong place and smokes in the wrong room, and he will fuss when the meals are not always on time. Now Uncle, are all homes this way? To me a home should be a place to rest and where the members of the family can be happy and helpful to each other. I am twenty years old, have dark hair, blue eyes, weigh 124 pounds, am five feet three inches tall and fair when I am not tanned by the sun and moon, of which I get my share. I can sew, cook and mend and and help tend the baby. Listen, girls, I feel very sorry for every one of you who lets a boy kiss you every time he wants to. Love to you all. GYNETH BREWER.

Gyneth, your letter shows you to be a young lady of character, good sense and with keen powers of observation. You ask me what I got for Christmas. I got two Christmas cards and a bad cold. Am glad Santa was good to you. Naturally he would be, for, being a man, he would have a crush on the girls and hand them out all the good things and leave male humanity cold on the shelf. You must be proud of your brothers and the service they rendered their country. No training camp and no army can spoil a good man. A bad boy will find just the company he is looking for whether in peace or war. A boy who has had good moral training and is clean and wholesome and has character can go anywhere and come out unscathed. Two or three mothers have written me that the training camps ruined their boys. No such thing. Those kind of boys would be ruined in a Baptist Sunday school. They are hunting ruin. The fault lies more with the mothers than with camps or armies. Water finds its level and so does humanity. There are a million orphans in France, so it is no wonder that your brothers came back with a sad tale of little children, and there are more than a million children starving to death in Central Europe. There were some 1,200 deaths in Vienna in one week, and only eight births, thanks to the lack of nourishment, care, sanitation, etc. Pestilence raging everywhere and no doctors, nurses or medical supplies to help stave off its ravages. Such is the aftermath of war, and when you try and put an end to war, party politicians, who never war except with their mouths, put every obstacle in the way of achieving the greatest of all human objectives. There are plenty of good men in the world, Gyneth, but good men are generally modest and keep in the background while the rascals and troublemakers get on the firing line and make the world a hell for the rest of us. The home is a problem, but don't think there is anything wrong with it because father puts his feet on the mantlepiece, puffs smoke in mother's eyes and drops his shoes in the soup tureen. A little fussing on the part of father or mother merely shows that they are human. When you have to look across the breakfast table at the same old face for fifty years, the monotony of it may get on your nerves and you may do a little fussing, but when the fussing is over you will go around the table and put your arm around the owner of that face and give it a kiss and thank God for all His blessings, especially the blessed privilege of owning that face. The perfect home, inhabited by perfect people, where everything runs like clockwork, where nobody fights and nothing happens and where you have to get a court order before you are permitted to fuss or smile, is a fine imitation of a cemetery but not a home. Heaven preserve us from the home that is a rough-house and a tough-house and also from the home that always seems as if a funeral is about to take place. Let us have a well-managed home, but by all means let it be human, where the people are real joyous realities and not artificial automatons. There should be authority and discipline, system and order in the home, but each unit of the family should be given the fullest opportunity for individual expression, and repression should only be resorted to when the crew mutinies and wants to throw the captain and the mate overboard.

WINCHESTER, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am coming to you for advice. I have brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion. I am liking a boy of fifteen. He lives about three miles from here. He says he loves me dearly, though he has never been to see me at home. He writes me often and writes the sweetest letters I ever seen. Do you think he loves me? I let him have my Ring to wear and he has had it over a year. I have asked him for it several times but he won't give it to me. I am not a lazy girl. I wash dishes, cook, clean the house and help papa in the store. Love to all. MISS BEETHA ———.

The tragedies of youth, and especially the tragedies of love-lorn youth afford us all an inexhaustible fund of amusement. Lovers may grow old, but love never will and no matter how ossified we get it tickles us all to bits to see the kids getting their first injection of sentimental serum at the hands of our ever youthful friend, Dr. Cupid. Now I'm willing to help you young people who are suffering from the first shock of hydrophobic puppy love, to every extent in my power, but COMFORT cannot start a bureau for the recovery of stolen goods, especially love tokens. If you give a boy a ring, give it to him, don't be an Indian giver and want "dem presents" back. If, on the other hand, you loan a ring, unless you are thoroughly acquainted with the habits, peculiarities and character of the party to whom you trust your property, then it is best for both of you to go to a lawyer and have some arrangement made as to how long your property is to be retained. You might also make the party of the second part deposit ten cents to cover the cost of the ring, for all of you young ladies, as far as my experience goes (and it is some experience, believe me), though you may pay fifteen dollars for shoes, buy all your jewelry in the ten-cent store. The boys are less thrifty and more generous in this respect, for some have even been known to pay as high as fifteen cents, which shows how reckless boys will become when they are vamped by such fair charmers as your fifteen-year-old self. Be careful, however, about depositing that ten cents with the lawyer, for if he ever gets hold of it, it will probably involve you in a three thousand dollar law suit to get it back, then you will most likely have lost both ring and money. The reason this ring gatherer does not visit you in your home is undoubtedly due to the fact that he fears if you once got him in the family parlor, all your friends and relations, armed with hand grenades, shot guns, rifles, flame throwers and poison gas, might make a combined assault on him and remove this priceless piece of jewelry from his possession. Of course, if he loved you he would accede to your slightest request. The fact that he doesn't, makes him a doubtful proposition and you had better sing him a little song on this order:

Give me back my ring again,
Then my love will never cease,
But if my goods I can't obtain,
I'll telephone for the police.

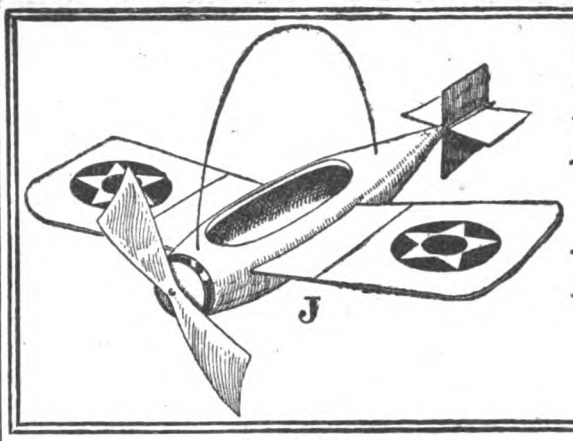
Take my advice, Bertha, and devote the next three years of your life to education, and study domestic science, then a whole carload of worthwhile rings will be presented to you, instead of you handing out rings to the other fellow.

———, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a Sengall man, never was marred. Adge 45, and dark redish complexion and wath 170 pounds American U. S. A. I am a farmer own my own property

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



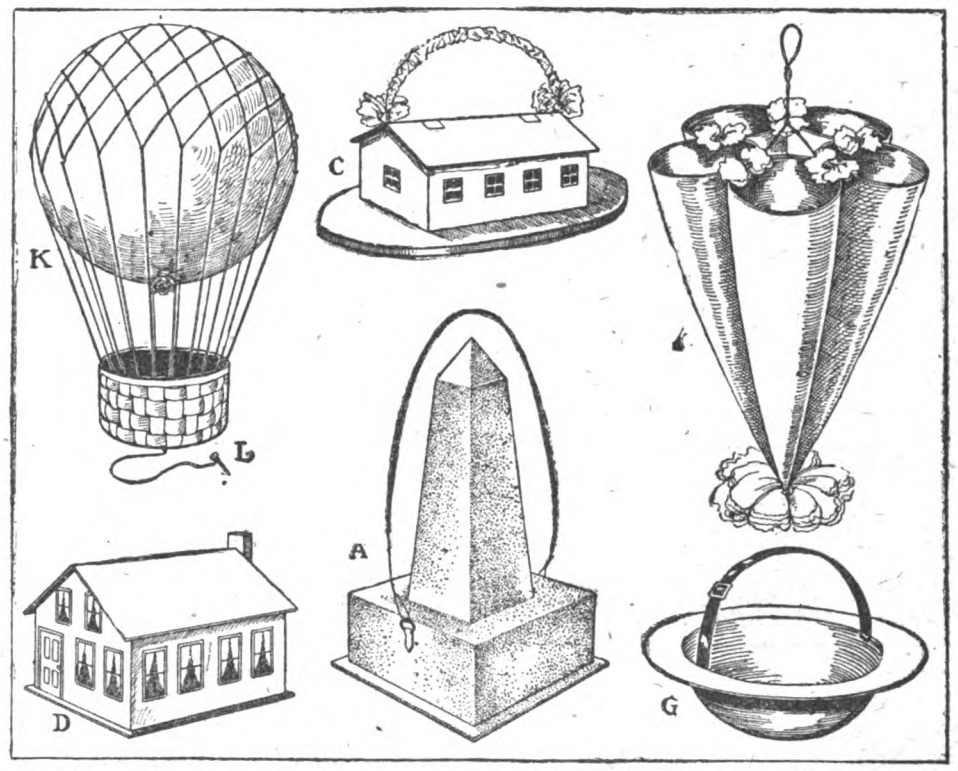
HOME-MADE MAYBASKETS IN PRETTY NEW STYLES

By Ruth Boyce

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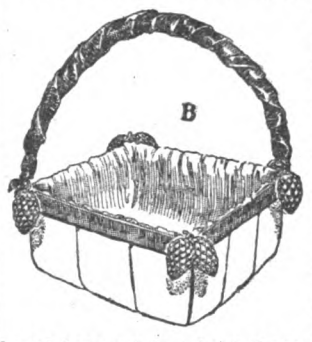
HALF the fun in taking out and hanging Maybaskets at the homes of one's friends is in getting up something original. The expensive baskets are not nearly as much fun, especially the baskets one buys. Anyone with money can step into a shop and buy them, but to make a basket at home, to get up a clever little design, means much—it means the work of thoughtful brain and kind fingers.

Stiff paper, cardboard, colored paper, paint, ribbons, tinsel, gilding, sprigs of artificial flowers and such things that are inexpensive always supply the materials.



One of the oddest Maybaskets I ever saw was a miniature Bunker Hill Monument made of cardboard set on a small square box for a base. The base box opened to hold the sweets or whatever was placed inside. I saw it hanging on a doorknob one May morning and of course could not see inside of it, but I could see how cleverly it was made. The entire outside had evidently been painted with liquid glue and sand sifted over this before the glue hardened. This gave it the appearance of a stone monument and a fine wire bail was added as at A.

A strawberry basket, B, painted gray, with red edges, to which varnished pine cones were wired at each corner, the whole lined with red and the wire bail, wound with red cloth, made a pretty Maybasket. For a very small child the basket could be painted blue and very funny pictures pasted around it.

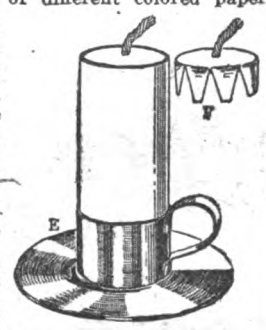


A candy box was fitted with a slanting roof set on a thin board base cut in a boat shape, windows painted on and one roof hinged on. This made a very presentable Noah's Ark. It was filled with tiny barley candy animals. A wire bail was fastened at the top as at C. A similar box was turned into a miniature doll house and used for a Maybasket. Windows were cut out and paper lace pasted back for curtains and waxed paper back of that for the glass. This contained an assortment of candy dolls. It was opened from the bottom, the house being merely the cover, as at D.

A white bristol-board tube formed a candle for a Maybasket. A cardboard candlestick was added and gilded to look like brass, as at E. The top was made to fit inside, as at F, and a bit of white string put through for the wick. It held candy peppermint sticks.

Make some imitation steel helmets this year, paint them khaki color with a tiny black strap for a bail. For a small boy, fill with toy soldiers. Decorate with tiny flags of the Allies. G shows this form.

A large, square, stout envelope with the flap cut out for a bail is a neat and inexpensive Maybasket. Cover with silverpaint, fasten a sprig of green with sealing wax and fill with whatever desired. At I, show five paper cones or cornucopias. Make them of different colored paper, fasten together at top and bottom. Suspend with a wire loop. Tucked away down in each may be something different, affording five thrilling little surprises.



An aeroplane may be made of cardboard, as illustrated in the heading, a tiny propeller glued on or stuck on with wire so that it will spin. Glue on the wings and suspend front and back with wire. Color a battleship gray with the American aircraft design top and bottom of wings.

A toy balloon may be covered with netting, as at K, and a small basket attached by strings. Fasten to the floor in front of the door by a string and tack, to bottom of basket, and there it will be swaying when your friend opens the door. Try some of these new designs this season. These may help you to think of something quite original yourself.



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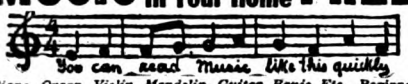


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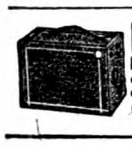
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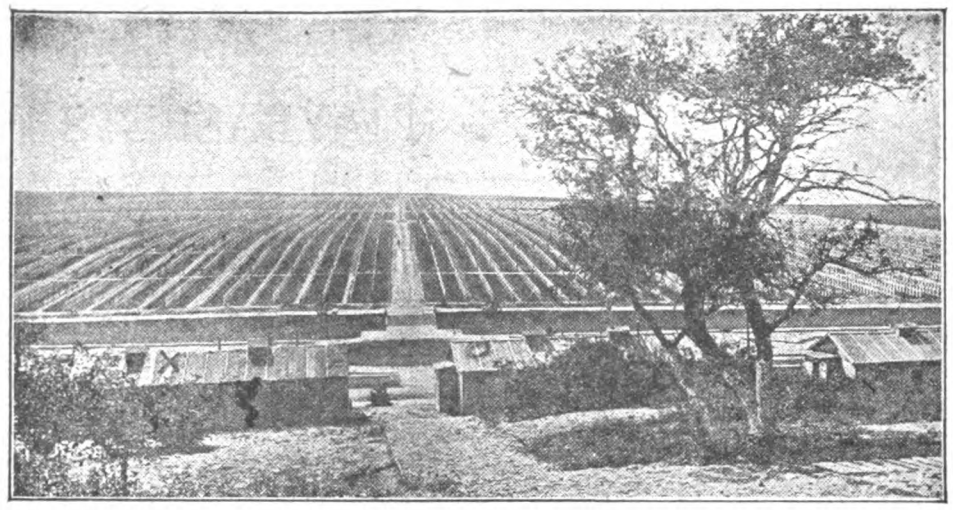
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AMERICAN CEMETERY NEAR VERDUN, FRANCE, WHERE TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND OF OUR SOLDIERS REST.

Where Our Heroes Rest

By Frances L. Garside

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ROW upon row, as far over the slope of the hill as the eye can see; row upon row, to the right and to the left; every little green mound marked by a plain white cross—25,000 of them!

And here rest the heroes of the Argonne Forest drive—a sleep that seems sweet compared with the anxiety and the turmoil through which those who mourn them are passing.

The first cross erected in this little American cemetery in France is to the memory of Leonard Peterson, Private, U. S. Int. In a tragically short time the thousands of others went up to the memory of other boys who had met a similar fate. The cemetery is never without its flowers. It would try the resources of the surrounding country to put flowers on every grave every day, but so many are taken there by the peasantry of the locality that few graves are bare of bud and blossom.

This cemetery is at Romagne, near Verdun. In the foreground are two old barracks. Formerly the scene of military events, and later in many instances of short burial services for the dead, they have now been taken over by the Y. W. C. A. In one is a dormitory, and in the other living and dining quarters. Odd, you say, to have a place like this at the gates of a cemetery? Not at all when you have learned why they are there.

As soon as the ban was lifted, mothers, fathers, wives and sweethearts were permitted to go to France to visit this sacred piece of ground. The great majority spoke no tongue but English; they had not crossed the water before; the trip would have been momentous if taken with happy hearts, but under these circumstances it was nothing short of tragic.

They reached France, a grave and troubled host; to find the town nearest to the cemetery, to find the cemetery, *to find the grave*—not many were equal to it without the assistance of those who were there, having made the journey before them.

It was to make this ordeal lighter for heavy hearts that the Y. W. C. A. opened a Hostel for relatives of the dead right at the cemetery gates. Here the visitors find a home waiting for them; are put under the guidance of one who knows the cemetery as she would know one that grew, oh, so much more slowly, in her village back in America. Every relative is taken direct to the grave she is seeking; every visitor to the cemetery is comforted, and sustained, just as far in as sympathy and material aid can help. And when the relative turns to start "back home," it is to find the beginning of the journey made as easy as the ending had been hard.

The relatives remain at the Hostel over night; some remain for several weeks. "We want to be near our boy all we can," said one mother. "Our window overlooks his grave, and my husband and I are growing more reconciled to losing him since we have been here; it is such a peaceful scene. We say good night to him before going to bed, and both of us sleep better knowing that his sleep is so peaceful. We have lost that terrible association of his death with the roar of battle since coming here."

Don't Send a Penny



Send just your name and address. Let us send for your approval this truly gorgeous fancy flowered Voile frock—a delight to every girl's and woman's heart. Just the exquisite, modish model you've set your heart on having. An exact duplicate of the expensive dresses shown in America's most exclusive fashion shops. And the price we are able to set on it is amazingly low—a bargain never known in fashion's history. You cannot duplicate it at double our price. Send only your name and address. See yourself in this stunning, new frock. If not overjoyed with its wonderful lines and quality, return it. The try-on will cost you nothing.

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A smart frock, made of splendid quality fancy flowered voile. See the exquisite new design full flared tunic—now the smartest fashion. See the smart white organdy collar and cuffs daintily edged with handsome pattern Val lace. Vestee trimmed with fine pearl buttons. Sleeves ¾ length. Full cut skirt. Colors: Navy Blue, Rose or Lavender. Sizes, bust 34 to 46. Misses, bust 32 to 38. **Order by No. B882 for Blue, B883 for Rose, B884 for Lavender.** Be sure to give size.

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RUSH Send for yours before they are all gone. At our price they are sure to be snapped up quickly. Few women can resist such an unusual bargain. Send no money—just your name and address—now. Then pay our low price, $4.95 for dress on arrival. Examine and try it on. If you think you can duplicate it at double our price—if for any reason you do not wish to keep it—return it and we refund your money.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 6205 Chicago



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Ten years without a corn

Countless people boast that record now.

Years ago they started using Blue-jay. Never since has a corn pained twice. And never has a corn stayed a week.

You can quickly prove that corns are needless. Millions have already done it.

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Apply a touch of liquid Blue-jay or a Blue-jay plaster.

The corn pain will end. And soon the whole corn will loosen and come out.

The action is gentle but sure. Blue-jay is the scientific method, created by this world-famed laboratory.

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Try Blue-jay on one corn. Buy it tonight from your druggist. Live the rest of your life without corns.

B&B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

patient, too), doesn't buy very much today and it would take 90,000 dimes, or $9,000, to buy the house Uncle Charlie lives in, though a few years ago it could have been purchased for $6,000. See what a lot of money we've lost by being so slow. Of course Uncle Charlie had rather have 90,000 dimes than 9,000 dollars just the same as any man had rather have 90,000 than 9,000 friends. I'm sure he has that many friends but they belong to the careless people who never do today what they can put off until tomorrow—I'm apt to be that way myself at times. Anyway, "dimes are slow and time is fleeting" and Uncle Charlie is 57 years old and if he is to have an earthly home it is time he had it. He has builded well here so that his future home is assured (and we can't contribute even a nickel to that—no matter how much we'd like to) but in the meantime the $3,547.33 given by 6,023 of COMFORT's readers is in the bank and the interest it is drawing isn't noticeable compared with the rent he is paying. We were all enthusiastic about putting this project over the top and Uncle Charlie is deeply grateful to all who have striven to place him beyond the reach of profiteering landlords but not until the full amount necessary for the purchase of the modest home in which he resides (and it is a physical impossibility for him to move) has been donated, can he receive the benefit from the generous efforts of those who have already done their bit to make this most laudable undertaking a success. This isn't a job for the other fellow but for all of us who appreciate what Uncle Charlie through the years has been doing for all of us.—Ed.

WILLOW SPRINGS, MO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I do not know the number of COMFORT's subscribers but I wish it were possible to write each a personal letter. However, this is the next best way of reaching them. I have been a reader of COMFORT for many years, though not continuously, and but recently have learned of Uncle Charlie's physical disability. His letters have been of special interest, especially all through the world war, and I think truly he is one of our greatest hero soldiers, one hundred per cent American and I suggest we decorate him with flowers on May 30th, in form of one dollar each. God will return us two for one in every instance. Let's give it with cheer and good will to a bed-ridden brother. It will be so easy to enclose a dollar bill, or more if you wish, and mail it to his address—Charles Noel Douglas, 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., or send it to Uncle Charlie, Care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Let's not forget the date and be early rather than late with our "flowers." It will show our appreciation of his finely written talks, any one of which is well worth a dollar. Ten-cent showers are very well but a dollar shower is ten times better. All of us have sympathy for the afflicted; let us back it up with our dollars.

I know what affliction means, having experienced same since birth. Am near Uncle Charlie's age and happy, though married. I love the Ozark country of southern Missouri. It is indeed God's country.

Sincerely, BOX 428.

MINNESOTA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I love the Sisters' Corner and look forward and wait for COMFORT each month.

I'll tell you something of my life. I am twenty-two years of age and single. I had a soldier sweetheart in France, as most of the girls had. We were engaged for three years; he served one year in France and came back to the U. S. last August. We were to be married in February. Later in the summer I left my city home and am now on a beautiful farm with my sister. While out here I met a young man, another returned soldier, and the first time I met him I knew I never loved the other boy. I broke the engagement with my first sweetheart and am promised to the second one whom I love with all my heart. My first sweetheart is broken hearted and pleads for me to come to him. The pity I feel for him is near breaking my own heart but I can never love him. Sometimes I almost think I ought to go back to the first love. Sisters, what shall I do? Should I go back to him, still loving the second one? No one seems to want to give me advice. They tell me to fight my own battles as I might reproach them later, but it is advice I want and it would help me.

The first is a city boy, a mechanic by trade; the second is a farmer lad. I have been a city girl all my life but love the wonderful, fresh, green country, with its wholesome air and golden waving grain fields. Then, too, how delicious the sweet, yellow butter tastes fresh from the churn. In the city you have to be content with what you buy.

I will leave my address with Mrs. Wilkinson if anyone should write to me.

Wishing the sisters happiness and good health,
FAIR LOCKS.

Fair Locks.—It is easy to understand why none of your friends want to advise you on such an all-important question and I hope you get good advice from the sisters. "Golden waving grain fields" are as pleasing to the eye as "sweet yellow butter, fresh from the churn" is pleasing to the palate but have you ever considered the labor involved before grain fields reach that golden waving state, as well as the labor afterward? Ever try cooking for a crew of hungry threshers? Caring for the cream, churning it and making the butter into prints, as well as washing the churn, isn't the easiest thing in the world, either. I know all about it. It is well to consider these things first and whether your love for the farmer boy is big enough to make play of the hard work on a farm.—Ed.

WISCONSIN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I want to sit at Mrs. Wilkinson's feet and look up into her kind eyes and tell her all my troubles and joys. I really haven't many troubles and everyone has joys if they look for them.

I wish all the dear sisters might see the beautiful sunset I am seeing. Overhead the sky is grey with clouds but in the west the sun's face fairly shines and the glow all about it is pink with here and there a touch of yellow and blue. It is all very lovely and I am so glad I am alive, glad that spring is coming and that life is bright with hope. I really don't see how anyone can be sad and gloomy, but, of course, I don't understand everyone's troubles.

A year ago I married one of the best men in the world, and I didn't know how to bake bread and even cooking potatoes was rather a puzzle and sisters, my first pumpkin pie! I peeled the pumpkin, cut it in tiny squares and dumped it into the pie crust and put it in the oven to bake. I shall never forget that pie! That was only one of many lessons I had to learn.

To the girls in their 'teens, I say, stay single until you are in your twenties. My married life is happy but I did not seem to understand that I would have to give up a lot of things when I was married. It is hard for me to give up going to dances and parties, but Hubby objects to them. He was a soldier and was in France and England. Sometimes it seems that he is selfish not to let me have a good time, or is it I who am selfish?

How many sisters love cats? I have a dear little yellow-and-white kitten and a bird and if it were not for these dear little friends I would be more lonely than I am as my husband is away all day.

I will tell you how I look and say good by. I am seventeen years old, five feet, two inches tall, dark hair and eyes and have a stub nose.

Oceans of love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters—and the few brothers. Mrs. Wilkinson, I'll feel terribly hurt if you don't write something below my letter.

BOBBY.

Bless you, Bobby, of course I'll write something below your letter and I'll tell you a secret for you are still young enough to enjoy secrets; all children do, and you are hardly more than a child. Listen to this: You aren't the only stupid person for one time, years ago, when my chum's mother went out for the afternoon she told her daughter and me to "watch the bread." We obeyed religiously, stopping our play every few minutes to "watch" it. In the course of the afternoon we found that it was rising so high it would be likely to run over the sides of the pan. We were much worried over this so after much debate procured a clean dish towel which we pinned tightly around the pan and bread dough and said, "Now let it go just as high as it wants to." Isn't that just as foolish as your pumpkin pie? To be sure, we were very young but we should have known better. We are still as good friends as in days of childhood and have laughed many times at the way we "watched" the bread. Please don't tell the sisters about this for I'm a little bit ashamed of it.

I am glad you haven't any troubles and hope

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

and was lying, without sound or movement, upon the littered asphalt of the street. Arthur Preston, his faculties absorbed by the danger of the swaying wall, did not realize that his aunt had fallen out, and that he was speeding away from her.

Then, under the impetus of an explosion near at hand, the huge wall of brick shook more ominously than before. The soldiers did not seem to realize the awful predicament of Mrs. Preston, who lay at the very base of the tottering ruins.

With a despairing cry, Beryl dashed forward, her little feet flying across the debris-strewn thoroughfare. Tonita would have seized her, had she not been so quick; the Mexicana called wildly for the brave girl to return; and then, seeing that she was bent upon risking her life to rescue the woman who had treated her so cruelly, Tonita plunged after her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A BRAVE DEED.

Beryl, when she saw the awful danger that threatened Mrs. Preston, had thought only that she was Neil's mother; and that, notwithstanding her cruel pride, her life was dear to her son. Tonita, on the other hand, thought only of Beryl.

The homeless people, standing about the edge of the little park, gazed with horror-stricken eyes at the tragic scene. Two lovely young girls were hurling themselves into what seemed like certain death. The smoke-blackened wall shivered and surged, now forward, now back; every moment it seemed as though it must precipitate itself into the thoroughfare.

Men who had looked with calloused hearts upon the threatened collision of the automobile now gave vent to hoarse cries of fear and warning; women screamed, and the soldiers, realizing when too late that a woman had fallen from one of the vehicles, stood gazing in mute helplessness at the fluttering, flying figures of the girls.

Beryl was first to reach the prostrate form of the unconscious woman. She called to Mrs. Preston wildly, but, of course, no answer could come from those proud, silent lips which had wounded the rescuer so keenly the evening before.

Beryl stooped to clutch the limp form and drag it to safety. At that moment Tonita came breathlessly to her side. There was no time for words. Tonita realized what must be done, and promptly lent her willing aid. Between them the two rescuers dragged their unconscious burden from the dangerous spot. They were almost out of the zone of peril when a soldier dashed in, caught Mrs. Preston in his arms, and staggered to the edge of the park.

Nor was this accomplished an instant too soon. The soldier had not yet laid the rescued woman on the sward at the edge of the refugee camp when there came a frightful crash, and the bricks and stones of the wall deluged the street. A small hill of masonry covered the very spot where Mrs. Preston had been thrown from the automobile!

"A heroic deed!" cried the handsome young officer who had been overseeing the distribution of supplies. He had leaped from the wagon and had dashed to the place where Beryl and Tonita, weak and faint after their brave task, had sunk upon one of the park benches.

"And to think," spoke up a gray-haired man, trembling with excitement, "that the work should have been left to two frail girls!"

"Who are they?" came from every side. "Does any one know who they are?"

This question, naturally, could not be answered. Hardly any two of the refugees had had much acquaintance with each other up to the time their lots had been cast in that small park; so it was not to be supposed that they would know the names of two wanderers who had reached the camp after nightfall.

The young officer bent over the girls and offered them a tin cup of water.

"You saved the woman's life," said he, his eyes glowing with admiration. "But for your quick work she would have been buried under an avalanche of masonry. I should like to report this, if you will give me your names."

The red mantled Beryl's face.

"Please say nothing about it, sir," said Beryl. "We do not wish to have our names known."

"Do you know the woman whose life you saved?"

"I know who she is, that is all. She is Mrs. Burton Preston, of Denver. The automobile from which she was thrown belongs to Mr. Arthur Preston, of Nob Hill."

"Ah, then you are friends of the family?" queried the officer, struck by the influential names he had just heard.

"No, we are not friends of the Prestons," answered Beryl.

"We would not be friends of Mrs. Preston if we could!" spoke up Tonita warmly.

The officer looked at the Mexicana with a faint smile.

"And yet," he murmured, "you both would risk your lives for her."

"How is she?" asked Beryl. "Is she very badly hurt?"

Some of the women among the refugees were ministering to Mrs. Preston. At this question from Beryl one of them looked around.

"No, she is not severely hurt," said the woman. "She was stunned by her fall from the car, but will quickly recover."

"I am thankful for that," murmured Beryl, thinking of Neil.

"Fortune is more than kind to these people who are born with gold spoons in their mouths," said Tonita, who had no kindly feeling whatever for Mrs. Preston. "Yes, blessings are always showered upon those who do not need them."

The young officer seemed amused at the beautiful Mexicana's display of temper.

"Hello!" he exclaimed suddenly, looking up one of the streets. "Here comes the Preston automobile back again. It must have gone around the block."

He stepped out into the street and met the car as Arthur Preston halted it close to the place where the women were working over his aunt.

"Where is my aunt, the lady who was with me?" cried Arthur Preston.

His face was blanched, and his apprehensive eyes were on the heap of debris at the place where the wall had fallen.

"Didn't you know that she was thrown from the car?" demanded the officer.

"I did not dream of such a thing!" cried Arthur Preston. "My aunt, man!" he implored. "Tell me—tell me the worst!"

"Your aunt fell on the very spot where that mass of masonry now lies," said the officer. "That she did not meet a horrible fate is due entirely to the daring of two young girls. At the risk of their own lives they rushed forward and dragged your aunt to safety."

"And is my aunt alive? Where is she?"

The crowd parted so that he could see Mrs. Preston and those about her. Arthur leaped down from the machine and hurried to his aunt's side.

"She's revivin', sir," said one of the women, who, with her rough, toil-hardened hands, was chafing the delicate temples of the rich Mrs. Preston. "She'll be able to talk to ye in a minute, sir."

An expression of intense relief crossed Arthur Preston's face as he turned away.

"It was all the result of a frightful mistake!" he exclaimed, addressing the officer. "I did not hear the soldiers' warning until I was past the danger line, and it was better then to go on than to turn back. The other automoble came upon me with the swiftness of a thunderbolt, and I had no idea my aunt had been thrown from her seat by the jar. She did not utter a single cry—I am certain of that. If she had, I would have discovered at once what was wrong."

The next moment he seemed to think of the two girls and what they had done.

"You say," he proceeded eagerly, "that two young women saved Mrs. Preston?"

"Yes," the soldier answered.

"What they have done this day is something that shall never be forgotten, nor pass without reward. Please bring the young women to me. I would have my aunt know how she is indebted to them just as soon as she is able to realize what has happened."

The officer went to the bench where he had left the girls; but the bench was unoccupied. The girls had vanished. He looked around through the crowd, and called upon others to look, but the search was fruitless.

"The young ladies," said the officer, returning to Mr. Preston, "are not to be found; they have mysteriously vanished."

"Who were they?" asked Arthur Preston.

"I can't tell you," was the reply; "they refused to give their names."

"Does any one know who those young ladies were?" cried Arthur Preston.

There was a moment's silence; then a poor woman with a tear-stained face pushed closer to him through the crowd.

"They were in my tent along with me, sir, last night," the woman answered. "When they came, I woke up, and thought mebby it was my daughter, who has been lost ever since the earthquake. I heard 'em talkin' a little, and one called the other Beryl. That's the only name I heard."

"Beryl!" Arthur Preston started as though stung. "Describe that girl to me," he went on to the officer excitedly.

"She was a girl of rare loveliness," answered the young officer, "if she is the one I believe the woman refers to. She had waving golden hair, violet-blue eyes——"

"It is she!" gasped Arthur Preston, with a startled, bewildered look in the direction of his aunt. "What a strange combination of circumstances!" he murmured to himself. "I will give five hundred dollars," he called, "to the person who will find those two girls and bring them to me!"

But, although he waited for half an hour at the edge of the park, while men, boys, and even women, scattered all over it in quest of the two girls, yet his generous offer bore no fruit.

By that time his aunt had so far recovered that she could be assisted into the car and the journey continued. Arthur Preston left with the officer the address of his lawyer, who lived in San Rafael; and the lawyer was to be communicated with in case the girls could be found later. Then, with Mrs. Preston leaning white and listless against the leather cushions of the rear seat, the automobile sped away.

CHAPTER XXVII.

A CHANCE MEETING.

"We are wreck and stray, we are cast away,
Poor, battered old hulks and spars,
But we hope and pray, on the Judgment Day,
We will strike it, up there in the stars.
Though battered and old, our hearts are bold,
Yet oft do we repine
For the days of old,
For the days of gold—
For the days of Forty-nine."

An old melodeon had been moved from a house into a neighboring square. A crowd of white-haired men surrounded it, while a younger one of their number played an accompaniment and the rest sang. There was something eery in the effect. Neil, wandering aimlessly, yet ever with his one absorbing purpose in mind, drew near to the group and listened.

"Where the rabbits play, and the quail all day
Pipes on, on the chaparral hill,
A few more days, and the last of us lays
His pick aside, and is still.
Though battered and old, our hearts are bold,
Yet oft do we repine
For the days of old,
For the days of gold—
For the days of Forty-nine."

Neil joined in the refrain with a queer tugging at his heartstrings. The song finished, he thought hopefully of George Gate Park, the Presidio, Port Mason, and then he turned his steps westward to carry his search in directions hitherto untried.

"I will find her," he kept saying to himself. "I will—I must find her!" He had repeated the words over and over the day before, just as he was repeating them now. And if despair came, he always saw or heard something that pushed the benumbing cloud aside and revived his drooping spirits.

The constant tide of refugees swept through the dismantled streets toward the Market Street ferry; Neil seemed to be the only one who was pushing in an opposite direction. He kept on tirelessly, proceeding from one refugee camp to another.

During his wanderings he reverted wrathfully to his mother's heartlessness in keeping himself and Beryl apart. She had called at the house to obtain news of him. He could well imagine what sort of reception had been accorded her, and how she had been sent away. His heart overflowed with bitterness, and his strong hands clenched in a fury of impotent desire.

If he could only be with his fair young bride! If he could only shield her from the cruel misfortunes which threatened every one in that distressed and ruined city! That was all he thought of. His mother had ordered him from her sight, and wished never to see his face again.

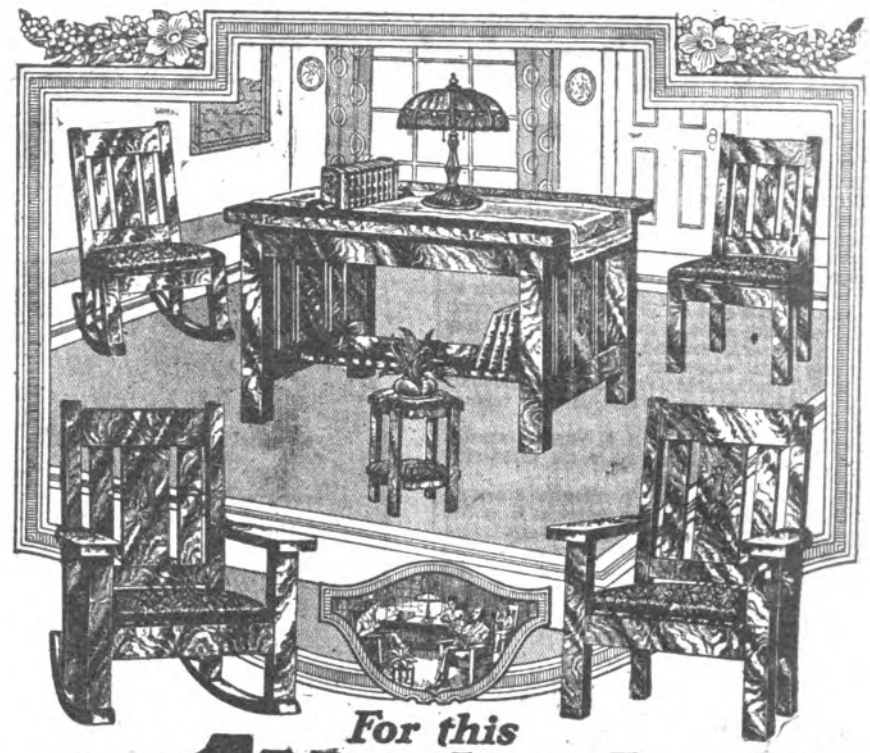
His sorrow fought with his anger; but he bowed to his proud mother's will, feeling sure that her disposition would change when she learned that Beryl, so far from being poor, was as wealthy as any of the Prestons. The precious packet which he carried with him would establish his dear one's rights to riches which, as yet, she did not dream of.

Eunice Bartholdt, to whom his mother had referred in their heated interview, was the daughter of a rich brewer. Eunice had ambitions, and if to her wealth she could add the prestige of the Preston name no society star in all Denver could have competed with her. Eunice had planned an elaborate campaign for the conquest of Neil Preston, and she had lived to see her scheming set at naught by a mere working girl! While she remained in Denver, eating her heart out with jealous envy, Mrs. Preston had gone to San Francisco to find Neil, and to plead, for a last time, in Eunice Bartholdt's behalf. All this Neil learned later, but even then a glimmering of the truth had dawned upon him.

While busy with his thoughts, his eyes roved restlessly as he walked. Nothing escaped his vigilance, although his mind now and again would dwell on matters but indirectly connected with Beryl. Suddenly his glance rested on a form in the moving throng about him. Recognition between him and the man was instant and mutual. The man, with an averting of the eyes, sought to drift away and skulk from sight. But in half-a-dozen steps Neil was upon him and had his arm in a firm grip.

"I want a word with you, Trenwyck!" said Neil sternly. "This way!"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 24.)



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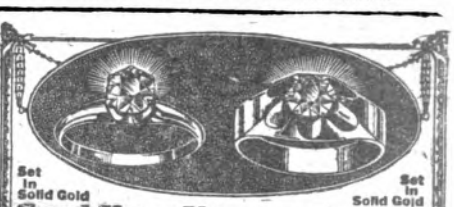
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New Design for Knitted Spring Slip-On

Knitted Slip-On Sweater

IF material of the same weight as Scotch is knitted with No. 6 celluloid needle, finished garment will be about size 36; of Shetland or other fine wool directions as given, will result in a smaller size unless knitted on a coarser needle. A pair of No. 14 steel needles will be needed for ribbing.

Cast on 76 sts. Work is begun on bottom of the back. Knit 5 ribs or 10 ribs, now on each side of the work; always knit first 7 stitches and in between k 1 row and p 1 row. Continue in this way until one has nine ribs on each side. K and p alternate rows for next three or more inches according to length one wishes garment below the waistline.

With steel needles k 4, p 4, repeat across. Next p 4, k 4, repeat these two rows until ribbing measures three inches.

On No. 6 needles k and p alternate row as before until back of sweater reaches a point two inches below the neck, now always k and p on first and last 16 sts of each row and across the center 44 sts always knit. When seven ribs are formed on 44 sts, k or p 16 sts as usual, k 7 sts, bind off 30 sts, k 7 sts and finish the row as it was begun.

For Shoulder

K 4, p 4, k 4, p 4, k 7, turn k 11, p 4, k 4, p 4. Repeat these two rows until one has two inches of ribbing and 7 knitted sts on the neck side of the work. Now k 5 ribs or 10 rows on the 23 sts. Next 6 rows always knit 7 sts on neck edge and k and p alternate rows on remaining 16 sts, as shown in our illustration.

Hereafter on neck edge always cast on 1 st, turn and k 1 additional st on each row. After 9 sts have been added cast on 2 sts for three rows. Work other shoulder in the same manner, join, having 76 sts in all. Cast on 4 sts for underarm, k and p alternate rows on 27 sts, always knit across center sts until five ribs are formed, k and p last 23 sts, cast on 14 sts, turn.

After finishing five ribs across center k and p from side to side until work measures top of ribbing on the back, folding the work on the neckline. Rib to match back and finish the work below with knitted ribs on the side and bottom. Bind off loosely.

Pick up sts around arm-scye, k and p for four inches, then k 2 tog at end of every other row until point three inches below elbow is reached. One should discontinue decreasing when one has a number of sts which can be divided by 4 Knit five ribs, three inches for cuff by knitting 4, purling 5, knit five ribs and bind off.

Join the side seams from the top of the knitted ribs on the bottom of the front and back.



KNITTED SLIP-ON SWEATER.

American Flag Tatted in Colors

BY SARAH A. R. ELLIS.

Materials: No. 70 tatting thread and shuttle. Finished flag measures about six and one-half inches wide by ten and one-half long.

1st row.—With red make a ring of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. Make another ring of same size, turn work over, 3 d s, join to 3rd of first ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close, turn work and make a fourth ring joining to p of second ring. Repeat ring working in this way until a stripe six and one-half inches long is completed.

2nd row.—Using white, make rings of the same size, joining to center picots of rings in first row, and making the same length.

3rd row.—Same as 1st in red and connect to 2nd row.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row in white and connect to 3rd row.

5th row.—Same as 1st and 3rd.

6th row.—Same as 2nd and 4th.

7th row.—Same as 1st, 3rd and 5th.

Here make the white stars with the blue



AMERICAN FLAG TATTED IN COLORS.

around in the background. Use the blue as spool thread and white on the shuttle for rings. Make a ring of 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, with blue spool thread make ch 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 white ring connected to center p of first ring, ch as before, repeat until you have five white rings and fasten at the base of the first ring. Turn work. Ch with blue, make a second star same as first. Fasten to the base of the first ring of each star in the same way as one joins to a picot. Turn work. Ch as before, make 3rd star connect to first by p of 2nd ch, and 3rd or 4th p of the first ch. Continue until there are seven or eight stars in the first two rows, then make two more rows with 8 stars on one side and seven on the other. The next row of star insertion is made in the same way and connected with the previous row as directed.

This does not make the block of stars quite the required size, so make a row of blue insertion and connect with the stars on one side and the stripes on the other. Rings for this insertion are 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, join, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, close, make 2nd ring and join to stripes, make 3rd ring and join to 1st ring and stars. Repeat until square of stars and stripes are all connected.

8th row.—White stripes, full length of flag made same as 2nd row.

9th row.—Same as first in red (full length of flag, about ten and one-half inches.)

10th row.—Same as 8th, in white.

11th row.—Same as the 9th, in red.

12th row.—Same as the 8th, in white.

13th row.—Same as the 9th, in red.

For the outer edge of the stars take blue on spool and shuttle and ch 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, and connect all around, in the larger spaces, ch 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close. This edge is put on the top and the side next to the staff.

Staff holder is made as follows: In white make a ring of 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close; take spool thread, ch 10 d s, make ring same as first and so on connecting to the staff side of flag. As you make, starting at the bottom connect 1st ring in end of red bar 2nd and 3rd ring connect in 2nd p as you go up the staff 4th and 5th in 3rd p and so on, if you should want to insert a larger staff than the 10 d s would allow make chains longer.

Crocheted Portiere

Materials: Carpet warp and No. 1 bone hook.

Three slightly different medallions are combined in this design, as shown in our illustration. This pattern can easily be made to fit any sized door by adding to the width. To exactly copy one will need twelve large square medallions, five small square ones and end medallions. These with the tassels and rings complete the design.

Large Square Medallion

Ch 20, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat making 3 more sps or 5 in all, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—5 sps, ch 5, turn.

Repeat last row 3 times. This will give one 5 rows of 5 sps each.

Next, work completely around this square as follows: In last sp of 5th line make 3 s c, 1 s c between rows, 3 s c in sp ending 4th row, 1 s c between rows, 3 s c in sp, 1 s c between rows, ch 12, turn, sl st to s c, between 2nd and 3rd sps, turn under ch 12, work, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c in sp end 2nd row, 1 s c between row, 3 s c in corner sp, ch 7, turn, sl st to 2nd p on ch 12, ch 7, sl st to 4th p, ch 7, sl st to corner of square, turn, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c under ch 7, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c, under 2nd ch 7, while under 3rd ch 7 one makes only 2 p as under first ch.

Second Side of Square

Work singles in first 3 sps as directed for first side, ch 12, singles and picots, and finish the same as in first side.

Repeat on other two sides and break thread.

Small Square Medallion

First 5 rows are same as in large medallion, and one side has the same finish, on 2nd side make 3 s c in corner sp, 1 p of ch 3, 3 s c in next sp, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c, 1 p, 6 s c in corner sp, 1 s c between rows, 3 s c, repeat to next corner, 6 s c, 1 p and finish this last side same as opposite with 4 p.

End Medallions

The center and three sides are the same as the large square medallion, while the fourth side is finished with singles and 4 picots as in the small square medallion.

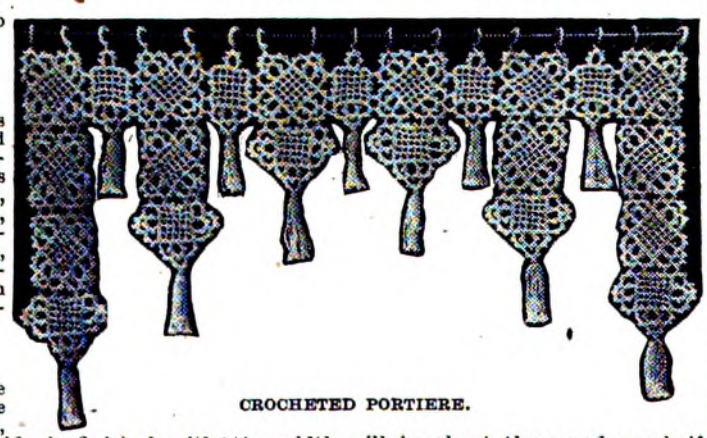
The joining can be made as the work is done, but is easier to handle if joined afterwards by needle and thread. In the first strip join 3 large square medallions by third picots of center chs on one side and next picots of side chs to corresponding picots of next medallion.

To the same picots of the medallion join an end medallion by first picot of side ch and first picot on the fourth side of the end medallion. Sk 2 sps and join the next two to correspond to first side.

Add a tassel to center picot of end medallion. Join small square medallion by first p to first p of ch on side of first large medallion. Sk 2 medallions on each square and join the next 4, or 2 and 2 p which will be opposite each other. Finish with tassel.

Make the balance of the portiere and join in the same way.

Crochet over rings of cord of the proper size to fit the pole used.



CROCHETED PORTIERE.

Crocheted Purse

Here are simple directions for crocheting a purse with wool or silk. Commence with 37 chain, always taking three chain to turn. Turn and work one treble in each chain, turn and continue the same till you have the required length. Remember that the work has to be doubled from beginning to end to form two sides.

When you have the length desired, start decreasing one stitch at each end until all the stitches are done. This point forms the turnover flap.

Double the work and sew neatly on the wrong side, turn back and sew a patent fastener to the under side of the flap, which fastens to the purse itself.

If you wish to wear the purse around your neck, fasten your thread at one end of the purse and work 80 chain and attach the opposite side. Double crochet around a brass ring catching it into the 80 chain in the center Pass the cord to go around the neck through this ring and the purse is completed.

Wide Filet Insertion

This insertion is suitable for towels, scarfs or runners. If made of No. 70 mercerized cotton the width will be about three and one-half inches. The motif is conventional and very attractive.

Begin with ch 75 sts, turn.

1st row.—23 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—11 sps, 1 blk (4 d c), 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—6 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—3 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 7 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—3 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—4 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—6 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

16th row.—Same as last row.

17th row.—Same as 5th row.

18th row.—Same as 5th row.

19th row.—Same as 3rd row.

20th row.—Same as 2nd row.

Next rows all of 23 sps until work measures an inch or two as desired, then repeat motif. For scarf ends an addition may be made to this as needed making and fixing a raised sort of rose to the center of each motif. For this work as follows: ch 3, join, 6 s c in ring, next round 12 s c, next 18 s c, continue working until one-half inch in diameter, then 1 round of 1 s c in each s c, this will tend to draw in or slightly cup the work. Hold in place by filling center with French knots of white or pink if one cares to use another color.

Making Irish Crochet

A clever woman, who supports herself by making Irish crochet lace at odd moments, always learns to make the new patterns first by doing the work with a coarse hook and fine wrapping cord.

When thoroughly familiar with the intricacies of the pattern, she can do the work with fine thread without danger to her eyesight and much more rapidly than it could be done if she were working on an entirely new design.

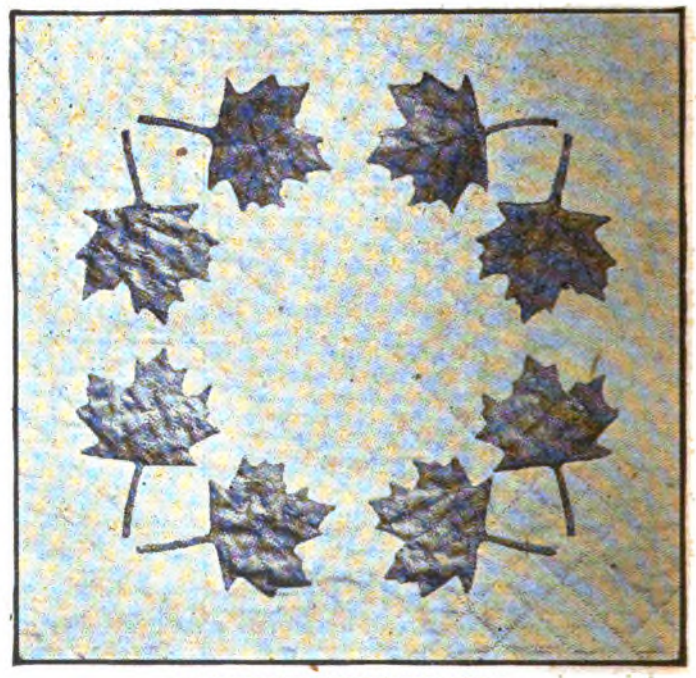
The coarse lace made of the wrapping cord is used to trim linen and cretonne covers for the bureau and tables.

When she wishes to copy a new pattern from a small illustration in a book or magazine, she uses a powerful magnifying reading glass. Then the stitches can be counted without any trouble or without danger of straining her eyes.

Filet and cross-stitch work are treated in the same manner.

Maple Leaf Block, Quilted

Cut two pieces of white muslin eighteen inches square, one square of wadding a little smaller, which place between the muslin



MAPLE LEAF DESIGN FOR QUILT

squares. Baste them together and then quilt. The maple leaves are cut from green material allowing an edge to be turned under, and sewed to the quilted muslin, using the old-time hemstitch, the leaves quilted—with green thread, stitches not to show at back—to represent the veins. Wadding may be cut smaller than the leaves and placed underneath them to give a raised effect

Things to Embroider

To the girl who embroiders the whole realm of pretty summer things is open. Embroidered linen dresses are still fashionable for summer wear. So are embroidered hats, shirtwaists, jabots, belts, shoes, parasols, etc.

An embroidered linen dress sounds like a huge undertaking, but there are lovely designs, with coarse thread, that can be completed in two or three evenings. The stamping should not be done till the dress is finished.

The fichu is a dress accessory easily fashioned by home dressmakers, and delightfully pretty, no matter what its material, so long as it is soft and drapes nicely. A fichu of thin lawn looks charming tucked into the belt of the everyday frock, and a chiffon fichu, edged with baby width satin ribbon, worn with a passe evening frock, makes a new and even prettier affair out of it than it was originally. If you have a cameo brooch with which to pin it, all the better. Old-fashioned brooches that have been lying around in boxes for years are in fashion again. Burnish them up, put new pins on them, and be the envy of all while wearing them.

Instead of buying new things, the home dressmaker should set her mind and her fingers flying amid the old ones, for this is the season of seasons for remodeling, for bringing out old treasures and adapting old styles at home to dresses worn two years ago or thereabouts.

Simple Crochet and Tatting for Children

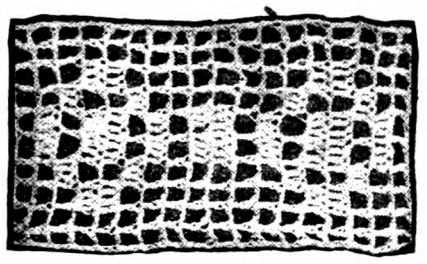
Child's Square Tatted Neck Yoke

BY HARRIET A. BATES.

USING No. 80 thread make a ring of 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, close. Ch 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s. Alternate these rings and chains until there are 11 rings, each joined in making to the side picots. After the 11th ring is made * make a ch 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, join to side p of 11th ring another ch 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, ring same as before joining 3rd p to center of 11th ring. This turns a corner. Continue now with rings and chains until one has 21 rings, then repeat corner from * and after turning make 21 rings, turn corner, 21 rings, turn corner and make 10 rings. Break thread.

2nd row.—Make ring 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, join to p of 1st ch, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, close. Turn and make a ch of 7 d s, then a small ring of 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, close. Turn, another ch 7 d s, then a small ring joined to p of 2nd ch. Repeat working in this way until one has 10 small rings, joined to picots of chs (but do not join these small rings together). Join 11th ring to corner ch, ch 7 d s, 1 ring, ch 7 d s, 1 ring joined to same p with last ring, ch, ring, ch, ring joined to p of next ch. Turn each corner in this way, making two small rings joined to the same picot of each corner ch.

3rd row.—Make ring of 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, ch 5 d s, join to center p of first free small ring in last row. 1 ring same as first in this row, joining to last p in first ring. 1 ch same as first, and joined to second free ring. Repeat until you have joined a ch to the



ROSE FILET INSERTION.

ring next to free corner ring, make the next ring, then a ch 10 d s, 1 ring as before, ch 10 d s, join to center of p of free corner ring in last row, ch 10 d s, 1 ring, another ring join to last ring, ch 10 d s, join to same small corner ring, ch 10 d s, 1 ring joined to last ring, ch 10 d s, 1 ring, ch 5 d s, join to p of next small free ring. Repeat working around the yoke in this way.

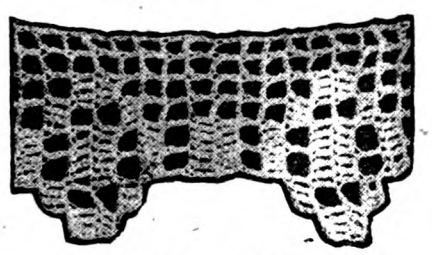
4th row.—This row is of groups of 4 small rings and forms the center of the pattern. Begin with a ring of 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close. Make 3 more rings in the same way, as close to each other as possible and joined to each other by the side picots. Also join the center p of the second ring to center p of first ring in last row. Close after fourth ring, tie securely and cut thread. Join center p of first of next group to center p of third ring of first group. Join center p of second ring to p of third ring in last row. Repeat making 7 groups of 4 rings each, joining the second ring of the seventh group to center p of first corner ring. Next make 4 rings joined to each other and to last group of 4 rings. In next group of 4 join the first ring to p of second ring in last 4 rings, and p of the second ring to the second corner ring. Repeat turning each corner in this way and joining the rings to every other ring in the last row as directed.

5th row.—The same as the 1st row, joining center p of every other ring to picots of third rings in last row. After joining to corner group of four rings make a ch, a ring, only joined to last ring, a ch, a ring, only joined to last ring, a ch, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, join to p of last ring, a ch, a ring joining center p to p of third ring in group of 4 rings and last p to center p of last ring in this row, a ch, a free ring only joined to the last ring in this row, a ch, a ring, join to next group of 4 rings. Repeat around, turning each corner in the same way.

6th row.—Same as 2nd row. Begin with small ring, turn, ch, ring, join to p of first ch, continue as in 2nd row and finish as begun with 1 small ring.

7th row.—Same as 3rd row.

8th row.—Clover leaf finish around neck of yoke. Begin by making 3 rings each of 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, joined to each other by side picots. Turn and make a ch 10 d s, join to center p of first ring in the first row, 10 d s, join to center p of second ring, 10 d s, 1 clover leaf, join second p of first ring to center of third ring of last clover leaf, a ch as before joining to next 2 rings. Repeat making

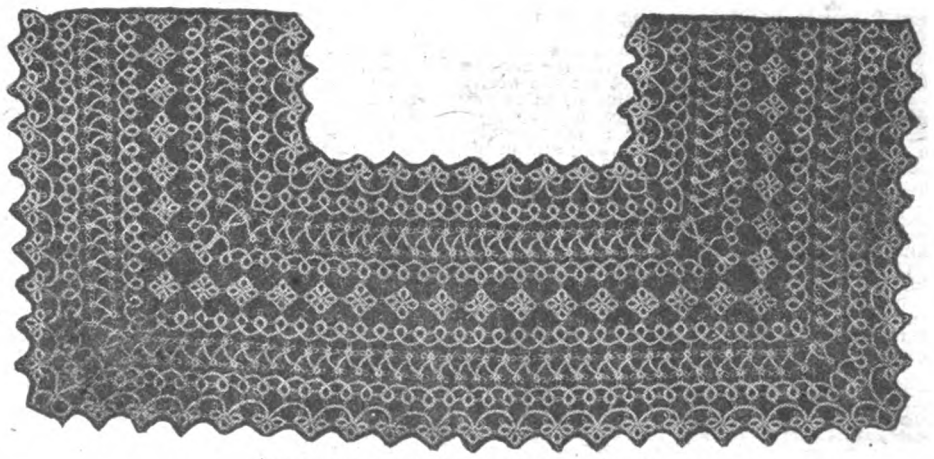


ROSE FILET EDGING.

5 clover leaves, then ch 10 d s, join, 10 d s, join, 5 d s, then a small ring, 4 d s, join to last ring in clover, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, ch 5 d s, join to first ring on side, 10 d s, join to second ring 10 d s, clover leaf, joining to small corner ring.

Work all around, finishing the neck of the yoke in this way and turning each corner as directed.

After joining a ch to last 2 rings in the first row make 1 clover leaf. This brings one to the end of the side opposite beginning work, from here one will work down the end of the work, or from the neck to the bottom of the yoke. Follow the clover with a ch 5 d s, 1 small ring of 3 d s, join to side p of last ring in clover, 3 d s, 1 p (make all picots of rings until next corner is reached a little longer than usual), 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close, ch 5 d s, join to side p of last ring in first row, 5 d s, 1 small ring joined to last small ring, ch 10 d s, join to small ring at end of second row, 10 d s, 1 small ring, joined to last ch 10 d s, 1 small ring, ch 14 d s, join to second p of second row, 14 d s, 1 small ring, 10 d s, join to side of ring in third row, 10 d s, 1 small ring, ch 7 d s, join to end ring in group of 4 rings in fourth row, 7 d s, 1 small ring, ch 10 d s, 1 ring, ch 7 d s, join to side p of ring in fifth row, 7 d s, 1 ring, 14 d s, join to small ring in sixth row, 14 d s, 1 ring, 7 d s, 1 ring, 10 d s, join to small ring in sixth row, 10



CHILD'S SQUARE TATTED NECK YOKE.

d s, 1 ring, 3 d s, join to ring in seventh row, 3 d s, 1 ring, 7 d s, 2 rings, 10 d s, join to center p of end ring in seventh row, 10 d s, 1 clover leaf. Now make leaves and chains as on neck edge, joining each ch excepting the first to two rings. At the corner after making a clover leaf, ch 14, join to p of first corner ring, ch 10, 2 rings close together each of 10 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, 1 p, 10 d s, close. Joining second ring to the first ch 10 d s, join to second corner ring, ch 10 d s, join to next ring, ch 10 d s, 1 clover leaf. Repeat, turning each corner in this way.

A pretty effect may be obtained in using this pattern by combining two colors, using one shade for both edges and the row of 4 ring medallions, and white for the balance.

Collars, cuffs and pockets on little dresses are very pretty trimmed with a colored edge of tatted rings; or if one prefers crocheting the following will give the right amount of color: Use No. 70 or 80 crochet cotton and make 1 s c in material, ch 5, 1 s c in material, repeat, break thread. Join with s c and under first ch 5, make 7 s c, repeat.

Embroidery Pointers

Use your silk in the direction the twist runs, to secure even, smooth work. After drawing a thread from the skein, pass it lightly between the thumb and forefinger, to ascertain this,



LINEN DRESS WITH CROCHETED YOKE.

and then insert the thread in the eye of the needle so that the twist seems to run down from the needle. If the opposite end be inserted, the thread is drawn through the linen against the twist, which causes roughness and knots.

Never knot thread, as this gives the work a rough appearance. Fasten the thread by running it in the cloth, or by sewing it over and over on some portion of the goods that is to be covered by the embroidery.

When you are finishing a needle of silk, fasten it in the same way and clip the silk short, or it will work to the surface and later make the work look ragged. Biting silk pulls it and gives it a drawn look, always cut it.

In working a leaf or petal, the part which laps under should be worked first. You may begin in the center and work out, at the base and work up, or at the edge and work in. A simple way is to begin at the apex of the leaf or petal, and then, after making a line of stitches down the center, work to the right until the right half is finished; then return to the apex and work the left side in the same way. In work that requires delicate shading, work up from the base on the whole petal or leaf. It is better to put in veinings last, over the finished leaf, rather than outlining them first and filling in around them.

To make outlines distinct, so that leaves and petals will not seem to run together, outline the edges. The work is thus raised, and lights and shadows are shown better than by the flat treatment. If a still more highly raised work be desired, you must pad with white cotton or silk underneath.

To make shading artistic, so that there is no sign where one color ends and another begins, run the stitches of one color well up into the other, and do this unevenly, so as to leave no decided line where they meet.



SPORT HAT IN TATTED DESIGN.

Girl's Tatted Sport Hat

BY MABEL DAVIS.

Materials: White or colored tatting thread and shuttles.

Work is begun in the center of the crown by making a ring of 12 picots each separated by 2 d s. Draw up close, tie and cut thread.

2nd round.—Make ring 4 d s, join to p of center ring, 4 d s, close. Turn, make ring 4 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 4 d s and close. Turn and make a small ring like the first and join to next p of center ring. Repeat, working around center ring in this way and cut or leave the thread long enough to turn,

3rd round.—1 ring 4 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close, small ring, 4 d s, join to p of last round, 4 d s, close. Now leaving thread three-eighths inch long make 4 d s, join to p of next ring, 4 d s, close. Repeat around.

4th round.—Ring 4 d s, join to thread between small rings. Widen top of crown by making 2 small rings in every fourth thread in this round. Repeat around.

5th round.—Ring 4 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close, ring 4 d s, join to thread 4 d s. Make 2 small rings in about every second thread, or if this makes the crown too full every third thread.

6th round.—4 d s, join to p of large ring, 4 d s, close, leave sufficient thread and repeat.

Three rounds of small rings joined as before, then a round of large and small rings. This completes the crown.

Side Crown

Ring 4 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close. Turn, ring 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close. Turn large ring as before joining p to p of first ring. Turn, make 4 d s, join to p in small ring, 4 d s, close. Repeat till there are as many large rings as there are in crown of hat.

Make opposite side of beading in the same way, having a group of 4 small rings joined in the center.

2nd round.—1 small ring join to p of large ring, leave thread three-eighths inch, small ring join to p of next large ring. Repeat around.

Brim

Widen by making 2 rings in every 3rd thread. Then 4 rounds of rings without widening. Next round widen in every fourth or fifth thread. Again 4 rounds plain. Repeat, making the brim as wide as desired, then finish the edge with round of small and large rings, alternating, joining the large rings to each other.

Crocheted Edging

This pattern can be made of either one or two rows as shown in our illustration, works up very quickly and is pretty for children's clothes, finish for cuffs and collars of cotton dresses or under clothes.

Ch 4, 2 d c, in first st. Ch 4, 2 d c in fourth st of first ch or over first d c. Ch 4, 1 s c in same place. Ch 4, 2 d c in same place. Ch 4, 1 s c in



CROCHETED EDGING.

same place. Ch 4, 2 d c, ch 4, 1 s c, all in same place, ch 3, sl st to first st. Ch 10, 2 d c in fourth st from hook, ch 4, 2 d c, ch 4, 1 s c in same place. Ch 4, 2 d c in same place. Ch 4, 2 d c in first st of ch just made, ch 4, 2 d c, ch 4, 1 s c, ch 4, 2 d c, ch 4, 1 s c, ch 4, 2 d c, ch 4, 1 s c all in same place, ch 3, sl st to top of 2 d c in unfinished petal, ch 4, 1 s c in same place with 2 d c, ch 4, 2 d c, ch 4, 1 s c in same place, ch 4, 1 s c, ch 10 and repeat.

Linen Dress with Crocheted Yoke

This little dress has a ring yoke the pattern of which is shown in detail in No. 1 which illustrates a 4 ring band suitable for insertion.

By adding scallops, as shown in No. 2, an edging can also be made.

Directions for Edging

No. 50 white mercerized cotton, No. 12 steel hook. Ch 13, join 10 sts in a ring, 10 s c in ring, ch 3, 1 s c, to form picot, ch 10, join in ring, 10 s c in ring, 1 p, repeat making 5 rings in all, in last ring make 20 s c, 1 p, 10 s c in next ring, 1 p, repeat until 5 rings are complete, 1 s c, 1 d c, 1 tr c in first 3 sts of ch.

2nd row.—Ch 13, sl st to 4th st from hook, 5 s c, sl st to 5th st, s c in last ring, 5 s c, 1 p. Repeat, filling and joining each of the rings to rings in first row. After making 10 s c in 5th ring ch 5 turn, 10 s c, 1 p, repeat in each ring, 1 s c, 1 d c, 1 tr c after last ring as before.

3rd row.—Same as 2nd row. After making 10 s c in 5th ring turn work and make 1 tr under ch 5 in center of last ring in 2nd row, ch 2, 1 tr c, repeat, making 7 tr c in all. Join with sl st to center of last ring in 1st row, turn work and make 2 s c, ch 3, 2 s c, between each tr. Finish 3rd row.

4th row.—Five rings as in 1st row.

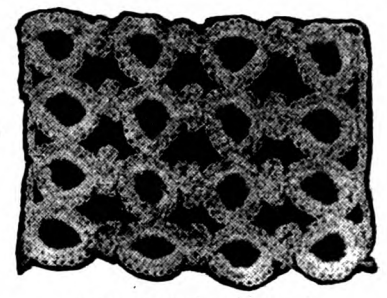
5th row.—Same as 2nd row.

6th row.—Same as 3rd row.

Crocheted Yoke

Before attempting to fashion a yoke it would be well to practice working on an insertion or edging until one thoroughly understands the method of working, then it will be a simple matter to make a yoke.

To copy the one illustrated the work is begun at the lower edge of a sleeve. Begin with ch 10, join in ring and work as directed for edging until one has 19 rings. Complete by working back to starting point, ch 15, join in 10th st for ring, work as in 1st row and join to 1st row of rings as directed in edging. Make 20 rows of rings this width. Next 7 rows 6 rings wide only. This forms front of yoke. Then 20 rows 19 rings wide, break thread, join it between 6th and 7th rings from bottom of the back of the yoke, ch 15, join last 10 in ring, make a row 6 rings deep joining to rings as made. Make 3 more rows, ch 8, 1 s c in center of last ring, ch 5, 1 s c in p between rings, ch 5, 1 s c in 2nd ring, repeat, at the corner ch 8, 1 s c in top of ring, ch 2, 1 s c top same ring, ch 5, 1 s c in next ring, ch 2, 1 s c in same ring. Repeat, making a ch in this way along the edge of 16 rings. Fold balance of work together to form

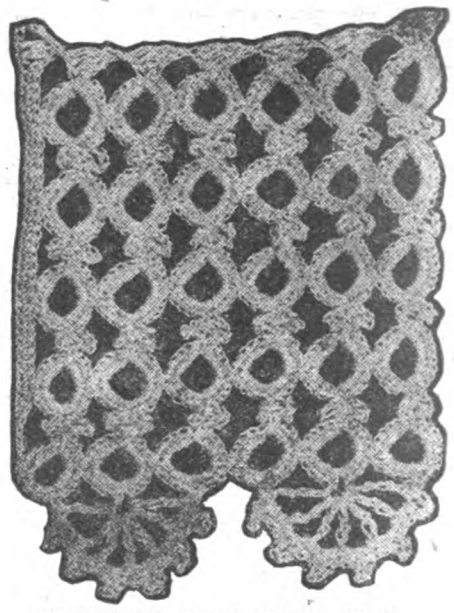


RING INSERTION. NO. 1.

sleeve, ch 5, 1 s c in top of ring in 8th row from edge of the sleeve, on the front of the yoke ch 5, 1 s c in ring in same row on back of the yoke, ch 5, 1 s c, under ch between rings on front of yoke, ch 5, 1 s c under ch between rings on back of yoke, ch 5, 1 s c over ring in 7th row, ch 5, 1 s c on opposite side. Repeat, working back and forth to edge of the sleeve.

Make 4 rows of 6 rings each to form the other side of the center back and join to yoke, fold and join sleeve as directed.

Chain along bottom of front of the yoke, beginning at top of right-hand side of the back at the neck and make 5 or 6 d c under the chains along the edge; at the corner work



EDGING FOR LINEN DRESS. NO. 2.

enough to turn a square corner, work all around the lower edge of the yoke and up opposite side of back to the neck in this way. Break thread.

Edging on Bottom of Yoke

Beginning at lower corner of right-hand side of back of yoke, ch 6, 1 d tr c (thread over 4 times) in next stitch, ch 5, sk 5, 2 d tr c in next 2

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

Linen Dress with Crocheted Yoke

Edging on Bottom of Yoke

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

sts, repeat around bottom of the yoke to opposite corner of the back. Ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—2 d c between 2 d tr c, 7 d c under ch 5, 2 d c on 2 tr, 7 d c under next ch. Repeat around.

3rd row.—Ch 5, 5 tr c with ch 1 between in the 2nd st, 1 s c on 4th d c, 1 sh, 6 tr c with ch 1 between, over next 2 d tr, 1 s c on 4th d c. Repeat around, ending with a shell, turn.

4th row.—Ch 3, 1 s c between trebles on shell, repeat, making picots over shells.

Finishing the sleeves by working 2 tr c in top of first ring, ch 5 or 6, 2 tr c in picot between rings, ch 2 tr c in p between next 2 rings, repeat, join with ch to first treble.

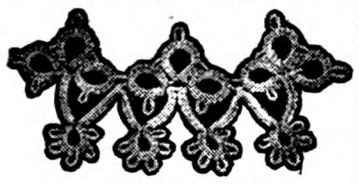
Add shells of 6 d c over each two trebles and finish with picot shells.

The neck has first a row of chains fastened to each ring and then the same finish as is on sleeves.

This little yoke, which is very effective if well-made, will outlast a couple of dresses.

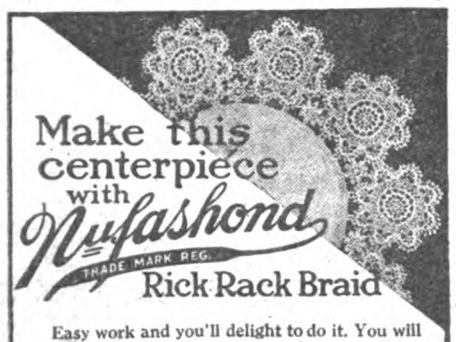
Tatted Edging

Using No. 70 mercerized cotton begin by making a ring of 6 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close, ring 3 d s, join to last p in first ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. Make a third ring in the same way and join to the second.



TATTED EDGING.

Ch 7 d s, small ring, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, close, ch 7, join to center p in third ring, ch 7, 1 small ring, ch 7, 3 large rings, 3 p rings joining the first in this group to center p of third large ring. Repeat pattern.



Easy work and you'll delight to do it. You will enjoy making any of the many dainty and serviceable articles shown in the **Nufashond Rick Rack Book.** Scarfs, doilies, camisoles, dress yokes, table covers, guest towels, collars, aprons, pillows, luncheon sets, insertions, edgings, etc. This instructive manual gives you clear and complete directions. And because it acquaints you with Nufashond Rick Rack Braid, it is priced at only **15 cents.**

At all department stores and needlework shops. If you don't get the Nufashond Rick Rack Book, we will send it with one full piece of Nufashond Mercerized Rick Rack Braid and one ball of Nufashond Mercerized Crochet Cotton, on receipt of **40 cents.**

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Antidotes for Poisons

Prompt Action May Save Life if You Know What to Do While You Wait for the Doctor

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IF anyone has taken poison don't wait for the doctor to come, but do something at once for a delay of even a few minutes may cause loss of life. Give the sufferer an emetic immediately and get the doctor as soon as possible, telephone him if you can. The simplest emetic is prepared by mixing a tablespoonful of salt or a tablespoonful of mustard in a glass of warm water and drinking it quickly. Force vomiting by sticking the finger down the throat.

In the following list will be found special antidotes for the commonest household poisons. The proper antidote is to be given at once, but don't fail to get the doctor also as soon as you can.

IODINE.—The commonest preparation is the tincture or "iodine paint," and is a violent poison if taken internally. Prepare boiled starch and let the patient drink it, or drink thick cornstarch or eat a quantity of boiled or baked potatoes.

FACE LOTIONS OR HAIR DYES.—Children sometimes get hold of these things and drink them, and as they sometimes contain white lead or sugar of lead they are dangerous internally. The best antidote is from half to a tablespoonful of Epsom salts in a tumbler of water according to the age of the child.

ARSENIC IN PARIS GREEN.—Fly and rat poisons, green dyes, Fowler's Solution, etc. Give an emetic and send for the doctor at once.

PLANT POISONS.—Wild parsley, bitter sweet, mountain ash berries, toadstools, poke berries. The symptoms are a weakened pulse and respiration, nausea and sometimes unconsciousness. The antidote is to produce vomiting and then give stimulants—whiskey, black coffee, or aromatic spirits of ammonia, a teaspoonful in a third of a glass of water—half the dose for young children.

CARBOLIC ACID POISONING.—This is shown by white scars on the lips and tongue and burning pain in the throat and stomach. Give whites of eggs, make the sufferer drink milk or if you cannot get any at once give flour and water or salad oil.

BICHLORIDE OF MERCURY; CORROSIVE SUBLIMATE; BLUE OINTMENT.—This kind of poisoning is shown by a severe pain and spasm in the throat and a metallic taste in the mouth. Give an emetic at once and then raw eggs and milk and keep the body warm with hot water bags. Mercury poisoning can occur from external application as well as by the mouth. Salves or antiseptic solutions on an open wound sometimes cause it.

OPIUM POISONING.—This is caused by morphine, an overdose of paregoric or soothing syrup, etc. The symptoms are intense sleepiness which is sometimes a stupor, pupils of the eyes contracted as small as the head of a pin and slow pulse and breathing. Give emetic, which may be repeated two or three times, and then large quantities of very strong black coffee. Keep the patient awake by forced walking and dash cold water on the face and chest at intervals.

AN OVERDOSE OF SULPHONAL, VERONAL, TRIONAL OR AMMONAL or any of the coal tar products. This drug produces great depression and stupor if too much is taken and even paralysis in extreme cases. The antidote is to stimulate the heart's action by giving strong black coffee or from half to a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in one third of a glass of water.

PTOMANE POISONING.—This is caused by eating decayed meat or fish or canned goods that have been kept too long, etc. The symptoms are nausea, severe prostration, severe pain and often diarrhea. Try to remove the cause of the trouble by producing vomiting and then give a tablespoonful of castor oil. Apply a hot water bag and if not at once relieved send for the doctor.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

you never have. It is true that everyone has joys if they but look for them. I like this little verse:

"Not more of light, I ask, O God,
But eyes to see what is;
Not sweeter songs, but power to hear
The present melodies."—Ed.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Here comes another old maid. Aren't they getting numerous? I am just ten years younger than "Contrary Mary." How old was she? If you please, I would like a seat over here by her while I stay for I am all the women folks in our family.

A word to the girls that have to stop school at an early age. I had to but I didn't give up. I studied at home and read everything worth while that I could get.

Sunshine, I agree with you about books. I just "love" them and have a stack of books and magazines, and a wood fire too. I have read all the books and they are waiting for someone else. Who wants them?

What has become of Bachelor Bill? Did the compliments(?) he got scare him? We wish he would come again, don't we, sisters?

How many of the sisters make chums of little brother? I do and find it rather jolly. "How do you?" I hear someone say. Well, I will tell you what we did this afternoon. We tramped all over fields and bluffs, setting traps. Did I want to go? No, not exactly but when he said, "Guess you'll want me to bring some more books from town next time," what was I to do? And that was not all. When that was done there was the new tractor that I had not seen and no one but Bud could show me how to run it. Then it was time for him to go to the train for Dad and I must help him get the flivver out. That is an example. Am I tired? Yes, but it did little brother lots of good if the loving smile he gave me is any sign.

With love to the sisters, MOLLY-JOE.

Molly-Joe.—That's a jolly, friendly sort of name and sounds as though you might be a good chum for small brother. Older sisters can exert a powerful influence for good over their brothers and you'll never regret the hours you have given to little Bud.—Ed.

MAIDEN ROCK, WIS.

DEAR EVERYBODY:

Since that day when I first took notice of the Sisters' Corner I have been an interested reader. It happened this way: I had the "indigoes" and in that mood I picked up the October, 1919, number of COMFORT and saw therein a letter from Criss. I read it and was surprised because it was interesting so I opened my eyes and came out of the dumps, found a stack of COMFORTS and settled down for a pleasant evening. How I enjoyed those letters! There was Nelle Fischer's, B's of Goshen, Bachelor Bill's, Lula's, George Garrison's, and Pearl Vesey's. Had about decided to pay you a visit when I found your letter written on the Western trail. Good luck to you. Please let us hear from you soon.

George Garrison, who is it that is so very particular? Is it you or the "fair sex"? If such a man as I believe you are, came into my sight I'd be there on the spot with some of the encouragement you mentioned. My ideas of a Christian are the same as yours. Let us pray—not *say* prayers.

Nelle Fischer, I have a bone to pick with you. My eyes used to be a dark blue until I read your account of a day spent with Mrs. Wilkinson and lo and behold! they turned green—real "catty" green. So don't come near me if you value your future, but write as usual.

Dear mothers, haven't you in your family a proverbial "black sheep"? Every family has, I believe. Is he, or she, high strung, restless and seemingly ungracious? Do you doubt that beneath the unruly exterior there is a heart? Perhaps it seems as if kindness leaves no impression, no rebuke kindly spoken calms the spirit. Try with all patience to meet rebellion with quiet helpfulness, not angrily, as one only loses ground when in the throes of its power. Let there be a happy medium,—do not let the child rule and do not let your heart harden. Sometime, perhaps not far distant, that child will see and understand and what a blessing if such a backward look is a stepping stone to a better life.

I am not married and am not even an old maid, being twenty-two.

"This I learned from a shadow tree
That to and fro did sway on the wall,
That our shadowed selves, our influence, may fall
Where we ourselves may never be."

Would like to hear from readers.

LILLIAN SJOSTROM.

MURRAY, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you please admit a little lady from the state of old Kentucky into your happy circle? I'm only a new subscriber but I've long been an interested reader and lover of COMFORT for my mother was a subscriber for a goodly number of years. I find the sisters' letters are very beneficial and I appreciate the help I get from them for surely no one lives to himself, and no one dies to himself; for every one of our lives, no matter how insignificant, have a great influence upon the life of someone else, either for good or bad. This sometimes we are not aware of. Nevertheless it is true; therefore it behooves every one of us to watch our actions, work and our very thoughts, and see, so far as it is consistent, that there is not anything in our lives that would cause a weaker brother or sister to err.

If the editor lady doesn't donate this to the waste-basket I'll call again and tell you of my four babies.

With best wishes to dear old COMFORT and its many readers, MRS. C. L. CHRISTENBERG.

Mrs. Christenberg.—The little verse in the letter written by Lillian Sjostrom, illustrates beautifully all that you say regarding our influence on those around us.

THERMOPOLIS, WYO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I don't know of any other way to acknowledge all the lovely letters I received in answer to my request in August COMFORT for a teacher for my boy. I have answered all that sent stamps and many that didn't, but there are so many that I couldn't, I was too busy. I have some delightful pen friends from among the writers of the letters. I received from five to thirteen a day for six weeks so maybe you think it wasn't a task to choose. But I am certainly pleased in my choice. Our teacher came from the sunny South, Navasota, Texas, and is all we could wish for. My boy is doing fine and we all love her. Many thanks to COMFORT and to you, Mrs. Wilkinson. I wish to thank all who answered my letter and I wish I could have secured positions for them. I have given some addresses to our county Supt. of Hot Springs Co., Wyo. and sent a number to a lady over the mountain who wanted a teacher. My COMFORT letter also found some of my husband's relatives in Forest, Miss., whom he had not heard from since his mother's death, years ago.

I would like to tell you of our part of Wyoming. It is a wonderful place. I love the free open country, the mountains, beautiful summer twilights and many other things.

One of the many lovers of COMFORT.

MRS. JOE KITCHINGS.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Add hot water to apples when baking and they will be juicy.

Set custards in pan of cold water before placing in oven to bake.

A teaspoon of burnt sugar will give an amber color to soup made from white meats.

A spoonful of sugar added to water when boiling turnips will prevent their tasting bitter.

Sprinkle dampened salt over wood floor before sweeping and there will be no dust.—MARYANN, Missouri.

A clean brick, heated, makes an excellent flatiron stand as it retains the heat much longer than the ordinary metal stand.

If too much salt has been added to soup, put in a few slices of raw potato and boil five minutes. The potato absorbs much of the salt.

Machine oil may be removed from white goods by rubbing the spot with chalk and letting it remain a few minutes before rubbing off.

Before putting potatoes in oven to bake, try greasing them well with lard. The skins will remain soft. —CONTENTED WIFE, Minnesota.

When sewing, place a shoe box near you in which to drop all ends of threads and scraps of cloth. This saves sweeping and avoids a clutter.—MEDDLESOME MATLIDA, Tenn.

When washing linen embroidered with white silk, use cold water. Keep hot water away from white silk and it will retain its whiteness.—NORA AND ETHA SHAFER, Hillsboro, Ohio.

When the cane seats in chairs begin to sag, scrub them well with boiling hot suds and set them in the sun to dry. This tightens the cane which may then be varnished or waxed.

Requests

Cure for milk leg.

How to make grape juice.

How to make good peanut butter.

How to clean a white horsehair hat?

How to starch thin goods with gum arabic.

Mrs. Amy E. Morgan, Sebasco, Maine, would like reading matter.

Mrs. H. B. Nelson, Glendo, Wyo., would like an April, 1919, issue of COMFORT.

Mrs. Emily Wolfe, Imperial, Saak, Canada, would like the March, 1919, issue of COMFORT.

Poem beginning, "My Grandpa is a funny man, he's Scotch as he can be."—MRS. LEONARD GILKEY, Scio, Oregon.

Mrs. E. E. Blake, Tuol, Box 373, Cal., would like to get the March 29, 1913, issue of the Saturday Evening Post.

I would like to have the November, 1918, issue of Today's Housewife. Will return favor in any way I can.—MISS NANNIE R. E. TALLY, Bethel, R. R. 1, Ky.

Would some of you be so kind as to send me some school magazines, recitations and songs. Will return kindness.—MISS FANNIE ANDERSON, Sebastian, Texas.

Will someone please send me the words to the following songs: "Whispering Hope," "Oh, That We Two Were Maying," "Angels from the Realm of Glory." ELIZABETH JOHNSON, Elko, S. C.

If some of the COMFORT readers will send me books and magazines, I will pay postage and return them if desired. Will exchange reading matter. Would especially like to read the November and December, 1916, issues of Munsey's, and January and February, 1917, —MRS. L. C. WOODS, Memphis, R. R. 7, Missouri.

Remedies

NAIL WOUND.—Put two or three handfuls of wood ashes in pan and add a quart of hot water. Soak the wound in this, keeping it as hot as it can be borne.

SORE EYES.—An old and popular remedy for ordinary inflammation of the eyes is to bind on them at night a poultice of tea leaves.—MRS. A. CROWLEY, Freshwater, Calif.

COLD.—Three drops of turpentine in teaspoon of sweet cream every two or three hours. It is good in pneumonia for I have tried it.—MRS. BETTIE JONES, Marques, Texas.

ERYSIPELAS.—Stir together, but do not beat, the white of one egg and same amount of sweet cream. Warm and apply every fifteen minutes.—LINDA TROYER, Walnut Creek, Ohio.

A most wonderful healing salve for burns is made as follows: One tablespoon of white vaseline and one teaspoon zinc oxide. Mix without any cooking or warming. For external use only.—MRS. M. E. EMERSON, San Antonio, Texas.

Dont Send a Penny

Here is the Queen of all the season's most attractive waist models—the daintiest, smartest, most beautiful waist imaginable—at a price so low that we do not hesitate to send it without a cent in advance. Just your name and address on post card brings this exquisite creation for examination and try-on. Don't delay — send today for this extremely

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Address.....

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The Comfort, Quality and Style of this beautiful Oxford makes it the most wonderful Dress Shoe Value ever offered. Your choice of black or tan, in either military low or French high heels. *Direct to You from the Shoe Style Center of America.* Send for a pair **ON APPROVAL.** Simply mail coupon. Do not pay a penny until they arrive. Compare them with shoes sold elsewhere at $8.00 to $10.00 a pair. Try them on in your own home. Enjoy their blessed comfort! Your friends will instantly recognize their good taste and smart, snappy style. Postage FREE.

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If you are not delighted with these wonderful shoes, they will not cost you a penny—Send them back at our expense.

$4.85 on Arrival **You Risk Nothing!**

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Send shoes ON APPROVAL. I will pay only $4.85 on arrival.

☐ Rich Dark Tan, Low Heel ☐ Rich Dark Tan, High Heel
☐ Dull Black Kid, Low Heel ☐ Dull Black Kid, High Heel

Name..... Size.....

Address.....

A Gem of Destiny

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3.)

if you will pardon my boldness, to—to," he stammered desperately; Kitty felt quite sorry for him.

"Why, certainly—to see me," she smiled, gaily. "All right, we'll let Clint plow on. Adam—our mule, is old and slow, so that Clint needs plenty of time. We are going to town if something doesn't turn up, pretty soon, for our land is worn out, and our house just a shell—though the rose-garden is the loveliest in the county, I think. Still, you know, one can't eat roses—and we do have such awful appetites!"

She looked at the bread, now made into neat loaves, filling two pans. "Now see that bread?" "It's beautiful, wonderful!" admired the viscount, ardently.

"Isn't it? But bless you, it won't last Clint—and me, and Mattietta there, any time at all! You see we've *got* to move to town—unless something turns up mighty quick!"

"That reminds me," stammered Lord Leslie, "er—that—er—necklace you wore yesterday—might—er—might I ask you as a very great favor indeed, to let me take a look at it?"

Maybe the man wanted to buy it! Kitty's heart gave an ecstatic little leap, and then sank heavily—she couldn't sell Miss Molly's last gift—not for any money.

"Oh, yes—my jade necklace Miss Molly sent me. Do—do you want to see it with a view to—to buying it?" asked Kitty, hesitatingly. "I'd love to sell it to you, if I had bought it. But a gift—and poor Miss Molly died right after she sent it to me from San Francisco, where she bought it in a Chinese curio store, she said. But I'll show it to you, gladly."

She put the bread to rise in a warm place, and taking her visitor out on the front gallery, whose pillars were twined with roses of all colors like a beautiful mosaic, she—not listening to his incoherent explanations, ran upstairs, fished the necklace out of a drawer and bore it to him, hanging gracefully from one finger.

"Ugly thing—though it may be valuable, Miss Molly said, being real jade—whatever that is. And that pendant, now—I call that clumsy, no matter if it is artistic. And it's heavy, too—I'm going to take it off, when I can get hold of Clint long enough—it's fastened on very securely."

"I see," muttered the visitor, abstractedly. He peered curiously at the clasp of the necklace and looked up solemnly. "Miss Plair, this is our family crest—and this necklace was stolen from my mother's safe in our castle in Yorkshire with all her other jewels. There were none, however, as valuable as this—though the thieves never found it out!"

"For mercy's sake!" gasped Kitty, wide-eyed, "then if it was stolen, why it's yours—your mother's—and I'll be glad indeed to give it back to her."

"Let me explain: You see our family have a wonderful emerald—oh, I can't tell you how valuable it is. Mother had it brought down from London, where she kept it in a bank vault, for Gwen, my sister, to wear at her coming out ball. Somebody frightened her with tales of thieves, so she had a jeweler in whom she had confidence encase the emerald in silver and hang it on a jade necklace of small value as a pendant."

"O—o—oh!" breathed Kitty, eyes shining like stars. "Suppose it is in that ugly pendant!"

"Well, nobody knows, but the jeweler thought his assistant heard them talking about the emerald, and informed some friend in Yorkshire. At any rate, the safe was opened and every jewel in it stolen the very night before the ball.

"Scotland Yard was notified, detectives were sent down, servants examined—no use. My father offered a reward at last—and it still stands. Miss Plair, the Hanbury emerald—my father is the Earl of Hanbury—is, I think, in this pendant. The thieves thought it was not in the safe—they didn't know about its safeguard. We recovered some of the jewels—a string of pearls, another of opals; found them scattered about in Paris and London shops, but not the one jewel of worth. May I open this pendant?"

"Yes—oh, yes!" agreed Kitty, eagerly, "just cut into it with your penknife—I don't mind a bit."

So he cut into the soft silver, peeling it off like the skin of a fruit, and revealing a wonderful oblong stone—a pendant itself, though unset in a frame—such a rare, intense light glowing in its limpid green depths that a novice could not help knowing it was a gem of value—a monstrous emerald!

"It is my mother's emerald, Miss Plair," said the major, very softly, "and—I must take it away from you! I am sorry indeed."

But Kitty protested that she was delighted to have him find it—it was so romantic! And Mattietta must call Clint; it was nearly noon anyway, and Adam was always tired before noon—he was getting old.

Clint came; saw the big emerald with awe-struck eyes, and promptly agreed with his sister that they were delighted to have the major find it at last. And he must stay to dinner—it wouldn't be much, but Kitty could fry some ham and eggs in a jiffy.

When Kitty seconded the invitation the Englishman accepted with evident pleasure. Kitty, solicitous about her bread, flew into the kitchen where she tossed up some sour-cream biscuit, broiled some old Virginia ham, cured by the Smithfield recipe, made an omelet and coffee and before one might say Jack Robinson had dinner served, with snowy cloth, sparkling cut-glass, shining old silver, the Tryon china and the best lace centerpiece with a blue bowl full of Duchesse roses in the middle of it.

"You are going right straight back home and take the emerald to your mother, aren't you?" queried Kitty, while they were at table.

"No; fact is, this climate agrees with me so well that I think I'll stay on a bit longer," declared the major, trying to look like an invalid, though he had just finished his second slice of Smithfield ham!

"Then," said Clint, cool as you please, "why not stay on with us? We sort of feel like old friends since we found your emerald for you right in our own house."

"Yes—do," seconded Kitty, mentally taking inventory of her smokehouse and pantry, and wondering whether he could eat egg-bread if the flour gave out.

After a little demur, he was persuaded to stay—and learned every single thing about the people who entertained him before he had been there two days. About Susie Cameron, and how she would wait for Clint, and how awfully Kitty hated to give up the old place and leave her roses, and go where maybe you never saw a flower, and work in an office, making pothooks and hangers that nobody could read. Kitty had her doubts about ever learning stenography, though old Judge Landon had promised her a job in his office, when she did.

He followed the two about, helping them with their chores in his awkward way, and making them laugh at him a dozen times a day; even Mattietta giggled to see him hoeing potatoes, and was overcome with merriment when he wiped dishes for her mistress while she, Mattietta, mopped up the kitchen floor.

And, every day and every hour he was growing more and more deeply in love with Kitty Plair.

She was making bread one day, being deeply immersed in dough and talking about roses—a lovely Lamarque was twined round the kitchen window—when all of a sudden she began to cry, thinking of the pain that would come to her when she gave them up.

A big tear hung pendant from each eyelid; she turned them upon Lord Leslie and sobbed: "Won't you p-p-lease wipe my eyes? My hankchief is in my ap'on pocket."

Kitty Plair and coquetry didn't know each other by sight; but the most finished coquette could not have brought a lover to a declaration of his love more subtly. In a minute Kitty was in his arms, dough and all; he was wiping her eyes with his own handkerchief, and whispering that he loved her more than all the wealth of the world, and asked nothing better than to be allowed to wipe away her tears for the rest of her life.

Kitty could do nothing—she was held so tightly that she couldn't turn her head—she simply had to "stay put". Having her at this disadvantage, he used it boldly, declaring her arguments to be futile—he wanted her to grow roses for him in his gardens in England. Clint might have Susie Cameron——

"But poor Clint has no money," protested Kitty, still at a disadvantage.

"Well—the reward for the emerald will be quite enough——"

But she interrupted him fiercely, "Don't dare mention reward to us!" she stormed, struggling impotently, "or—or—I'll never speak to you again!"

He earnestly vowed he wouldn't; but he'd be mighty glad to invest a little money in the plantation, helping his brother-in-law buy machinery, stock, and so on. And wouldn't Kitty look up and say yes?

After a brief silence Kitty looked up; her lips, rosier than her rosiest Duchesse, may have whispered that monosyllable, but nobody heard it, for they were very promptly and firmly sealed in a way that seemed very satisfactory to both parties concerned.

Mattietta coming from the woodpile with an apronful of chips saw the tableau in the kitchen. She dropped her chips and fled precipitately to the ten-acre field. "Mr. Clint—Mr. Clint—run quick! Dat man in de house is a-holdin' Miss Kitty and a-kissin' her—she can't git a-loose!"

Clint whistled softly at this astonishing intelligence, stopping Adam in his tracks. "I thought as much," he mused. "Kitty didn't see it coming, but a fellow with a sweetheart knows the signs." To Mattietta he said: "Run along back, Mattietta—it's all right. Don't go to the kitchen," he added, hastily, "not for—some time."

"I bet dey's courtin'," mused Mattietta, who was twelve, and had as yet no opinion of sweethearts and love-making, and-but small knowledge. "I reckon I better go back an' pick up some mo' chips."

In the kitchen the two, now happily certain they were designed for each other from the beginning of time, sat holding hands boldly. "We'll call the emerald the gem of destiny," declared the major, because it brought us together."

"But where'll you hide it so it'll be safe?" worried Kitty. Bob—imagine a live lord named Bob!—laughed happily. "I don't care where the matre hides it in future; but I do know where I'll hide my own jewel of the world—deep in my heart, where no thief can ever, ever find her!"

Mattietta, poking her head in the door, muttered disgustedly: "My Lawd—dey ain't th'oo courtin' yit!" and fled again to the woodpile.

Was A. J. Guilty?

When Andrew Jackson was the Democratic candidate in the presidential campaign of 1828, his opponent attempted to capitalize "Old Hickory's" alleged illiteracy. Andrew's education, limited to "readin', 'ritin', an' 'rithmetic," could not be considered extensive, and he was probably a poor speller.

In that memorable campaign, Seba Smith, a humorist who wrote under the name of Major Jack Downing, told a story that undoubtedly popularized an expression but failed to keep the hero of the Battle of New Orleans out of the White House. He asserted that Andrew Jackson, believing "Oll Korrect" was the right spelling for "All Correct," indorsed documents with the false initials, "O. K."

This authorship of the symbol conflicts with another story of its birth, which attributes it to the days when finest wine and tobacco were imported from the Santo Domingo town of Aux Cayes, a French name of which the proper pronunciation is "O. K." As the port supplied quality products, the best of anything, so the story goes, became known by this term.

The origin of O. K. is shrouded in mystery. It may have sprung from the shippers and merchants, or it may have arisen from Andrew Jackson's misspelling of "All Correct."

Labor Savers Lead in Tennessee

Home labor savers have been made in large quantities by Tennessee women working under home demonstration agents during the past year. Time-saving and labor-saving equipment is doing much to help the farm woman meet her war problems. Agents in the state report the making under their supervision of the following: 263 fireless cookers, 92 iceless refrigerators, 1,558 fly-traps, 47 kitchen cabinets, 19 floor mops, 25 wheel trays, and 26 ironing boards. Water systems were put in 60 homes and shower baths in seven more. During a fly campaign, 1,333 houses were screened.

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31x4	5.75	1.80	36x4½	9.00	2.70
32x4	6.00	1.85	37x4½	9.25	2.75
33x4	6.25	1.90	34x5	10.25	3.10
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32x3½	7.00	2.00	36x4½	11.50	3.40
31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.50
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31x3½	6.65	1.75	35x4½	10.90	3.05
32x3½	6.90	1.90	36x4½	11.40	3.30
31x4	7.90	2.15	35x5	12.40	3.40
32x4	8.15	2.30	36x5	12.60	3.55
33x4	8.40	2.40	37x5	12.65	3.65

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Valve Grinding

ONE of the first jobs of repairing undertaken by the average owner is the grinding of the valves. He reads instructions relative to this operation, and, because the valves play an important part in the performance of the motor, believes that a test of his skill as a repairman rests in the proper seating of the valves. If conditions were ideal, it would be a simple matter to seat a valve. However, there are certain conditions which are prevalent on present-day cars, and the purpose of this article is to set forth some of the conditions for which the workman should search.

If the car was purchased new last season and the valves have not been ground since the job left the factory, the chances are that the seats, especially the exhaust valve seats, will require recutting.

Great demands have been placed on the factories for cars. The public has demanded them and the factories have done their best in an endeavor to satisfy the demand. The result is that in most cases the cylinder castings have not become properly seasoned before machining. In most cases, the hot gases inside the cylinders will distort the valve seats, a condition which no amount of valve grinding will correct.

Usually the dealer from whom you purchased the car has a set of reseating tools which you can borrow, or, if he will not loan them, it will be advisable to have him recut the seats for you.

Next, the position of the valve head to its stem should be determined. If the head is warped it can sometimes be straightened by an expert workman, but in most cases it will be well to buy a new valve. Mechanics test the trueness of a valve by catching the stem in a lathe chuck. However, the average motorist does not have a lathe and in this case he may use a bit brace. The valve stem is caught in the chuck while the other end can be placed on point such as a center punch held between the jaws of a vise. In the majority of cases it will be found that the valve has been recessed in the head to rest on the lathe center in the original machining.

After ascertaining that the valve heads are true with their stems, carefully inspect the valve face. The face of an exhaust valve may show deep pit marks where it has come in contact with the hot exhaust gases. It would require a whole day's grinding to remove these pit marks and it is far better to remove them with a fine file. There are cutters on the market for refacing of valves. The use of a special tool for this work is advisable for the reason that the angle is insured while with a file there is a chance that the angle will change because of the way the file is held. If it is decided upon to purchase a special tool, be certain that you get one of the same angle as the valve. Some valves are 30 degrees, 40 degrees, 45 degrees, etc.

Let us now assume that everything checks up the way it should and we are ready to commence the grinding. In the head of the valve will be found a slot or two small holes. If a slot is there, it will be possible to use a screwdriver blade for the grinding operation or, if the holes appear in the head, look in the tool kit of the car for a wrench having two prongs to engage these holes. If a special wrench is not found, it is a simple matter to make one by heating a flat piece of steel and roughly forging it. By careful use of the file it will be an easy matter to make the wrench fit the valve.

There are several satisfactory valve-grinding compounds on the market, but a good combination is obtained by mixing fine emery dust or ground glass and cylinder oil to paste-like consistency. Smear the face of the valve and its seat with the mixture and rotate the valve back and forth a quarter turn under little pressure until a light silvery line is visible for the entire circumference of the valve face. Among the common mistakes is the attempt to force a valve to seat which is pitted or grooved by exerting pressure. This practice is dangerous, as the valve seat is liable to be cut. It should be borne in mind that the seat and valve should first be cleaned up with special tools if they are pitted or grooved, after which they can be ground in to a perfect register. Some manufacturers of low-priced cars do not grind valves but cut the seat and valve face to a certain angle, place the valve in its seat and then strike the head of valve a blow with a wood mallet.

Useful Pointers

Speed Maniacs

Some folks seemed to have gained the impression that in order to have others think of him as a good driver he must frequently show flashes of speed and quick stopping. The schoolboy may look upon this type of driver as somewhat of a hero, but to the seasoned motorist he is branded as a "speed maniac." First, it must be distinctly understood that speed does not denote a good driver. No one can get more speed out of a car than is really in it, and by advancing the spark and throttle levers to the limit you obtain speed. It is no art to obtain speed and anyone who cares to advance the levers can get it. The car invariably receives severe pounding and strains during the demonstration of speed and unless you have a deep pocketbook from which to pay the repair bills do not copy after the speed demon.

Running Car Without Storage Battery

Let us assume that for some reason or other the storage battery has been rendered absolutely useless. By this we mean that it will not furnish sufficient current for ignition purposes. Unless another storage battery can be obtained, there is but one alternative and that is to install a set of dry cells. Remove the storage battery and connect the dry cells in series to the cables which were formerly connected to the storage battery. If possible, it is essential that the generator be rendered inoperative. Many generators have a fuse which can be removed while others have a short-circuiting clip. If, however, it is impossible for the operator to render the generator inoperative, the car should not be driven at a speed greater than seven or eight miles per hour in direct drive. If the distance to be covered is not too great and the motor speed is held as above suggested, the chances are that the generator will not produce sufficient current to injure the windings. Running with the generator unprotected is never recommended except in an emergency. It will be impossible to use the electric starter or burn the lights until the storage battery is replaced.

Starting on a Hill

Quite frequently a driver will experience considerable difficulty in starting a car which has been stopped on a hill. This is due to the fact that the instant the brakes are released the car commences to roll down hill and the engaging of the clutch causing the motor to stall. Until a driver has made one or two attempts at starting a car which has stopped on a hill, he is apt to underestimate the factors to be taken into consideration. The proper method of starting under such conditions is to place the engine in operation and then throw out the brake and clutch pedals. The foot brake should be sufficient to hold the car and so the emergency brake should be released. Advance the spark and open the throttle about one third or enough so that the engine just commences to race without the load. Allow the clutch pedal to come back in until you feel a slight drag which would indicate that engagement is very near. Very gradually release the pressure from the foot-brake pedal and at the same time gradually allow the clutch to engage. The point to be remembered is that the clutch engagement must be gradual inasmuch as the engine will be called upon to carry a large load, and sudden engagement would only cause the motor to stall.

Automobile Locks

It is a common occurrence to pick up a newspaper or automobile magazine and read about some new lock for automobiles which has just been placed on the market. The majority of these locks will prevent theft of the car but some of them have their bad features due to the principle of application. Some of the locks cause the gasolene to be turned off, some prevent the steering gear from being turned, others lock the wheels, ignition, etc. One popular car has an arrangement which locks the transmission, starting motor and floor board in one operation. In the writer's opinion, the locks which prevent the starting of the motor and yet do not prevent the pushing of the car, are very efficient. In case of fire, the car may be saved, providing it can be pushed out of the way. There are several arguments for and against the different kinds of locks. In defence of the lock which prevents the turning of the wheels, it is stated that the arrangement renders the car absolutely thief-proof inasmuch as it cannot be towed away.

Clear Vision

A preparation consisting of equal parts glycerine and alcohol rubbed on the windshield glass is said to insure a clear vision during a rainstorm. It is claimed that the water will run away the instant it strikes the glass and will not collect in beads as is the case on a windshield which has not been treated.

Questions Answered

My Ford cylinder head has a crack caused by freezing. Can you tell me of any kind of cement that would stop the leak, or could you recommend some home mixture for this purpose? E. S., Cairo, Okla.

A.—The most satisfactory method of repairing the cracked cylinder head is to have it welded by the oxy-acetylene method. If the job is handled by an expert workman the repair should make the head as good as new. The writer has viewed several jobs which were mended by circulating a preparation in the cooling systems and for several reasons he advises strongly against this method. There are a few cements on the market which harden when exposed to air and which are said to satisfactorily mend cracks. However, due to the expansion and contraction of the metal at the different temperatures, the duration of such a repair is unknown and to feel content to know that the job is done right, you should have the crack welded.

My 1916 model Ford has just lost power because of cylinders or piston rings or both being worn. The cylinders are not scored. I had new rings put in last spring, but not oversize. Can I put in oversize rings without reboring the cylinders? Or would it be better to put in oversize pistons? With oversize pistons would I need oversize rings? (2) What is the reason that a spotlight will burn out when the headlights will not? H. F., Grant, Mich.

A.—It is impossible to state whether oversize pistons and rings would prove beneficial. If the cylinder bores have worn oval shape, reboring will prove the only satisfactory remedy. Would suggest that you have the cylinders inspected by an expert workman in your vicinity, and by careful use of calbers he should be able to determine whether the cylinders have worn oval shape and require reboring. The writer would assume that the head and spot lights obtain their current directly from the Ford magneto. If such is the case, the chances are that you are experiencing spotlight trouble due to the fluctuation in the current voltage at different car speeds. There are choke coils which can be purchased at accessory houses which will prevent the voltage rising to an abnormal value. If you will install one of these coils and use a bulb of the correct voltage, I believe your spotlight trouble will be at an end.

Poor Compression.—Ford, car, 1919 model cylinder No. 4 (rear) develops no power, and No. 3 misses sometimes, though spark is strong. Compression is weaker than in other cylinders. Spitting noticeable when warmed up. Intake valve may be partly clogged or fail to close tight. E. P. G., Windy, W. Va.

A—You state that cylinder No. 4 develops no power while No. 3 misses some of the time. Would certainly suggest removing the cylinder head and an inspection of the valves. Carefully grind the valves in these cylinders and after replacing the head test the compression. If the compression is still low for these two cylinders you had better remove the pistons and examine the piston rings. Replace them with new ones if necessary to obtain good compression. If you have good compression in these cylinders and the plugs deliver a hot spark there should be plenty of "life" produced by these two balky members, providing the carburetor is adjusted properly.

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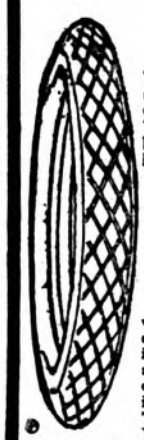
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110	32x3½	11.85	2.85	32	34x4½	16.85	4.35
128	31x4	12.85	3.20	20	35x4½	17.75	4.45
92	32x4	13.25	3.35	8	35x5	18.75	5.45

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Stunting Spring Pigs

POSSIBLE profits are being lost or going to waste on thousands of farms at the present time where spring pigs are being fed the "food of maintenance" instead of a generous ration calculated to grow the youngsters quickly into lusty, fat, round hogs for the November or Christmas market. This may be better understood when it is stated that at fall sales of pure-bred hogs it is not unusual to see spring-born pigs weighing 300 pounds or more. On many, many farms, on the contrary, we see pigs in autumn weighing 75 to 100 pounds, and the wormy ones and runts may be not more than 50 pounds.

Getting Better Growth

First and foremost, one should not expect thrifty pigs from a semi-starved sow that has come through the winter in a stable, without much if any exercise and on a ration of manure pickings, straw, cornstalks, some house slop and little if any grain. Pigs to do well must have right parentage, by which we mean that they should be from graded dams and by a pure-bred sire of a breed suited for pork production, such as are the Poland Chinas, Berkshires and Durocs or Jersey Reds, some of the white breeds and the belted Hampshire. If bacon is the specialty, Tamworths and some of the white breeds are specially suitable for that. No matter what breed is chosen, pure blood, at least on the sire's side, will give the pigs a far better start toward early maturity and big weights that can be had by the use of a scrub, grade or razor-back sire.

Feeding the Selected Hogs

Let every farmer get it out of his head that any young animal can successfully be raised without milk. First there is the milk of the dam and a good yield of that should be insured by generous feeding during pregnancy. That feeding should include clover or alfalfa hay, tankage, dry from a self-feeder to balance any corn that is fed, and some milk or skimmilk in addition to ground grain, bran and oilmeal. We do not mean that the sow is to be fed on such feed; but that she is to be kept healthy, thrifty and with enough and to spare for her own use, that of her unborn pigs and to insure milk for their reception. The pigs then should have a succession of green crops to graze with their dam from early spring to autumn, and here slop and self-feeder nutrients should be allowed so that the pigs will gain weight every day. The experiment station of each state will be glad to furnish our readers with special bulletins telling how to feed hogs in each state, according to the climate and the sorts of green crops and other feeds most available there, so that none need lack special scientific advice on such subjects.

Summer Feeding

The cheapest growths are made on green crops, with other feeds "on the side." Science has shown that milk is absolutely necessary, not from the dam alone, but after weaning to get the best development, and that the grain or seed of any plant is not sufficient for complete nutrition. The seed and leaves and stalks must be fed. For the reason we advocate allowing clover and alfalfa hay when green crop is not available, to round out and balance the ration of milk and meals, with tankage extra. Corn is balanced by tankage. Wheat middlings also is splendid feed from a self-feeder in combination with the others, and such feeding, with skimmilk, whey or buttermilk, twice daily as a drink, will put the hogs onto the market early and weighing heavily.

Hogs also must be kept free from worms. It is worms and a combination of dry, dirty yard, old wallows and bare-bitten old, hog-contaminated pasture, lacking shade and drinking water, that stunts pigs, and such pigs are bred, fed, kept and marketed at a loss. The other sort make "all kinds of money" for their intelligent producer.

Mutton Lambs for Market

Time was when mutton was not appreciated by the average householder of America; but a great demand and appreciative market has of recent years arisen, especially for choice, well-fed lamb of a mutton breed of sheep. The unpopularity of mutton years ago was attributable largely to the fact that sheep were kept primarily as brush and weed eradicators or scavengers, were of the oily Merino type and not fed off fast to produce meat of fine flavor. Another reason was that sheep often were not slaughtered properly, so that the animal heat was not quickly eliminated, and the meat of such sheep had an unpleasant "sheepy" flavor. Since mutton breeds were introduced, better methods of feeding practiced and sheep kept for the production of hothouse lamb and fat lamb for the June or July market, when green peas are available as a side dish, there is no more attractive or palatable meat. Most people are conceding the fact and paying high prices for lamb of such fine quality.

The Lambs to Raise

Dorset ewes crossed with a Southdown or Shropshire furnish a fine quality of lamb, or the crossing may be reversed, or any one of the three breeds mentioned may be used to produce suitable lambs. The hothouse lamb requires special, heated stables and is an expensive proposition, besides requiring special skill and experience on the part of the feeder, and a special market. The Dorset often is used for such production as it is prolific, breeds early and may even have two crops of lambs a year. The lambs for this special trade are dropped in winter and fed off to arrive in market before grass-fed lambs are ready, and, being comparatively scarce, bring fancy prices for hotel and club table use.

Unifofmity Important

It is highly important that lambs should go to market in the most attractive condition. That never is the case if the breeding stock is mixed. The breeding should be uniform to start with and then the lambs should be selected, lot after lot, as they mature, and so that they will look alike and in the same condition on reaching the market. To have lambs attractive so that they will quickly find an appreciative buyer and price, they should be castrated and docked when two or three weeks old. No undocked lamb should be included in a bunch of market lambs. All "rag tags" and "tatterdemalions" should be excluded. Early docking makes a neat, plump rump and leg of mutton, or gives the hind parts such an appearance. Long tails make all lambs look untidy and at once suggest western or ranch origin where special feeding may not have been given. Pea-fed lambs of the far west are an exception, as feeders there are making a specialty of the business and have built up a fine reputation for the uniformity and quality of their lambs. Early castration and docking also prevent setback in growth and thrift. Uncut lambs are "docked" as culls and newly altered big lambs are termed "stags" in some markets, and never bring a fancy price.

Fattening Lambs Fast

To get lambs quickly into condition for the market, one has to start with the sire and dam. Both must be in fine condition at mating time; then the ewe must be well exercised during pregnancy, so that she will not become sick when generously fed roots and silage, clover or alfalfa hay, crushed oats, wheat bran, shelled corn and a little flaxseed meal. The greatest possible care must be taken not to overfatten the ewes, but to keep them muscular and with relaxed bowels as lambing time comes on. So fed and managed, they will have strong lambs and plenty of milk for their reception, and if good feeding then is continued then on a succession of green crops, the lambs will speedily put on flesh and fat and be in fit condition for market and there obtain profitable prices when poorly nourished lambs are making slow progress and never become fit for the choice lamb trade.

Planning the Pasture

"Some one says, "That sounds silly, isn't the pasture already planned?" But it isn't the least bit silly when you stop and think. The pasture lot is already planned. It is there right on the farm, some wasteland unfit for the plow, perhaps, the same pasture that has been used for years. No change has been made in it. But the stock on the farm has increased and to all probability the "old pasture" has run out. It may not yield half as much feed as it did five or ten years ago, so that when summer and fly time comes there isn't half enough feed. The cattle grow thin and we blame the flies.

When Feed Gets Short

The time to plan for the "short feed" season is right now. Let's look over the old pasture and see if we will have to feed extra next summer. If we should, then what shall we feed?

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)



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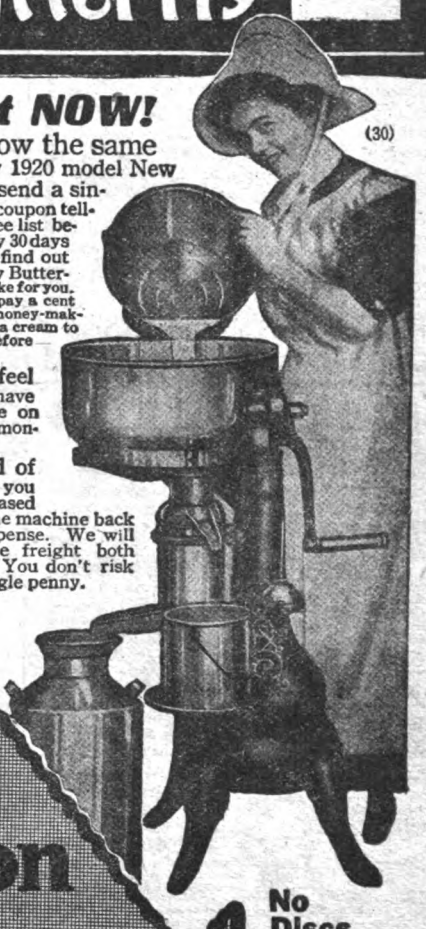
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Plymouth Rocks for Utility

FOR years every poultry expert has asserted that the American breeds, such as Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds and Wyandottes, could not compare with Leghorns and the other Mediterranean breeds as egg producers, yet last year Wyandottes won in the egg contests held at the the Connecticut Agricultural College, and the Maine State Agricultural Experiment Station has produced and now possesses a most wonderful Plymouth Rock hen which is the champion egg producer of the breed and bids fair to beat the world's record of any breed. She was a late chicken, not being hatched until May 12th, which was, of course, very late for a bird of the breed. She was not forced in any way, being just one of the flock which received the usual rations. But in November, when she was not quite six months old, she commenced to lay, and by the first of December she had laid eleven eggs, and before the end of the month had produced twenty more large, perfectly developed eggs. And she kept up this phenomenal performance right through the year, laying 298 eggs before the end of October. A wonderful performance for a hen of any breed, and certainly amazing for a Plymouth Rock, and it proves conclusively the value and results of intelligent breeding.

The Plymouth Rock, though not a prolific egg producer, is the favorite with the Maine farmer because of other good qualities which it has. Professor Woods, director of the Maine State Agricultural Experiment Station, has worked along the lines of selection in the breeding pens, with the special object of building up a strain of great egg-producing Plymouth Rocks, and has succeeded. The Maine State Experiment Station was the first of the state poultry plants to adopt the trap nest—I understand it was invented there—which makes it possible to know exactly how many eggs each individual hen lays, and keep an accurate record of her progeny and their productive powers, so that when it comes to making up breeding pens each spring they have been able to select hens that are not only good individual layers, and mate them to cockerels whose dams and granddams were also good layers, with the result that in each generation for the last few years there has been a marked improvement in the productiveness of pullets, the average having been worked up from 150 to 200 eggs per bird, until now comes the astonishing achievement of this Maine bred hen, known as Number 414 M, which laid 298 eggs in her pullet year, and now, in her second year, bids fair to outstrip her pullet performance, for she laid the last egg of her pullet year on October 29, commenced to moult early in November, devoted three months to the business of growing a new suit of clothes, and on January 30 started laying again with all her former record-breaking pace, laying twenty-three eggs in February, and averaging six a week ever since. All patriotic Americans should rejoice that the hen to achieve such prominence is a Plymouth Rock, for they were the first American creation in poultry to achieve any public recognition, and were the favorite general-purpose fowl until about twenty years ago, when White Wyandottes—and, later, Rhode Island Reds—were developed, and became so extremely popular that they threw the Plymouth Rocks very much in the shade. They might have died out entirely if it had not been for a few staunch friends like Director Charles D. Woods, who have worked persistently to develop their laying qualities, and have succeeded so well that now, at the Maine State Agricultural Station, there are dozens of sisters, half-sisters and cousins of Number 414 M with egg records which reach or overstep the coveted 200-egg mark which poultrymen have been striving for, and, of course, lots of cockerels which come of the same great strain.

Cockerel Number 160, to whom the great 298-egg hen is mated, is quite as wonderful in his own way as Number 414 M, for he developed very rapidly, and when only six months old weighed nine pounds, which is a pound more than the standard requires of a Plymouth Rock cockerel at nine months. He is a strong, handsome bird, alert and vigorous. His mother and grandmother and great grandmother were all birds with trap-nest records, which show that they laid 247, 196 and 191 eggs, respectively, in their pullet years. So, besides individual strength and health, he possesses most desirable qualities for really profitable birds so strongly established that he is sure to transmit them to his progeny.

And the time has come when a farmer's wife must realize that if she expects to get good prices for her eggs and chickens they must be cultivated and culled just as carefully as fruit or vegetables. You all know it is no use expecting fine apples from a half-wild scrub tree. If you are planting a young orchard or berry patch, you select the best varieties because you know they will produce the best fruit and ripen evenly. But, unfortunately, few general farmers or housewives think there is any advantage in keeping thoroughbred fowls, except for the showroom, and they go on year after year feeding quantities of grain to a lot of mongrels who don't half pay for it, when they could be reaping a splendid harvest if they would just realize a few facts which are becoming more evident every year to the people who are making poultry their entire business.

First, a scrub hen costs just as much to feed as a good one, and the best will only lay about seventy-five eggs a year, whereas the thoroughbred hen will lay from 150 to 200. Mixed eggs only bring the lowest market price, while the eggs from the thoroughbred will bring the highest during the winter, and in the spring will sell for at least two dollars a setting of fifteen eggs. And if your stock comes from ancestry which has taken many prizes at shows or in egg-laying contests, the price of the settings will rise up to five or ten dollars each.

No matter what variety of breed you have on hand at the present time, they must receive special care just now. Don't neglect the youngsters when they leave the brooder or hen. When they are eight weeks old, they should be separated from their mothers, and the families divided; the young pullets being relegated to colony coops in an orchard or partly shaded meadow, where they will have extensive free range; the cockerels being placed in the semi-confinement of yards, as their ultimate fate is the frying pan, which necessitates plump bodies, while free range would only develop frame and muscle.

Our colony houses are six feet long, three feet wide, thirty-six inches high in front, and twenty-four inches at the back. They are made of light scantling; the ends, back and roof being covered with roofing paper; and the front, to within eight inches of the ground, with unbleached muslin, which insures perfect ventilation and prevents rain beating in upon the birds when they are on the roosts, which are fixed a foot from the bottom and nine inches from the back of the coop. Two holes are made, nine inches apart, in the middle of each end of the coop, and a heavy rope knotted through them to form handles.

The coops having no flooring, and the whole construction being very light, they are easily moved to fresh ground every week, and so kept clean with little trouble; an important item when there is a large quantity being used. Having a large orchard, we placed the coops in rows thirty feet apart, as two sides of the orchard adjoin woodland, through which a never-failing stream runs, so the birds have a splendid range.

Twenty birds are placed in each coop. The first week a portable yard five feet long is placed in front of each coop so that the young chicks cannot wander off and get lost, as they surely would in strange quarters. During that time, a self-feeding hopper and a drinking fountain are placed inside the coop. When the yard is removed, the individual vessels are dispensed with, large drinking tubs and food hoppers being stationed midway between every four coops, to reduce time and labor in caring for the birds.

The large hoppers are nothing more than boxes, five feet long, two feet wide, and six inches deep, over which is placed an A-shaped cover, made of slats one inch apart, to prevent the birds getting into the box and scratching the grain onto the ground, where it will be wasted. For water, five-gallon kegs are used, with an automatic escape, which keeps a small pan continually full. Both feed and water are placed under a rough shelter to protect them from sun and rain. Using such large receptacles, it is only necessary to fill them every other day.

If you have no orchard, or other partly shaded place for coops, it will be necessary to erect some sort of shelters for the birds to rest under during the heat of the day. Any sort of material or shape will do, so long as protection from the sun is afforded. If free range is quite impossible (as it often is for suburban poultry-keepers), the birds must be given as large yards as possible, and supplied with lots of scratching material, over which small grain must be scattered two or three times a day. Fresh green bone will be better than the beef scraps. Vegetable food is imperative under such circumstances. Sow a large patch of Swiss chard; it is a true cut and come again crop. Oats and rape are also useful crops for poultry keepers who cannot give their birds free range during the summer.



BARRED ROCK COCK.

The cockerels which go into the market pen are fattened and sold as quickly as possible, except the few we keep for stock, and these are given larger yards and fed in the same manner as pullets on range.

For fattening birds, use ground corn and oats in equal parts, add half a pint of charcoal and moisten with skim milk. Give plenty of green food and sharp grit. Feed little and often. All expedition must be used in the matter of marketing, for every day's delay after they reach the required weight is a dead loss.

Cockerels and old hens should not be allowed with growing pullets. When cockerels are allowed to run with pullets, they will never mature to full size. Too often we see cockerels and pullets allowed free range on the farm, and allowed to mix together. Good stock cannot be grown in this manner, and the future egg yields of the flock will not be as great as they would be if more care were given to the growing stock.

Cockerels intended for breeders should be given every advantage that will tend to perfect and give full development, and I prefer, when possible, to give them free range, isolated from hens and pullets. Next to free range, comes large yards, with well-littered, roomy coops or roosts out-of-doors. Good cockerels as I ever raised lived all summer in a yard without a coop. Poles were set up in the shade of a large apple tree, and on these the cockerels roosted. In the event of a storm they sought the protection of the tree. They were a hardy, close-feathered bunch, and stood the rigors of a severe winter in an open house with the utmost comfort. At best they should have only a roof to protect them from rain.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

A. O.—You don't say what you feed, so it is difficult to tell what has caused the trouble, which appears to be liver complaint. If you have been feeding much corn, reduce the quantity. Give them mash in the morning, made of two parts finely-chopped clover or alfalfa hay which has been steamed several hours, or ground oats and wheat. Don't give them more than they will eat up clean in ten minutes. At night, scatter mixed grain, oats, Kafir corn and wheat in deep litter, so they will have to scratch for every kernel. Add one teaspoonful of sulphate of magnesia to every pint of drinking water, one day a week, until they have had three doses.

M. H.—There are so many good incubators on the market that it is quite impossible to single out the one that is best. Your best plan would be to find out what manufacturers have agents in your vicinity, so that you can look at the machines and select the one which appeals to you most. To make a fireless brooder, the first requisite is a box or an empty butter or lard tub. If a box is used it should be two feet square and seven inches deep, with a lid at least five inches deep. Or if you can get two strong boxes the same size, which are six or seven inches deep, take off the lids, and use one of the bottoms for a lid. Put two hinges on the back, and a hook and eye at the front. Cut a hole three inches square in the center of the front, for the chicks to run in and out of. At both ends of the lid or top box make half-inch holes three inches apart and an inch from the top. This completes the outside of the brooder. Put cleats in each corner of the top and bottom boxes, two inches from the top. Then make a frame to fit inside the box and rest on the cleats; cover it with burlap, and then cut a long strip of felt, flannel or old blanket, or any soft woolen material. It does not matter much what it is so long as it is long and woolly. It should be about four inches wide. Make cuts one inch apart the entire length, leaving about half an inch as a heading. Then stitch the fringed material to the burlap, commencing in the center of the frame, and going round and round; the rows to be about an inch apart. At first, put the frame onto the cleats in the lower part of the brooder, with the fringed material hanging down, to make a comfortable covering for the chicks. After the babies are about two weeks old, the frame must be put on to the cleats in the top part of the box, which will lift the ends of the material about three inches from the floor of the brooder. At first, when the screen is in the lower half of the brooder, fold a piece of cotton batting and fit carefully over it, filling in the entire space to the edge of the box. In the top half, put a layer of excelsior about an inch and a half deep, then fill in with cotton batting to the edge. The burlap on the frame being porous, and the cotton batting ditto, allows a perfect system of ventilation from the front opening to the holes in the top part of the brooder. Of course, when the frame is moved to the top part of the brooder, some of the cotton batting has to be removed but by that time the chicks have grown considerably, and furnish a great deal more animal heat than they did at first. After the babies are about four weeks old, it is well to take out the frame with the fringed woolen material attached, and use another frame covered with burlap, which is to keep the cotton batting in place. Before using the brooder, give it a coat of whitewash, and cover the floor with sweepings from the haymow, or finely cut hay, to make a warm carpet for the chicks to stand on. Of course, such brooders should be well housed in a light, dry place. A good coop can be made out of a piano or large dry goods box. A piano box can usually be got for about two dollars from any store that sells pianos, and will, with the addition of a couple of small windows and paint or roofing paper, make it waterproof. It makes a good house in which to keep two or three such brooders. In front of each brooder there should be a wire enclosure, so that the chicks can run out and play without the flocks getting mixed up. After they are two weeks old, it is well to make small outdoor runs, but never let them out in damp or windy weather.

L. N.—The birds have inflammation of the mucous membrane around the eye, which sometimes follows cold, but is just as frequently the result of some irritating substance, such as wood ashes or fresh lime. Should you have any more affected in the same way, confine them in a shaded coop, as the light hurts their eyes. Put fifteen drops of tincture of euphrasia in a pint of water. Keep it before the birds all the time, removing any other drinking water. Cleanse the eye by bathing; one part of dioxogen to two of water, or any simple antiseptic lotion which you may have in the house. When bathing the eye, see that the nostrils are open and the mouth clean, after which anoint with the following ointment: Half a teaspoonful of boric acid, finely powdered; half a teaspoonful of subnitrate of bismuth, well mixed into a tablespoonful of vaseline.

C. J. S.—Wheezing, and such symptoms of cold, don't always mean roup. In an attack of roup, the eyes usually look watery, and the bird's body feels feverish to the touch. The mouth and nostrils show a deposit of mucous, and always there is the one unmistakable symptom belonging to true roup, which is the extremely disagreeable odor which can be noticed on the bird's breath. Open the beaks of the sick birds, and examine their mouths and throats for a slimy looking discharge or a cheesy yellowish deposit, and then for the unmistakable odor of the breath. If that is not present, you may be sure that you have only a common cold, or at worst, bronchitis, to fight. If, however, the symptoms are those of roup, you must at once remove the sick birds from the rest of the flock, and keep them in a strict quarantine, for roup is very contagious, and will quickly advance through the flock unless you take drastic means to check its advance. After removing the sick birds, clean the chicken-house, feed and water dishes, perches and nests, and use a strong disinfectant over all. Treat the sick birds as follows: Get ten cents' worth of permanganate of potassium from the drug store, dilute one teaspoonful of the flakes in a quart of water. For use, dilute a tablespoonful of the solution with two tablespoonfuls of water, then fill a small syringe and spray the birds' throats, nostrils and eyes three times a day. Following the syringe, use a wing feather. Strip it to within about an inch of the tip, then saturate it with the wash, and thoroughly swab out the bird's throat and mouth, which will answer almost as well as spraying. Put a teaspoonful of kerosene oil into every quart of drinking water for the general flock as a preventive. Don't slight the work, for now is the most important time of the year. Look over the poultry house and see if there is not some crack or knothole in the neighborhood of the perch which needs covering up. It is usually some such unsuspected draft which causes common cold that is apt to develop into roup and become epidemic. Birds that show signs of cold, running eyes, cough or sneezing, should be at once confined to a quarantine coop. Place in a warm sheltered outhouse far from the usual poultry quarters, and treat as follows: Fill a syringe with a solution of permanganate of potassium, or any good disinfectant, and thoroughly spray the bird's throat, mouth, nostrils and eyes. If you have no syringe, bathe with the mixture, then use the tip of a good stiff wing feather in the throat and nostrils.

S. E. C.—The male guinea's wattles and crest are a little larger than those of the hen. He also has a trick of stretching his neck and body upwards and running about as if he were on his tiptoes; stopping suddenly and looking all round, as if there was something he could fight. The cry is also different. The hen bird seems to say "Buckwheat," or "Go back," in a monotonous, mournful way.

H. S.—It is only a waste of time to incubate eggs from roupy stock—the chicks would not develop into profitable hens. Roup is a contagious disease, so the whole place must be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. Better kill and burn the carcasses of every bird that is badly affected. Wash feed pans and water dishes in strong soda and boiling water. If the house has an earthen floor, scrub off about an inch of the surface, burn, and fill in with fresh material. Give the whole house—walls, ceiling, perches and nest boxes—a thorough sluicing with whitewash which has been mixed with scalded milk, and two ounces of carbolic acid and half a cup of salt added to each pailful. Use raw mixture quite hot, and don't spare it. Swish lots of it into all corners, cracks and crevices, and if it is possible, keep the birds out of the house for twenty-four hours, and scatter quicklime over the floor; of course being careful to cover it all up before the birds are let into the house again. Read answer to C. J. S. in this issue.

H. P. B.—Please read answer to M. H. in this issue, and the poultry department in January issue.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

WE haven't had any poetry for ages, have we? So here is a special favorite of mine and one that is particularly appropriate to the season. The writer, Joyce Kilmer, lost his life during the great war, but his poem will live on forever in the hearts of all nature lovers.

"I think that I shall never see
A poem lovely as a tree.
A tree whose hungry mouth is prest
Against the earth's sweet flowing breast;
A tree that looks at God all day,
And lifts her leafy arms to pray;
A tree that may in summer wear
A nest of robins in her hair;
Upon whose bosom snow has lain,
Who intimately lives with rain.
Poems are made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."

TROUBLED, Ind.—It isn't necessary for you to renounce all thought of marriage in order to devote your life to "definite work in the service of God," for "motherhood is a partnership with God," and the girl who strives to be a good wife and mother really does a "definite" work. The feeling of superiority you have for the young man in question is due, largely, to your youth and the inability of youth to appreciate true worth. The average girl at some time in her life has that superior feeling. You should be thankful that he is "just a common boy." Some great man once remarked that "God must have loved the common people best because he made so many of them."

BLUE-EYED BEAUTIES, Minn.—What should girls of fourteen and fifteen do when their "bows" go back on them? They should study their grammar, spelling book and dictionary first of all. (2) It isn't proper for girls of your age to have even one fellow, to say nothing of more than one. (3) Men's hearts aren't easily broken, so you are safe enough in refusing to marry someone you don't love. (4) What does it mean when a young man steps on your toes? It means that he is awkward and that you should keep out of his way.

CHUMS, Ind.—When two young men, even "handsome and stylish ones," call on two nice girls every Sunday evening all winter and then never take them anywhere, though they go themselves, the girls are justified in seeking more generous sweethearts. "Them's my sentiments."

SUNSHINE, Ind.—Your parents are the ones to decide. If they fully approve of your marriage, the time you mention would be exceptionally appropriate. It isn't improper to keep your engagement a secret—if you can.

FANNIE, N. Mex.—Men of 41 are supposed to have better judgment than girls of 18, and this man is showing excellent judgment in not allowing your friendship for each other to amount to anything more serious. I agree with your brother that he is too old for you.

EVA AND GRACE, S. C.—You must have an indulgent father to let you have men callers at all and he isn't being unreasonable when he insists that they go home at 10.30.

JOSEPHINE, Mich.—Go to high school, by all means.

SWEET SIXTEEN, Wisc.—If you don't like your widowed brother-in-law and your parents don't like him and he is set in his ways and jealous and won't go to parties with you and doesn't want you to go, why, oh why, do you ask me if you should marry him? It is just as plain as the nose on your face that you shouldn't.

GERTRUDE, Colo.—Your mother should know of your friendship with this young man and she is the one to decide whether or not you should continue to receive his attentions. Don't believe anything against him until it is proven. (2) It is very unladylike for girls to scuffle with boys, and still more unladylike to shimmy. (3) It isn't wrong for you to give your photograph to boys but it is very unwise. Photographs shouldn't be scattered around recklessly.

LONELY GIRL, Miss.—The young man showed good judgment in suggesting that each keep all presents, for the puff box, or whatever he gave you, would be as useless to him as the necktie you gave him would be to you. If you want him to come back again and he wants to, I don't see why it wouldn't be quite all right.

ELLA Ill.—Never mind what your friends say—if you don't want a beau don't have one. Stick to your girl chum until you meet a man who really interests you.

CHUMS, N. C.—You don't value yourselves very highly, do you, if you say you are treated nicely by young men who are intoxicated, ever so slightly, when they come to see you? I should consider that an insult. (Wonder where they get it?) You bring unkind criticism upon yourself by associating with them if their associates are regarded as cheap and immoral.

CURLY HAIR AND BLUE EYES, Ark.—It is unfair for one girl to try to take another girl's beau, and it would be twice as unfair for two girls to try it; and what would you do with him after you got him? Chop him into two pieces or take turns having him? Be good sports and let her keep him. Maybe you couldn't get him anyway.

LITTLE BOY, S. C.—And so you want me to write you a "long, sweet letter." Dearie, I don't write long, sweet letters anyway, and if I were addicted to l. s. l. I'd never, never write one to a strange young man. I've always advised my girls not to and while I'm not a shy young thing of sixteen I'm not elderly enough to write a sweet letter to a man of twenty-eight. If you are that old and don't know how to love a girl, I'm not equal to telling you. Doubtless the old maid you mention would be a better wife than the sixteen-year-old girl who is very beautiful; but stick to one—whichever one you marry.

M. D. F., Texas.—Yes, you are too young to have a "sure enough sweetheart," or to know the meaning of love. Don't write any more letters to the boy in question and don't let him kiss you any more. If he wants to know why, tell him frankly and also add that you are too young to care for anyone, and treat his pet names and love making as a joke.

R. F., Ala.—I'm not an authority but to my mind a correspondence course in nursing would be impractical and a waste of time. I'd hate to have a correspondence school nurse take care of me if I were seriously ill. Just supposing she got your appendix half out and then mislaid her book, Lesson 43, What To Do Next. Most hospitals prefer, and even insist upon, high school graduates, but doubtless there are hospitals that would waive that rule if they found you intelligent and in earnest about the work.

GERTRUDE, Ga.—You are too young to marry—even if he has promised to give you "half of his wages every pay day," and you don't love him enough to marry him even if you were older. Just "some" isn't enough.

BRUNETTE, N. C.—Parents are usually right and it is up to the young man to clear himself of any false accusations and then they can't object.

BLONDE, N. C.—I suppose girls of seventeen have really been in love but the average girl of that age, and sometimes years older, is in love with love and not with the man. If you are of a changeable nature it is better not to marry.

N. C. TWINS.—Let them go see the other girls if they want to. Callers three nights a week is three nights too many for high school girls. One evening might not be so worse if your parents don't mind.

WILD ROSE, Texas.—I'm not a "sweet old dear," as you seem to think, but I'm sure I'd like to have you hug me. It is better not to write "notes" in school but youngsters will do it. I used to, and I suppose my mother and grandmother did, and doubtless my children would, if I had any. Don't write anything that you wouldn't be willing to have read before the school. I have known teachers to do that.

IRENE, Ind.—If your teacher were to show you marked attention he would be severely criticized by the people and school board and, perhaps, lose his position. He is a wise young man to remain good friends with all the girls.

GREY-EYED GIRL, Ky.—If you think that I'll "aggree" with you that mothers don't know best "all ways," you have another think coming. Don't kiss him, even if he is "hansom." Poor little girl! She never had a spelling book or dictionary in all her life, did she?

I've been as mild and springlike as one could wish, haven't I? That's so you'll know I'm not a cross old thing all the time. Why, I really believe I could be induced to go "hanging Maybaskets," or do the young people do that any more?

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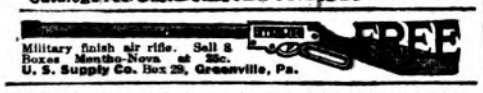
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9	23	1	14	20
20	15	23	9	14

The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell four words. What are the words?



To Men, Women, Boys and Girls

All can share in these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address. Besides the Auto I am going to give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc. and cash prizes. Send your answer. Win the Auto. Duane W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 30, Chicago



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. R. D., Mt. Vernon, Ohio.—Black spots always float in near-sighted eyes. They are due to eating too much meat at times, and, at times, come with age. The ringing of the ears is due to some catarrhal condition of the ears. Consult a specialist about both conditions. The loss of hair may be due to some blood trouble. Have the blood examined and the exact cause ascertained.

MRS. G. G. S., Kensington, Ky.—Have the lumps removed by electricity. This is the only sure cure.

MRS. J. W. J., Doerum, Ga.—For your high blood pressure use five-drop doses of iodide of potassium, well diluted, after meals. Increase this dose by one drop daily. Keep your bowels free, always. Drink plenty of water, and for a short time live on skimmed milk, using a quart of the milk daily, only, and a small amount of well-cooked rice three times a day. Of course you should exercise, and in every way try to promote your peripheral circulation.

MRS. H. G. G., Clarksburg, West Va.—Examination of the urine chemically and microscopically is the only way to determine condition of the kidneys and indirectly the cause of the eye trouble mentioned. Bright's disease does affect the eyes, even to blindness.

MRS. J. W. R., Knoxville, Tenn.—Your neuritis is due probably to chronic malaria. Take either some three-grain quinine pills or a tablespoonful of Warburg's tincture in water after meals. The latter remedy is to be preferred.

MISS M. M., Fresno, Cal.—You had better have the hemorrhoids operated on at once, and, in the meantime, drink plenty of good spring water and take for the acidity of the urine, which causes the frequent urination, three-grain doses of urotropin after meals.

MRS. L. G., Clarksville, Mo.—Have your back ironed with the flatiron. First apply to the back three or four thicknesses of flannel which have been soaked in hot mustard water, then apply the hot iron sufficiently to steam the back without burning the skin. For the rheumatic condition and pain in the legs, back, etc., use five-grain doses of salicylate of soda after meals. Drink plenty of good spring water—not less than two quarts a day.

MRS. H. D., Fay, Okla.—You had better consult a specialist for the baby. He is not getting the proper food and this can only be determined by actual examination and then several changes of food must be tried to get the right one in a given case.

MISS B. J., Taylor, Texas.—Use five-grain tablets of urotropin, after meals, for the frequent urinating.

MISS G. S., Clarissa, Minn.—Have the warts removed by electricity. This is the best way and leaves no scar.

MRS. C. S., Caro, Mich.—If you have not had your eyes examined under a mydriatic, such as atropine sulph., you should have your eyes re-examined in this way. Then, if your eyes still trouble you, maybe you have some muscular insufficiency and your eyes do not focus at a fixed point when you read or sew. Muscular insufficiency is one of the great causes of eye strain, and must be corrected by prisms or operation.

MRS. M. M., Columbus, Ohio.—You should have all the spots mentioned removed at once either with the actual cautery or the carbon dioxide snow. Of course, this can only be done by some local surgeon. The "returning scab" on the nose is important, and should have immediate attention.

MRS. E. B. K., Ch., Rhode Island.—Have your blood examined and find out if you have acquired any blood disease. If so, be treated for the blood trouble and you will be all right again.

MRS. W. E. LaG., Potsdam, N. Y.—Your numbness may be due to high blood pressure. Have your blood pressure taken, and find out the condition as existing along this line. In the meantime take one compound cathartic pill at night and rub the offending limb before retiring.

MRS. G. W. C., Hinton, Okla.—For the eczema on the back of your husband's hand use Lassar's paste, to which has been added, thirty grains to the ounce of the paste, boracic acid. Apply at night, and only three times a week. Of course, your husband must live on a simple diet, such as milk and rice, and drink plenty of water.

MRS. J. P., Butte, Mont.—Mucous colitis is not dangerous. It comes from intestinal fermentation. You might try American oil in teaspoonful doses with your meals. Of course, you will not eat anything that you know disagrees with you.

MRS. J. P., Desloge, Mo.—As your health improves, your busts should return to their normal size. There is no real bust developer better than gentle massage of the bust with cocoa-butter.

MRS. J. A. C., Alexandria, La.—Chronic malaria, as you surmise, is the cause of your run-down condition. The one best tonic and remedy for you is Warburg's tincture. You might take a tablespoonful in water after meals.

MISS D. W. B., Marion, Dak.—Remove the blackheads with the comedo extactor, then apply compound lotio alba to the parts, after having bathed the parts in very hot water.

MRS. A. H. M., Kinde, Mich.—The only successful way to remove the birthmark is to have it removed by the use of the actual cautery, in competent hands, or the use of compound dioxide snow by a skilled physician.

MRS. I. M., Okmulgee, Okla.—Operation for the bunions would cure them at once and that, too, without danger.

MISS N. B., Clay City, Ky.—American oil can be obtained at any good drug store.

MRS. N. F., Kite City, Ga.—For excessive sweating and tenderness of the feet, bathe them at night in an eight per cent lotion of salicylic acid. Go without stockings for a while to harden the skin and close up, in a measure, the sweat glands of the feet.

MISS C. E. B., Hallstead, Pa.—For the itching, scaly eruption, wash the skin with soda water. Apply to spots a lotion of two per cent resorcin. Dissolve the resorcin in equal parts of grain alcohol and water.

MR. J. W., Milford, Ill.—For the itching under the arms, apply Lassar's paste to the parts at night.

MRS. A. B. R., Climax, N. C.—Have the enlarged tonsils removed. An enucleation is the best thing for them.

MRS. F. E., Huron, S. Dak.—For the pimples, bathe the face in very hot water and apply lotio alba to the face. Any druggist has the formula and can make it up for you.

MISS E. C., Grey, Ky.—Have the child's tonsils removed at once and save future ear and throat trouble.

MR. F. E. T., Bullbeggerville, Va.—Just ask your druggist for a mixture of rhubarb and soda, and take a teaspoonful after meals.

MRS. G. A., South Hammond, N. Y.—For your rheumatic arms apply chloroform liniment to the arms at night and take five-grain tablets of sodium salicylate after meals.

MISS M. P., Newton, Texas.—You can get Basham's mixture at any good drug store. It should be put up by the druggist or compounded fresh; the preparation changes after a while and therefore should be used only within a short time after it is compounded.

MRS. C. B. K., Ligerwood, N. Dak.—For your general catarrhal condition you should take a one-fourth teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda, dissolved in hot water, before meals, and spray the nose with Dobell's solution three or four times a day.

"Jimmy, how large a piece of cake do you want?"

"I want a big piece, but don't gimme so much that I'll have to divide with sister."

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

By chance the shifty lawyer had encountered Neil. Trenwyck had joined the throng which was hurrying toward the ferry, bound across the bay. Drawing the man apart, Neil surveyed him fiercely.

"I—I thought, up to last night," faltered the lawyer, paling under the hostile look the other gave him, "that you had lost your life in that Sutter Street house."

"Oh, you did!" returned Neil. "And what caused you to change your opinion?"

"I called at your cousin's, on Nob Hill, and—and saw your mother. She told me that you had escaped, and were even then in your cousin's house."

"What else did my mother tell you?" demanded Neil. The lawyer hesitated, and the young man leaned toward him and hissed: "You had better be frank with me, Trenwyck. You are well enough acquainted with the law to know that, for crimes such as you and Gorsline have committed, you can be brought to account. What else did my mother tell you?"

"Why, that Beryl Gray——"

"Mrs. Preston, if you please," interrupted Neil. "She told me, then, that your wife and a dark-complexioned girl, who looked like a Mexican, had called at the house just before I came. She had told them that you had gone to Oakland——"

"To Oakland!" exclaimed Neil, with white lips. Could his mother, whom he reverenced in spite of her haughty pride, have descended to such a heartless subterfuge as that?"

"Yes," went on the lawyer glibly. "The two girls had just gone away, she said, and she wanted me to follow them and learn where they went."

"You followed them?" asked Neil, a savage glint in his eyes.

"Your mother's wish, Mr. Preston, is law to me."

"It means money to you as well, you cowardly spy! Go on! You followed my wife and her friend. Where did they go?"

The lawyer had followed them, picking up the trail every time he lost it, and finally watching while the soldier conducted them to a tent in Lafayette Park. He had reconnoitered the tent, and was busy with his nefarious work when a soldier discovered him and fired a shot. Trenwyck escaped the bullet, glided through the shadows to a large tree in the center of the park, and to the trunk affixed one of a number of cards which he was carrying in his pocket. Then he had vanished into the night.

"I do not know where they went," replied the lawyer, "but I believe they have gone to Oakland."

Neil glared into the man's eyes.

"Trenwyck, I believe you are lying!" he cried.

"So help me Heaven, Mr. Preston——"

Before the lawyer could finish, Preston had grabbed him by the throat. The man stumbled from the suddenness of the attack and fell into the street.

"Get up!" ordered Preston curtly, releasing the man and rising to his own feet.

As the lawyer arose, Preston's eyes alighted on two cards which lay on the stones and had fallen from Trenwyck's pocket. The lawyer recovered them hastily—his very haste arousing Neil's suspicions. Catching the man's hand, Neil wrenched one of the cards away.

On the square piece of pasteboard was the following:

"BERYL: If you see this, come at once to 149 J Street, Oakland. You will find me there, lonely and heartbroken. NEIL."

Neil was furious. His hand clenched as though he would deal the scoundrelly lawyer a blow, and the other cringed before him and abjectly cried out for mercy.

"You contemptible cur!" shouted Neil. "I could kill you for this piece of treachery!"

"Be careful, sir!" said the lawyer, pitifully frightened. "Don't forget that I saved your life in that Sutter Street house!"

"You did that through cowardice! You shirked consequences that Gorsline was willing to face. What have you been doing with these cards?"

"Posting them in the different refugee camps."

"Did—did my mother——"

The words froze on his lips.

"Your mother had nothing to do with it, and does not know anything about it."

"For whom are you acting? Whose base plan is this? Tell me," Neil commanded, his voice tense and fraught with terrible meaning, "and be sure you speak the truth."

"Berdyne," replied Trenwyck.

"That monster! That inhuman scoundrel! He is in Oakland?"

"Yes."

"And he would lure my darling there! Oh, the infamous wretch!"

Neil was shaking with fury. His voice choked with the wrath that filled him; and then, as if by magic, he grew calm as a terrible purpose formed in his brain.

"Come with me," he said, seizing Trenwyck by the arm; "you and I will go to this place in Oakland together. All I ask under heaven is to be brought face to face with Berdyne!"

Together they joined the drifting crowd of refugees bound for the Market Street ferry, Neil all on fire with a desire for vengeance, the lawyer ghastly pale with fear and apprehension. Alas! if Neil had only known, that trap was laid for him as well as for Beryl.

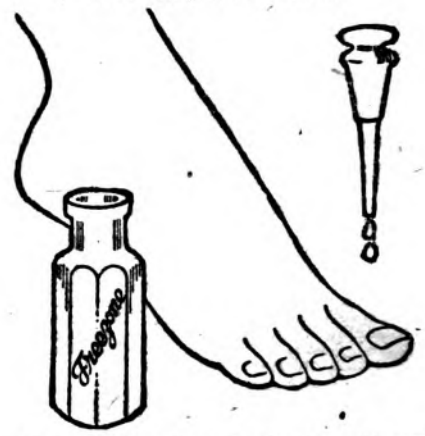
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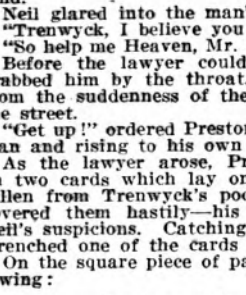
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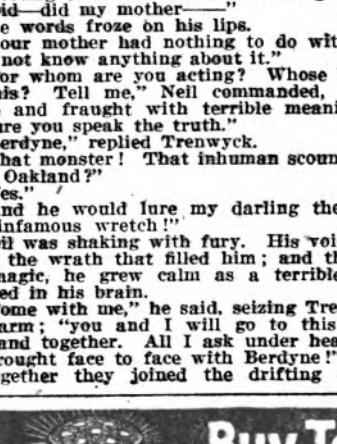
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GET 1,000 VOTES

In the picture are a number of hidden faces. See how many you can find. Some are looking right at you, some turned sidewise. You will find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil and mail to me with your name and address. If you find as many as five of the hidden faces I will enter you in this contest with 1,000 votes to your credit and send you full particulars. The two leaders will get these cars. Why not you? Write today SURE.

D. W. BEACH, Contest Mgr., Dept. 155, Spencer, Indiana

No More Wrinkles

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE

Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic. Eyelashes Beautified

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Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have **not a wrinkle on my face** now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment **is a God send** to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

The valuable new **beauty book** which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles in 8 hours;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to quickly remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A 334, 3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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You will be amazed at the quickness and pleasure with which you learn the wonderful K. I. Shorthand. Practical for stenographer or as aid to anybody's efficiency. Surpassingly simple and easy home study. In a few hours you'll know the whole system; then gain speed in taking down dictation, conversation, speeches, orders, etc., as fast as a person talks. Useful for private memoranda or correspondence. Astonish everybody with your ability and earn more money. Write for two FREE lessons with free brochure and testimonials to King Institute, KA-124, Station F, New York, N. Y

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Factory price direct to you This $12 Officer Shoe

Hand sewed. First Grade. The Factory price—direct to you at only **$6.89**

The retail price of this shoe is $12.00. It is made of the best waterproof mahogany calf leather. Guaranteed to give the best wear. If these shoes are not just as we say, send them back. You don't lose a cent.

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These shoes are built to be good for work and dress at the same time.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

L. V., Pennington, Texas.—If all the poetry which is being written in the United States could be turned into money it would create a fund sufficient to pay interest on the nation's Liberty Bonds. Unfortunately, there is no market for this flood of verse; magazines use little or none, and newspapers when they print rhyme do so generally without reimbursing the poet—or causing him to be in any way punished. We are sorry that we can offer you no more encouragement than these hard facts, nor offer you aid in turning your verses into useful cash.

W. A. H., Broughton, Ill.—President Wilson's Cabinet has been one of many changes, which have not yet ceased. At present writing, the make-up of the President's advisors is as follows: Secretary of State, Bainbridge Colby of New York; Secretary of Treasury, David F. Houston of Missouri; Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker of Ohio; Secretary of Navy, Josephus Daniels of North Carolina; Secretary of Interior, John Barton Payne of Illinois; Secretary of Agriculture, E. T. Meredith of Iowa; Secretary of Labor, William B. Wilson of Pennsylvania; Secretary of Commerce, Joshua W. Alexander of Missouri; Attorney-General, A. Mitchell Palmer of Pennsylvania; Postmaster-General, Albert S. Burleson of Texas.

P. P., Beaver Dam, Ky.—See answer to W. A. H., Broughton, Ill., in this column.

N. R., Briercrest, Sask.—The bride should have the articles marked with the initials of her full maiden name. (2) The same thread may be used as for ordinary yokes.

G. B., Gilman, Ia.—Students at the U. S. Naval Academy are styled midshipmen. Five midshipmen are allowed for each Senator and Representative and appointment is made after competitive examinations, the holding of which is entirely in the hands of the Senator and Representative having the power. You should therefore apply directly to your Senator or Congressman, telling him that you would like to try the next examination he holds for Annapolis appointments. Sometimes these Senators and Representatives will nominate without holding these examinations. You will understand that securing a nomination through your Senator or Congressman does not mean that you become at once a midshipman. It is necessary that you pass the rather difficult Annapolis entrance examinations, which are held twice a year—on the first and third Wednesdays in February and on the second Wednesday in April. You would have to be not less than sixteen nor more than twenty years of age on April 1st of the year you enter the academy. You must pass a satisfactory physical examination and comply with certain height and weight requirements, depending upon your age at entrance. You may, if you wish, write to the Superintendent of the U. S. Naval Academy, Annapolis, Md., for further information.

M. M., Kenton, Tenn.—We cannot refer you to any firm dealing in "mineral rods," because we have often explained in this column that such devices are useless frauds. The only gold they find is that in the pockets of credulous buyers who give up hard-earned money to possess something which has no "divining" qualities whatsoever. Fortunes are not found at the end of a stick—no matter how the stick is named—but they are found as the result of honest, persistent work, done without a hope of getting something for nothing.

M. R., Tecumseh, Kans.—See answer to M. M., Kenton, in this column.

D. V. J., Yulee, Fla.—See answer to M. M., Kenton, Tenn., in this column.

A HOMESEEKER, Middle Brook, Ark.—The climate of Oregon is distinctly a salubrious one, and the winters are not severe. This is particularly true of that part of the state known as the Rogue River section, where much fruit, grapes being a heavy crop, is raised. West of the Cascade Mountains is the Willamette Valley, which is sixty miles wide by a hundred and fifty long. The land of this valley is extremely fertile, and lumber is produced from trees of gigantic size. Toward the coast there is a very heavy rainfall of 70 to 80 inches. This rainfall is greatly reduced in the central and eastern portions of the state. Oregon has made great strides in the past decade, having been aided by her natural resources and the enterprise of her progressive citizens.

K. H., Hightown, Va.—No; girls are not employed to drive taxicabs and motortrucks in the cities of this country. Neither are girls taking up cattle herding as a profession in the West. We are sure you will find milder occupations than these, and ones whose duties will be much more pleasant.

MRS. S. L. J., Bonifay, Fla.—The only way you can possess a family "coat of arms" is to employ a professional genealogist to search out the far roots of your family and see if you are entitled to any heraldic device. Quite a few good Americans, one of whom was Abraham Lincoln, have found no difficulty in existing creditably without borrowing from old Europe for ancient and outworn devices, so do not be discouraged if a search should show you that you were not entitled to share the arms of European knighthood or nobility.

MRS. G. M. E., Grampian, Pa.—So far, medical science has developed no successful method of dealing with cancer. The knife gives the only results which are temporarily sure. Radium has been used experimentally by various of our large medical institutions, and it has been thought that the rays of the new mineral had in some instances beneficial effects. We can only suggest that if your relative is afflicted with this unfortunate disease, she place herself in the best of some of our large city hospitals for treatment or operation such as the physicians may think best.

W. T. H., Dorena, Mo.—Arkansas is a splendid agricultural state, being well-watered by numerous streams and with an average rainfall of about 45 inches. The summer season is long and the winters short and mild. The eastern part of the state is low and level, containing a great deal of land which has been drained. Much of this land is used for rice culture. The central and western parts of the state are hilly and diversified. There are only 300,599 acres of vacant public land in the state of Arkansas. Regarding this, write to B. F. Squires, Register of U. S. Land Office, Little Rock, Ark.

MRS. J. C. R., Narrows, Ala.—The occurrence of the five Sundays in February which are in this year's calendar will not take place again until 1948.

R. L. S., Starkey, Ore.—Common solder should not be used for the repair of your galvanized tank. You should procure what is known as "soft solder" for this purpose.

Business

The tail-ender of the sales force who had been sitting around hoping that business would spruce up, put this question to the star salesman of his concern:

"How do you manage to get so many orders, while I don't seem to get any at all?"

"Well," said the other, dropping his voice to an impressive whisper. "I make it a point to wear out the soles of my shoes instead of the seat of my trousers."—*Boys' Life for December.*

A Velvet Soft Skin



Is Always A Charm

Keep Away The Wrinkles. Mix Your Toilet Preparations At Home.

By Madame Maree

TO retain a youthful complexion, or to revive a neglected one, is only a matter of daily care, together with good toilet preparations.

Here are some home mixed creams and hair beautifiers that are recommended as having been tested and tried for many years.

A Cream to Tighten the Skin and Remove Wrinkles

It is really inspiring to know that removing wrinkles now depends almost entirely upon yourself. It will take but a few moments for you to make a mixture of two ounces of eptol, a little water and glycerine. The eptol can be obtained from your druggist for fifty cents. This cream produces startling changes in the skin in a short time. It will make you look many years younger if you will only use it faithfully.

A Cream to Fade Out Blemishes

By the use of this cream you will soon find that all red spots, freckles, all muddiness and sallowness will have disappeared completely, leaving the skin pure and clear as a lily. You cannot get this result except by mixing one ounce of zintone with a little glycerine and hot water. The zintone costs fifty cents at the drug store.

Blackheads Go in a Few Minutes

It is only a question of a few moments to get rid of blackheads. The best thing to use is neroxin. You sprinkle a little neroxin on a wet cloth or sponge and rub the blackheads with this for a few moments. This is a very remarkable article, and you need no longer use tonics, face-steaming, and pinching, and other useless methods. The neroxin sells for fifty cents.

For a Shampoo.

Just buy a twenty-five cent package of eggol and dissolve it in hot water as you need it. This is far better than soap.

To Remove Superfluous Hair

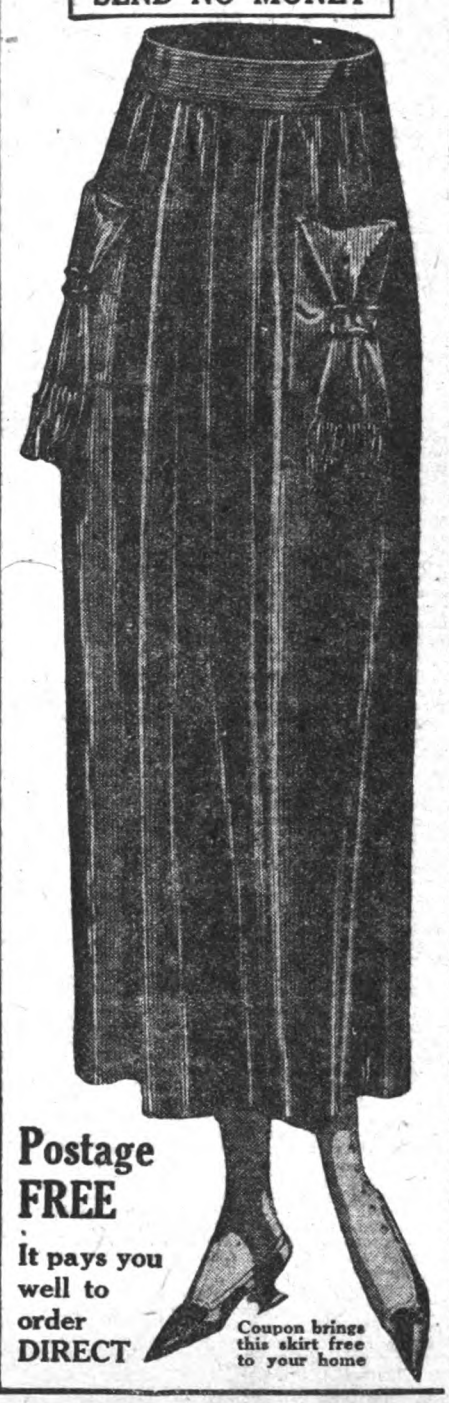
There is a very remarkable way to remove superfluous hair. Simply moisten the hairs with a little sulfo solution. The hair begins to shrivel. You can see them dissolve, and with just a swish of the finger, all the hairs can be rubbed off clear and clean. It will cost one dollar at any drug store, and will last for a considerable time.

For a Dependable Hair Invigorator

You can easily prevent hair from falling, and you can make it grow thick and luxuriant by a very simple method. The invigorator is made by adding one ounce of beta-quinol to a half pint of water and a half pint of bay rum. If you prefer you may use a full pint of witchhazel instead of the water and bay rum. The beta-quinol may be procured for fifty cents at any drug store.

NOTE—The articles mentioned herein have come into such demand because of their effectiveness that you can obtain them at any drug store. But if your druggist cannot supply you, arrangements have been made to send any of these articles by mail, charges paid, on receipt of price, by addressing "Secretary to Madam Maree, 589 Thompson Building, Chicago.

SEND NO MONEY



Postage FREE

It pays you well to order DIRECT

Coupon brings this skirt free to your home

$3.95 Susquehanna Silk Poplin Skirt

PAY ON ARRIVAL

Send No Money for this stunning Susquehanna silk skirt. Just mail us the coupon below and it will be sent immediately; postage paid by us; direct from our factory. See for yourself what a wonderful value it is. Observe the excellent way it is made. Your mirror will prove it the most graceful, shapeful skirt you ever wore. Your friends will admire its style and appearance. Compare it with the better class skirts that sell for $8.00 or $10.00, and then if you are not convinced that you have saved at least $5.00 by buying from us, you can return the skirt at our expense.

Long Wear Combined With Stylish Beauty

This skirt has a high beautiful luster, is woven firmly and lends itself admirably to correct draping. It combines long wearing qualities with stylish beauty; absolutely the latest thing for this season. Provided with the desirable deep style pockets, run through with large buckles and trimmed with long silky fringe,—charmingly gathered at the waist and falls in soft rippling folds. Hips are extra full. The picture does not do justice to the beauty of the style. You must try it on to really appreciate it.

Colors Black, Blue or Taupe

Sizes 22 to 40 waist, 34 to 40 length. Extra waist size from 32 to 40—35 cents extra. Be sure to state color desired, waist and length size. This, with your name and address on the coupon below is all we require. Don't send a penny with the coupon. Remember, you can send this skirt back at our expense if you don't think it is the greatest skirt value ever offered.

SEND NO MONEY

Pay the postman only $3.95 on arrival. If you don't think it is worth $8.00 or $10.00 just send it back at our expense. We will return your money at once. Fill in and mail this coupon NOW.

Warewell Company, Dept. 165, Philadelphia, Pa.

Send me at your expense Susquehanna Silk Poplin Skirt on arrival. I pay only $3.95 on arrival. My money back if I want it. I risk nothing.

Color.....Waist Size.....Length Size.....

Name .....

Address .....

Genuine Aspirin

Name "Bayer" means genuine
Say "Bayer"—Insist!

BAYER

Say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then you are sure of getting true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"—genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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heals itching skin troubles

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

You can be quickly cured, if you

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Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.

Benjamin N. Bogue, 1616, Bogue Building, Indianapolis

BIG VALUE for 10 Cts.



6 Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Magic Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 3 Puzzles; 12 Games; 30 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for **10 cts.** and **2 cts.** postage.

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. L. H. T., Wisconsin.—If you wish to discontinue your subscription to the paper you mention, you should notify the publisher, and refuse to take the paper from the post office.

MRS. P. W., Minnesota.—We are of the opinion that the laws of your state provide aid to a widowed mother with children under 14 years of age, who on account of poverty is unable to care properly for her dependent or neglected children, but who in all other respects is a fit guardian for such children; we think the application should be made to your county court; we think the amount of such allowance would depend upon circumstances not stated in your communication.

MRS. H. G., Washington.—Remarriage by either party, during the lifetime of the husband or wife in case there is no divorce, is illegal and would subject the guilty party to punishment for bigamy.

MRS. J. M. N., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and children, his widow would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and one third of the personal property absolutely, the balance going in equal shares to his children; the share of the widow in the personal property would, upon his subsequent death, without a will, go to her children, but her dower in the real estate would die with her, and the remainder interest in such property would revert to her husband's children; the shares of the heirs at law and next of kin are subordinate to the claims against the estate and the expenses of administration; we think a claim for the care and nursing of the wife is a probable claim against the husband's estate; we think it would simplify matters for the man you mention to adjust the amount of pay the woman who attends his wife is to receive, while he is living, as such claims are often a cause of expense if left for settlement afterwards.

MRS. A. W., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, his widow would receive one half of his estate, the balance going to his parents, brothers and sisters, depending upon who is left; if none such, the whole estate would go to the surviving widow. (2) We do not think you can, by will, bar your husband from a one-half interest in your real estate in Kansas, provided he survives you and provided he at sometime since the marriage has been a resident of that state.

R. S. P., Texas.—If your husband deserted you, without a good cause, we think you are legally entitled to support from him; we think, however, that it will be necessary for you to locate him before you can enforce your claim.

MRS. N. L., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that in case of the separation of the parents, the custody of the children is a question for the court to decide after the submission of evidence as to what would be for the best interest of such children. (2) Under the laws of your state, children may be disinherited by will.

J. H., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and three children, his widow would receive certain small allowances from the personal property and in addition thereto one third of the real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to his children.

MRS. M. C., Washington.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that if the property you mention stood in your father's name, it would have been necessary for your mother to have survived him to have acquired any vested interest therein, and that upon her death before the death of your father, he had a legal right to dispose of the property.

L. B., Wyoming.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the failure to record a deed to property would not affect the grantee's title to the property, unless such title was attacked by the holder of a subsequent deed in the hands of a bona-fide purchaser without notice; we think, however, there must be a delivery of such deed in order to make it valid.

MRS. G. W., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your father left no will, his property, after payment of debts and expenses, would go one third to your mother and the balance in equal shares to his children, the share of any minor child being paid to a general guardian; we think an administrator should be appointed to administer the estate under bond, and upon the expiration of the proper period for such administration, the administrator could be compelled to account and to pay over the shares to the persons entitled to receive them.

F. E. D., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the estate of an intestate would go one third to the surviving spouse and the balance in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; if such intestate leaves no surviving spouse and no child or descendant, we think his estate would go to his parents.

W. H. P., North Carolina.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that such real estate as stands in your husband's name will, upon his death, if he leaves no will, go to his daughter by the former marriage subject to your right of dower of a one-third interest for life; in case you survive him, you would also be entitled to certain allowances from his personal property and in addition thereto a one-third interest absolutely. We do not think your son by a former marriage will have any interest in your husband's estate, unless some provision is made for him by will.

W. F. B., Colorado.—If the firm from which you purchased the goods you mention refuses to either return your money or send you the goods, we think you should make your complaint to the postal authorities.

F. M. S., Texas.—We are of the opinion that the laws of Alabama require that a will be witnessed by two competent uninterested witnesses in order to make the same a valid will, that children may be disinherited, and that the grounds upon which a contest of a will may be based are, lack of testamentary capacity, undue influence, that the will was not legally drawn or executed or that it did not express testator's true intent; if, however, the will you mention was proved a long period of years ago, we think you will now have difficulty in setting same aside, unless you can conclusively establish some fraud in connection therewith. We do not think the holder of the first mortgage against the property you mention can be compelled to pay the second mortgage upon the property, unless there is some circumstance in connection with the transaction not stated in your communication to us.

A. E. B., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a second mortgage is subordinate in lien to the first mortgage upon the property, and that its value is entirely dependent upon the value of the property and the amount of the first mortgage; if the property has sufficient value to pay the entire lien of the first mortgage with enough left over to meet the second mortgage claim, the second mortgage would, of course, be all right, but in loaning upon a second mortgage you should bear in mind that the first mortgage may be enforced against the property at some inopportune time or under disadvantageous circumstances or in some manner in which the property might sell for much less than its true value. (2) We think that a promissory note would be a proper claim to be proved against a decedent's estate, unless there is some circumstance in connection with the note affecting its validity.

L. H., Wisconsin.—If your father will give you a vested remainder interest in his property, such interest can be disposed of by you, by will or otherwise, or if undisposed of at the time of your death the same will go to your heirs at law or next of kin, even though you do not live until the life estate falls in; the period of enjoyment would not, however, be hastened by your death, as neither you nor your legal representatives would be in a position to enjoy the estate until the termination of the life estate. Wills of this nature cannot be too carefully drawn as the question of the vesting of remainders is very puzzling and there is a great deal of law upon the subject. You should have the will in question examined by some competent and experienced lawyer in order to determine whether your interest in the estate is a vested one, not subject to being divested upon your death in case you should predecease the life tenant.

S. P., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the wife's acknowledgment to a deed, where the same is necessary, must be made in the absence of her husband, and made upon her declaration that the same is made of her own free will, and that the officer taking such acknowledgment must certify that she made such declaration to him.

M. J. S., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the child, by a former marriage, of the first wife of the man who died, would have very little chance of proving a claim against the estate of the man who died, based upon the fact that the mother of such child gave this man her share of her former husband's estate at the time of her marriage to this man who has recently died.

J. N. H., Oklahoma.—An examination of your local records, and a knowledge of the facts in connection therewith, would be necessary in order to determine whether you hold a good title to the land you mention.

Manners and Looks



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

M. W., Adrian, Minn.—In your conversation with your physician, give him his professional title and address him as "Doctor" or "Doctor Blank." Your nurse should speak to you as "Miss Dash."

N. F. K., Martinsville, O.—It is neither correct nor graceful for a girl to sit with her legs crossed. However, in these days when women smoke, vote and serve on juries, they may yet demand the right to put their feet up on the back of a chair and a black cigar in their mouth.

ONE IN DOUBT, Oneida, N. Y.—You may wear your veil at your church wedding. (2) A wedding gown would be a poor affair without a proper train.

WANT TO KNOW.—We do not see how you can wear your engagement ring if you do not mean to announce your engagement. (2) The enclosure of an "at home" card with the wedding announcement means that the bride and groom will be glad to see at their new home those to whom the cards go. (3) We do not know upon just what terms you are with this stepmother who "does not love" you; we therefore cannot tell you how you may decide your last inquiry.

MRS. M. C., Swanton, Vt.—In the case you mention, if your husband objects to this man and does not wish you to write to him, we believe you should promptly cease the correspondence. That the man is your cousin has no particular bearing on the matter. If you care for your husband and the happiness of your new home, you should be glad to comply with your husband's wish in the matter.

I. K., Livermore, Ky.—The electric needle for the removal of hair from the skin may only be employed by a competent dermatologist such as may be found in the large cities. Useful and fairly successful compounds for the removal of superfluous hair may be purchased at any good pharmacy. (2) If you have your graduation frock white and simple and girlish, you need not worry if it be the most "stylishest" one on the stage, for you will be sure to look happy and charming in it.

SUNBEAM, Hubbard, Texas.—No girl should marry at sixteen, which is yet a schoolgirl age. Stick to your schoolbooks for three or four years more, and you will be a better and happier wife when you do marry.

F. D., Delafield, Ill.—If your parents have no objections to this young man, you may permit him to act as your escort home from church and other affairs.

B. B., Charleroi, Pa.—A young man should escort a girl from her home to a "show," and not ask her to meet him in front of the place of entertainment.

A DULL BOY, Twitty, Texas.—It is often a dangerous and unhappy experiment to leave a good farm home expecting to find an easier and better life in the city. In your case, however, you are legitimately restless, and seem free to go if you wish. Your earlier education should help you some toward making your way in town—where, you must remember, you will meet the competition of the thousands there and those constantly arriving. We suggest that you definitely plan for a trial trip to the new life—and do not shake yourself loose entirely from your big farm which you have helped to earn.

IN TROUBLE, Palmer, Tenn.—You should be paying no serious attention to a girl of fourteen, and we cannot imagine why her parents "do not object," as you say. That this child slapped your face while in a rage, is no evidence that she might not make a very good-tempered wife when five or ten years older.

BLUE EYES, Texas.—Yes, a bride may wear her engagement ring at the ceremony.

J. W. McC., Lacenter, Ky.—All we can say about a young lady writing you a letter and using both red and black ink, is that she showed rather poor taste, but that she meant nothing more sentimental than if she had used plain black alone. (2) A girl of seventeen who will "engage her company" to two young men for the same Sunday afternoon is simply arranging the ground for a lively Sabbath—provided the two young men furnish the proper entertainment.

PEGGY, Hickory, N. C.—Sixteen is too young for lovers or love letters. From letters received, this department knows how many unhappy marriages have occurred where the girl was too young to know her own mind—and found it out too late. Marriage is a serious game and not to be played at by children.

BESSIE, Hickory, N. C.—You may have just as many "beaux" at one time as you wish—or there are in Hickory. (2) If you are in the habit of calling this boy by his first name, do so in your letter and say, for instance, "My dear Jack." If not, you must say, "My dear Mr. Blank." A proper close is, "Sincerely."

SAD AND SORRY, Westerheim, N. D.—If you have apologized to this young man for your conduct, and he still chooses to act as if he had grievance against you, we can only class him as a bad-tempered chap that you will be well rid of. You certainly cannot make him cease being angry if he is determined to nurse his grievance.

C. M. and M. R., Riviera, Texas.—Girls of thirteen should not be going to dances nor should they go to any entertainment away from home unless carefully chaperoned. You are but children, and must obey your parents in every way. Stick to your schoolbooks for the next few years and let the boys wait. There will be always plenty of these young animals.

HAPPY WANDA, Westerheim, N. D.—No, a boy must not kiss you while dancing with you nor at any other time. Tell him this and make him see that you mean it. You are too young to be considering a serious love affair or an engagement.

LITTLE THIRTEEN, Garden City, Mo.—When a young man is presented to you at a dance or anywhere else, offer your hand with a bow, a smile and a "How do you do?" This will be quite sufficient and no stilted phrases are necessary.

TROUBLED, Westerheim, N. D.—You are right in believing the "shimmy" to be an improper dance, and you made a mistake in taking any part in it as you did.

C. H., Cabot, Ark.—It is hard for us to advise you regarding your sticking to this suitor who does not seem to have any very clear intention of marrying. We would suggest that you give him one or two rather strong hints that you believe considerable time has been wasted, and, if this fails, try dropping him for a while and letting him see that you receive attention from someone else. Perhaps this might wake him up.

MRS. J. B. L., Milford, Texas.—A woman of twenty-five who is five feet, nine inches in height, should weigh 147 pounds. You are therefore considerably overweight. Any shades of brown and the darker shades of blue should be becoming to your type.

BROWN EYES AND BOBBIE, Everton, Ark.—Young girls should not go any distance away from their own homes unchaperoned. Leap Year has nothing to do with the matter. (2) Yes, you may substitute another escort when the influenza takes away your first suitor.

SIS, West Virginia.—Should conditions at night require it, a young man may offer his arm to the young lady he is escorting. He might say: "I think you had better take my arm."

L. O., Cordell, Ky.—Yes, you may ride a horse to church with your girl friend and this boy. And you may ask this boy in to dinner, if you like.

P. G., Linn Creek, Mo.—Why should you worry about "remaining true" to a man you say you "don't even like"? Let him go and wait and see if this wealthy suitor does not really prove his seriousness. We cannot tell you if he loves you. The difference in your ages is not insurmountable by any means.

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Cure Yourself or Your Child at Home, Without Pain or Inconvenience, of any Spinal Deformity with the Wonderful PHILO BURT METHOD.

No matter how old you are, or how long you have suffered, or what kind of spinal deformity you have, there is benefit and a possible cure for you. The Philo Burt Appliance is as firm as steel and yet flexible and very comfortable to wear. It gives an even, perfect support to the weakened or deformed spine. It is as easy to take off or put on as a coat, causes no inconvenience, and does not chafe or irritate. No one can notice you wearing it.

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The Appliance is made to fit each individual case. It weighs ounces where other supports weigh pounds. The price is within the reach of all. Hundreds of **doctors** recommend it.



We GUARANTEE Satisfaction and LET YOU USE IT 30 DAYS.

If you or your child are suffering from spinal trouble of any nature, write me at once for our new book with full information and references. Describe case fully so we can advice you intelligently. The Philo Burt Method consisting of a scientific appliance and a course of especial exercises, has produced wonder benefit or cure in over 30,000 cases.

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STUART'S PLAPAO-PADS are entirely different—being medicine applicators, made self-adhesive purposely to prevent slipping, and to hold the distended muscles securely in place. No straps, buckles or springs attached; no "digging-in" or grinding pressure. Continuous inexpensive day and night treatment at home. No delay from work. Hundreds of sworn testimonials from cured. Awarded Gold Medal and Grand Prix.

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"Little Wireless Phones for the Ears" require no medicine but effectively replace what is lacking or defective in the natural ear drums. They are simple devices, which the wearer easily fits into the ears where they are invisible. Soft, safe and comfortable. Write *today* for our 168 page FREE book on DEAFNESS, giving you full particulars and testimonials.

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Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work.
AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
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for men, women and children. Must wear and give satisfaction or replaced free. All styles. Cheaper and better than leather. Flexible steel arch shank. A prospect in every home. Often take orders for 3 or 4 pairs in one family. Repeat orders will make you a steady income.

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Any man or woman, young or old, can make big money this season handling this new line of Guaranteed Shoes. No capital required. Write for Agency. Be first in your territory to handle this guaranteed line.

Thomas Shoe Co., 330 Long St., Dayton, Ohio

Have You Made Your Mother's Dreams Come True? Are You the Strong, Successful Iron Man She Expected You To Be?

or are Worry, Work and Ill-Health Sapping the Iron From Your Blood and Robbing You of the Prizes that Come With Health and Success? Physician Explains Why So Many Men of To-day Need the Help of

NUXATED IRON TO BUILD RED BLOOD

That Gives Courage and Power To Go In and Win.

Every mother has dreams for her son. And whether it be the mother of the prize-fighter or the statesman, she is equally proud when HE wins. She thinks of HER struggle from the very start to nourish the tiny babe into rugged boyhood—then to build up his health, brawn and brain to fight the battles of young manhood. She did HER best to teach him what health and strength meant in the race for success, and the boy who was able to hold fast to her teachings is today in a position of power.

But there are thousands whose love for their mother is just as deep—thousands who wear the white carnation on Mothers' Day—thousands who never fail to write home—YET they would hesitate to answer the question, "Have You Made Your Mother's Dreams Come True?"—simply because in the mad rush for the Success which they knew would make HER proud, they have slipped up on one point. They have neglected her oft' repeated words: "Look to Your Health First, My Boy." In pushing their mental energies to the limit without the physical strength to back them up, they have allowed worry, work and ill-health to sap the iron from their blood and leave them weak, nervous and run-down. These men are as anxious to get ahead as anyone else but they do not realize that iron is absolutely essential to the greatest development of physical and mental power. But in the wear and tear of modern day life when their forces are constantly drawn upon, they are without the sustaining strength produced by the nourishing foods and outdoor sports of boyhood days that kept up the supply of iron in their blood. Unless they supply this iron deficiency now, they cannot hope to have the rich, red blood that sends fires of energy through body and brain and makes men get ahead. Yet, to take the wrong form of iron may prove worse than useless and therefore physicians below explain why they prescribe only organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for red blood, strength and endurance.

"It is the men of blood and iron who will forge ahead in the business and political life of the country today," says Dr. T. Alphonsus Wallace, a physician of many years' experience and formerly of the British Naval Medical Service. "Without iron there can be no strong, red-blooded men, and unless this strength-giving iron is obtained from the foods we eat, it must be supplied in some form that is easily absorbed and assimilated. For this purpose I always recommend organic iron—Nuxated Iron—which by enriching the blood and creating new blood cells, strengthens the nerves, rebuilds the weakened tissues and helps to instill renewed energy into the whole system whether a person is young or old. In my opinion, Nuxated Iron is the most valuable tonic, strength and blood-builder any physician can prescribe."

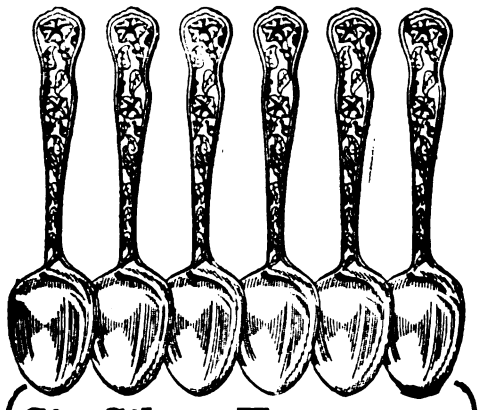
Dr. John J. Van Horne, former Medical Inspector and Clinical Physician on the Board of Health of New York City, says, "To help build stronger, healthier men and women, better able physicially to meet the problems of everyday life, I believe that physicians should, at every opportunity prescribe organic iron — Nuxated Iron—for in my experience it is one of the best tonic and red blood builders known to medical science."



Every Man Who Feels the Thrill of Mother-Love Owes it to Himself to Read the Accompanying Article.

No matter what other tonics or iron remedies you have used without success—if you are not strong or well, you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength and see how much you have gained. Nuxated Iron will increase the strength, power and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down people in two weeks' time in many instances.

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended by physicians and which is now being used by over three million people annually, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful "**Morning Glory**" deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant **French grey.** The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you **six** of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Girls! This Pretty Jade Bracelet Is The Latest!

For A Club of Two

GIRLS, **you should have one of the new Jade Bracelets!** It is the most popular bracelet ever introduced. All the rage in the big cities. Even wives and daughters of millionaires are wearing them in preference to gold, platinum and diamonds. Handsome, yet inexpensive, its very simplicity appeals to every woman of good taste. Three inches in diameter, will fit any wrist. The beautiful, rich Jade color makes a pleasing contrast with any dress. Practically indestructible and will always retain its luster. We know that the thousands of young ladies who read COMFORT want the newest styles so we have purchased a quantity of these popular bracelets to give away. You may have one or more of them absolutely free upon the terms of the following short-time offer. Please send in your order as soon as possible as our supply is limited.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Jade Bracelet free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9672.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

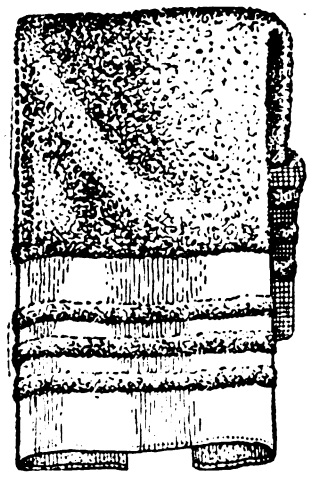
Pearl Necklace

FORTUNATE is the woman or girl who possesses a pearl necklace, as they are exceedingly stylish and growing more popular every day. The one shown is made of beautiful **imt. pearls** of uniform size, **is sixteen inches long** and fastens with a **gold-filled** "Torpedo" snap. As these necklaces are not made in this country they are becoming scarce and prices are going up, so we consider ourselves extremely fortunate in having a supply purchased **at a before-the-war price.** However, we may not be able to secure more **at any price,** so please send in your order at once. You could not possibly select anything more stylish or attractive. This necklace can be worn with **perfectly good taste** with any dress at any time and on all occasions.

GIVEN! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one of these Pearl Necklaces free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7752. Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.**

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy

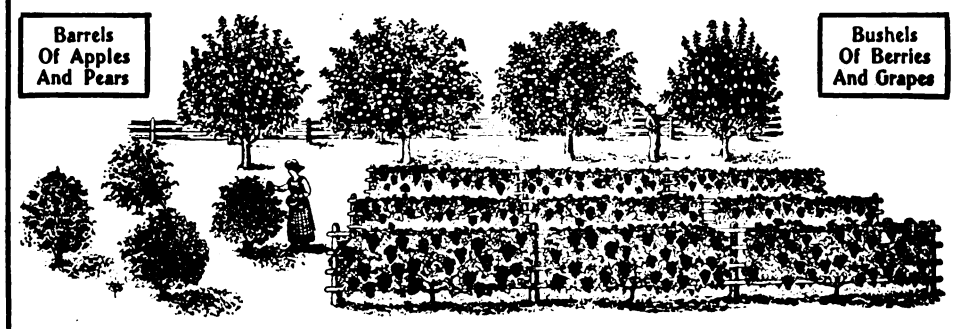


AFTER **bathing** there is nothing quite as fine as a **good rub down with a Turkish towel.** In fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet,** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8503.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Plant This Grand Fruit Orchard





Delaware Grape



Bartlett Pear



Concord Grape



Wealthy Apple



Rex Raspberry



Niagara Grape

For A Club Of Two

We Will Send You Seventeen Apple And Pear Trees, Berry Bushes and Grape Vines!

BY special arrangement with the growers in Michigan we can now offer our readers this grand Fruit and Orchard Collection of 17 Choice Fruit Trees, Berry Bushes and Grape Vines. If planted at standard distances apart they will nicely fill an eighth of an acre. Or they can be planted closer if desired, or they can be made to form a border around your yard or lot. Wherever grown, however, they will yield loads of the finest Apples, Pears, Grapes, Raspberries and Dewberries every year as long as you live. All the varieties in this splendid Collection have been carefully selected for their characteristics of rapid growth, early maturity, immense yield and extreme hardiness. We believe it would be difficult to secure as much **actual value** from any other assortment of the same size.

Here is what we give you:

One Snow Apple Tree, One Wealthy Apple Tree, One Kieffer Pear Tree, One Bartlett Pear Tree, Two Lucretia Dewberry Bushes, Two Rex Raspberry Bushes, Three Niagara Grape Vines, Three Delaware Grape Vines, Three Concord Grape Vines.

The four grafted Apple and Pear Trees in this Collection are the best that can be procured. **They are one foot high,** grafted by experts from bearing trees with high records. They will take root as soon as planted and grow rapidly into vigorous healthy trees. You could not get better trees at any price.

The nine Grape Vines are a product of southern Michigan, where the finest grapes in the world are grown. From selected vines, cuttings are taken and buried in underground pits until they undergo a process known as "calllousing." After being properly "calloused" the cuttings will take root as soon as planted. **The "calloused" Grape Cuttings in this Collection are all produced in this manner.** They will grow rapidly and bear immense crops of choice grapes even sooner than large vines planted at the same time.

The two Raspberry Bushes and two Dewberry Bushes in this Collection are robust, one-year-old youngsters, ready to set out as soon as you receive them. They will begin growing at once and develop into fine, heavy-bearing bushes if given proper attention.

All Will Bear Soon! The garden which you plant with this fine Fruit and Orchard Collection will prove an ever increasing source of pleasure and profit to you year after year. All the trees, vines and bushes will bear fruit in a remarkably short time. The Raspberry will produce some fruit this season. Then next year your Dewberries will commence bearing. The following year you will have grapes and some pears. (A properly cared-for Grape Vine will yield a bushel of grapes every season.) Your Apple and Pear Trees will begin bearing in from three to five years. Then you will have loads and loads of fine fruit in increasing quantity every year.

Guaranteed To Grow! Everything in this Collection **is absolutely guaranteed to grow.** We stand behind every Collection sent out and the growers in turn stand behind us. You may rest assured that if you order this splendid Collection (and you surely ought to), it will reach you in **good condition** and grow to your **entire satisfaction** if the directions for planting are carefully followed. If any of the trees, bushes or vines fail to make growth satisfactory to you, we hereby guarantee to replace them promptly and **absolutely without charge to you.** You cannot lose. You run absolutely no risk in accepting this offer.

Full Planting Instructions! With this fine Fruit and Orchard Collection we are also going to send you **complete instructions for planting.** These directions are fully illustrated with pictures and diagrams showing you **just what to do and when and how to do it.** By following these simple directions you will in a few years have one of the finest orchards in your neighborhood.

Our Free Offer! Send us only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each and this remarkable Fruit and Orchard Collection is yours free—the two Apple Trees, two Pear Trees, two Dewberry Bushes, two Raspberry Bushes and nine Grape Vines. The whole Collection will be carefully **packed in** moss, securely wrapped and sent to you by prepaid parcel post, direct from the Michigan growers **at the proper time for planting in your locality.** Remember we guarantee that everything will reach you in perfect condition. You will also receive complete illustrated instructions for planting. Be sure to send in your order this very day and ask for **Premium No. 9542.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine



Kieffer Pear



Lucretia Dewberry



Snow Apple

We Give You The Bag-Top —You Make The Bag!



For A Club of Two

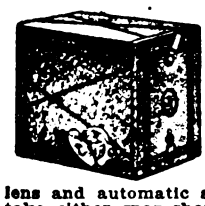
THESE pretty home-made bags are all the go now. Their great popularity is due to the fact that as each woman makes her own bag it is sure to be **distinctive**—a little different from other women's bags. It is very easy to make and inexpensive. You probably have the material on hand right now—odds and ends of silk, velvet or moire, whatever you decide to use. The tassel on the bottom is not necessary but you can easily afford to buy one as they cost only a few cents. Or you can make it yourself.

The bag-top offered you here is seven inches wide, made of handsome oxidized metal with a very deeply embossed floral design. It is the "gate-top" style—that is, each side opens out in the middle so that it really has four sides as shown in the illustration. It is also perforated along the edge with small holes to take the stitches necessary for attaching the bag. The chain is fourteen inches long.

Our Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Bag-Top free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Camera Given

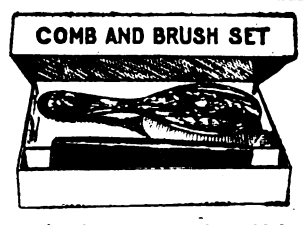


A SPLENDID Camera, either for yourself or to give as a present to someone. It is the pocket "Premo," made by the Eastman Kodak Company, and it takes beautiful pictures 1¼x1¾ inches in size. Fitted with Meniscus lens and automatic shutter which allows you to take either snap-shots or time exposures. Uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this film may be put in the camera in broad daylight. Anybody can take good pictures with this camera. It is so simple to operate that even a child can use it.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Premo Camera with one six-exposure roll film cartridge and instruction book free and prepaid for four **one-year subscriptions** to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at **50 cents each** we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Premium No. 8483.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



New Crochet And Sweater Books

HUNDREDS of new, lovely designs for COMFORT crochet workers. The very latest patterns in edges, beadings, insertions and laces, crocheted and knitted sweaters, all with complete directions and illustrated by large, clear photographs of the finished work. Each book is 8 by 11 inches in size, printed on the finest paper, handsomely and durably bound. Following is a brief description of what each book contains:

Book No. 20 shows **sixty-two** beautiful edges and insertions, both narrow and wide, for every conceivable use, also some handsome crocheted tumbler doilies and medallions. All are illustrated by large photographs, with full directions.

Book No. 21 contains **fifty-seven** pretty designs in edges and insertions, entirely different from those shown in Book No. 20, all fully illustrated, with full directions. Many of the illustrations show towel, handkerchief and napkin corners complete and there is also a complete alphabet, and an all-crochet plate doily that is simply lovely.

Book No. 22 presents **fifty-two** new designs in Filet crochet, illustrated, with directions. In this book you will find handsome edges, corners and insertions that you never saw before, alphabets, finished towels, luncheon cloths and napkins, sheets and pillow-cases, dining-room sets, tidies, curtain edges and corners.

Book No. 23 contains **seventeen** alphabets in various styles and sizes for cross stitch and filet crochet, also wreaths, corners and medallions where the letters are used. Illustrations are all full-page size and very easy to follow.

Book No. 24 contains **fifteen** artistic yokes shown in large photographic illustrations, with complete instructions. Filet patterns, small medallion schemes, and in braid for round, square, pointed, corset-covers, camisole, night-gown and children's yokes.

Book No. 25 tells how to make knitted and crocheted ripple sweaters and jackets with and without sleeves. **Thirteen** different styles to choose from and every one a beauty. The stitches are shown in full-page photographs, with full instructions, while the finished articles are also shown by photographs on living models.

Book No. 26 shows **thirteen** lovely new yokes in filet and fancy crochet with complete instructions and photographic illustrations over one-half actual size. The patterns consist of clover, medallions, filet, knot-stitch, pin-wheel, poinsettia, scalloped filet, and there is also shown one of the new shapes in a filet collar.

Book No. 27 illustrates and tells how to make **twelve** elaborate medallion arrangements in camisoles and yokes. A feature of this book is the two-page photograph of a beautiful Brassiere or dress trimming. The motifs for yokes include a pretty squared daisy, snowflake, round knot-stitch, pin-wheel, leaf and cross, pineapple, poinsettia, star flower, sunflower, square knot-stitch and round daisy.

Book No. 28 shows how to make filet sweaters, illustrating **fourteen** handsome designs on living models. These are to be crocheted in dainty light colors for summer wear. Every motif is also pictured by diagram, thus making it very easy to follow the printed instructions.

Book No. 29 contains photographic illustrations and descriptions of tatted yokes and camisoles—**fifteen** lovely arrangements of medallions in different handsome patterns of pointed, rounded and camisole styles. The illustrations are over half actual size and the directions are full and complete.

Book No. 30 shows **seventy-two** patterns in edges and corners and insertions. Edges are in all widths—from one half to two inches—and include such novelty designs as "Kiddies' Jumping Rope" and "Little Maids in a Row." Many lovely designs in corners are shown in Torchon, square medallions, knot-stitch and lacet stitch. All are illustrated with half-size photographs with full directions.

Book No. 31 is a book of "spiders," showing this antique design in all its many variations in yokes, corners, edges and insertions. In all, there are **twenty-eight** different photographic illustrations with directions—six different spider yokes, sixteen different spiders and six ways of turning the corner with a spider.

Book No. 32 contains **fourteen** filet crochet sweaters, in light and heavy threads, every style shown by photographs on a living model, both front and back views. Every stitch is also plainly shown by photograph and the different motifs are pictured on diagrams with complete directions. Pond lily, wild rose, iris, spray and poinsettia are among the designs shown for long or short, sleeve or sleeveless, belted or unbelted and open front models in cream pink, light pink, blue, light blue, cherry, red, dark green and lavender. The handsomest sweater book ever published.

Free Offer No. 8591. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you any **three** of the above books free and postpaid. Please be sure to give the number **of each book wanted.**

Free Offer No. 9702. For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you any seven books free and postpaid. **Please give number of each book wanted.**

Free Offer No. 8963. For three one-year **subscriptions at 50** cents each we will send you all **thirteen books** free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

There is nothing better than green corn. The large evergreen varieties are the best. The corn should be planted alongside the pasture so that it can be cut and thrown over the fence, handily.

Or if there is a small lot of a few acres to turn into, there is nothing better than oats and peas for summer pasture. The cattle can be turned onto this as soon as the peas begin to pod and the oats are heading out. Such a pasture will last for three or four weeks, if large enough, and this will give the "old pasture" a chance to pick up, provided, of course, there are seasonable rains. Otherwise, when the oats and peas are gone, the sweet corn will be ready to cut. Feeding of sweet corn can begin as soon as the ears are well formed, even before the corn is large enough for roasting ears.

Other Summer Feeds

Summer silage put up the season before is now largely fed. Green clover, alfalfa or green oat hay are often fed in the barn but this method is rather expensive because so much hauling and handling is required. However, even then it is cheaper in the long run than it is to let the cows dry up in milk and run down in flesh for want of feed.

Clover Silage

In the humid regions it is difficult in wet seasons to cure clover hay. The farmers in these sections have solved this problem by cutting the green clover directly into the silo. They can then begin feeding clover in the barn as soon as feeds get short. Don't let the livestock go hungry in fly time. *Plan the pasture now.*

Profit in Pigs

Every farmer ought to raise a few pigs, yet there are many farmers in this country, and even in the great grain belt of the Middle West, who do not raise their own meat. They may even raise hogs for market and then buy the majority of their meat. This is a waste, as a little careful thought on the subject will clearly prove.

Why Farmers Should Produce Own Meat

The chief reason why farmers should raise their own meat is that it is economical to do so. Live hogs are now selling around 14 cents a pound at the farm; that is $14 for a hundred pounds live weight. A hundred pounds live weight will make from 75 to 80 pounds of dressed weight or be worth about 18 cents a pound dressed at the farm.

The cost of dressing is no more than the cost of delivering to the local market so that if the farmer now raises his own pork it will be worth to him about 18 cents a pound. Prices on pork produced at the local butcher shops vary all the way from 25 cents for the cheaper cuts up to 50 cents a pound for choice bacon and 75 cents a pound for boiled ham. Pork products that the farmer buys back from the local butcher cost him at least twice what he received for them.

The Reasons Why

There are several good reasons why the price is doubled on his pork after it leaves the farm before it gets back to his table again. In the first place, there is a local dealer who must have pay for his time, rent and other expenses, and the risk he takes against loss in handling the farmers' hogs. Then there is the freight that must be paid to the central market. Here another commission is paid to a commission man who sells the hogs to the packer.

All these items added together increase the price from two to three cents a pound. Besides the hogs have shrunk in weight on the way to market, so that by the time the meat is hung on the packers' hooks it has actually cost 20 to 22 cents a pound instead of the original value of 18 cents a pound on the farm.

What Happens Then

The meat then goes to the coolers, after which it is taken out and cut up and manufactured into the various products: head cheese, jowls, picnic hams, pickled pigs' feet, lard, bacon and hams. Some of the cuts, like ribs and loin, are returned to the freezers and later distributed again to be sold by local butchers. All this costs money, and adds probably another five cents to the price.

But the meat is still in the packers' storage. It must now be taken out and distributed to local storage plants all over the country. From these it is again taken, placed in iced refrigerator cars, called "peddler cars," and "peddled" to the local butchers in the cities and small towns. How much do you suppose these extra items, such as ice, freight and handling over two or three times, adds to the price?

Let us guess two or three cents more. But the local butcher must also buy ice for his shop. He must have pay for his time and interest on his money invested, which adds at least five cents more to the price. Now let us see how the price has gone up without anyone getting a cent that did not rightfully belong to him:

Value of pork on farm where grown, 18 cents a pound.

Value of pork on hooks in packing house, 22 to 23 cents a pound.

Value of pork in local warehouses, 25 cents a pound.

Value of pork on butcher's block, 30 cents a pound.

Thus it will be seen that by the time the pork gets back to the farmer its price has nearly doubled, yet no one has "profiteered."

Why Prices Vary

Some one asks, "What about 40-cent ham or 50-cent bacon?" Why should these cuts cost so much? Because if the butcher fixed the uniform price of 30 cents upon all pork products, everybody would want the hams and bacon and there would be no market for the other cuts, like jowls, feet, belly, liver, sausage and lard. Hence the price on the best cuts are made higher than the average and the poorer pieces are always actually sold for less than half the average cost of the whole carcass.

But this argument is made only to show the farmer that he himself is to blame if he complains about the high price of meat because he can save all these "extra" costs *if he will grow and cure his own meat.*

Home-made Pork Products

Here are a few choice pork products easily made on the farm: Head cheese, smoked jowl, sugar-cured, pure pork sausage, smoked liver sausage, sugar-cured picnic hams, choice sugar-cured bacon, and, best of all, home-cured hams smoked with cobs or hickory wood. Any of the above smoked products are easily kept in warm weather, and sweet salted pork will keep throughout the year if properly cared for.

How much profit is there in pigs grown especially for providing the family with its year's meat supply? The necessary facts are all given here. Figure it out for yourself.

While Waiting for the Garden to Grow

Very early in the spring before the garden is ready to use, far away from a city market, we can take advantage of many of the so-called weeds which really are splendid edible plants and are delicious for soups, salads and garnish.

Sorrel adds a splendid flavor to soups, or, boiled in salted water, they can be eaten like any greens.

"Lamb-quarter" makes a delicious addition to the family dinner, and what is better than a big dish of dandelions and pork? Curly dock, pigweed, milkweed, plantain—"fiddle head," and, last but not least and best of all, mustard.

Any boy or girl will love an excursion to some spring or creek to bring back the delicious watercress, which makes an appetizing salad that relieves the monotony of the farm dinner.

Skirmish around and see what can be gotten with a little labor. Don't neglect to take advantage of the despised "weed" if it adds a big dish of greens to the family dinner.

How Much Grass Seed to Sow

Spring seeding time is again upon us. The question often arises, what kind of grass seed to sow, how much to buy, or how much to sow per acre. Recently, so many of our readers have sent in inquiries on these matters that we are giving a complete table of the various common grass seeds ordinarily grown together, with the weight per bushel and the number of pounds per acre as recommended by our leading seed men:

Seed.	Pounds to the Bushel.	Sow Per Acre.
Alfalfa,	60	12 to 20 pounds
Red Clover,	60	8 10
Alsike Clover,	60	6 8
Sweet Clover,	60	15 20
Crimson Clover,	60	5 12
Red Top Grass,	14	15 20
Orchard Grass,	14	15 25
Blue Grass,	14	20 40
Sudan Grass,	45	20 25
Timothy,	45	12 15
German Millet,	50	25 30
Hungarian Grass,	48	25 30
Common Millet,	45	25 30

Don't Forget the Flowers

When planning the vegetable garden, don't forget to save some space for flowers. Flowers planted in the garden are easily tended and have a better chance for growth than those that are scattered here and there around the yard. Have the shrubbery and perennials for the yard but put annuals in the garden where they can be cultivated with the vegetables.

Choose Many Kinds

Have a good generous selection so there will be blossoms all the season long till frost comes. There are many very hardy varieties that will blossom very late and are able to withstand the cold.

Be sure to have a lot of the old-time favorites like cosmos, verbenas, asters, poppies, petunias, sweet peas, zinnias, begonias, marigold, corn flowers, nasturtiums, and as many others as you have room for.

Try Some New Flowers

Then try out some of the novelties and specialties. Many of the seed houses have improved varieties that will surprise you. Last year my neighbor had a giant zinnia that was a wonder—some of the blossome were six inches across and of the most beautiful shades. Then she had an improved canterbury bell, cup and saucer, single and triple. Hardly a day passed when these flowers were in bloom that someone did not stop, admire them and ask where she bought her plants. As a matter of fact, she hardly ever buys flower plants but each year tries out, in addition to her regular flowers, some specialty or novelty that is not only interesting but generally a most splendid success which greatly adds to the beauty of her flower garden.

Have All You Want and More

Don't stint on the flowers, they will pay you back in pleasure and added attractiveness of your farm home more than the effort it takes to raise them.

No matter how old a house—just put in the right setting of flowers and shrubs and it becomes a beautiful place, not only to the owner but to every passerby, who cannot help but admire it if surrounded by climbing plants, shrubs and bloom.

Summer-made Manure

Getting out the winter-made manure in spring, work which should never, if at all possible, be left to that time, is such a herculean job that most men give the summer-produced manure not a single thought. They are so very busy from early spring until after harvest, tending and cutting the grain and forage crops, that they are glad if they can find time to merely dump the new lots of manure into the yard and close to the stable where it is made every day. Of course, most of the manure made in summer comes from the horses, for the cows are on grass, but horse manure is well worth saving and it spoils more quickly than does manure from cows and hogs. It "firefangs" or heats and practically burns unless kept shaded, compact and moist. For that reason, summer-made manure should be kept under cover until it can be hauled out and if it can be wetted down now and then so much the better. If that cannot be done, it should be well covered with straw or heaped and covered with earth. It takes time to give such attention, but those who care for every bit of manure made on the farm concede that the work pays well in the long run. Another reason for caring for the manure under cover and away from the stable where it is made is that it keeps flies from breeding in the piles and tormenting stock inside of the stable and out.

One place for the summer-made manure is on green cropping patches which are plowed under now and then during summer, and such plots now are found on every well-managed stock farm. If there is no such use for the manure, then it should go onto the hay meadows and stubbles as soon as their crops are cut; or it may go onto the old, bare-bitten permanent pasture when stock is taken off such places and put on meadows and stubbles that are to be fall plowed. We must say, however, that the meadows and stubbles usually need manure most when they are to be plowed, and can be more readily top-dressed when the land is firm than when soft and wet in spring, or after autumn rains have made plowing possible. The green crops, for soiling or grazing, also will do better if top-dressed with well-made or rotted manure and should also have some artificial fertilizer.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

SOWING SUDAN GRASS.—How many pounds of Sudan grass seed should be sown to the acre? How many pounds of the seed in the bushel? When should it be sown and how should the drill be set to sow it?

MRS. H. P., Stella, Mo.

A.—Sudan grass is usually sown at the rate of 20 to 25 pounds to the acre. It weighs 45 pounds per bushel and is sown in exactly the same way as other grass seed, on a well-prepared seedbed after ground is well warmed up—late in May.

GRASS SEED WEIGHTS.—Please tell me the weight per bushel of recleaned herdsgrass seed, also weights of all other grass seeds reclaimed.

F. T. C., R. R. No. 7, Glasgow, Ky.

A.—We are printing a table showing pounds of all kinds of grass seed in a bushel according to legal standards established by several states. See another column.

BUTTER WILL NOT COME.—My cow gives rich milk and the cream is fine but it will not make butter. The cream churns to a stiff foam and the butter will not come. I feed her wheat bran and corn meal and shucks. Please tell me the cause of the trouble and what to do. A. H. L., Tar Heel, N. C.

A.—Foamy cream is not caused by the feed, neither is it the fault of the cow. It is due entirely to the temperature of the churn at churning time, which may be either too warm or too cold, and the same result will be obtained. In your case it is probably too warm cream. Suggest you set your cream in cold water for an hour before churning, changing the water frequently and drawing it fresh from the well each time. Better get a thermometer if handy to do so, and churn your cream as nearly at 55 degrees as possible.

Mineral Matter and Milk

Experiments conducted by the Bureau of Animal Industry, United States Department of Agriculture, with dairy cows are showing an important relation between milk secretion and certain mineral substances. Feeding compounds of phosphorus and calcium have resulted in a decidedly beneficial effect on the milk flow in both quantity and fat content.

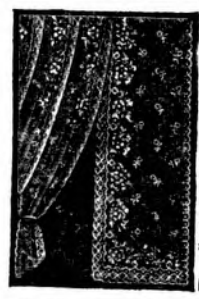
It has been shown also that a deficiency of phosphorus in dairy rations has a detrimental effect on milk secretion of cows and growth of calves. A remedy was found in the addition of sodium phosphate to rations deficient in phosphorus. The work is being continued.

SAVE $43

Genuine $100 Oliver Typewriters now $57. Brand new, latest model—our finest product. Direct from factory to you. And we ship you an Oliver for free trial. No payment down. Keep it or return it. If you want to own it, pay us only $3 per month. This is the greatest typewriter bargain on earth. You save $43. Write today for full particulars, including our book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." Then you may get an Oliver for free trial. Write now.



The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1605 Oliver Typewriter Building
Chicago, Ill. (32,07)



4 CURTAINS Two Pairs—For 75c

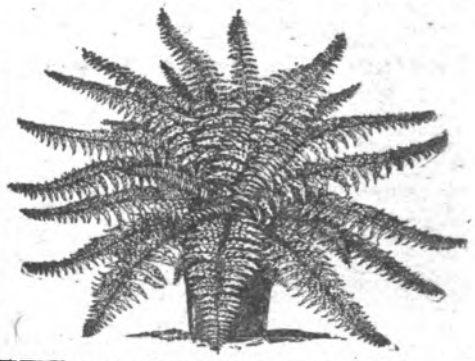
in cash extra and selling only 20 large colored Art and Religious Pictures or 20 pkgs. high grade Post Cards at 10c each. These four beautiful, white Nottingham Lace Curtains are full size, 2½ yards long, 30 inches wide, durable quality, popular design. You must see these curtains to appreciate their value. Suitable for any window. A Real Bargain. Retail value $4.00. Order your choice of Pictures or Post Cards. When sold send us $3 collected and 75 Cents Extra, (total $3.75), and receive the Four Lace Curtains, all charges prepaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today.

GATES MFG. CO.
DEPT. 325 CHICAGO



FREE Sell 30 Novelty Pins at 10c. When sold send $3.00 and we'll send stem wind watch, or keep $1.00. Clare Watch Co. A8, Chicago

Four Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Asparagus Plumosus** or "Lace" fern, the **Roosevelt**, the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, "**The Roosevelt,**" but remember you **get all four ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SELF-FILLING

Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three



HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen free of charge.

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Don't Send a Penny

These Len-Mort Hard Knox, Black Leather Work and Out Door Shoes are "wizards" for wear—the absolute limit in strength combined with comfort and dressy appearance. Built on stylish lace Blucher last; drill-lined; leather insoles; guaranteed counters; two full solid leather soles—clinch nailed and sewed—running clear through to the solid, strong heels that won't come off. Note the rugged construction—the wear-defying quality built right in, giving protection at every point. So durable—so strong—yet so flexible, soft, easy on the feet! Is it any wonder that shoes like these outwear two or three pairs of the ordinary kind?



$3.98

Great Shoe Offer

Much more than a mere work shoe. The snappy, clean cut style and dressy round toe make this model shoe suitable for almost any wear. You be the judge! Slip a pair on and **let them do the talking!** SEND NO MONEY. Just your name, address and size wanted. Pay only $3.98 for shoes on arrival. If you don't find them the easiest, most comfortable and satisfactory shoes you ever wore, return them and we will refund your money. Sizes 6 to 11. Wide widths. Order by No. A-1817. Do it now!

Leonard-Morton & Co., Dept. 6204 Chicago, Ill.

Magazines Delayed By Slow Mail Service

We are receiving numerous letters from our subscribers complaining of delayed delivery of COMFORT, and we wish to explain that we are not at fault for these delays which are as troublesome to us as they are annoying to our subscribers. Other publishers are experiencing the same or worse difficulties.

In fact these are trying times for publishers contending with shortage of print paper and other obstacles so great that some of the large magazines were forced to skip one or more issues during the past year.

COMFORT has been published regularly and mailed at the usual time every month, except that a part of the March issue was five days late, and part of the April issue three days late in mailing, due to belated shipments of paper.

But these two slight irregularities are not the cause of our subscribers' complaints which have come to us at all seasons of the year and in especially large numbers the past winter claiming long delay in the delivery of their magazine.

These delays, with few exceptions, were caused by the slow and inefficient method by which the bulk of the magazine second-class mail is transported.

Formerly the magazines were carried in the mail cars attached to the regular mail trains, and then we had good and expeditious service.

But the Post-Office Department in recent years has been and still is transporting magazines in freight cars attached to freight trains for long hauls to certain principal points of distribution where they are rehandled and thence forwarded to destination. Besides being slow at its best this method is subject to various irregularities and delays incidental to freight transportation.

We go to press earlier to offset the normal difference in time between freight and regular mail trains but can not overcome the irregularities pecular to this retrograde system of mail service.

We recognize and make due allowance for the fact that the exceptional severity of the past winter has been an impediment to transportation that partly excuses some of the excessive delays of the past few months and we hope that with better weather conditions COMFORT will reach our subscribers more expeditiously.

SCRIM CURTAINS GIVEN!



THE price of cloth has advanced tremendously within the past few years, but that does not prevent us from offering these stylish Scrim Curtains for the ridiculous small club of six. We make no money profit on our premiums — that's the reason. They are full size, each side piece measuring 2½ feet in **width** and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance," as it is commonly called, is **1 1-6 feet wide and 2½ feet long.** The insertion is a 3-inch band of Filet lace. The color is White or Ecru—whichever you prefer. These Curtains are all the style now, so don't miss this wonderful opportunity to secure one or more of them absolutely free. And be sure to send in your order **at once** as our supply is limited.

Given To You. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these stylish Curtains free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7756.**

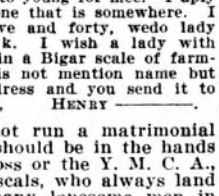
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



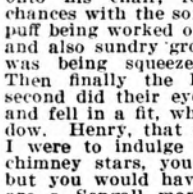
42 PIECE DINNER SET Free

Distribute only 3 doz. pkgs. of our famous Circassian Hair Shampoo among friends and neighbors to introduce and we will send you free this magnificent 42-pce. gold and floral decorated China Dinner Set. No money or experience needed. 50 other fine premiums. Write for Free Sample Outfit.
TYRRELL WARD CO., 4539 Ravenswood Ave., CHICAGO

FREE "RESOLUTE" RACING YACHT



Here's a real boat for red-blooded boys and girls. A wonderful little racing yacht modeled and named after the famous cup defender, "Resolute." This is a full yacht-rigged boat with foresail, main, gaff and jib sails and masts. Has loaded keel and metal hull, cannot tip over. Sail spread 20 inches, deck 14 in. Can outdistance any boat of its size. Beautifully finished in brilliant colors. FREE for selling 30 packages Bingo Household Products at 10c, each. No trouble to sell. Order today. Send no money.
BINGO CO. Dept. 666, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



PHONOGRAPH AND RECORD FREE

Boys and Girls! This wonderful New Model Talking Machine, rosewood finish, nickel base, and popular record, is yours. A real Talking Machine with high-grade reproducer. Plays all size records up to 12 in. Given for selling only 20 large colored Pictures or 20 packages beautiful Post Cards at 15c each. Order choice today. Satisfaction guaranteed. GATES MFG. CO. DEPT. 925 CHICAGO

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

I cleared myself out of debt this fall. Own 185A ranch some timber and part farm land. Verry healthy here rich land can raise enything no crop failure here whatever we got we got it. But how can I maintain withOut comforter and chimney star in the House. no sengall girls here thos here is to young for mee. I aply to you. There must be someone that is somewhere. I like a lady between twentyfive and forty, wedo lady not barred too children is o.k. I wish a lady with means that can help to start in a Bigar scale of farming. You may publish that is not mention name but aply to COMFORT for my address and you send it to me. Respectfully, HENRY ———.

Henry, COMFORT does not run a matrimonial bureau. That job, which should be in the hands of Uncle Sam, the Red Cross or the Y. M. C. A., unfortunately is left to rascals, who always land in jail. There are too many lonesome men in the West and too many husbandless girls in the East. Until Uncle Sam turns Cupid and gives the homesteader a chance to get wives and the homeless chickens a chance to meet their ideal roosters and settle down in a coop of their own, there will be anguish and heartburnings, yearnings and remorse and the vice market will thrive. In November COMFORT I published a letter written by a young lady in Fort Scott, Ark., a very admirable young lady, I believe, who wanted a husband. That letter has brought me a deluge of mail from hundreds of men who like yourself want a "chimney star." Sorry, boys, but we are not in the chimney star business. A gentleman who had a letter in COMFORT recently and who like myself, was born about the time Pocohontas was vamping John Smith, received a wagon load of mail from ladies, who, though they were not anxious to be his chimney star, were very anxious to have him for a chimney prop. As he has a keen sense of humor, he called on one of these ladies who lived in his vicinity. As a precautionary measure he had two friends wait outside to see that no harm came to him. He had to wait about an hour before the lady appeared, but as he used to be a professional waiter, he did not mind that, and as he is a widower and accustomed to the peculiarities of the gentler sex, he still hung grimly onto his chair, for he was not taking any chances with the sofa. He could hear the powder puff being worked overtime in the adjoining room and also sundry groans as a forty-six inch waist was being squeezed to sylph-like proportions. Then finally the lady appeared. Only for a second did their eyes meet, then she gave a yell and fell in a fit, while he dived through the window. Henry, that is just what would happen if I were to indulge in the business of providing chimney stars, you would get a star all right, but you would have no chimney. You say you are a Sengall man. The nearest approach to Sengall, as far as I know, is to be found in the French West African colony of Senegal. These black gentlemen did valiant service in the war, but they were not so lucky as you, Henry, as most of them got marred by gun, bayonet or gas. However, you will probably experience all these calamities with a few additional ones thrown in for good measure, if you ever have the sublime happiness of acquiring a correspondence chimney star, who will be as busy looking for your money as you are for hers. It seems to me you can raise all kinds of crops except a crop of chimney stars and without that crop all others are worthless. I note, Henry, you are willing to take to your heart a "wedo," otherwise a widow with a ready-made family, which is indeed generous and kind of you. But I also notice that, like most of your kind, the chimney stars you are looking for must have bank accounts. I thought, Henry, you were a regular guy, an honest-to-God he man looking for a helpmeet, a life partner, to whom you could give your heart and lifelong devotion, but, alas, you fail to measure up to these standards and you disdain love and chimney stars unless they can come across with the long green and the fat wads. Love that must, before it is acceptable, be gilded with filthy lucre, is a delusion and a snare, and I don't wonder, if monied matrimony is your object, that you are still a Sengall man, and until you are ready to mate on a basis of true love, respect and affection, I hope you will remain one. Do not worry, Henry, neither your name or address will be given to any aspiring chimney star. Aspirants for that honor prefer to put their money in a bank and not a chimney.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for May

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Charles S. Cliffe, Girard, 317 E. Liberty St., Ohio. Ex-minister and now a helpless invalid. Lovely, worthy character. Take an interest in him and give him your dollar support. Mrs. Agnes Freeman, Spencer, R. R. 3, Box 2, Va. Almost helpless from rheumatism, neuralgia and stomach trouble. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any financial assistance you care to send her. Mrs. D. S. Nowles, El Dorado, Ark. Shut-in. Well recommended. Send her a greenback shower. Mrs. Daisy Huff, Spencer, R. R. 1, Va. Sick and needy. Unable to work. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. America Reynolds, Price, R. R. 1, Box 4, N. C. Invalid. Send her a dime shower. Mrs. Minnie Malet, Tomahawk, Ky. Sick, poor and needy. Remember her. Mrs. Bettie Deal, Shuff, Va. Widow, aged, sick and poor. Well recommended. Would be grateful for second-hand clothing and any financial help you can send her. Mrs. Laura Yow, Stanfield, N. C. Invalid. Widow. Unable to work. Has two little girls too young to be of assistance. They need money for food and clothing. Mrs. Wm. Butts, Mayville, R. R. 26, N. Y. Would appreciate a postcard and letter shower. Shut-in for 22 years. Almost blind. Mabel Harris, Jasonville, R. R. 3, Box 126, Ind. Crippled for fourteen years. Would appreciate a letter shower. No financial aid wanted.

God loves a cheerful giver. Unfortunately, so few people give anything to support this beautiful work that God doesn't have a chance to love but mighty few of the millions who will read this notice and pass it by. Jar loose, tightwads, and learn the joy of giving.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, as after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Got More Pleasure Out of Uncle Charlie's Poems Than Any Other Book!

That is what Mrs. Bjerke, Detroit, Mich., says about Uncle Charlie's Poems, and you'd say more than that if you had a copy in your hands. For twelve years we've been telling you about this gorgeous book of ribtickling fun, and though we have given you the opportunity to secure this wonderful volume, only one COMFORT home in fifty contains this delightful book—a book you can obtain without the outlay of a single cent. If you want to know the real Uncle Charlie, possess pictures of him at his work and know the history of his life, get up a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each and secure this exquisitely bound volume. *Work for it today!*

Uncle Charlie's Songs Sang Themselves Into Her Heart!

That is what Mrs. Bjerke, Detroit, Mich., also says about Uncle Charlie's gorgeous Song Book, which contains twenty-eight of the most delightful songs ever written. Full music for voice and piano. Songs for all occasions—love songs, coon songs, sacred songs—all gathered into a superb volume as big as a copy of COMFORT, with an artistic cover on which appear four splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie, equal to photographs. Yours free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Both books free for a club of five. *Work for them today!*

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mr. George Rolph, Blackfoot, Box 362, Idaho, wishes to hear from his daughters, Alviery and Amanda, last heard of in Los Angeles, Calif.

Mrs. T. W. Kinchen, Medford, Oregon, wants information of Mrs. G. W. Wilson and family, who left Medford, May, 1919, with the intention of traveling.

Mrs. Nannie French, Prentiss, Ky., wishes to hear from Lester D. French and family. Mrs. Lester French was formerly Miss Marie Hart of New York. These relatives were last heard from in Boston, Mass., in 1917.

A. C. Reid, Canon City, 430 W. N. Y. Ave., Colo., would like to know the whereabouts of Irley Reid, age 15, light hair and blue eyes. Any one knowing this will confer a great favor by writing at once to A. C. Reid.

Hattie Turner, McAllister, R. R. 3, Box 64, Okla., would like to find her sister-in-law, Alice Medford, nee Alice Turner, last heard from at Lake Granada, Ill.

Mrs. Myrtle Gunzel, Shawneetown, R. D., Ill., would like to hear from her sister, Mrs. Mary, sometimes known as Mrs. Mollie Jackson, and son, John Jackson, who was with her when last heard from seven years ago.

Mrs. B. Ruthford, De Leon Springs, Fla., would like to hear from the relatives of her husband, Ben A. Ruthford-Hatfield living in the North.

Emerson E. Jerome, Bay City, R. R. 3, Mich., would like to know the present address of Daniel Wilson, who formerly lived at 23rd St., Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Katie Shepherd, Meacham, Oregon, would like to know the whereabouts of her two brothers, Frank J. Smith, age 54, and Lucian W. Smith, age 40. Frank Smith left Baker Co., Oregon, 15 years ago to work in Umatilla Co., Oregon.

Cora E. Beach, Cambridge Springs, Pa., would like the address of Jesse M. Cain, last heard from at Dinuba, Calif., in March, 1915.

Will any reader knowing the whereabouts of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Roberts, last heard of three years ago in Washington, kindly notify Mrs. T. A. Johnson, Vale, Oregon.

Information wanted of my sister, Florence M. Harrington, last heard of in Boston, Mass., in 1912. Mrs. Grace Duckworth, Live Oak, Fla.

Curtis Phillips, Cumming, R. R. 7, Ga., would like any information of his brother, George Phillips. When last heard from was in Rockwall, Texas, 16 years ago.

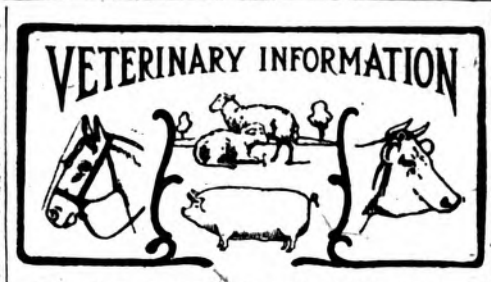
Mrs. Enoch Eby, Matthews, R. R. 1, Mo., would like any information about her sister, Mrs. Harvey Newcomb, and children, Alfred Orval age 9, and Oleta Jewell, age 3 years last August. When last heard from, the family was in Sterling, Kans., in June, 1919, and Mr. Newcomb was employed as a wheat thresher. Any information about Mrs. Newcomb and the children would be gratefully received.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts or any information of Simpson Phillips and family, last heard from in Indiana, kindly write to Mrs. D. C. Phillips, Tyrone, Pa.

Elbert Crabb, Sheridan, R. R. 1, Ark., would like information of his sister, Nina Crabb, who was in Argenta, Ark., with an uncle when heard from last.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Song Book 40 cents. Address UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No atttention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Comfort for Stock in Summer

THE merciful man will try to make the hot days and nights of summer as comfortable as possible for his animals. It is the height of cruelty to keep a mare and foal on short dry pasture without shade. Flies torture and the mare cannot be expected to give sufficient milk, nor can the foal develop properly. So much the worse if drinking water is inadequate, and that often is the case in such pastures. Let the mare have a clean shed to run to for shelter and allow free access to drinking water. Also feed extra hay, or green stuff and grain, if the pasture is short. It also is poor policy to let the young foal run with its dam when she is working in the field or hauling a load to town. The foal is a nuisance at such times, drinks milk from the heated mare and may lose hair as a result of the indigestion so caused. If the work mare has a foal, stable the latter and bring the mare to it now and then for nursing. When the mare comes in hot at noon milk her nearly dry and let her cool off while eating a pound or so of hay before allowing the foal to nurse. Keep the horse stable clean, darkened and screened against flies and also keep the manure away from the doors and windows that flies may not breed there. The worst kind of stinging fly attacks horses in a light, unscreened stable just when they should be resting. To protect against flies when at work, not only put on fly nets or light sheets, but also spray the exposed parts of the body with a reliable fly repellent. Often we have seen netted or sheeted horses come in from work in the summer season with blood streaming from the thin skin of the groin and inner surface of the hind legs. When fly bites cause swellings, bathe them with vinegar and water. If a big bunch forms, paint it with tincture of iodin. Baking soda in soft water also relieves soreness from bites; so does washing blue in water and it is good for bee stings. It does not pay to allow young, growing calves to run on an exposed pasture or even on the front lawn or in the orchard where flies torment or where shade and water happen to be absent. Far better keep the calves in a clean, airy pen in the stable and supply plenty of good feed and an abundance of pure drinking water. In the pen calves cannot contract lung worms and also will put on more flesh and growth than if allowed to graze. Sows and their pigs, on the contrary, should have a succession of new, green pasture lots to graze from early spring until autumn. But shade should be provided and plenty of water. Keep the pigs off old, contaminated pastures and away from surface drinking water and all dirty places and wallows. Then they will not become infested with worms. Lambs, too, should have new grass in spring, if they are to be kept free from worms and therefore comfortable. Pasture the work horses at night in hot weather. Groom them well every day. Provide them with pure drinking water often when at work in the fields and protect their heads from the sun. White sheets on the body also add to comfort.

INDIGESTION.—I have a cow five years old that has spells of gnawing after freshening. When her calf is a week or ten days old she will gnaw on the corners of the barn or anything with which she comes in contact, and she cannot swallow. She appears to be blind, but does not fall down. F. W. W.

A.—At times of derangement of the digestive organs give a pound dose of Glauber salts dissolved in three pints of warm water and add a cupful of blackstrap molasses. Give it slowly and carefully from a long-necked bottle. Feed more carefully, keep the bowels active and have the cow take out-door exercise every day.

DISEASE UNEXPLAINED.—I have a colt that has something the matter with her hind legs. She is two and one half years old. MRS. F. C.

A.—If you care to send us a description of the symptoms of the case we will be glad to give advice but you do not tell us enough to make a diagnosis possible.

SWEENEY.—I have a six-year-old horse that has the "sweeney." Please tell me what I should do for it. T. S.

A.—We cannot prescribe intelligently unless you give us a description of the condition present. For chronic sweeney (wasting of the muscles of the shoulder) the best treatment is to inject a little tincture of iodine under the skin here and there over the wasted surface, by means of a hypodermic syringe. Then lightly rub with the palm of the hand to distribute the tincture. It may be necessary to repeat the treatment several times and it would be best to have it given by a qualified veterinarian.

MILKLESSNESS.—I have a full-blooded Jersey cow six years old. She freshened the first of the year and gives very little milk. She had garget before I dried her off. It has not bothered her since the calf came. I feed her sweet feed and alfalfa hay. She looks fine. MRS. A. E. K.

A.—The attack of garget referred to accounts for the lack of milk flow and it is quite unlikely that the yield will greatly increase before she goes on grass. If she is getting green feed now but does not improve in milk yield it is unlikely that she will do so later and she should not be bred again. If you care to do so, it might be well to add bran, oilmeal, cottonseed meal and hominy or gluten meal to her ration, but we scarcely think it will pay.

WARTS.—I have a good milk cow that has small warts all over her udder. Will you tell me how to remove them without injuring the cow. MRS. H. C.

A.—The usual treatment is to rub in best castor oil or olive oil twice daily, but many dairymen report that they get better results from saturating the affected parts two or three times daily with water containing all the bicarbonate of soda (baking powder) it will dissolve when hot. Warts that have narrow necks may be snipped off with scissors, a few at a time, then apply pine tar the following day.

BULLNOSE.—I have a small pig about seven weeks old that has something wrong with its head. It is between its eye and nose. It is swollen and blue in color and discharges all the time. Can you tell me the trouble? MRS. G. W. S.

A.—The pig evidently is afflicted with necrotic rhinitis, commonly called bullnose or snuffles. It is an incurable, contagious disease and necessitates destruction and burning of affected pigs; then the houses, pens and yards should be put in a sanitary condition under directions of a veterinarian or, better still, new pigs should be given new quarters on new, clean land.

RINGWORM.—Can you tell me what is the matter with my calves? They have a good appetite but are very thin and are stiff in their hind legs, having scaly looking sores on them. The hair is slipping off and they stand and rub or lick themselves nearly all the time. F. F.

A.—Stanchion or tie the calves so that they will be unable to lick themselves. Scrub affected spots clean and free from scabs or crusts and then saturate them once a week with a solution of one pound of sulphate of copper (bluestone) in half a gallon of hot water. Isolate affected calves. Cleanse, disinfect and whitewash the stable and all rubbing places. The disease is due to a vegetable parasite and is contagious.

MAMMITIS.—Please tell me what is wrong with my cow. She is three years old and with calf. One of her front teats is hard to milk and she does not give over three tablespoonfuls of milk at a milking. Sometimes it is like thick, yellow cream. MRS. E. S.

A.—The quarter mentioned has been attacked by mammitis (garget or caked bag), due to infection by pus germs, and the quarter is permanently ruined for normal milk production. You should attempt to dry off the milk secretion in the affected quarter. Rub in warm camphorated oil and fluid extract of belladonna, equal quantities, two or three times daily, and strip at lengthening intervals until milk ceases to secrete. Unless the cow is a fine milker from her sound quarters, she should not be retained for dairying.

INDIGESTION.—I have a mule seven years old that weighs 1,000 pounds. She seems to be in good health but her gums swell up so she can hardly eat corn, and she wants to eat dirt. What causes it and what can I do to prevent it? J. O. T.

A.—"Lampas" is the term applied to the swollen condition of the palate of the roof of the mouth which makes part of it swell beyond the level of the upper incisor teeth. Rub the swelling two or three times daily with a block of alum. Have the teeth put in order by a veterinarian, as sharp points and irregularities cause the irritation of the gums and palate. Give the mule the worm powders often prescribed here and allow access to rock salt.

WOLF IN TAIL.—Will you tell me how to cure a wolf in a cow's tail? MRS. D. O.

A.—A "wolf" or "worm" in the tail is an entirely mythical disease so that treatment is unnecessary. It belongs in the same category as "hollow horn" and the "hooks," which also are mythical diseases believed in by people who also consider the signs of the Zodiac as influencing mundane affairs, which is now known to be nonsense. If you care to send us a description of the symptoms shown by your cow, we will be glad to prescribe treatment.

BLADDER WORMS.—I had a hog that appeared to be in perfect health and fattened well, but when killed there were watery blisters in the small intestines near where they join the larger ones. Some of the blisters were as large as a nickel; some were very small and were thickest on the fat joined to the intestines. I would like to know what was the matter and if the pork is fit to use.

A.—A worm causes such cysts and the meat is fit for use, provided, of course, that it is well salted, smoked and cooked.

THICK, SWOLLEN GLANDS

that make a horse Wheeze, Roar, have Thick Wind or Choke-down, can be reduced with



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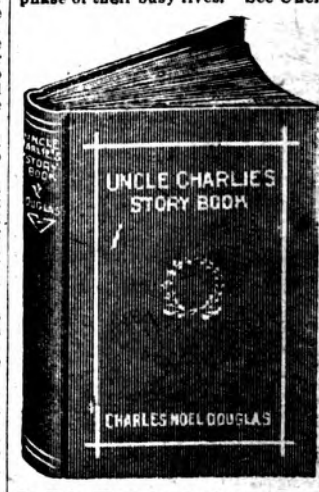


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Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. **A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each**—one dollar in all.



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Agents: A brand new hosiery proposition for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. All styles, colors and finest silk hose. You can sell at less than store prices. Every home a prospect. Write for samples. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3319 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Insyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Outfit Free! Cash or credit. Sales in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, etc. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. M P, 425 Broadway, New York.

Cash in on Bone Dry Bill. Make $8 a day easy. Will show you how with our Concentrated Pure Fruit Drinks. Wanted everywhere. Small package—just add water. Here's the chance of a lifetime. Grab your territory. Write quick. American Products Co., 2183 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Sell what millions want. New, wonderful Liberty Portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique; Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue Free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents: Brand new wireless umbrella. Two handles. Can be used by lady or gent. Only umbrella ever made without wires to hold stays in place. Handles collapse to fit suit suitcase. Not sold in stores. Popular price. Write quick for sample. Parker Mfg. Co., 417 Dike St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Steady Income Manufacturer of Handkerchiefs, Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Factory to consumer. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 65 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: $60 a week taking orders for Guaranteed Shoes for men, women and children. Must give satisfaction or replaced free. Brand new proposition. Write quick for territory and samples. Thomas Shoe Co., 3619 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Big Profits selling Jubilee Spark Intensifier to auto owners, garages. Banishes spark plug trouble. Saves gas. Exclusive territory. Jubilee Mfg. Co., 813 Sta. C, Omaha, Nebr.

The Prosperous agent is a Davis agent. Line up for the Big Rush—$40—$60 weekly. "Lucky 11" and our 27 other varieties cut store price ½-½. Worth 150% to 200% for you. Davis Products Co., Dept. 505, Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford-Beal Co., Inc., Newark, N. Y., Dept. D.

Agents get our big money maker monogramming Autos, etc., by transfer method. Catalog and particulars free. Motorists' Accessories Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Agents: $100 Weekly. Auto owners everywhere wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves ten times its cost. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. $26 Sample Outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick. L. Ballwey, Dept. 113, Louisville, Ky.

Agents! Dealers! Build Phonographs! Sell Outingphones! $20 up. Plans, Knockdowns, Motors, Reproducers, Hardware, Records, Catalog 10 stamps. Rivicea, Milwaukee.

AGENTS WANTED

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. J-126, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Make $50 weekly taking orders for fast selling Goodyear raincoats; hundreds of orders waiting; $2 an hour for spare time; we deliver and collect; sample coat free; write today for agency. Goodyear Mfg. Co., 2535 Goodyear Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Sell Soft Drinks—Make $10 to $50 day. Just add cold water to our preparations and you have most delicious drinks you ever tasted. Ten kinds, Orangeade, Grape, Cherry, etc. Retails 30 big glasses 25c. 85c clear profit selling by the glass. Ball Games, Fairs, Picnics, Dances, etc. Big Money selling various sizes to families, stores, stands. Send 10c for ten glass package and particulars postpaid. Morrissey Company, 4424 Madison St., Chicago.

Sanitary Wire-grip Brushes, Dustless Mops, Dustless Furniture Dusters, Automobile Brushes, etc., are the big money-makers of the year. Exclusive territory for live salespeople. North Ridge Brush Co., 18 Clark St., Freeport, Ill.

Hustlers make big money selling patented Spring Maid Fibre House Broom. Outlasts 6 corn brooms. New exclusive features make it big seller. Every woman wants one. Write today. Sample $1.50. Sterling Products Co., 42 S. Desplaines, Chicago.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Box 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Agents making $200 weekly selling Bull Dog inner tires. Doubles life of tires, eliminates blow-outs and punctures. Big repeater. Wonderful opportunity to establish independent, permanent, growing business. Write at once. Eastern Auto Specialty Co., Dept. G, Utica, N.Y.

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Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

AUTOMOBILES

Stuarts Carbon Remover will clean your motor and increase power of the present day, low grade gasoline. Mix with gasoline in tank. $1.00 postpaid. Money refunded if not satisfactory. Stuart, L. B. 30 Grasselli, N. J.

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Gas Saver, Ford or Chevrolet. 20% guaranteed or money refund. Easily installed. Be not incredulous. Send $2. GaZaV Co., St. Louis.

SALESMEN WANTED

Our men earn from $150 to $500 per month selling wonderful series of uncensored stereographs of the late World War. Everybody interested—a sure money-maker—endorsed by men like Edison. Exclusive territory contract to live wires. Write today. Underwood & Underwood, Inc. Dept. B, 417 5th Ave., New York.

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MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Farms! Farms! Raise big crops on our splendid hardwood lands in Michigan. No swamps or stones. Only $15 to $35 per acre. Easy terms. 10 to 160 acres. Schools, churches, markets, R. R. Fine climate; pure water; lakes and streams. We help settlers. Oldest and largest Co. Write today for free booklet. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

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Trained Nurses, Earn $15 to $30 a week. Learn without leaving home. Send for free booklet. Royal College of Science, Dept. 49, Toronto, Ontario.

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MISCELLANEOUS

We Buy, raise and sell fur-bearing rabbits, and other fur-bearing animals. List what you have with us, stating your lowest prices on large lot shipments. The Fur & Specialty Farming Co., 515-517 N. P. Ave., Fargo, N. Dak.

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200 Acres, $3500, 10 Cows, Farm Tools, $1,000 cash gives you possession, all ready for business; near big R. R. town, famous military college, cash markets; machine-worked fields, brook-watered pasture, large quantity wood and timber; variety fruit, 500 sugar maples; 10-room house, 100-ft. barn, silo, beautiful shade; owner retiring includes everything at $3500, only $1,000 cash, balance easy terms. Details page 13 Strout's Spring Catalog Bargains 33 States, copy free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BG, Nassau St., New York.

Want to hear from party having farm for sale, give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

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Raise Rabbits. We pay up to $10 each. Contract and book 15c. Co-operative Supply Co., Dept. 95, St. Francis, Wis.

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Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

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Thousands Men-Women-Boys-Girls, over 18, needed for Government Positions. Commence $100. Experience Unnecessary. List Free. Write, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

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Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made $30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

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Look: A great opportunity for you to be either a manufacturer or salesman. Write for attractive proposition. Lester M. Garber, Timberville, Va.

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Learn To Dance! Easy, quick, method taught by mail. Send stamp for particulars. The Mercedes Fitzgerald Studio, 2236 Fillmore St., San Francisco, California.

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Get A Government Position Through Us. Position or money back guaranty. Thousands of men and women, 18 to 60, needed in Washington and elsewhere for the years of "reconstruction" ahead. We'll coach you quickly by mail for civil service examination and appointment. Permanent; easy hours, paid vacations; higher salaries. Our free book RT 2004 gives list of positions. Write for it. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

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Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

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Special Offer—Your next Kodak Film Developed 10c and first six prints 2c each. Best workmanship. 24-hour service. Enclose money with order. Write for price list "G". Johnston & Tunick, 53 Nassau Street, New York.

Kodak Films developed, any size 5c each. Prints, any size, 3c each. This is not a special trial offer, but our regular price. Superior service. Locke & Co., 279 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati.

Mail Your Kodak Films to the French Studio, Union City, Michigan, and get the benefit of our 25 years' experience in professional photography. Any size roll developed and 6 masked prints for 10 cents. No stamps. Our secret methods get results. "There is a difference."

World's Finest Kodak Prints, all in frames, New, never seen before. Trial roll dev. 5c prints 2c each. Malden Art Co., 5, Cin., O.

Kodak Prints; 2 for 5c, postcards 5c, developing 5c, "Quality and service." Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1982 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

Disabled Soldiers Photo Service Co., 3654 N. Halsted St., Chicago, Ill. Films Developed, 7c. Prints 3c each. Give us a trial.

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Best material. Skilled operators. Get our book. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

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Big money in Weaving Rugs, Carpets, portieres, etc., at home; from rags and waste materials. Our free loom book tells all about the weaving business and our wonderfully low priced, easy-to-operate looms. Union Loom Works, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks for sale. Thousands per week. Better hatched, vigorous chicks. Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, Ohio.

Baby Chicks. Hatched and delivered right. 23 varieties. Catalog free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box 204, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

Five Wheel Chairs in April

554 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The five April wheel chairs go to Mrs. Keziah Scruggs, McAdams, Miss., 109; John Herman Adams, 703 Grove St., Danville, Va., 105; Elmer Dahlgren, Sect. 34, Munger, Minn., 100; George Edward Sullivan, Shep, Texas, 99; Edna Mabra, Graft, Colo., 96.

Mrs. Keziah Scriggs, age 76, widow the past 30 years and has outlived all her family. Suffers from stomach trouble and rheumatism which has so crippled her that she has not walked since four years past. The COMFORT wheel chair will be a solace in her declining years.

John Herman Adams, age 27, is afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism and has not been able to walk since three years ago. He has no earning capacity and is dependent on his parents for support. He is married and has one child.

Elmer Dahlgren, age 27, has never walked. His legs became paralyzed in infancy and at the age of eighteen had to be amputated at the knees because of blood poisoning resulting from obstructed circulation. He is dependent on his mother for care and support. He writes me that the expected wheel chair will be an "incalculable mercy" to him.

George Edward Sullivan, age 14, has been a helpless cripple since infancy as the result of infantile paralysis which not only deprived him of the use of his legs but of the power of speech also. The wheel chair will be a joy to him and a great help to his mother in caring for him.

Edna Mabra, age six, has suffered from total paralysis of her left side since early infancy. Her father is dead, her mother has married again and the stepfather gives the little crippled girl, her older sister and her mother a good home.

Give the Wheel-Chair Club a boost this month and help get some more of our crippled shut-ins out into the bright spring sunshine and air.

The following letters of thanks and Roll of Honor are interesting.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Very Much Pleased with COMFORT Wheel Chair

Jerome, N. C.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

My wheel chair has arrived and I am very much pleased with it. It is much better than I expected. It is so nice that I can be taken in it to enjoy the fire. I haven't words to express my thanks to you and my friends for it. May the Lord bless you all. Your devoted friend,

Sarah Jane McDuffie.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Great Help in Caring for Invalid Mother

Water Valley, Miss.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I wish to thank you and all the other good friends that helped to obtain the wheel chair for my mother (Mrs. Catherine Anne Aven), and especially Mrs. Annie Trusty, Mrs. Groves and Mrs. Emily King who worked so diligently to get it for us. This chair is indeed a comfort to my invalid mother and a great help to me in caring for her. I hope many more invalids will avail themselves of COMFORT'S help to obtain wheel chairs. Truly yours,

Mrs. D. W. Murphree.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Subscriptions.—Miss Rosalie Koelsch, Okla., for Gladys Junk, 57; The Fourth Grade of the Belle Fourche City Schools, S. Dak., for Annie Laura Lewis, 38; Mrs. Alice McCrory, Miss., for Mrs. Keziah Scruggs, 37; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Texas, for George Sullivan, 34; Mrs. Rolland B. Dorris, Tenn., for Dewey B. Adams, 34; Mrs. Hiram Knox, Texas, for Ray White, 32; Mrs. R. A. Henderson, Va., for J. H. Adams, 32; J. E. Stewart, Missouri, for Harold Stewart, 32; Lydia Lund, Mont., for Elmer Dahlgren, 30; Mrs. B. M. White, Texas, for Ray White 27; Mrs. Henry Johnson, Ky., for Elizabeth Beatrice Johnson, 28; Mrs. Callie Mitchell, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Prisock, 22; Mrs. J. S. Krohe, Pa., for Abbie Kiger, 20; Miss Beatrice Callis, Tenn., for Dewey B. Adams, 20; Nanie E. Creagle, Texas, for own, 16; Miss Effie Sullivan, Texas, for George Sullivan, 12; Mrs. Tom Pate, Kans., for Edna Mabra, 12; Mrs. William B. Wood, Colo., for Edna Mabra, 11; Mrs. Roy Davidson, Texas, for Ray White, 8; Mrs. Sarah Greaves, Ark., for Mrs. Suda Cotman, 8; Mrs. H. R. Ridgdill, Ga., for Annie Florence Ridgdill, 8; The Woman's Welsh American Club, Ohio, for Thomas Williams, 7; Mr. Haywood Morris, Tenn., for Dewey B. Adams, 7; Miss Bertha Smyre, N. C., for General, 6; Mrs. J. E. Thielkel, Ky., for Ruth Embry, 5; Miss Alice Thompson, Va., for Jesse Cochram, 5.

Cash.—L. Sanford, Va., for General, $2.00 cash and 1 subscription; Catharine Pile, Missouri, for General, $1.00; An old subscriber, Missouri, for General, $1.00; Mattie Reeves, Ohio, for General, $1.00.

She Flattered Herself

A woman who labored under the delusion that men were always on the lookout to speak to unaccompanied females was rather nervous walking along a city street one evening. Two men were just behind her, laughing and chatting in a very queer fashion, she thought.

"May I join you?" she asked of two women walking in front of her.

"Certainly," they replied. The three walked along. Still the two men followed. They were still laughing and making comments which though inaudible the woman felt were directed toward her.



"Thank you for letting me go along with you," she said to her two companions as she left them at a subway entrance. "As a matter of fact those two men walking back of us made me very nervous. I think they have been trying to speak to me."

The women glanced back.

"O, indeed!" replied one, laughing, those men are our husbands!"—*Mary Bonner, in Judge.*

Polite Polly

A woman was calling at a friend's house. She knocked at the front door, and a voice said:

"Come in."

The woman tried the door, then called: "It's locked."

"Come in," repeated the voice.

"But it's locked!"

"Come in just the same," said the voice. "It's locked, I can't!"

At this point a woman put her head out of a window next door and said:

"There's no one at home. You're talking to the parrot."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Tale of a Quarter

O happy day! Today I thought
My purse was to the bad,
And then I found a quarter that
I didn't know I had.

We'll tell no tale of lesser joy,
Play me no joyous play;
O quarter, quarter, lovely thing!
This is my lucky day!
—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

Of course that was a happy day,
The day you found the quarter,
Because with it you found the way
To do just what you orter.

We'll tell no tale of lesser joy,
We'll play no joyous play,
Your joy we know you got, oh, boy,
In a Thrift Stamp that day.
—*Portland Express.*

Real Art

"He's a clever photographer."

"Makes pictures of people as they look, I presume."

"Cleverer than that. He makes them as they think they look."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Early Settlement Desired

"Wanderlust says he would like to go out West and settle."

"Well, I hope he settles with me before he goes."—*Stray Stories.*

Tenderest Part

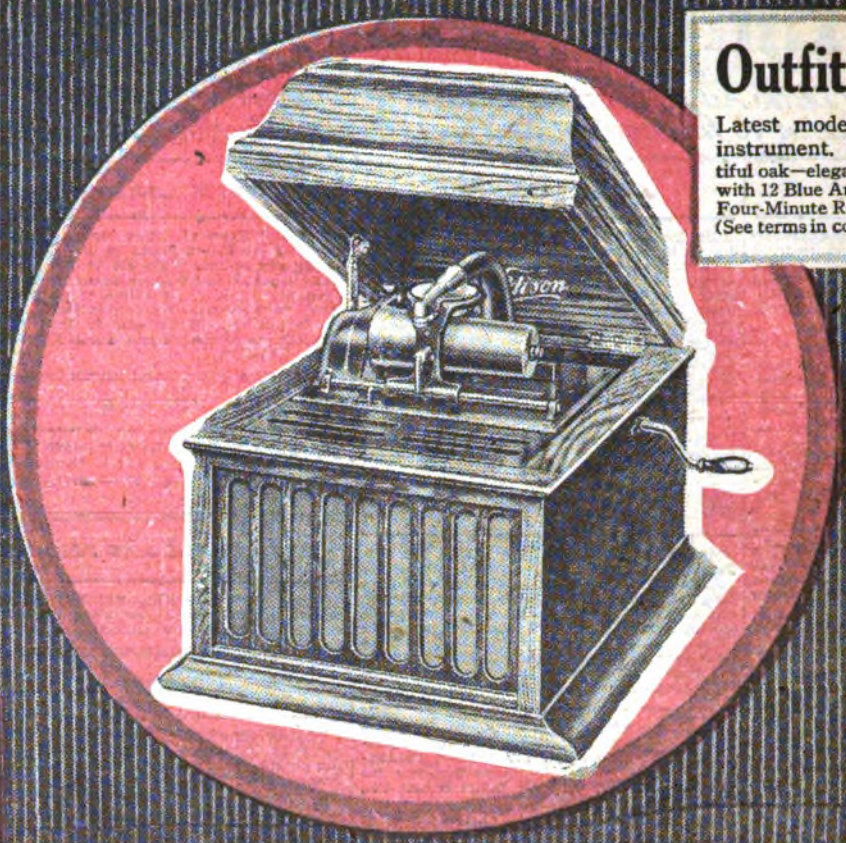
"Although I was late," said the new boarder, "I found the landlady had saved for me the tenderest part of the chicken."

"What was that?" asked the old boarder, jealously.

"Some of the gravy."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

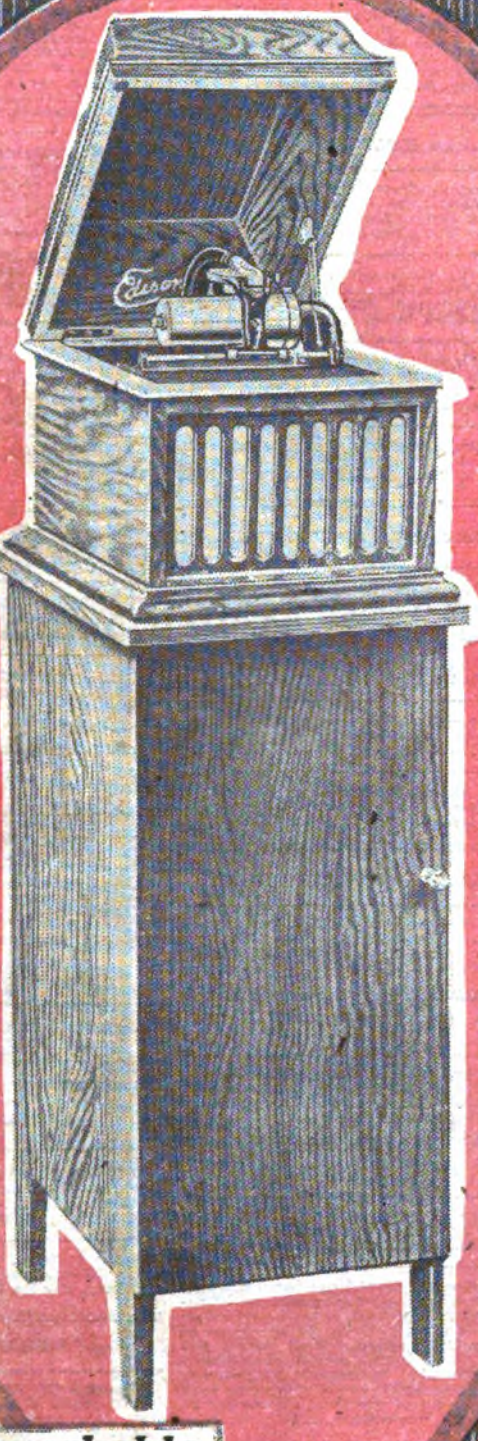


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Age..... Married or Single..... If steadily employed please state.....

Ho long a resident in neighborhood and vicinity?..... If there is any possibility of changing

your address during the year, what will be your next address?.....

VOL. XXXII
NO. 8

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

JUNE
1920



"My Aunt's Necklace"

See Story on Page 3.

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

The Suffering Public Is Organizing for Protection against the Ever Impending Strike Menace

SINCE our May issue went to press developments of a startling nature growing out of the demands of the railroad men for a large wage increase have shocked the public into a realizing sense of the possible horrors involved in the ever impending strike menace, and have started a movement for concerted action among the people at large for relief from the disastrous consequences of a tie-up of the railroads or of other public utilities.

As explained in our May editorial, the one million eight hundred and fifty thousand railroad employees in this country are demanding wage increases that average five hundred and ninety dollars more pay per man and amount to a total yearly wage increase of one billion one hundred million dollars. The railroads as a whole are not earning operating expenses and fixed charges, and it is conceded that the Interstate Commerce Commission must permit them to raise their freight rates and passenger fares in order to save them from bankruptcy and keep them going. Therefore any increase of railroad men's wages must be provided for by a further increase in carrying charges, chiefly by higher freight rates. Higher freight rates mean higher prices and higher cost of living, or in other words that the burden of paying the proposed wage increase would necessarily be passed on from the railroads to the people; and it was on this ground that the railroad managers refused to take the responsibility of granting any considerable wage increase without the approval of the Railroad Labor Board which Congress had authorized for the settlement of railroad wage disputes.

President Wilson has since appointed the nine members of the Railroad Labor Board selected, as required by law, three of them to represent the railroad wage earners, three to represent the railroads, and three to safeguard the rights and interests of the public. The chiefs of the railroad labor organizations reluctantly consented to submit their demand for wage increases to this board, and it was assumed that the entire membership would, as in duty bound, abide by the action of their officers. But a certain unruly member started an unauthorized strike of switchmen, yardmen and trainmen in and about Chicago, which, despite the efforts of the Brotherhood officers and of a large majority of the members to curb it, grew to very troublesome proportions not only there but through the Middle West and to the East as far as New York, for a time nearly paralyzing freight and passenger traffic throughout the large and populous central area of the country. In some localities factories had to suspend operation for want of coal or other material, and even the mails were delayed; freight traffic on some railroads had to be limited to transportation of the necessaries of life and even at that the food supply of New York and some other large cities was endangered. Nor were the agricultural sections exempt from serious inconvenience resulting from the strike.

These strikers were rebellious members of the railroad labor organizations known as the Brotherhoods, and were incited to secede by propaganda in the interest of the I. W. W., the Communists, extreme Socialists, Bolshevists and other radicals bent on overthrowing the Government by force. This strike, which the Brotherhoods were pleased to call an "outlaw strike" because not authorized by but in defiance of their authority, was, as they claimed, instigated by these radicals for the purpose of instituting one great Communist-Labor Union in place of the railroad Brotherhoods and the various other labor unions now affiliated under the American Federation of Labor, and thus prepare the way and provide the instrumentality for a general strike in every line of industry, transportation and other public utility, as a means of reducing the country to a state of famine, misery, anarchy and despair conducive to their plan for a bloody revolution and overthrow of the Government by force.

For this reason the railroad men who remained loyal to their Brotherhood organizations did all in their power to break the strike, and in this they were backed by the Government and by public sentiment most effectively expressed in the form of a legion of volunteer strike-breakers. College students and business and professional men helped run the trains while millionaires even donned firemen's overalls and shoveled coal on the locomotives. The strike was soon broken and most of the strikers have gone back to work—not with their old rating, however, but to start again at the foot of the ladder as new men.

By this experience added to that of the coal strike in which the Kansas mines were kept in successful operation by volunteers the public has learned the lesson of the strike menace and has been aroused to the necessity of preparedness to meet and overcome its evil consequences.

As a rule the rights and interests of the public are but remotely, if at all, concerned in strikes of factory hands or other industrial laborers, and in such controversies between this class of employees and their employers the public has no right to interfere. But strikes which suspend or cripple the operation of public service companies such as steam railroads, street railroads, water, gas, electric light, telephone or telegraph companies, or even of coal mines, and thereby imperil the health or lives of the people, or subject a community to great inconvenience, suffering and financial loss, affect the vital interests of the public. In such case the public is an involuntary third party to the strike and, having rights and interests at stake that are paramount to those of either of the other parties, is justified in taking effective measures to prevent being pulverized between the upper and nether millstones in the strife between labor and capital. All labor disputes that involve the public welfare should be required by law to be decided by arbitration, and strikes that affect public utility service should be prohibited.

Heretofore the "helpless public" has been the goat of such conflicts, and in too many instances this power of torturing the community has been used as a club to force the granting of demands supported by actual or threatened strikes. But at last the patient and long-suffering worm has turned on its tormentors and is manifesting a disposition and power to defend itself. When the Boston police struck last fall the citizens of Massachusetts rallied at the call of Governor Coolidge and patrolled the city until a new, permanent police force was organized, volunteers worked the coal mines of Kansas during the coal strike, as previously stated, and then the Kansas legislature, on Governor Allen's recommendation, enacted a law which forbade such strikes and created a special court with power to decide all wage and industrial disputes between coal miners and their employers. But it is in and around New York that the popular movement to form permanent organizations of volunteers prepared, when called on, to keep trains running and food and other necessaries moving in future industrial crises has made the most progress. And regarding this a New York banker, who did his "bit" as a locomotive fireman during the recent railroad strike, says:

"We are organizing to meet the threats of 'Red' revolution, of the 'one big union,' and of 'industrial chaos' that we hear on all sides.

"Our citizens are enrolling themselves for training as street-car conductors and motormen, as railroad brakemen, switchmen, firemen, and the like.

"Our girls are volunteering to learn how to operate telephone switchboards and to become telegraph operators, and others are ready to learn the work necessary to keep in operation other public service utilities."

Thousands have joined the "Citizens' Protective Union" in response to the appeal of the New York Chamber of Commerce for "volunteers to enroll themselves and take a pledge to remain in readiness to serve in any capacity in an effort to keep the usual methods of travel and communication going, both in transportation of passengers and of food commodities." The "Middle Class Union" was recently incorporated under the laws of the State of New York for the purpose of "organizing the great host of unorganized individuals who are neither labor-unionists, politicians, nor capitalists." Its object is to secure fair play for all classes and to resist class tyranny whether attempted by would-be profiteers on the one hand or by promoters of unreasonable strikes on the other. The activities of the "Middle Class Union" are not to be confined to the limits of New York State but are to be nation-wide, and it is claimed that already it is working to establish branches in thirty-six states. The "Middle Class Union" differs from all other "Unions" in that it does not seek to obtain special advantages for its members. Its slogan is "Fair Play for All," and its members will benefit only to the extent that the community benefits by its efforts. Though strictly non-partizan it is expected to exert a purifying and uplifting influence in politics, as its local branches will naturally become rallying centers for voters to discuss the relative merits of aspirants for political honors and combine for the nomination and election of such candidates as they deem most interested and best qualified to represent the people and serve the interests of the public rather than those of any class.

New Revolution Blazes Up in Mexico

CIVIL war has raged with varying intensity during the past nine years in Mexico and within the last few weeks an extensive and formidable revolt has sprung up against Carranza, the self-constituted President, which bids fair to rid that distracted country of its pestiferous ruler. Few will regret the fall of this usurper whose tyranny has alienated the support of his former followers. A treacherous enemy to the United states and secret ally of the Kaiser, he did his worst to betray our country in the World War. On the overthrow of former President Huerta, in the accomplishment of which our Government was largely instrumental by its persistent hostility and finally through the seizure and occupation of Vera Cruz by our army and navy, Carranza took advantage of the chaotic condition to set himself up as President of Mexico by force of arms. He refused all requests and demands, at that time, to submit to the will of the people to be expressed through an election, and until now has maintained his despotic sway by military power. After years of usurped power the pressure of public opinion finally compelled him to order a presidential election soon to be held. He entered the list of candidates and to make sure that he should be elected he distributed his army in such manner as to intimidate the voters who favored the candidacy of his rivals. Because of this the other presidential candidates have joined forces in the present insurrection which promises to become a successful, speedy and almost bloodless revolution.

Scores of his best officers, after first advising and then demanding his resignation from the presidency, have left Carranza and given their support to the revolution; his soldiers by regiments and divisions have been deserting him and going over to strengthen the forces of his enemies. With such remnant of his army as still persists in following his fortunes he is fleeing before the rapidly advancing revolutionary forces which have already made triumphant entry into the capital city. Good-by to Carranza and good riddance of him, for whoever may be his successor the chances are that the change will be for the better, for the welfare of Mexico and the peace of America.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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MY AUNT'S NECKLACE

By T. Rogers Lyons

See front cover illustration.

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"AND are you going to sit still and let them get away with it?" The Athenian nose and the Puritanical chin almost came together,—my aunt had a decisive way of speaking.

"But Aunt," I remonstrated, "you have had three detective agencies, and the city police have been more than usually active, and they could find no trace. What would you have me do?"

"I would have you get out and find it."

"Me?"

"Yes, you. You don't seem to have anything to prevent you. If you had any business, or any inclination to attend to business if you had one, you could be excused, but as you do nothing but loaf and wander around anyway, you might at least put in time looking for it. That necklace was worth $50,000 and I don't want to lose it."

"But I am not a detective."

"There are many things you are not. You have a degree but you are not a lawyer. You have a college education but you are not a scholar. You have plenty of money but are not a capitalist or a business man. You have unlimited leisure but you do nothing but waste it. I believe, in spite of appearances, that you have brains, and I would suggest that you give them a little exercise—find that necklace."

It was something over a year since I had returned from college, with the degree spoken of, and as my income was more than ample to cover all my wants, I failed to see just why I should plunge into disinclination at once. My disinclination to go to work at once was the thing that my aunt could not understand; otherwise Mrs. Van and myself were very good friends.

And it was a peculiar situation.

There had been a theater party, given by one of aunt's friends—a very exclusive affair. As was usual on such occasions, the ladies wore considerable jewelry, or jewelry of considerable value. At this time Mrs. Van had worn her diamond necklace part of the time, for sometime during the evening the necklace disappeared. Mrs. Van was positive that she had the jewelry in her possession when the last curtain fell. It further transpired that one of the ladies who occupied the box with my aunt was acquainted with the leading lady, Miss Garcia Empson, and that it was arranged that Miss Empson was to meet Mrs. Payne and go home with her. For that reason, very soon after the final curtain, Miss Empson came into the box before aunt left; in fact, aunt had been introduced to the singer and had spoken with her a few moments. Aunt insisted that it was during these few moments that she lost that necklace. Of course no one believed her; at any rate, when she reached home the necklace was gone, and since that time no one in Mrs. Van's employ, at least, had found any trace of the missing ornament.

And she wanted me to find it. I thought at the time that she was asking an impossibility of me; so I said to her, with the very finest brand of sarcasm that I could command:

"Why surely, Aunt, any one ought to be willing to do so simple a little thing as that, especially if so doing would oblige you in the least."

But alas for my particular brand of sarcasm, I had drawn it too fine, or aunt had not been educated up to it, for she said:

"Well, if you feel that way about it, I'm satisfied; draw on me for expenses, but get that necklace. You always were a good sport, Jim, even if you won't work."

What could I do? Could I rudely shake a confidence of this nature? She really believed that if I would permit myself the necessary ambition, I could succeed where other, and perhaps better, men had failed. It was clearly up to me. But, shades of departed sleuths, how?

That night as I retired to rest I sincerely wished that I might be taken up in the arms of Morpheus and wafted to that celestial region where I might commune a few moments with the late departed Sherlock Holmes. I felt in need of assistance; I was to go to sleep as plain James R. Kirk but I was to rise up a detective—perhaps. Likely not.

Before another day had passed, however, I knew all that any one on our side of the puzzle knew, and that was not much. I learned that it was not likely that Miss Empson was a jewel thief, but that the lady herself was about five feet two, natural blonde hair, plump figure, weight about 125. Several photographs supplied other details too numerous to mention. The one distinguishing mark was that Miss Empson had a small brown mole just under the lobe of her left ear. I was further informed that the Euxine Opera Company had disbanded about two weeks after Mrs. Payne's theater party, and that Miss Empson had departed for parts unknown. The departure was no secret; she had told the detectives candidly that Garcia Empson was a "stage name," but she had so fully satisfied everyone that she was not in any way connected with the matter that they had failed to obtain her real name or learn her destination.

Therefore behold a young man with ample means about to pursue an opera singer—which I am given to understand is sometimes done in real life as well as in fiction. This time an opera singer with a mole in the vicinity of the lobe on the left ear preferred. But why pursue her? Simply because nothing else would satisfy my aunt, and for the better reason that there was not any other shadow of substance to pursue. Of course, it was generally admitted that Miss Empson had nothing whatever to do with it; my aunt, being the minority of one, however, holding a contrary opinion.

She might be anybody. She might be anywhere. It might transpire that she was really Mrs. Smith, and after having had her fling had meekly gone back to Smith and the children and was at that moment peacefully sequestered in a flat in Hoboken, or Kansas City, or Dawson City. Maybe she had gone back to the farm. One lifetime was really too short to even figure out the numerous possibilities, but, relying on the accepted theory that "once an actress always an actress," I figured that I might snoop around among the profession and see what I could pick up.

Having always had a taste for mimicry, I made up, so far as clothes and cravats went, to impersonate an actor, and as such I moved in theatrical circles unchallenged.

Confidently I searched New York, hopefully Chicago, then traveled west, chasing my forlorn hope through Kansas City, Denver, and on to San Francisco. The end of a most promising lead found me in Atlanta, Georgia, all but ready to quit. Many promising leads had been followed, but all ended in nothingness. I had seen blonde actresses, yes thousands of them. Many were about five foot, two, some had small brown moles near their left ears, there were five or six Garcias and one lone Empson, but there was no single one in which were found all the requirements of the description. That description I had learned by heart; I got into the habit of sizing up every woman I met and comparing her with that description. The photographs were constantly in my mind; I could visualize the different poses in the dark. In fact, I was obsessed with visions of the missing singer.

In the course of a walk that I was aimlessly taking one afternoon, I came upon a crowd of people who were jostling each other in a good-natured way to get a view of something that was taking place in a store window—what was it that was attracting all this attention I was never to learn—for there, right in front of me, standing on tiptoe to see over the shoulder of the man in front of her, was—if not an optical illusion—the object of my search. The well-remembered description ran methodically through my mind. Yes, she checked at every point.

"Eureka!"

But now what was I going to do? Obviously, I must keep track of her until I knew her better. Therefore I stepped out of the crowd, waited for her to satisfy her curiosity, then quietly traced her to her abiding place—whether residence or boarding place I did not then know, but a small and very refined sign in one of the windows informed me that there were "Furnished rooms to rent."

From then on it was easy. I had no difficulty in obtaining lodgings at the same address. Then, as of course introductions were in order and James R. Kirk was very much pleased to meet Miss Grace Emerson—did you notice it, Grace Emerson, so near, too near in fact, to be at all doubtful? Grace Emerson of ordinary walks and ways was certainly Garcia Empson of the stage.

Now for the dirty work.

The front porch was long and wide, the weather ideal, comfortable chairs at one end of the otherwise deserted veranda.

"You have always lived in the South, Miss Emerson?"

"Oh, no, Mr. Kirk, I have traveled a great deal."

"For pleasure, I presume?"

"Much of it was for pleasure, as I enjoyed my work, but it was really business, you know. And you?"

"I? Well, I am a bird of passage also, but not on business. My home is in Detroit, Michigan."

"Oh, Detroit! I hear it spoken of as a very pretty city, as well as a decidedly flourishing one, but I have never been there myself."

Thoughts came unbidden; ungallant as it was, I believed the lady lied. It was all so perfect up to that, all the description tallied, the photographs told tales of their own, each separate expression depicted on the print I had seen in the living original, she had traveled, she liked her work—they always call it "work"—the name was similar. The one flaw in the plot was that she had simply heard of Detroit. Suspicious, decidedly suspicious.

During the thinking my talk had continued. I was informed that her head office was in New York, but she was in Atlanta on a short vacation. I pulled the conversation onto theaters.

"You have one privilege in New York that is denied outsiders. You always see the best theatrical and musical comedy productions.

"Oh, yes, I believe that is true, but, personally, I do not care for theatrical performances, they are so unreal and stagy, not a natural thing about them; musical comedy is amusing, some of the plots would drive you wild, but a great deal of the music is really pretty. While it may show a very plebian taste, I prefer the movies; there everything is natural, except when some staged performance is filmed, and then it is worse than the spoken drama."

What do you know about that? If you had been in my place, what would you have thought of that? This lady was certainly some gay deceiver.

More adroit cross-examination and I learned that the lady claimed to be a free-lance illustrator whose work had figured prominently in many publications for the last three years.

There was no use talking; by the way she had that alibi fixed up it was certain that she was the necessary party. If she did not have some guilty knowledge of that necklace, why go to all this trouble to work up so elaborate an alibi? It was too bad, very much too bad, she was such an innocent looking little thing, besides being pretty, intelligent and entertaining. The deeper I got into this the less I relished the situation.

It transpired that her vacation had two weeks yet to run and, as both of us had nothing to do but kill time, it was perfectly natural that we should do this murdering together. And we did. We motored, walked and went to the movies. And such is the inconsistency of man that long before the end of the first week I fervently wished that Aunt Martha's necklace had never existed. Why spoil such a perfectly good time and such interesting possibilities with any old necklace? And, as a matter of fact, what was there to connect this young woman with the necklace? Simply a description that tallied in every point, and seven photos that any one would say were taken from the living model. At all convenient and inconvenient times I probed for further information. For several days, as Aunt Martha's sleuthhound, I attempted to fasten the necklace on her. No, I mean I attempted to prove that she had some knowledge of the necklace. Then gradually by degrees, as realization was forced upon me, I fought like a galley slave to prove that she had nothing to do with it, never heard of it, that it was impossible that she could have ever thought of it. Why, any one had but to look at her and be convinced that she never had anything to do with anybody's valuables. But could I let Grace—I always thought of her as "Grace" after I realized—rest under any cloud whatever? No, not even the cloud of my own amateurish and vague early suspicions. There was not any doubt whatever that I had been barking up the wrong tree. But then, you know, there was the description and the photographs. It was awful.

Early in the second week Grace developed a mania for going to the telegraph office alone. That was suspicious. What did a free-lance illustrator on a vacation want at a telegraph office? I didn't know, but it seemed wrong somehow. Was she communicating with a pal? Oh, Lord, what I suffered! Why must I be harassed with doubts torn with anxiety, and rendered half-crazy by jealousy? Day by day she went; I saw the messages; there were a number of them, and when I saw them one was partly open, worse and more of it, it was in cipher.

And in the stilly watches of that night I firmly vowed that I would renounce forever the role of a detective, would make a clean breast of it, I would endure the suspense no longer, and Aunt Martha—damn Aunt Martha.

But as she walked beside me in the cool clear light of day, how could I tell her? Why it would be sacrilege. I could not bring myself to do it, so I babbled on like the distraught thing I was, using what wits I had left to keep up my end of the conversation.

But the worst was yet to come.

It was Friday, the next to last day of the second week of her vacation, the evening meal had been eaten and the sun was low. We occupied a bench in a park near by. I was glad she was going away tomorrow, yet I could scarcely see how I could bear the separation.

Then the crash came.

"Well, Mr. Kirk, what do you propose to do?"

"Do?" I mumbled as imbecile as possible.

"Yes, do?"

"What do you mean?" with a hope I did not feel.

"Why did you seek my acquaintance?"

"Because I like you." Idiot—I loved her.

"You had no other object?"

"None."

"Lying is a poor trade even for a detective, Mr. Kirk."

I was somehow reminded of Aunt Martha—the way she said that. It snapped.

"Detective.—what makes you think I am a detective?"

"I don't think so. I think you think so."

"You think I was spying on you?"

"I know you were."

"Did you at the same time find a reason for my so doing?" I was feeling better; now that the cat was out of the bag, I would hold my own; I owed that to myself and——

"Not at the same time but since."

"What do you think I was seeking?"

"I know you were looking for information."

"What about?"

"Myself mostly."

"What else."

"Was it an article?" she asked with a suspicion of a smile.

"Was it?" I parried guardedly.

"Was it an article composed of several?"

I nearly fell off the bench so great was my astonishment.

"Name it."

"A diamond necklace, for instance."

Oh, guardian of the demented, look at the spectacle! Down had fallen my house of cards at that moment. Could it be true? Was she going to blast all my hopes and dreams by confessing a theft in that manner?

And she looked at me and laughed—incomprehensible.

"What do you know of a diamond necklace?" I demanded. I was fully aroused and would see this thing through.

"Oh, Mr. Kirk, it's such a comfort to have you ask that question right out. You have suggested it, hinted at it and gone around it every day we have spoken together since you came; it's really refreshing to have you come out and ask it at last."

"Well."

"I know a great deal more about it than you do."

"Candid, I'm sure," I said bitterly.

"Sorry I can't say as much for you," she returned, laughing.

That laugh jarred on me.

"This is no subject for mirth, Gr——Miss Emerson."

"But I find it extremely funny."

"Then is theft amusing?"

"Did I say so?"

"You said you found the subject funny."

"I do, very funny."

"Do you deny the subject is the theft of a necklace?"

"I do?"

"What was it then?"

"The extent of my knowledge—wasn't it?"

"What do you know about it?"

"I to know and you to find out," she replied saucily, mimicking a small child. Ye gods, she enjoyed this but it was rough on Yours Truly. I replied testily:

"But there are means of finding out."

"Some you have not yet tried?"

"Yes, I—that is——"

"What? I'm interested."

"Your partial confession will make you liable to arrest."

"But what if I lied?"

"Your statements, true or false, might be used against you."

"How?"

"You confess that you know about this necklace."

"Yes."

"You were in Detroit on February 27th."

"Guess again."

"Where were you?"

"You would use it against me; I won't tell. But seriously, Mr. Kirk, would you have me arrested on the evidence you have?"

"Have you arrested? Never!"

"But you said that——"

"I said no such thing."

"Well, why not have me arrested?"

"There is the best of reasons."

"What?"

"Well," defiantly, "I love you. I know it won't do any good, and after this you will never even speak to me again, but that does not alter the fact—I love you."

"Yet you suspected me of theft."

"That was before I knew you."

"Yet in spite of appearances you believed in me, part of the time?"

"I can hardly explain it; in one sense I believed in you implicitly, in another I could not explain why it was you so exactly resembled the lady in the seven photographs."

"That is not strange; they were my photographs."

"Your photographs!" I was astonished and dumbfounded.

"Yes, mine."

"How do you know?"

"I know it, as I know other matters that mystify you. But, really, in spite of all appearances you loved me?"

"I did and do."

"In spite of my admission that the photographs you carry are actually mine?"

"Yes, in spite of that."

"But what if I stole the necklace?"

"You didn't," vehemently.

"What would be your feeling if that were true?"

"It would make no difference; that fact would remain."

"You are not serious."

"Never more so. So much that I ask you to marry me today if you can consent to marry an ass or a boob."

"Then you would marry me today and not know any more than you do now?"

"Would I?"

"Well, not today?"

For once I had my wits with me and closed the deal right then and there, for better or for worse. When she got loosed, she asked:

"Are you ready for explanations?"

"Explain if you want to, but as for me I don't care just as long as I have you, and you know the whole thing. I'm content; the thing that has worried me was that you would find out, and now that you have found out I am more than satisfied."

"Logical, aren't you?" she laughed happily.

"No, lovely," I corrected. Silly, wasn't it?

I was really too happy to let her explain much: I was more interested in other things, but after awhile she compelled me to listen by threatening to go in and leave me alone if I didn't listen. I would have listened to a cracked phonograph record rather than have that happen.

Then she told me.

The first day or so she was puzzled; then she began to analyze my system of questioning, and came to the conclusion that I was a detective and that she was wanted for something. Later she surmised that it was a robbery I was interested in. Then I was informed that before taking up art she had done a great deal of stenographic work for her uncle, George Emerson, Chief of Detectives of New York City, and in that capacity had learned his code. She felt that she had needed help and had wired her uncle, who had put the wheels to work with the result that it was but three days before the person who had sung in Detroit on February 27th was safely in custody. Then the rest of the story came out. The "opera singer" had quite a police record. She was really dark haired, and her name was not Garcia Empson, and why she had adopted a disguise patterned after the seven original photographs of Grace Emerson, neither the prisoner, the Chief nor my informant knew, it was just a chance.

I was listening more or less dreamily while she told me about it; then I asked:

"Grace, will you marry me?"

"Well, you seem to be a bad actor, a bum detective, and generally someone ought to take care of you."

And that was as near as this woman would come to saying "yes," but it was just as binding.

"But, Jim, don't you want to know about your Aunt Martha's necklace?"

"Hang Aunt Martha's necklace!"

While I said that impatiently, it was one prayer that was duly answered.

They hung that confounded necklace on my wife's neck the day we were married.

Wedding Superstitions

By Rosalie Barton Cummings

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PROBABLY nothing in life has so many superstitions grouped around it as a marriage. Many of these ideas are centuries old and some of them go way back to the dawn of history and no one knows their origin. Of course, we do not believe now that certain days, or colors or ways of doing simple things can affect the future or make wedded life either happy or unhappy, but yet we are always interested in what once upon a time people really believed, and some of us are known even today to feel rather worried if the omens are against us.

Here is an old rhyme that shows what happens to the unfortunate bride who selects the wrong color to be married in:

Married in white, you have chosen all right;
Married in gray, you will go far away;
Married in black, you will wish yourself back;
Married in red, you will wish yourself dead;
Married in green, ashamed to be seen;
Married in blue, he will always be true;
Married in pearl, you will live in a whirl;
Married in yellow, ashamed of your fellow;
Married in brown, you will live out of town;
Married in pink, your spirits will sink.

There is another ancient doggerel about the months of the year that are most propitious for the ceremony:

Marry when the year is new,
Always loving, kind and true—
When the February birds do mate,
You may wed, nor dread your fate.
If you marry when March winds blow,
Joy and sorrow both you'll know.
Marry in April when you can,
Joy for maiden and for man;
Marry in the month of May,
You will surely rue the day.
Marry when June roses blow,
Over land and sea you'll go.
They who in July do wed
Must labor always for their bread.
All who wed in August be,
Many a change are sure to see.
Marry in September's shine,
Your living will be rich and fine.
If in October you do marry,
Love will come but riches tarry.
If you wed in bleak November,
Only joy will come, remember.
When December's snows fall fast,
If you marry, love will last.

There are many sayings that have been handed down for years and years. They mostly treat of the unlucky things which might happen:

A man may marry once without a crime,
But cursed is he who weds a second time.
'Tis ill-luck to a bride to see her face in a glass by candlelight.

Change the name and not the letter,
Change for worse and not for better.

Great joy shown in the bride's face presages misfortune.

Married in haste, one may repent at leisure.

Should the wedding ring be dropped during the ceremony, it is a sign of ill-luck, but if a bridegroom carries a miniature horseshoe in his pocket, it leads to good luck in the future.

No telegrams should be given to the bride or bridegroom on the way to church; it is surely a sign of evil.

Kiss a bride directly after a ceremony has taken place, before her husband has an opportunity to do so, and then you will have good luck throughout the year.

If a bride sees a coffin while driving to the station on departure for her wedding tour, she should order the driver to turn back and start over again, or else she will probably meet with bad luck in the future.

When a bride dreams of fairies the night before her marriage, she must consider herself blessed, and if she finds a spider on her wedding-dress it also means a blessing.

The orange blossom, as the flower for the bridal wreath, comes to us from the Spaniards, who got it from the Moors who overran Granada. In ancient history, the "myrtle crowns the happy lover's brow," and in many countries it is still used.

The custom of "shoe-throwing" as an emblem of good luck is accounted for in various ways. Some think that it is a relic of the custom by which the bridegroom was wont to carry off his bride by force amidst the good-humored assaults of her relatives; while others say that as the shoe was in ancient days a sign of authority, the throwing of it is a symbol of the transfer of parental right to the husband.

The Bible mentions this ancient custom of throwing the shoe as an emblem of authority when in the Psalms it says, "Over Edom shall I cast out my shoe."

Rice-throwing was first practiced in the East, and at Parsee weddings the bridegroom has it frequently dashed into his face during the ceremony. Rice is an omen of plenty.

There is even a superstition concerning the best day of the week to be married on, so be careful when you select the "happy day."

Marry Monday for wealth,
Tuesday for health,
Wednesday, the best day of all;
Thursday for crosses,
Friday for losses,
Saturday, no luck at all.

His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"I will give up," Violet said in a tone of despair.



Presently a good natured Irish girl looked down upon her.



"You will be very friendly will you not, Wallace?"



It was a telegram, received that very morning.

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CHAPTER XXXIII (CONTINUED).

IT was later than usual when Sarah returned to her charge that Tuesday afternoon, after putting her own home to rights, and, being very weary, she thought she would prepare Violet's supper before going up stairs and thus save herself one journey.

"The poor thing has been alone all the afternoon, and I'll get her something nice," she thought; and, ignoring her weariness, she prepared a hot, dainty supper, arranged it temptingly upon a tray, and then mounted the stairs to Violet's room.

Upon reaching it and attempting to unlock the door, she found the key was missing.

She was much surprised at this, for she never removed it from the lock when she left the house, and so she could only account for it by supposing that Mr. Mencke must be inside with his prisoner.

She knocked on the door.

There was no reply and no sound of voices within.

"Miss Violet, are you asleep?" she called, for, seeing no light, she thought perhaps she might have lain down for a nap. Still she could not account for the missing key.

She knocked again, louder, but all was silent, and, becoming very much alarmed, she put her tray down upon the floor, sped through her own room to the other door leading into Violet's, unbolted and threw it wide open, only to find the chamber empty.

With a cry of dismay she rushed to the closet where the girl had kept her hat and ulster.

That was also empty, and the woman grew deadly pale. Then it occurred to her that perhaps Mr. Mencke might have come himself during her absence and taken Violet away.

She tried to console herself with this explanation, until, while moving about the room, her foot came in contact with the pincers, which Violet had left lying upon the floor near the door, and the sight of these explained everything to her.

"Ah, she's a keen one," she muttered, "she made that hole in the water-pipe hoping to get a chance to tell her story to the plumber; but when that failed she stole one of his tools to let herself out with. What will Mr. Mencke say to it, I wonder?"

She was not long left in doubt as to that gentleman's opinion upon the subject, for she soon heard him come in, and hastened down to tell him what had happened.

He was terribly angry, and did not hesitate to make it apparent by giving vent to the most violent oaths. But Sarah was a high-spirited piece of humanity herself, and distinctly gave him to understand that, having been faithful and loyal to his cause, she would not meekly submit to abuse for what she was in no way to blame.

She told him what she suspected, showing him the pincers lying just where Violet had left them, and he was obliged to acknowledge that the girl had outwitted them.

Then they tried to ascertain how she had got out of the house. They imagined that she must have left it by the basement door, since it was the only one that had not been securely fastened, and they found it partially open, and did not once suspect that she had walked away over the top of the house.

Wilhelm Mencke bestirred himself after that, and spent hours that evening trying to get trace of his recent captive; but no one had seen her on the street, neither had the policeman on that beat observed any such person as he described.

After searching in vain in that locality, he took a hack and drove with all possible speed to Fifth Avenue, hoping to learn whether Violet had returned to Mr. Lawrence—he naturally supposed that she would go directly home.

He hung about the house for an hour or two without seeing any one come out or go in; but at last he heard the front door open, and presently two men came out upon the street.

He followed them as closely as he dared, and to his intense satisfaction, he heard one of them remark to the other:

"It is the most mysterious affair imaginable, and Lawrence is nearly worn out with anxiety. He must have grown very fond of the girl; but I don't believe he will ever see her again."

Wilhelm Mencke did not care to hear any more. It was evident that Violet had not yet returned to Fifth Avenue. But she must be somewhere in the city—possibly she was even then on her way down town.

He prowled around Mr. Lawrence's residence until after midnight, and then, feeling sure that she would not come after that hour, he returned, cold and wearied, to his lodging.

He slept late the next morning, and was only aroused when Sarah came to his door saying that she had a letter for him, which had come by the early delivery.

It was the one which his wife had written the previous evening, and having dropped it in the letter-box before the last collection, the first delivery of the morning had brought it to her husband as she had intended it should.

It was brief, but to the point, reading as follows:

"B. M. has just seen the advertisement; she can be found at No. 114 on the same street. V. is with her and has related various matters. Come as soon after receiving this as possible."

The man was amazed as well as overjoyed at this unexpected "luck," as he considered it, for he would not only recapture his bird, but he also felt sure, from the tenor of his wife's communication, that she suspected something of the nature of his plans, and was willing to help him carry them out.

It was very strange, he thought, that she should be almost within a stone's throw of him, while he had been so long seeking her. It was evident, too, that she was not in the most flourishing condition, or she would not be living in that locality; but if he could succeed in carrying out his scheme, they would both soon be living in affluence again.

This scheme was much as Mrs. Mencke suspected—he meant to get possession of Violet's fortune through her, with the intention of skipping for Canada immediately after; taking the young girl with him if she would go, if not, she might go back to the wealthy banker and finally discover her husband if she could.

He made a hasty breakfast, and then set out at once for the number given in the letter, where, as we already know, Violet herself opened the door to give him entrance.

He chuckled audibly, and shook his portly sides with inward laughter at the poor girl's undisguised terror and aversion upon seeing him.

"So, so, my pretty runaway, you thought you had escaped out of the snare of the fowler, did you?" he remarked, with a coarse laugh, as he pushed his way into the room and shut the door after him; then turning to his wife, who was sitting in a rocker before the stove, he said, in an indifferent, off-hand way:

"Well, Belle, old girl, how are you?—a trifle under the weather, I judge, both physically and financially. We have both had rather hard luck during the last year or two, but it looks a little brighter ahead for us now."

Mrs. Mencke replied to his greeting somewhat coldly; then she turned to Violet with something of her old imperiousness.

"Betrayed you, Violet! What do you mean?" she demanded.

"You have violated my confidence," Violet responded, indignantly, "you have deceived me—outraged my feelings and played upon my sympathies only to betray me into the power of the man from whom I have but just escaped. You are an unfeeling and an unnatural sister!"

Mrs. Mencke gave vent to a short, peculiar laugh at this last assertion, while she exchanged a significant glance with her husband.

"Well, perhaps that isn't so strange as it appears, after all, Violet," she retorted sharply, for the girl's words angered her, while she had been nursing her envy of her since she learned of the fortune which had so recently fallen to her. "And," she added, "you may as well know the truth first as last—I am past caring to conceal it any longer—I am no sister at all to you!"

Violet looked both amazed and incredulous at this astounding statement.

"What do you mean?" she faltered.

"This," Mrs. Mencke said excitedly, for since she had resolved to wrong the girl, she did not care how the truth came out; "your father was married twice; his first wife was my mother, and I was the child of a former husband. Mr. Huntington promised to adopt me as his own, however, and did so, giving me his name, directly after his marriage. When I was six years old my mother died. A few months later Mr. Huntington married again, and you were born before the close of the year following; so you perceive that not one drop of kindred blood flows in our veins. Papa did not go to Cincinnati until after your birth, so no one there ever knew that we were not sisters, for we always shared alike even to the property which he left at his death."

"I see, and it explains everything to me," Violet said, looking very grave and pale as Mrs. Mencke paused.

"What does it explain—especially?" the woman demanded.

"A great many things," Violet answered. "First of all, that remark you made, one night at home, and I chanced to overhear, when you said something about a 'secret that must never be breathed.' It explains, too, your lack of sympathy with me, your excessive anger and unreasonableness when I have happened to do anything contrary to your wishes; your determination to separate me from the man I loved, and to make me marry one whom I did not love; and this last piece of treachery and heartlessness, which exceeds all that you have ever done before. You have surely proved beyond a doubt that you are of no kin to me," Violet concluded, with a stinging accent of scorn.

"You are a saucy jade," snapped Wilhelm Mencke, scowling darkly at her. "You do not take into consideration the years of care which Belle has given you, nor the comfortable home which she shared with you so long."

"Yes, I do, for I was grateful until you—both of you—forfeited my affection and respect by your unfeeling and overbearing treatment. And now that I know the truth," the fair girl went on, with curling lips and flashing eyes, "I also took into consideration the fact that, but for my father's generosity, she could not have borne the honored name of Huntington, nor shared in the wealth which otherwise would have been mine alone. I do not forget, either," she concluded, facing the man boldly, "that you have squandered not only her share of that fortune, but mine also."

"And you would not just relish providing me with another to dispose of in the same way?" he sneered, with a disagreeable laugh.

"No, and I do not intend to, either," Violet replied, with undaunted spirit, though she was beginning to tremble and feel weak from the excitement of the interview. "I know all about the recent windfall that I have had; but, Wilhelm Mencke, you shall never have the handling of Jonas Huntington's money."

The man looked astounded at this revelation.

"How did you know anything about Jonas Huntington's money?" he demanded, flushing angrily. "I believe you are a wizard; but, oh! I see!" he added, suddenly; "I dropped that letter in your room—you read it, then slipped it over the door into the hall."

"Yes, I read it; so you perceive I have discovered the secret of your kidnapping me," Violet quietly returned.

"Much good may it do you," he retorted gruffly. "Now I wonder if I can't tell you a secret which you believe to be safely locked within your own breast—Violet, when shall we introduce you to the world as Mrs. Wallace Richardson—wife of the beggarly carpenter, whom you so much admired a couple of years ago?"

A violent shock went through the young girl at the sound of that loved name, and at the knowledge that the secret of her marriage was known to these two, who had proved themselves to be such bitter enemies, when they should have been her best friends.

She tried to reply—to ask how he had found it out, but could not—struggled for breath for a moment, for she seemed to be suffocating, and then fell forward in a dead faint.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

VIOLET MAKES A FLANK MOVEMENT.

Wilhelm Mencke strode forward, lifted the unconscious girl, and laid her upon the bed; then taking a seat near his wife, he remarked, in an indifferent tone:

"She'll do well enough. Let her come to by herself; I want to talk to you."

Mrs. Mencke cast an anxious glance at Violet. Common humanity and her own conscience prompted her to go to her assistance; but her husband, seeing the look, said, peremptorily:

"Sit still! She will come to no harm for a few moments, and I don't want her to hear what I have to say. You know—she has told you about this property that Jonas Huntington has left her?"

"I know that he has left her something," Mrs. Mencke briefly returned.

"'Something!' It is a matter of a hundred thousand or more."

"So much?"

"Yes; and if we manage things shrewdly, we can retrieve our own fortunes by means of it."

"How?"

"I want you to go to Cincinnati and claim this property. The lawyer with whom I have been corresponding is satisfied that you are the next of kin, since everybody believes her"—with a gesture indicating Violet—"to be dead. Of course he doesn't know anything about that early adoption, and it isn't likely that we are going to spoil our prospects by enlightening him. I've been trying to get hold of the money myself; I didn't know whether you were living or dead, and I thought I might as well try for it; but old Middleton knows what he is about, and wrote that there was no chance for me without positive proof of your death."

"Well?" inquired Mrs. Mencke, as he paused.

"Well, as I have said, you must go to Cincinnati at once—tonight, if possible. You will have no difficulty in proving your identity, and the property will immediately be surrendered to you. You will then come back as soon as possible, rejoin me here——"

"And give you the privilege of squandering another fortune for me!" interposed Mrs. Mencke, with bitter sarcasm. "Not if I know it, Wilhelm Mencke. Not one dollar of this money shall you handle! You have wasted enough."

"I have been recklessly lavish, I admit, Belle; but I am ready to turn over a new leaf now," the man returned, with an appearance of sincerity.

"I hope you are," his wife retorted sharply; "but you'll have to begin upon your own account, for you will never get any of Jonas Huntington's money through me."

The man smiled, with an air of superiority.

"We must go shares in this scheme, Belle," he returned, with cool assurance.

"No, sir!" she answered, with cold decision.

"Then you'll get none of it yourself," he retorted.

"How so?" Mrs. Mencke inquired, with a startled look.

"Because if you thwart me, all I've got to do is to take Violet's side—reveal the fact that she lives; then she'll get her own, and you are as badly off as ever," he calmly replied.

"It is a shame that it should all have been left to her," said Mrs. Mencke, sullenly, but evidently impressed that her husband had the best of the argument.

"Well, under the circumstances, I don't know as you have a right to say that," Mr. Mencke replied; "for Jonas Huntington knew, if no one else is aware of the fact, that none of the Huntington blood flows in your veins. Now, if you are sensible, you will do just as I direct; and as soon as you rejoin me here, we will skip for Canada, taking Violet with us, of course, for at present it will not do to let any one know that she is living."

"Do you realize that what you propose is a State prison crime?" demanded Mrs. Mencke.

"I can't help it. I've got to that state of desperation that I am ready for almost anything," Wilhelm Mencke sullenly retorted. "But," he added, "once in Canada, we shall be safe enough. This money will give me a splendid start—I will go into the brewing business—and just as soon as I can turn myself, I will, if possible, restore to Violet all that rightly belongs to her, and then the story of how she happens to be living can come out, for all I care."

The woman bent her head in thought.

His proposition was a strong temptation, for she had been nearly crushed by her recent misfortunes.

All her life, until this last year, she had lived amid luxury, and had been a leader in the best society of Cincinnati, and it had galled her proud spirit beyond expression to drop into obscurity as she had been obliged to do—hiding her head with shame because of her poverty, and the desertion of her husband, although this latter fact had not been known among her former friends.

Now if her husband could have the use of this money for a little while, he might be able to retrieve their fallen fortunes, and then she could resume her former position.

Still, conscience was not utterly dead; she had been fond and proud of Violet, in a certain way, in the old days, and she had never been able to forget how she had wronged her in the past; consequently she shrank from sinking still deeper in the mire of sin and depravity.

But the possibility of a return to her former brilliant life was very alluring, and then Wilhelm promised to do the right thing—it would be only for a little while that she would have to keep on doing wrong—she would be helping her husband to a more prosperous condition also, the end must justify the means, and so, smothering the voice of conscience, she resolved that she would help him to carry out his scheme.

"Will you go, Belle?" her husband asked, interrupting her musings with some impatience.

"Yes."

His face lighted up with a look of triumph.

"Tonight?"

"Yes. But what will you do with her meanwhile?" she asked, glancing at the bed.

"I will take the best of care of her until you return—she shall not escape me again," he answered, in a resolute tone.

"You will not harm her?"

"No, no. I will only see that she does not get away to upset all our plans," he replied.

"All right, then I will go and rest easy. Now that is settled, I must attend to Violet—it will not do to let her lie there unconscious any longer."

She arose and went to the bed, as she spoke, but Violet was already beginning to recover from her swoon.

Mrs. Mencke prepared a stimulating drink for her, and she was soon able to sit up, while she did not appear to be very much the worse for the shock she had sustained, though she was still very pale.

Mrs. Mencke began immediately to make preparations for her departure, although she did not mention her intention in Violet's presence.

The young girl silently watched her every movement.

She well understood what was going on, and though she was secretly very much disheartened by being again thrown into Wilhelm Mencke's power, and the knowledge that his wife was also working against her, she resolved to keep her wits upon the alert, and try to find some way to communicate to the outside world.

Mrs. Mencke finally told her that she was going away for a little while.

"I shall not be gone more than a week, Vio," she remarked, reassuringly, as she saw how very white she had grown, "and you will be kindly cared for during my absence."

"Kindly cared for," Violet repeated, with bitter emphasis.

"Well, you shall be well cared for then," the woman said, flushing. "You shall have plenty to eat, and, if you need clothing, you can help yourself to anything that is here."

"How do you expect all this plotting of yours is to end?" Violet questioned gravely.

"I hope for the benefit of us all," Mrs. Mencke responded, with assumed cheerfulness.

"I think you will find yourself terribly mistaken," Violet returned sternly, "for I warn you that I have borne all that I ever shall from either of you. I shall not tamely submit to such treatment any longer."

"Tamely or otherwise, you shall be obliged to submit for a while longer," Mrs. Mencke retorted

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 10.)

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Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

THE days of "kit bags" in which to pack all our troubles to better enable us to "smile, smile, smile," are happily past, and to take its place is a "strong box" that answers the same purpose. We are indebted to a reader for this poem and isn't it a cheery one? If our troubles are ever present and visible, we can't help thinking about them but packed away safely they are more easily forgotten and instead of merely smiling we can laugh. Try it and see.

Then Laugh

"Build for yourself a strong box,
Fashion each part with care;
When it's strong as your hand can make it,
Put all your troubles there;
Hide there all thought of your failures,
And each bitter cup that you quaff;
Lock all your heartaches within it,
Then sit on the lid and laugh.

"Tell no one else its contents,
Never its secrets share;
When you've dropped in your care and worry,
Keep them forever there;
Hide them from sight so completely
That the world will never dream half;
Fasten the strong box securely,
Then sit on the lid and laugh."

LILLINGTON, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Since reading the sisters' letters in a recent number of COMFORT and thoroughly enjoying them, as usual, I feel that I must knock for admission. Though a new subscriber, COMFORT is by no means new to me as we have kept in touch with it for three generations, grandmother, mother and me.

I would be glad to hear from any of you, epecially the mothers of twins, and will try to answer all letters I receive.



JAMES ROBERT, CHARLES MAYNESS AND MARY PEARL MITCHELL.

I am sending a photograph of our three children which may be of interest to other mothers. Their names are James Robert, Charles Mayness and Mary Pearl. The babies are twins although we do not think they look alike. The boy has always been larger than the girl. The older boy is now six years old and the twins two. This picture was taken a year ago.

Husband and I look with much interest in each COMFORT for the babies' pictures and only wish there was room for more of them.

With many good wishes to all,
Sincerely, MRS. C. P. MITCHELL.

CHAMBERSBURG, ILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a reader of COMFORT since a small child and certainly enjoy it, particularly the Sisters' Corner. Most of the sisters seem to have heartaches and troubles to bear. I am wondering how many are as happy as I am. I have a dear little home and a nice young husband. We are living 'way up here in the hills where God's fresh air and sunshine is plentiful.

Mothers, I want to talk to you about your daughters. Do you give them the love and care a daughter should have? Give your girls a chance. Teach them to sew and keep house, and most of all, teach them to cook, and give them as good an education as possible. I've always thought that a girl never has the chance a boy has but it is all the mother's fault if she has not. Some girls are brought up in a quiet home and do not have the opportunity of having pleasure or friends. When they go out among strangers and into the world to make their living they are ignorant of the ways of the world and do not know how to help themselves or how to appear to good advantage. Remember, your daughter is just what you make her. I have one of the dearest mothers.

Dear Mrs. Wilkinson, I am wondering if you ever have any heartaches and sorrows to bear. You never tell us.

Wishing you all good luck, I will close,
Sincerely, MRS. EARL YOUNG.

Bless you, Mrs. Young, almost everyone has heartaches and sorrows and I'm no exception, but mine fade away into almost nothing when I read of others who have greater ones. Thinking about some other person's troubles and trying to help them is a good way to forget your own. May you never have any.—Ed.

GEORGIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a little Georgia cracker to your corner? I'm glad that I'm from the cracker state so don't dare make fun of me. No, I was only joking for I know you are all too considerate to make fun of a newcomer.

I can't tell you how much I enjoy the Sisters' Corner and since the men have been admitted it is more interesting and I am glad Mrs. Wilkinson invited Bachelor Bill and his friends to come as often as they wish. They provide humor and a dash of spice to our corner.

How many of you like to read? I have read everything I could get ever since I was a child and I'm sorry to say that what I read was not always as well selected as it should have been for I was familiar with cheap trashy novels when very young when I should have been reading fairy stories and children's books.

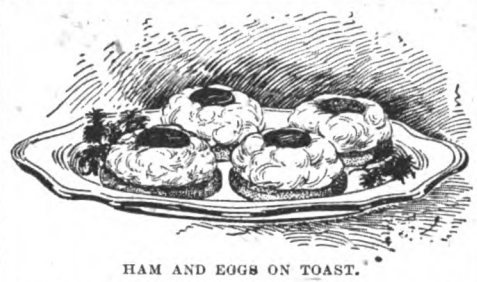
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

THE purchase of a whole ham these days might be regarded as an extravagance but to the family of moderate size or the one blessed with company dropping in at unexpected times, it is an economy. Sliced cold for supper or minced for picnic sandwiches, it loses none of its flavor, and it can be kept for some time if paraffin paper is placed over the cut side and the ham hung in a cool place. Select it with care and if very salty soak it twelve or fourteen hours, changing the water several times. Put it on to cook in cold water, with a bouquet of herbs, and let it come to a boil very slowly, letting it cook one half hour for each pound of meat. After it has cooked and cooled, remove the skin, sprinkle the ham with sugar, stick whole cloves into it and put in a warm oven till sugar is dissolved. —Ed.

HAM SOUFFLE.—Make a sauce of two cups of scalded milk, two tablespoons of flour, two tablespoons of butter, one half teaspoon salt, one quarter teaspoon pepper and add one cup of stale bread-crumbs. Cook two minutes; remove from fire and add two cups of cooked ham, chopped fine or run through food chopper, yolks of three eggs, and last of all fold in the well-beaten whites of the eggs. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake half an hour. Serve immediately.

HAM AND EGGS ON TOAST.—Trim slices of bread into rounds, toast and sprinkle with ground ham. For each slice of toast beat the white of one egg to a stiff froth, adding a little salt. Cover the bread with this, making a little cavity in the center in which place the



HAM AND EGGS ON TOAST.

yolk of an egg; add a little salt and pepper and a small piece of butter and leave in a hot oven until the whites are a delicate brown. Garnish with parsley.

HAM CROQUETTES.—Melt four tablespoons of butter or butter substitute, add five tablespoons of flour and add gradually three quarters of a cup of milk. Cook until thick, stir in two cups of finely minced ham and season. Then add the beaten yolk of an egg and set away to chill. When cold, form into croquettes; dip these in white of egg beaten with three tablespoons of water, roll in crumbs and dip again. Fry in deep, hot fat.

HAM LOAF.—Put three cups of finely minced ham, two small onions and one small apple through meat chopper. Add one tablespoon of prepared mustard and two eggs, slightly beaten. Season and pack into greased bread pan. Cook in moderate oven half an hour. Garnish with slices of cold boiled eggs and serve with salad dressing.—O. M. P., Waterville, Maine.

HAM AND TOMATOES.—Cut cooked ham into thin slices and put them into a buttered baking pan. Sprinkle with a very little chopped onion and pepper. Cover and cook for fifteen minutes in moderate oven. When ready to serve, pour hot tomato sauce over the slices.

HAM AND CHICKEN PIE.—Line deep pie plate with pastry and cover with thin slices of ham to form one layer. Season and cover with slices of cold chicken. Have ready the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, which have been mixed with a tablespoon of flour and a tablespoon of butter and moistened with one cup of chicken stock. Pour this over the ham and chicken and cover with crust. Bake in moderate oven half an hour.—M. E. H., Everett, Mass.

HAM TOAST.—Mince one pound of cooked ham and mix with it two tablespoons of butter, a little pepper and one egg, beaten. Put this into a saucepan and heat until thick. To this add one teaspoon of mustard and mix well. Serve on buttered toast, cut in squares.

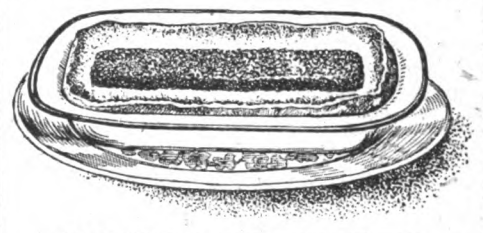
HAM TURNOVERS.—Roll pastry thickly and cut into oblong shape. Cut a piece of cooked ham the desired size, sprinkle with pepper, paprika and a little mustard and put a small piece of ham in each piece of pastry. Moisten one edge and pinch together, brushing top with beaten white of egg. Bake in moderate oven.—MRS. A. T., Augusta, Maine.

CABBAGE STUFFED WITH HAM.—Remove the heart from a large head of cabbage. Fill cavity with chopped ham mixed with yolk of egg, seasoned well. Fold the top leaves over and tie cabbage firmly in cloth and boil until cabbage is tender.

HAM SCALLOP.—Mix together two cups cooked chopped ham, one cup of cooked carrots, cut into small pieces, one tablespoon chopped parsley, one tablespoon butter, one cup cooked tomatoes, two tablespoons chopped onions, one cup bread-crumbs and one half teaspoon pepper and one quarter teaspoon mustard. Put in buttered baking dish and cover with buttered bread-crumbs.

LEMON PIE.—Mix one cup of sugar and one and one half rounding tablespoons of flour well together. Add one cup of boiling water and one teaspoon of butter to mixture, which should be in double boiler. In a bowl, heat the yolks of two eggs, and add the juice and grated rind of one lemon. Add this to mixture in boiler, stirring all the time. Cook until thick. Put in baked crust and cover with meringue made of whites of two eggs and sugar. Put in oven to brown.—MRS. GUY COOK, Magnet, Ark.

TOAST WITH SCRAMBLED EGG AND HAM.—First put serving dish where it will be hot when toast is made. Cut bread moderately thick and put in hot oven to dry through and brown. While this is being done, lightly beat three eggs, add three tablespoons of milk, a pinch of salt and pepper. In a saucepan put two level table-



TOAST WITH SCRAMBLED EGG AND HAM.

spoons of butter, and when it bubbles, add the egg mixture and three tablespoons of chopped cold boiled ham. Cook slowly, keeping it off the bottom of pan with a spoon. It should be creamy when done. Have a dish of boiling water, and taking one slice of toast at a time, turn it around in water to moisten the edges, then wet center by the spoonful, that too much water may not be used. Butter each layer, and spread the egg and ham on top.

DROP COOKIES.—Four and one half cups of flour, two and one half of sugar, one of milk, one of shortening (half butter and lard), three eggs, two teaspoons baking powder, a very little nutmeg, and a few caraway seeds; rub the sugar and shortening to a cream, beat the eggs till very light, and stir thoroughly, after adding the other ingredients; drop on buttered tins, and bake quickly.

SWEET POTATO PIE.—To five well-beaten eggs add one pound of sugar, already rubbed into a pound of butter; mix with two cups of cold sweet potato which has previously been rubbed through a fine sieve; add a teaspoon of lemon juice, beat well and season to taste with nutmeg and cinnamon; add milk enough to make a thick batter and bake in pie tins.

RAISIN PIE.—One pound of seeded raisins and one quart of water. Boil until raisins are soft and sweeten to taste. Mix one cup sifted flour with one cup of cold water and pour into boiling raisins. Cook till it thickens, stirring frequently to prevent burning. This makes three thick or four thin pies.—MRS. FRANK SMITH, Luna, Ohio.



11 Cents

Supplies a Day's Nutrition

A boy needs 2,000 calories of nutrition daily. In Quaker Oats those 2,000 calories cost 11 cents.

The oat supplies nutrition in well-balanced form. It is rich in nearly every essential. It abounds in needed minerals.

It is vim-food, food for growth. For ages it has been regarded as the greatest food that grows.

Other foods up to $1.50

The calory is the energy measure of food value, by which all foods are rated.

Note what 2,000 calories cost in other prime foods at this writing.



One Cent a Dish
Serves Quaker Oats

Cost of 2,000 Calories	
In Quaker Oats	11c
In Average Meats	90c
In Average Fish	$1
In Hen's Eggs	$1.40
In Vegetables	22c to $1.50

Thus meat, eggs and fish will average some ten times Quaker Oats. And many foods cost 20 times as much.



It Costs 5 Cents
To Serve a Single Egg

Not the Sole Diet

This does not mean that Quaker Oats should be the only diet.

But the oat dish is important, as every mother knows. It starts the day with almost a complete food.

It will save 90 per cent on your breakfasts, compared with many foods. And that saving will cut down your average food cost.

The Quaker Oats breakfast was never so important as today.



4 Ounces Meat
Costs Eight Cents



A Bit of Fish
Costs Eight Cents



A Slice of Bacon
Buys Two Dishes Oats

Quaker Oats

Extra-Flavory Flakes

This brand is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel.

It makes the oat dish doubly inviting, and you get it for the asking, without extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

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3343

Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



"Hang the law!" snarled Berdyne, "I have sworn to possess that girl."



Beryl was standing like one fascinated.



"Marm's a night bird" chuckled Gorsline



She tottered and fell unconcious into the hateful arms of Berdyne.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

A DEMON'S CUNNING.

THERE was bad blood between Trenwyck and Gorsline because of what happened in the Cutter Street house. It will be recalled that the lawyer had interfered when Gorsline was about to use his knife with murderous resolve. When Neil sprang from Gorsline to unlock the library door and look for Beryl, Trenwyck caught up the knife, which was lying on the floor, feeling quite sure that he would need it to insure his own protection.

After securing the knife, he started for the street, to make his escape from a place where peril was growing more deadly with every passing moment. Gorsline followed him, savage as a tiger. The ruffian had remained behind to look for his knife, not having seen the lawyer when he took it. He remained long enough in the room where the struggle had taken place to hear Neil's agonized call for Beryl; not only that, but Gorsline stole a look through the library door, and saw that the chair in which he had secured the girl was vacant, and that the twisted sheets were lying on the floor.

Trenwyck, flourishing the knife, warned the ruffian to keep off; then turned and rushed into the street, with Gorsline in hot pursuit. For a brief period they stood wrangling in a place of comparative safety, and from there they witnessed Neil's flight alone, with the dynamite blast roaring at his heels. From this it will be seen that Trenwyck, in his later talk with Neil on the following day, had given tongue to more than one falsehood. He had declared—for what purpose of his own it would be useless to question—that he had supposed that Neil had met his fate in the Sutter Street house, only finding out his error when he had talked with Neil's mother; when, as a matter of fact, he and Gorsline knew very well Neil had effected his escape. And Gorsline knew that Beryl had also managed to get away.

The lawyer, plausible and full of guile as ever, insisted that he had interfered to save Neil solely to prevent Gorsline doing something in anger which he would regret in a calmer moment. The latter was far from being satisfied, although he accepted the explanation sullenly and agreed to a truce. His knife was returned, and the precious pair made their way into Portsmouth Square.

While they stood at the edge of the square, debating the present situation and seeking to lay out their future course, an express wagon halted at the curb in front of them, and Berdyne leaped down from his seat beside the driver. Instantly the expressman was besieged by a score of fugitives who wanted his aid. He was not long in making a bargain and in driving away.

The arrival of Berdyne was as sudden as it was unexpected. Had he put in an appearance half an hour earlier, that affair in the Sutter Street house might have turned out entirely different.

"Well, by the eternal!" grunted Gorsline. "Where have you been all this time?"

Berdyne drew close, his keen black eyes searching the faces of his two confederates.

"I've been looking for the girl," said he, in an angry undertone. "If one or both of you had been with us in the *Red Flyer*, she would not have got away. A live wire struck against the post of the steering wheel; the electricity ran up into my hand and arm, and I was paralyzed for a few moments. That," he added, his eyes glittering with baffled rage, "was the girl's opportunity, and she took advantage of it. Have either of you seen her, or Preston?"

Among the goods and chattels scattered about the square were several piles of office furniture brought from near-by buildings. Among these were desks, chairs, a typewriter-stand, and a typewriter. Berdyne got his eye on one of the chairs, pulled it out, and sat down on it. Gorsline sat on a corner of one of the desks, and, while he recounted the Sutter Street experiences, Trenwyck reclined on the grass and kept wary eyes on him.

"It was a slick game we played," added Gorsline, when he had told all; "and if Trenwyck hadn't stuck in his oar I'd be a three-hundred-dollar 'spark' to the good. As it is," he scowled, "I've not only lost that, but some of my other plunder along with it."

"Trenwyck did exactly right," said Berdyne coolly. "You had no warrant for a murderous assault on Preston."

"I owe him one," gritted the tough, with a look of malignant hate, "and I'll be even with him if I ever git the chance."

"Don't be foolish," said Berdyne sharply. "If the time ever comes when I find it necessary to sweep Preston out of my path, I'll remember you and make the opportunity for you. Have you any idea how the girl managed to give you the slip?"

"No, unless she twisted herself clear of the ropes. I thought I tied her safe enough."

"It looks mysterious to me," muttered Berdyne; "but, on the whole, I'm glad of it. She and Preston are still wide apart, and if I cannot manage to come between them, my brain has lost its cunning. I have been traveling from one point to another all day, looking for the girl; but it's hopeless to try and find anybody in such a confused mob of a place as San Francisco is just now. I hired that expressman for twenty-five dollars an hour, and had started to make a tour of all the squares and parks, looking for the girl. As a result, I find you two, and a pretty story you have to tell me."

Not far from the place where Berdyne sat was a wooden cross over an oblong mound, with smaller crosses over similar mounds to left and right. This was the spot where the bodies from the morgue had been interred. But what claimed Berdyne's attention particularly were written notices pinned to the larger cross with information as to where certain people who had come to the square might be found. This information, of course, was for the benefit of friends and relatives. As he gazed at the scraps of paper fluttering from the upright, an idea entered Berdyne's crafty brain.

"Gorsline," said he, turning abruptly on his confederate, "do you know of any safe retreat in Frisco, or Oakland, where a little business of a shady nature can be safely transacted? We ought to have the place to ourselves, if possible."

Gorsline caught the significant gleam in Berdyne's eyes, and fully understood it. He gave an ugly leer.

"Places of that kind in Frisco have gone up in smoke," said he, "or else they're so close to the fire line that there ain't no dependin' on 'em. They got shook up a little over in Oakland, I hear, but they ain't got no fire to deal with. I know of a place over there—Marm Kinney's. It's a hangout for crooks, but I reckon Marm Kinney hasn't many boarders jest about now, 'bwin' to the rich pickin's to be had this side o' the bay—pervidin' a cove wants to risk a bullet."

"Where is this Marm Kinney's place?"

Gorsline gave the address. Berdyne took a notebook and pencil from his pocket, and wrote for a few moments on his knee.

"Can you use a typewriter, Trenwyck?" he asked, when he had finished writing.

"After a fashion," answered the wondering lawyer.

"Then square around to that machine," said Berdyne, "and make fifteen or twenty copies of this on as many slips of paper."

Berdyne vacated the chair, and Trenwyck sat down in front of him, the leaf of Berdyne's notebook in his hand.

"It's a forlorn hope," said Berdyne, while Trenwyck was reading the written words, "but I've known a forlorn hope to win out more times than once."

"It won't do," said Trenwyck, shaking his head. "I suppose you want one of these posted up in each of the refugee camps, in the hope that the girl will see it?"

"Sharp, ain't you?" sneered Berdyne. "What else do you suppose I want of a thing like that?"

"But suppose Neil Preston sees it?"

"So much the better. I'd like to get him in this net as well as the girl. Then I can make sure he is properly confined while I take my little beauty for a cruise on the *Gloriana*, which is waiting for us off Sausalito."

"You're clever," muttered Trenwyck, his old cringing deference manifesting itself; "but I think you're too late."

"Too late! What do you mean?"

"The girl, if we can put any reliance in what Preston said during the clash in Sutter Street, is now Mrs. Preston. The law——"

"Hang the law!" snarled Berdyne. "I have sworn to possess that girl; she is the only woman on earth that I can ever care for. Apart from that, there are—well, there are other important matters at stake. If I could find Hargreaves, and get at that trunk of papers, I could explain to your entire satisfaction. Copy that, and be quick about it. Better make about thirty copies; then you can take half of them, and Gorsline the other half, and post them up in every refugee camp you can find."

While Trenwyck, amid all the unusual sounds and commotion that assailed the square, was busily manipulating the keys of the writing machine, Berdyne found a supply of thumbtacks in a drawer of one of the desks.

Gorsline read one of the typed notices, and his evil face filled with guile and cunning.

"What a crook you'd make, Berdyne!" he murmured admiringly. "You've the right touch for a top-liner."

Some time was required by the lawyer to make the copies. There was paper in the desk at which he sat, and the machine itself was in fair condition, considering the rough handling it must have had.

When all was completed, the master scoundrel and his two henchmen separated. Trenwyck and Gorsline were to make a round of the refugee camps, each having a certain number of squares and parks to cover, so that they might not go over the same ground, and in each camp one of the forged notices was to be conspicuously posted. Both men were to keep sharp watch for Hargreaves, and, if found, send him to Marm Kinney's, in Oakland; in addition, the lawyer was to call at Arthur Preston's, on Nob Hill, to learn what he could, if anything, relative to Neil. This duty came in particularly pat with Trenwyck, inasmuch as he was, after a fashion, retained by Morley Preston for certain unscrupulous purposes, and might be said to have the entree of the palatial residence on Nob Hill.

Gorsline went to meet Berdyne at the ferry-house at ten that evening, and go with him to the Oakland rendezvous. Trenwyck was to come later, when his work was finished and the hour propitious.

So the web of deceit was deftly woven. At best it was a forlorn hope, as Berdyne had said, and its success depended on many contingencies; yet, as Berdyne had also pointed out, desperate ventures have often been known to win. And much was to happen between the execution of these plans and that fatal hour when this cunning plotter should cry:

"My plots fall short, like darts which rash hands throw
With an ill aim, and have too far to go;
Nor can I long discoveries prevent:
I deal too much among the innocent!"

CHAPTER XXIX.

CAUGHT IN THE WEB.

When the young officer had called out that Arthur Preston's automobile was coming, and had left Beryl and Tonita and stepped out into the street to meet it, Beryl seized her friend's hand and they hurried off through the park.

"They must not know what we have done!" exclaimed Beryl. "The hateful words spoken by Mrs. Preston last night are still ringing in my ears. I do not want any favors from her! If she allowed herself to feel any gratitude, it could only be false gratitude at best. What I did was all for Neil."

"'Tis well, darling," said Tonita. "I doubt whether that cruel woman is capable of so soft a sentiment as gratitude. Her heart is too hard. How my brain burns with the insulting words she spoke to you! If I were you I should never forget nor forgive them."

Beryl was troubled.

"I think only of my darling Neil's happiness," said she. "Whatever he counseled me to do, I should do."

"That, *querida*," said Tonita softly, "shows how love can beat down every barrier.

The path they were following led them through the center of the park. At one point the path branched to right and left, and in the very forks of it stood a noble old tree. The tree had been growing there when the park was laid out, and the landscape architect had modified his plans so that it might be preserved. Just at that time the tree was serving a purpose of which no landscape architect had ever dreamed.

All over its trunk, and as high as a tall man could reach, scraps of paper of every conceivable sort, and even bits of cloth and playing cards, were secured, carrying tidings to loved ones.

"Ah!" cried Tonita, halting. "Some one told me of this tree while I was standing in the bread line a short time ago. I made up my mind then to pay it an early visit."

"Let us not stop, dearest," said Beryl, thinking of Arthur Preston, and fearing he should institute inquiries for those who had rescued his aunt. "If the soldiers should be sent to look for us——"

"But do you not understand, dear?" returned Tonita. "People who are looking for friends have posted notices here saying where their lost ones may find them. See, here is one! Listen!" and Tonita read:

"'ANNA BREMER: Mother is waiting for you, dearie. She is in one of the government tents at the west end of the park. Oh, come, come quickly, for my heart is breaking. MOTHER.'"

"That must have been put there by the poor woman who shared our tent with us last night!" exclaimed Beryl, thrilled with the yearning sadness of the poor scrawl.

"Sad, is it not, *querida!*" whispered Tonita, her eyes dimming. "And, oh, there are so many, many more. They all tell of broken ties, and how many are calling for their loved ones in vain!"

"Do you think that Neil may have left a notice for me?" whispered Beryl.

"Who knows?" answered Tonita. "Let us look, at all events. You take that side of the tree, darling, and I will take this."

"We must hurry," said Beryl, with an apprehensive look behind. "I could not bear to be found and taken into the presence of Mrs. Preston."

"Nor would I have you, dearest. But if any one should come after us we would not have to go. We will not be long, however."

Beryl did not dare allow herself to hope. It seemed, after all her trials and disappointments, as though it would be too much of a favor to ask at the hands of fate.

Later, when something like order began to prevail in the stricken city, the method of finding lost friends and relatives was reduced to a system. Newspapers and others opened registry bureaus, and when the first papers were printed after the disaster, their columns were filled with advertisements all asking for information concerning the missing. But in those first two or three days any method, no matter how primitive, was called into requisition.

Suddenly, while the two girls were pouring over the notices on the tree, Tonita heard a sharp cry from her friend.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, hastening to Beryl's side.

Pale as a lily, her eyes like stars, one hand on her wildly heaving bosom and the other pointing to a typewritten slip on the tree trunk, Beryl was standing like one fascinated, mute from the very excess of joy which ran like fire through her veins.

Yet there was no need of words. Tonita, with a glad cry, read the lying words on the paper and then snatched it from its place.

"At last, at last!" she exclaimed, in a transport of happiness, flinging her arms about her friend. "You see, *querida*, how Heaven has guided you. If we had not stopped, if I had not felt deep down in my heart that we should not pass without examining every one of these notices, we should have gone on and never known what your sweetheart had left here for you."

"He is in Oakland, after all!" gasped Beryl, her voice throbbing with the rapture of hope fulfilled. "Oh, we must go there at once!"

"Yes, *querida*," answered Tonita, "without a single moment's delay."

"But we have no money!" exclaimed Beryl, suddenly realizing their abject condition.

Tonita laughed lightly.

"There is no need of money, dearest! Everything is free in San Francisco—even the ferries. But you are rich—rich in the knowledge that you soon will be in the arms of him you love."

So Berdyne's "forlorn hope" reached out toward its pitiful consummation. Poor, hapless Beryl was caught in the web. Yet there were other contingencies which Berdyne's evil plots must meet and overcome.

For the present, however, and, although he did not yet know it, his designs had met with success, Beryl and Tonita, light-hearted as they had not been since that fateful marriage morn which seemed so far, far away, joined the tide of fugitives that flowed in the direction of the Market Street ferry.

This was some little time before Neil with the trembling lawyer at his side, had set his face in the same direction.

CHAPTER XXX.

MARM KINNEY'S.

Berdyne could not have found a place better suited to his wicked purposes than Marm Kinney's. It was a disreputable-looking frame building, far enough in the outskirts to have a solitary situation. There was a pampas plume in the front yard, and back of this a tangle of lilacs and some eucalyptus trees that made an effectual screen for the weather-beaten old dwelling.

It was late at night when Berdyne and Gorsline, catching a stray boat at the ferry, landed at the Oakland mole and pushed on into the squalid purlieu known as J Street. Marm Kinney's house was several blocks from a gaslight. Looking at it from the street, at that hour, nothing could be seen but a blot of trees and shrubbery.

Gorsline was well acquainted with the way, however, and pressed confidently on into the Stygian darkness. Once beyond the leafy screen, a light struck on their eyes from a curtainless window.

Gorsline, with his usual discretion, diverged from the walk to reconnoiter through the window before entering. He tumbled over a heap of bricks—where the earthquake had paid its compliments to Marm Kinney by shaking down her chimney—and got up cursing.

"It's a wonder," growled Gorsline, "that the old rattletrap wasn't shaken down about Marm Kinney's ears. But she was allers lucky. She's there," he added shortly, "but you'd better wait till I go in an' fix things."

Gorsline was about fifteen minutes getting things "fixed." Then he came back to Berdyne, who was smoking impatiently at the front door and congratulating himself on his surroundings.

"It's all rght, Berdyne," called Gorsline. "The old termagant has the place to herself, an' will do what she can to help. Come in!"

Berdyne entered, and his companion led the way to a point where lamplight shone through an open door. There was that indescribable odor of Chinese quarters about the interior of the house—a sickening closeness reeking of sandalwood and opium and stale cigarette smoke. The place would have been better for an airing.

The room into which Berdyne was presently shown was littered with fallen plaster. There was a table and a meager assortment of chairs; a cot covered with a Navaho blanket, near which stood a low table with an opium smoker's materials, an old stove, and an open cupboard showing some cracked dishes. Then there was Marm Kinney.

She was an angular old woman, with straggling gray hair, a beak for a nose, and faded, watery eyes. She sat in a rocking-chair by the table, smoking a cigarette.

Berdyne was pleased. He was a reader of character, and he knew instinctively that, "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain," the old woman could be relied upon—providing her palm was well crossed.

"Marm's a night bird," chuckled Gorsline. "Here she is, as snug as ye please, waitin' for some dope fiend to come along an' hit the pipe."

"Business is ruined," croaked Marm Kinney, surveying Berdyne furtively through her cigarette smoke. "This here earthquake is a starvin' matter for a whole lot of us respectable people." She leered mawkishly at Berdyne. "I ain't askin' no names, but for a hundred dollars you can

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

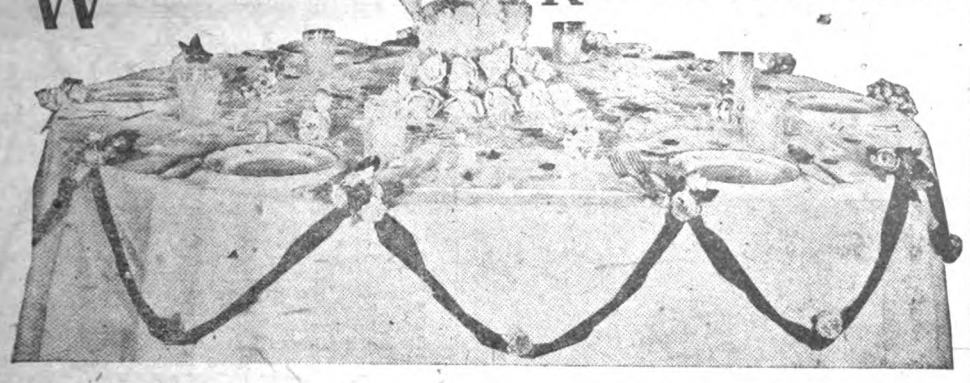
Club Premiums at Bargain Rates
Before the Subscription Price Goes Up

Don't neglect this opportunity to get subscriptions for club premiums before COMFORT'S subscription price goes up.

The Government keeps on raising magazine postage rates—a big rise two years ago, another boost last July, and still another will take effect the first of next July, and other costs of publication are increasing, too.

Make sure also to renew and extend your own subscription three full years from expiration, at present special, low renewal rate. Send one dollar today, using renewal coupon on page 8.

WEDDING REFRESHMENTS



By Violet Marsh

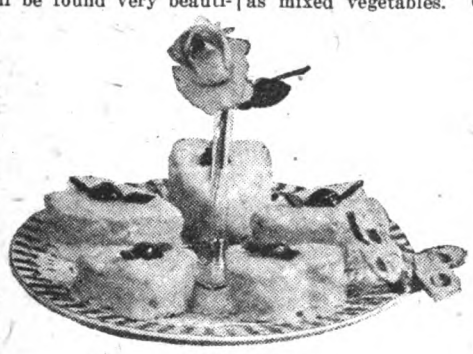
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The Bridal Month of June

JUNE, the bloomful month, seems to have been set aside by time-old convention as the month of weddings, probably because all nature is awake and summer days are ahead. There is no time of year when so much appears purely joyful.

We are going to talk about refreshments for the simple home wedding; the kind that does not leave behind a wake of exhaustion, nor an empty purse. The face of an unwearied bride will receive far more compliments than variety of food or arrangements. Tables no longer "groan" under an over-bountiful provision, which was the ideal of elegance among our forefathers. Attempt only what can be easily and well done.

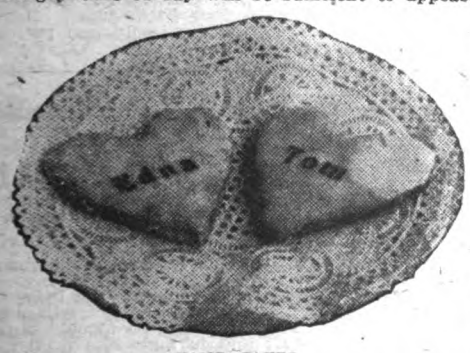
When planning decorations, if a color scheme can be carried out it will be found very beautiful and restful to the eye. It is here that the country dweller has the advantage, for gardens and orchards provide a wealth of material. June roses were used in the accompanying table decorations, though other flowers may be used just as effectively. Unless the wedding cake is used as a centerpiece, it is well to make a definite arrangement of flowers. A round basket filled with wet moss from the woods makes a very workable foundation. The sides can be banked with flowers by extending the stems through into the moss. It can then be built to the desired height by tying wire to the stems before they are set into the moss. The spotless expanse of a "fair, white cloth" far exceeds in loveliness any polished table or doilies for the bride's supper. If her wedding cake forms the centerpiece, at the base lay fine green foliage with here and there a flower, and on top a few stems of flowers and foliage. Here the June rose is exquisite. Garlands of flowers or ribbons of tissue paper knotted to the edge of table with a bunch of flowers add to the festive appearance. Have some talented friend make place cards in the form of wedding bells. The bride and bridegroom will sit together at the head of the table.



SPONGE CAKES.

Wedding Lunches

The following menus are suitable for any hour, and are selected with regard to right combinations and attractiveness, and if served at a hungry time of day will be sufficient to appease



NAME CAKES.

the appetite. Most of the preparations can be made the day before serving.

Fruit Cup.
Chicken Croquettes with French Fried Potatoes.
Asparagus Salad.
Charlotte with Ground Nut Meats.
Fudge. Cakes. Coffee.

Chicken Salad. Sandwiches.
Maple Mousse. Sponge Drops.
Coffee. Spiced Lemonade.

Salmon-Potato Salad.
Spread Nut Bread. Cheese Rings.
Strawberries Served English Style.
Name Cookies. Coffee.

FRUIT CUP.—Cut oranges in half and spoon out only the clear pulp. Dice fresh or canned peaches and sprinkle with sugar at once. Dice pineapple, using one of the best brands. Mix together about equal portions of the fruit and add enough of the syrups to make the mixture about one-third juice. Do not add sugar. Fill glasses and top with two halves of walnut meats and two larger pieces of pineapple. Serve cold as first course.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES WITH POTATO CHIPS.—Six pounds of dressed chicken, disjointed and boiled at the simmering point in water enough to barely cover. Remove from liquor and pick the meat clear from bones, gristle and skin. Chop fine. Flavor with a few scrapings of juice from a cut onion, one tablespoon of lemon juice, and pepper and salt to taste. Three teaspoons of celery salt, and three of chopped parsley add much to the flavor. Skim fat from liquor the chickens were cooked in. In a shallow saucepan put five tablespoons of butter, and slowly heat to bubbling point. Smooth in five heaping tablespoons of dry flour. When blended, slowly add three cups of the liquor boiling hot. Stir continuously and cook five minutes. Now add two well-beaten eggs, take from fire, and beat, and mix with chicken. The mixture should be just soft enough to handle when cool. Shape by rolling in the hands. The croquettes should be about one inch through and three inches long. One quarter of boiled rice instead of all chicken may be used, and is preferred by many. Roll in fine bread-crumbs, then in beaten egg, then in crumbs again. Fry in deep smoking fat about one minute. The croquettes can be made the day before, and fried just before serving.

FRENCH FRIED POTATOES.—Pare potatoes, slice thin and soak in very cold water and soak all day, or at least ten hours. One hour before they are to be fried, put them into fresh ice-water. Dry quickly between towels, as they must be crisp when they go into the fat. Cook about one cup at a time for ten minutes. After the first lot, just the right heat can be determined for making them a golden brown. Use deep fat. Sprinkle with salt as they come from the kettle. These can be cooked early, as they are delicious cold. Serve a portion on individual plates with one croquette.

ASPARAGUS SALAD.—Use either fresh or canned asparagus. Drain well. Chop fine an equal amount of cold boiled young carrots and turnips, half the amount of tender celery, and a few radishes. Mix together one teaspoon of salt and one half teaspoon of white pepper, and slowly add five tablespoons of olive oil, then two tablespoons of lemon juice. Carefully dip the asparagus in the dressing. Put a layer of asparagus in a shallow salad bowl, then a layer of mixed vegetables, and repeat until all is used. There should be about three times as much asparagus as mixed vegetables. Over all pour a dressing made as follows: Beat four egg yolks with five tablespoons of sugar until light yellow; add one teaspoon each of salt, pepper and mustard, and a dash of cayenne pepper. Bring to a boil one cup of vinegar and two tablespoons of butter, and beat this into the egg mixture. Use cold.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Soak one half box of gelatine in one cup of cold water twenty minutes. Dissolve in three cups of boiling water. Add two scant cups of sugar and stir until dissolved. When cold, add two full teaspoons of vanilla. When about half stiffened, beat in the whites of six eggs that have previously been beaten to a stiff froth. Mould. When ready to serve, turn onto a glass serving dish, heap with sweetened and flavored whipped cream, and thickly dust with ground walnut meats.

FUDGE.—Two cups of granulated sugar, one half cake of chocolate, one half cup of milk and butter the size of a walnut brought very slowly to a boil. Cook hard about six minutes, stirring continuously, and beat after taking from fire about three minutes, but not long enough for it to commence hardening. Pour into shallow tins and cut into squares when it is partly cool. A good test for time of cooking is to drag the spoon across the bottom of stew-pan, and if the mixture divides so the bottom of pan shows, it is cooked.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Use about one third as much celery as chicken. Boil the chicken and cut into small cubes after removing the bones, skin and gristle. Do not grind as it makes a pasty salad. Use only tender parts of celery cut into small pieces. Both chicken and celery should be very cold. Just before serving, mix dressing with celery and chicken, reserving a little to spread over the top.

DRESSING.—Cream six hard-boiled egg yolks with half a teaspoon each of sugar, mustard, white pepper and three well-beaten eggs. The mixture should be thoroughly incorporated. Measure one pint of heavy cream, five tablespoons of lemon juice, and three of vinegar. Add these alternately to the egg mixture, a little at a time; first cream, then lemon juice and vinegar, beating continually. The egg whites are chopped fine and added lastly.

SANDWICHES.—Spread with butter, slightly warmed, thin slices of white bread and brown bread. After filling two full-sized slices, trim square and cut in two cornerwise.

FILLINGS.—Raisins chopped very fine and mixed with mayonnaise dressing.

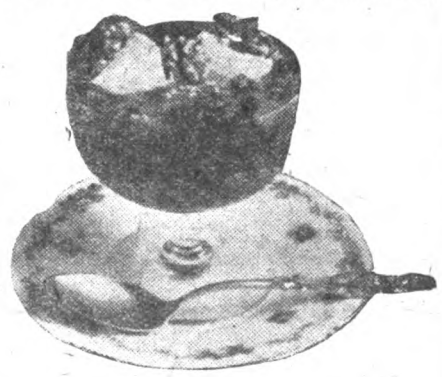
One leaf of lettuce and very thin slices of cucumber. Lightly spread with mayonnaise.

Nuts put through the food chopper and mixed with cream cheese. Salt and a dash of cayenne pepper.

Plain bread and butter, using one slice of brown and one slice of white bread.

MAPLE MOUSSE.—Whip one quart of heavy cream until very thick, taking care it does not turn to butter. It is better to whip it in three parts. If any liquid settles in the bottom of cream after whipping, drain it off. Beat in three cups of heavy maple syrup and a pinch of salt. Pour the mixture into a tightly covered mould or pail, pack in finely chopped ice and salt, using three measures of ice to two of salt. Set to freeze in a cool, dark cellar about five hours. Renew salt and ice if necessary. The ice will keep longer if many thicknesses of newspaper or a large piece of bagging is closely wrapped over top and sides.

SPONGE DROPS.—Beat the yolks of five eggs



FRUIT CUP.

until very light yellow. Beat in one cup of fine granulated sugar, a little at a time. Beat in the grated rind and juice of half a lemon. Add one cup pastry flour and beat hard. Do not use the stirring stroke as it toughens the cake. Fold in the whites of eggs beaten stiff. Bake in moderate oven and dip cakes in boiled icing.

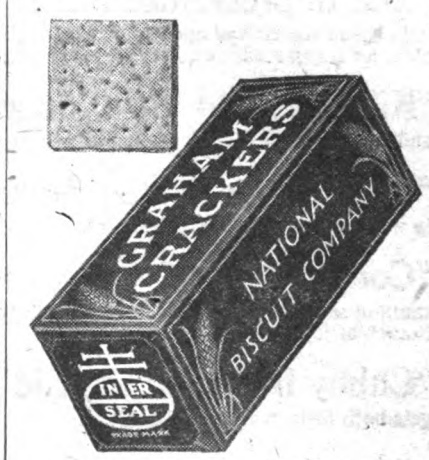
SPICED LEMONADE.—The juice of ten lemons and the grated rind of two, two cups and a half of sugar, four cups of water, six whole cloves, one teaspoon of ground cinnamon, simmered ten

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)









You Eat With An Outdoor Appetite

You are surprised at your "outdoor" appetite when you partake of any National Biscuit Company product. But there's little cause for wonder when you consider the three things directly responsible for the heartiness with which you eat—and keep on eating.

Superlative ingredients superlatively baked in superlative bakeries where "perfection" is the unchanging watchword—these are the factors accountable for the unvarying goodness of every N. B. C. product, no matter where purchased or when served.

With a ready supply in your pantry, you are prepared at all times for any occasion of serving—whether it be a child's breakfast, a formal dinner, or an afternoon tea. And the enjoyment of your family and guests will be as keen as your own.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

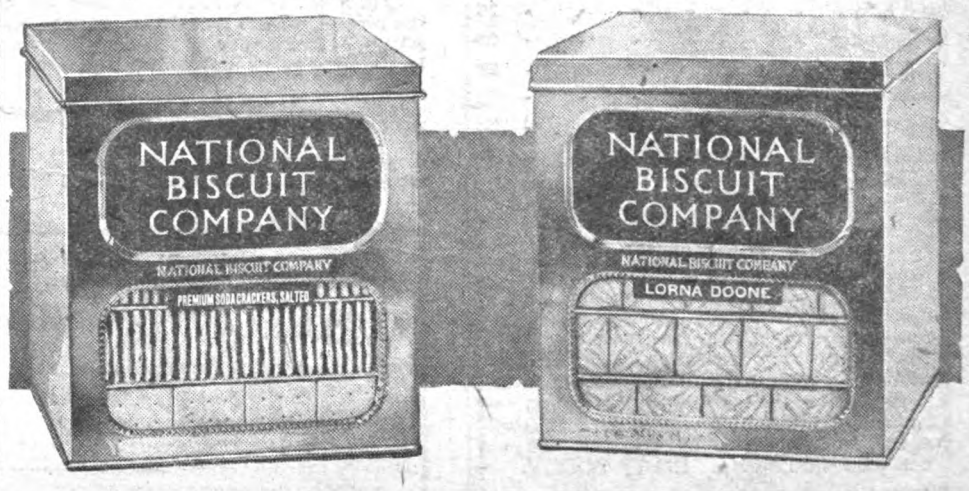
N. B. C. BUTTER THIN BISCUIT—The biscuit with the flavor of rich creamery butter. Tempting and nourishing.

ZU ZU GINGER SNAPS—Spicy, snappy, wholesome and appetizing.

N. B. C. GRAHAM CRACKERS—Crisp and golden. Zestful in flavor. Rich in nourishment.

PREMIUM SODA CRACKERS—Different in their size, mealiness and saltiness. Good and nourishing.

LORNA DOONE BISCUIT—The modern shortbread. Flavor and nourishment well combined.



Cubby Bear Calls on Kiddie Goat

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"WOULD you like to take a walk with me, Chirpy Chipmunk?" asked Cubby Bear one morning.

"Where are you going?"

"To the pasture, to see if Kiddie Goat and Lillie Lambkin are there. You remember Kiddie Goat stayed at my house for a while once when he got hurt. He is a dear little goat, and I have not seen him for a long time."

"Yes, I will go with you," said Chirpy, and the two started happily on their way.

When they reached the edge of the woods, where the pasture began, Cubby Bear was disappointed not to find his friends in sight.

"We will not go home yet," he said. "They may come if we wait a while."

Chirpy Chipmunk soon grew impatient.

"Come to the lower end of the pasture, down over the hill, Cubby Bear," he said, "and see if we cannot find them."

The pasture was empty; not even a horse or a cow was in sight. From the lower end of the pasture, the farmhouse and barn could be seen.

"We must not stay here," said Cubby, "the people at the house might see us."

"I am not afraid," said Chirpy; "they have seen me before. With you, it is different, of course, but I have even gone into the shed, to take crumbs which the children scattered for me."

"How do you dare?" asked Cubby, wide-eyed.

"Oh, look! Look here!" cried Chirpy. "Here is something the children must have dropped!"

"What can it be? Did you ever see anything like it before?" asked Cubby.

"Yes," said Chirpy. "The children spend many hours looking at such things."

It was a picture book, and Cubby Bear, turning the leaves, was amazed and delighted to see colored pictures of performing bears.

"Why, Chirpy, see! Those are *bears!* tiny, tiny bears! And see the things they are doing!"

"You could learn to do all those tricks," said Chirpy Chipmunk. "Bring it home with you, and practice on them."

"But if the farmhouse children lost it, they will want it again," demurred Cubby. "'Losers, weepers—finders, keepers'!" chanted Chirpy saucily.

"No," said Cubby, as he looked longingly at the bright pictures, "that is not right. You know, yourself, Chirpy that if you lost a thing and I found it, you would want me to give it back to you."

"Oh, well, just as you like. But see, it is beginning to rain, and rain would spoil the pictures. You cannot leave it here, and you cannot take it to the farmhouse. Why not carry it home, learn to do all these tricks, and then, after the rain is over, you can bring it back here where we found it."

"I will do better than that," said Cubby. "I will take it home with me now, and after dark tonight, if the rain has stopped, I will take it to the farmhouse and lay it on the doorstep."

They hurried home, and on the way showed the book to such friends as they met, who, one and all, followed them to Mamma Bruin's house.

"Marvelous! wonderful!" exclaimed Grandma Bear, looking at the pictures through her spectacles. "Old as I am, I have never seen anything like it before!"

"Begin, Cubby Bear!" urged Chirpy Chipmunk. "I am anxious to see you do the tricks those little picture bears are doing."

"The first one," said Grandma Bear, who would not let the book go out of her own paws, "is to stand on your head."

"I can do that!" said Cubby, but found it was not as easy as he thought. At last he did it by going into a corner and leaning against the wall.

"That will do for today," said Chirpy, "but sometime you must learn to do it properly."

"Next is to walk on your front paws," directed Grandma Bear.

Cubby tried, but with little success, while the others clapped their paws and laughed.

"Now get the broom, and balance it on your nose."

At this, Cubby did better, having practiced it before.

"Now you must jump through a big hoop," Grandma Bear told him.



AT THIS CUBBY BEAR DID BETTER, HAVING PRACTICED IT BEFORE.

"But we have no hoop," said Cubby.

"Then jump over a stick. Here—give me the broom—I will hold it up for you."

"Do not hold it too high at first, please," said Cubby Bear.

"Why not let *me* do the jumping?" suggested Bunny Rabbit.

Grandma Bear looked the book over anxiously. "No," she said, "there are no rabbits here; only bears."

Other tricks followed, and Cubby tried them until he was sore from his many tumbles, and too tired to do any more.

"We have had a fine time," said Redtop Woodpecker, as he was leaving. "We will be glad to see you performing again after you have learned to do it nicely."

"See," said Wollie Woodchuck, "the rain is over, and the clouds are breaking."

That night, Cubby Bear and Chirpy Chipmunk started out to return the book.

Large clouds were sailing along in the sky, blown by a brisk west wind, and the moon, far up above, was sometimes hidden by the clouds, and again, after a cloud had passed, shining out clearly.

They made the journey in safety, placing the picture book on the doorstep while the moon was hidden by a cloud.

"Now that I am so near Kiddie Goat, I do not like to go back home without seeing him," said Cubby.

"Then why not try to?" asked Chirpy. "He must be in the barn; why not call to him?"

"I will," answered Cubby. "Perhaps he could open the door and let me in."

Just then the moon shone out, and they ran behind a shed to hide, but when once more it was clouded over, they went around to the front of the barn, to the big door.

Cubby tapped at the door, calling softly, "Kiddie Goat! Kiddie Goat! are you there?"

"Moo-oo!" called a voice from within.

"That is a cow," said Chirpy. "Call again."

"Kiddie Goat! Lillie Lambkin!" called Cubby.

"Who is there?" asked a timid little voice, which Cubby knew to be Kiddie Goat's.

"It is I, Cubby Bear," he answered. "I wanted to see you once more. Can you come out?"

"No," answered Kiddie, "the door is too heavy for me to move. But perhaps you might manage it. Is anyone with you?"

"Only little Chirpy Chipmunk."

"Then you may try the door. It slides on rollers, and you must push it along—not from this side, but the other. You will have to push hard."

After pushing with all his strength, Cubby opened the great door far enough to squeeze through.

"I am glad to see you," said Kiddie Goat, capering about playfully. "And no one here in the barn ever had evening callers before!"

"But Foxy Reynard told me——" began Cubby.

"Hush!" whispered Kiddie Goat. "I am afraid Foxy has broken into the poultry house once or twice, but he would never dare to come here."

"Are you free to run about over the barn as you like?" asked Chirpy.

"I am kept in a pen over there in the corner," laughed Kiddie Goat. "They do not know I can jump out whenever I choose!"

"Is Lillie Lambkin here?" asked Cubby. "We would like to see her, too."

"She is down in the sheepfold, underneath the barn," said Kiddie.

"Aw-w-w-w! hee-haw! hee-haw! Uh, aw, uh, aw! aw!"

At this terrible sound, long drawn out, rising to a loud shrillness, then growing fainter until it died away in a dismal groan, Chirpy Chipmunk darted out of the open door, and disappeared in the darkness outside. Cubby started to follow.

"It is only the donkey braying," said Kiddie Goat. "He will do no harm. Please do not go yet."

Cubby Bear, who stood by the door, suddenly started back in alarm.

"A man is coming, with a light!" he exclaimed. "Coming to the barn! Oh, Kiddie Goat! what shall I do? Where can I hide?"

"I will show you! Come quickly!" answered Kiddie Goat.

They went into the "tie-up," where the cows looked at Cubby with great, frightened eyes, and pulled wildly at their halters; then through a doorway, and down over a sloping place across which boards were fastened, and which seemed to Cubby Bear like a wooden hill; at the foot of this, Kiddie Goat stopped and said:

"I must run back now and hop into my pen. Go through the basement here, and you will reach the barnyard. It is just a few steps from here. Then you can find your way back to the pasture without trouble. The farmer will be hunting through the barn, so he will not see you. Good by!"

Cubby Bear hurried along through the darkness as best he could, climbed the barnyard fence, went out around the house to avoid going near the open barn door, crossed the road, climbed the pasture fence, then started for the pleasant forest and his own home with a thankful heart.

"I shall take care not to get into such danger again!" he thought, "but I am glad I saw Kiddie Goat. He is such a dear little goat! I wish he might live with Mamma Bruin and me, and be my little brother!"

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All Subscriptions Cut Off At Expiration

All subscriptions will be cut short off on date of expiration, unless the subscription is renewed and paid for. Not even one copy will be sent, after expiration, until the subscription is renewed. If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 380, it means that this is the last copy of COMFORT you will receive until you renew your subscription. DO IT TODAY.

Special Features of July COMFORT

"Their Declaration of Independence" A Fourth-of-July romance of a unique type tells how an independent pair of lovers braved the scandal-mongers.

"The Impressionable Age of a Child" Describes the beneficial service of the Kindergarten in bridging the critical age of four to six when the child's mental development is insufficient for regular school courses but needs training and teaching that few parents can give.

"Kill Rats and Save Money" It costs five dollars a year to keep a rat, and he spreads disease, too. Tells why and how you should make war on these pests.

"What to Do When Anyone Faints" Useful instructions for emergency treatment of a person in a faint, also in case of sunstroke.

"Cooking and Canning Early Vegetables" Best ways of cooking, serving and canning summer vegetables, with illustrated description of an effective setting for the Fourth-of-July dinner table.

"Cubby Bear and the Lie Jackie Told" Jackie Bear tells a lie about Cubby Bear and gets both little bears into trouble.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 380 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive July COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE is now 50 cents a year, and likely to be raised, but for the present we will accept two-year renewals at 75 cents or three-year subscriptions at $1.00. Save money by renewing and extending your subscription two or three years. Use coupon below and do it today.

Please send bills or silver carefully wrapped in paper and securely sealed, or one-cent stamps. DON'T send THREE-CENT stamps.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: 50 cents a year, $1.00 for three years, 75 cents for a TWO-YEAR renewal, in U. S. and Cuba. (In Canada 65 cents a year.)

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Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

I enclose ..... cents for renewal and extension of my subscription ..... full years from date of expiration.

Date..... *Name*.....

Post Office..... *Street and No.*.....

R. F. D. No...... *Box No.*..... *State*.....

June, 1920.

Queer Signs and Queer Wants

By Carl Schurz Lowden

THE man who set the heading for the article or "story" about the elegant function at the home of Mrs. Overlook made only one mistake, but that was most unfortunate. He intended the double-column heading to herald "Mrs. Overlook's Big Fete," but it gravely announced "Mrs. Overlook's Big Feet."

There is a very real difference. The lady was rightfully indignant, and she told the editor her state of mind. The editor had no trouble in perceiving the wrong; and to make the matter as right as possible under the trying circumstances he thus apologized in the next issue:

"The word we had ought to have used is a French word, pronounced the same way but spelled f-e-t-e. It means a celebration and is considered a very tony word."

Mistakes will creep in where least welcome. The sign-painter has his troubles too. The sign-painter is not always to blame, for often he merely puts down what some one else has ordered. A few samples, conceived with good intentions but ending incongruously, are these:

"Collins Brothers, Undertakers. Ask those we have served."

"All parcels, packages, and grips left and not checked, must be checked or cannot be left in depot."

"Moonlight picnics in this grove every Wednesday night, rain or shine."

"If you see anything you don't want, ask for it."

"Straw hats to fit any face."

"I do repairing of all kinds of shoes in English, German and Hungarian languages."

Signs do not always say what they mean nor always mean what they say. This statement is equally true of want ads, although the incongruities are less frequent now than in former years.

I offer herewith a few ads that failed to express clearly the intended message, but which are interesting on account of the unconscious humor contained in them:

"For Sale—A full blooded cow, giving milk, three tons of hay, a lot of chickens, and several stoves."

"Wanted—A furnished room by an elderly lady with electric lights."

"Unredeemed men's coats for sale cheap."

"Don't go elsewhere to be cheated. Come in here."

"Wanted—A man to take care of horses who can speak German."

"Bathing suits reduced to almost nothing."

"For Sale—Baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner been in it for seven years; good reasons for leaving."

"Shirts laundered in the rear."

"Wanted—A nice young man to run a pool room out of town."

"For Sale—$5.00 suits. They won't last long."

"For Rent—A room, suitable for a gentleman twelve by fifteen feet."

"Found—A lightweight gentleman's overcoat."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted—Ten girls to sew buttons on the sixth floor."

"Wanted—A boy to deliver oysters that can ride on a bicycle."



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap while we discuss the following brief note from one of those cowardly Americ-Huns who are so brave and patriotic they dare not sign their names to what they write:

AMERICAN FALLS, IDAHO.

MR. CHARLES NOEL DOUGLAS:

Being good Americans (?) we are tired of your praise of England. Enclosed you will find a clipping which I hope you will read as it will do you good. In the future please give us something American.

I should have paid no attention to the above exhibition of Hun malice if it had not been for the clipping the writer enclosed, and of which more anon. The writer of the above unsigned letter, like all her cowardly class, thinks she can damn a writer and close his mouth eternally if she tags him with the word "England." In her half-baked brain that is as dangerous as calling "mad dog" to some healthy, inoffensive poodle, or shrieking "rape" when a colored man is passing. Most of these hate-crazed fanatics who write these venomous epistles, and who have not been here long enough to get the smell of the steerage out of their clothes, prattle of our gallant forefathers, unmindful of the fact that most of our forefathers were of British blood. Directly they land, however, they nose into one of our old-fashioned, spread-eagle, whip-creation histories, and from these biased, one-sided, hate-perpetuating sources, they get an utterly distorted view of the policies, traditions and relations of the British colonies to the mother country. They are never told that Benjamin Franklin said that "the colonists were so contented that Britain could lead them by a thread." They do not know that the best minds of Britain were on the sides of their cousins the colonists, and have not the decency to understand that it is a crime to make Lloyd George's Britain of today suffer for the sins of a fat-headed old German king who lived a hundred and fifty years ago. If every nation is to be blamed for what its great-great grandfathers did, then go burn your Bibles for the earth can never be anything but hell. The writer does not know that her German George could not get enough Britishers to fight their kin so had to hire Huns from across the Rhine. They do not know that Washington was a British officer in the colonial service and that he wrote in 1776: "When I took command of the army (July, 1775) I abhorred the idea of independence." This was the prevailing sentiment of his countrymen at that time. In "The American Revolution in Our School Books," published by Doran, New York, Charles Altschul writes as follows: "In spite of the controversies which have at times raged between the two peoples, we speak the same language as the English; our customs have been fashioned after theirs; our legal procedure has been founded upon theirs; their ideals of government and their conception of liberty are ours as well. In spite of the wars we have fought against them, we have never thought of turning to any other nation as a model for what is most essential in our public and private life. Many nationalities have been brought together in this melting pot; but the influence of all other nations remains negligible compared to that of England. She is, after all, the Mother Country, from whom we have acquired what really counts in the long run: language, customs, political liberty, traditions."

Personally, I want to be fair and just to all countries for I am striving in the closing years of my life to heal the festering wounds of national contention and so bring all races to that point where they can be made to realize that their interests are not so desperately divergent that the healing balm of humanity, justice, righteousness and good-fellowship cannot draw all together in a workable bond of common unity. Friction there will be, but I do not believe, unless men are wholly degenerate and God has turned his back on the world forever, that continuous, universal bloodshed is necessary, or will be tolerated.

Now as a first step to bringing about this most desirable of all human consummations, it is absolutely necessary, if civilization is to survive to keep the English-speaking peoples (who combined are capable of bringing peace and order to a distracted, chaotic, stricken world) on a friendly footing. Theodore Roosevelt worked for this end, and, with prophetic vision, foresaw and warned us of the propaganda that is now raging in this country against Britain. Britain who for three years while we were leisurely preparing to "do something" and revelling in prosperity, made a living wall of the bodies of her sons against the onrush of the bloodthirsty Hun. As soon as the armistice was signed, out popped the soreheads and the malcontents (who had been a mighty silent bunch during the war) and the whole scheming crowd got together to undo the fruits of victory, to drive a wedge between us and our friends across the ocean, and, if humanly possible, involve us in war with Britain. It is the gutter press, as well as the foreign-language sheets, that have for years grown fat by pouring their venomous hate of the British commonwealth of nations into the credulous minds of those who inhabit our foreign boarding house. It is the same old crowd who was pro-German and anti-American during the war that is engineering this anti-British campaign and terrorizing our vote-seeking lawmakers with their impudent clamor. I shall speak well or ill of any country as circumstances dictate, and no hyphenated alien, masquerading as an American, can muzzle me. Let me warn you genuine Americans that if you permit yourselves to be stampeded by the propaganda that is now raging, all the fearful sacrifices of the war will have gone for nothing and your dead will have died in vain. Let me warn you, too, that if you succeed in wiping Britain from the map, you will discover, when it is too late, that you have been fooled into destroying your friends merely to oblige relentless enemies. Britain, in her endeavor to keep on friendly terms with this country and to work for the uplift of our shattered civilization and the preservation of world peace, has frequently run counter to the wishes of her allies and often antagonized them. Our politicians, caring only for votes, have been ready to make faces at old friends to please the sorehead element of our electorate. These grandstand plays, if directed at Germany in the old days, would have meant instant war. These antics naturally cause international bitterness, delight our enemies within and without, add to the general feeling of unrest and keep a bleeding world from settling down to work and peace.

The writer demands something "American," and then has the nerve to send me an article (to which I previously referred) from one of the many sheets controlled by a gentleman, who, at a public meeting in New York, presided over by the Governor of this great State, was denounced as "the most dangerous man in America." His papers were referred to by Governor Smith as "gutter sheets" and as one of "the greatest causes of unrest in this country!" According to the New York Tribune, at the time the war began these same sheets "published 74 attacks on our allies, 17 instances of defense or praise of Germany, 63 pieces of anti-war propaganda and one deletion of a presidential proclamation." That is the kind of poison that appeals to the anonymous writer of American Falls. COMFORT does not deal in this line of tainted goods. The article forwarded to me by the anonymous patron of the gutter press is the usual bitter tirade against Britain, a country which is just human like ourselves and trying to solve the terrible problems resulting from a war which was forced upon it. Britain, it appears, has built a battleship called the Hood. At the time it was launched it was the most powerful ship afloat, having eight fifteen-inch guns. We, however, have just sent the Maryland into the water with eight sixteen-inch guns, a ship capable of blowing the Hood into smithereens. This ought to quiet the nerves of the gutter press and enable us all to sleep nights. You see, Uncle Sam is more than capable of keeping up with the Joneses! We are told, "with Germany and Russia's navy destroyed that only John Bull could give battle to Uncle Sam." Ain't that terrible!!! It never occurred to the terrified gent who wrote the article that those two navies working together have recently saved civilization and are willing when called on to do it again. It also never occurred to these fomenters of hate that this country has been at peace with Britain for over a hundred years and that to the north there is an invisible boundary line stretching nearly four thousand miles from the Atlantic to the Pacific across which never a gun has been pointed by either Canada or the U. S. In all history you will find no similar instance of such unbounded faith and trust between nations. On the Great Lakes, too, there is not even a war canoe. The New York Globe says: "Britain has never built ships against America and the naval calculations have never contemplated war with America. Britain has maintained the so-called two-power standard with reference to a coalition, including America." Roosevelt in December, 1918, by the way, wrote: "I regard the British navy as the most potent instrumentality for peace in the world. * * * I believe that the time has come that under no circumstances shall there ever be a resort to war between the United States and the British Empire."

The article forwarded to me carefully ignores the fact that when the armistice was signed, three American admirals, Griffin, Taylor and Earl, were sent abroad to consult with the British, French and Italian admiralties in the spring of 1919. In Britain these officers of high rank were invited to inspect the new battleship Hood. That shows you how much Britain is trying to keep us in the dark as to her naval plans. Bear in mind, the British navy has charted the seas and cleaned them of pirates, has policed the oceans and made them safe for travel and commerce. Let us be just even if we do not wish to be generous, and remember Britain has done more to uphold the Monroe Doctrine than we have. George Canning, British Foreign Minister, proposed an alliance with America for the purpose of preventing the Holy Alliance from re-establishing despotism in South America. Monroe took the matter up with Madison and Jefferson and both were heartily in favor of it, but John Quincy Adams talked the matter over with Monroe and came to the conclusion that Britain could be trusted at her own risk and expense, to carry out the policy that America advocated. Another little incident that escaped the notice of the Americ-Huns. Not many years have elapsed since the British in Manila Bay went over to the American side and the blustering German admiral had to pull in his horns and beat it. That action saved us from the menace of a world coalition. The whole United States rang with praise of Britain at that time. She was "our good friend" then, and what has she done that she is not our good friend now? Thomas Jefferson said to Monroe: "* * With her (Britain) on our side we need not fear for the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship and nothing would tend more to knit our affection than to be fighting once more side by side, in the same cause."

The writer asked for something American. I wonder how she will like that? "British naval power has been used time and again," says the historian, Ramsey Muir, "as the last bulwark of freedom against military powers which have threatened to overwhelm the freedom of their neighbors by mere brute strength. That was so in the sixteenth century when Spain seemed to be within an ace of making herself the mistress of the world; it was so a hundred years later when Louis XIV threatened the liberties of Europe; it was so a century later when Napoleon's might overshadowed the world; it was so once more when the German peril menaced the liberty of nations; but the British naval power has never been used to restrict the free movement of all the ships of all nations in times of peace in any of the seas of the world." Right now, Britain is selling a large number of her most powerful battleships, and British estimates and personnel have also been greatly decreased, while we on the other hand are embarking on a naval program which will make us mistress of the seas. So tremendous is that program that even our best friends are getting a little bit worried as to what it all means, for if we keep on friendly terms with our late war associates, we can if necessary send all our fleet to the Pacific where our far-flung possessions need protection and leave the guarding of the Atlantic to our late partners in the war. If, however, we continue to make a cuspidor of Britain and allow our foreign boarders and political demagogues to dictate our policy, she, indeed, would be a fool if she did not take measures to defend herself, for Britain depends on her seaborne commerce for food, life and trade, while we do not. British battleships, however, have no terror for genuine Americans. They only cause excitement to the foe within and the gutter press and the more these elements are excited the better for all decent, peace-loving people.

In the clipping sent we are told that "Britain is building her battleships with money loaned by this country, with the interest due on the gigantic loans to England obtained to use in her war." *Her* war, mark you. We, of course, had nothing to do with it. Later we are told "that's no reward for saving them from the licking that was coming to them, * * and which a lot of Americans think would have done them good." Note the venom in these statements. The late war was not a war, then, to end war, not a war to avenge the sinking of our ships, the murder of our citizens, the banishing of our commerce from the seas, not a war for democracy. Oh, no! It was just a war to save England and her allies from getting licked. If they had been licked we should have been mourning the loss of a million dead today, and as it transpires that our navy was not prepared, though it had had ample warning and plenty of time to get ready, our coast cities would probably have been in ashes. We loaned Europe ten billion dollars, four billion of that went to Britain, six billion to France, and most of it was spent right here for munitions. Great Britain spent a much larger sum financing the war and her allies and keeping the Hun at bay until we got ready to come in. The Hood is not being built with American loans, for, as I write, millions in gold (not paper) are being sent to this country by Britain and France and half a billion of our loans will be paid back by October. These war associates of ours have suffered frightfully, horribly, and it is these people (people to whom we owed an immense sum in our soup kitchen days when the war broke out), struggling to get back on their feet, mourning their millions of dead, that the gutter press assails and insults. Though we must keep an eye on the foe within, let us remember that we have millions among us of the Pershing breed—Pershing who in the Committee Room of the House of Commons in London voiced "the necessity for closer and firmer union to the end that we may be united as peoples, likewise forever, it seems to me that all discussions of means and ways to prevent war and of plans for the combined nations must be based on a union in thought and in heart, of the Anglo-Saxon people."

General, in the language of the day, "you said a mouthful," a mouthful that our enemies within will not relish. Brothers and sisters, let us with God's help strive to heal the wounds of this tortured world and not wantonly attempt, as many are doing, to make them deeper.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

DENVER, COLO.

UNCLE CHARLIE—DEAR SIR: For years I enjoyed reading your chats in the COMFORT magazine, but like the man who wrote to you a few months ago, you do not seem the same old boy, Uncle Charlie, and I am anxious to know why and wherefore the change. I know of only three things that will cause a man to change as you have. First, found he had been advocating a wrong policy (wise men change their policy, fools never do). Second, made enough money and desire to be in the ranks of the rich. Three, a subsidized press. Kindly let me know in your next issue why and wherefore you have changed, and oblige, JOHN SMITH.

Ike Braunstein or Hans Sausagespeil, people of your cowardly type always hide their identity behind some good, honest, American name. I've had about a score of letters from you, Herr Braunspeil, in all of which you took me to task for hitting your beloved Kaiser and Fatherland, Hans, I have never, so far as my knowledge goes, advocated a wrong policy, but in shaping my policies I have to be guided by world conditions, circumstances and events. What you and a lot of other admirers of the twin Czars who rule Russia want me to do is to give a mortal thrust to an agonized world which is already bleeding to death. There are a lot of vermin engaged in this fiendish game, but I don't care to be a sewer rat and eat gilded garbage even out of Trotzky's hand. A sample lot of these reptiles were sent home to Russia. Another bunch of a hundred who were about to be deported, have been turned loose by the Department of Labor to continue their devilish work. Senator King of Utah intends to have this department investigated. It needs it. It was this department that had as Commissioner of Immigration at Ellis Island, New York, a gentleman who was addressed in terms of almost affection and endearment by murderous anarchists, and whose fervent admiration for all things German during the war was a source of exasperation to every patriot. "There is a widespread belief," says the most prominent of New York papers, "that the Department of Labor is a nest of radicals." It is an outrage that the honest word radical should be used in connection with those who sympathize with dangerous Reds. The oppressed and exploited working man of old no longer exists. If he did, I should be at his side giving him all the aid and comfort I could. Organized labor is not only capable of taking care of itself but it has learned all the tricks of the worst capitalist exploiters and is taking care of us—trying, as I write, to starve New York babies by holding up railroad traffic. It is doing and will continue to do with more ferocity as the days pass, the very thing it organized to stop the exploiter from doing. The Reds will see to that. I have no use for profiteers and exploiters, no matter to what class of society they belong. Labor, crazed by agitators, lazy and hysterical will not produce if it can help it, and when it does produce, its product is inferior and the price is extortionate. My remedy for profiteering is the machine gun, the rope and the electric chair, and that medicine should be meted out with exact justice to all, including the man who got ten dollars for doing three dollars' worth of work and the man who got ten thousand for doing fifty dollars' worth. I have learned a great deal during the last quarter of a century. I thought that the exploited toilers were only in search of social justice and a square deal. I find, alas, that too many of them do not want justice, all they want is a chance to get at the savings of the thrifty and industrious, and in a workless world dissipate what others have, by self-denial, hard work and industry, acquired for protection in their old age. I will feed and fondle a

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

sharply as she left the room to go to the attic for the purpose of packing her trunk.

"Wilhelm," Violet said, rising and confronting the man as his wife vanished. "I shall not remain here with you while Belle is away—I will not tolerate your presence for a single hour."

"How are you going to help yourself, Miss Independence?" he demanded, with a leer.

"I will help it," she said spiritedly. "This is not an empty house—there are people down stairs, and I warn you that I shall make such a disturbance as will cause them to make inquiries regarding the occupants of this room."

Mr. Mencke looked alarmed at this threat.

He knew that she could make no end of trouble for him if she set about it, and he wished that he had her back in her old quarters, where Sarah could look after her—the prospect of a week of perpetual vigilance had no charms for him.

"What is the pleasure, then, of your royal highness?" he demanded with an oath.

"If I must stay here, I want you to send Sarah to me," Violet replied.

"Yes, and let you outwit her again," he sneered.

"Sarah was in no way responsible for my escape—she was faithful to you—I could not even bribe her."

"Then you tried that game, did you?" the man interposed.

"Of course I did. I offered her every inducement that I could think of; but she had given her word to you and would not break it. She was kind to me, however, and her presence, although not especially enjoyable, was, at least, not obnoxious to me."

"You are complimentay, my fair sister," Wilhelm Mencke returned, flushing at her implied detestation of him, yet he was pleased to know that Sarah had been true to her trust. "But," he added, fiercely, "I will run no risks with you during the coming week."

"You will send for Sarah or you will take the consequences," Violet reiterated, with a determination which he saw meant mischief.

"Will you go back to the other house and stay with her?"

Violet thought a moment.

"Yes," she said at length.

"Will you promise not to try to attract any attention on the way?"

"No," she answered resolutely. "I shall improve every opportunity to get out of your power. I shall take advantage of the slightest lack of vigilance upon your part."

Wilhelm Mencke started to his feet, his face purple with passion.

"Then, I vow, I'll bind and gag you," he cried, with an oath.

Violet saw that she was going too far—that it would not do for her to be too aggressive. She saw that he was desperate enough to do almost anything to accomplish his purpose, and it would be terrible to be bound hand and foot and gagged.

"What shall I do?" she asked herself.

The letter which she had written to Mr. Lawrence that morning was still in her pocket and unsealed. If she could only manage to add a little to it and get it to him, she knew that he would at once hasten to her relief. But how to accomplish this was more than she could at present plan to do.

While she was considering this perplexing difficulty Mrs. Mencke returned from her visit to the attic.

"You'll have to bring the trunk down for me, Wilhelm," she said; "it is not a large one, but it is too much for me to manage."

"Why do you want to take a trunk?" he demanded gruffly. "The less baggage you hamper yourself with the better it will be for you."

"You don't suppose I am going back to Cincinnati unless I can have some decent clothes to wear, I hope. I intend to stop at the —— House and live in style while I am there, or else I shall not go at all," his wife returned, loftily.

"Who will supply the money for so much style?" he asked.

"You, of course, until I can get what I go after."

He saw that she was determined to have her own way, and with a muttered imprecation upon the vanity of women in general, he started to go up after the trunk.

He turned back, however, upon reaching the first stair.

"Look out for that little cat," he said, scowling at Violet, "she is all ready for a spring, and every claw is sharpened."

"I'll see to her," was the assuring response; then turning to Violet, the woman said crossly: "Why can't you be reasonable? Everything shall be made all right with you, if you will only have patience."

Violet did not reply, but, taking up a book that lay upon the table, pretended to read while Mrs. Mencke continued the preparations for her journey.

The young girl had a pencil in her pocket, and drawing this forth, she managed to write on a fly leaf of the book:

"Am in trouble again. Come at once to a corner house on —— Street; don't know the name of the other street, or the number of the house. South side of street—second story, windows small, with panes of glass; three flower pots on front window sill. VIOLET."

Stealthily tearing this out, she folded it and tucked it into the envelope which inclosed the letter to Mr. Lawrence.

Mr. Mencke meanwhile had come down with the trunk.

"I know what I am going to do," he remarked, as he set it down, while a cruel expression had settled about his mouth. "I am going to take Violet back to the other house. I shall not feel safe a minute with her here."

Violet looked up at him curiously as he said this.

"You think you will have a chance to scare up somebody to rescue you, I suppose," he said, observing the look and chuckling, "but you won't. I'm going to take Belle's Saratoga trunk—it's a small ark—bore some holes in the top, clap you in it, and, when the carriage comes for Belle, take you back to Sarah. I'll just give you a little chloroform first to keep you quiet."

Violet turned sick and faint over this horrible plan.

"You dare not do such a brutal thing!" she cried.

"I dare to do anything to keep you quiet for a week," he fiercely retorted.

"I will give up," Violet said, in a tone of despair. "Send for Sarah, and I promise I will make no disturbance until Belle gets back."

"Honor bright?"

"I have given my word," Violet returned haughtily.

"And you will make no effort to get away?"

"I will not promise you that; if Sarah gives me a chance, whether I am here or there, I shall not neglect it, you may be very sure," she returned, showing her claws again.

"Go for the woman, Wilhelm; Violet will be as safe here as there, if she will keep quiet, and I do not like to leave my rooms alone," Mrs. Mencke here interposed.

Her husband looked undecided for a moment, then he turned and left the room.

Violet breathed more freely the moment the door closed after him; now if she could but get a chance to open the window and throw her letter out to some passer-by, she believed that she would soon be free.

When Mrs. Mencke's back was turned, she stealthily sealed it, and wrote on the outside, "Important—Deliver Immediately," and kept hoping that Belle would have to go upstairs again for something, so that she could send it on its way.

But dinner-time came without the desired opportunity, and after that the hours went slowly by, for Violet was so indignant with her companion that she would not talk, and both were far from feeling comfortable.

At last Mrs. Mencke began to put on her hat and wraps, for she was to leave on the four o'clock express going west, while she was beginning to feel quite anxious for the return of her husband and the woman who was to guard Violet.

"There!" she exclaimed, as she was drawing on her gloves, "I have forgotten some nice handkerchiefs that I wanted to take with me. Violet, won't you go up stairs to my leather trunk, in the room over this, and get a flat box that lies on top of the other things in it? Here are the keys; but you need not try to get out of the skylight, for Wilhelm has nailed it down."

Violet had heard him hammering at something up there, and surmised what he was doing.

"Why don't you go and get them yourself?" Violet asked, thinking she would thus get the desired opportunity to throw her letter from a window.

"Because, for one thing, I cannot trust you here alone, and, for another, I do not wish to soil my skirts by going up and down those dusty stairs," Mrs. Mencke replied.

Violet saw that she would gain nothing by refusing to comply with her request, so she took the keys and slowly ascended the stairs to the attic.

She found the trunk, and had just unlocked it, when she thought she heard a step above her on the roof.

Her heart leaped into her throat with sudden hope, for doubtless some one was there either hanging out or taking in clothes.

She knew that there was a pane of glass broken out of the skylight. Perhaps she could attract the attention of whoever was there, and thus send her letter to Mr. Lawrence.

She stole noiselessly up to the scuttle, thrust her hand through the broken pane, and tapped upon the roof.

The steps ceased for a moment, then they seemed to come toward her, and presently the good-natured face of a young Irish girl looked down upon her.

"Hush!" whispered Violet, at the same time making eager signs for her to keep still.

"Whist, is it?" asked the girl, speaking low. "All right, mavoureen."

"Will you do me a favor, and not let a soul know anything about it, if I will give you a dollar?" Violet asked, in rapid tones.

"Sure, I will, miss, and be mighty glad of the dollar, too," was the eager reply.

Violet hurriedly took the letter from her pocket, and a dollar from her purse, and thrust them through the aperture, whispering:

"Mail this letter for me at once, and don't let anybody see you do it. Here's your dollar, and I will give you five more when I get an answer. What's your name?"

"Jane McCarthy, miss, and I live just next door," said the girl, as she took the letter and money and concealed them in her pocket.

"I will remember," said Violet. "Now go quick—quick!"

She did not wait for a reply, but flew back to the leather trunk, seized the box of handkerchiefs, relocked the trunk, and then went slowly down the stairs, trying to still the rapid beating of her heart, and to appear as if nothing unusual had happened.

"What kept you so long?" Mrs. Mencke demanded suspiciously, when she made her appearance in the room below.

"Was I long?" Violet asked indifferently. "You should oil the lock to that trunk, Belle, and then it would turn more easily."

She picked up her book and sat down as if to read again, but the words danced before her eyes, while she grew so dizzy and faint she feared she would fall from her chair. But she gradually gained control of herself, and Mrs. Mencke did not dream of the flank movement which her victim had made during that brief interval of less than five minutes.

Wilhelm Mencke entered soon after, and he was accompanied by Sarah, and then Mrs. Mencke took her departure, bidding Violet a brief good by without offering her customary caress, for which the young girl was thankful.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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3 Splendid Suits—All Different

Every mother will appreciate this wonderful offer of three different wash suits at this bargain price. Boy at the left is wearing blue stripe Tommy Tucker suit with fancy collar, tie cuffs and belt. Suit on the little fellow in the middle is green and white Middy style with Sailor collar and bow tie. Suit on the little chap at the right end is fashionable Oliver Twist style of tan linene with cord tie and detachable knickers. These suits will launder well and give wonderful service. You will be delighted with them. Each set has 3 different styles of one size only.

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Quick Action—NOW

Our stock of these hats will surely be snapped up for men will quickly realize what a stunning bargain this is—so don't put off. Remember, not a penny to send now and you can return the hat to us if not even a bigger value than you expect. Just send post card or letter today. Be sure to give size.

Leonard-Morton & Co. Dept. 6375 Chicago

Wedding Refreshments

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

minutes. Allow about one quarter to a glass full of finely chopped ice and water.

SALMON-POTATO SALAD.—Use fresh or canned salmon, and fresh boiled potatoes, which should be drained and dried as soon as they can be pierced through with a fork. Dice both salmon and potato, using about equal quantities of each. Cover with same dressing as used in chicken salad.

SPREAD NUT BREAD.—Sift together three cups of once sifted flour, three teaspoons of baking powder, one tablespoon of sugar, and one teaspoon of salt. Add one cup of milk, two well-beaten eggs, and one cup of finely broken pecan meats. Beat hard, pour into bread tins, let rise twenty minutes, and bake in a moderate oven until it slightly shrinks from sides of pan.

CHEESE RINGS.—Grate two cups of rich cheese. Soak six tablespoons of bread-crumbs with six tablespoons of light cream and four well-beaten eggs. Beat all together with two tablespoons of made mustard, salt to taste and a dash of cayenne pepper. Spread on slices of bread cut into rings with a doughnut cutter, or in squares, and brown quickly in a hot oven.

NAME CAKES.—Cream one cup of butter, add two cups of sugar, two tablespoons of milk and three well-beaten eggs. Beat hard, add four and a half cups of flour sifted with two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, and enough more to roll out. Flavor with vanilla or lemon. Cut heart-shaped, dip in boiled frosting. When the frosting is dry, trace the Christian name of the bride and bridegroom across the cookies with clear melted chocolate.

STRAWBERRIES SERVED ENGLISH STYLE.—Select choice, large, ripe strawberries having a half-inch of stem left on. They must be fresh so that the hulls will not be wilted. Wash, one at a time, by dipping in and out of cold water, and lay carefully to drain. Serve on bread and butter size of plates, with a small mound of sugar to one side, into which each berry is dipped as it is eaten.

The Wedding Cake

Charm and mystery always surround a custom that has long been in vogue, and especially does this apply to the wedding cake which is but the memorial of a practice that, though different in details, shows a striking resemblance in our customs to those of ancient times when a cake of far-and mola salsa was broken over the Roman bride's head. Symbolical of natural plentifulness, whilst the Roman bride gave her right hand to her spouse, she held in her left three wheat-ears, just as the English bride in later centuries bore in her hand a chaplet of bearded spikes of wheat. As far back as 1700 it was the universal custom to drop either whole grains, including rice, or small fragments of thin, dry biscuits upon the bride's head and as it tumbled to the ground was picked up and consumed by the wedding guests. The oatmeal cake was broken over the Scottish bride's head by the best man and first bridesmaid as she crossed the threshold of the first house she entered after the wedding ceremony.

The next step toward the modern wedding cake was the rectangular bun made rich with sugar, eggs, milk, spices, currants and almond paste. Every marriage feast included these cakes, and the invited guests would also bring them in large numbers. Part of these were thrown over the bride's head, and with comical jest the pieces were eaten or preserved as a charm for bringing pleasant dreams.

Long after the adoption of the modern wedding cake, the English mother would often provide two cakes, one to be broken over the bride's head, and the other to be decorated for the feast-table.

WEDDING CAKE.—It will require a full half-day to prepare the fruit, put the cake together and attend to its baking, and it must not be hurried. Wash, seed and chop two pounds of large raisins of best quality. Wash by plunging them into boiling water, letting them remain about eight minutes. Skim out and rinse quickly through a second hot water. Clean two pounds of large currants by covering with flour and rubbing until the grit and tiny stems are removed. This can be done in a colander and by shaking all the flour and grit will pass through. Rinse with warm water until clean. Spread on towels to absorb the water and finish drying in the air. Cover one pounds of almonds with boiling water and let stand until the dark skin can be removed easily. Cover with cold water, rub off the skins and dry between cloths, and chop fine. Cut one pound of citron into slices about one eighth of an inch thick and then into uniform lengths. Measure four cups of flour that has been once sifted, and take enough of this to coat the raisins, currants and almonds. Mix together two cups of sugar, one even teaspoon each of all-spice and nutmeg, two even teaspoons each of mace and cinnamon, and a scant half teaspoon of cloves. Cream one pound of butter until very light, add the sugar mixed with spice and stir thoroughly. Add the well-beaten yolks of eleven large eggs, the whites beaten stiff, the grated rind and juice of one lemon and stir well. Beat in the flour until the mixture is very smooth and then beat in the floured fruit. Have a round pan lined with three thicknesses of paper, with only the top layer thoroughly buttered. Put a thin even layer of dough in the bottom of pan, not more than half an inch deep, and over this an even layer of the citron, repeating these layers until all the dough and citron are used. Bake in a moderate oven three hours. Be sure and have control of the oven before putting the cake in. Too much heat will spoil it.

Wedding cake improves with age, and may be made months in advance. It should be put away in a stone jar wrapped in old white linen. Prevent drying by putting an apple cut in halves into the jar, changing it every two weeks. Ice two days before using.

It is well to remember in any business that the leaks come largely from carelessness.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

But since I have become acquainted with the better class of books I have no desire for the others, and, sisters, when you do not like a good book, read it until you do.

How many of you feel as Mrs. Comstock does about books? "I never see a book but I feel as I do when I stand by the sea on a foggy morning. I can see nothing I know for everything lies hidden in the fog. I wonder what kind of a day lies there and what the day bears. So it is with a book. I open the covers—and the fog slowly melts away."

Let me tell you a habit I have and probably some of you will like to take it up too. In reading any book or magazine I pick out the sentences that appeal to me, or that seem helpful, and write them down in a note book kept for that purpose. My scrap-book, I call it, and it is now full of quotations and poems not only from well-known authors and poets but unknown ones as well. For instance this from "A Weaver of Dreams" by Myrtle Reed. "When all is done the Master Weaver will lead us farther on—we who have been weavers of dreams and have made the most from what we have. If we've put the golden thread into the fabric, and woven the pattern as it was given to us without questioning or repining, we shall not stop here—I'm very sure of that." Is not that a beautiful thought? And this from the same book, "Matrimony. Woman's one great trouble. First, to marry and get something to worry about, then to escape from it and get rid of the worry."

I advise all who have not read "A Weaver of Dreams" to do so for it will surely prove interesting. But to return to my scrap-book, I hope you will give my plan a trial for when you are lonesome and there is absolutely nothing new in the house to read, go to your scrap-book and there you'll find the parts you like best from the works of your favorite authors.

Sincerely, JACK.

Jack.—Mindful of my own starved childhood, so far as good reading matter was concerned, it is a pet dream of mine to establish libraries in remote country places for the benefit of children who are reading the wrong kind of books simply because they haven't the right kind. Not necessarily a special building for the purpose but just books and books—and then some more books. —Ed.

MONTANA.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please, please do not deny me admittance! Knot Head fairly makes my blood boil and he should not be allowed to run at large! He defends himself, or rather his sex by knocking the opposite. Because women haven't wings (visible to the naked eye), does that fact make "most men" less selfish? It does not! He claims that women as a race are more deceitful and treacherous than men. I claim they are not and I challenge his assertion that the general public are of his opinion. As a race, women are most noble, confiding, affectionate and *loyal*. Truly, there are some women who are both deceitful and treacherous, and we deplore the fact quite as much as he, but, happily, these women are in a minority by far, especially where serious matters are involved. Take for example, Knot Head, the wildcat speculations and swindles which we read so much about. Are they represented by men or women? I will leave it to your conscience to answer. I fear, in making a study of the race, you have used very poor judgment in selecting your subjects.

You admit "you men are all subject to wrong and do wrong." That's a stumbling block for all of you. You take it for granted, like the measles and mumps in childhood, that men must do wrong because "it has always been done," and so passes comparatively unnoticed. But if a woman oversteps the boundary line—what? Oh! Merciful Horrors! Er-er um-huh! I told you so! And so on to the end of time.

In some instances women find it necessary to take the initiative and you men call it "gall and brass." Now Knot Head, 'fess up! You know you have met women who, apparently, were cold and hard, but if you allowed yourself to become better acquainted with them you would find them really lovable characters but while in contact with the cold, hard world, they find it essential to partially disguise their softer, or as you would call it, their weaker traits. We feel deeply sorry for you, Knot Head, to think you would deliberately entertain such a mistaken idea of our sex when you could so easily be disillusioned. Don't you realize that you are missing the second best part of your life?

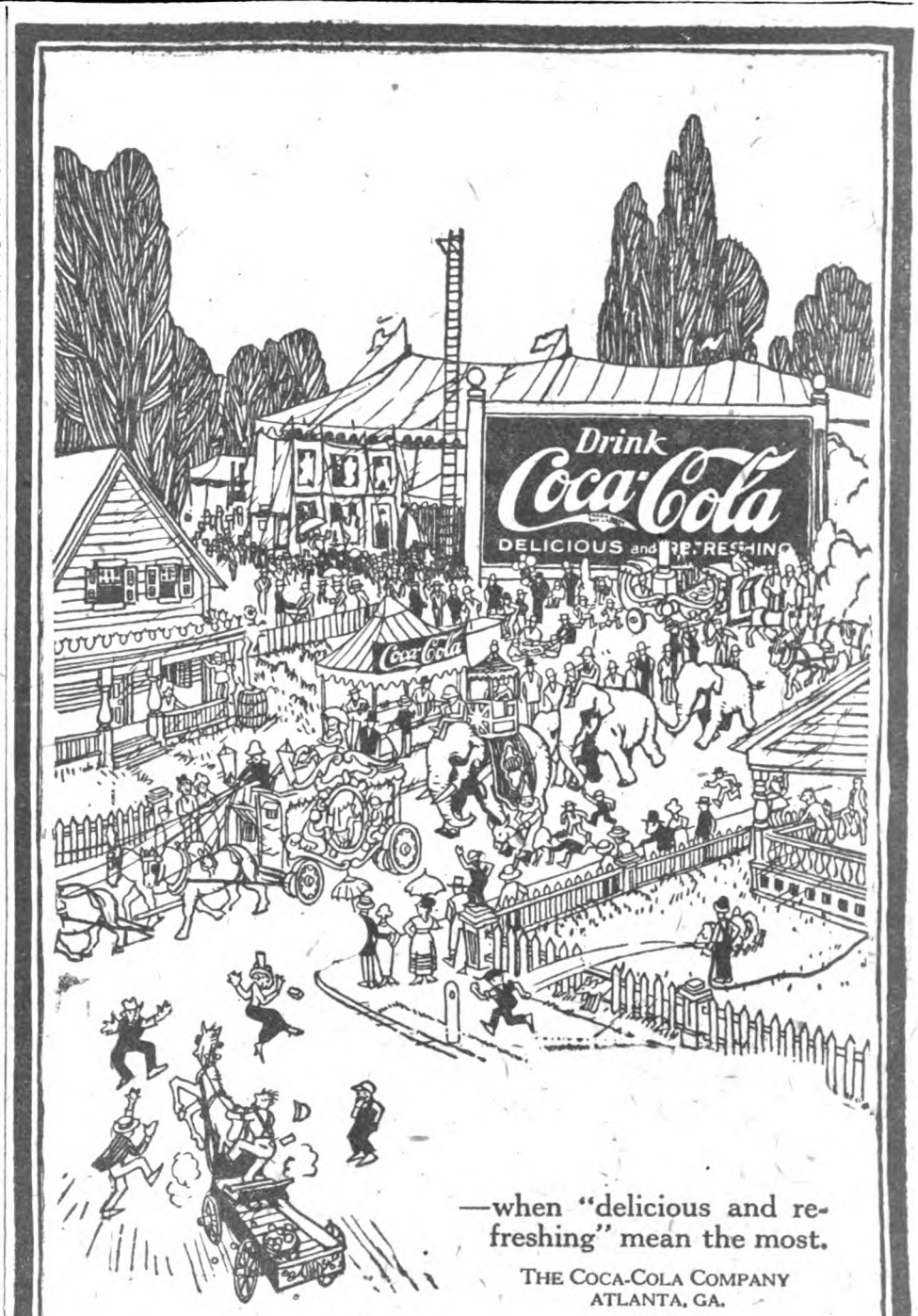
Why didn't you tell us the women are vain and conceited? Yes, I know they are, dreadfully so, some of them. Also the men who are equally vain and have an excess amount of conceit. Speaking of vanity, let me just mention that if the men were not so ready to stretch their phrases, which is a mild way of alluding to untrue and deceitful inexactitudes, lots and lots of young girls would be less vain. You see, a great many of these young girls do not know, as you and I do, how deceitful men are and quite naturally believe them, so why shouldn't they be vain? Wouldn't you be vain if some young beauty raved about how handsome you were, how splendidly you danced and how terribly sweet you were with that little curl over your left eyebrow? Poor old Knot Head! I believe you appeared just to see what kind of a hornet's nest you could stir up, but be careful, Sonny, you cannot play with bees without getting stung.

Uncle Charlie is a darling—sometimes. But I think he is as rude as other men at times. He has repeatedly referred to stenographers as "the painted stenographer," as though all stenographers were addicted to the use of paint. One might infer from his comments that there were no respectable girls in their lot. In his reply to Mearle Ashworth, in March, the humble stenographer was too contemptible to be given any notice whatever.

I'm going to champion another of Uncle Charlie's pet aversions and he has a great many backers in this. He fairly despises silk hosiery and georgette waists but let me tell you from experience that they are an economy to the business girl. She leaves the office at five. Allowing her fifteen minutes to reach her boarding house, she has three quarters of an hour till dinner. It takes but a moment to stir up a suds of Lux and warm water. (Notice—Lux Dealers: No charges are made for this advertisement.) Dip the georgette and crepe de chine waists, white satin sport skirt, silk lingerie, hose 'n'everything in the suds a few times, rinse, roll in a Turkish towel and dress for dinner. Half an hour later, by prearrangement with the landlady, iron them. They will have been finished before John's usual time for calling. I have always found that silks wear as well as cotton and they pay for themselves twice over in the saved laundry bill, which is no small item in the weekly expense account. Girls, did you know that your nice voile dresses will appear as new if washed in warm water in which a small bag of bran is placed? The bran acts as both soap and starch, and they are less likely to fade.

Time's up? I'm sorry I've overstayed my limit and I thank you for admitting me. My mind is greatly relieved. Come and see me, won't you?

PEGGY PATRICIA.



—when "delicious and refreshing" mean the most.

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY
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MICHIGAN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am a reader of COMFORT and have been for a long time. I enjoy reading the views of the different mothers on taking care of children. I, too, am a fond mother, but a sad one. I am going to give you a problem for you to figure out for me and your advice on such.

I have a daughter, sixteen years old. She is such a strange girl that I feel she has not one bit of love for mother. She does not ask for my counsel on any subject whatever. She buys what she wants although she doesn't have very good judgment. If I try to talk to her she will slur me in such a rude way that I have to cry over it. She left school and went to work in a shop. I don't ask her for any money and don't know how much she earns. She gives me $4.00 a week. I don't say much to her for I love her. She is my eldest girl and I have always been so good to her in every way. She never helps with the housework and I do her washing and sewing. She doesn't know how to do housework and would never learn. Now for another important question! Is she old enough to get married? She is very bitter at me because I talk against matrimony for a girl under eighteen or twenty. There is a young man she thinks she loves but I think it is only a childish fancy. She wants to marry him. I wish I could keep her with me a little longer, though she is very cross to the family. Her father is dead. How can I win her love so our little family will be happy? Please print advice as soon as you can?

A. B. B.

A. B. B.—A great many girls who afterward become exemplary daughters have "spells" when they are around sixteen when they think they know ever so much more than their mothers so don't become discouraged. You have been too good to her. If she had to pay her board elsewhere she would find that $4.00 a week wouldn't go far toward board, laundry bills and mending and sewing. What do the sisters think about this?—Ed.

WESTERHEIM, N. DAK.

DEAR SISTERS:

Please move over and let me have a chair. I have been a subscriber to COMFORT for ever and ever so long and have written several letters but guess they weren't worth printing as I have never seen them. Our county doesn't seem to be very well represented so I'm going to try writing again. Perhaps some of you will remember me when I used to live in Minnesota. I heard from lots of the sisters then and several times exchanged flower seeds, scraps of dress goods, etc., with them. For the last eight and one half years I have lived in Golden Valley County, N. Dak., part of the time on a claim and again on rented farms. Our neighbors are far apart and some are not very neighborly anyway. You see, the ranchers feel an injustice has been done them by homesteaders filing on claims which they (the ranchers) used for their stock. But although the homesteaders put up with having the range stock run on them and eat their crops, a good many stayed and would not be run out. Many of us know what it is not to have a bushel of grain when fall came; if not eaten or destroyed by range stock it was destroyed by hail or eaten by cutworms and grasshoppers. But yet we stuck. This is our fourth year without a crop of any kind and if it were not for our cows I don't know what would happen to us. We live at the very extremity of the road where we never see anyone unless they come here purposely. No one ever has occasion to go by. In a way we don't have time to get lonesome as we have a herd of sheep that require attention all the time the year 'round. Please don't think I am complaining of how little we have and then put it down in your minds that the sheep and cattle are ours as we are only working here.

Lately my mother who was staying here with us received a box of fine eating apples that were sent her by a boy she took care of for ten years. He is now a man and out in Washington. She told me to make some into pies. They were delicious. A little while ago my four-year-old asked me if grandma would get some more apples pretty soon. I feel just like starting out and running as fast as I can when I know there are so many places where apples and other fruit lay on the ground wasting and my little flock do not see any fruit unless it is on the Fourth of July or some other similar occasion. Sometimes I would give all the money I ever saw, if I could have all the fruit I could eat. I suppose I ought to be satisfied to live

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



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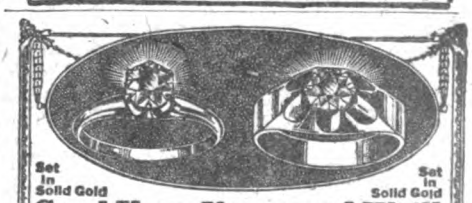


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DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

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Most of the better stores carry Sunset—ask for your favorite color or send us your dealer's name and 15c and we will mail a cake postpaid.

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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Copying the Rose

JUNE is the month of roses, the most fragrant month of the year, and therefore a good time to answer the question so often put to me by my Pretty Girls—"Shall I use perfume?"

Strong scents are considered in very bad taste, and are offensive to fastidious people, therefore drenching the handkerchief with perfume is something none of us should indulge in.

But there is a great attraction about a very faint elusive fragrance, and there is no reason why the dainty girl should not see that not only her person but her clothes exhale this delicate fragrance. But remember that it must be delicate.

One of the best ways to insure one's lingerie carrying the faintest of fresh sweet fragrance is to line one's dresser drawers—or one's trunk trays when traveling—with perfume pads. To make these, get sheet wadding, cut two layers of this to fit the drawer you want to line; then cut two pieces of pale pink cheese-cloth about an inch larger all around than is the wadding. Sprinkle one sheet of wadding with good sachet powder—mignonette gives a lovely fragrance as does rose, or orris root. Lay the other piece of wadding on top of this, and baste with small stitches all around the edge, so that the powder will not fall out in handling. Now lay one piece of cheese-cloth on the table, and place your wadding pad on it. Turn in the edges of the cheese-cloth to make a hem at least half an inch outside of the edge of the wadding. Place your second piece of cheese-cloth on top of the wadding, after having creased a hem to match the hem on the under piece. Baste the two hems together close to the pad; then slip it in the machine and stitch next the pad and also at the outer edge of the hem. If your hem is not wide enough, and you stitch too close to the pad, the wadding will catch in the machine, so be careful.

Now for the decorative touches. You can tuft your pad with mercerized cotton, just as a comforter is tufted, or you can use tiny buttons to hold the pad and cover together, sewing them at intervals just as you do the tufts. This latter plan is pretty if one lives in a city and can go to a button making company and have tiny flat wooden moulds covered with the pink cheese-cloth, or with scraps of left-over pink ribbon. It costs very little, and is most attractive, though the tufts will do just as well. One can even "quilt" it instead of tufting, using pink thread, and running straight lines in the pad diagonally across the pad, then crossing them with diagonal lines starting from the other side.

Follow this plan and your clothes will always give forth a faint delicate fragrance as you move, while not being open to the charge of bad taste.

A tiny drop of perfume put behind the ears is permissible, and some of the perfumed toilet waters are permissible to sprinkle on the palms of the hands very lightly indeed after bathing. The first strong fragrance immediately vanishes, and leaves behind just a suspicion of lilac or rose, or whatever it may be.

Of course I don't need to say that daily bathing is absolutely essential and that in summertime it should be supplemented by careful bathing of the armpits during the day. One must be perfectly sweet and clean to make the use of scents in any form at all permissible.

Answers to Questions

MISS BLUE EYES.—Brushing the eyebrows with an eyebrow brush stimulates growth. An eyebrow brush is like a baby's toothbrush and you should be able to get it at your drug store. A good way to brush eyebrows is first against the grain—that is toward the nose so that the hair is brushed up on end. This rids them of dust more readily than brushing them away from the nose. It also disposes of any powder that might be left in them after using powder—though you really do not need powder at your age. After the brows have been brushed against the grain, then they should be brushed vigorously away from the nose, shaping them as you do so. Rubbing a little olive oil into the brows at night helps them to grow, but you should wash this out in the morning. There is no way to darken them except to dye them or pencil them, neither of which plans is a good one, especially for a young girl. To reduce your weight you must cut out the fat-building foods and be sure to get plenty of exercise. Working in the garden is good exercise, tennis is fine, swimming, horseback riding, basket-ball, walking. The foods which build fat are the starchy foods—such as Irish potatoes, rice, macaroni, white bread, milk, cream, butter—and the sweets. Quite likely you eat too many sweets—such as candy, cake, pie, etc. These are the things you should cut out, for at your age a girl needs milk, cream, butter and potatoes to keep her well and strong. Don't eat between meals, and be sure to chew your food thoroughly before swallowing. There is no way to remove freckles except by peeling off the skin, because the freckles lie beneath the skin. I shouldn't worry about a few—lots of fashionable women are proud of a freckle or two across their noses, to prove that they have had an outdoor summer. If you are going to be out in the sun, as for instance for a long drive, or playing tennis, you should rub cold cream well into your skin beforehand, wiping off any surplus with a soft cloth. Then powder lightly over this. This protects your skin for a time, and it is permissible for you to use powder for this purpose. Otherwise, for the good of your skin, I should abjure it at your age. The best way to whiten your skin is to eat sensible foods and drink a great deal of water. In summer if you drink much water, the perspiration will carry off the impurities of the body, and your skin will freshen and whiten. A good hot bath daily will open the pores and cleanse the body, but it should be followed by a dash of cool water and a brisk rubbing.

J. P. O.—Whose pictures do I use for this department? Oh, different pretty girls who seem best to illustrate the points I want to make. All of the pictures used in this department are photographs specially posed for COMFORT under my direction. I am glad you liked my March article.

A TEXAS GIRL.—The way to straighten shoulders is to exercise, and also to make up one's mind to stand erect and never to slump down in one's chair. In sitting, let the end of the spine rest back in the seat against the back of the chair, then hold the rest of the spine perfectly straight. In standing, raise the chest and drop the shoulders easily. Do not try to throw the shoulders back, as that gives an ugly line, but let the shoulders alone and elevate the chest—the shoulders will then take care of themselves. Be careful about your corset. Many people who are round shouldered, are so because they have gotten into the habit of "resting" on their corsets. Wear a low-busted corset—see answer to "Alabama Girl"—and keep your spine straight. The fat which you say has collected between the shoulders, is not from stooping, because lots of people are round-shouldered who haven't fat between the shoulders. You need reduction of flesh all over, probably. See my answer to "Miss Blue Eyes" about cutting out sweets. For you, this should probably include rich gravies and fat meats as well. Be sure not to eat fried foods. To reduce your flesh and straighten your shoulders, you will have to exercise—not just once in a while, but ten to fifteen minutes at a time twice a day and every day. It does little good to exercise one day, then skip two, then exercise again the next day or two, and omit for three or four days. Each time it is as if you were just beginning again. The only value of exercise lies in its continuous performance, so that the muscles improve with each practice. A good exercise for you is this:

For Round Shoulders

Standing erect, with heels together, toes out, hands at hips with thumbs back and fingers forward, bend backward at the waist slowly, inhaling as you do so. Count ten. Now slowly bring the body back to the perpendicular, exhaling as you do so while counting ten. Repeat many times. Standing erect, with a book on one's head, while throwing the arms out vigorously at shoulder level, to their full length with fist closed, then bringing them back by bending the elbow and letting the fist thump the shoulder, is also a good exercise for the shoulders. Inhale as you throw the arms out, and exhale as you bring them vigorously back.

SUNSHINE.—Don't wear a high-busted corset with the idea that it will reduce the apparent size of your bust. It does exactly the contrary, as it pushes the bust up so that it is larger around than if it was allowed to flatten itself out over a larger area. You should, however, wear a brassiere of some firm cloth to hold the bust as flat as possible while not elevating it as a corset does. I had some very satisfactory ones made of longcloth and of heavy percale, with armholes like a waist, and buttoning up very tight in front. You may be able to wear the brassieres which you can buy at your drygoods store. Their object is to prevent the bust moving as you move, and to keep it as firm as possible. No, my dear, high heels won't make the legs smaller—quite the contrary. They will also affect your arches and spoil your feet. You can wear what is called a Cuban heel—that is a heel that is somewhat high but is large at the base and straight in line. This supports the foot, where a French heel does not. Never wear a French heel, except for dancing slippers, as you value the beauty of your feet or their comfort. A good leg exercise will help to reduce the calves of the legs. Practice those I have given in COMFORT. Gentle massage with cold cream is about the only thing I can recommend for the scars on your face, though I cannot hold out much hope of their diminishing. Don't use olive oil on the scars. "Is it all right for you to go with the boys?" Well, of course, I am neither your father nor your mother, and, after all, they are the ones who decide what you may do. I should think at seventeen that it would be perfectly all right, and quite desirable, for you to have plenty of friends among both girls and boys, and that you should have the pleasure of going to parties, picnics, etc. I do think you are too young to go on "buggy-rides" with boys, but not too young for things which a lot of boys and girls can all do together. "Should you send invitations to parties?" I should hardly think so. I think it seems more friendly to just speak to this and that boy and girl, and ask them to come to your house at a certain time. However, if it is easier to write just a little note, do so, saying something like this:

"DEAR POLLY:

"I am asking a few of the boys and girls to spend the evening at my home on Friday, and I want you to be one of them. Do let me know that you will come. Eight o'clock is the hour.

"Yours sincerely, ———"

I answered your letter the very first issue of COMFORT after it came.

TENNESSEE.—I am sorry it is against the rules of this department to answer letters by mail. The only way to darken your eyebrows is to use an eyebrow pencil, but it should be applied very delicately, indeed, as it is not fashionable to have more than a slight thread of eyebrow. If used in this way it should not be "repulsive" nor even noticeable. There is a lotion which is good for darkening hair and might be useful for your eyebrows. I will give you the formula.

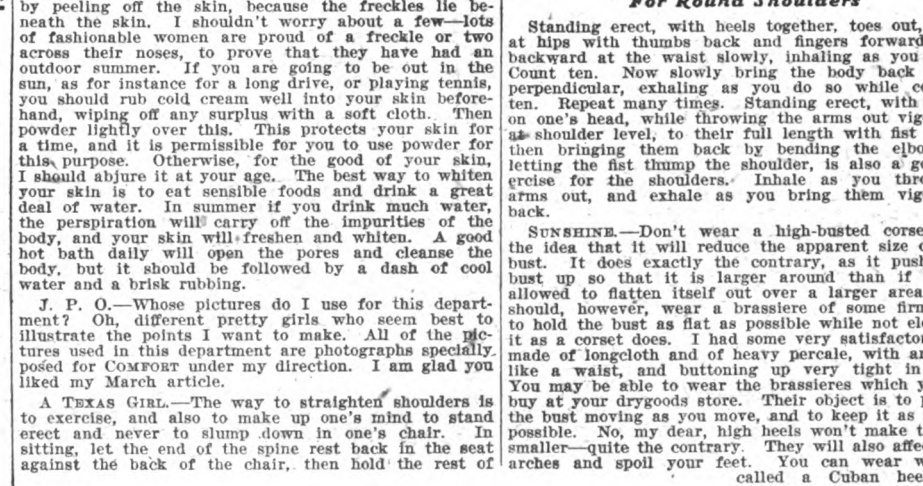
To Darken Hair

Two ounces of green tea, two ounces of the last crop of garden sage. Put these in an iron pot—remember, it must be iron— which has a close-fitting cover, and pour over them three quarts of boiling water. It should be allowed to stay on the stove with mild heat under it, so that it will simmer, until it is reduced to about one quart of liquid. Remove from the fire, let stand in the iron pot for twenty-four hours, then strain and place in a bottle. At night apply to the eyebrows, and also massage the line of the eyebrows with the finger-tips for at least ten minutes night and morning.

Address all letters containing questions to
KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT,
AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"How do you account for comets and meteors?" inquired the girl who wanted to seem scientific.

"Now and then," replied the professor who wanted to seem frivolous, "the music of the spheres attempts a little jazz."



USE TOILET WATER TO MAKE THE HANDS FRAGRANT.

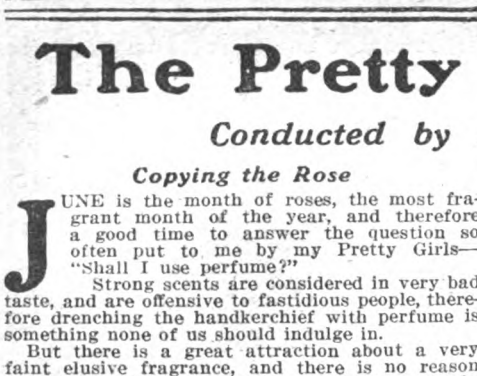


Danderine is "Beauty-Tonic"

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Freeman's
FACE POWDER

For 40 years the choice of women who prize their beauty. Of lovely fragrance and closely clinging.

All tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.,
Dept. 114, Cincinnati, O.

A Scientific Hair Color Restorer

The way has been found for scientifically restoring gray hair to its natural color. It is offered to women in Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer. It ends gray hair in from 4 to 8 days.

Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

FREE Send today for a free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's and one of our special combs. State the exact color of your hair.

Try it on a lock of your hair. Note the results. Then you will know why thousands of women have already used this scientific hair color restorer.

MARY T. GOLDMAN
1653 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Accept no Imitations—Sold by Druggists Everywhere

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There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Freckles

Tan or Liver Spots positively removed by using **Stillman's Freckle Cream.** Prepared for one purpose only—*clearing the skin.* If you have freckles, write us today for our **Free Booklet** "*Wouldst Thou Be Fair?*" Stillman's Cream is sold by most druggists, 50c a jar, or direct from us, same price, prepaid. Write now. We can help you.
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Garda Face Powder

that its use adds a new joy to youthful beauty and to age a grateful boon. The flowers of Araby, of France and Italy, and the subtle fragrance of the blossoms of the Orient were blended by skillful **Watkins'** perfumers to produce the delicate new Garda odor. Fifty-two years of experience go into this newest **Watkins'** product to insure its purity, distinctiveness and satisfaction.

You May Have a Sample to Try
by simply sending us your name, address and a 2-cent stamp. Write for it today and learn also about the other Garda Products perfumed with Garda—the new odor.

THE J. R. WATKINS CO.
Winona, Minn. Dept. 126

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Watkins Products

Garda preparations sold only through more than 2,000 representatives in town and country

TURN HAIR DARK WITH SAGE TEA

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Almost everyone knows that Sage Tea and Sulphur, properly compounded, brings back the natural color and lustre to the hair when faded, streaked or gray. Years ago the only way to get this mixture was to make it at home, which is mussy and troublesome. Nowadays, by asking at any drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," you will get a large bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition of other ingredients, at a small cost.

Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

FRECKLES POSITIVELY REMOVED by Dr. Berry's Freckle Ointment—Your druggist or by mail, 65c. Free book. Dr. C. N. Berry Co., 2975 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.



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Removes Dandruff—Stops Hair Falling
Restores Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair
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For sample Cuticura Talcum, a fascinating fragrance, Address Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. D, Malden, Mass.

Young Mrs. Gains Seeks Advice

By Myrtle Mauldin

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EACH day when David Gains returned from the office he paused at his own front gate to refresh his eyes with the scene before him.

The June sun was rapidly perfecting the work which April showers had begun in the luscious garden. Roses bloomed in riotous profusion against the wide veranda. The well-kept lawn and stately shade trees gave a dignity to the white bungalow set in their midst that greatly pleased David. For this was his first home—the perfect visualization of his dream of happiness and beauty. And within that small house waited his wife, the bride he had brought to it only one short month ago.

David's parents died when he was too young to remember them, but he had planned for a home as far back as he could recollect. All his time and energy he had devoted to this one purpose, so he had lived a singularly lonely life. By working early and late he had established himself among the successful men of his profession. There had been no time to make intimate friends or participate in social affairs. No spectacular successes had rewarded his efforts, but he was on solid ground; every year saw him considerably nearer the high goal he had set for himself.

Then at twenty-nine he had met Neva Redmond. The easy, care-free life she led, her beautiful home, loving parents, and devoted friends—all the advantages he had longed for but lacked—were constant sources of delight to the lonely man. While David's cool courage, unfailing self-reliance and assured business ability were equally attractive to Neva. Added to these qualities, Neva possessed beauty of the radiant, sparkling kind and David was decidedly distinguished in appearance. After a brief friendship followed by a supremely happy courtship they were married.

As he now recalled the perfect happiness of the past month, something that was very like a prayer of gratitude rose to David's lips. He waited at the gate a moment, then walked briskly up the path, his eager, expectant eyes on the house. The door flew open just as he mounted the steps and Neva, smiling and blushing at the warm adoration in her husband's eyes, came forth to greet him.

When they had finished supper and were back in the living-room he gently caught her in his arms and drew her down into the big chair with him.

"I want to talk to you about a little business, dear," he said. The lamps were not yet lighted, but in the soft still dusk of twilight David saw the look of surprise that widened Neva's brown eyes.

"You know, dear, that I am not a rich man; I'm still struggling. Some day I hope to be able to give you everything you want regardless of cost. But for the present we must keep our expenses within my income and leave a margin for profit if I am to make any progress. Without your loyal support I cannot hope to carry out my plans for the future. Anything you need it is all right to buy, of course, but surely, dear, you did not need all these things." He took a little stack of bills from his pocket and laid them on the table.

Neva sprang up and faced him, a hard light in her eyes.

"Are you trying to tell me that I am not to buy things and have the bills sent to you?" she asked icily.

"Good heavens, no; of course not! Anything you need, anything you want within reason——"

"Because if you are I'll go back home right now."

"Oh, Neva, my darling, how can you think——" David's voice choked with incredulous horror. She had snapped on the lights, revealing a face red with anger.

"I was told you were that kind," the scornful young voice went on. "The stingy sort of a man that wants his wife to dress on nothing and stay at home all the time——"

"Neva!"

"But I tell you I won't have that sort of husband. I am not used to being treated like a child. I won't stand it."

She sank upon a chair and began to cry.

When her sobs subsided sufficiently for him to be heard, David talked to her patiently, gently, explaining his position in detail.

"Now, darling," he concluded, "let's forget this unpleasant episode and never let it occur again. Really it is a great ado about nothing."

He sat down upon the arm of her chair and attempted to remove her hands from her face, but she sprang to her feet with a gesture of fury.

"Do not touch me," she cried. "I wish I had never married you."

She rushed out of the room and a moment later David heard the key turn in her bedroom door. He picked up his hat and went down town.

This was only the first of many quarrels between Neva and David that summer. There was always a reconciliation followed by a few days of calm, when another petty misunderstanding would come up. Each quarrel paved the way for the next, which was invariably stormier than the last. They indulged in harsh words that rankled in the memory of each until their whole lives were embittered.

A picture of his wife's face, distorted with anger, limned itself indelibly upon David's mind. Her unjust, sarcastic words never lost their power to cut his heart like a knife-thrust. While Neva fiercely resented his increasing coldness and curt impersonal manner. Her face assumed a petulant look like that of a spoiled child, wholly unlike her former cheerful expression. David's shoulders drooped like those of an old man; his eyes were no longer bright and hopeful. He tried to shake off the domestic nightmare and give all his time and thought to his business. But he found this impossible; Neva became jealous of the devotion he lavished upon his work.

One evening after supper she suggested that they go to a show.

"Sorry, dear," he replied regretfully, "but I promised Smith I would come over there to talk over a business matter tonight. It is important. It means the making or losing of several hundred dollars for me, and I cannot afford to risk losing, much as I would like to go with you." He talked rapidly, hoping to stay the flood of color that was dyeing her pretty face.

"Go ahead then, I do not care," she stormed. "I am used to staying by myself. You care for nothing but your old business."

"Sit down, Neva," he commanded coolly as he crossed the room, locked the door and put the key in his pocket.

Too much surprised at his unexpected move to protest she sat down.

"We might as well settle this at once," he continued in curt, business-like tones that he might have addressed to a stranger. "You have robbed me of the domestic happiness I had a right to expect, but I cannot allow you to destroy my business also. I have spent practically all my life building it up. It seems that financial success is the only recompense I can expect from my work, therefore I cannot allow a jealous, nagging wife to interfere with its attainment." He paused for her to consider this point.

"I am through trying to win you to any reasonable view of life; my visions of a happy home have vanished. However, I shall try to adjust myself to the new conditions. This everlasting wrangling has got to stop. Unless you can treat me civilly I shall arrange for a boarding place down town and you can fly into your rages alone. I am going over to Smith's now. I'll be back in a couple of hours."

For several weeks following this interview the unhappy husband and wife treated each other with an icy politeness that was even more trying than the turbulent quarrels had been. They were preparing for a trip north when the final storm struck them. They had planned for months to spend the Christmas holidays in New York, where David was compelled to go to look after some business affairs. Neva, who had never been east of Chicago, was anticipating the trip with great pleasure despite her strained relations with her husband. In discussing their plans they almost forgot their grievances as the day of departure drew near.

It was only an hour until train time when David arrived at his home to dress and pack for the journey. He found Neva already dressed and busily engaged in packing. Her suit and hat were new and very smart. He realized that he had never before seen the clothes she was packing.

"Your suit is very becoming," he remarked pleasantly. "I'm glad to see you have bought you some new clothes. I'm afraid I've been too busy to notice that you needed them. I only wish Old Claymore had sent up the bills before I leave. I don't like to let unpaid accounts go over the holidays."

"Oh, there won't be any bills," she replied carelessly. "I charged them to Daddy."

"You what?" David stared at her, eyes and mouth agape.

"I charged them to Daddy," she repeated calmly. "He doesn't mind in the least. I've always done that since you first complained about my bills."

For the first time in his tempestuous married life David completely lost control of his temper. The blood surged into his face as the wave of furious anger submerged him.

"How dare you do such a thing? What can your father think of me? What will people say? I'll have you understand that while you are my wife I will pay your bills, Mrs. Gains!" he stormed.

"Perhaps you think you are talking to your office boy," she replied coolly. "I shall do exactly as I please about it."

She laid her hat on the bed and began to remove her coat.

"Put your hat back on; we have to hurry. It is nearly train time now."

"I am not going," she announced.

"Suit yourself." He jammed his hat down on his head, picked up his hastily packed hand-bag and left the house.

Neva watched him until he was out of sight then sat down to think over the situation. She realized that something must be done. But what? She had no precedents to follow.

"I know," she concluded. "I'll ask Anne Reed. She has been married five years. I'm sure she can help me."

She waited until she knew Anne's household tasks for the day were done before she went to tell her troubles.

"Why, you little goose," her friend laughed when Neva told her tragic story. "You don't mean to tell me you've missed a trip to New York just because you had a misunderstanding with David. Why don't you kiss and make up and forget all about it when you quarrel? That is the way everybody else does."

Neva shook her head thoughtfully. "Maybe they do," she conceded. "But we can't. It is wrecking my nerves and David looks ten years older than he did six months ago."

She returned to her home, hurriedly packed up enough clothes to last the two weeks of David's absence, called a taxi and was driven to her father's home. Her mother was highly indignant when she heard Neva's story.

"The idea that any man should treat my daughter so," Mrs. Redmond exclaimed. "Why hadn't you told me before, dear? No wonder you look all tired out."

"Let us try to be fair, Mother. I have been as much to blame as David; perhaps more so. The question is what am I to do about it?"

"What are you to do? Why, come back home, of course. You can't be happy with a man who treats you like a child."

"I am afraid that I have acted like a child—a badly spoiled one at that. But your suggestion doesn't help, Mother. Perhaps I cannot be happy with David, but I am quite certain that I cannot be happy without him." Neva's anger was all gone now and her clever brain was beginning to work in earnest. She went up to her old room and sat by the window until the loneliness became unbearable.

"I think I'll consult Daddy," she told her reflection in the mirror as she adjusted her hat. "I've often heard David say that he is one of the shrewdest lawyers in this state."

"Why, Neva, I thought you were on your way to New York," was her father's greeting when she entered his office. "Sit down here in this big chair I keep for my clients."

Hastily, lest her courage ebb away, Neva plunged into the tragic tale of her domestic woes.

It was John Redmond's first impulse to take his daughter in his arms and comfort her with loving words. Before her story was finished, however, he realized that here was no child grieving for a broken toy, but a woman who needed his best counsel. Her anxious face and nervous gestures told her story far more eloquently than any words could do.

"The trouble seems to be that you have never found time to grow up, while David has never really been a youngster," he told her judiciously. "He thinks life should be all work and you want it to be all play. Both of you are wrong and will have to change your views if you want to live sanely and happily. How much of your time can you spare me while he is gone?"

"All of it."

"Very well, my dear. The best I can do for you is to teach you what life has taught me and tell you how other people succeed or fail. Perhaps I should have undertaken this before you married, but experience has taught me that it is a waste of time to instruct people before they are ready to learn."

Those two weeks spent in her father's office were a revelation to Neva Gains. She got her first glimpse of humanity earning its daily bread. The romance and tragedy of the world at work were full of absorbing interest for the girl who had only known the play side of life.

"Daddy, I'm beginning to see that you are quite an interesting person," she told her father one day. "You seem to know everybody from the merchant princes to the office boys. Now that story you just told me about the plain looking little woman in the office across the street is positively exciting. Think of starting to work at eight dollars a week and building up to a hundred a week in less than ten years. It is wonderful. But I suppose such careers are very rare and only attained by women of exceptional ability."

"Many women have done better," he asserted.

"Who are they?"

"Well, William Shackleford has made at least a half-million dollars in the past twenty-five years; Dr. Mathews is a successful surgeon; Emil Brownlee's books have brought fame as well as fortune to their author; and there is James Crosby of the City National Bank who draws a magnificent salary and owns stacks of bank stock."

"Oh, yes, I know all those and scores of other men who are brilliant successes, but I am talking about women," Neva interrupted. "How many such women do you know?"

"Nine tenths of the prosperous men I know are married. Of course some few have succeeded in spite of their wives, but the vast majority of them are just the result of some clever, loving woman's work. Take me, for instance. Do you suppose that left to myself I would have reached my present standing in my chosen profession? I know better and suspect your mother does, too. She always let me know that she expected me to make good and praised me generously when I did. I've won many a case by sheer perseverance and hard work that I never would have done but for her encouragement. And the failures—for there have been failures—hurt her more keenly than they hurt me, for her never-failing sympathy always healed my wounds and sent me forth stronger for the next battle."

"I see," Neva remarked thoughtfully. "But if mother is such a model wife why couldn't she have given me the benefit of her experiences?"

"She has always regarded you as a being entirely apart from the problems of the every-day world. Sensible as she is about everything else, she can not believe that you were created for any purpose but to be spoiled and pampered. Before you were old enough to know about it we had many serious disagreements about the way you should be brought up. She had her way, of course, but I hope no permanent harm has been done. Lack of sensible training is a handicap that a great many girls with over-indulgent mothers have to struggle against when the real problems of life confront them."

"I want you to spend the day with me at the court-house instead of at my office, Neva," her father said one morning at the breakfast table.

"All right," she replied. "You know this is the last day I can be with you. David is coming home this afternoon. Do you have a case in court today?"

"No, I haven't any particular business. I just want you to see a bit of life that may interest you."

Five minutes before the hour when business began there the two entered Judge Jackson's court-room and were pleasantly greeted by that gentleman. Though Neva had never been in the room before, she had met the judge many times at her father's home. He had always seemed just a dull, good-natured old man, rather fond of stale jokes and evil-smelling cigars, but, seated

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



After 10 Days

Your teeth may also glisten

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of teeth now glisten as they have not done before. You see them everywhere.

A new method of teeth cleaning has, in late years, come into very wide use. Thousands of dentists are urging it. Multitudes of people have proved it and adopted it. And every person is now offered a free ten-day test.

To combat the film

The purpose is to combat the film which causes most tooth troubles. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. In the months between your dental cleanings it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few escape

Very few people have escaped some of these tooth troubles, despite the daily brushing. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film, so the tooth brush has left much of it intact.

Dental research has for many years sought a way to fight this film, and the way has now been found. Many clinical tests have amply proved its efficiency. And now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And millions of people are now enjoying its benefits.

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The Pepsodent results are quick and apparent. Everyone who sees them will desire them. So, to spread the facts, a 10-Day Tube is sent to anyone who asks.

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The scientific film combatant, combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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PAY MAILMAN WHEN DRESS IS DELIVERED

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We have had this natty stylish spring and summer wash dress specially designed for street wear. The skirt and overskirt are cut full and roomy—has pretty embroidered collar, yoke and cuffs to match, yoke has three rows of tucking. Stylish, cool and comfortable. Your choice of Navy Blue and White; Black and White or Tan and White. Sizes 16 and 18 Misses; 36 to 44 Ladies. Be sure to give size and color wanted. Supply limited. Act quick if you want this Special Bargain. Ask for No. 128A108.

Howard-Lux Co., Dept. 128 Scotland Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio

Modern Designs in Filet & Plain Crochet

Door Panel in Filet Crochet

BY MRS. C. E. SMITH.

MADE of No. 15 mercerized crochet cotton. When finished will measure about 18 inches by 22 inches.

Begin with a ch 218 sts, turn, 1 d c in 4th st from hook, 1 d c on each following st, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 d c on each d c, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—7 d c (2 blks), ch 2, sk 2 (1 sp), repeat making 4 more sps, 1 blk of 4 d c, 10 sps, 1 blk, * 10 sps, 1 blk, repeat 3 times from *, 5 sps, 2 blks, ch 3, turn.

4th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, * 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, repeat from * 4 times, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—2 blks, 3 sps, * 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, repeat from * 4 times, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, ch 3, turn.

6th row.—2 blks, 2 sps, * 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, repeat from * 4 times, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, ch 3, turn.

7th row.—2 blks, 1 sp, * 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, repeat from * 4 times, 5 blks, with sps between as usual, 1 sp, 2 blks, ch 3, turn.

8th row.—Same as 6th row.

9th row.—Same as 5th row.

10th row.—Same as 4th row.

11th row.—Same as 3rd row.

12th row.—Same as 2nd row.

13th row.—6 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 9 blks, 3 sps, 9 blks, 6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 6 blks, ch 3, turn.

14th row.—5 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 7 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 7 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 5 blks, ch 3, turn.

15th row.—5 blks, 13 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 13 sps, 5 blks, ch 3, turn.

16th row.—8 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 8 blks, ch 3, turn.

17th row.—5 blks, 13 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 6 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 13 sps, 5 blks, ch 3, turn.

18th row.—5 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 9 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 9 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 5 blks, ch 3, turn.

19th row.—6 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 37 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 6 blks, ch 3, turn.

20th row.—5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 49 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, ch 3, turn.

21st row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, repeat making 22 blks, with 1 sp between each, 5 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, ch 3, turn.

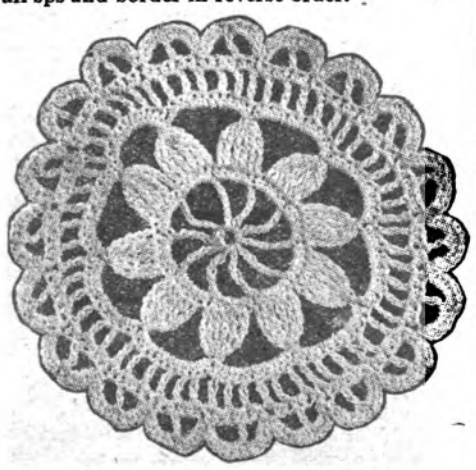
22nd row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 51 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, ch 3, turn.

23rd row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 49 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, ch 3, turn.

24th row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, * all sps to opposite side and work from * in reverse order; thus, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks.

25th row.—Same as 24th row.

26th row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, all sps and border in reverse order.



DAISY WHEEL USED IN YOKE.

27th row.—3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, all sps and border in reverse order.

28th row.—3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, all sps and border in reverse order.

29th row.—4 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, all sps and border in reverse order.

30th row.—6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 17 sps, 3 blks, 11 sps, 3 blks, 17 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, ch 3, turn.

31st row.—6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, this sp being the exact center of the design reverse the pattern, making the other side to match, thus: 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, etc.

32nd row.—3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 13 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern beginning with 4 blks.

33rd row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 23 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

34th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 18 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 1 sp.

35th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 16 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, reverse pattern from 1 sp.

36th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 15 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 5 blks, reverse pattern beginning with 6 sps.

37th row.—3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 5 blks, reverse pattern from 8 sps.

38th row.—8 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern beginning with 4 blks.

39th row.—3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, reverse pattern from last blk.

40th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

41st row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

42nd row.—3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 22 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

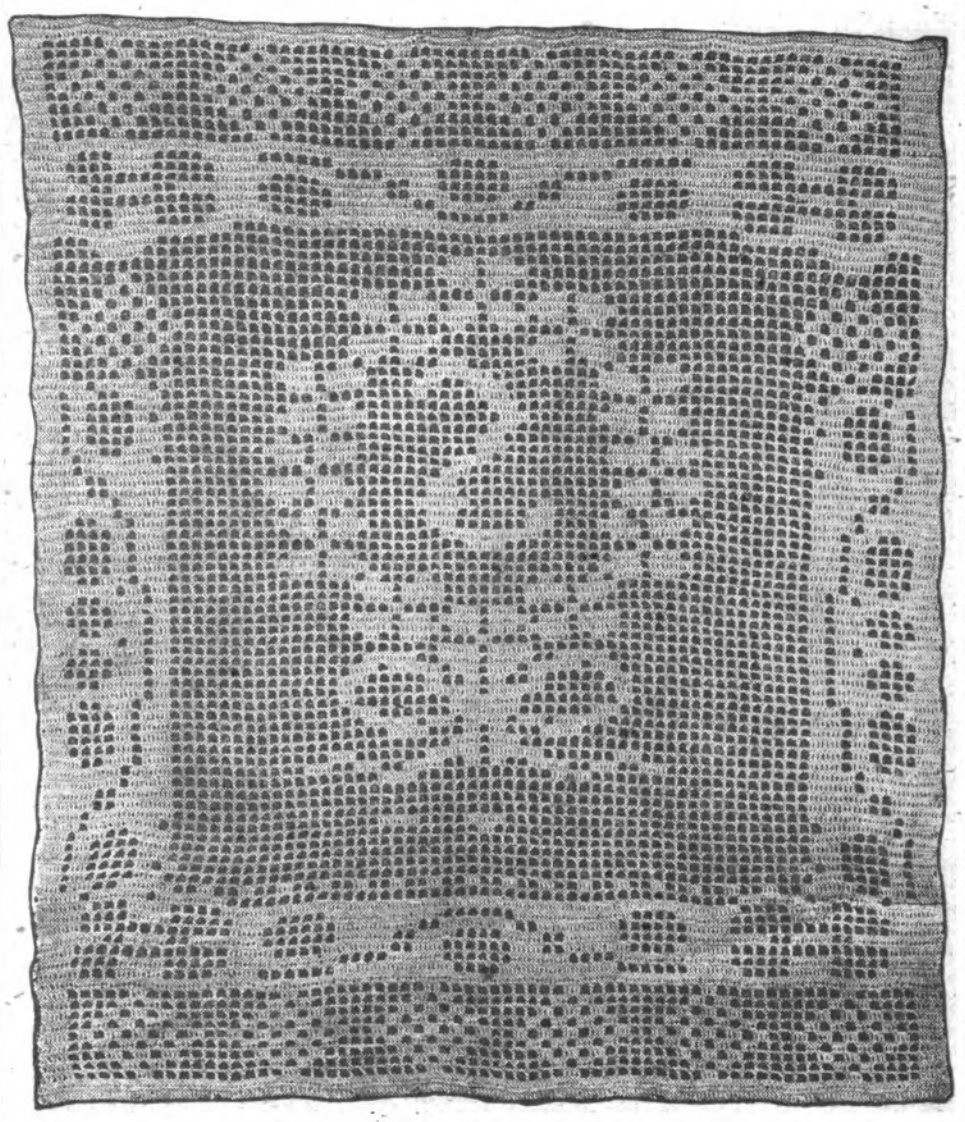
43rd row.—6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, reverse pattern from 4 sps.

44th row.—3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

45th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

46th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 18 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

75th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 17



DOOR PANEL IN FILET CROCHET.

sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

47th row.—3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

48th row.—6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

49th row.—3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, reverse pattern from 1 blk.

50th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 19 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

51st row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 21 sps, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

52nd row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 25 sps, 1 blk, sps and border.

53rd row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 21 sps, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

54th row.—3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 19 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

55th row.—6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 21 sps, reverse pattern from 1 blk.

56th row.—6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 23 sps, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

57th row.—4 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 8 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 21 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

58th row.—4 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 8 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 23 sps, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

59th row.—3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 27 sps, reverse pattern from 1 blk.

60th row.—3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 21 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

61st row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 21 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

62nd row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 25 sps, reverse pattern from 1 blk.

63rd row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 21 sps, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

64th row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 19 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

65th row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 21 sps, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

66th row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 25 sps, reverse pattern from 1 blk.

67th row.—4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 19 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

68th row.—2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 19 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

69th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, reverse pattern from 1 blk.

70th row.—2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

71st row.—2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

72nd row.—2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, reverse pattern from 1 blk.

73rd row.—2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

74th row.—2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, reverse pattern from 4 sps.

76th row.—2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 25 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

77th row.—2 blks, 30 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 3 blks.

78th row.—2 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 24 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, reverse pattern from 2 blks.

79th row.—2 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 51 sps, and border.

80th row.—18 blks, 35 sps, 18 blks.

Beginning with next row repeat border and open-work diamonds as shown, working as directed in beginning rows.

Sewing Conveniences

If you can do even the simplest sort of crocheting, you must make yourself and your friends one of the little crocheted silk embroidery scissors holders. These consist simply of a cork crocheted around in silk everywhere except the top surface, and with a crocheted string or handle to which the scissors are attached. Then when they are not in use the points are stuck into the cork and they are out of harm's way.

An accompaniment of this, not quite so new, but very useful, is a tiny glass medicine vial without a lid, crocheted all over very finely. into it are dropped broken needles and bent pins, and they are far safer there than thrown carelessly on the floor or in the waste basket. When the vial is full slip off the silk—a little drawing string at the bottom permits this—and empty it, burying the needles in the earth or throwing them in the fire.

These two little sewing conveniences, attached by a bit of ribbon of the same color, will make welcome gifts or will find a ready sale at your next church fair.

Daisy Yoke

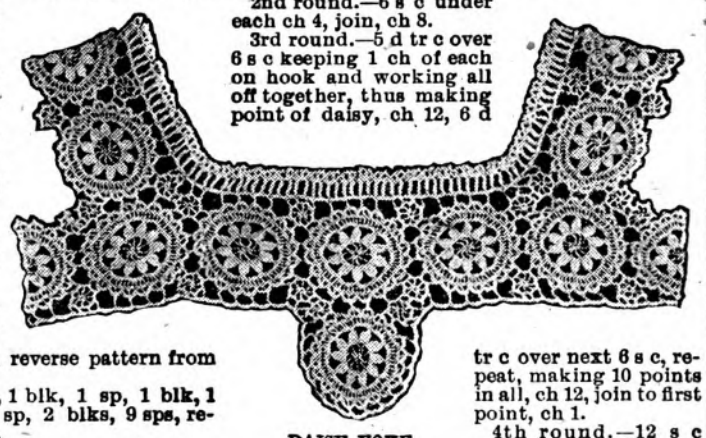
BY MRS. JAMES WETMEYER.

Materials: No. 30 white mercerized crochet cotton, No. 10 steel crochet hook.

Begin with ch 12, join in ring, ch 10, * 1 double treble crochet in ring (1 d tr c), ch 4, 1 d tr c, ch 4, repeat from * until there are 9 d tr c, ch 4, join to first ch, ch 1.

2nd round.—6 s c under each ch 4, join, ch 8.

3rd round.—5 d tr c over 6 s c keeping 1 ch of each on hook and working all off together, thus making point of daisy, ch 12, 6 d tr c over next 6 s c, repeat, making 10 points in all, ch 12, join to first point, ch 1.



DAISY YOKE.

4th round.—12 s c under each ch 12, join.

5th round.—Ch 5, sk 1 s c, 1 d c in next*, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat around ending with ch 1, join to first ch, ch 1.

6th round.—2 s c between each double, working over 3 sps, ch 5, turn, 1 d c over 3rd sp, ch 5, 1 s c in first s c, turn, 5 s c under ch 5, ch 5, 4 p, 5 s c under ch 5, repeat from beginning of row.

This completes the large medallion.

For size 40 yoke make 19 of these. Joining 3 and 2 p as shown leaving 8 free points on either side of the medallion.

For smaller rings, ch 6, join in ring.

1st round.—Ch 8, 1 d tr c in ring, * ch 4, 1 d tr c, repeat making 5 more tr, ch 4, join to first ch.

2nd round.—3 s c, 1 p, 3 s c under each ch 4, repeat around, make 40 or more of these small rings as needed according to the size and join to large medallions as shown in our illustration.

The Edge

Join thread in p of small ring just above lower daisy medallion on the front, ch 5, 1 s c in next p, ch 5, 1 s c in next p, 1 s c in p next small wheel, ch 5, 1 d c in next p, ch 8, 1 d c in p of daisy medallion, ch 8, 1 d c in next p, ch 8, 1 d c, ch 8, 1 d c, ch 8, 1 d c in p of small wheel, ch 5, 1 s c in next p, ch 5, 1 s c in 3rd p, ch 5, 1 d c in 4th picot, all on same wheel, ch 8 and work across next daisy medallion, repeat all around bottom and neck of yoke in this way. Join, ch 17.

2nd round.—Sl st to 4th s c, turn, 10 d c under ch, ch 10, sl st to next 4th s c, turn, ch 10, repeat all around, ch 3 join to first ch, 1 s c under ch, sl st back and join.

3rd round.—Ch 1, 2 d c under ch 3, ch 5 for p, ch 5, p, ch 5, p, 2 d c under same ch, ch 3, p, 2 d c under same ch, 1 s c under next ch, repeat shell in every other space all around.

Handy Scrapbag

The woman who uses a sewing machine will do well to make herself a good-sized bag that can be attached to the side frame of the machine and used to collect all scraps and bits of thread left from the sewing.

Select an embroidery hoop eight inches in diameter and cretonne 16 inches long and 14 inches wide. Sew the ends and one side together and turn the edge of the other side over the hoop and run a gathering thread in the hem thus formed. When finished draw up the thread the size of the hoop and catch it tight. This will make a bag that is gathered on to the hoop and is amply full in body to hold a goodly number of scraps before it is necessary to empty.

Another sewing help is to have a pattern bag hung back of the machine. Make inside pockets to this bag in which you can keep the patterns belonging to the different members of the family. Have also two extra pockets that hold patterns of fancy aprons, bags or dress accessories.

A deal of time and strength can be saved in the hunting of patterns and picking up bits off the floor if your machine is equipped with these two handy bags.

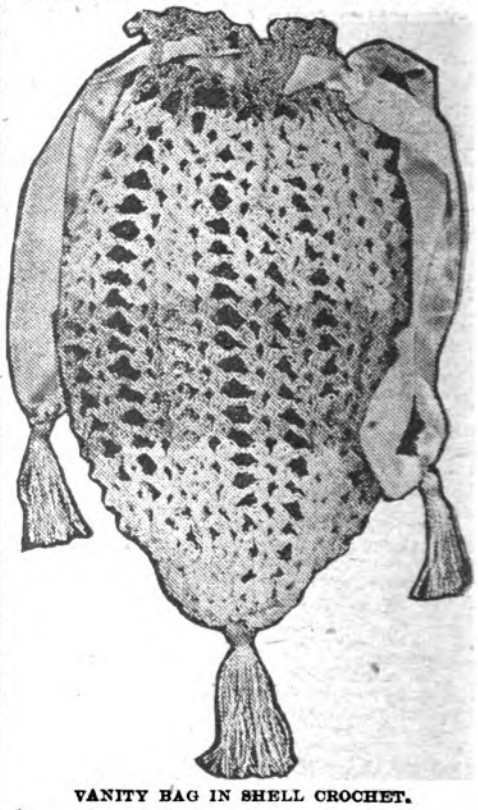
Vanity Bag in Shell Crochet

Materials: One ball of white and one ball of pink mercerized crochet cotton, No. 40, and steel hook, No. 10.

Begin with ch 70 sts.

1st row.—Shell (3 d c, 3 ch, 3 d c), in 7th st from hook, ch 2, sh, skipping 2 sts. Repeat, making 17 shells in all, ch 5, turn.

Make 7 more rows like this and then tie on



VANITY BAG IN SHELL CROCHET.

pink. Make 6 rows of this and tie on white, making 8 rows. Ch 5, turn.

Edge of Pink

1st row.—1 d c, 2 ch, 1 d c, in shell of preceding row. Ch 3, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c. Repeat until row is finished. Ch 7, turn.

2nd row.—Same as 1st.

3rd row.—2 d tr c, under ch 2 of preceding row. Ch 4, 2 d tr c, under next ch 2. Repeat to end of row. Ch 7, turn.

4th row.—6 d c under 4 ch, with p of 3 ch, between 1 s c in center of next 4 ch. Repeat, making a scallop in each alternate space.

Gather the bag at the bottom and sew on a pink tassel. Sew up on side and draw up with ribbon three-quarters of an inch wide. Finish with tassels on the ends of ribbon. This bag may be lined if preferred.

New Nightgowns

A decidedly new and pretty idea for nightgowns is a combination of sheer dotted Swiss or cross-barred dimity and plain nainsook.

The Swiss or dimity is used for the upper or yoke part and the sleeves, while the plain goods is utilized for the balance of the garment.

This combination is expressly pretty in making an Empire style nightgown, the different materials being joined at the bust-line by sheer ribbon and beading.

The girl who makes her own under muslins might vary this a little by using all-over embroidery in place of the dotted Swiss. Any clever woman will see numberless pretty possibilities in thus combining two materials.

Dainty Bags for Useful & Ornamental Wear

Handbag in Strawberry Design

BY MATTIE T. JONES.

MATERIAL No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton with suitable crochet hook.

Begin with ch 6, join in ring, ch 3, 14 d c in ring, join ch 3, 1 d c in first st, ch 3, 2 d c, ch 3, 2 d c, repeat all around, ch 3.

2nd round.—Shell of d c under each ch 3, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3.

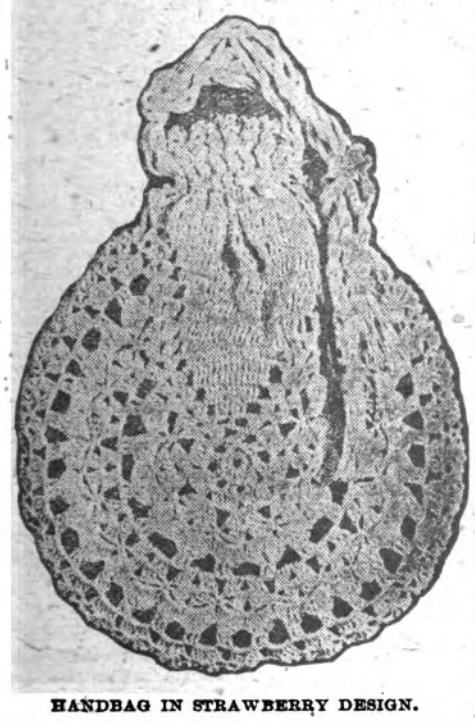
3rd round.—Shell of 4 d c, 5 shells of 6 d c, 1 shell of 4 d c, ch 3, 3 d c under ch 3, 3 d c under next ch 3.

4th round.—1 shell, 4 d c, 5 shells of 8 d c, 1 shell of 4 d c, 2 d c under ch, 6 d c on d c, 2 d c under ch, ch 2,

5th round.—Shell of 6 d c, ch of 5, 1 s c between shells, ch 5, 1 s c in center of next shell, ch 5, 1 s c between shells, repeat around in this way, 1 shell of 6 d c, 2 d c under ch, 10 d c, 2 d c under ch, ch 2.

6th round.—Shell of 6 d c, 9 d c under each ch of 5, shell of 6, 2 d c under ch, 14 d c, 2 d c, ch 2.

7th round.—Shell of 6 d c, ch 5, 3 d c on center group of 9 d c, ch 5, 3 d c on next group and repeat all around.



HANDBAG IN STRAWBERRY DESIGN.

Shells and doubles across the top as usual.

8th round.—1 shell, 3 d c, ch 3, 3 d c under ch 5, repeat under each ch 5, shell on shell, doubles across top.

9th round.—Shell on shell, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 2, shell of 4 doubles under ch 3 between doubles, ch 3, 1 s c between shells, repeat, shell on shell, doubles across top.

10th round.—Shell on shell, 1 s c on each d c, ch 3, repeat.

Make a second side in the same way, join together by working 1 s c in each st with chs of 3 between scallops.

To finish top: Shell on shell, ch 2, 1 d c on each d c, ch 2, 1 shell, ch 7, shell on shell, ch 2, 1 d c on each d c, ch 2, shell on shell, ch 7, join to first shell. Ch 3, 1 d c on 3 d c of shell, 3 d c under ch, 1 d c on each d c, 10 d c under ch 7, 3 d c on shell, etc., join ch 3, 2 d c, ch 3, 3 d c, ch 3, repeat, join to first ch 3, ch 5. 1 d tr, ch 5, ch 3, 2 d tr in next sp, ch 3 and repeat all around. Finish the top with one 8 d c picot scallop in every other space.

Bag in Pineapple Design

BY MATTIE P. JONES.

This useful little bag is attractive made up in any light shade of crochet cotton or either ecru or white. The pattern can be copied in either fine or coarse cotton, the size of the bag depending upon the number used.

Begin with ch 14 sts, join in ring ch 3, 3 d c in ring, ch 2, 12 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, all in same ring, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—4 d c between 2nd and 3rd doubles and last row, ch 2, 12 d c on 12 d c, ch 2, 4 d c between 2nd and 3rd doubles from end of previous row, ch 3, 4 d c, or 1 shell between 2nd and 3rd doubles, ch 2, 13 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 shell or 4 d c, ch 3, turn.

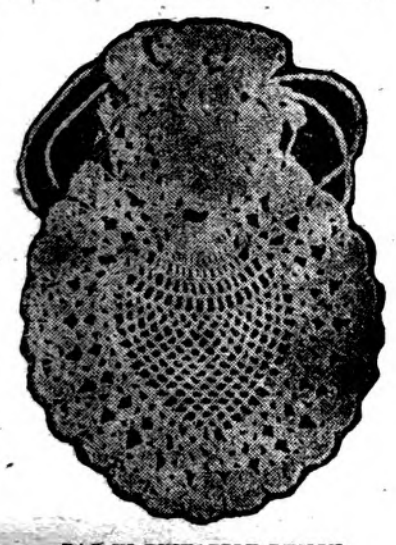
3rd row.—1 shell, ch 2, 1 d c on each d c, ch 2, shell on shell, ch 3, turn.

4th row.—1 shell, ch 2, 1 d c on each d c, with ch 1 between, ch 2, 1 shell, ch 3, turn.

5th and 6 rows.—Same as 4th row.

7th row.—1 shell, ch 2, 1 s c under ch 2, ch 2, 1 s c between doubles, repeat across, 1 shell, ch 3, turn.

8th row.—1 shell, ch 2, 1 s c under ch 2, repeat across, 1 shell, ch 3, turn.



BAG IN PINEAPPLE DESIGN.

The next 13 rows are made in the same way decreasing the chains in the center in each row.

11th row.—6 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 7 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—4 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—9 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

16th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—7 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

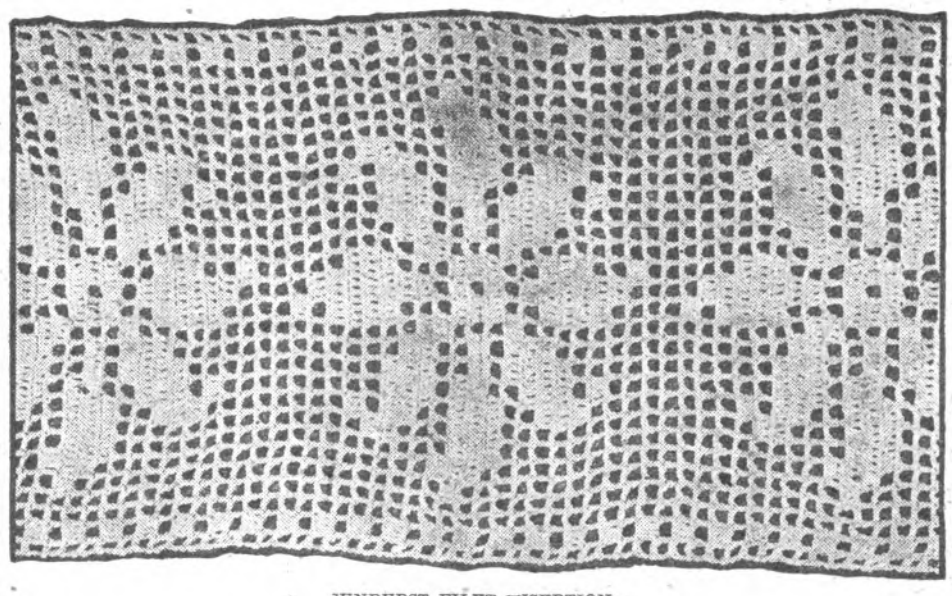
19th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

20th row.—1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

21st row.—14 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

Next 2 rows all sps and repeat pattern.



SUNBURST FILET INSERTION.

22nd row.—1 shell, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 2, ch 3, 2 d c, sl st to last shell, 2 d c, break thread and tie.

Now starting at the top of the pineapple make a shell of 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c in the center of first shell, shell of 6 d c under ch 3 between 2nd and 3rd rows, 1 shell under ch 3 between 4th and 5th rows, repeat working around to the opposite side in this way, after making shell under ch 3 between 1st and 2nd rows make 4 d c under end double in first row, 11 d c under original ring or 14 sts, 4 d c under double in first row.

2nd round.—1 shell of 6 d c on each shell all around and across the top, 1 d c on each d c, ch 2.

3rd round.—1 shell of 8 d c on each shell all around and across the top, 1 d c on each d c.

4th round.—Same as 3rd round.

5th round.—Ch 3, 1 s c on each d c, ch 3, 1 s c between shells, ch 3, 1 s c on each d c, ch 3, 1 s c between shells, repeat all around across top, 1 s c on each d c.

Make a second side in the same way and join the edges carefully by crocheting the single sts over the shells together and making a ch of 3 between each shell to finish the top; work one shell on shell, ch 2, 1 d c on each d c, ch 2, 1 shell on shell, ch 5, 1 s c on row of singles which edge shells, ch 5, 1 s c in 1st st of last ch, ch 7, shell on shell on 2nd side, 1 d c in each st and finish opposite side in same way.

2nd round of top.—Ch 3, 12 d c under ch 7, 1 d c on each d c, 12 d c under ch 7, 1 d c on each d c, join ch 5, sk 3 sts, 3 d c, ch 3, sk 3, 3 d c, ch 3, sk 3, 3 d c, repeat all around.

3rd round of top.—Same as 2nd round, ending with a ch of 5.

4th round.—1 double treble in same sp with ch 5, ch 3, 2 d tr in next sp, ch 3 and repeat, making 2 d tr in each sp, this makes space for drawing string.

Edge with a scallop of three of shells.

1st row.—Shell of 6 d c.

2nd row.—Shell of 6 d c with ch 2, 1 s c between each.

3rd row.—1 s c, ch 5, 1 p, 1 s c, ch 5, 1 p, 1 s c, ch 5, 1 p, ch 5, 1 s c, 1 p, all in center of last shell, repeat.

Tatted Collar

Large center rings in wheels are of 11 p with 2 d s between, draw out thread one-half inch, make ring 3 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close 1 d s in p of large ring and repeat around. Join thread and cut.

Ring of 6 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, close, three-quarters inch thread, 1 small ring of 3 d s, join to p of small 3 ring surround the center ring, 3 d s, close, three-quarters thread, 1 ring 6 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 3 p, join to last large ring 6 d s, close, three-quarters thread, 1 small ring, join to same small one, thus making group of 3 rings as shown. Repeat, join and cut thread.

Make 7 or more wheels as needed and 2 smaller ones for either side of the front as follows: An 11 p ring surrounded by small size rings as edge other wheels.

Finish on Neck Edge

Ring 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s 3 p with 1 d s between, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close, ch 6 d s, ring, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 1 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, ch 6 d s, 1 ring same as first and joined to the first, while 2nd and 4th rings are not joined. 12th, 14th and 16th rings should be joined to small wheels, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th and 26th rings join to 5 rings of the first large wheel, hereafter joining only 4 rings to each wheel.

Fill out the front edges with 1 ring between the small wheel and neck edging and chs of 3 d s, 5 p, 3 d s.

Sunburst Filet Insertion

Begin with ch 93 sts.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c (1 sp), 27 more sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 blk, 25 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—13 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—9 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—8 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—9 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—1 blk, 8 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—6 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 7 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—4 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—9 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

16th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—7 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

19th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

20th row.—1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

21st row.—14 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

Next 2 rows all sps and repeat pattern.

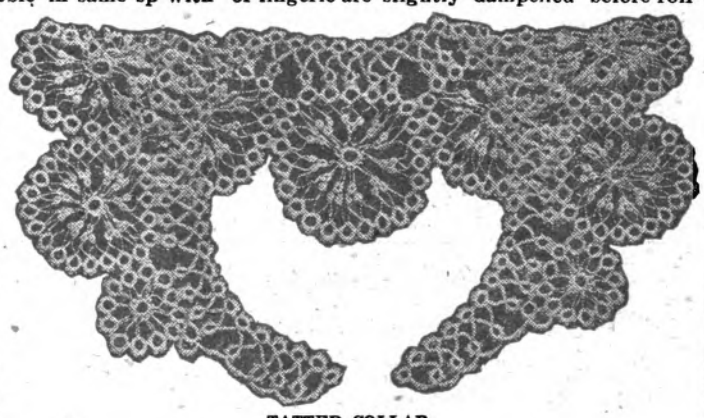
To Hem Table-Linen

When hemming table-linen by hand, especially the heavy double damask, it is much easier to work rapidly and obtain a neat, fine stitch if the edges of the hem are slightly dampened.

This softens the linen, so that when the hem is turned you can make a tiny over-and-over stitch.

Keep the emery-bag close by, for the dampened linen will rust your needle if it is not frequently cleaned.

If the edges of fine linen for handkerchiefs or lingerie are slightly dampened before rolling to whip on a lace edge, it will be easier to roll neatly.



TATTED COLLAR.

Spool Holders

Did you ever go hastily to your sewing basket and find all the thread unwound and tangled? If you ever did, you will appreciate the very simple holder for spools of cotton and silk described here. In size and scope it may be varied as you please, but the sample I am describing is just about what the average housewife needs.

The foundation is a board 12 by 8 inches, and a half inch thick. Into this drive two rows of six long nails, each long enough, that is, for their points to project through to the other side, the length (almost) of a spool.

On the board mark in plain figures above the top row, "20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70." In the top row put your black thread and the white thread under the corresponding numbers below.

If you wish to add a row of colored silks, mark them also, the proper color under each.

So that the spools shall not fall off the nails, drop a bit of hot sealing wax at the top of each nail. This will prevent hurting the hand on the sharp nails also. When the spool is exhausted it is easy to knock off the sealing wax and apply new.

Put screw at the back of this board and hang it up by your work table or sewing machine. You will find it one of the most useful articles in the room.

Filet Insertion

Ch 60 stitches, turn.

1st row—1 d c in 9th st from hook, 3 d c in next 3 sts, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 4 d c, 10 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

2nd row—1 blk on blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—Blk on blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 5 turn.

4th row—Blk on blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

5th row—Blk on blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

6th row—Blk on blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, ch 3, 1 s c on the 4th d c in last row, ch 3, 5 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row—Blk on blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, ch 5, 5 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

8th row—Blk on blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 d c on last of group of doubles in last row, 5 d c under ch 5, 1 d c on d c, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

9th row—Blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

10th row—Blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row—Blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

12th row—Blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row—Blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

14th row—Blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, ch 3, 1 s c of 4 d c, ch 3 (this makes 1 lacet), 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

15th row—Blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

16th row—Blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

17th row—Blk, 2 sps, ch 5, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5.

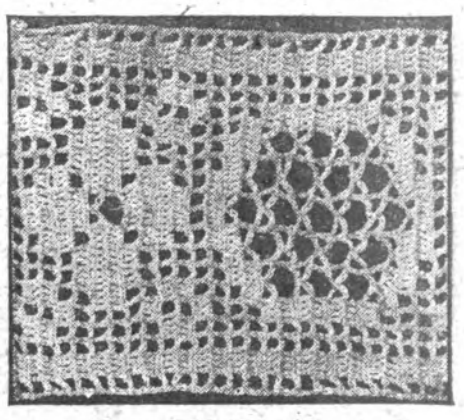
18th row—Blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

19th row—Blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 5,

20th row—Blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

21st row—Blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

22nd row—Blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.



FILET INSERTION.

23rd row—Blk, 3 sps, 2 blks over lacet, 1 lacet, ch 5, 1 lacet, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

24th row—Blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 lacet, 3 lacets, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

25th row—Blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

26th row—Same as first row, and repeat the pattern, which is especially good for towel ends, pillow slips or scarfs.

Tulip Filet

This design is especially attractive for towels, made of No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton, No. 12 steel hook.

Ch 53 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 blk of 4 d c, 15 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

4th row.—1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—2 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

6th row.—1 blk, 7 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

7th row.—2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

8th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

9th row.—2 blks, 7 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

10th row.—1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

11th row.—Same as 9th row.

12th row.—Same as 8th row.

13th row.—Same as 7th row.

Reverse in this way until 17th row is complete, turn.

18th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk.

19th row—2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.



TULIP FILET.

20th row.—1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

Repeat pattern from 3rd row.

Substitute for Bodkin

If a bodkin is not at hand, an excellent substitute is a wooden match.

First strike the head; let it blaze a moment and blow out the flame. Cut or break off the burnt end, then wrap the ribbon or tape firmly about the end of the matchstick and push it through the hem, as is done with a bodkin. If held firmly, the tape or ribbon will not slip.

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Leave It To The Girls

By Frances L. Garside

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THE wage for a woman by the day has gone up in the larger cities of the United States from $1.50 to $3.50 a day, and car fare, in the last three years, with the service not as good, and the woman coming in by the day keeping strict observance of bankers' hours.

The situation has become extremely difficult for mothers of small children; those whose hands are so filled with little tasks that there is no time left for such larger ones as doing the laundry or scrubbing the floor. Help is out of the question; even when a woman can afford it, she finds it increasingly hard to get, though willing to pay any price or make any concessions.

"How many in family?" asked an applicant for a place recently. "Do you have company? I will not work where there are guests. Do you have more than three courses at a meal? I will not work for you if you do. I expect my day's work to end at seven promptly, and will not, under any conditions, do the work of another maid during her absence."

The woman was hard pressed for assistance, but even this was too much for her. Her replies were worded to please the maid, and the girl announced that she would come.

"But wait," said the mistress of the household; "I want to ask you some questions. It is only fair, isn't it? Do you play the piano?"

The girl stammered a surprised "No."

"Then I don't want you," said the woman. "I refuse to have any girl in my kitchen who can't play the piano."

She told the story as a joke to her friends and it caused a hilarity that did not last. For the applicant for work told all other would-be applicants, and now the woman can't get help for love or money. All because she refused to be as humble as the times seemingly demanded.

"I don't know whatever I will do," sighed a little white-haired woman when her cook announced she was leaving a place where she had worked nine years, her wages having gone up in that time from three dollars a week to ten; "I can't pay you the fifteen you ask. We simply can't afford it. But who will do my cooking for me?"

"I'll show you," replied the departing cook. Picking up a hand mirror, she thrust it before the face of the woman who had been uniformly considerate of her for nine years. "There she is! She in that glass is the one who will cook for you." Then, throwing the mirror to the floor with a crash, as if to invoke bad luck on such a household, she went out and slammed the door.

Women took their husbands and babies into boarding houses to escape this household problem, and they arrived in such numbers, proprietors of boarding houses also became infected with the germ of revolt and refused to admit families with babies. If a woman has a cook, it means at least forty dollars a month, not counting the waste by that rare creature. If she does the cooking herself, and hires a nursemaid, she may save ten dollars, but not a cent more. Young girls coming in by the day to help out charge six and eight dollars a week, and the benefits resulting to the household are doubtful.

Things were in this state in a town in Colorado when the Girl Scouts came to the unhappy householders' relief. They hire themselves out at 25 cents an hour, and in this way this little city is finding the problem of domestic help solved.

The girls enroll at headquarters for the job they like best: Mending, doing dishes, caring for the baby, baking, sweeping, dusting, reading to the sick—oh, there are a hundred and one odd jobs a willing pair of hands may find to do; and some Girl Scout has qualified herself to do many of them.

The applicant for an assistant applies at headquarters, and tells her needs. Before the Girl Scout is permitted to go to her home, the place is investigated, and unless listed as desirable, the girl cannot go. There are certain rules to be obeyed: The girl must be paid promptly, she must not be retained after dark and she must not be given a task too heavy for such young shoulders.



THE GIRL SCOUTS TO THE RESCUE.

The housekeepers are finding the service ideal! School over, a Girl Scout appears to take care of the children while their mother does her shopping or attends to neglected social duties. They take the baby out if the mother is engaged; they are invaluable assistants in getting up company meals and some of the girls are so skilled they do all the catering for parties, while others enroll only as fitted to answer the door, take telephone messages, help serve, etc.

The plan has worked so well that organizations of Girl Scouts in other cities are adopting it. It is always possible to get a Girl Scout to help out, but so far this little town in Colorado is the only place they are duly registered for such service.

The girls are paid not less than 25 cents an hour. It is their pin money. They are honest, faithful, and loyal. Their vows and obligations to enter the Girl Scout order, and which they must live up to, lift them immeasurably above the incompetent and faithless help so many are compelled to put up with.

Leave it to the girls! They are solving a national problem, one that older heads have failed to solve. Many ways have been tried. One, given much publicity, was the engaging of a maid on the eight-hour system, treating her as a stenographer is treated in an office, calling her Miss Smith, instead of Lizzie, and expecting her to get her meals on the outside,—for she does not get her meals in an office, does she?

It sounded promising. It has not been the success it was hoped. It was one of many hopeless plans. The one which is doing the work originated in the heads of fourteen-year-old girls.

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

own this place for a week, an' I'll throw in my sarvices."

Berdyne drew a roll of bills from his pocket. The old hag eyed the money greedily, and snatched the bank notes which Berdyne handed to her.

"I do not know how long I shall want the place," said Berdyne, "but I don't think it will be for a week. There's your hundred, anyhow. While I am here we must have this place to ourselves. No one is to be admitted save those whom I shall tell you to let in."

"That goes without sayin'," replied the old crone. "This here's a fine place for gents as wants privacy. Even if the perlice should come, there's ways to shake 'em." She laughed cunningly. "The chinks had the house afore I got it," she went on, "an' wherever you find chinks, you'll find secret panels, hidden holes, and underground burrows. The cops can surround the house, while others go through it from top to bottom, but one as knows the place can fade away as if the 'quake had opened up an' took him in."

"She's got it straight," seconded Gorsline; "this here's a rum old place. I've ducked away from the cops many a time in this old shanty. It's a piece o' Chinatown, when it comes to ways for makin' a getaway."

"Have you a comfortable room and a decent bed?" asked Berdyne.

"Sure," shrilled the woman; "my customers ain't all from the slums. More than one of Oakland's and Berkeley's upper ten comes here for a quiet pull at the pipe. How could I hold the trade if I didn't have the right sort of accommodations? You've paid your money like a gent, and, as I says, the place is your'n for a week."

"How about a bit of liquor and something to eat?"

"I've that, too."

"Show me the room," said Berdyne, "and then bring up the food and drink. I'm tired out. I didn't sleep any last night, and a day such as I've had in Frisco would wipe out a man of iron."

The hag took another lamp out of the cupboard, lighted it, and piloted Berdyne back into the hall and up a flight of crazy stairs to the second floor. Here she unlocked and threw open a door which led into a roomy chamber, papered, carpeted, and furnished in a way that was really out of all keeping with the cheerless passage and the bare room which Berdyne had already seen. A glow of satisfaction pervaded him with the thought that, in carrying out his nefarious designs, he was not to be denied all the comforts to which he had been accustomed.

"My name is Neil Preston," said he, as the woman was about to leave after setting down the lamp, but sometimes I use the name of Berdyne. If any one should come and ask for me, under either of those two names, let me know at once who it is."

"Sure," smirked the hag. "I'm used to dealin' with gents as has, sometimes, half-a-dozen names. But what's in a name? Nothin', as I can see, but a little convenience an' safety. I'll bring the spirits an' the food right away."

After he had eaten some food and fortified himself with strong drink, Berdyne crept into bed. He was very positive that if his treacherous schemes succeeded, it could not possibly be before the following day. Perhaps two or three days might pass before the net he had spread would snare its victims. And perhaps—he ground his teeth as he thought of it—all his plans might prove futile.

If Preston should meet Beryl in the city, then the forging of the notices would at once be known, and the clever plots would fall to the ground. But the narrow margin by which a meeting had been averted at the house in Sutter Street led Berdyne to feel that luck was with him. And he was a firm believer in luck.

In the small hours of the morning Berdyne was awakened from a sound sleep by Gorsline.

"What do you want?" asked Berdyne sleepily.

"Hargreaves has shown up," answered Gorsline.

"Did Trenwyck send him?"

"No; I passed the word to some of my friends, who had seen Hargreaves, to be on the lookout for him. One of them sent him over."

"Send him here," returned Berdyne, instantly awake.

Hargreaves, haggard and exhausted, came to the room and sank wearily into a chair.

"What about that trunk?" demanded Berdyne.

"Burned, Mr. Berdyne," replied Hargreaves. "When the fire reached the hotel, a load of trunks was piled onto a dray, but before we got beyond the fire lines the horses were taken off the dray, and I couldn't do a thing."

"That's bad enough," muttered Berdyne; "but it might be worse. You're sure the contents of the trunk went up in smoke?"

"I don't know, sir," replied Hargreaves, brushing a hand across his forehead.

"You don't know!" snapped Berdyne.

Hargreaves described how masonry had fallen on the van, scattered the load of trunks, and broke some of them open.

"I seen a man rush back," he went on, "but the smoke was thick, and I couldn't make him out. When the smoke blowed away I saw him plain. He was on his knees among the papers, and seemed to be looking them over. It was Neil Preston, sir."

Berdyne's heavy face purpled with anger and chagrin.

"Preston!" he gasped. "What devilish chance brought him there at that time?"

"I don't know, sir, but while he was looking at the papers, a soldier, who took him for a looter, fired at him."

A faint hope struggled into Berdyne's black eyes.

"Was he killed?" he eagerly asked.

"I think not, but I didn't see him after that."

"Are you telling me the truth?" hissed Berdyne, striding up to the man and glaring into his eyes, "or have you sold out to Preston?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Young Mrs. Gains Seeks Advice

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

at his high desk in this grim bare room, he looked very solemn and terrible.

Young Mrs. Gains listened to the proceedings of the court curiously at first, then with intense interest as she realized their nature. Divorce suits were disposed of with neatness and dispatch that seemed incredible to her. The unruffled manner and calm voice of the judge as he tried case after case filled her with resentment.

"How can he look on so coldly when lives are being wrecked before him?" she whispered dramatically to her father, her dark eyes revealing the horror she felt.

"But they are not, my dear. Listen to the evidence. The wrecking, as you call it, is already accomplished; this is a mere recital of it."

Neva was glad when her father told her that it was lunch time, not that she was hungry, but because she had seen so many sad faces and heard so many unhappy stories she longed to leave the grim scenes and forget them if she could.

"Daddy," she said, as they ate their lunch in a pleasant little restaurant, "I always thought that divorces were caused by some great tragedy, some overwhelming cataclysm that no one could prevent. But they aren't. They just begin as petty little quarrels that grow and grow like the fabled turnip until they can grow no more."

"You are quite observant," he told her approvingly. "My, what a lawyer you would have made if you had been a boy!"

She laughed lightly at this. "Oh, I might have made a very good one anyway. But engineering is more to my taste. If you do not believe it, just watch the future career of one David Gains. You have been wonderful to me these two weeks, Daddy. I shall try to remember all the useful things you have told me. I must go home now. My house needs a little dusting and I must cook David's supper."

When David reached home that evening he was surprised to see lights gleaming from the windows. He had not expected to find his wife at home. Unconsciously he braced himself to meet a storm of tears and reproaches. As he opened the door he heard swift footsteps crossing the dining-room and a moment later Neva faced him in the brightly lighted hall. She wore one of the soft clinging dresses that he always admired so much and her face was wreathed in the old happy smile. His first thought was that there was company.

"Oh, David, I'm so glad to see you," she cried, extending her hands in happy welcome. "I thought this dreadful two weeks would never end."

"Neva, Neva," he said as his arms closed hungrily about her, "I cannot live without you. Do whatever you choose, if you will only love me I'll never criticize you again."

"I will try not to give you any cause to, David," she replied very gently. "There, get ready for supper while I finish setting the table."

Over the well-cooked, daintily-served meal they found many interesting things to talk about.

"How soon can you go to New York?" David asked casually.

"To New York? What do you mean?"

"Why, our delayed holiday——"

"But haven't you just come from New York?"

"No."

"David, where have you been?"

"Staying at a hotel down town."

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Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

"I wouldn't be here, sir," returned the valet, "if I had taken money from Mr. Preston for anything that was in the trunk. I'm giving you the truth. I did all that a man could to save the trunk, but it was no use."

With a final, searching glance at his valet, Berdyne turned away and began striding up and down the room.

"Go downstairs, Hargreaves," said he finally, "and tell the woman to give you a place to sleep. Send Gorsline here."

Hargreaves, glad to get off so easily, went away, and in a little time Gorsline once more presented himself.

"You owe Neil Preston a debt of vengeance, I believe?" said Berdyne tentatively, a murderous ring in his calm, even tones.

"I could kill him on sight!" gritted Gorsline. "He had me going in that Sutter Street house—and a curse on that lawyer of yours because of it!"

Berdyne leaned toward his confederate, his evil face flushed with a deadly hate.

"Will you turn the trick?" he breathed hoarsely. "If that man lives, it is more than likely it will spell my ruin."

"Ha!" returned Gorsline, with a significant look. "If the gal's a widow, you can still play your cards to win her. Is that it?"

"Have it as you will," returned Berdyne. "Do the work, and if Preston has any papers in his possession, turn them over to me. If the law interferes, I will stand behind you with my last dollar."

"Where am I goin' to get my chance at him?" asked the ruffian, after a period of reflection. "Must I go back to Frisco and try to run afoul of his course?"

"We will wait for a while and see what those notices amount to. If nothing comes of them, your business will be to find Neil Preston and sweep him from my path. That will be all. I think we understand each other."

Gorsline, with a final leer at Berdyne, slunk from the room. There was no more sleep for Berdyne that night. He coveted the pure, sweet loveliness of the helpless girl he had so persistently persecuted, but it was not his evil passion alone that goaded him on. Only by making her his could he save himself from financial wreck. "Ruin! Ruin!" a mocking voice screeched in his ears. And for once his dark soul cowered before the thought of what the future might hold in store.

CHAPTER XXXI.

IN THE MIDST OF FOES.

Fortunately for the stream of refugees flowing out of the stricken city, the great ferry building at the foot of Market Street was saved from earthquake and flames. The clock in the high tower had been stilled by the shock, its hands mutely indicating the hour of the catastrophe. Boats were running across the bay as rapidly as they could receive and discharge passengers and make the trip. On the outward journey the boats were packed, but on the return trip the passengers were limited to various officials connected with the maintenance of order, the distributing of supplies and the giving of relief. It was easy enough to leave the city, but ironclad rules governed a return to it.

Beryl and Tonita, overjoyed with the thought that Neil was waiting at the end of their journey, clung to each other in the terrific press of humanity that surged through the ferry building, and were swept upon the decks of the heavily laden boat.

Steadily they drew away from the blazing metropolis, overhung by its black pall of smoke. They did not look long at this, the scene of so much sorrow, but turned their eyes toward the fairer shores to the eastward. In due course they reached the Oakland wharf. Here they were halted by an official of one of the many relief committees, who wished to know whether they desired to reach friends at a distance, or to find shelter in one of the refugee camps. Railroad transportation was free to any one who desired to take the trains for distant parts.

Tonita showed the officer the typewritten scrap which had brought so much hope and joy to the heart of her friend. The officer wrinkled his brows thoughtfully as he looked at it.

"J Street," he muttered, looking at the two girls perplexedly. He could not reconcile the character of the place with the loveliness of the two young refugees. "You are quite sure this is for you?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" cried Beryl confidently.

"And the one who signs the notice is——"

"My husband!" she answered.

"Ah!" This official, like all the others, was overworked. He could not give one moment longer than was absolutely necessary to any particular case. "Very well," he said, handing back the typewritten slip; "we have some vehicles here for the use of Frisco people, and I will send you to your destination in one of them."

Five minutes later the girls were being whirled away in a carriage. Beryl was trembling with impatience and anticipation. Tonita, while she had her own worries on her lover's account, was so unselfish that she could forget them, for the time, in her delight over her friend's good fortune.

"Why, dearest," she gayly murmured, placing her arm about Beryl's waist and drawing her close, "you are shaking like a leaf!"

"I could cry for joy, Tonita!" answered Beryl softly. "How long it seems since I have seen Neil! It is as though years and years have passed since we stood before the minister and sealed our love with a tie there is no breaking."

"You have suffered a cruel ordeal, darling," answered Tonita. "A whole lifetime of events has been crowded into the bitter hours since you and your sweetheart were riven asunder. Then, too, you know," she added, with a tender smile:

"Love reckons hours for months, and days for years;
And every little absence is an age!"

Beryl, impulsively, pressed her lips to her friend's.

"I think of only myself!" she exclaimed in a burst of self-reproach. "You are also separated from your lover——"

"Still," interrupted Tonita, a flash of sorrow crossing her face, "I can hope on, keep my trust in Heaven, and be happy with you. You have found your heart's love; and so, in time, I shall find mine."

In a little while the carriage came to a stop, and the driver swung down from his seat and opened the door. He looked curiously at the girls as he assisted them to alight.

"You got friends here, ain't you?" he asked, staring toward the gloomy barrier of trees with something like suspicion.

"Yes," answered Beryl, scarcely hearing what he said because of her impatience.

"Then I reckon it's all right," returned the driver. "There are so many refugees comin' to Oakland that they have to be put in all sorts o' places." He started to mount to his seat, but paused with one foot on the step. "Want me to go in with you?" he asked.

"You are very kind," Beryl called to him, "but it will not be necessary." Then she hurried on along the weed-grown gravel walk, keeping several paces ahead of Tonita in her eagerness.

Like all the rest of the overworked people engaged in helping the refugees, the driver of the carriage had not a moment to waste. So he, like the relief officer, dismissed the girls from his mind. Mounting to his seat, he drove off, and thus the last one who could have prevented the helpless victims from entering the serpent's lair vanished from the scene.

Tonita was sufficiently collected to take note of the unsavory surroundings, but her suspicions of treachery were not aroused. She merely wondered how it could have chanced that Senor Preston had come to take shelter in that squalid place. Beryl's little hand was rapping excitedly at the door before Tonita had passed the fringe of trees; and by the time the Mexicana had reached her friend's side the door opened, and the sharp-featured, repulsive face of Marm Kinney was revealed.

The old hag wore a smile intended to be ingratiating, but which only succeeded in making her the more hideous. Tonita drew back in alarm, but poor, deceived Beryl's agitated spirit left no room for doubts or fears.

"Ha, my little beauties!" exclaimed Marm Kinney, taking note of the girl's loveliness with a sordid eye; "what can I do for ye?"

"My husband!" returned Beryl breathlessly; I understand that he is here waiting for me."

"What is your husband's name, my purty one?"

"Mr. Neil Preston——"

The door was thrown wide open.

"He is here, sure enough," said the ill-omened hag, stepping back, "an' almost crazy is he," she added, "with the long wait for you to come. Your friend, nodding toward Tonita, "can step into the back room an' find a chair. I'll take you upstairs to Mr. Preston."

Tonita, vaguely uneasy, passed on into the rear room, while Beryle hastened up the old stairs after the shuffling figure of Marm Kinney.

"In there," said Marm Kinney, halting in the bare corridor of the second floor and indicating a door. Walk right in, my girl."

Beryl's heart was beating in her throat as she laid hands on the doorknob, opened the door and passed into the room beyond.

"Neil!" she cried; "Neil!"

Hurried footsteps struck on her ears, and she turned to see a form rush from a closet, shut the door by which she had entered, and turn a key in the lock.

"So!" cried the man, his face filled with a horrid, gloating triumph, "my plot has succeeded! My loved one has come all the way from the doomed city to find me! Did you think, my ravishing beauty, that you could escape Nicholas Berdyne?"

Not a word, not a sound came from Beryl's lips. Her face turned white and frozen with horror. A mocking laugh smote on her ears from beyond the door; from somewhere below she heard a stifled scream and a sound of quick movements. Then, overcome by the awful realization that broke over her, she tottered and fell unconscious into the hateful arms of Berdyne.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

this way as long as the children are healthy, but I am not. Last winter was the worst we ever had to contend with for we didn't raise even a potato. As for clothing we simply don't have any except what we can find. I patch and patch so we won't have to be ragged. My baby sits on my lap as I am writing and her apron is made of old overalls, her dress of two colors, red sleeves, checked body, made of an old dress, her underskirt made of an old shirt given to me) and her shirt made of the legs of an old union suit, her stockings made of black tights. Her shoes were new, bought for her, but now her little toes are sticking out of them. Of course she doesn't care so long as she is comfortable but she is only a baby and her pride isn't developed.

I wish I could get something to do. I would like to make up quilt tops on the shares or something of that sort. I almost know there are lots of people who do not care to piece quilts yet need them. I make for myself crazy quilt tops of calico, gingham and similar goods, by piecing on paper and when finished I tear off the paper. And I use the narrow strips for log cabin blocks. I cut the larger pieces in squares, according to size of scraps, but all are given me by friends.

I use pieces of worn-out clothes, such as men's suits for clothes for the boys, the leftovers for quilt tops. I also use leftover underwear for tops, after I dye them.

I am teaching my six-year-old to read, also the four-year-old. My two eldest girls are working for their board and going to school, away from our own neighborhood and not together. My eldest boy herds sheep but he should be in school.

I lost my flock of hens last week. A coyote got into the henhouse and killed all but one. I had her taken to the barn and yesterday a horse stepped on her and she had to be killed. Five of my hens had taken to roosting in the barn just a few days before the coyote went into the henhouse so there are five left out of my flock. I had pure bred White Wyandottes. Later that day Mr. M. shot the coyote. It was an old mangy one with no hair left except a strip down its back.

I wonder if anyone can tell me where I can get a spinning wheel. I want to learn to spin.

If it wasn't for COMFORT our reading would be a great deal more limited than it is. I've thought every year I would subscribe for the Youth's Companion for the three oldest children but every year finds my pocketbook flatter than the year before.

EDITH WAIT MELLIS.

Mrs. Mellis.—The majority of us can sympathize with you for there are times when the coyotes get into our henhouses too—figuratively speaking, of course, and everything seems to go dead wrong, but I'm sure such a brave, resourceful woman as you have proven yourself to be will win out in the end, so keep up your courage. Sisters, I have some nickels and dimes that are anxious to be used to pay freight or express charges on apples, or fruit of any kind, for Mrs. Mellis and her children. I'm sure even "seconds" would be appreciated. How about it?—Ed.

KANSAS.

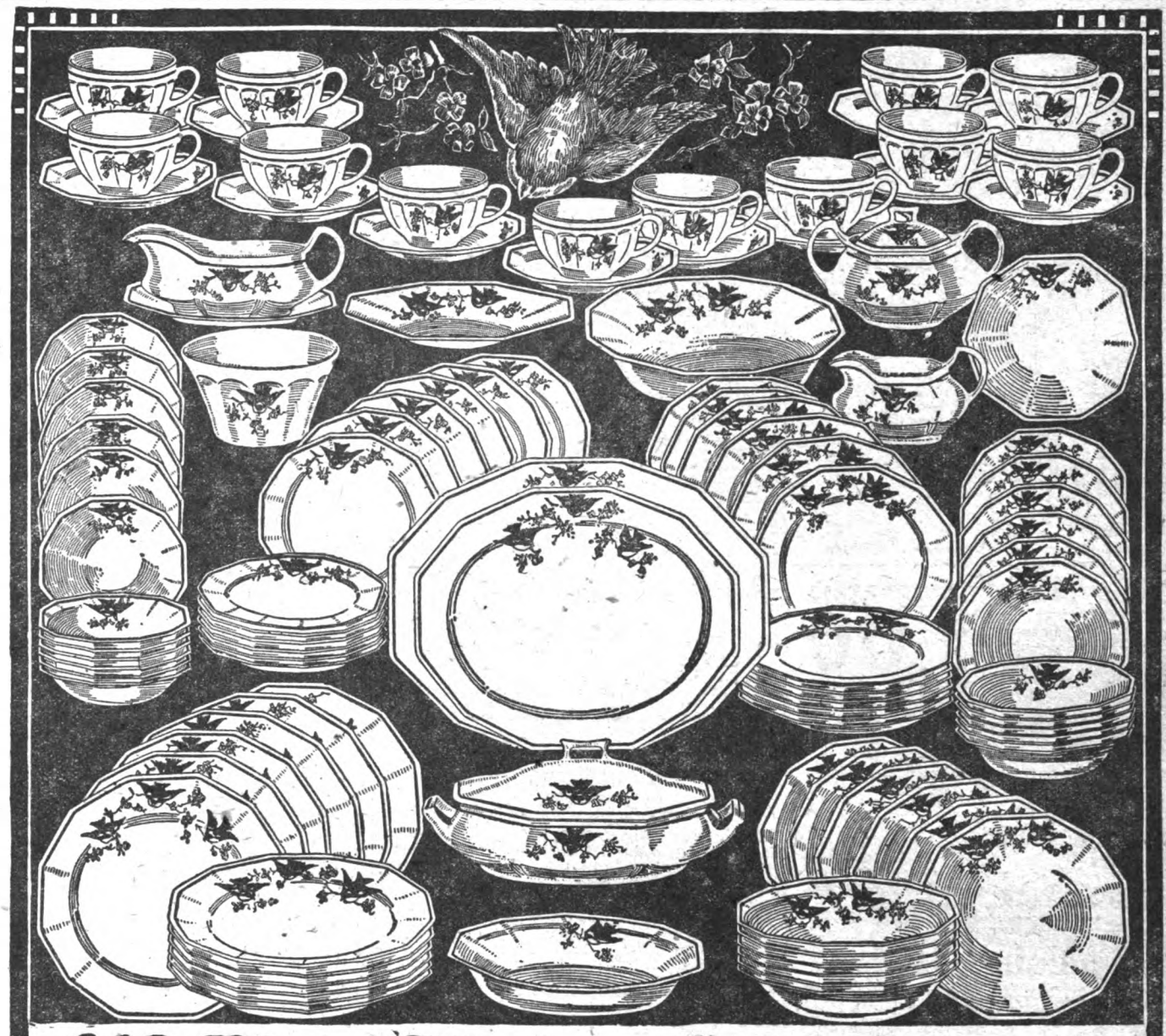
DEAR SISTERS:

I've knocked several times but it must be that Mrs. Wilkinson has her deaf ear this way. I'm coming in anyway. I'm a small person five feet, three inches tall and weigh 190 pounds. Am 25 years old and wear spectacles. Married four years to the best old man on earth. He is thirty-nine years old, a six-footer and weighs 200 pounds. I lost my baby, a sweet girl ten months old, two years ago and my home is lonely and still now. The war took my only brother and I am proud of my gold star, though it cost much.

I have taken COMFORT since my marriage, and it was in my old home ever since I can remember. I enjoy the Sisters' Corner very much and particularly the pictures of the babies and the letters on child training. It is my ambition to be a good mother and if I have no more of my own I shall take some who have no home. It takes three P's to care for children, prayer, pluck and perseverance.

I think we have solved the money question. We have one pocketbook and each uses what is needed, always consulting the other about the purchase and my check is as good as my husband's. He says we are

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)



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Not this season will you see a waist more dainty and fetching than this. It's made of selected silk georgette of beautiful texture and of wearing quality which means the utmost in service. The front is richly hand embroidered with highest raised designs in beautiful contrasting colors. Note the touch of smartness given by the large sailor collar, which is to be "all the rage" this season. The set-in sleeves are full length and have daintily trimmed cuffs and the front is closed with handsome pearl buttons. Finished with elastic band. Choice of white or flesh color. Sizes, 34 to 46 bust.

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You simply can't let this wonderful bargain pass when only your name and address will bring the waist to you. Pay only $3.98 on arrival. Then examine and try it on. Compare with waists sold at $6.00 or more and if not absolutely satisfied with the style and the saving you make send it back and we refund your money. Order white by No. BX767. Order flesh by No. BX768. Be sure to give size and color wanted.

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40 inches High

$1.00

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Thousands of trial orders every month, from every state in the Union, but the supply is limited—and prices and terms must soon advance.

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J. B. THIERY Dept. 9 —Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Mail postpaid at once color-printed catalog of Thieryola Phonographs and all particulars of your advertised buying plans.

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AGENTS



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A real .22 rifle for small game. Any live boy can earn it. Send me your name, and I'll send you my easy plan. Write quick. Address D. S. STEPHENS, 155 WEST HIGH STREET, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

friendly dog, I will house and feed a friendly man, but when both go mad and start to destroy me, they will get bullets and not grub. The only bread and butter work I have done in the last five years or so, has been to contribute a column or two to COMFORT, and if you think there is a fortune in running a department in a household magazine you've got another think coming. Remember, the price of paper has gone up 80 per cent and it's hard to get at any price. If I could only be a millionaire paperhanger instead of an impecunious paper spoiler, I could revel in riches. But, alas, age and invalidism have forever closed that golden gate to me. For the last three years I've spent my life in a bed that has only three legs. Morgan, Rockefeller and Wall Street ought to buy me a new one, but they simply won't do it. Ungrateful wretches! The only subsidized press I know is the Bolshevik press, run chiefly by the rascals who turned the socialist movement over to the murderous Kaiser,—oh, yes, and the gutter press which, thanks to your liberal patronage, Hans, needs no subsidy. I have written several letters to this Red subsidized press but the Jews and Germans who control it would never print them. They are as afraid of the truth as you are, Hans Noodlesoup. Now, Hans, if you'll cut out the dollar cigars and ten-dollar silk shirts, and come and mend our leaky roof, whitewash our ceiling and carve a new leg for my bed, I'll be greatly obliged. Landlords make no repairs these days. You are right, Hans, wise men do change their minds, but I fear that is a luxury you are constitutionally incapable of indulging in.

RICHMOND, R. R. 2, Care of Frank Ottman, Mo.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am eighteen years old and live in the country. I am in love with a girl the same age as myself. She is redheaded. The people here make fun of me for going with her to church. She is not exactly pretty but I don't think it is looks that make a girl, but character. She is a nice, Christian young lady. I don't pay any attention to any other girl. I love this one, no matter what others may think. I would like to have you tell me what you think about this love mater—character before looks. Awaiting an early answer,

Your nephew, JAMES CARLE MANLEY.

James, your letter shows sense and character far beyond your years. Don't take any notice of that bunch of hoodlums who are making fun of you and your red-headed sweetheart. I'll bet if you were to drop her the whole bunch would be on her trail in a moment. Of course, if her hair was Bolshevik red and her ideas and principles harmonized with the color of her tresses, I might advise a temporary separation until the young lady had recovered her economic sanity and her fiery locks did not give warning of her intentions to rob, plunder and pillage all within reach. God bless the so-called red-headed girls, I wish we had a few million more of them, for they are warm-hearted, affectionate and temperamental. There is a restaurant in one of our biggest cities where all the waitresses have inflammatory locks, carroty tresses, or otherwise red hair. You have to fight to get a seat in that beanery and there is a waiting line a mile long outside. Envious folk may make fun of the red-headed girl, but every real man adores her. I'm glad the young lady in question is a Christian and that you both attend the same church. I attended a church once where there were five red-headed girls, and they were there all at one and the same time, but it was a stone, fireproof church, with nothing inflammable around and nobody worried. I'm glad you have the courage to take the young lady to church in the day, instead of sneaking into a dark movie picture house at night as though you were ashamed of the color of her tresses. A red-headed girl, and especially one with character (and girls with character are scarce these days) is a priceless jewel. I would rather see fire on a girl's head and the fires of love, devotion and patriotism in her heart, than fire in the shape of a cigarette between her lips. As long as the young lady suits you and Uncle Charlie, you should not worry what the rest of the gang thinks. If the flame of your affection burns out, Jim, and you can assure me that the young lady is a good cook and as bright of mind as of head, you can send her to me. You say: "What do you think about this love mater?" Mater, Jim, is Latin for mother. Well, I advise you to make love to your mater no matter what may be the color of her hair, for you will always find she is the best sweetheart a boy ever had.

431 E. 82nd St., NEW YORK CITY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

There is only one subject which seems to be stirring most people here as well as in Europe, owing to the great war losses, and that is the immortality of the soul. I have always felt a little interest in the subject and now that I have just lost the greatest gift a woman ever possessed, my husband, naturally I would ask is there any new light on the old subject. Have attended several lectures given in one of the prominent churches here in New York. Discussions being made on the views of various prominent men, such as Maeterlinck, and Sir Oliver Lodge. With so many COMFORT readers, surely there are some of you who can discuss this subject among us. MRS. MARION B. TABOR.

My dear friend, you have my sincere sympathy in the loss of a devoted husband. Tens of thousands who are mourning their dead are yearning to get a word from them, long for "the touch of a vanished hand and the sound of a voice that is still." A wave of what was once called spiritualism and is now known as spiritism has swept the world. Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir Conan Doyle and other notable men, have delved into this matter and think they have got into communication with those who have passed beyond. These eminent men have given a certain prestage to a cult that was largely, but not wholly in the hands of frauds and fakers. The methods of communication has been of late chiefly through a contraption called the ouija board. If all I have read, heard and seen in connection with this subject (and I have read a good deal) is correct, spiritism, like a good many other isms including Bolshevism, is something the average person had better leave alone. I know of people who have been mentally unbalanced by trying to delve into the future, and there are others who get a deal of satisfaction and inspiration out of this uncanny "ism." But for heaven's sake what is the use of it all? As good Christians we believe there is a hereafter, that the body is but a tenement of clay and that the soul or spirit lives eternally in a better world. Why worry then? There is a funny side to this otherwise serious and solemn matter. Tens of thousands of war widows who were breaking their hearts over their loved ones and finding the ministration and consolations of the church did not satisfy the aching void sustained by the death of a noble and gallant husband, turned to spiritism, the medium and the ouija board for comfort and relief. Within a year many of these ladies were married again, and they are fervently hoping that no ouija board expert will be able to get a message through to them from departed husband number one in the great beyond. Life is so short, as short as a tramp's working day, that I never could understand (and I have as many dear ones in the spirit world as most people) why so many people want to be continually poking their noses into the next world, lifting up the flap of the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

business partners and he neither buys nor sells stock without first asking my opinion of the deal. He taught me to handle all important matters. At first I objected because I did not know how. He said I must learn while he was here to teach me so if I should ever be left alone I would not have to learn in, maybe, a mighty hard way.

I'll tell you of my pet economy. Just this, sacks, flour sacks, sugar sacks, gunny sacks and grain sacks. Four large 100-pound size sacks, dyed, make a good dress. Two will make the waist and yoke of skirt and two the bottom of skirt gathered to yoke. Three of the same size make a man's shirt. They also make good face towels. Of course these are the sugar sacks. The gunny or burlap are nice for filling quilts and wash much easier than cotton. I use them for lining pieced wool rugs. The large soft sacks, stenciled, make nice curtains. One may make couch covers of the heavy grain sacks. A stencil helps out wonderfully. I make table covers, underwear and nighties of 'em and there really is no end to the ways they may be used. I make quilts of them and use them for the lining.

Love to all. KANSAS KID.

TENNESSEE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Will you admit a lonely little girl into your friendly circle? I wrote once before but was not admitted.

I can sympathize with "Wife in Name Only." Although I am not married I gave up a dear one in the great war and I cannot get over the loss. I try to forget him when out in company but all in vain. The company of other boys does not mean anything to me and I prefer to spend my Sundays and evenings alone, with only his letters to read and cry over. I go car riding once in a while but it seems I must hurry home for he is waiting for me. I have had people say to me, "Why should you worry when he was one of many thousands who were killed over there?" But I can't help longing for him return, though I know it cannot be.

Who will advise me?

SAD LITTLE GIRL.

Sad Little Girl.—There is a beautiful poem written by Lieut. Col. John McRae of Montreal, Canada, which is printed below, and when you read it I want you to give thought to the line, "If ye break faith with us who die," and ask yourself if you are not breaking faith with your sweetheart. There are more ways than one of breaking faith, you know, and if he gave his life to make the world better then surely you can do your share as well, and you can't by sitting down and letting every opportunity to be helpful slip by unheeded. That isn't what he would want you to do. It hurts, I know, but be as brave as he was.

In Flanders Fields

"In Flanders Fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks still bravely singing fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

"We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you from falling hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields."

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Use kerosene in carpet sweeper to brighten carpets.

Give your wire clothesline a coat of white enamel and it will wear much longer.

Spread a little flour over the tops of cakes before frosting and the frosting will not run off.

Use a cup of pear or peach preserve juice in making cookies and less sugar will be required.—MRS. W. L. COX, Grapevine, Texas.

Use both parts of your double boiler. By cooking vegetables in lower part, the next morning cereal can be cooked in upper part.

When scaling fish, if you haven't a curry comb for that purpose, use a cookie cutter. It prevents the scales from scattering. Use a pair of scissors for cutting off fins and tail. It is easier than using a knife. —JOSEPHINE MIDBOE, Sibeka, Minn.

Use your sewing machine when a large mending accumulates. Darning is very successfully done on the machine by crossing and recrossing the stitches and runs in stockings look much better when sewed by machine than by hand.—OLD-TIME SUBSCRIBER, Arkansas.

To make a dusty carpet look bright, wring an old sheet out of water and spread smoothly over the carpet. Now beat this with carpet beater as hard as you can and the sheet catches all the dust. Begin in one corner of the room and move the sheet, after rinsing each time, so its edges will lap over the last space.

Requests

How to make soda crackers.

Would like the book entitled "Ma." It was printed 35 years ago.

How to make yeast from hops and meal.—MRS. ELLA STEED, Lyons, Colo.

How to remove iron rust from white clothes.—MRS. MARGARET H. MOORE, Bosley, Wyo.

Louise Hermann, Whitehall, R. R. 3, Wis., would like to correspond with girls around sixteen years of age.

Will someone kindly send me the August, 1918, number of The Household, containing Rose Filet Yoke. Will return favor.—MRS. N. MCAFEE, Rockland, Ohio.

Will someone please send me the following quilt patterns: Basket of Flowers, Cherokee Rose, Tulip pattern. Will return favor.—BESSIE WINGO, Spartanburg, R. R. 3, S. C.

Will some sister send me the words to the following songs: "The Dying Hobo," "When the Preacher Made Us One," and "While the Leaves Came Drifting Down." IRENE ODENBAUGH, Amy, Mo.

Will a sister send me the November and December numbers of Illustrated Companion for 1919 and January number for 1920? Will send books or papers in return. Write first.—MISS ANNABELLE CROCKETT, Springfield, R. R. 1, Tenn.

Remedies

BURNS.—Make a paste of buttermilk and flour. Bind on burn and let it remain until it begins to dry; replace with fresh one.

KIDNEY TROUBLE.—Make a tea from the old familiar "Queen of the Meadow" roots and drink half a cupful at bedtime.—MRS. J. B. S., Tennessee.

DEAFNESS.—Put one ounce of angelica root in two ounces of brandy and let it stand for two days. Put two drops in the ear, three times a day.

PILES.—Take the garden celadine (touch me not) and steep in fresh lard until ointment is formed. Apply twice a day.—MRS. CROWLEY, California.

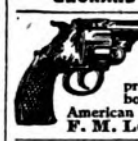
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Snap this bargain up now—while it lasts. No money—just tell us size you wear and we send these newest style Oxfords to prove that Leonard-Morton & Co. give you the world's greatest shoe values. If not satisfied in every way, return them and you are not out a cent. No if's or and's about this offer. You decide everything.



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Dept. 1, 36 S. Paca St., Baltimore, Md.

Enclosed find $1.00 for which send me postpaid the complete Ouija Board with directions for use.

Name .....

Address .....



Ford Auto

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

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5 YEAR GUARANTEE



Hot Weather Hints

MAN, from experience, has come to know just how to clothe, feed and manage himself for comparative comfort during the hot weather months of the year. Modern farms now are coming to be equipped with facilities for bathing in the house, and ice is a common commodity nowadays whereas it was a rarity not many years ago on most farms. But the animals of the farm! What of them? Do we give them the consideration they deserve and try to keep them as comfortable as possible? It must be answered that too often this important matter is overlooked, neglected or never given a thought, and so we may be excused if we give a few hints on the subject here, from a common sense and practical standpoint rather than that of sentiment or theory.

The Farm Work Horse

It does not pay to let a work horse wear a long, coarse coat of hair when he has to work in summer. In some instances, from ill-thrift or ill-health, a horse fails to shed his coat promptly and perfectly in spring. When that occurs, clip the coat at once and the horse will thrive and work far better than when it is left in place.

It is poor policy to let the manure piles stand under the windows and about the doors of the horse stable. Flies galore breed there and torture horses so that they keep thin and give less efficient service in harness. Get the manure out onto the bare-bitten pastures, or top dress with it the plots that are to be plowed for the production of a succession of grazing green stuff for hogs.

Screen the doors and windows of the horse stable and darken it somewhat, in addition to keeping it clean. That will mean no flies or some flies that do not bite, and corresponding comfort for the horse. Put fly nets on the horse or sheet him lightly when at work in hot weather and remember to spray with fly repellent those portions of the body which are not protected otherwise. Shade the head and give the work horse cool water often when at work in the fields.

The work horse will do better on oats and bran than much corn in hot weather, and lush green grass is too loosening and softening for a hard working horse. Let the horse work on "hard feed" until the busy season is over; then he may have a run on grass.

Groom the horse thoroughly once a day; also sponge his eyes and mouth when he comes in hot and tired, and give him a chance to roll, but not where stones and stubs may hurt his back.

Keep the harness clean, dry and smooth and have it fit properly. When possible, remove the harness at noon and sponge the shoulders and neck with cold salty water. Feed only a pound or two of hay at noon while the horse is cooling off; then give water and then grain. If possible, do not work the horse immediately after a meal.

Provide shade and abundant pure water for mares and young stock on grass. It is cruel and hurtful to let a mare and her foal run on an unshaded bare-bitten, waterless pasture; nor should the foal run with the mare when she is at work. Let the work-mare cool off at noon and strip away most of her milk at that time before she is allowed to nurse her foal.

Cattle, Sheep and Swine

Cattle also must have shade and plenty of drinking water to do well, and require salt at least once a week.

When flies are prevalent, it pays to spray dairy cows with an effective fly repellent. At such times, growing calves, unless nursing their dams, are best off in a big, cool, clean, airy pen or boxstall. Keep cows from running into cold water when hot. That is a common cause of mysterious cases of garget. So far as possible, allow a frequent change of pasture.

Keep lambs off old, contaminated, bare-bitten pasture long used by sheep. On such pasture they cannot escape becoming infested with worms. That also is true of the pig and foal. New, fresh grass is best for the young animals. Allow hogs clean bathing water, by preference in a cement tank. Keep them out of old hog wallows and do not let them sleep in dank, dirty places under stables and in old stack bottoms. Cholera lurks there and is sure to kill.

In newly-opened farming districts, try to supply deep well water for horses and other stock, unless pure running or spring water is available. Surface water is dangerous. Swamp fever and hemorrhagic septicemia are most common where it is drank and where animals pasture wild land. Red water in cows also is commonest in such places. Sheep are less commonly affected. Better feed stock in yards and stables on tame feed where such disease, forage poisoning and horse plague are prevalent.

Keep young cattle immunized against blackleg where that disease often occurs, and all animals immunized against hemorrhagic septicemia when that disease is prevalent. Anthrax is most likely to attack cattle on low, wet pastures, just after a heavy rain. Keep them off those pastures at such times and if the disease has been common, have the cattle vaccinated by a graduate veterinarian.

Be careful not to overdrive swine in hot weather. They are easily overcome. If shipped to market, ice the car. Put wet sand on the floor as well, for both swine and cattle. Put a big chunk of ice in the manger for a horse to lick at will, if he is shipped by rail in very hot weather. See that all shipped stock is watered adequately during transit. Don't ship all sorts or ages of stock loose in the same car.

Sanitation of the Farm Home

So much depends on the health of the family that no pains should be spared, or no amount of labor counted too much to guard against disease caused by lack of sanitation in the home and its surroundings.

Typhoid fever, malaria, hookworm, tuberculosis and dysentery can be traced to flies, mosquitoes, ants, cockroaches, bedbugs, fleas and moths—also to those animal pests, rats and mice.

Drinking Water

Be sure the water supply for the house has no contaminated source. A shallow well or spring is very easily filled, during wet seasons, with surface water, and this water may contain filth and germs which menace the health and lives of the family. Deep wells and covered springs and cleanly surroundings are a necessity.

Be sure no water drains into well or spring from the barnyard or the outside toilet. Locate the well a goodly distance from both and on higher ground or where such drainage cannot get into it. If you have a spring, be careful as to the location of your outbuildings in regard to it. Typhoid fever is transmitted through water and food which is fouled by filth that is germ laden.

Screening Windows

Screen all windows and doors against flies and mosquitoes—these are carriers of disease germs. A certain variety of mosquito is a carrier of malaria. If there is any stagnant water on your farm, drain it, as such places are great breeding grounds for mosquitoes. A little kerosene should be placed upon such places as cannot be drained. Burn or bury all decayed vegetable or animal matter. Keep the manure hauled out. Chloride of lime is a good cheap disinfectant to sprinkle over the breeding places of flies.

Outside Toilet

Locate the outside toilet where there is no danger of any drainage toward well or cistern. It should have a deep pit and a pipe leading from the pit to above the roof to carry off foul gases. Keep a goodly supply of chloride of lime handy to sprinkle into the pit as it is an absorber of odors and also a disinfectant. Crude oil is good to put in bottom of pit. Screen both windows and doors of toilet and make the pit tight to keep the flies out as they may carry the germs and filth into the house.

Clean Grounds around House

Keep the grounds raked and all rotting vegetation buried or destroyed. Don't have a heavy shade around house, or too many vines climbing over windows and porches. "Let the sunshine in," the more the better. Sunshine is the best destroyer of germs known. A house hidden in trees is a damp place to live in and it takes days to dry it thoroughly after a heavy rain. Run up the shades—better a faded rug or no rugs at all than sickness in the family. There is no such thing as having too much sunshine.

Grounds not raked afford numberless breeding places for ants and pests that annoy and make unsanitary your home and its surroundings. Cockroaches love damp places.

Care of Garbage

Garbage which cannot be fed to chickens or hogs (we are speaking of kitchen garbage) should be burned or buried. Pails to hold garbage should be tightly covered and kept clean. If the garbage is to be burned, it is a good plan to drain and wrap it in paper. Lining the garbage pail or can with heavy paper keeps the pail clean. Pails for slop should be kept away from the house or in a screened place as they draw the flies.

Rats and Mice

Ceaseless war should be waged on rats and mice. Not only do they carry disease but they destroy property and food. Rats in the barn, and mice in the house are an expensive proposition from a sanitary or economical standpoint. Use traps or any vigorous method, but get rid of them as quickly as possible. Barium carbonate is destructive of them and has the advantage of not being harmful to other animals.

Home and farm sanitation is vital and thorough cleanliness of home grounds and outbuildings of the utmost importance. Take a walk over your farm plant and with critical inspection pick out the things you can do to make your home a safe place in which to live.

Don't lay the taking away of some loved one to an All Wise Providence when it may be only the result of criminal neglect of proper drainage—adequate screening, destroying of decaying animal and vegetable matter—or the letting in of fresh air and sunshine.

Work with Nature and she is your best friend but disobey her laws and sure punishment follows.

Is Your Spraying Outfit Ready?

The days of pests are here—bugs and blight, worms and weeds, rusts and ruin—and come with a flood in hot weather. The only safe way—and sometimes not then—is to have your spraying outfits ready, materials all at hand, to be used at a moment's notice. Just a few days' neglect of the potato bugs and the potatoes are ruined. Puf off looking after the currant worms for 24 hours and the damage is done. Neglect the cabbage worm for a few days and "good by," cabbage. Or give potato blight a day's start in favorable weather and you'll never catch up with it.

WHAT TO HAVE READY.—The first thing to get on the job is a good spraying machine. This will cost anywhere from fifteen to forty dollars or more, depending on size. The essential thing is not the price but the pressure. No sprayer that does not deliver a pressure of at least a hundred pounds is effective. Power sprayers are stronger and better but cost more. But strong pressure itself is not sufficient. The other necessity is a good nozzle. The double or triple spray nozzle of the Velmorel type is the best to use. Aside from the spraying machine, one should keep at hand ready for quick use the necessary sprays.

WHAT SPRAYS TO GET.—For general use there is nothing better than arsenate of lead or arsenate of zinc, both of which come in the form of white powder or paste. Both mix well in water, stick well to foliage and have the advantage of leaving a clearly defined trail behind. These poisons can be used for all chewing insects *except* the currant and cabbage worms; they are especially fine for potato bugs and other leaf-eating insects.

For currant worms, white hellebore is highly recommended. It is said that strong salt water makes a good spray for cabbage worms, though arsenate of lead is all right if the cabbages have *not* begun to head.

For plant lice of all kinds there is nothing better than nicotine poisons, such as "Black Leaf 40."

For plant diseases, two standard sprays are available in prepared form ready for mixing. Lime Sulphur for orchards and Bordeaux mixture for potato blight. These should always be kept on hand where they can be mixed and applied on short notice.

Insects to Spray For

SCALE INSECTS.—All scale insects, like oyster shell bark louse, San Jose scale and cotton scale, can be controlled if taken in time—that is, in early spring or late winter before the buds begin to shoot. A strength of solution sufficient to kill the insects would also kill the foliage if applied at any time other than during the dormant period. It is now too late to spray for scale insects. Next winter use concentrated lime sulphur for this purpose.

LEAF EATERS.—The principal leaf-eating insects attacking fruit and vegetables are the canker worm, the coddling moth, the tent caterpillar, the plum curculio, the shot hole borer, the cabbage worm and the cucumber beetle. All these may be controlled with the lead arsenate spray prepared as follows: One pound of powdered lead arsenate or two pounds of the paste mixed thoroughly with 40 gallons of water. If smaller quantities are desired, mix in the same proportions.

SAP SUCKERS.—The principal sap suckers are the various kinds of lice and bugs such as squash bugs, the "calico bug," and the little green lice that affect rose bushes, currants and house plants. The lice can be killed by using a tobacco spray but the bugs must either be hand picked or destroyed by use of a trap crop as described in another place.

More details may be found in circulars No. 109 and No. 110 recently published by the agricultural college at Stillwater, Oklahoma.

A New Cabbage Bug

There is a new cabbage pest that during the past few years has increased in numbers and invaded the country from the south. It has been a source of trouble in the south for years but has appeared as far north as New Jersey and Ohio and threatened to invade New England. It is commonly known as the "fire bug" or the "calico bug" from its red, yellow and black coloring. It is about a half-inch in length and sucks the cap of plants but does not eat the leaves as does the ordinary cabbage worm.

WHAT THE EGGS LOOK LIKE.—The egg masses of this bug look like tiny white barrels with black hoops and a black spot where the bunghole ought to be. These peculiar little "barrels" are a sure means of identifying the eggs, and hence the bugs. The eggs are found on the under side of the leaf and the young bugs are shaped like mud-turtles. The bug is distributed all over the United States except those lying along the Canadian border.

PLANTS THE BUGS ATTACK.—Beside cabbage plants, "calico bugs" attack kale, cauliflower, kohlrabi, Brussels sprouts, turnips, radishes, horseradish, mustard rape and like plants, and when these have been destroyed they move on to potatoes, tomatoes, beans, beets and egg plants. They are very destructive bugs and hard to get at. They do their injury by sucking the sap. They cannot be controlled, like chewing insects, by the use of poison spray.

How to Control These Bugs

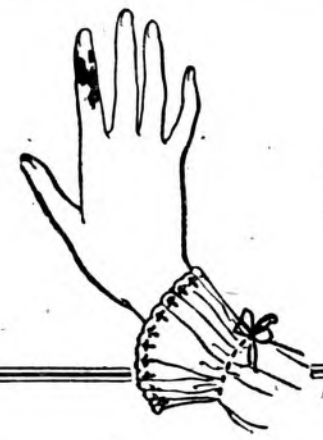
The best method of control is by the use of "trap" crops. These are planted early and attacked by the first or parent brood of bugs. The plants are then sprayed with kerosene, which kills both plant and bugs. Or they may be collected by hand. The first brood destroyed, of course the second never appears. Early horseradish always attracts these bugs. From these plants the bugs should be picked off and destroyed. Another method is to go over the field with a hand torch. A skilled worker can kill the bugs with the torch without doing injury to the plants as an instant's contact is sufficient.

Persons who have trouble with this pest should write the U. S. Dept. of Agriculture for Farmer's Bulletin No. 1061 on "Cabbage Bug Control."

Keep Planting and Cultivating

If you have a limited garden space, keep it busy. As fast as one crop is harvested plant something else that will mature before frost

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



A mere touch will end it—

So with corns

A spot on your hand is ended with a touch of soap. You don't cover it and keep it.

A touch of Blue-jay ends a corn, as easily and surely. Then why pare and coddle corns, and let them stay for years?

Millions of people nowadays end all corns in this way:

They drop on liquid Blue-jay or apply a Blue-jay plaster.

The ache stops. The toe from that moment is comfortable. And shortly tne entire corn loosens and comes out.

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It means to those who know it a lifetime without corns.

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Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender

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Kirstin One-Man Stump Puller

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Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

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Say "Bayer"—Insist!

BAYER

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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

About Yarding Fowls

IT is difficult to make farm people understand that fowls are better off kept in yards; in fact, that they must be so restrained if the highest egg records are to be reached. In way back times, it was considered a detriment to yard fowls, but for some years past professional poultry keepers have yarded their fowls, because they found it was the only way to reach the top notch. Even now, the general farmers cling to the free range idea, and I am convinced that it is not purely because they consider it necessary, but it saves feed and other bother. It has been estimated that a flock of common hens, such as are seen on the average farm, lay in a year less than a hundred eggs each. The figures are eighty to ninety. Farmers who have become breeders, and who thus give the hen decidedly more consideration, and still adhere to the free range system, have increased this yield to one hundred and fifty and better. Breeders who are following the strictly up-to-date methods and have yarded their layers, have obtained an average of one hundred and seventy-five eggs, and some have even reached the two hundred mark.

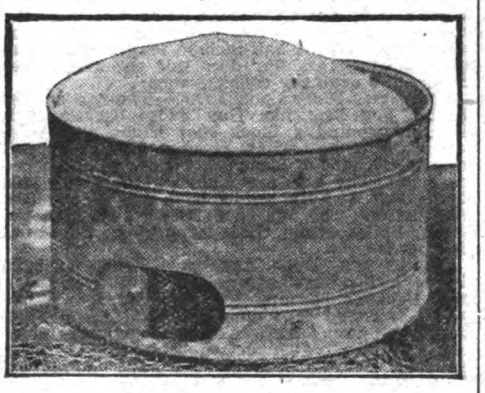
Please note that I say fowls or hens, and I do not mean this to include growing chicks. The line must be distinctly drawn between the two. The range cannot be too extended for growing stock. What we strive for in growing stock is frame, on which later we intend to put flesh. This frame can only be built by food, and plenty of it, converted into bone and muscle by exercise. After the chick has made the frame, we can safely yard her and put on the flesh, and thus convert her into a money-earning machine.

The advantages gained by yarding stock are manifold. First of all, by confining stock to a certain space, we are sure they eat the food provided, and in the quantity we mean them to have. Feeding layers to produce eggs is becoming every year a more delicate operation. Formula after formula is tried by different breeders as an experiment, with the hope of increasing the egg yield. If we can force each hen to lay ten eggs a year more, it means a considerable increase in the total of the flock, and a better return in dollars and cents to the breeder. Yarding stock is a means to this end. The food fed is converted, as we mean it to be, into eggs, and not into muscle. It is decidedly more troublesome to care for stock in this way, and necessitates more labor and expense, but we are looking for the increase all the time, and are thus continually hoping to be compensated for the extra trouble.

Fowls in yards must be supplied with everything they require, which means all they would naturally seek when running at large. This includes, besides the grain we feed by formula, green food, meat, a scratching place, and dusting spot, and grit and water. Of all these I consider green food the most necessary, and the one thing to be impressed upon the mind, because it is the one thing too often forgotten. The ideal yarding of fowls is what is called double yarding—that is, a house in the middle and a yard on each side. These yards can be sown with rye or oats, and alternated so that the fowls will have a constant green run as long as the rye or oats will grow, which is until frost. Failing the double yard system, green food may be supplied by lawn clippings, whole cabbage, mangel-wurzels, turnips, or any vegetable.

Meat can be fed in a variety of ways. Turning up the ground of the yards with a cultivator, or by shallow plowing, will bring the worms and bugs within reach, or sheep heads cut open and fed raw can be thrown in, and this is an ideal meat feed. Ground beef scraps softened may be mixed in mash—and last, and probably the best—cut green bone.

Yarded fowls need exercise. It must not be understood that because they are confined they do not get exercise, or as much as if let run at large. The yards should be at least one hundred and fifty feet long, if they are the width of the average coop, which is ten by twelve feet.



THIS IS A METAL FIRELESS BROODER BUT IT SHOWS VERY PLAINLY HOW TO CONVERT A BUTTER TUB INTO A COZY SLEEPING PLACE FOR BABY CHICKS.

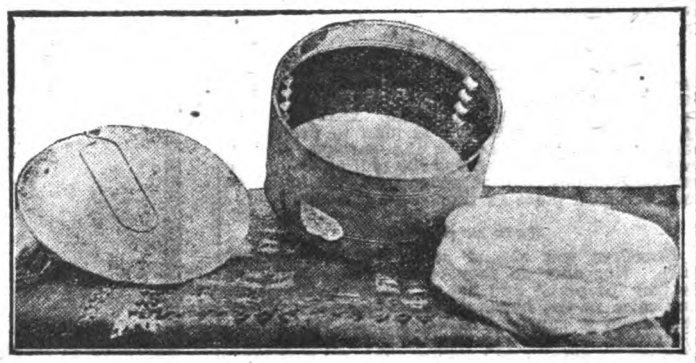
Some breeds are decidedly more active by nature than others; for instance, the Leghorns as compared with the Cochins or Brahmas. This does not affect the health of the birds particularly. A Leghorn is no healthier because of her activity than a Cochin is. It is simply the difference in their natures, but because of this excess of activity of one breed over another, the one must have more room than the other. The Leghorn stands the confinement of a coop ten by twelve feet in winter, provided she can be kept actively hunting for her food; but the same bird would mope and become out of condition if confined too long in an exhibition coop in a show-room. On the other hand, the Cochin, being of a lazier nature, forages slowly, and wanders quietly over her yard, takes things easy in her winter coop, and stands the confinement of the exhibition coop excellently.

The foraging nature of any breed can be killed by excessive feeding. Even birds with free range, if overfed at special meal hours, will take but limited exercise, exactly as those treated the same and yarded. Exercise is induced by short feeding. In other words, no laying strain should be fed all they can eat except at night. Hunger induces exercise, whether a fowl be let run or yarded. Therefore, fowls fed short and induced to run for more, will lay eggs, while those overfed, in the morning especially, will sit around moping in the sun, and convert the food into flesh instead of eggs.

Another advantage of yarding fowls is the certainty of finding all the eggs laid during the day, and then being able to guarantee them as strictly fresh. This is a point of great importance, and constitutes the difference between eggs produced by an up-to-date breeder with yarded fowls, and those sold by the "honest" farmer who collects them every day, and cannot swear that they were laid today—not two weeks ago.

It is strange that few people except the real poultry farmers realize that July is one of the most important months in the year. The desire to have eggs in zero weather invariably compels good attention to hens in the winter. Baby chicks arouse interest in the spring, but as the weather gets warmer, eggs are plentiful, and the pretty fluffy babies, developed into long, lanky creatures, seem nothing but a nuisance specially ordained to destroy the garden, so the poor things are shut up in small quarters, and woefully neglected. During the fall and winter I am repeatedly asked how to make pullets and hens lay, but I can rarely suggest a remedy, because nine times out of ten it is the result of blunders made the preceding summer.

If poultry is to be profitable, the old and young stock must have been kept apart, because it is impossible to feed correctly when they are all together. Young birds need plenty of nutritious food to push them along quickly, and laying hens must be put on special rations to bring about early moulting, which is the foundation of a good supply of winter eggs.



THE PILLOW IS MUCH BETTER THAN LEAVING THE COTTON AND EXCELSIOR LOOSE. NOTE CLEATS FOR FRAME TO REST ON.

Moulting

About July 5th commence to cut down the feed gradually, until at the end of two weeks forty hens are having a pint of oats and a pint of wheat mixed, night and morning. Scatter it amongst cut straw or some litter, so they will have to scratch for every grain. The first of August, commence to increase the rations, and keep it up for a week, so that by the fifteenth they are getting two quarts of mash in the morning, a quart of meat scraps and a pint of cracked corn at noon—and wheat and oats or barley at night. Give them just about all they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. The morning mash should be composed of two parts ground feed (corn or oats), one part white middlings and one part oilmeal mixed with scalding milk or water. The semi-starvation followed by the heavy feed forces the moulting season and allows plenty of time to get in condition before October, when their rations should be made up of the essentials for egg production, which are clover hay, bran, wheat, corn and animal food.

You see, it takes about three months for hens to get rid of their old feathers and put on a new coat, and if the process is not forced in some way, they will not commence before August, which would make it October before they finished. Of course, that would be time enough if it happened to be a warm, late fall, but if cold weather sets in, as it often does in November, hens would not lay before spring, as moulting leaves them in more or less of a debilitated condition.

Lots of people make the mistake of selling off hens as soon as they cease laying at this season, which means that they are usually parting with the birds that would make the real winter layers. Hens that lay through the summer and do not cease until the fall will be idle and unprofitable in the winter. It is the general disregard of the moulting period which causes so many failures in the winter supply of eggs. The rule should be to sell off all the hens that have been laying steadily through the summer and commenced to shed feathers in September. Growing feathers is a trying ordeal, and the consequence is that when the hen begins to moult she ceases to lay, for she cannot produce eggs and feathers at the same time.

Feathers are largely composed of nitrogen and mineral matter. That is why the food at moulting time has to be so very nutritious. To feed nothing but corn at such a time is simply waste, as the hen cannot produce new feathers on such a diet. If she is on free range she would have a better chance of gathering the necessary material, but, even then, if the feathering process is delayed too long, the hen becomes exhausted, and is susceptible to cold and all sorts of diseases. This is the real reason why roup and swelled heads are so prevalent in the fall.

Young birds hatched out in April or thereabouts, usually commence to lay in November, because they have not been subject to the drain upon the constitution caused by moulting. But chickens that have been hatched in February or early March are very liable to moult in the late fall, just when they should be commencing to lay. For this reason it is well to market all the first-hatched chickens, and hold over those hatched late in March or through April, to increase the laying flock.

Cull all young stock down closely. Don't keep a lot of young cockerels to eat up all the profits. Even pullets which are at all backward should be marketed, for they won't develop after cold weather sets in, and it does not pay to keep them for summer layers. Most of the failures made in the poultry business are due to people not having the courage to clean out unproductive birds. Just calculate how many quarts of feed ten growing birds will eat in seven months, and I think you will be convinced that it is unfair to expect the flock to support them and still show a profit. The trouble is that people don't realize that young stock stands still as soon as cold weather starts, remaining almost stationary until spring. Another evil of keeping undeveloped stock is that they occupy house room and crowd the older birds.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

C. G.—I think you will have better success another year if you will feed the regular commercial chick food, which is a mixture of cracked grains and small seeds. Give it to them four or five times a day for the first two weeks; then keep a self-feeding hopper always before them, filled with what is known as developing mash, and give the chick food as an extra night and morning. If you have any special difficulty in getting these specially made-up foods, prepare them yourself. Take equal quantities of cracked corn, wheat and hulled oats. Crack them much finer than ordinary cracked corn, and then pass them through a sieve which will allow nothing larger than mustard seed to pass through the mesh. Crack charcoal, and sieve in the same way, then add white mustard seed and golden millet. For the dry mash to be used in the hopper, mix equal quantities of any good grade of stock or horse feed bran, and half the quantity of bone or beef meal for the first month, after which you can increase the bone or beef until you are giving an equal quantity. If the chicks have a warm brooder to run into, they can be out from the first day if the weather is not too cold, but they should have a brooder which registers ninety degrees the first week, eighty the second, and from then on until they are a month old, seventy-five. Later in the spring the temperature under the hover need not be so high after the first week.

D. M. P.—The first requisite is a box two feet square and seven inches deep, with a lid at least five inches deep. Or if you can get two strong boxes the same size, which are six or seven inches deep, take off the lids, and use one of the bottoms for a lid. Personally, I prefer to use a lard or butter tub. Put two hinges at the back, and a hook and eye in front. Cut a hole three inches square in the center of the front, for the chickens to run in and out of. At both ends of the lid, or top box, make half-inch holes three inches apart and an inch from the top. This completes the outside of the brooder. Put cleats in each corner of the top and bottom boxes, two inches from the top. Then make a frame to fit inside the box and rest upon the cleats; cover it with burlap. At first, put the frame onto the cleats in the lower part of the brooder, with the fringed material hanging down, to make a comfortable covering for the chicks. After the babies are about two weeks old, the frame must be put onto the frame in the top part of the box, which will lift the material about three inches from the floor of the brooder. At first, when the screen is in the lower half of the brooder, fold a piece of cotton-batting and fit carefully over it, filling in the entire space to the edge of the box. In the top half put a layer of excelsior about an inch and a half deep, then fill in with cotton-batting to the edge. The burlap on the frame being porous, and the cotton batting ditto, allows a perfect system of ventilation from the front opening to the top part of the brooder. Of course, when the frame is moved to the top part of the brooder, some of the cotton-batting has to be removed, but by that time the chicks have grown considerably, and furnish a great deal more animal heat than they did at first. As I have received three other requests for making fireless brooders, I am republishing pictures which show construction. After the babies are about four weeks old, it is well to take out the frame with the fringed woolen material attached, and use another frame covered with burlap, which is to keep the cotton-batting in place.

H. W.—I think the roosters must have rheumatism. Is the chicken house damp? Look for cracks and poor drainage. Perhaps the house is too close when shut up at night. The poultry house must be well ventilated. Fresh air never hurts birds, it is only damp and draughts that are dangerous. Better take out a window and cover the opening with muslin. If any more birds are attacked, rub the feet and shanks with equal parts of oil and turpentine well mixed. Want of vegetable food during the winter is apt to cause rheumatism.

J. M. W.—Please read answer to C. G. in this issue.

That Bad Headache

By H. M. Smith, M. D.

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NINE tenths of the headaches that we all suffer from once in a while come from some derangement of the stomach, for headache is not a disease in itself but only a symptom, a sort of cry for help from certain parts of the body that need attention. So do not fly for headache powders or tablets, most of which contain some of the coal-tar preparations that are so injurious to the heart, and which should only be taken under a physician's orders; but try to get at the real source of the trouble.

If you wake with a dull headache every morning that either wears off or gets worse late in the day, you can be certain that there is either something wrong with your digestion or that your liver is sluggish. Take, on arising, a glass of vichy with the juice of an orange squeezed in it, or, if more convenient, a cup of very hot water with the juice of half a lemon. Then half an hour afterward take a cup of black coffee—coffee without milk or sugar. Very often this will entirely cure the pain while if you diluted it with milk and sugar it would have little effect. Then eat a light breakfast, a soft-boiled egg with perhaps a slice of toast or some whole-wheat bread, some cereal and milk will be enough. Be careful of your diet throughout the day and at night take a dose of castor oil and you should wake up without a trace of headache the next morning.

If you have a regular sick headache accompanied with nausea, the best remedy is hot salt water. Put half a teaspoonful of salt in a glass of warm water and drink as many glasses of this as is necessary to act as a thorough emetic. Then lie down for an hour in a quiet, well-ventilated room with a cloth wet with witch-hazel across the eyes. At the end of that time if the headache is not greatly relieved, take a high enema of a quart of warm water with a tablespoonful of salt in it. Then lie down again and after a little while take a cup of black coffee or a cup of tea if you prefer it, but don't take any solid food until you feel entirely well again. Such headaches can be kept away by a careful diet of plenty of fruit and green vegetables, meat only once a day and not much of that and plenty of water to drink, cutting out rich cake, pastry and much candy for a while. Often foods containing bran, bran bread or muffins or cereal or two tablespoonfuls of sterilized bran once a day will help wonderfully in keeping away headaches.

Sometimes the headache comes from an entirely different cause, which is lack of nourishment. Perhaps you have been working long past your usual lunch or dinner hour and begin to feel as if you never wanted any more food. You have a pain in the back of your neck and perhaps across the top of your head as well. What you need is light, nourishing food and a little rest. Take a cup of hot tea or coffee and some easily digested food and you will certainly feel better. If the pain in the back of the neck continues, lean your head back in an easy-chair and put a hot water bag under the head at the back of the neck. If you are where it is impossible to do this, rub it with a strong pencil.



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Don't miss this chance to cut your tire cost in two and get a standard make *Spark Plug FREE*. We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and *Your Money Back* if you don't like them. They can readily be guaranteed for 5000 miles. So sure are we you will like these tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not sewed together tires known as the double-tread and reconstructed tires.

SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$6.45	$1.75	32x4½	12.25	2.70
30x3½	7.25	1.95	33x4½	12.50	2.85
32x3½	8.75	2.15	34x4½	12.90	3.00
31x4	9.45	2.25	35x4½	13.25	3.15
32x4	9.90	2.40	36x4½	13.90	3.40
33x4	11.25	2.50	35x5	14.90	3.50
34x4	11.90	2.60	37x5	16.90	3.75

Remember a standard make *Spark Plug Free* with order. When cash is sent with order 5% discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied return goods at our expense. Specify S. S., clincher, non-skid, plain, and *size Spark Plug* wanted.

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Good Tires Cheap

6,000 MILES GUARANTEED

Serviceable tires are reconstructed in our factory by our own dependable process and guaranteed for 6,000 miles. Unequalled in price, quality and workmanship.

RELINER FREE WITH EACH TIRE

SIZE	TIRES	TUBES	SIZE	TIRES	TUBES
30x3	5.40	1.50	34x4	8.65	2.50
30x3½	6.40	1.65	34x4½	9.90	2.90
31x3½	6.65	1.75	35x4½	10.90	3.05
32x3½	6.90	1.90	36x4½	11.40	3.30
31x4	7.90	2.15	35x5	12.40	3.40
32x4	8.15	2.30	36x5	12.60	3.55
33x4	8.40	2.40	37x5	12.65	3.65

Tubes Guaranteed Fresh Stock In ordering state whether S. S., Clincher, plain or non-skid. Take 5 per cent discount from above prices for cash with order, or send $2 deposit on each tire and $1 on each tube, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped immediately subject to examination. ORDER TODAY.

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Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Air Cooling

IN a previous issue it was explained that due to the intense heat generated by the expanded gases in the cylinders, it was necessary to provide means for cooling the cylinder walls, otherwise they would become red hot. There are two mediums used on present-day cars for the cooling of the engine: water and air. The former is often referred to as the indirect method and the latter as the direct method. This is due to the fact that the water which cools the cylinder walls must in turn be cooled by air. There appears to be a general opinion, which is hard to dispel, that an air-cooled motor is satisfactory in cold climates but inefficient in hot climates. Much to the contrary, an air-cooled motor may succeed in hot climates where a water-cooled engine will fail. We might go on to great length and present arguments for the air-cooled motor but, since our intent is to describe the method, we will adhere strictly to the subject.

To obtain the best results from air cooling, the cylinder must present the largest surface possible to the air current. This is accomplished in several ways. Nearly everyone who was interested in automobiles eight or ten years ago will recall the engines which appeared on the market with cylinders having an outward appearance of a porcupine. We refer to the pins which were screwed into the cylinder. The principle involved was that the heat would run to the pins and be carried off by the current of air. The cylinders of other air-cooled engines had flanges, some running around the circumference while others ran lengthwise of the cylinder walls. From the above it will be clear that the idea was to present as large a surface as possible to the current of air. As might be expected, the air was forced by a fan to the exposed surfaces. Some used a large fan in front of the motor while others made use of the flywheel by placing the flywheel spokes at an angle and thereby forming a fan.

The latest development in air cooling harnesses the air current in such a manner as to compel it to come into contact with the hot cylinder walls. One of the best known air-cooled cars on the market at the present time employs this system. On this particular motor, each cylinder is provided with fifty-two steel flanges which extend almost for the entire length of the cylinder wall. Surrounding these flanges on each cylinder is an aluminum sleeve. A sheet-metal deck connects with the aluminum sleeves in such a manner as to form two compartments under the hood which are approximately air tight. The fan is formed in the flywheel, and the action is as follows: Since the two compartments are approximately air tight, the suction created by the flywheel draws the air through the opening cut in the front of the hood, down through the aluminum jackets around the cylinders and in direct contact with the cylinder flanges. The air is then carried through the flywheel and expelled into the atmosphere. Due to the fact that the hood plays an important part in making the two chambers air tight, it will be understood that when the hood is raised the suction created by the flywheel will cease to exist. For this reason, the engine should not be run for more than a few minutes at a time with the hood raised.

The Country School

"OVER 6,000 FAIL TO PASS EXAMINATIONS—Many Rural School Children of 13 Counties Fail in Eighth Grade Examinations," is the startling announcement appearing in an edition of a daily newspaper published in a city of middle Michigan. Mr. W. W. McLain, commissioner of Jackson county schools, has the following to say on the subject:

"The rural schools fell 22 per cent below the cities and villages in the number of their eighth grade promotions. This means that over 6,000 rural boys and girls failed to finish the eighth grade, while they would have accomplished this if they had had the advantages of a good village or city school. How many more thousands of pupils below the eighth grade suffered in like manner?"

Quite frequently the average country school is referred to as the "five and ten cent store of learning." This title is applied for the reason that the pupil gets a little of everything under one cover and not a thorough training in any one thing. First, it cannot be denied that teachers are underpaid. The cities offer the biggest inducement as regards living conditions and salaries, and, therefore, the teachers attracted to the country are usually beginners who go there for the experience or those who could not make good in the cities. In other words, the average teacher of the country school cannot be considered on the same level as the average teacher of the city school. There are a few excellent teachers to be found in the country schools but usually they cannot get results for reasons we will outline below. Consider the school building. It usually consists of a single room and all classes from the first to the graduating meet there. The teacher must hear all these classes in their turn and, therefore, the recitations must be brief. Another disadvantage under which a country school pupil must labor is that he must study in the same room where recitations are being held. In but few words, the school work of the average school pupil is dull and uninteresting and he must be exceptionally bright to make satisfactory progress.

The consolidated country school, made possible by truck and passenger car, looms up as the solution of the problem to bring about better conditions. The consolidated country school is not merely a dream. It is in force in different sections of the country. It gives the country pupil the same advantages enjoyed by the city folks. The school has separate rooms for the different grades, sanitation is good, the classes larger and the teachers are specialists. Usually where the consolidated school plan is in vogue, a fast truck is purchased and equipped with a bus body. Someone can be hired to drive the truck and pick up the pupils along the route. Many farmers own passenger cars and trucks and would be only too glad to drive their children to the school, realizing that their children will receive an education equivalent to that obtained in the cities. A plan of this kind is well worth consideration and development in country districts as it makes the consolidated school a community center, places the country boy on the same footing as regards education with the city boy and creates a better spirit as more people become acquainted, permitting an exchange of ideas and compelling the spirit of cooperation to be felt.

Questions Answered

MRS. V. S., Cambridge, Md.—A safety fuse is nothing more or less than a strip of lead wire placed in the electrical circuit for the protection of the wiring, instruments, etc. The circuit is constructed for the passage of current of predetermined power and if for some reason this current should rise in power it would melt the lead strip. You will appreciate that this current would have injured other parts of the system had not the lead strip melted and thereby broken the electrical circuit. You should never substitute any other kind of wire for the fuse, and be certain to use fuse wire of the amperage recommended by the car manufacturer. Should you replace a fuse and it should burn out shortly after installation, the wiring of the car should be carefully examined for worn insulation, grounded wires, etc.

MRS. E. G., Bonners Ferry, Idaho.—The writer has never heard of anyone peening a finished piston to cure piston slap. It may be that some one has found a method which is successful but the writer has always recommended oversized pistons or regrinding as the cure for piston slapping. Due to the number of years which your car has been in service, believe it would be advisable to determine the condition of the cylinder bores. It may be just possible that the bores have worn oval shape, and if such is the case the use of oversized pistons would afford no relief from the present trouble. The remedy would be to have the cylinders reground and oversize pistons properly fitted. Regarding the sketch, would advise that the condition you have portrayed could cause loss of compression. The rings must fit the piston grooves, otherwise the compression will work by.

MRS. A. K., Salem, Ore.—The steam engine for automobile use affords silent operation, power, speed and perfect control of the car without jerky action. These qualities have made it a favorite with many. However, this engine has its objection which, in the writer's estimation, makes it inferior to the gas engine. The source of power is the boiler. To generate steam, there must be a fire. If the fire is allowed to go out, there is a period of waiting while steam is being generated before the car can be used. When the gasoline motor is stopped, the expense and care ceases, so to speak. The car can stand for hours or days and all that is needed is the turning of the motor with the ignition switched on to bring it to life ready for action. If it were not for a few objections, both the steam and electric power plants would prove more ideal for automobile use. There can be no doubting that the steam automobile is a success for those who desire this type of car. The writer is of the opinion that the Stanley Motor Carriage Co., Newton, Mass., manufacture a steam car.

MRS. R. R., Manton, Mich.—We could write a chapter on battery construction, care, etc. If your battery has a leaky cell, you will require a new jar. We would assume from your letter that you have had no experience in battery repairing and, if such is the case, would strongly recommend that you accept our advice and have the work done by someone who specializes in this class of work. There are several books published relative to electrical equipment and by purchasing a book of this nature you will be certain to find a portion of it allotted to storage batteries.

Where Children Are Too Opulent

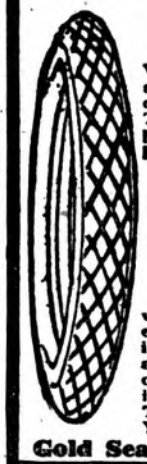
Washington's child labor problem is rather unusual—it is not a problem of underpaid and poorly fed children toiling in factories, but of well-fed and over-paid boys and girls doing light work. They have plenty of money, and the problem is therefore to prevent them from spending it foolishly or in ways that will injure them.

To some extent the problem is not peculiar to Washington, for almost everywhere boys and girls are able to make more money than they have ever made before. But in Washington the jobs are for messenger service or light clerical work for the Government, and the young people do not realize how much they are getting for the work they do.

At the recommendation of a sub-committee for the children's year campaign, it is possible that a juvenile police force may be established to aid in the supervision of these boys and girls who are receiving pay that ordinarily men are glad to get.—*U. S. Dept. of Labor.*

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Tremendous Reduction in Price Saves You More Than 1/2



We have just purchased a carload of fresh rubber tires. These tires formerly sold for three times our prices and were guaranteed for 6000 miles. These high quality fresh rubber tires are not to be classed with seconds and double tread. There is only a limited number to be had at these prices.

No. Tires For Sale	SIZE	TIRE Prices	TUBE Prices	No. Tires For Sale	SIZE	TIRE Prices	TUBE Prices
130	30x3	$ 8.90	$2.35	96	33x4	$14.65	$3.60
114	30x3½	9.65	2.70	150	34x4	14.95	3.75
110	32x3½	11.85	2.85	32	34x4½	16.85	4.35
128	31x4	12.85	3.20	20	35x4½	17.75	4.45
92	32x4	13.25	3.35	8	35x5	18.75	5.45

Tubes Guaranteed Strictly New, Fresh Stock. Standard Makes

Send No Money—See Before You Buy

Simply write us today stating the number and size of Tires and Tubes wanted. We will ship Tires immediately Express C. O. D., with privilege of examination. You take no chances. If you are not entirely satisfied, after inspection that this is the greatest Tire bargain ever offered, return the tires to us at our own expense. Orders will be filled promptly each day as received, until our limited supply is exhausted—so order today and make sure of the big saving. You cannot appreciate the remarkable saving you are making on these Tires until you have seen them. We know you will be more than satisfied. You may take 5% discount if you send cash with order.

Gold Seal Tire Co., 3839 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois



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A written guarantee bond for 5,000 miles of satisfactory service is furnished with every order. We have perfected a simple way to manufacture these NN'ER ARMOR TIRES. Everybody knows that FULL VALUE that goes into any article manufactured is put in where THEY ARE MADE. When a tire passes from the factory to the jobber, and then through the dealer and there is a large overhead expense added for national advertising, the price is double or more than the actual value of the tire. The middlemen do not add one red cent's worth of value to any tire. All they add is profits and expense.

NN'ER ARMOR TIRES are Puncture Proof, prevent blowouts and are powerfully built for rough usage, and best of all, they are sold direct to you. Not through dealers.

NN'ER ARMOR TIRES give you your money's worth in the largest sense of the word. You cannot find another tire that possesses all these features at the prices listed below. Don't deprive yourself of the economy and safety gained by the use of NN'ER ARMOR TIRES. Over a hundred thousand satisfied users. Order a complete set today.

Size	Armor Tire	Heavy Tube	Size	Armor Tire	Heavy Tube
28x3	$3.75	$1.50	36x4	$7.00	$2.10
30x3	4.00	1.50	33x4½	8.25	2.55
30x3½	4.50	1.55	34x4½	8.50	2.60
32x3½	4.75	1.60	35x4½	8.75	2.65
31x4	5.75	1.80	36x4½	9.00	2.70
32x4	6.00	1.85	37x4½	9.25	2.75
33x4	6.25	1.90	34x5	10.25	3.10
34x4	6.50	1.95	35x5	10.50	3.15
35x4	6.75	2.00	37x5	10.50	3.25

We pay all express charges when complete remittance accompanies order. We recommend that you remit in full thereby saving the express charges and the C. O. D. return charges. With your order for NN'ER ARMOR TIRES we will furnish our exclusive agency proposition which will give you an opportunity of establishing a profitable business in your territory.

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FREE Puncture Proof Tube
6,000 Miles Guaranteed



For a limited time only we are offering absolutely free a puncture proof tube guaranteed 6,000 miles, with every purchase of one of our famous Reliable Double Tread Tires which are guaranteed 5,000 miles and often give 8,000 to 10,000.

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28 x 3	$6.85	34 x 4	$11.35
30 x 3	$7.25	34 x 4½	$13.00
30 x 3½	$8.35	35 x 4½	$13.25
32 x 3½	$8.95	36 x 4½	$13.75
31 x 4	$10.20	35 x 5	$14.50
32x4	$10.55	36 x 5	$14.75
33 x 4	$11.00	37 x 5	$14.90

Free Reliner With Each Tire

In ordering be sure to state size wanted, also whether s. s. clincher, plain or non-skid. Send $2.00 deposit on each tire, balance C. O. D. subject to examination; 5 per cent discount if you send full amount with order. Rush your order today.

RELIABLE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
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Tires STANDARD MAKES -at reduced prices

These tires are virtually new—not rebuilt—only slightly used on demonstration cars. Customers get up to 8,000 miles service. Each tire includes free puncture-proof liner, reusable in different casings.

PUNCTURE PROOF LINER FREE

5,000 MILE GUARANTEE
Your money back if not satisfied. Note these prices:

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
30x3	$7.00	$2.20	34x4	$12.40	$3.60
30x3½	9.80	2.45	34x4½	13.00	4.40
32x3½	9.25	2.65	35x4½	13.75	4.50
31x4	10.00	3.15	36x4½	14.75	4.90
32x4	10.75	3.40	35x5	14.90	4.70
33x4	11.60	3.50	37x5	15.90	4.75

Actual Saving of 33% to 50%

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Examine them at our risk. Soft, **black** glove-fitting kid. Velvety cushion inner sole. Good flexible leather soles. All sizes. Don't send a penny. Just fill out and mail coupon. They come prepaid to your home. Pay our unusually low price on arrival.

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Try them on in your own home—then decide if you want to keep them. If not delighted with quality, fit and style of these Comfort Shoes, send them back at our expense. Fill in all blanks and mail the coupon now. Be sure to state size and write plainly.



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Send prepaid pair of **Nurses' Comfort Shoes.** I will pay amount checked below on arrival. My money back if I want it.

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Solve This Puzzle. Win Fine Prize

9	23	1	14	20	
20	15	23	9	14	

The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell four words. What are the words?



To Men, Women, Boys and Girls

All can share in these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address. Besides the Auto I am going to give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc. and cash prizes. Send your answer. Win the Auto.
Duane W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 30, Chicago

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.

Benjamin N. Bogue, 1617. Bogue Building, Indianapolis



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

JUNE hasn't the monopoly on "perfect days" that is generally accredited to it and there are many perfect days in the life of the average young girl, such as write to me, but investigation reveals the fact that this is made possible by Mother. Now girls, don't you think it is time you gave her a few good days? She works much harder than you realize, so why not give her a vacation? A week or two, if possible, but if that is out of the question try doing the work for a day or two each week and giving her a chance to visit or just rest. Suggest it to her and see how pleased she will be. Then write and tell me all about it. Now that I've gotten that off my mind, I'll answer some S. O. S. calls. The first is from

W. W., Utah.—Why be so wasteful of your hair as to give it away to a boy even if he gives you a lock of his in return? When you are older and your hair is so thin that you have to shingle the bald places with what is left, you'll wish you had it back again. Of course if he could wear it, it would be a different proposition, but scalp locks went out of fashion years ago and were never very popular anyway except among the Indians. People nowadays aren't as sentimental as they used to be. (2) You must be a very kind-hearted girl. First you want to give your hair away and then you say you go to dances alone but always go home with a boy. I hope you are kind and considerate of him. In my days the boys used to call for a girl and take her to a dance and then take her home, and if a girl wasn't good enough for a boy to *take* to a dance she didn't let him take her home. How times have changed!

E. P., North Carolina.—Wait at least three years before getting married. Would I be insulted if a boy brought me several eggs at Easter? Would I? I should say not! I'd throw my arms around him in joy—first removing the eggs to a place of safety—and invite him to come again. Eggs cost a lot of money nowadays. Didn't you know that eggs and Easter just naturally belong together just the same as Fourth of July and firecrackers or corn beef and cabbage?

A. J., Wisconsin.—"Is a girl of sixteen allowed to kiss a boy when he is taking her home?" If he objects and begs her not to, it would be very unladylike for her to insist and kiss him by force and I hope none of my girls would be so rude. Neither should girls of sixteen, or even older, let boys kiss them. (2) If you don't like a certain boy and don't like to dance with him you have a perfect right to refuse. After several refusals he will begin to understand that maybe you don't care to dance with him and will stop asking you.

N. L. T., Okla.—Do I think if a man really loves a girl he will get angry or peeved at her? That depends upon how aggravating she has been. What have you been doing now? If you were wrong, be a good sport and admit it, and if he is of the right sort he will forgive you and forget it and you'll be happy ever after. Sounds good, doesn't it?

MARY, Mabe, Va.—Don't become despondent, Mary, just because you have never yet seen a man you could love. Sixteen isn't such an advanced age and your eyesight should be keen for some years to come. What's to prevent you taking a "complete course in music" and marrying later? Music and matrimony are good mixers, particularly if the course in music is supplemented by a course in cooking and housekeeping. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but so have good biscuit and pies and roast beef.

LAURIS, Ore.—Shake hands with your right hand, even if you are left handed. (2) "In your teens" might mean thirteen or nineteen and is too indefinite for me to answer your questions. (3) Ask Katherine Booth about the freckles and sallow skin.

DOROTHY AND MARGARET, Oregon.—Little girls of fourteen shouldn't go to dances, even with nice boys.

ARKANSAS BLONDE, Ark.—If you marry a young man who has a mother and six young brothers and sisters to support and agree to keep your marriage a secret until he is able to care for you, you'll have to be able to keep a secret longer than the average girl can. Don't do it. Why not find a good husband for mother and then your sweetheart would be free to marry you? Isn't that a clever idea? That's all right, I don't want any money for it.

ROSALIE, California.—Rest and quiet and good food are what you need, not forgetting plenty of sleep. Girls of sixteen shouldn't be troubled with "nerves." If your summer vacation doesn't make you feel better, have your mother take you to a good physician.

TWO MOUNTAINEERS FROM ARK.—The proper way for a young man to meet a girl is to ask some mutual friend to introduce him. That shows more respect for her than picking her up. (2) Your mother is right, as mothers have a habit of being. (3) If there was something in the second letter that required an answer it was perfectly proper to write again. There is a chance that he meant it only as a polite acknowledgment of the snapshots. Don't be too eager to write, unless he is more eager.

TED, Okla.—The only way I know for a nice girl to turn a young man against a girl who isn't nice is to refuse to be friendly with him until he gives up the other girl. If he loved you very dearly, as you wish him to, he wouldn't pay her any attentions at all, or, at least, he shouldn't.

MOLLY, Ky.—As I have said many times before, girls of fourteen shouldn't go to dances. Never mind what other girls tell you, your mother knows best. This applies to your chum and all other girls.

DOROTHY, Iowa.—You say you are in love with a rich widower of 45 who has three children but that your parents object to him, and further state that "he is a nice looking man *for his age.*" That's just the trouble, his age. No girl of "about sixteen," which probably means fifteen years and three months, should marry at all and certainly not a man so many years her senior. Tell your chum to keep right on being bashful if it keeps her from letting the boys kiss her.

H. and R., Idaho.—Just listen to this! "How would you answer a question that requires an immediate answer which you are not sure of?" I'll give up. How would you? (2) A bride's trousseau consists of her personal effects, such as dresses, hats, underwear and jewelry. Don't be too extravagant.

SCHOOLGIRL, Ga.—Aren't you the inquisitive thing? My address *is* in the paper—Cousin Marion, Care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. And I'm a woman, not a man as you seem to think. How could you doubt me so? I don't know what you mean by "subscribe yourself," but suppose you mean "describe." Never! If I did you'd be so jealous of my beauty that you'd never write to me again and then I'd feel just terribly. When little girls of twelve write me about their many sweethearts it affords me a good laugh and I like to laugh for I'm rather a jolly old maid—perhaps that's why I'm jolly.

P. S. I forgot to say that if you find you need any help in the housekeeping or cooking problem I'd be glad to come to the rescue. I can cook better than I can give advice.

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Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye or stain. Cures dandruff in 2 applications, stops falling hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. Pay nothing if it fails. Write Hygienic Laboratories, 3334-3338 West 38th Street, Dept. 653, Chicago, for free book and positive proof.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

COUNTRIE GREENIE, Little Orleans, Md.—On a trip on an excursion steamer you should be dressed simply—in a "vacation" way and with no attempt at anything "dressy" or elaborate. From the outfit you list, we would choose either the tan linen suit or the white skirt and a suitable white blouse. Your hat should be simple and close fitting—and if not of this nature it should be preferably removed, as the breezes of the bay will make any large hat a difficult fixture. You should take some sort of a wrap, and a silk or wool sweater would be suitable for this. (2) If you are visiting in a home near this park, it would be quite correct for you to go there without a hat during summer evenings. There was nothing incorrect in your costume of last summer which you mention, and it was well for you to have a wrap along with you for the later cool night air.

CURLS, Va.—The proper phrase would be: "A few are there, but there are not many." (2) Yes; when you are talking with two persons it is necessary that you should look at them both—if your remarks are addressed to both. When you are saying something to only one of your trio, it is a different matter.

C. M. N., Rockland, Me.—In reply to this young man who introduced himself to you at the dance, you could say, "I am Miss Blank," and then if you have any friends that know him you can talk about these things—or about the dance. But it is much better to have somebody present a young man to you, than that he should introduce himself—and the young man should have tried to have had the introduction accomplished in this manner.

A COMFORT FRIEND, Salina, Pa.—It was best that you refused this young man as you did, and it would have been easy for you to thank him and say that you had come to the dance with your parents and they would look out for you on the way home. He could not consider an answer of this kind as discourteous or unpleasant, and it is the sensible and expected reply from a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl. Your letter was well written and expressed good common sense.

L. C., Hamilton, Tex.—Of course you must not promise to marry a man who is now married to a wife he says he does not love—no matter how much he cries over the situation. Suppose you were married to him and he went crying to another girl and said he did not love you? This is not our idea of an "honest Christian man." Do not let him kiss you or tell you any more of his troubles. If he obtains the divorce he talks about, you may then let him come to you with his offers—and if you take our advice you will refuse them. (2) A man of 34 is not too old to marry a girl of 22. The difference in ages is a very suitable one.

KIDO, Buckhorn, N. M.—A ring that is not an engagement circlet may be worn on any finger of either hand that the wearer chooses.

B. P., Judson, N. C.—Unless you are a mind reader, there would be no possible way except that of asking by which you could find out what qualities a particular man likes best in you, and which ones he thinks are lacking. And if you care very much about suiting him, we think you might give him a chance to tell you his opinion. (2) There is no "harmless" way of making some one jealous. It is a dangerous game which you should not play.

NOBODY'S DARLING, Scotts, Ark.—Some young men's idea of making a girl's acquaintance is to wink and smile at her. You should take absolutely no notice of any young man who uses these actions toward you.

M. L., Lenox, Fla.—You may receive the attentions of boys if your parents have no objections. Eighteen to twenty-two would be suitable ages for such boys as you might have for friends.

R. R. S., Green Forest, Ark.—It is best that a young man should use no perfume, but that he should observe strict cleanliness of person and dress.

S. and J. V., New Haven, Wyo.—When a boy escorts you home he should bring you to your door—where it is best that he should leave you. (2) The phrases you mention are vulgar slang.

G. G., Mt. Carmel, O.—We think that you are worrying without cause. Perhaps this widow does not want to "take away" the young man who loves you, and perhaps there are other girls who would like to do the same thing. But you say yourself that he "loves you with his whole heart" and pays no attention to this widow. So we think you should trust his love and not think he has deserted you and that your heart is breaking just because you have not had a letter from him for a whole week. (2) Twelve o'clock or even eleven is too late at night for a caller to stay. You ask too many questions for one month.

BRUNETTE, Dothan, Ala.—We certainly think you should give up the society of this friend whose wrong conduct you describe. Do not visit her. (2) If this divorced man bears a good character and was not to blame in the separation which took place, you may receive his letters if your parents know of the correspondence and are willing to permit it.

C. B. N., Carlton, Tex.—You should allow no boy to kiss and hug you—whether he is your cousin or not. You will only cheapen yourself in the eyes of the right sort of a man who may some day want to marry you.

BLUE-EYED WINNIE, Martin, Ga.—A sixteen-year old schoolgirl has no business being engaged, and so it should be an easy matter for you to get rid of this undesirable fiance who thinks he is going to marry you. Tell him that your parents do not approve of the match and of your marrying—or giving your promise to marry at this time. (2) Do as you please about boy number two—but do not get engaged again.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING, Scotts, Ark.—The "no kissing" rule before becoming engaged is the best one to follow, but there is no proper objection to your granting your fiance this sign of affection.

E. L. W., Augusta, Ga.—You have no cause for grievance in the matter you describe. While it might have been best for your friend to have called you over and made the introduction, she doubtless felt that as you were leaving in a few minutes by the arriving train it was not necessary or timely to make acquaintanceships. There was no slight intended, nor should you feel that one was meant on either side.

V. S., Hockerville, Okla.—A thirteen-year-old girl is little more than a child. You should be thinking of finishing your eighth grade and getting into high school, rather than asking foolish questions about boys.

IN DOUBT, Jasper, Ore.—It is possible that this young man feels that he is too young at twenty to marry—which we believe he is. And we think that you are young enough to afford to give him a little more time to make up his mind. Still, you might hint to him once in a while regarding his undefined intentions. If he objects to your going to any party with another escort, you might tell him that as he is not yet your fiance, you believe you have entire liberty to accept attentions from others until you are engaged to some particular man.

LOST FRIEND, Tennessee.—The only thing to think in a situation like yours is that young men are fickle fancied, and when they have once moved to another town they find it much easier to meet there a girl to their taste, rather than to keep up old sweethearts by mail—which is unsatisfactory lovemaking at best even when special delivery stamps are used. You are but seventeen and are wise in saying you know that you are too young for serious thought of marriage, so let this philandering young man go his way, remembering that his conduct shows he was not worth the friendship and fondness you wasted on him.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mr. Mat. Singer, Park Falls, Wis., would like information concerning the whereabouts of Charlie and John Singer, ages 57 and 59 years.

Mrs. Martha Jane Graham would like information of her son Robert Benjamin Graham, age 37 years, jet black hair, grey eyes, dark complexion—last heard of 16 years ago. Robert Graham was born in Bienville Parish, La.

Will any COMFORT readers knowing the whereabouts or any information of Gerald Baker, last heard of with the Kirkpatricks in Nebraska, kindly write to Alfred Baker, Thomas, Okla.

Mrs. Pearl Reedy, Enola, Ark., would like information of the relatives of James M. Barker. Mr. Barker left Illinois years ago.

Cora E. Beach, Cambridge Springs, Box 475, Pa., would like the present address of Jesse M. Cain last heard from at Dinuba, Calif., in March, 1915.

Mrs. Lucy Youngblood, Great Cacapon, W. Va., would be glad to receive any information of the whereabouts of her brother, Claude Vincent, who has been gone ten years.

Mrs. Arthur Corey, Portland, Box 91, N. Y., would like information concerning Mrs. Lottie Baugher last heard of 15 years ago in Connecticut.

Einer Nickelsen, Sedan, R. R. 1, Minn., would like information of Martin Jorgensen last heard from six years ago in Expanse, Sask., Canada.

Geo. V. L. Caster, Monongahela, R. R. 1, Pa., would like to hear from Andy M. Caster, last heard from in Somerset County, Pa., or any information about him.

Nancy Bechanan, Waldron, R. R. 1, Box 15, Ark., would like information concerning Jim Little and Tony Watson, last heard from at Ben Franklin, Texas.

Annie Harder, Sturgis, S. Dak., would like to hear news of Peter Harder, her father, last heard of in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Myrtle Robinson, Simpson, Ill., would appreciate any information regarding the address of Thomas and John Gilbert who were formerly residents of Kansas.

Miss Lima Hazel Hill, age 12 years of Sims, Ill., wishes to get into communcation with her sisters, Mary, Mildred and Irene Hill. Irene and Lima were sent to the Hudelson Home at Irvington, Ill., from which institution Irene was adopted by a lady with one daughter. Information of any kind of any of these three sisters will be gratefully received by Lima Hill.

ASTHMA

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AK FOR HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, INFLUENZA AND ALL PAIN—

Ask For A-K Tabs **TABLETS**



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Better Worm Medicine

SCIENTISTS have discovered recently that the tiny embryo worms of adult round worms of swine *(Ascaris suis)* when swallowed in feed by little pigs get into the blood stream from the intestines and are carried to the lungs where they may cause pneumonia or thumps. The latter disease was attributed wholly to over-feeding and lack of exercise, but now it seems that some cases may be due to the embryo worms. Many other ailments of little or growing pigs also are due to worms so that it is a matter of great importance to prevent worms getting into the stomach and to know what to administer if worms are known to be present. Prevention is accomplished by keeping pigs off old, contaminated pasture and away from wallows and drinking water used by old hogs which harbor worms. It also is necessary to keep all feeding and watering troughs clean and to keep pigs out of old hog yards.

A new method of administering worm medicine to hogs is to put the drugs into gelatine capsules to be given by means of a balling "gun." That plan of administration works fairly well, but we have heard of some losses of pigs from gangrene of wounds of the gullet caused by the nozzle of the gun. It is much better when medicine can be given in the feed to pigs and old hogs. If that cannot be done, some men have better luck in giving drugs in water as a drench than they have in adminstering capsules.

Here is a new combination of drugs for the destruction of worms in pigs and it may be given in a little slop: Withhold feed for 24 hours, then give each pig two and one half grains each of calomel and santonin, one dram of powdered areca nut and one half a dram of bicarbonate of soda in a little slop. That is the dose for a pig of 50 pounds. Increase or decrease the dose according to age and size of pig. Repeat the dose in 10 days. During the war santonin was so expensive that it could not be profitably administered in the large doses formerly prescribed; but the price has cheapened and the smaller dose suggested here will not prove too expensive.

LAME COW.—What was the matter with my cow? At first she was lame in the left hind leg and kept swallowing all the time. The next day she grew worse, the leg drawing up toward her head. She could not straighten it out, and suffering badly all the time. I finally killed her. She was a range cow and had run out on grass all winter and not been fed any hay. When I tried to feed her she would take a mouthful and spit it out as though it didn't taste good.
MRS. T. W.

A.—We suspect that the cow was attacked by a malignant disease, such as anthrax or hemorrhagic septicemia, which are incurable but preventable by vaccination. We should more suspect blackleg were the animal less than two years old. It would be well to consult the local graduate veterinarian about the matter, as it might be necessary to vaccinate remaining cattle.

THIN FILLY.—Please tell me how to fatten horses the quickest way. (2) I have a mare three years old that has had a bad cough for three months. She is quite thin but eats well. What can I do to get her into proper condition? L. P. L.

A.—Have the teeth attended to by a veterinarian. Then feed five times a day, allowing crushed oats, wheat bran, ear corn, carrots and good mixed clover and timothy hay. (2) Teething keeps the filly from thriving and it is possible that she is also infested with worms. Have the teeth put in order, then mix in her feed twice daily for a week two teaspoonfuls of a mixture of two parts of salt and one part each of dried sulphate of iron (powdered copperas) and flowers of sulphur, then stop for 10 days and then give the powders for another week. Worms often cause cough, but it is possible of course, that heaves is the cause.

INDIGESTION.—I have a mare eight years old. She eats heartily and is thin, and when rode or driven a short distance, she pants. What is the cause and what should I do for her? J. R.

A.—Clip the mare at once and also have her teeth put in order by a veterinarian. Feed crushed oats, and wheat bran, wet, and also carrots until grass is ready. Wet the hay, which should be sound and as free from dust as possible. Allow free access to rock salt.

THUMPS.—I have a bunch of shoats that seem to be affected with thumps in their sides. So far I have had none die and finally they get well and others take it. Never has been more than five or six to have it at one time. MRS. J. A. B.

A.—Worms are a probable cause of such symptoms. Thumps has been attributed wholly to overfeeding and lack of exercise, but it is now known that embryo worms in the lungs are at least a contributory cause. Starve the pigs for 24 hours and then give for every 50 pounds of body weight two and one half grains each of calomel and santonin, one dram of powdered areca nut and one half dram of bicarbonate of soda. Give it in a little slop or warm water and repeat the dose in 10 days.

PANTING HORSE.—I have a horse eight years old, weighing 1,600 pounds, that pants. He doesn't pant much when I work him, unless he has stood in the barn three or four days. D. M.

A.—Never let any horse stand for a single day without work or active outdoor exercise, and when there is no work for him to do, greatly lessen or altogether withhold grain feed. Keep the bowels active. Do not feed any bulky feed at noon, if the horse has to work and do not feed over one pound each of grain and hay for each hundred pounds of body weight as a day's ration. So fed, the horse in question may do better, if he was not overheated sometime when at work.

WARBLES.—My cows and some of the calves have small lumps on their backs. They do not seem sore or itch, but in the lump there is a dark worm of some kind. I would like to know cause and remedy. P. W.

A.—The larvæ or grubs come from the eggs of the ox warble fly deposited in summer. Squeeze them out by pressing down hard with the open mouth of a large bottle, then destroy the grubs. In some cases it will be necessary to enlarge the openings with a small, clean knife. Wash the affected backs twice a week with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip.

GROWTH.—I have a mule that has a wart on his side. It has been there a year and keeps growing. It seems to itch, for he gnaws it, keeping it raw. How can I cure it? G. A. A.

A.—Have the growth cut out by a surgeon, who should cauterize the wound, then tie the mule so he will be unable to bite the part. If you cannot have this done, apply lard freely around the growth and then apply dilute nitric acid twice a week by means of a flat stick.

WEAK EYES.—I have a five-year-old mule that seems to have good eyes. In warm weather the flies bother him, causing his eyes to water. Is there any danger of his becoming blind, or anything I can do to prevent the flies from annoying him? J. A.

A.—In such cases we commonly find the tear ducts obstructed so that tears flow over the cheeks, make the skin sore and so attract flies. This may be stopped by having the ducts cleared by a veterinarian. A little iodoform mixed with vaseline and applied daily to the skin will keep flies away.

THIN COW.—I have a cow that seems to be hidebound. She eats heartily but stays poor and will not fatten. MRS. A. C.

A.—It is to be suspected that the cow has tuberculosis. As the disease is incurable, contagious and makes the milk dangerous for man or animals, you should at once have her tested with tuberculin and disposed of according to law if she reacts.

UNHEALTHY SKIN.—I have a full-blooded mare, coming four, which is in poor condition. There are scabs on her tail and when picked off the hair comes with them. The roots of the hair are oily and gummy. Can you tell me the cause and give a remedy? T. F. R.

A.—Hot stabling, corn feeding, lack of exercise and inadequate grooming cause such unhealthy conditions of the skin. Clip the mare and then wash affected skin with a 1-100 solution of coal tar dip. Wash the tail clean and then saturate the roots of the hair at intervals of three days, with a mixture of two ounces of flowers of sulphur, one half an ounce of coal tar dip and a pint of cotton-seed oil.

FITS.—I lost a pig seven weeks old that was taken as though the air passages were cut off, the pig opening his mouth and gasping with each breath. Could it have been croup, pneumonia or diphtheria? M. G.

A.—The pig probably had a fit or convulsion. These are commonly caused by indigestion or worms, or from too fast drinking of milk or slop when very hungry. More careful feeding prevents such attacks and pigs should be kept free from worms.

WEAK STIFLES.—I have a mule, three years old, in good condition every way, except a popping of the hock joints when he walks. It doesn't seem to be make him lame, only making a noise like the slipping of a joint. C. H.

A.—In such cases, it is the patella or knee cap of the stifle joint at the flank that makes a noise by slipping in and out of place. The hock joint is the next one below, often erroneously termed the "knee" of the hind leg. Rub stimulating liniment into the joints once or twice daily and they may improve. If not, a blister may have to be applied under direction of a qualified veterinarian.

DROPSICAL SWELLING.—My cow, when grazing on wild pasture, has a swelling under her throat. It is soft and goes down at night. It doesn't swell in winter. She eats heartily and appears to be in good condition. Is there any danger of tuberculosis? O. L. P.

A.—Any debilitating disease may cause such a dropsical swelling so it would be well to have the cow tested with tuberculin, as tuberculosis is a possibility. Such a swelling also may indicate imperfect circulation of the blood from heart disease, or may be seen in semi-starvation. Better feed the cow grain or meals in addition to grass.

Start Anti-Fly Campaign

In small towns where there are no sewer systems the problem of disposal of waste is a very serious one. In one such town in Oregon the members of the Home Economics Club, working under the direct supervision of the home demonstration agent, induced the city council to pass an ordinance requiring all privies to be made fly proof. This was a big step toward better sanitation and undoubtedly will lead to other improvements for controlling the breeding of flies. —*U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.*

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If you were not included in the census, perhaps you are just the kind that ought not to be.

Mabel McKinley—Niece of the Late President of the United States—Takes Nuxated Iron for Health and Strength

And Says She Regards It as The Ideal Tonic For All Weak, Run-Down Nervous Women

Dr. George H. Baker, Formerly Physician and Surgeon Monmouth Memorial Hospital of New Jersey, Explains Why Iron Is One of the GREATEST OF ALL STRENGTH BUILDERS.

Says: He has found nothing in his experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron.

Every woman who wishes to possess health, strength and beauty, should carefully read the statement of Miss McKinley who, after her personal use of Nuxated Iron tells of the results she obtained.

Miss McKinley says: "While I had often heard of Nuxated Iron I must admit that prior to using it myself I had no idea of its remarkable value for building up the health and strength.

"Following the strain imposed by months of the most exacting work singing for the soldiers in the various army encampments, together with my social engagements and charitable pursuits, I found myself in such a weakened, run-down state that I feared a complete collapse.

"It seemed utterly impossible for me to drop everything and go away for a complete rest, but I realized that as my condition was serious I must either do this or find something that would actually rebuild my waning strength and enable me to continue my activities.

"I had always been prejudiced against tonic preparations which, for the most part, I found only acted as a temporary stimulant and usually left one worse off than ever. However, when my own family physician insistently recommended that I give a fair trial to Nuxated Iron, I consented to begin its use, with a result that after a few days the weakness and exhaustion from which I suffered began to be replaced by a feeling of renewed strength and vitality. In less than three weeks' time my whole system was tingling with energy and power and I was overjoyed to find that I was once more in superb physical condition.

"Nuxated Iron has accomplished so much for me that I regard it as the ideal tonic for all weak, run-down women. As a strength, health and blood-builder, I am convinced Nuxated Iron has no equal."

In commenting on Miss McKinley's statement, regarding the efficacy of Nuxated Iron, Dr. Ferdinand King, New York Physician and Medical Author, says: "It is my opinion that in practically nine times out of ten, unstrung nerves and failing strength and vitality are due to deficiency of iron in the blood. Many a woman who is run-down, nervous and who quickly tires out, suffers from iron deficiency and does not know it. I am convinced that there are thousands of such women who, simply by taking Nuxated Iron, might readily build up their red-blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves back to vibrant and vigorous health. By enriching the blood and increasing its oxygen carrying power, Nuxated Iron will often transform the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of nervous, run-down women into a glow of health, and make them look younger within a surprisingly short time."

Among other physicians asked for an opinion was Dr. George H. Baker, formerly Physician and Surgeon Monmouth Memorial Hospital, New Jersey, who says: "What women need to put roses in their cheeks and the spring-time of life into their step is not cosmetics or stimulating drugs but plenty of rich, pure blood. Without it no woman can do credit to herself or to her work. Iron is one of the greatest of all strength and blood-builders, and I have found nothing in my experience so effective for helping to make strong, healthy, red-blooded women as Nuxated Iron."



Miss McKinley has a voice of unusual quality and it was following her work singing for the soldiers that she became weakened and run-down and had recourse to Nuxated Iron. Once more in superb physical condition, Miss McKinley says she is convinced that Nuxated Iron has no equal as a Strength, Health and Blood-Builder.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron which is recommended above by physicians is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed in this city by all good druggists.

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All The Latest Stylish Designs For Milady's Dress, Lingerie And Accessories, Children's Garments, Household Linen And Fancy Work, Also Hoops, Stiletto, Embroidery Cotton And Instruction Book.

COMFORT needleworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than **one hundred thirty** new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, doilies, one complete 2¾-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1½-inch initial block alphabet, one complete ¼-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over **one hundred thirty** in all.

The patterns may be **instantly** transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

Remember—in addition to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following

Special Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete transfer outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 9272.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

38-Piece Fishing Outfit



BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have money to buy that fishing outfit you want—we will give you this dandy Outfit **absolutely free.** It contains **everything** you see in the above illustration—**in all 38 different pieces.**

There are **Two Dandy Fish Lines,** one of them on a fine **Wood Winder** equipped with **Hook and Sinker** all ready for business, and the other is a **Special Braided Line.** Then there are **25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes** for all kinds of fishing, **6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber",** and **1 Ringed Sinker**—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid Outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for **brook, river, lake or pond fishing. And remember that we guarantee everything in this Outfit to be** good quality.

We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit, if you will accept the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, packed in a good strong box, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9422.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SCRIM CURTAINS GIVEN!



THE price of cloth has advanced tremendously within the past few years, but that does not prevent us from offering these stylish Scrim Curtains for the ridiculous small club of six. We make no money profit on our premiums — that's the reason. They are full size, each side piece measuring **2½ feet in width** and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance," as it is commonly called, is **1 1-6 feet wide and 2½ feet long.** The insertion is a 3-inch band of Filet lace. The color is White or Ecru—whichever you prefer. These Curtains are all the style now, so don't miss this wonderful opportunity to secure one or more of them absolutely free. And be sure to send in your order **at once** as our supply is limited.

Given To You. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these stylish Curtains free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7756.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Give You The Bag-Top —You Make The Bag!



For A Club of Two

THESE pretty home-made bags are all the go now. Their great popularity is due to the fact that as each woman makes her own bag it is sure to be **distinctive**—a little different from other women's bags. It is very easy to make and inexpensive. You probably have the material on hand right now—odds and ends of silk, velvet or moire, whatever you decide to use. The tassel on the bottom is not necessary but you can easily afford to buy one as they cost only a few cents. Or you can make it yourself.

The bag-top offered you here is seven inches wide, made of handsome oxidized metal with a very deeply embossed floral design. It is the "gate-top" style—that is, each side opens out in the middle so that it really has four sides as shown in the illustration. It is also perforated along the edge with small holes to take the stitches necessary for attaching the bag. The chain is fourteen inches long.

Our Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Bag-Top free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pearl Necklace

FORTUNATE is the woman or girl who possesses a pearl necklace, as they are exceedingly stylish and growing more popular every day. The one shown is made of beautiful **imt. pearls** of uniform size, **is sixteen inches long** and fastens with a **gold-filled** "Torpedo" snap. As these necklaces are not made in this country they are becoming scarce and prices are going up, so we consider ourselves extremely fortunate in having a supply purchased **at a before-the-war price.** However, we may not be able to secure more **at any price,** so please send in your order at once. You could not possibly select anything more stylish or attractive. This necklace can be worn with **perfectly good taste** with any dress at any time and on all occasions.

GIVEN! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one of these Pearl Necklaces free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7752. Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.**

Girls! This Pretty Jade Bracelet Is The Latest!

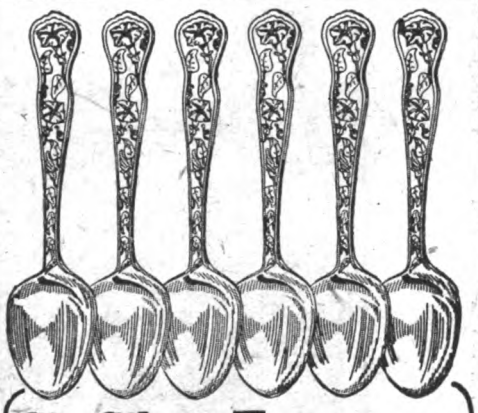


For A Club of Two

GIRLS, you should have one of the new **Jade Bracelets!** It is the most popular bracelet ever introduced. All the rage in the big cities. Even wives and daughters of millionaires are wearing them in preference to gold, platinum and diamonds. Handsome, yet inexpensive, its very simplicity appeals to every woman of good taste. Three inches in diameter, will fit any wrist. The beautiful, rich Jade color makes a pleasing contrast with any dress. Practically indestructible and will always retain its luster. We know that the thousands of young ladies who read COMFORT want the newest styles so we have purchased a quantity of these popular bracelets to give away. You may have one or more of them absolutely free upon the terms of the following short-time offer. Please send in your order as soon as possible as our supply is limited.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Jade Bracelet free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9672.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful **"Morning Glory"** deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant **French grey.** The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

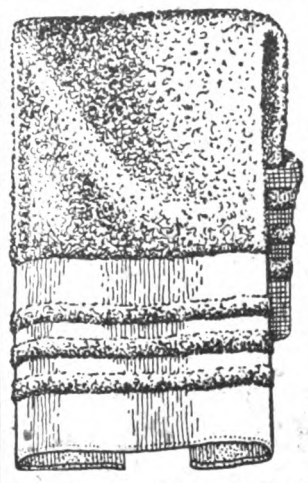
The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you **six** of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bath-room, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8503.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled — **Guaranteed For 5 Years**



Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but **they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings** but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

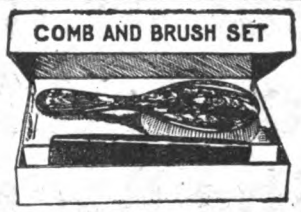
No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Premium No. 8483.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than **one hundred** of these beautiful **silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors,** also an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting.** All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the Asparagus Plumosus or "Lace" fern, the Roosevelt, the Boston or "Fountain" fern and the Whitmani or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



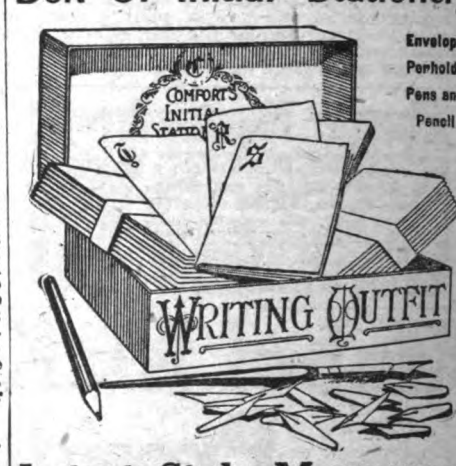
Camera Given

A SPLENDID Camera, either for yourself or to give as a present to someone. It is the pocket "Premo," made by the Eastman Kodak Company, and it takes beautiful pictures 1¼x1¾ inches in size. Fitted with Meniscus lens and automatic shutter which allows you to take either snap-shots or time exposures. Uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this film may be put in the camera in broad daylight. Anybody can take good pictures with this camera. It is so simple to operate that even a child can use it.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Premo Camera with one six-exposure roll film cartridge and instruction book free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Envelopes, Penholder, Pens and Pencil

Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with your **own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. In this offer we give you **two dozen sheets white linen stationery** 10½x8¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, one dozen best quality steel pens, one good grade pencil and one penholder.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery and Complete Writing Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Your Own Birthstone Set In This Stylish Gold Pendant!

Birthstone Pendant And Chain



We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For a Club of Two!

ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women and girls who like to be up-to-date are now wearing the Birthstone Pendant and Chain, also called Lavalliere. The one offered here is the prettiest design we found among the largest jewelry manufacturers in the United States. It has a cable chain, the pendant is 15-inch gold plate and is also made of gold plate and set with your own birthstone and underneath the stone is attached to the pendant a beautiful rose pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. All of the stones are solitaires and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. When ordering be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.

9552	Jan.	**Garnet,** Symbol of Power.
9562	Feb.	**Amethyst,** Symbol of Pure Love.
9572	March	**Aquamarine,** Symbol of Courage.
9582	April	**Diamond,** Symbol of Purity.
9592	May	**Emerald,** Symbol of Immortality.
9602	June	**Pearl,** Symbol of Long Life.
9612	July	**Ruby,** Symbol of Charity.
9622	Aug.	**Peridot,** Symbol of Happiness.
9632	Sept.	**Sapphire,** Symbol of Constancy.
9642	Oct.	**Opal,** Symbol of Hope.
9652	Nov.	**Topaz,** Symbol of Friendship.
9662	Dec.	**Turquoise,** Symbol of Prosperity.

CLUB OFFER. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention number of stone wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

E. P., Casa, Ark.—There is no institution of the sort you describe, and the nearest thing to it is the U. S. Army with the opportunities that are now being offered enlisted men to learn various trades and improve their education.

E. P., Coshocton, O.—Spray your rose bushes with a strong soap solution or a not too strong solution made from one of the nicotine extracts now on the market would be most helpful in controlling the lice after they appear. You must spray thoroughly and as often as the lice appear.

MRS. L. G., Whittles Depot, Va.—Apparently there are enough Stradivarius violins owned by COMFORT readers to have kept that old master fiddle-maker busy for several lifetimes of construction. We have often stated in this column that there are but about thirty genuine Strads known to be in existence, and these have been proven and listed by violin experts. There are, however, hundreds and thousands of instruments which have been falsely branded by fraudulent dealers in "old violins" who obtain a fictitious price from some credulous buyer who believes he is getting a genuine work of one of the famous makers. A genuine Stradivarius violin is worth many thousands of dollars and could never change hands at even the far from modest prices asked by dealers in the imitation article.

I. H., Ferryville, Wis.—The bunch on your canary's leg may be a growth caused by some parasite. We believe this growth should be opened and its contents investigated and removed, but it is a delicate operation for a veterinary.

C. B. R., Garland, Ala.—The "Scientific American" gives this method for the repair of mirrors whose backing has worn off in places: Place mirror face downwards on any flat surface and with a piece of cotton carefully clean the place to be re-silvered. Now spread over the spot a piece of new tin foil a little larger than the place you are repairing. After spreading out smoothly and carefully, let fall on the center of the foil a drop or more of metallic mercury and rub the foil gently with a piece of chamois until it becomes brilliant. Now place upon this newly made amalgam a sheet of smooth writing paper and pile books or other weights upon it and leave over night. The amount of weight need not be great. The amount of mercury used for any particular repairing should correspond to three drams to each square foot of surface to be covered. While this method reads simply, the job is one that requires practice to be neatly and successfully done. Everything connected with the silvering of mirrors is far from being a "home" or amateur trick of repairing.

A. B., Saratoga Co., N. Y.—The Latin-American countries are the Spanish and Portuguese speaking countries which are contained in North and South America. We cannot give space to list them here, but any atlas or geography will furnish you with a map whereby you can identify these republics.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Mt. Vernon, Ill.—"To buy a pig in a poke" means to purchase something one cannot see or examine in order to know its real value and whether it is worth the price paid.

MRS. M. C. T., Sanford, N. C.—It will help your frost-bitten feet if they are bathed in cold water every night, and then well dried without much rubbing. Get some "resin ointment" from your druggist and have him add to every ounce of the ointment two drams of oil of turpentine. Rub this mixture well into the feet before retiring.

E. B., Bunnlevel, N. C.—Prior to the Civil War it was often suggested by various persons that the Federal Government free the slaves by purchasing them from their southern owners, but no such plan was ever adopted. Unofficial history has it that President Lincoln had a meeting in Virginia with Alexander Stevens in which he made a tentative offer which Stevens carried South with him, but the Confederate leaders had already gone too far with their secession plans to accept and nothing came of the meeting. Any good history of the Civil War will place in your hands all available information regarding efforts made for peaceable settlement of the slavery question before the first shots were fired at Sumter.

V. S., Pa.—Colorado is a great "health" state, and it necessarily contains more sanitariums than we would care to list in the small space available in this column. We suggest that you obtain the lists you desire from the editor of "Colorado Medicine," addressing this periodical at the Metropolitan Building, Denver, Col. Enclose a stamp for reply when you write.

SUBSCRIBER, Nebr.—The proverb, "Much meat, much maladies," would mean that the eating of large quantities of meat tends to bring on various diseases. And the bearing of this proverb is quite in line with modern medical science and theories of diet.

Pepper Proved Big Bear's Undoing

Jim Cronin of Spokane, a mining man who is interested in a gold property in the Babine Mountains, intends in future to always make sure there is pepper in his camping outfit, says a dispatch from Vancouver. His mine was recently closed down for the winter, but Mr. Cronin made a belated visit there. Just as he neared the camp cabin he heard a terrible commotion. The stout log walls shook, the crash of the stove falling down, and the clatter of pans and smashing of tables and chairs caused them to approach the place with caution. As he drew near the door a mighty grizzly bear dashed out and darted past him like an avalanche going over a precipice. The animal was holding his mouth open, his eyes shut and was heading as nearly as possible for the river. Mr. Cronin investigated. He found the interior of the cabin a wreck. Lying on the floor was an empty can that once contained a half pound of red pepper. The bear's teeth-marks were plainly visible on the opened end. Mr. Cronin thinks bruin first sniffed, then snorted, and as a result filled lungs, mouth and eyes with the fiery powder, after which he sought madly to escape.—*Boston Herald.*

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

comes. Keep radishes, lettuce, endive, string beans, peas and green corn coming all season. Don't be afraid you will have too many vegetables. Can or dry the surplus and think of how good it will taste in the winter when you are far from a city market, or how finely it will help out when you must keep your expenses down as much as possible. Farm folks should have all the milk and eggs they need, and add to this all the vegetables they can use, what more is needed to set a bountiful and well-satisfying table?

So many times in the spring we are very enthusiastic and make wonderful garden plans but somehow when the warm weather comes we forget that this is really the time when the most important work in the garden is necessary. Planting and harvesting the first early vegetables is only the beginning of the truly successful garden. Keep coming all season long, by successive plantings, the good things and make the most of your garden plot.

Remember, again, a garden isn't just plowing, planting and harvesting. There is disease, ravages of insects, droughts and other enemies that must be fought and conquered. Blight and insects can be fought with Bordeaux mixture or arsenate of lead.

The hoe is the weapon to fight the weeds. Don't "slack" for a day on the weeds. Watch for them after a warm rain. A weedy garden is a failure; weeds use up the plant food, cause disease and harbor insects. Look out for dry weather. Keep top layer of soil so well worked it forms a dust blanket which keeps the moisture in. Don't disturb soil deeply. Just the surface well raked till it is a dust. It keeps the soil from getting baked and drying out.

Sometimes garden failure is caused by lack of plant food. On the farm there is generally plenty of fertilizer of barnyard manure to plow in in the spring. But in town sometimes our gardens lack for nourishment. Such plants as cabbage, Swiss chard, parsley, celery, etc., need lots of plant food.

A liquid solution of poultry manure, or sodium nitrate may be used. Don't apply the sodium nitrate too generously or you will kill your plants.

Cultivate and then cultivate—you can't do too much of it. More failures in gardens are caused by a lack of cultivation than any other thing.

Cultivation keeps down weeds—which steal your plant food—holds moisture for the plants, lets in air which is necessary for development of root system, helps make food available to the plant, and prevents soil from baking.

"Spare the hoe and spoil the garden" is a good motto to adopt if you want to have a successful garden.

A Concrete Farm

No, a concrete farm would hardly be desirable—but a farm with all buildings made of concrete is the coming thing. We will soon see the day when many farms will be equipped with permanent buildings—cyclone and fire-proof. Such buildings are now being made of reinforced concrete.

Concrete silos, concrete hog-houses, concrete milk-houses, concrete block houses are now to be seen on every hand—and the final step, a concrete barn, is almost here. Then, with concrete tanks and concrete floors, farm buildings will be well-nigh indestructible.

Some Late Crops

It often happens that, through the use of poor seed or a backward spring or wet weather or from some other cause, we are forced to plant late crops after the regular planting season is over. What are some of these late crops?

For Hay

Use Sudan grass for hay. It can be planted late in hot weather—two weeks after corn planting is done. In fact, it does best if planted late, and for this reason should not be planted early. Twenty to twenty-five pounds of well-cleaned seed will cover an acre. It makes rapid growth and will yield two to three tons of choice hay to the acre. The time to cut for hay is when the plant is in full bloom.

Other late plants good for hay are the sorghums in the south and millet in the northern sections.

For Silage

Any of the above may be cut green directly into the silo. Soy beans, if mixed with any of the above, also make good silage. But the new silage plant that has received much attention during the past year or two is the sunflower. Sunflowers may be planted after corn, grow rapidly, yield heavily and make a very satisfactory silage. They are especially well adapted to the dry sections of the country. Several of the experiment stations west of the Mississippi are testing them as silage and thus far their reports are very encouraging.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

KILLING JOHNSON GRASS.—Can anyone tell me how to kill out Johnson Grass? We have a patch on our farm that we would like to rid of this weed.

MRS. A. W. YOUNG, Ark.

A.—A good plan is to plow deep and sow the ground to Essex rape, then fence it and let hogs pasture the patch until it is bare. They will root out the grass when the other feed is short. Plow deep again after the rape is gone and reseed to any crop that succeeds well in your district. After that crop has been removed, work to a cultivaed crop like corn, tobacco or potatoes.

THE more we work
the more there is;
and more there is
the more to divide.
Only as all of us
do our part will we
contribute to this result.
EDWIN T. MEREDITH,
Secretary of Agriculture.

Send Only $1

for This High Grade Sanitary Couch and Mattress

Only by seeing this outfit in your home and enjoying its supreme comfort and usefulness can you fully appreciate its truly wonderful value at our rock bottom price. One dollar brings it to you for 30 days' trial in your home—at our risk. If, after 30 days, you are not satisfied that it is the greatest bargain you have seen; if you are not delighted with its extreme usefulness and value in your home; if you are not thoroughly satisfied to keep it at our low money-saving price—return it to us and we will not only refund your dollar, but will pay transportation charges both ways. If you decide to keep the outfit, take a whole year to pay—a little each month that you'll hardly miss.


A Couch by Day


A Bed by Night

Only $1 Down.

Make Your Living Room Produce a Revenue

This unusual outfit—a comfortable, good looking couch by day and a restful, full size bed by night—will make it possible for you to derive a real revenue from your living room.

Outfit consists of guaranteed Simmons Sanitary Couch and well filled Mattress. Sanitary Couch is made throughout of heavy angle steel, has Simmons' Patented Galvanized Twisted Link, rust-proof fabric attached to end angles by strong, flexible, helical springs. Width of seat when closed as Couch 22 inches. Sides raise easily and lock automatically, forming comfortable Bed with a sleeping surface of 43½ inches wide by 74 inches long. Entire frame splendidly finished with several coats best quality Gray Enamel. Mattress is made to comply with all bedding laws of various States and is covered with an attractive flowered Art Ticking in serviceable colors and is well filled with splendid quality cotton linters. Pad weighs about 15 pounds. Complete weight of outfit about 75 pounds.

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Enclosed find $1. Send the Sanitary Couch and Mattress No. 207BMA8 as described. I am to have 30 days' trial. If not satisfied, will ship it back and you will refund my $1 and pay freight both ways. If I keep it, I will pay $1.50 per month until the price, $13.85, is paid.

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Let the Turkeys Grow

The turkey is still a wild bird. All the efforts of the farmer and breeder have failed to domesticate this wanderer into a barnyard dependent that puts on fat at the whim of the owner. A chicken will put feed into fat at almost any age and at any time the crop is kept filled with the right kind of feed.

The young turkey, however, is a long-legged bug hunter until the winter thatch of feathers is put on and nature suggests that it is time to store up a reserve for rigorous weather. Turkeys will put on weight rapidly and economically at that season and raisers should take advantage of it.

This, too, is the season when fields provide plenty of feed that would otherwise go to waste and, in the case of weed seeds, would do damage to future crops.

STRIKING WEIGHT COMPARISONS.—Now, when we have need for every ounce of food that can be put into form for human consumption, whether ground by mills or gizzards, it is the soundest economy to let the young turkeys live through the fall bug-and-seed-hunting season.

A young gobbler that weighs ten pounds in October will weigh twelve or thirteen sixty days later if given a little extra feed along toward the end of that period. A hen in the same time will fill out from seven pounds to nine or ten. Such satisfactory gains can be made at no other time in the bird's life. It is the season when nature is preparing for winter. The turkey hasn't learned to depend on the farmer's grain bins.

This is the time of year to exterminate mosquitoes by draining all stagnant pools, or by pouring oil on them, or by stocking them with small fish. Do not let water stand for days in barrels, tubs or horse troughs.



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Beauty, Comfort and Style Combine in these Boston Beauty Boots. Easily cleaned, fashionable white canvas for the street or dress. Sent **On Approval.** Be sure to state whether you want low heel, or high. Pay our special low price of only $2.98 on arrival. Choice of High or Low Heel.

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All Sizes. Send No Money. Direct to you from the oldest and largest House in the shoe market of the world. Big money-saving guaranteed.

GUARANTEE
If these shoes do not astonish you by their remarkable value, and delight by their beauty and fit, send them back at our expense. Your money back double quick if not pleased with purchase.

Shoe Cleaner Free
A 25c package of white shoe cleaner if you will send the coupon at once. Clip now.

BOSTON MAIL ORDER HOUSE,
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Send postage prepaid my pair of white shoes. I will pay only $2.98 on arrival. I judge them on approval. I risk nothing. Send Cleaner Free.

☐ High Heel ☐ Low Heel Size .....

Name .....
Address .....

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A 46-PIECE FULL SIZE HANDSOME DINNER SET
NO MONEY NEEDED. WE PAY FREIGHT.
SELL ONLY 11 BOXES OF SOAP, each box containing 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles: a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair of Shears and Package of Needles and this artistically decorated **Dinner Set is Yours.** Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or Cash Commission for your time.

We also give magnificent Premiums and pay Cash for appointing agents. **Special Extra Present** of a High-Grade Granite 10 qt. Dish Pan, 3 qt. Sauce Pan and 3 qt. Pudding Pan **FREE** of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. You advance no money. We trust you. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our **Big FREE Agents Outfit.** Don't delay.

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Orthopedic Braces for All Deformities. Send for Booklet.
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Agents wanted to sell glasses. Send for catalog.
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Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

H. A. C., Vermont.—If you can substantiate by the proper evidence that the easement you describe in your neighbor's land has been continuously used by you and the former owners of your property for a period of sixty years, we do not think your neighbor can now prohibit you from the use of the same.

Mrs. E. S., Kentucky.—If, as you state, your mother turned her money over to your stepfather 23 years ago, we do not think you can now compel him to account to your mother's estate for same.

E. E. H., Colorado.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married woman is entitled to the full control of her separate property and all of the increase thereof and she can sell and dispose of the same without her husband's consent except that his consent is necessary to the mortgaging or conveyance of property registered as a homestead; she has equal rights with her husband to the custody of their children, and in case of the separation of the parents the custody of the children is a question for the courts to decide.

S. S. B., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man or woman, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, the surviving spouse, if there are other kindred, shall be entitled to the real or personal estate, or both, to the aggregate value of five thousand dollars in addition, in the case of a widow, to her exemption allowed by law, and, if such estate exceeds in value the sum of five thousand dollars, the surviving spouse shall be entitled to the sum of five thousand dollars, absolutely, to be chosen by him or her from the real or personal estate or both, and in addition thereto shall be entitled to one half part of the remaining real and personal estate, it being provided by the intestate act that these provisions as to said five thousand dollars shall apply only to cases of actual intestacy of husband or wife and not to cases where the surviving spouse shall elect to take against the will of the deceased spouse.

A. M. H., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your mother, if she leaves no will and does not remarry, her whole estate will be divided in equal shares among her children, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share; the property which came to her from her first husband, as well as the property which came to her from her child by the first marriage, will, of course, be included in her estate.

Mrs. E. K., Florida.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that unless a married woman has been legally declared a free trader, her property is under the care and management of her husband, but he shall not charge for such care nor management, nor shall the wife be entitled to sue her husband for the rent, hire, issues, proceeds or profits of her said property; she is entitled to receive support from him, unless she abandons him without good cause, and he can be compelled to treat her in a proper manner.

Mrs. O. C., Michigan.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the road you mention is a public road, the owner of the adjoining property has no legal right to close same, because the public authorities have neglected to work the road; but if the road belongs to the man who closed it, he has a legal right to close same.

Mrs. I. B. R., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your right to cut and remove the growing crop upon the farm you rent after the termination of your lease would depend upon the terms of your lease, if there is no agreement as to this in your lease, we think the custom of your locality would prevail; we think the custom of your locality is for the tenant to return and cut and remove his growing winter grain crops when they ripen after the term of his lease has expired.

O. E., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents or guardian is necessary for the marriage of either males or females under 21 years of age; we think the age limit is lower in Tennessee.

Mrs. G. E. M., Connecticut.—Under the laws of your state, we think it possible for your husband to deed his real estate to you both as tenants by the entirety so that the whole of said real estate will, upon the death of one of you, become the sole property of the survivor. If your name is not in the present existing deed of the property, we think, upon his death without a will, you will only have your share in the property, and, if he desires you to have the whole property upon his death, it will be necessary for him to either have the deed so drawn or to make a will to that effect. We think you should have some competent local attorney attend to this for you.

Mrs. R. H. V., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we think it possible for your husband to cannot be compelled to support his adult children, unless they are incapacitated and unable to support themselves; we think he should notify the merchants with whom they run bills in his name that he will not be responsible for their debts. We do not think your son by a former marriage will have any interest in his stepfather's estate, unless some provision is made for him by will.

Mrs. C. B. McC., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your mother dies without a will, your stepfather will have an interest in her estate; just how much of your father's estate came to your mother upon his death and will be included in her estate upon her death, depends upon matters not stated in your communication. If she simply has a dower interest in his real estate, this would die out with her and such real estate would come to you and your brother upon her death. We think if your brother is now remarried to the wife from whom he was divorced, upon his death without a will, she would receive one half of his estate if your brother leaves no child or descendant; if he has not remarried his former wife, we think her interest in his estate, if any, would depend upon the decree of divorce and the validity of the same.

G. C., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it is possible to procure good title to real estate through tax sales provided the same was legally conducted and all the requirements complied with and provided the period of redemption has expired; we think an examination of your title would be necessary to determine whether your title is good. We think tax titles are often set aside by reason of the failure to meet all the necessary requirements.

H. L. T., Michigan.—An unmarried man who is the head of a family has an exemption under the Federal income tax law of $2,000; if he is not the head of a family and has no one whose principal support is derived from him and who is dependant upon him, his exemption is $1,000.

C. B. W., New Jersey.—We are unable to form an opinion upon the fairness of a legal charge of $150 for making the title search you mention without any information as to the amount of labor involved in making such search. (2) We think if the builder you mention refuses to return your building plans to you, it will be necessary for you to proceed against him for such damages as you have suffered.

E. U. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of Kansas, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a man, without any surviving wife or descendants, and without leaving a will, his whole estate would go to his parents or the survivor of them; if both are dead, the estate is disposed of as if they, or either of them, had outlived the intestate and died in ownership and possession of the property. In no event would the surviving husband of a daughter of the decedent who predeceased her father, leaving no child or descendant, receive any of the property unless some provision was made for him by will.

Miss E. O., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon your death, without a will, and without a surviving husband, child or descendant, and without a surviving parent, your estate would be divided among your sisters and brother, the descendants of any such as may predecease you taking their parent's share. Such property as you inherited absolutely from your mother's estate would be included in your estate upon your death, but if there was any limitation in your mother's will as to the property you received from her, you are, of course, bound by such limitation.

H. H., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the owner of the horse you mention insured your mares to be with foal, he is not entitled to any service fee unless such proves to be the case; if, however, the charge was for service, without any insurance, we think he is entitled to his fee.

S. W. S., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the woman, you mention, who administered her husband's estate, purposely neglected to name her husband's son by a former marriage as an heir of her husband's estate, she was guilty of fraud and can be punished for her act; we think, in any event, the young man is entitled to his share in his father's estate and should proceed at once to enforce his claim.

Mrs. M. C., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and two children as his only heirs-at-law and next of kin, his estate would go to such surviving widow and two children in equal shares, the widow being entitled to remain in possession of the homestead until disposed of according to law; we do not think he can dispose of more than two thirds of his estate by will to any person other than his widow; we think he can select any person he may desire as his executor but that any person in interest can contest the qualification of such executor if he is incompetent or dishonest, and the courts have power to refuse the qualification of an executor or can remove him after qualification for proper cause. We do not think the wife can compel her husband to deed his property, or any part, of it, to her.



The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Mrs. F. W. L., Mt. Sterling, Ill.—You have, no doubt, chronic catarrhal deafness, and the only thing for you to do is to have intelligent local treatment by some good specialist. If you do not have this treatment you will undoubtedly get worse, and finally lose your hearing altogether.

Miss M. H., Moultrie, Ga.—It would take a week to answer all the questions you have asked, but they can be grouped and answered as follows: For removing the hairs, anywhere, the only sure treatment is the electric needle in skilled hands. Your general symptoms, dizziness, weakness, etc., can be helped by the use of a good tonic, such as Basham's mixture, taken in tablespoonful doses after meals. For the dandruff, wash the hair with some good tar soap and apply every other day a two per cent lotion of resorcin in grain alcohol. The tonic will improve your memory as you regain your strength. For the blackheads, steam the face and apply at night lotio alba, which can be obtained at any drug store.

Mrs. H. O. C., Scarbro, West Va.—Ovarian extract should be used only under the advice of your doctor.

Mrs. A. E., Pollock, Idaho.—You are overworking and have, no doubt, some local trouble due to the birth of child. You should be examined and, if torn, have the tear or tears restored. For the milk leg, try bandaging with a flannel bandage, wear the bandage during the day and remove it at night. You may need glasses and should have eyes examined by some competent party.

Mrs. J. McK.—Bust developers are, as a rule, harmless and no doubt have some effect in developing the bust. Massage with some good cream is advisable and will not hurt the sexual organs at all. Basham's mixture is best for a tonic. Take one tablespoonful in water after meals.

Miss E. W., Independence, Oregon.—You had better have your eyes examined and find out if eye strain has anything to do with the pressure on head, and also take some five-grain assafetida pills after meals for the nervousness.

Miss M. M., Larsen, Wis.—A great deal of your trouble is nervousness, and probably some five-grain assafetida pills taken after meals would help you. Also have your back ironed with a hot flatiron. Wring out several thicknesses of flannel in hot mustard water, apply to the back and then iron the back so as to thoroughly steam the back. This will no doubt stop the backache, and may help you get rid of it entirely.

Mrs. H. D., Peasleeville, N. Y.—Don't know anything about the anti-fat remedies suggested. The best way is by a simple diet on alternate days and on other days confining one's self to the skimmed milk diet only. The milk should be taken as follows: one glass in the morning, one at noon, another about four o'clock and the last glass at night, or on retiring. Also exercise is indicated and, as suggested, care in eating starchy foods on the alternate days.

Mrs. S. J., Fulton, Ala.—You, no doubt, have malaria. Better take teaspoonful doses of Huxham's tincture after meals, well diluted. If you cannot get this mixture you might try compound tincture of cinchona in tablespoonful doses.

Mrs. J. L. D., Colorado Springs, Colo.—Try, for the convulsions, five-grain doses of bromide of sodium after meals. Also limit the diet to good digestible food and keep the bowels open.

Miss M. H., Detroit, Mich.—Obstruction of the portal circulation of the liver and chronic constipation are the causes of hemorrhoids, or bleeding piles, so-called. If the bleeding is excessive, you had better be examined and, if thought best, be operated on for the hemorrhoids.

Mrs. J. P. P., Belham, Ga.—You can get cocoa-butter at any drug store as well as Basham's mixture.

The Bee Cell Supporter

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Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

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C. E. BROOKS

157 J State St., Marshall, Mich.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

circus tent to see what's going on without paying the price we all must pay to see the whole show, and that is death and the undertaker's bill. My advice is to let this thing alone. If there is life after death, death will come soon enough for you to realize all the facts, and if death means annihilation, then look what a lot of time you have wasted and what a lot of foolishness you have indulged in. The people who want to poke their noses into the next world are like the baby who wants to make a hole in the drum to see where the noise comes from. As soon as they get to the next world they will be hauling out their ouija boards and trying to communicate with another world and so on ad infinitum, never getting any real satisfaction out of any world. Dr. Manning, of Holy Trinity Church, New York, says that in the old Testament, the Jews were distinctly forbidden to try to communicate with the dead. And the mind of the Christian Church has always been against it. "The darkened room, the tipping of tables, the mystery, the medium, which may prove to be fraudulent do not seem to be in harmony with a high and holy purpose." Dr. Manning asks if these alleged communications have added anything to our knowledge of life beyond the grave and most emphatically denies that they have. He asserts in many cases, spiritism produces positive injury to body, mind and morals: "The evidence does not show," he says, "that spiritism has any tendency to bring people to a deeper sense of their duty to God and a truer faith in Jesus Christ." Dr. Frank Crane says: "Most of the spirit messages are piddling. It is medieval. It bears the same relation to intelligent faith that astrology does to astronomy. It is the collapse of the mind * * * the childish confusion of the soul. For the strong it is of no use, for the weak * * * that way madness lies." Sir William Barrett in "On the Threshold of the Unseen," says: "It is the weakening of the sense of personal responsibility that constitutes, in my opinion, the chief peril of spiritism. Hence your gates need to be guarded with jealous care, even the level-headed should walk warily, and the excitable and emotional should have nothing to do with it, for the fascination of the subject is like candle to moths, it attracts and burns the silly, the credulous and the crazy." In short, it is spook stuff.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for June

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Furley Mollett, Davisport, Ky. Sick, aged, blind and poor. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. Lucinda Purdy, Stuart, R. R. 5, Va. Crippled from rheumatism. No means of support. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send her. Callie D. Barefoot, Four Oaks, N. C. Invalid for many years. Send her some cheer. Mrs. Mattie E. Leake, Spencer, Va. Widow, with one small boy, five years of age. Sick from rheumatism for a number of years and unable to work. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send her. No means of support. Well recommended. Miss Carrie Hall, Strieby, N. C. Cripple, 17 years of age. Would be grateful for second-hand clothing, reading matter and anything you care to send her. John Robinson, Buffalo Poor Farm, Springfield, Ill. Sixty-five years of age. Almost blind. Send him some cheer. Mrs. Jennie Agee, Spencer, R. R. 1, Box 35, Va. Sick, poor and needy. Do not forget her. Mrs. Polly. Carter, Price, R. R. 2, N. C. Widow, 75 years of age. Sick, poor and alone. Would be grateful for second-hand clothing, also some financial assistance. Well recommended.

Be good and you'll be happy. The only way to be good is to do good. Faith without works is dead. Prayers, tracts and sympathy are all right but it takes money to buy bread. Christianity that is not practical cuts no ice in heaven or on earth. Now I've told you what to do. Open your hearts as well as your pocketbooks if you want a blessing.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C." a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Uncle Charlie's Poems the Funniest He Ever Read!

So says Harry L. Aten, Sugarloaf, Pa., and he thinks "So Did I," which nightly makes hundreds of people explode in laughter, the funniest of Uncle Charlie's Poems. You can secure a volume bound in cloth, containing within its covers the best of Uncle Charlie's life work, a touching sketch of his life and pictures of himself and assistants, for only three one-year subscribers to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Here is an ideal present for young or old. Don't deprive the young folks of a volume that will keep them and all the rest of the family happy for the balance of their lives. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Songs Are Just the Thing for a Summer's Night!

When you sit on the veranda after a hard day's work—Uncle Charlie's Songs, soft, dreamy and melodious, or cute, funny and catchy, will bring joy to the heart and rest to the weary limbs. Why deprive yourselves of these melodic gems, songs for every and all occasions; full music for voice and piano; a handsome folio with splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie, when two subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each will secure these songs, the very things you have been looking for. Poems and Song Book free for a club of five. *Work for them today.*

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Song Book 40 cents. Address UNCLE CHARLIE, care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

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Superfluous Hair Vanishes Like Magic. Eyelashes Beautified

Pimples and Blackheads Removed Forever

Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and beautify your face and form quickly.



This clever woman has not a wrinkle upon her face; she has perfected a marvelous, simple method which brought a wonderful change in her face. For removing wrinkles, her method is truly wonderfully rapid.

She made herself the woman she is today and brought about the wonderful change in her appearance in a pleasant manner. Her complexion is as clear and fair as that of a child. She had thin, scrawny eye-lashes and eyebrows, which could scarcely be seen, and she made them long, thick and beautiful by her own methods and removed every blackhead and pimple from her face.

Nothing is taken into the stomach, no common massage, no harmful plasters, no worthless creams.

By her new process, she removes wrinkles and develops the whole figure plump and fat.

It is simply astonishing the hundreds of women who write in regarding the wonderful results from this new beauty treatment, which is beautifying their face and form after beauty doctors and other methods failed. She has thousands of letters on file like the following.

Mrs. M. L. B. Albin, Miss., writes: "I have used your beauty treatment with wonderful success. I have not a wrinkle on my face now and it is also improving my complexion, which has always troubled me with pimples and blackheads. My weight was 112 pounds before taking your treatment and now I weigh 117, a gain of 5 pounds. Your treatment is a God send to all thin women. I am so grateful you may even use my letter if you wish."

The valuable new beauty book which Madame Clare is sending free to thousands of women is certainly a blessing to women.

All our readers should write her at once and she will tell you absolutely free; about her various new beauty treatments and will show our readers:

How to remove wrinkles in 6 hours;
How to make long, thick eyelashes and eyebrows;
How to remove superfluous hair;
How to remove blackheads, pimples and freckles;
How to remove dark circles under the eyes;
How to quickly remove double chin;
How to build up sunken cheeks and add flesh to the body;
How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling;
How to stop forever perspiration odor.

Simply address your letter to Helen Clare, Suite A 354, 3311 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill., and don't send any money, because particulars are free, as this charming woman is doing her utmost to benefit girls or women in need of information which will add to their beauty and make life sweeter and lovelier in every way.

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6 Songs, words and music; 25 Pictures Pretty Girls; 40 Ways to Make Money; 1 Joke Book; 1 Book on Love; 1 Magic Book; 1 Book Letter Writing; 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller; 1 Cook Book; 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for games; 1 Toy Maker Book; Language of Flowers; 1 Morse Telegraph Alphabet; 12 Chemical Experiments; Magic Age Table; Great North Pole Game; 100 Conundrums; 8 Puzzles; 12 Games; 30 Verses for Autograph Albums. All the above by mail for 10 cts. and 2 cts. postage.
ROYAL SALES CO., Box 118, South Norwalk, Conn.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly Warranted. TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass



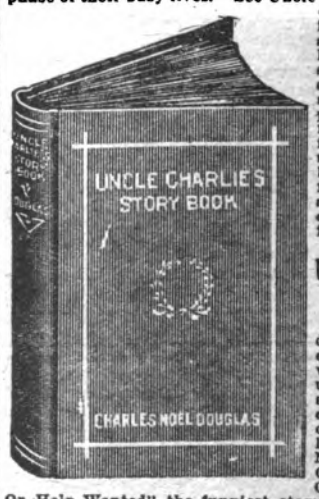
Grow Ginseng. Roots sell for $15.00 lb. Package Seeds $1.00. Mich. Ginseng Co., St. Joseph, Mich.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE TOLD IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped. Free for three subs at 50c. each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only two subs at 50c. each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. COMFORT'S greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents $40 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Agents having wonderful success. Thomas Mfg. Co., 2219 North Str., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Insyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents—Big Summer Seller. Something new; concentrated soft drinks. Just add water; delicious drinks in a jiffy—any time, anywhere. Big sellers for home, picnics, parties, socials etc. Guaranteed under pure food laws. Carry in pocket. Agents coining money—$6 to $12 a day. Write for free outfit offer today. American Products Co., 2184 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Sell what millions want. New, wonderful Liberty Portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique; Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue Free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Waterproof Apron. All sizes. No laundering, always clean, durable. Big Profits. Sells in every home. Write for samples. Parker Mfg. Co., 117 Call St., Dayton, Ohio.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Agents: $60 a week taking orders for Guaranteed Shoes for men, women and children. Must give satisfaction or replaced free. Brand new proposition. Write quick for territory and samples. Thomas Shoe Co., 3619 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—ToiletGoods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 462-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

The Prosperous agent is a Davis agent. Line up for the Big Rush—$40—$60 weekly. "Lucky 11" and our 27 other varieties cut store price ½-½. Worth 150% to 200% for you. Davis Products Co., Dept. 506, Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford-Beal Co., Inc., Newark, N. Y., Dept. D.

Agents get our big money maker monogramming Autos, etc., by transfer method. Catalog and particulars free. Motorists' Accessories Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, and Portraits, War Books. Prompt shipment; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk T 3, Chicago, Illinois.

Agents: Sell our accident and sickness policies in your spare time. Pay $5,000 death, $25 weekly benefit. Premium $10 yearly. Permanent income from renewals. Easy seller. Liberal commissions. Insurance Co., Dept. F-10, Newark, N. J.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Box 6B, Naperville, Ill.

AGENTS WANTED

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. J-127, Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Soft Drinks—Make $10 to $50 day. Just add cold water to our preparations and you have most delicious drinks you ever tasted. Ten kinds, Orangeade, Grape, Cherry, etc. Retails 30 big glasses 25c. 85c clear profit selling by the glass. Ball Games, Fairs, Picnics, Dances, etc. Big Money selling various sizes to families, stores, stands. Send 10c for ten glass package and particulars postpaid. Morrissey Company, 4424 Madison St., Chicago.

Sanitary Wire-grip Brushes, Dustless Mops, Dustless Furniture Dusters, Automobile Brushes, etc., are the big money-makers of the year. Exclusive territory for live salespeople. North Ridge Brush Co., 18 Clark St., Freeport, Ill.

Here's a Winner. Patented Spring Maid Fibre House Broom. Absolutely different. Exclusive features make it big seller, $65 a week easy. Particulars Free. Sample $1.50. Sterling Products Co., Inc., 42 S. Desplaines, Chicago.

Agents: $100 Weekly. Automobile owners everywhere wild with enthusiasm. Marvelous invention doubles power, mileage, efficiency. Saves ten times its cost. Sensational sales everywhere. Territory going like wildfire. $26 Sample Outfit and Ford Car free. Write quick. L. Ballwey, Dept. 113, Louisville, Ky.

HELP WANTED

Men over 17, wanted. Railway Mail Clerks. $110 month. List free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T12, Rochester, N. Y.

SALESMEN WANTED

Our men earn from $150 to $500 per month selling wonderful series of uncensored stereographs of the late World War. Everybody interested—a sure money maker—endorsed by men like Edison. Exclusive territory contract to live wires. Write today. Underwood & Underwood, Inc. Dept. B, 417 5th Ave., New York.

Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. F167, Chicago, Ill.

Sell Tires direct to car owner. 30 x 3 nonskid $11.75. Tubes $2.25; other sizes in proportion. Guaranteed 6,000 miles on liberal adjustment basis. Big commissions paid weekly. Experience or capital unnecessary. Auto Tire Clearing House, 1554 West 15th, Chicago.

Tobacco Factory wants salesmen; $125.00 monthly and expenses for the right man. Experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., H-19, Danville, Va.

POULTRY

Day Old Chicks for sale. Thousands per week. Better hatched, vigorous chicks. Circular Free. Old Honesty Hatchery, Dept. C, New Washington, Ohio.

Baby Chicks. Hatched and delivered right. 23 varieties. Catalog free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box 204, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

HONEY

Finest Quality Clover Honey. 30 lb. can $8.50. 10 lb. cans 29, and 5 lb. cans 30 cents per pound. Every order carefully packed and promptly shipped. Sample 15 cents. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

$35 Profit Nightly. Small Capital starts you, no experience needed. Complete outfit sold on easy installments. Atlas Moving Picture Co., 446 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

Make Money Fast. Small capital buys professional machine and complete outfit. Easy payments. No experience required. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 529, Address nearest office. Ellsworth Bldg., Chicago. 420 Market, St. Louis, Mo. 228 Union, Memphis, Tenn.

MISCELLANEOUS

Verse Writers! Expert Criticism. Let me help you. Short poem $1.00. E.D. Kramer, Westminster, Maryland.

Genuine Hoopa Indian Baskets. Fine souvenirs—almost a lost Art. A few rare caps left. Fox, Willow Creek, Humboldt Co., Calif.

Best pre-school educational system in world, $5 cash and 3c a day. At home. Send 10c for literature. 219 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Look. Pure Homespun Tobacco 50c a pound. Sample 10c. Lewis Armstrong & Co., Dukedom, Tenn.

FARMS FOR SALE

150-Acre Farm With 2 Horses, 16 Cattle and Brood sow, poultry, wagons, machinery, cream separator, tools, stove wood; splendid community, near town, beautiful lake; machine-worked fields cut 50 tons hay; 20-cow spring-watered pasture, valuable wood, 400 sugar maples; 8-room house, spring water, maple shade; big basement barn, silo, other fine buildings; owner called away. $5,000 takes all, easy terms. Details page 14 Strout's Catalog Farm Bargains 33 States, copy free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BG, Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from party having farm for sale, give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly Procured. Personal, Careful and Efficient service. Highest references. Moderate fees. Send Sketch or Model for actual search and advice. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27G Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years experience). Talbert & Talbert, 4206 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, $108.33, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen $140—$200 Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 828 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 53, St. Louis, Mo.

Auto Experts—$75 week. Earn while learning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. T810, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made $30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Women—Be Dress Designers. $150 month. Sample lessons free. Write. Franklin Institute, Dept. T 851, Rochester, N. Y.

Ladies Make Your Own Hats. Individual lessons by mail. Beautiful Mid-Summer Hat Free. Chicago School of Millinery, Dept. C, 105 W. Monroe St., Chicago.

Wanted—Women Railway Mail Clerks. Average $140 month. Particulars, write. Franklin Institute, Dept. T9, Rochester, N. Y.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

"How to Win" is the story you can get by addressing postcard to Abner Davis, Fort Worth, Texas.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

STAMPS & COINS

Old coins wanted. 24 page buying catalogue, 10c. A. Kraus, Kraus Building, Milwaukee, Wis.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For 10c we will develop and furnish prints from one 6 or 8 exposure film, or enlargement 5 x 7 your favorite negative 10c to show quality and service. Associated Photo Company, Sta. A. 16, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Kodakers—Your money back if we fail to convince you that our enlarging and finishing of films excel what you are now getting. You can't lose. It's worth a trial. Your next film and 25c, and we will surprise you. Better do it now. Moreau's Photo Finishing Service, (Established 25 years) 622 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Special Offer—Your next Kodak Film Developed 10c and first six prints 2c each. Best workmanship. 24 hour service. Enclose money with order. Write for price list "G". Johnston & Tunick, 53 Nassau Street, New York.

Kodak Films developed, any size 5c each. Prints, any size, 3c each. This is not a special trial offer, but our regular price. Superior service. Locke & Co., 279 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati.

World's Finest Kodak Prints, all in frames, New, never seen before. Trial roll dev. 5c prints 2c each. Malden Art Co., 6, Cin., O.

Why trust amateurs with your valuable films? Mail to professional photographers. 6 prints for 10 cents. Developing free. French Studio, Union City, Michigan.

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send 6 negatives any size and 20c for 6 prints. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

POULTRY PET STOCK ETC.

Raise Rabbits. We pay up to $10 each. Contract and book 15c. Co-operative Supply Co., Dept. 95, St. Francis, Wis.

Raise Giant Rabbits For Me. I furnish breeders cheap, and buy all you raise at 30 to 60c per pound alive. Hundreds make big money. Send 10c for Breeders Instruction Book, contract, price list, etc. N. Cross, 6407 Ridge, St. Louis, Mo.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Landseekers! Good land opportunities in Antrim and Kalkaska Counties, Mich. Big yields of grains, fruit, truck. No swamps or stones. $15 to $35 per A. Easy terms. 10 to 160 A. R. R., markets, schools, churches. Good fishing, hunting, fine climate. Write for free booklet. Be independent. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

Two Wheel Chairs in May

556 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The two May wheel chairs go to Clarence Virgil Hudgins, Fort Spunkey, Texas, 142, and Fannie Margaret Ball, Ellis, La., 82. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Clarence Virgil Hudgins, age 15, was stricken with a fever in infancy which paralyzed his legs and they have never developed but are crooked and twisted and entirely useless so that he has never been able to walk. The upper part of his body is nearly normal and he drags himself along with his arms. He will be able to make good use of his wheel chair which will be a joy to him.

Fannie Margaret Ball, age 5 years, has been crippled from birth by paralysis of her lower limbs. As she can use her arms she will soon learn to get about in her little wheel chair.

Last month I sent out five wheel chairs and the month before six, but this month the subscriptions warranted an award of only two wheel chairs, as above specified. It is a pity that the wheel-chair subscriptions should fall down so at this season when the unfortunate crippled shut-ins are most in need of wheel chairs to get them out into the air and sunshine.

I know that with the advent of spring you are all very busy with your affairs; but try to spare some time, even in your busy season, to get subscriptions to help provide wheel chairs for the shut-ins.

You will be interested in the following letters of thanks and Roll of Honor.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

COMFORT Wheel Chair a Joy to This Boy and a Help to His Mother in Caring for Him

Raven Rock, W. Va.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I wish to thank you and all kind friends who helped get my boy Earl a wheel chair. The first day he had it he wheeled himself into the kitchen. It is a joy to him and a great help to me in taking care of him. I wish you continued success in your good work of helping the cripples.

I will send you Earl's picture as soon as the weather is warm enough to have one taken of him in his wheel chair out-of-doors.

I am gratefully Earl's mother,
(Mrs.) S. F. Johnson.

Everyone Thinks It a Nice Wheel Chair

Pickford, Mich.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

My wheel chair came in good condition and I am enjoying it. Everyone thinks it is nice. I thank you for your kindness and especially for the extra pains you have taken with it.

Truly yours,
Rose Thompson.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. B. Robinson, La., for Fannie M. Ball, 80; Mrs. N. J. Weems, Okla., for Virgil Hudgins, 53; William Adlington, W. Va., for own, 21; Miss Goldie Hudgins, Texas, for Virgil Hudgins, 18; Miss Ida Prisock, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Prisock, 16; Mr. Hurchell Parks, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Prisock, 15; Lonnie Dillard, Texas, for Virgil Hudgins, 12; Miss Rosalie Koelsch, Okla., for Gladys Junk, 10; Mrs. H. N. Jacobs, Ark., for Mrs. Suda Cotman, 9; Lela Smith, Ala., for Mrs. Janie Holliman, 9; Mr. Estrell Sullivan, Texas, for George Sullivan, 9; Zelma Sanders, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Prisock, 8; Mrs. Henry Johnson, Ky., for Elizabeth Beatrice Johnson, 8; Mrs. Stella Stewart, Missouri, for Harold Stewart, 8; Mrs. Lurina Smallwood, N. J., for Florence Brown, 6; Mrs. Ida Hudgins, Texas, for Virgil Hudgins, 5; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Texas, for George Sullivan, 5; Mrs. L. A. Burleson, Texas, for own, $1.00 cash.

A Game for Kings

By Carl Schurz Lowden

Chess was invented by a Brahmin, named Sissa, to discipline a king who despised the counsels of the Brahmins and Rajahs and was intoxicated with his own greatness. Sissa endeavored by strategy to open the young monarch's eyes and to teach him that only the love of his people keeps a king on his throne.

The game became popular. The king heard of it. As he knew that Sissa had invented it, he asked the Brahmin to instruct him how to play it. Sissa straightway seized his opportunity and skillfully showed him that the king, the most important of all the pieces, can neither attack nor defend himself without the assistance of his subjects.

The monarch speedily saw that he had been foolish in disregarding the advice and council of his people. He perceived that he had allowed himself to be corrupted by flatterers. He was very grateful to Sissa and asked him what he would like as a reward.

"Give me," Sissa replied, "as much rice as can be placed on the sixty-four squares of the chess-board by putting one grain on the first, two on the second, four on the third, and so on, the number on each square always doubling."

The king cheerfully agreed, but his treasurers convinced him that he had pledged himself to an act of munificence which he would be unable to fulfill. Sissa then intervened and pointed out to the king that a monarch must be continuously on his guard against those who surround him, as otherwise it would be easy to abuse his best intentions.

If Sissa, the Brahmin, had been a German of the twentieth century, would the invention of the game of chess and the instruction of William with the accompanying skillful lesson on the attitude of a king toward his subjects—would the world war have been averted? Some day William may regret that he did not have a Sissa to show him the truth.

First Time He Knew It

Mrs. Suburbs—"What do you think, John, I found a dime in the craw of the chicken I dressed this morning."

Mr. Suburbs—"Well, that's the first time I ever knew there was money in chickens."

Great Stunt

"You seem fascinated."

"I was watching that mule twitch his ears."

"Eh?"



"If I could do that what a comedian I'd be."—*Kansas City Journal.*

You Can't Believe a Girl

Evelyn—"Did you tell the reporter that your engagement was a secret?"

Edith—"Yes, and the mean thing he never put it in the paper at all."

A Healthful Place

"Doc Gerow," deputy sheriff and dentist, told us a good one on a doctor who had chided a Yarmouth farmer whose first name is Hiram for having his pig pen so near his house.

"Don't you think your pen is too near the house for good health?" asked the M. D.

"Well," said Hiram, "I don't know. It's been there nigh on 20 years and I ain't never lost a pig yet."

In the Novels

"Her eyes flashed fire,"
This in a book.
And then: "She froze
Him with a look."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

"She dropped her eyes,"
The author wrote,
Yet they were not
Of glass, we note.
—*Denver Republican.*

"She stabbed him with
A glance"—some joke,
For, strange to say,
He did not croak.
—*Portland Express.*

Always His Fault

Teacher—"I shall not keep you after school, Johnnie. You may go home now."

Johnnie—"I don't want to go home. There's a baby just come to our house."

Teacher—"You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby——"

Johnnie—"I ain't glad. Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything."—*Stray Stories.*

A Seasonable Toast

Here's to woman, may kind Heaven
bless her,
And furnish the money it takes for to
dress her.

Has Her Eyes on Him

"That pretty little widow gave me a box of cigars for my birthday."



"Ah, my boy, beware of widows' weeds!"

Reported Missing in Action

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By Augustin W. Breeden

IT was a wild March day. The wind had blown the pink into the buds of the peaches at the little mountain homestead where the Widow Saunders lived with her indigent father and her one daughter, Jewell. And the same wild March wind that had blown the color into the peach buds had blown the bloom into the cheeks of pretty nineteen-year-old Jewell Saunders. Or was it the note she had had that morning from the wild young man, Harold Joyce, telling her that she might expect to see him during the day and to be on the lookout for him, that had made her cheeks so rosy? At any rate, as she followed after her old grandfather and his bony old horse across the flinty steep rows that he was laying off, planting the corn that her mother, coming many rows behind, covered with a dull hoe, her eyes were bright like dew-wet pansies and her cheeks the color of the peach buds.

Every one said that Harold Joyce was wild, but Jewell knew better. True, he rode a horse that few could ride, he was the best shot in the Ozarks and the most daring boatman on the James River, and he walked with a swagger probably due to the fact that he spent so much time in the saddle, and spoke with a slow drawl supposed to indicate a dangerous fondness for a gun trigger; but the girl knew him to be the most tender-hearted of young men. She had once seen him, during the first year she knew him at the Academy of Highlandville, nearly break the back of a bully for mistreating a young boy. She had seen him stop in the midst of a wild chase after a dog and a raccoon to pluck a mid-winter violet. She had seen him sneak candy to the poor Sykes children when every one forgot them at Christmas time, and blush like a girl when he was caught in the act. This big red-headed youth from the lowland might chafe at restraint and scorn to walk between plow handles on his father's rich river farm, but he was incapable of anything coarse or low or truckling. Anyway, Captain Joyce, his father, needed him to watch after his herds of half-wild cattle in the mountains more than he needed him in the field.

As Jewell came over the hump of a hill in the field she saw Harold waiting at the end of her row carelessly leaning against the rickety rail fence. She laid down her corn bag and hurried to the fence to meet him.

"I've done it, little girl," he said. "I've decided to go to Canada and enlist. "They seem so slow at Washington I'm afraid we'll never declare war and I just can't stand to stay out of it any longer. I'm off in two or three days. You remember your promise?"

"Yes."

"Can you meet me in Gentry day after tomorrow?"

"That's Saturday, isn't it, and the day Mamma sends the butter and eggs; but, Harold, I—— I've nothing nice enough to be married in."

"I'll get you the best rig in town."

"Harold, you know I couldn't let you do that. Besides, Harrie, everybody would know; and you know you said it would be a secret wedding. You can't imagine how Mamma and Grandpa hate your father and you and all you low country people on account of this range war. They think you have no right to graze your cattle in the mountains and they call your father an aristocrat because he was an officer in the Confederate army. You know us mountaineers all fought on the other side."

"I know. And they say I'm wild. That I carry a pistol on my hip. If I didn't, some of these people would poison my cattle and shoot me in the big road. But the wedding shall be secret. You're nineteen; you have the right."

"Yes, but they want me to marry my cousin Jim. Jim's a good boy, but I don't love him, and I saw him run that night of the dance on Dry Creek when the Rock County crowd got to shooting. I could never marry a man that is gun-shy."

"Then I tell you what you do. You come to that dance on Indian Ridge tomorrow night. I'll ride to Higlandville tomorrow and get the license and a preacher and two witnesses that will play shut mouth afterwards. It's not a quarter of a mile from where the dance is to the county line, so we'll marry in Rock County. Jim will bring you to the dance, and you and I can slip out between sets and be married when we get back. Coming?"

"Yes."

"Oh, you brave, brave little girl!" The young man caught the slim young girl to him across the fence and their troth was plighted.

"Jew-ell, Jew-ell." It was the mother calling. The old grandfather had turned the row and his horse's head could be seen coming over the hill.

"Poor Grandpa," said the girl answering something in her own thoughts. "He is so feeble and we are so poor!"

"I want you to keep Buster and Drum Boy and, and Dixie Kid for me while I am gone."

"But Harold—I will keep your dogs, of course—that would be a—a wife's duty, but the horse Dixie Kidd—it might seem like——"

"I'll fix it O. K. Remember, tomorrow night!" Harold leaped upon Dixie Kidd and galloped away.

"Whut you lookin' so pink and so foolish fur?" inquired the mother later, coming up with her hoe. "Hev you ben talking to that low down Joyce boy? I seed him ridin' away."

"Yes, Mother, I've been talking to him. He—— he's going away."

"That's no news; he's allus goin' away some'er's when he ain't coming back. Whar's he goin' this time? Rock Kiounty er the Indian Nation?"

"He's going to war, Mother. He says he thinks any honest man ought to get on over there and help the Belgians and French; so he's going."

"An' good riddance of bad rubbish," snapped the mother.

The girl did not reply. Instead she dutifully dropped her eyes and started across the rocky field, dropping seed corn.

So it was that Jewell Saunders rode back from the dance on Indian Ridge with a ring on her finger that she had not worn going over, and which she was careful to conceal from her amourous cousin and all others; and Sunday morning the Saunders household awoke to find Dixie Kidd grazing in their pasture lot with a note tied to his mane stating that Harold Joyce was lending him to Mrs. Saunders till he should get back from overseas. And tied not far from the Saunders cabin, and whining to be untied, were Buster and Drum Boy, but with no note tied to them; for no true mountaineer is ever unkind to a stray dog.

That was in March, 1917, and two weeks later the United States declared war. So Harold did not have to enlist in Canada, after all. In August of that year he passed through Paris on his way up to the Toul sector, where the Americans, a pitiful handful, were training for later efficiency. In the early fall he was transferred to the engineers, and following the battle of Cambrai he was reported "Missing in Action."

Not that he was reported soon after the big battle was fought; the news came slowly, percolating through, drop by drop. In November, Jewell had a letter from him written in August. In December she had a letter saying he had been up at the front and found it "interesting." His mother also had three letters from him written at different times, but arriving in December. Jewell rode Dixie Kidd to the big Joyce plantation and the mother showed her the letters. Then on New Year's Day the word came, "Missing in Action." On the same day that the girl got the news by way of the Joyce plantation she also got a very cheerful letter from Harold written a week before the battle of Cambrai. It seemed to the tearful girl as if she could see her husband and sweetheart alive before her as she read his brave words.

That day she got upon Dixie Kid and rode madly across the hills in the bitter winter wind. In the late afternoon, under a fiery winter sunset she met Harold's mother also riding madly across the hills. They stopped and talked.

"He was the best one of my boys," said the mother.

"He was the kindest hearted young man I ever met," said the girl.

"He scorned a lie," said the mother.

"He was the truest friend I ever had," said the girl.

"He often spoke of you to me," said the mother.

"And of you to me," replied the girl.

"Missing in action," repeated the older woman to herself. "It is hard to bear. I could almost wish he he were reported killed outright."

"Wasn't the report 'wounded and missing in action'?" asked the girl, with tears in her voice.

"Yes, I have a letter from a comrade of his, who said he left him in a shell hole. My brave boy begged him to run for it and save himself. You see, Harrie was wounded in the leg. The comrade left him, hoping later to return with help and bring him out of the zone of fire. But the Germans took the ground, and later when our men returned my boy was not there."

"He will be found," said the girl with a brave lift of the head. "He will be found alive."

"I have given up hope," replied the mother. "I have been in almost daily communication with the War Office. They hold out no hope."

Thus the two, the bereaved young wife and the bereaved old mother, met and parted.

The girl rode toward home with her head held high and her eyes bright, but not merely with tears. The next morning she rode through a blinding snowstorm to the cabin where her cousin Jim was holding down a small land claim and keeping bach.

"Jim," she said, "you're not making anything here, are you?"

"Not much."

"I thought not. Dixie Kidd here is a good plow horse if he is a bit wild under the saddle. Wi a him and Grandpa's old horse you could make a fine crop on our place, now couldn't you?"

"I shore could."

"Jim, what is your classification in the draft?"

"A 1, but I'm tryin' to git hit changed."

"I'll tell you how you can get it changed," persuaded the girl. "I'll lend you Dixie Kidd. You come and support my mother and yourn and my grandfather. As the only support of your aunt and grandfather, you will never have to go overseas."

Jim's eyes gleamed. He thought he read more in the girl's words than she had spoken. "An' I'll support you too, gladly," he said with a sheepish grin.

"Me too?" asked the girl archly. "Now that is kind, but perhaps I can support myself for a time yet. You'll come and live with us?"

"I'll come tomorrow."

The next day Jewell rode Dixie to Gentry. She went to her old friend Tom Manning, who was in the livery business.

"What'll you give me for this saddle?" she asked.

"W'y that's Harold Joyce's saddle, ain't it?"

"Sure is, or rather was. He gave it to me. What'll you give me for it?"

"Forty dollars."

"It's yourn," said the girl, with a laugh. "And how much for this lariat and plaited horsehair bridle?"

"Eight, seein' hit's you."

"They're yourn," repeated the girl.

Six weeks later found the girl on board the Touraine, a French liner, sailing for France with two dozen other girls and women young and old. Her progress had been difficult but swift. With a letter from the wife of Captain Joyce she had gone to St. Louis and applied for training in a hospital, but learning how slow that was as a method of getting overseas, she had at once gone on to New York. There she had called, always with her letter, on the three institutions she knew of, the public library, the Y. W. C. A., and the Butterick Pattern Company. At each place they had been kind to her, but offered no immediate way for her to achieve her desire. Then one night she was tramping footsore and discouraged toward her hotel and she passed a Salvation Army singing in the street. They were singing:

"We'll go over, yes, go over,
To the boys beyond the seas,
And we'll tell them there of Jesus,
And their troubles we will ease.
We'll go over, we're going over,
And we won't come back so long as we can please."

Then and there she set in to convince the kindly-faced matron that she "could please" by baking for the boys the finest kind of biscuit. And so on board the Touraine she went over. The war was now on in earnest. The news of the sinking of the Tuscania had gone over the country like wildfire. Every organization was straining to do its best, and the Salvation Army was in the forefront. The party that Jewell was with landed at Bordeaux, they were whirled up to Paris, they were rushed out to the Toul Sector in motor lorries.

Jewell had a sad but delicious feeling as she reflected that she was probably riding through the same streets and looking at the same houses that Harold had looked at only a few months before. Then she received the surprise of her life. The head of the committee which at Toul came out to receive their party was Mrs. Joyce, Harold's mother.

Then it was that Jewell, who had kept a tight mouth and told no one of her secret marriage and her secret sorrow, wept upon Mrs. Joyce's shoulder and told her all.

"You dear, dear child," wept the mother. "I thought myself a heroine for coming over, but no longer. You are the heroine. Do you realize you will sometimes be under fire?"

"Am I better than Harold?" asked the girl simply. "He went under fire!"

Events happened rapidly that spring in Europe. The two women had hardly settled together in a little room, when they were ordered farther west in the Champaign district. And on March 21, exactly a year from the day the girl was married and her soldier husband marched away, she received her first baptism of fire. All day long and then all night long the brave mountain girl celebrated the anniversary of her wedding by serving hot chocolate and biscuit to the wounded but cheerful men streaming back from the firing line. And all day and all night the shells screamed and burst in fireworks overhead like forty thousand Fourths of July rolled into one. At first the girl felt herself exhilerated by it all and then she had a visitation of what a bombardment could mean. The canteen was hit, and three girls, all acquaintances of hers, were killed.

The second night, what was worse, the Americans were forced to fall back. They started back, the soldiers protesting, the officers insisting. For four hours of shell-lit darkness in a blinding snow, the red cross lassies retreated with their soldier men. Part of the time clinging to bumping or creeping auto trucks, most of the time walking like good soldiers that the wounded might ride.

Then at midnight, there was a mixup, a battle, a skirmish, what you will. The Germans maneuvered a flank attack. Horror reigned in the darkness for perhaps half an hour, and at the end of it, Mother Joyce and Jewell, and a badly wounded Red Cross woman whom neither had seen before, found themselves prisoners under a German guard.

I shall not attempt to reveal all the horror and mental anxiety through which these women passed. One week later at Coblenz, the Red Cross woman died of her wounds. The other two were kept in a small city on the Saar, wholly among strangers, constantly under guard. They got no news from the outside world. They were not permitted to be visited either by the Spanish or Swiss authorities who were looking after the mercy work among prisoners in Germany. They were simply under the guard of the mayor and police of the little city where they were permitted to live. They heard that Paris was taken. They were told that the channel ports had one after another fallen to the Germans.

In America, they were reported "Missing in Action" just as Harold had been so reported before them. The younger woman stayed constantly in the presence of the elder. At night they had to endure the sight of a policeman stationed outside their window and pressing his face to the glass and looking in from time to time, and in bad weather one was quartered in the little front entrance hall of their tiny house. They were not permitted to curtain their windows.

In July their worst annoyance began. An officer, a great German beast of perhaps forty-five, began to try to force his attentions upon Jewell.

"Why not marry me, my leetle frauline?" he begged. "You two vill have to spend your days in de Vaterland anyvay. Fy not become mine vife?"

TO BE CONCLUDED IN JULY.



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"No man is so foolish but he may give another good counsel sometimes, and no man is so wise but may easily err if he will take no other's counsel but his own."

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COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

JULY
1920

I CARE NOT WHAT THEY SAY NOR WHAT THEY MAY HAVE SAID THIS IS MY DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

See Story on Page 3.

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Why Congress Will Decline the Armenian Mandate that Europe Is Trying to Wish on America

SCANT time was allowed our country to sense the relief vouchsafed it from entanglement in the League of Nations snare ere it was confronted with another insidious attempt to involve the United States in the vexatious international disputes that for centuries have been a fruitful cause of wars in Europe and Asia and to a large extent are responsible for the present state of turmoil that is still harassing those continents. It came in the form of an urgent request from Great Britain, France and Italy that the United States accept a mandate over the newly created Republic of Armenia, and was communicated on May 24th in a special message by President Wilson in which he asked Congress to authorize the assumption by our Government of this difficult and burdensome task.

Armenia has attained world-wide notoriety through the newspaper reports of frequent massacres and other forms of cruel oppression inflicted by the Turks on the Armenians, which is about as much as most people know of that ancient and at one time powerful country. Its history runs back into remote antiquity long antedating the Christian era. The Armenians are Christians and assert with great pride that the Armenian Church was founded by one of the Apostles. Ancient Armenia occupied the high tableland extending from the Caucasus mountains south to Mount Taurus, including the sources of the Tigris and Euphrates rivers, and reached from the Black Sea on the west to the Caspian Sea on the east. Mount Ararat, 17,550 feet high, on which Noah's ark landed, is in this territory, and it is believed by Bible students that the Garden of Eden also was situated in Armenia. Aside from tradition, which accords it the distinction of being the cradle of the human race, it is known to be one of the oldest countries on earth and to have had a checkered and for the most part troubled career.

Though at one time risen to a status of considerable power and influence, Armenia had the misfortune to lie athwart the pathway of all the great Oriental conquerors and lacked the strength to successfully oppose their victorious progress. Consequently she has been the prey successively of these numerous military tyrants, and through the ages has been unable to maintain an independent national existence except at intermittent intervals. Of all the foreign oppressors of Armenia the Turks, who conquered this unhappy country some centuries ago, have proved the most cruel and murderous, due in part to religious differences; the Turks being fanatical Mohammedans while the Armenians have continued steadfast Christians in spite of the most terrible persecution because of their faith. Another reason for the Turks' hatred of the Armenians is that the latter, like the Jews, have a natural aptitude for trade, and thousands of them, having left their old homes and scattered throughout the Turkish dominions to engage in trade or in the mechanic arts, have prospered to a degree that has excited the envy and jealousy of the Turks who are no match for the Armenians in business or in the practice of the arts, crafts and professions. They regard the Christian Armenian who is absorbing a considerable share of the wealth of the community as a heretic and profiteer, and consider it the privilege, if not the duty, of "the faithful" to rob and murder the wealthy unbeliever.

For centuries this persecution, not only of the Armenians but also of the millions of other Christian and Jewish subjects of the Sultan, has been going on in Turkey, and it is a notorious scandal that the great Christian nations of Europe, which by uniting in issuing word of warning to Turkey could have put an end to these outrages at any time, have failed to act because of their jealousy of each other. The case of suffering Armenia was similar to that of the Balkan states which formerly were under Turkish misrule but were liberated years ago because of persistent persecution of their Christian inhabitants. Ever since their separation from Turkey these little Balkan kingdoms have been the subject of endless intrigue and a hotbed for propagating European wars. It will be remembered that it was Germany's support of Austria's aggression against Servia (one of the Balkan kingdoms) that precipitated the World War. And one of the worst indictments against Germany for cruelty in the conduct of the war was based on her allowing and even encouraging wholesale massacres of the Armenians by Turkey, her dependent and servile ally.

The World War brought decisive action on the matter of Turkey's abuse of her Christian subjects, and when she surrendered the Allies required her to give up her Christian provinces. As these liberated Turkish provinces were not strong enough to stand alone they were to be placed respectively under the protection of one or other of the Allies. This assumption of guardianship was called a mandate. France accepted the mandate over Syria and is having so much trouble over it that she is sick of the job already. Great Britain has undertaken the mandates over Judea and Mesopotamia, in both of which she has interests of her own to protect. But the toughest, dirtiest job of all, the one that no European Power is willing to undertake is the mandate over Armenia, and so they all join in asking Uncle Sam to shoulder this burden.

Our acceptance of this mandate would mean that we should have to maintain a naval force in the Black Sea, five thousand miles away from home, and send over and keep a standing army in Armenia to preserve order within the country and protect it against attacks from without by the Turks on the one side and the Russian Bolsheviki on the other. This would be an expensive job, adding hundreds of millions to our taxes which already are excessively burdensome, and it might result in involving us in a war with Turkey or Russia or both, the possible consequences of which are horrible to contemplate. Above all we should decline this mandate because its acceptance would be a departure from the steadfast policy of the United States since the time of Washington to keep out of European intrigues and entanglements.

Just what territory is to be included in the new Armenian republic is as yet an unsettled question. A part of Armenia is in the possession of Russia, having been taken from Turkey some years ago, and here the Armenians are fighting for freedom from Bolshevik Russia. The rest of it, which has no definite boundaries, remained a part of Turkey, and just how much of this is to be set off will have to be settled by agreement with, or by force of arms against, the Turks. Here is a nice pickle to step into at the outset—a dispute with Russia and another with Turkey. It is Europe's job, not ours, to get together and settle the Armenian question. We have unsettled problems in the Mexican situation that have too long been shirked; they require our immediate attention. The first duty of our Government is to our own citizens, and until it can stop massacres of Americans by Mexicans its endeavors should be directed in that direction rather than to distant Armenia. As these views have been expressed by prominent Senators and Congressmen, and the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations has reported a joint resolution respectfully refusing authority to accept the mandate over Armenia there appears to be little doubt that our Government will mind its own business and leave it to Europe to settle its disputes in its own way.

U. S. Mandate Over Mexico Possible

MEXICO was in a state of almost continuous revolution and anarchy until about forty-five years ago when President Diaz assumed control and soon brought order out of chaos. He was a man of great ability, absolute integrity and strong character, and made his administration respected at home and abroad. The terror of his swift and sure justice kept the lawless element in subjection and made life safe and property secure throughout the land, so that foreign capital dared to come in and develop the great natural resources of the country. He built the national railroads and lifted the national credit of Mexico out of bankruptcy to a position second only to that of the United States. During the thirty-five years that Diaz was undisputed ruler the population increased and the wealth and prosperity of the country grew amazingly. But ten years ago, when President Diaz began to show the weakening effect of old age, a wealthy and ambitious young man named Madero headed an insurrection to forcibly depose him. Some good but misguided people were among Madero's followers, but all the bad men and would-be brigands flocked to his standard of revolt against the man who had forced them to abandon the practice of their evil ways.

The insurrection was successful in so far as it drove Diaz out of the country and enabled Madero to make himself President. But his triumph was literally short lived, for he was assassinated within a few weeks by one of his own followers, General Huerta, who immediately set himself up as ruler of Mexico in place of his murdered chief. President Taft refused to recognize Huerta's government. President Wilson followed the same course and went further by sending our army and navy to Vera Cruz to help the other Mexican Insurrectos drive Huerta out of Mexico. Thereupon Carranza, another of the Insurrecto chiefs, set himself up as president in spite of President Wilson's protest and solemn threat that he would not recognize any man as president of Mexico who was not duly elected by the people. Nevertheless, Mr. Wilson did accord him official recognition and support when Carranza seemed to possess the force to sustain his position, though a number of Insurrecto leaders, notably Villa, denounced him as a usurper and waged a guerrilla warfare against him that has kept Mexico in continual turmoil until his recent fall. Like Madero he was murdered by his former supporters. He misgoverned as much of Mexico as came under his power and was a treacherous enemy to the United States, and a secret ally of the Kaiser. The leaders of the successful revolt against Carranza have chosen Adolfo De La Huerta (not the former president) to act as provisional president until a new government can be elected by the people. In this there is a ray of hope that a better element may control the destiny of Mexico.

Coincident with these latest events comes the report of the Senate Sub-Committee on Foreign Relations which has made a long and thorough investigation of affairs in Mexico. The report states that, as a result of the lawless condition that has prevailed since the beginning of the Madero revolution, 461 Americans and a large number of other foreigners have been killed in Mexico, and 126 Americans have been murdered on the American side of the Mexican border, while the property losses incurred by Americans in Mexico is placed at more than five hundred million dollars. The Committee expresses sympathy for the Mexican people who have been reduced to a deplorable state of poverty, distress and famine by the ravages of ten years of civil war that have killed a third of the population, and blames our Government's vacillating policy for allowing such a barbarous condition to exist at our very door. The report concludes by recommending that, unless a stable and responsible government capable and willing to restore law and order and to compensate American citizens for their losses suffered through Mexican disorders is set up by the Mexicans, it will be the duty of the United States to intervene in Mexico and police the country with our army and navy for the purpose of accomplishing that result in justice to our people and to other nations and in the interests of distracted Mexico.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Their Declaration of Independence

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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HAVERVILLE was divided against itself upon the broken engagement of Ralph Meredith and Alice Herbert.

Ralph was proprietor of the general store of Haverville and now and then made trips to Chicago for the purpose of stocking up. On the occasion of his last trip, he had gone to a cabaret and had danced with a rather gay little lady who patronized the place. There was nothing really wrong in the matter, nothing that he need blush for, and as a matter of fact he thought nothing of it after it was all over, looking upon it as a chance incident, for he had been taken to the place by one of the salesmen of a general merchandising firm who had invited him out to lunch.

The salesman claimed that he knew the young woman and Meredith had no reason to believe differently, so everything would have been well had not a rival agent happened in Haverville a few weeks later. This man mentioned that Mr. Meredith was quite another man when away from home, and then related the incident quite colorfully.

Honest as he was, Meredith admitted the dance, but some were pleased to put a different angle to the story, and as it was bandied about, the upshot was that Miss Herbert broke the engagement—and Haverville became divided.

"Alice Herbert did right in breaking her engagement with Ralph. Any man who will act as he did ought to be ashamed of himself. If she marries him, how can she ever trust him when he makes trips to the city?"

That was one premise.

"Ralph was a fool if he made up with Alice. The idea! Breaking her engagement just because he danced with a strange girl at a cabaret. If that's the way she trusts him, she'd better not marry him."

That was the other premise.

As each faction saw it, their favorite was doing right so long as he or she lived up to what the faction thought was right.

The couple were at the mercy of public opinion.

And there you are!

All this happened in early Spring. Summer approached, and soon all the boys of Haverville began to count the days to the glorious Fourth.

Haverville had not adopted the "Sane Fourth" idea. While everything may be said in favor of it, argue as you will, there is in every boy's heart that yearning for a slam-bang, old-fashioned Fourth of July. It is right and proper that for the sake of the casualty list which appears every morning of July Fifth, that the rest of mankind should be bereft of fireworks, but Haverville was a town that had not yet seen the error of its ways.

In the matter of fireworks, Ralph Meredith was incorrigible. Each year he always laid in a tremendous stock of nerve-racking, slam-banging pyrotechnics. As a boy they had been his passion, an incentive to patriotism, a reminder of those stirring days of the Revolution, and when the World War came on, he quickly found a place in the ranks. The smell of powder, the rockets and bombs that he saw in active service, all kindled his blood and gave him the sensation of viewing a never-ending Fourth of July.

Now he was home again, a civilian, dealing in general merchandise, but instead of having been cured, he determined upon a more elaborate celebration on Main Street than ever before for his exhibitions had always been the wonder and envy of every small boy in town.

Every day before his big show windows, the lads congregated, discussing with avidity, the wonderful display.

"Gee, I wonder if Mr. Meredith will let us shoot off some of the stuff?" exclaimed one with glowing eyes and hopeful heart.

"I bet he will. He always used to. Let's ask him," for just then Ralph came to the door of the store.

Ralph was a lovable chap. Rather slender in build, yet well set up, with dark eyes beaming from a face that was always smiling, sympathetic or kind, he unconsciously drew one to him. No one ever saw him in a passion or anything but good-tempered. However, he possessed a great deal of pride, pride in his character and in the reputation he enjoyed, and as he seemed to have inherited a natural inclination to right for right's sake, that pride of his had been hurt that Alice should suspect him of double-dealing. He loved her devotedly, but after all he was just human and as each has his little weakness, Meredith was not without his, and now he stood upon his pride and made no attempt to right the wrong that idle chatter and an honest confession had caused.

Ralph looked down the street, then smiled and winked knowingly at the cluster of urchins at the window.

"Hello, Mr. Meredith," came the chorus, and then one, braver than the rest, spoke up. "Are you going to let us shoot off some of the fireworks this year?"

"Surest thing you know," he responded, heartily. Then suddenly his smile faded.

He had espied Alice Herbert.

"If she would but give some sign," he murmured, half audibly. He leaned against the window sash, folded his arms and was lost in thought.

For some time the lads discussed the fireworks, then, some other attraction claiming them, they moved away—all but Stubby Hicks, the lad who asked the question with regard to the fireworks.

Stubby had heard Meredith sigh, but he gave no sign. In his heart, though, there was a wistful sympathy for the handsome young merchant, for Stubby knew of the broken engagement and mourned it. Personal reasons swayed Stubby to a certain extent for many had been the errands he had run for Meredith to Miss Herbert's home, since she lived on the street next to his and their back-yards joined. So it was convenient for him and there was always a dime and sometimes a quarter in it for him. But he mourned the matter for Meredith's sake, too, for he really boyishly loved the man who always was kind to him.

On several occasions, Stubby wanted to ask Mr. Meredith about the broken engagement and he dared it now.

"Mr. Meredith, why don't Miss Herbert talk to you any more?" he queried.

Meredith looked at him. The genuine camaraderie in the lad's eyes made him answer, half seriously, half in jest:

"Why, Miss Herbert thinks I did something dreadful while I was in Chicago the last time, that's why."

"What dreadful did you do?" Stubby asked. "You didn't steal or kill anybody, did you?"

Meredith, with tender compassion, laid a gentle hand on the lad's head.

"Let us hope that it will be a long time before you know any other of the evils men do in this world," he thought. But he replied: "No, but Miss Herbert chose to believe something which was not true."

"Well, why don't you go to her and tell her that it ain't so?" demanded Stubby.

"I can't, Stubby."

"Why? You ain't afraid?"

Meredith nodded his head. "I am," he returned.

"And you was a soldier!" exclaimed the lad with disgust.

Meredith laughed merrily, then he quieted down.

"Yes, in spite of having been a soldier. But, Stubby, there are some things which are harder to face than gunpowder, and some things harder to conquer than an enemy. Some day when you are a man, you'll understand."

Stubby wondered what Meredith meant and deeply pondered it. What could be harder to face than gunpowder or an enemy? He thought about it, but gave it up. Grown people were so queer. Why didn't they fight things out like boys did on the street and be good friends again instead of scowling at each other forever and ever? Why didn't Mr. Meredith go and tell Miss Herbert that he didn't do anything dreadful? She ought to believe him, when he said he didn't!

Thus his innocent boyish mind meditated upon the matter until it neared bedtime, and he decided to go home.

Before he went into the house, however, he climbed to the loft of the big barn (which now did service as a garage) to look over his stock of fireworks. Stubby had a considerable layout, for he was not a poor lad—his father was one of the well-to-do men of Haverville. Mr. Hicks, however, did not spoil his son with too much spending money, but allowed Stubby to earn whatever he could.

Stubby lit a bit of candle and then lovingly fingered the precious things, the sky-rockets, the Roman candles, cannon-crackers, pin-wheels and the rest of the conglomeration.

He meant to be cautious. Perhaps he was; perhaps he wasn't. Somehow or other, he couldn't explain how, that light connected with the fuse of a sky-rocket. There was a sudden trailing s-s-s-s-z which ended in a gentle "tock" and he saw the rocket sail through the big loft doorway and right across intervening space into the open window of Alice Herbert's home!

In horror, Stubby sprang up and beat out the sparks which lay about. But his subsiding terror again took an upward bound when he saw that the dainty curtains which hung in Miss Herbert's windows were burning.

With a bound, he almost fell down the loft ladder and rushed across the intervening space and scaling a tree, he swung himself into Miss Herbert's room. The flames were licking about and spreading to the other curtains, but with his wits about him, he seized a small rug and again beat about and here too he succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

So busy was he that he did not notice Miss Herbert standing at the door until she said in a gentle voice:

"That was nobly done, Stubby."

Stubby's cheeks burned as he stood abashed before the sweet gray eyes. He blurted out:

"'Twasn't, Miss Herbert. It was my fault. My sky-rocket got set off some way and shot right 'cross from our barn into your window."

"Yes, it was, Stubby," she reiterated. "And more so since you might have taken the glory of putting out the fire without revealing yourself as the cause. That is a moral courage that is greater even than meeting an enemy—and we all do not possess it," she finished as an afterthought.

Stubby was impressed with her words.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "that's something like what Mr. Meredith said tonight. He said something about not being afraid to face gun-powder but was afraid to do something else."

"He said that?" Miss Herbert observed, and there was someting in her tone that made Stubby feel as if he ought not have repeated Mr. Meredith's words. So he nodded but said no more.

Miss Herbert then dismissed him and he went home and to bed.

The next evening found him with the rest of the congregation before Meredith's store. After a bit, he joined Meredith as he often did, and told him of the incident and naturally, of what Miss Herbert had said.

Meredith listened.

"Stubby," he began, with a sudden determination in his voice, "will you see that Miss Herbert comes to the celebration on the Fourth of July? I'm sure she'll accept your escort."

"Sure," said Stubby.

"All right. Because I shall have a 'set piece' which I want her to see," Meredith said.

The next day Mr. Meredith went to Chicago and shortly before the Fourth, some mysterious freight was delivered.

Finally the long awaited day came.

From dawn there was a smell of powder in the air. All the lads of Haverville were up betimes. The small crackers snapped and the air was punctuated with long rolling booms as giant cannon crackers were ignited.

The sun crawled up to the zenith and looked down upon a town in holiday array for flags and bunting floated everywhere.

Toward afternoon, most supplies were exhausted and a little quietus came upon the town, broken now and then by a distant boom. The time then was beguiled by the young folks with ice cream, lemonade and like cooling refreshment while they dwelt in blissful anticipation of the glories soon to be shown.

Dusk advanced and soon was illuminated by soaring rockets and popping Roman candles and then as the darkness deepened, great colored lights of blue, green and red lit up and made everyday things objects of wonder.

When dark night had fallen, most of the townspeople gathered in Main Street near Meredith's store from which Mr. Meredith had taken all his surplus stock for the edification of the youngsters.

What a time they had! Meredith invited crowds of youngsters before the store and placed Roman candles in their hands, and they twirled away merrily as the bright globes of fire left the narrow tubes. Among the very little folks he distributed the seemingly indistinguishable "sparklers." When these were finally exhausted, the youngsters were shooed away to a safe distance and great rockets, which flew up into the air with a roar like a steam engine tearing away from the depot, were set off. Then came the wonderful bombs, the "flower pots," etc., and then the "set pieces" of war heroes in colored fire were ignited.

Meredith moved among those helping him to set off the pyrotechnical display with a sense of reliability that was comforting. But when he approached the final "set piece" one might have noticed that his hand trembled just a little.

He applied the torch. There was a sudden sizz, then the powder began to burn and the outline of a man and a girl, the man in the act of kissing her, formed. And below in letters of colored fire burned the words:

"I CARE NOT WHAT THEY SAY NOR WHAT THEY MAY HAVE SAID. THIS IS MY DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE."

There was a great round of applause and laughter as the gathered audience looked upon the piece. They all thought it a bit of comedy—a new comedy angle to the immortal words, "Declaration of Independence."

For some time it flared and burned, the colored fire constantly changing hue, then the powder burned low; one after another the sparks extinguished until only here and there bits of fire flamed up as they ignited stray bits of powder.

Then came a succession of rockets and bombs which made the heavens golden, and the exhibition was finished.

A final cheer went up and all the lads crowded around their hero. He answered their numerous questions haphazardly, but when he got to Stubby he asked whether he had fulfilled his promise. Stubby replied:

"Oh, yes. But I told my daddy to take her home because I want to stay with the boys yet."

Meredith laughed, and as he saw no sign of Miss Herbert, he started for her home.

He found her on the porch where Mr. Hicks and his wife had just set her down. She was leaning against a pillar. A shaft of light from the open window touched up her face. Her eyes were thoughtful.

"Alice," he called softly, "Alice."

She did not repulse him. He grew bolder.

"Alice," he repeated again. "Alice. You understood? You got my message? You were not offended?"

She turned her head so that her face was in the shadow. Then she said:

"I did not realize until now the necessity of a Declaration of Independence—to absolve myself from all allegiance to—public opinion. You have made yours. It was a *fiery* declaration," she punned.

Her words encouraged him.

"You, too, will make a declaration—and forgive me?"

She hesitated a moment.

"I forgave you almost immediately after I had condemned you, because I knew I was wrong and had been influenced only by public opinion."

"I, too, had been foolishly swayed that way and allowed my pride to stand in my way. But we shall not listen to any talk further, shall we?"

"We have voiced our Declaration of Independence," she said.

That was a sufficient answer.

With a bound he sprang up the steps with arms extended. She ran to him, one arm under his, the other resting on his breast and shoulder.

"You weren't as brave as Stubby," she chided. "He wasn't afraid to acknowledge that he nearly set the house on fire."

"The little trump!" Meredith exclaimed. "It was he who first gave me courage to make my declaration," and he renewed his clasp on his re-won treasure.

Reported Missing in Action

By Augustin W. Breeden

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PART II.

HE offered honorable marriage but he insisted on forcing himself into the presence of the two helpless women.

It was only the constant threat of the older woman of retaliation on the part of her countrymen in case they were not treated as honorable prisoners of war that kept him at his distance; and further, the man was actually in love with the beautiful American girl, and had a sort of sense of honor after a fashion.

"You may capture Paris," said Mrs. Joyce, always in a dignified manner, "and you may even capture the channel ports and invade London perhaps. But the United States is a vast and powerful country, and she cannot be defeated. She will come overseas in greater and greater numbers. You might as well try to stop Niagara as to stop her; and some day she will defeat you—will crush your Fatherland, and then—then if you have not treated us two as ladies, they, our brothers and fathers, will come to take their revenge."

She little knew how nearly she was guessing the truth; but yet the rising respect of the German officer seemed a thermometer of American victories in the field. In August the two women suffered less annoyance than in June or July. In October, they were permitted the freedom of the village, and the officer, who had been stationed there while a wound was healing, was hurried with all his men to the front. There were no more men and very few young boys left in the town.

Then in November it came suddenly, the debacle, the complete downfall of the Germans. The two women did not hear of the armistice, but got their news or a strong surmise of it all in a tragic fashion. On November fourteenth, the officer, Major Kampfinfelt, came to them by night and without warning.

"Get ready for a long journey," he ordered. "At midnight you shall get into my automobile for a journey into the interior."

"I demand the right to talk with the mayor first," asserted Mrs. Joyce.

She was permitted to talk with the mayor, but he only shrugged his shoulders and said he could do nothing. They must do as the major said. The two women, wholly unarmed and at the mercy of the man who commanded them, got into his auto. They were whirled across the country. Two days later they arrived at a castle, they could not guess where. They had not been permitted to ask any questions, and they could not speak the language. But by day they saw hundreds of men in uniform but without arms, and guessed that something momentous had taken place. They believed that there was a revolution in Germany.

At the castle, they were given an elegant suite of rooms, and two women servants were placed at their command. Major Kampfinfelt renewed his addresses to Jewell, but always in the most entreating and respectful tones. It was a battle of wits between him and the girl and between him and the older woman. The two tried to bribe the servants to tell them the state of things in Germany, but it was of no use. Day after day and week after week they remained in gilded captivity ignorant of all that was passing around them.

It was at this time that the mind of Jewell reverted oftener and oftener to Harold. She had never ceased to believe that when he was found he would be found alive. She dwelt upon him so constantly that he seemed to her like a third member of their party.

Came Christmas, a sad Christmas indeed for the two prisoners. The major tried to do everything he could to make the day a glorious success. He ordered a grand dinner, but besides two other officers who seemed to be under his orders no guests were present except them and the old housekeeper.

At dinner he proposed a toast: "Here is to the Madame Joyce and to the beautiful Mademoiselle Joyce, who one week from today shall be my bride. I swear it. On New Year's Day she shall be mine."

"On New Year's Day?" inquired Mrs. Joyce in her usual dignified tone. "But why, my dear major, do you not invite more of your friends to the festivities? Why, pray, are you here, far from the firing line? Is it that the Vaterland no longer needs your service? You say you have won against our allies. Then why be so secret about this wedding,—why not announce it to all the world? I think your country has broken up into revolutionary groups, and that you are hiding in your castle from those who would execute you if they had you at Berlin. Is it not true, what I say?"

At this speech the major flew into a typical German rage.

"Drag those two women out of here and put them in the dungeon, keep on bread and water. I have wooed like a gentleman and they cannot understand that. Vell then, I shall show them I am here all powerful. I vill show them if I am a revolutionary, if I am in hiding." He gave an order in German, and three common footmen in soldier uniforms leaped forward and dragged the two frightened women from the room.

In the cell, a damp cell in the basement of the castle to which they were confined, they were literally fed upon bread and water, and every day the major sent a mock polite note asking Jewell if she would not honor him by becoming his wife, but always reminding her in brutal terms that on New Year's Day she should become such.

"There is nothing for it but to pray for deliverance," said the girl. "That and the hunger strike for me. You eat my portion, Mother, and keep up your strength so you can demand revenge for me. I—I—perhaps will be dead by New Year's Eve. I have lived too long already."

So the girl ate nothing and daily became weaker. Then came New Year's Eve and the two spent the entire night in prayer.

At dawn of New Year's Day, as they two sat shivering in their cell they suddenly heard the sound of firing.

"Hark," said Mother Joyce. "It is as I surmised. He is a member of a revolutionary group and his enemies are attacking."

Her words were cut short. Suddenly the cell door was flung open. The major, haggard, perspiring, his hair and clothing in wild disarray, stood before them.

"You spoke the truth on Christmas Day," he panted. "My country is defeated. You spoke the truth all along with your Niagara talk. The Americans have long since come. I was in hiding, but not as a revolutionary, always I am true to the Kaiser. Now they think to rout me out. But I swear I will not be cheated of my prey. When I go, you two go with me. Come."

The two trembling women were dragged from the cell and forced into the automobile once more.

"Today you marry me, understand?" said the excited major, thrusting his unshaven face into Jewell's. "Kiss me. You have never done so. You shall kiss me vonce before ve die together."

He said no more. There was a shout. "Yar-ar-ar," a prolonged, demoniac yell. Then they saw such a sight. A mob of pale men, white almost as the field of snow across which they ran, came toward where the auto stood in the great parade ground before the castle gate.

"Yar-ah-ah." Their rifles were at the ready. But not a shot was fired as they bore down in a great lessening semicircle toward the auto. The chauffeur and the soldiers in attendance upon the major fled back toward the castle gate. Then the shots began to patter round them, a staccatto of sharp sound on the frosty air.

"They are Americans, Americans and English, I do believe," cried Mrs. Joyce.

The major followed the example of his men and leaped from the car and started at a run. He was shot squarely in the back.

In another moment the attackers had come up. Then such a sight as the two women saw! The leaders were ex-prisoners one and all, and following them and helping were a number of German soldiers. And in the forefront, running like mad in spite of his weakened condition, was Harold Joyce.

"Alive!" cried Jewell, and fainted dead away to be caught in his encircling arms.

"Yes, alive," cried Harold. "The hope of this reunion has kept me alive. But what a meeting! Only three days ago, we, who have been buried twenty miles from here ignorant of everything, were released by these revolutionaries. Only last night we heard that you two were buried here. We made a forced march all night, and—here we are—and, Mother, oh, Mother, the war is over, and we are reunited at last."

The Champion Bonehead



THE world's champion bonehead has been discovered. He lived about 3,000,000 B. C. in the vicinity of what is known as Red River, South Alberta, Canada. In the towering cliffs above the river gorge a remarkable collection of ancient fossil remains of reptilians has been discovered. Among them is a scientific mystery, a crested dinosaur. It is an herbivorous monster that waded in the Cretaceous marshes some 3,000,000 years ago. Not only was its every bone imbedded in the rock, but most of its hide, which beats the record of the Siberian mammoth of 50,000 years ago, with skin preserved in ice.

He was thirty-five feet long. When standing on his hind bird-like feet he could lift his head fifteen feet above ground and browse on tree foliage, practically his sole occupation. His structure was light and froglike. On his head was a great crest. His skull was shaped like a Corinthian helmet, and, as it was evidently not meant for thinking, may have been used as a battering ram, like that of a goat now, to butt its enemies, and next to break down trees to get at their juicy leaves.

The tall rounded skull stood thirty inches high above the neck and had a diameter of forty inches. Attached to it was a huge duck bill some twenty-seven inches long. In the big jaws were seventy rows of teeth, arranged in batteries, totaling over two thousand teeth. The animal was covered with plate scales, some round and some square, averaging one and one half inches long and one and a quarter inches wide.

This monster was four times as long and twice as tall as the biggest elephant that ever lived. And he never had an idea.

Measuring the Earth

The circumference of the earth is measured in the following manner: Suppose two astronomers, A and B, stationed on the same meridian or line, a certain distance apart, should make careful observations of a star the exact instant it crossed the meridian, and A should find it 16 degrees south of the zenith or point directly overhead, and B, who is 415 miles south of A, should find it only 10 degrees south of the zenith, there would then be a difference of six degrees between the two places; and, as they are 415 miles apart, one degree must be one sixteenth of 415 or 69 1-6 miles.

Now if one degree is the 360th part of the earth's circumference, and expressed in miles equals 69 1-6, then the whole circumference must be 360 times that or 24,900 miles. If it were possible for a train going 50 miles an hour to travel in a straight line around the earth, it could complete the circuit in 20 days and 18 hours.

Driven Apart

by Julia Edwards



"A reg'lar little spitfire Mr. Preston" said Marm Kinney.



"You would interfere with me, Would you?" he hissed.



"Miss Lee!" he cried "What has happened?"



A moment later and he was swallowed up in the blackness

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CHAPTER XXXII.

A PRISONER.

BERYL revived from her swoon as from some sense-destroying trance. When her thoughts became active, even before she opened her eyes, a moan of anguish burst from her lips. Neil was not there—had never been there! Berdyne had wrought this wicked treachery. She would have longed to die, but that her great love for Neil strove in her breast and inspired her to live—to live, not for herself alone, but for him.

And then Tonita, dear, unselfish Tonita! She, also, had been caught in that net of deceit. Beryl must struggle to live for her sake as well.

Then, under the spell of these thoughts, the great violet eyes opened and gazed fearfully around. Beryl was lying on a couch, and the old crone, feasting her eyes on the girl's perfect beauty—apparently intensified by her pallor and distress—was crouching near. Berdyne was not to be seen.

"Where—where is that monster?" cried Beryl, starting up.

"There, now, my little queen o' hearts!" croaked the old woman, "don't talk that way about your rich an' handsome lover——"

"He is not my lover!" Beryl almost screamed. "I hate and loathe him!" She ran to the door and wrenched at the knob with trembling hands. The door was still locked. Distraught with a feeling of abject helplessness, she turned to the old crone. "You are a woman!" she implored. "Surely you have a heart to pity me in my distress? Oh, let me go, and Heaven will reward you!"

"I couldn't let ye go if I wanted to, my pretty blossom," the hag returned. "I was jest outside the door, an' the minute ye went into that faint, Mr. Preston called me right in. I rubbed yer temples and yer teeny hands, an' brought ye to. Calm yourself now, do! Any girl ought to be proud o' makin' a conquest o' Mr. Preston."

"He is not Mr. Preston!" cried Beryl, stamping her little foot. "He is a wicked scoundrel, and his name is Berdyne! If you do not let me leave this house at once," she added, "you will rue the aid you are giving that villain! I shall appeal to the officers of the law——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a low, taunting laugh. Another moment, and Nicholas Berdyne, his handsome malignant face still flushed with triumph, stepped from behind a curtain draping an arch that led to another room. "So you would appeal to officers of the law, my girl? You would have your trouble for your pains, if you did. See those bars at the window? Note them well; observe their massive strength. Marm Kinney, who owns this house, allows people to come here and smoke opium; and the windows are secured so that if frenzy comes upon the opium smokers, they cannot fling themselves to the ground. This is a safe nest for you, my darling, until such time as I can remove you to the yacht which I have waiting for us off Sausalito."

The term of endearment which he made use of in his mocking way brought a gasp of impotent anger to Beryl's lips.

"You will be sorely punished for this!" cried Beryl, her eyes flashing as they sought the sloe-black orbs of the master scoundrel. "My husband will find me, and you cannot escape his vengeance!"

Berdyne stepped to the entrance and pushed the key into the lock. With a wild cry, Beryl dashed for the door. Before she had gone far the hag caught her and threw her with cruel force into a chair.

"A re'lar little spitfire, Mr. Preston," said Marm Kinney.

"Leave us!" scowled Berdyne. "Be quick!"

The door opened and closed; and when the scoundrel again faced his captive they two were alone together.

"Understand me, once for all, my lady," said he, his tones palpitating with passion, "I am not to be trifled with. Escape from this room is impossible, and you may as well content yourself to remain in my power. Tonight a carriage will call here, and you and I will be taken to a launch; we will then proceed across the bay to Sausalito, board the *Gloriana*, and put to sea. Yield to my desires, become my wife, and all will be well. I will do all a man can to make you happy. You do not love me now, but in time——"

"Oh, cease this insulting language!" cried Beryl. "I am the bride of Neil Preston, who will come for me, and take me——"

"Your old lover will not come for you," interrupted Berdyne. "You were a bride, if all I hear is true—the bride of an hour. Do not delude yourself with false hopes."

There was that about the man which filled Beryl with the conviction that he was insane. How could any one but a madman do the terrible things that he had done, and was doing? Her fears were in no wise calmed by the reflection, but rather increased.

"What do you mean?" she asked, starting from her chair.

"I mean that your husband is dead!" he brutally answered.

"No, no, no!" she cried, clasping her hands. "It is not true; it cannot be true!"

Her anguish, which seemed to be crushing her frail form down before him, brought a demoniacal smile to his lips.

"I shall prove it to you, my Beryl, before we leave this house," he answered. "You do not know how much I have at stake in this matter; and you do not know how resourceful I can be when not only my happiness but my fortune hangs in the balance."

"Your despicable plans will never succeed!" she rejoined, calming her tortured feelings with a fierce effort. "If necessary, I will foil them by taking my own life!"

She said this with so much quiet determination—as though all her wrongs had centered in that one resolve—that Berdyne was startled.

"What has happened to my friend who came to this house with me?" demanded Beryl. "Your evil plots can have nothing to do with her."

"Nothing whatever," returned Berdyne, with an insolent smile, "but the fact that she accompanied you here makes it necessary for us to detain her. Perhaps, too, you would like a companion of your own sex on our yachting trip? If so, although it will inconvenience me somewhat, we will take your friend along."

In that hour of trial, in that supreme moment when all seemed lost, it was wonderful what a fund of desperate courage came to the aid of the poor, persecuted girl. As she stood before the man, more beautiful and more alluring than he had ever seen her, her very defiance awed him and held him at bay.

"I shall take no yachting trip with you," said Beryl, "nor shall I remain in this house for very long. When I leave, either you will set me free, and thereby save yourself, or another will fly to my relief, and you will pay for your wickedness to the uttermost. You tell me," she added, with fiery words, "that my husband is dead, and I answer that you speak falsely! Between you and me, Nicholas Berdyne, there is a gulf you cannot pass! I am safe, for the Power that protects the pure and the innocent is ranged on my side and will protect me from you!"

Like some prophetess of old, she raised one of her small white hands and leveled a finger at him.

"Have a care, Nicholas Berdyne!" she said deliberately, "for your sinful soul is hovering on the brink of eternity! Go!" and she swerved her pointing finger imperiously toward the door. "If this wretched place is to be my prison, let it be so. If you are content to wait and abide what the future has in store, so am I!"

There was a moment's silence, broken finally by a scornful, half-hearted laugh from the man.

"You are disposed to be tragic, I see," he sneeringly returned, "but I am not to be frightened by your heroics. Here you are, and here you shall stay until nightfall. This is an obscure spot, and I feel perfectly safe from outside interference; nevertheless, you will be constantly watched. If you attempt to scream, we may find it necessary to bind you and smother your voice with a bandage."

He passed to the door, gave her one swift, menacing look, then let himself into the hall. The door closed, the key turned in the lock, and she heard his retreating steps in the hall and on the stairs.

When the steps had died away into silence, a moaning cry came from her, and she threw herself upon the couch.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

NOT IN THE RECKONING.

Tonita, drawn into this web of deceit by her friendship for Beryl, had no sooner entered the room to which she was directed by Marm Kinney than she was quickly seized by Gorsline and Hargreaves. While one clasped a rude hand over her tender lips to prevent outcry, the other grasped her hands so that they could not help her in her struggles. Then she was dragged to a chair, cords were brought, and her delicate limbs were firmly secured to the framework.

The outrageous act was quickly done; so quickly that Tonita was taken at a disadvantage from pure bewilderment. Then it flashed over her that again had Beryl been lured into the power of her foes. Tonita was wild with rage and indignation, yet thinking more of her hapless friend than she did of herself. While a cloth was being bound over her lips, she managed to give vent to the stifled scream which Beryl had heard. When all was done, and the two scoundrels drew away, she was entirely helpless.

"She's a rare one for a greaser," remarked Gorsline, shooting a look of bold admiration at the captive. "So help me, if I had any idea of gittin' spliced, I reckon I could go a good ways farther an' fare a heap worse."

"What's the use of tormenting her?" spoke up Hargreaves. "We've got her where she can't do any harm, and that's enough."

The valet might have been an honest man had he served a different master. He was not in love with the work that had fallen to him, but he was in the grip of Berdyne, and it was to his interest to do his master's bidding.

"I'll not muzzle myself to please you, or any man!" flared Gorsline. "If I want to make remarks about the gal's good looks, I'll do it; and if I want to make love to her, I'll do that, too. Keep your remarks to yourself, Hargreaves. You size up a good deal like Trenwyck; an' I'll have a bone to pick with him one o' these days."

There was a bottle of whiskey on the table, set out for Gorsline's use by Marm Kinney when she served Berdyne the evening before. Gorsline poured himself a drink and tossed it off at a gulp. Hargreaves, not caring to have a clash with his confederate, withdrew himself to the couch at the other side of the room. While he sat there he kept vigilant watch of Gorsline's actions.

Tonita, unable to implore or threaten or question the two men, had to bear her apprehensions on Beryl's account as best she could. What a bitter, bitter disappointment this would prove for poor, fated Beryl.

As she sat in the chair to which she had been secured, she strained her ears to hear as much as possible of what was taking place above. The grating of a key came to her, and she heard Berdyne call out: "This way, Marm Kinney! The girl has swooned!"

Then the door was closed again, and Tonita's heart sank with its weight of fear. The slow minutes dragged by. Gorsline took a chair, tilted it against the wall behind him, and sat there, his head bowed. Occasionally he would lift his head to throw a leering glance of admiration at the helpless girl, or a look of anger at Hargreaves.

Instinctively, the girl knew that Hargreaves would prevent any insulting treatment on the part of Gorsline. Although a prisoner, yet Tonita felt that she was comparatively safe. It was about Beryl that this net had been woven; she was the one for whom alarm and anxiety must be felt.

Presently voices were once more heard from the second floor; Beryl's voice and the old woman's. This much Tonita knew, although it was impossible to distinguish what was said. Then, in a little while, came the voice of Berdyne. The door opened and closed again, and Marm Kinney descended the stairs and entered the room.

"A purty vixen!" mumbled Marm Kinney, with a jerk of her head in the direction of the upper floor; "but she's found her match in Preston or Berdyne or whatever ye call him. He'll tame her! Trust him to make her see things as he wants them!"

She drew close and stood surveying Tonita.

"Another fine bird!" the hag cackled. "They seem to be flyin' in pairs about the eagle's nest. Did she fight much?" and Marm Kinney turned to Gorsline.

"She hadn't time," scowled Gorsline; "we was too quick for her. Before she fairly knew what had happened, we had her in the chair with a rope about her pretty ankles and another around her small wrists. To my thinkin'," he added, "she's a fairer prize than t'other one."

"Oh, you men, you men!" muttered the hag, moving off to a chair, and beginning to roll a cigarette.

Tonita paid little heed to these remarks. She was straining her ears to hear what was going on overhead. Beryl's voice was borne to her ears, calm, even, defiant. The Mexicana's heart leaped in her bosom. Beryl was meeting her trying ordeal with courage, and how Tonita longed to be at her side, to cheer and strengthen her.

The minutes passed, and Berdyne, scowling blackly, descended the stairs and entered the room. He was about to speak, but before a word could pass his lips, a loud rap fell on the door.

Everyone in the room, with the exception, of course, of Tonita, gave a startled jump. Significant glances were exchanged.

"Go," said Berdyne sharply to Marm Kinney, and see who is there!" He turned to Gorsline as the old woman shuffled out of the room. "If it's Preston," he hissed, "be ready for him, both of you!"

"I'll be ready for him, never fear!" growled Gorsline, between his teeth.

Presently Marm Kinney returned.

"It's a woman," said she, "an' she asked for Mr. Preston."

"A woman!" A puzzled look crossed Berdyne's angry face. "What woman could be coming here to find Preston? Did she give any name?"

"No."

"What does she look like?"

"She wears a heavy veil, an' I couldn't see. Shall I bring her in?"

Marm Kinney half started back toward the hall.

"I'll go to the door myself!" growled Berdyne. "Stay here, all of you."

He whirled on his heel and passed out into the hall. Opening the door, he beheld the strange caller, just as described by Marm Kinney. Her face was covered with a black veil, so that it could not be seen.

"Do you want to see Mr. Preston?" asked Berdyne.

"Are you Neil Preston?" came the response, in a voice that was plainly disguised.

"Yes," Berdyne answered.

The woman pushed through the doorway. Berdyne fell back before her, but barred her path to the room where Tonita was held captive.

"I felt positive there was something wrong with that notice I saw posted up in Golden Gate Park," came the woman's ringing voice, this time with no attempt at disguise. "You are up to your old tricks, Nicholas Berdyne, but you have reckoned without me!"

The veil was torn aside. An imprecation of dismay fell from Berdyne, and he recoiled.

"Irma!" he cried.

"Yes, Irma!" mocked the woman.

In a twinkling, Berdyne's hand was thrust under his coat. When it showed again there was a revolver gripped in his tense fingers.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

TREACHERY.

Berdyne had, indeed, reckoned without Irma Lee! A bolt from a clear sky could not have surprised him more than her sudden appearance on the scene. Throughout all her persistent interference with Berdyne's plans, the woman had so skilfully concealed her movements that not the slightest breath of suspicion had reached him. Now, as by the sudden lifting of a curtain, he understood many things that had before been dark.

Who was it that could have implanted the seed of mistrust in Beryl Grayson's mind, if not Irma? Who was it that had maneuvered to let Preston know that Beryl was hidden away at Sunset Ranch, if not Irma? Who was it that had managed to help the girl out of that Sutter Street house, if not Irma? Here, then, was the one person who had constantly marred Berdyne's plans and all but brought them to naught. Here, too, at the very climax of his efforts, she had come to him.

His love—if the term may be used in connection with such a man—and his fortune hung upon his power over Beryl, and the success or failure of his designs. These things meant more to Berdyne than life itself, more than Preston's life, or Irma's.

The far-reaching effect of those slips he had caused to be posted in the various refugee camps was coming home to the cunning and reckless plotter. As he stood gazing at Irma, her power to vex and turn aside his schemes loomed large in his eyes. Guile and trickery flew to his aid; although he inwardly raged, yet he forced a smile of seeming pleasure, and put away the weapon which, on the impulse of the moment, he had drawn from his pocket.

"Well," he muttered, "this is, indeed, a surprise, my girl. Why, I thought you were in Denver."

She was expecting fierce words, brutal actions. His mood worried and perplexed her.

"Could I remain idly in Denver when the man I love is seeking to woo and win another?" she flashed. "Do you think I have no heart, and that I can forget all that has passed between us, and yield you up calmly and without a pang? If you think so, Nicholas Berdyne, you are woefully mistaken. You belong to me, and I shall have you—or no one!"

"Let us go in here," said he, opening a door leading to a room in the front part of the house. "We can talk with more privacy, and this is a matter entirely between ourselves."

She shot a suspicious look at him, but his plausible manner took her off her guard. She passed into the room, and he followed her.

"Who else is there in this house besides ourselves?" she demanded.

"As yet," he lied, "there is none but ourselves and the old hag who owns it. But she has sharp ears."

"You put up those notices in the parks and squares, didn't you?" she inquired.

"Yes."

"I imagined as much!" she cried, with jealous fury. "You would cast me aside for this wax doll, this baby-faced creature who hates and despises you! But I——"

He indulged in a low laugh.

"Do you think that for a moment, Irma? Is it possible that you imagine, for one fleeting instant, that I would be so base as to throw you over for this young girl? Bah! I thought you had more confidence in me than that."

"But you intercepted letters that came to her at Denver from her lover!" exclaimed Irma, in an exasperated voice. "I saw some of them in the desk in your Denver office."

He frowned darkly; but the frown disappeared as quickly as it had come.

"But that is not all," she went on; "for you put yourself out of the way to be nice to the girl. For anything I know, you had her taken in at Sunset Ranch. And I have it on good authority that you hired Gorsline to go to her with a lie about her lover's death. Why did you do all these things, Nicholas Berdyne? You have been heartless in your treatment of me, too. What inference was I to draw?"

"As you put it, Irma," said he blandly, "it does look as though I was praying treacherous to you. And yet, the explanation is simple when you have fully realized one point."

"What is that?"

"I had not thought to speak of this to any one, for it is a subject in which my fortune is concerned. But I see I must be frank with you. Every dollar I have, Irma, could, under certain circumstances, be taken from me by this young girl. I have realized it for months; so I have been more than kind to her, in order that I might safeguard my interests.

"At the time of the earthquake and fire, I had a trunkful of extremely important papers in my room in a Frisco hotel. An attempt was made to get this trunk, which was in charge of my man Hargreaves, away from the hotel. The trunk, with many others, was abandoned in the street; a falling wall wrecked the trunk and scattered the papers. Preston—and a curse on my unlucky stars for bringing him there!—found the trunk and secured a packet of papers. Hargreaves saw him turn the trick, and reported it to me. Do you know what that means, Irma? It means that, unless I can get that packet of papers from Preston, I am a ruined man; all my wealth will be swept away!"

Irma Lee had listened with intense wonder. Could it be, after all, that her jealousy had led her to do Berdyne a wrong? His plausible manner deceived her—even her, who knew him so well!

"How do you intend to secure this valuable packet, Nick?" she asked, her voice softening.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

"THE time hath come," the walrus said, "to talk of many things"—but not of "shoes and ships and sealing wax and cabbages and kings," though they are all worthy of discussion, but of a matter or two that should be explained.

Firstly—only this isn't to be a sermon—names and addresses of the writers of letters in the Sisters' Corner are not given to anyone, not even when a stamped envelope is sent. For instance, a woman from a little town in, say, Texas, writes to this Corner and in her letter tells a part of her life or family troubles that not even her dearest friend is aware of, and asks for advice. To her are forwarded many letters of sympathy and also comes many requests for her address, some reading like this: "Please send me So-and-So's address. I think I know her." Well-meaning souls but terribly inquisitive, and they don't get the address.

But these requests are forwarded to the person in question and whether they are answered or not depends upon the person to whom they were sent. COMFORT has done its duty in the matter and this explanation is made in answer to the complaints received daily. You will agree with me, I know, that this is the only fair way to do.

Secondly—I have no personal likes or dislikes among the sisters—I like all of you—but when I receive a letter like this, "if there isn't anything helpful or interesting in this letter I won't mind if it isn't printed," and another, "I hope you will be more favorably inclined when you read this letter than you were when you read my other two; you didn't print them," well, I leave it to you sisters, which would make you feel the better? All the letters are interesting, to me, but I endeavor to select for print the ones that will be most helpful and interesting to the majority of readers and with the scarcity of print paper I have dozens and dozens of worthwhile letters that there isn't room for. I wish there were; in fact, I'd like to have at least half of our paper for our letters and then that wouldn't be space enough. So now please don't think I have a personal grudge against you if your letter isn't printed but try again.—Ed.

GRIFTON, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

COMFORT is a great help to me and I never pick up the paper without getting some good advice from it. I always try the recipes and find them very good. Most of all I enjoy the letters from the sisters telling



NANNIE MAY WADE.

how to bring up children. We have one little daughter, one year and a half old. She has been walking about four months and is a comfort to us. Her name is Nannie May. I am sending her picture and if there is space for it in COMFORT I should like to see it there.

We live in a prosperous community and have splendid neighbors; we are one mile from the railroad.

My husband is one of the good men of whom we read. We have been married three years and he is as kind and loving as at first. Sisters, it is the way you start that makes them what they are.

Love to all. MRS. JESSIE WADE.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Mrs. Wheeler, by all means tell your children they are adopted. I think the best time would be just before they start to school. My aunt and uncle adopted a baby boy when he was only a few days old but never told him he wasn't their own child. Then when he was seven years old and commenced school, some girls, between fifteen and seventeen years of age, told the little fellow that Mr. and Mrs. ———— were not his parents and that he had been taken from a home when he was a baby. He came home that night and threw himself into his mother's arms and sobbingly told her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

OF all the delightful uncertainties of life—and preserving—jelly making seems to lead and we so often hear the questions, "Why doesn't my jelly harden?" or, "What makes my jelly candy?" from housewives, experienced as well as inexperienced. The easiest way to answer this is to explain in a perfectly knowing manner that the fruit juice and sugar were cooked too long a time or that the trouble was in the condition of the fruit. Undoubtedly this answer is correct, so far as it goes, but it doesn't help the inquirer or tend to improve her disposition. If she has followed the same rule before, with good results, she wants to know what caused this particular failure, and how to prevent its recurrence.

To give the entire process of jelly making would involve much time and space so this explanation will be brief.

In ripe, or nearly ripe, fruit, along with water, flavors, vegetable acids and sugar is found a substance called pectin, a carbohydrate similar to starch. When equal quantities of fruit juice and sugar are combined and heated to the boiling point for a few minutes this pectin in the fruit gelatinizes the mass. Therefore, the point to be considered is when pectin is at its best which is when the fruit is just ripe or a little before. Pectose and pectase exist in the unripe fruit and as the fruit ripens the pectase acts upon the insoluble pectase, changing it into pectin, which is soluble. If the jelly is cooked too long or the fruit juice ferments, the pectin loses its power of gelatinizing, so the fruit in addition to being fresh should be just ripe or a little underripe and the sugar and juice should not be boiled too long. Hard boiling causes jelly to crystallize. When the syrup is boiled rapidly, particles of it are thrown on the upper part of the preserving kettle where they form crystals which are stirred into the syrup and cause it to crystallize. The only safe and sure way is to use a syrup gauge, which should register 25 degrees, no matter what kind of fruit is used.

APPLE JELLY.—Stem, wash and wipe the apples carefully, taking care to clean the blossom end thoroughly. Cut into quarters and put in the preserving kettle. Merely cover with cold water and cook slowly till the apples are soft and clear. Strain and proceed as in currant jelly.

Crab Apple Jelly is made the same as plain apple jelly.

VANILLA SPONGE WITH CURRANTS.—One tablespoon of gelatine soaked ten minutes in quarter of a cup of cold water and dissolved in quarter of a cup of boiling water; add three quarters of a cup of sugar and one



VANILLA SPONGE WITH CURRANTS.

teaspoon of vanilla and stir until mixture is blended and thickened, and then add the beaten whites of two eggs and continue beating until quite firm. Mould in cups and serve on a platter with ripe currants.

CURRANT JELLY.—Carefully pick leaves and large stems from ripe or nearly ripe currants, put in preserving kettle, crush slightly and heat slowly; stirring frequently. When thoroughly hot crush with wooden vegetable masher and strain through double square of cheese-cloth, by letting it drain, but do not use pressure. Later the cloth may be put over another bowl and squeezed and this second juice used for jelly of second quality. The clear juice may be made into jelly at once or strained again if desired. Measure the juice and for every pint of juice allow a pint of granulated sugar. Stir until the sugar is dissolved, place over fire and watch till it boils up; then draw it back and skim; do this three times, then pour into glasses that have been taken from hot water and placed on a hot cloth in a sunny window, but where there is no draught. As soon as jelly is set, cover with a thick coating of paraffin, or, better still, have ready disks of thick white paper, size of glasses. When the jelly is set, brush the top lightly with brandy or alcohol, dip the paper in the spirits and put over top of jelly. Then put on covers, but if you have none, cover with disks of paper about an inch larger than the top of the glass and wet with beaten white of an egg, mixed with a tablespoon of cold water, pressing the paper down well to make them stick to the glass. If paraffin alone is used, the coating should be a quarter of an inch thick.

Raspberry and blackberry jelly are made the same as currant jelly.

STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Hull berries, pick over carefully, wash and drain; then weigh. Fill glass jars with berries. Make a syrup by boiling three-quarters weight of berries in sugar with water, allowing one cup of water to each pound of sugar. Fill jars to overflowing with this syrup and let stand half an hour, then add more fruit to fill jars. Screw covers on and place jars on trivet in kettle of cold water, heat to boiling point and keep just a trifle under that for one hour.

Raspberries may be preserved in the same way.

SPICED CURRANTS.—To eight pounds carefully picked and washed currants add five and one half pounds brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, and spice made by tying three tablespoons cinnamon and one tablespoon of cloves in a bag. Bring to a boil and cook slowly an hour and a half, stirring often enough to prevent burning. Turn into jelly glasses and cover with paraffin.

GOOSEBERRY CATCHUP.—Remove bloom and stem ends from eight pounds of gooseberries, put into preserving kettle and mash thoroughly, using a wooden potato masher for the purpose. Add a small amount of water and let come to the boiling point and rub through a medium coarse sieve. To this add three and one half pounds brown sugar, one pint of vinegar, and let cook slowly for nearly two hours, then add a spice bag made by putting three ounces of stick cinnamon and two ounces of cloves in a muslin bag, and let simmer an hour longer.—N. E. LEIGHTON, Manchester, N. H.

PRESERVED GOOSEBERRIES.—Cut the stem and bloom ends from berries and wash and weigh and allow equal weight of sugar. Put berries in kettle with just enough water to cover and after the berries have boiled about fifteen minutes add the sugar. Boil slowly, stirring frequently, until the mixture thickens. Let cool a little and put into sterilized jars.

CURRANT BLANC-MANGE.—One half box of gelatine, one quart of sweet milk, one half cup of sugar, flavor

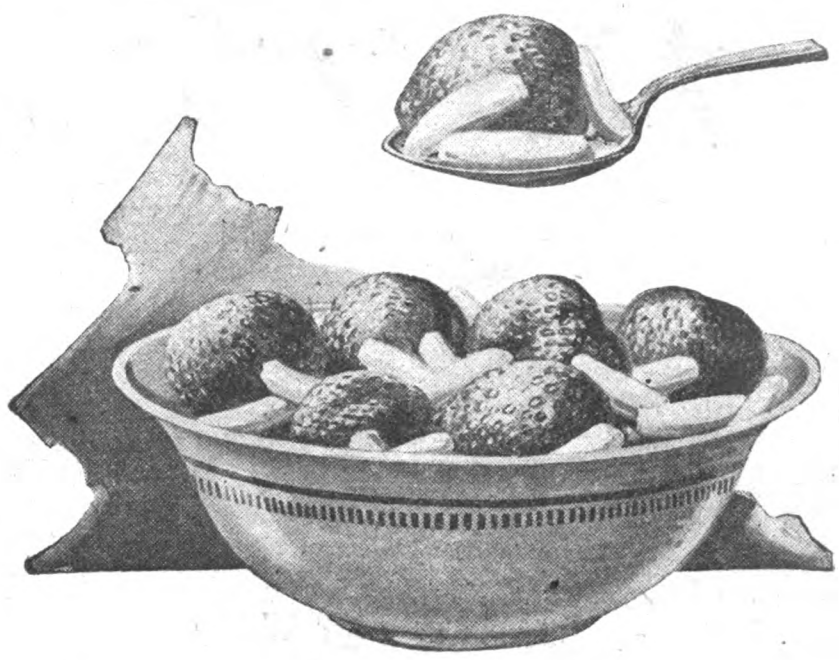


CURRANT BLANC-MANGE.

to taste. Mix milk and sugar together and let it boil, strain through a sieve, add the gelatine and vanilla, place into a mould, serve with a ring of currants and top with same.—MARY HARROD NORTHEND, Salem, Mass.

SPICED GOOSEBERRIES.—Prepare six pounds of gooseberries and add four and one half pounds of sugar, one pint of vinegar and one tablespoon each cloves and cinnamon. Cook slowly for two hours and turn into jelly glasses and seal with paraffin.

CANNED RHUBARB.—Select choice stalks of rhubarb and wash and wipe carefully, being careful not to remove the skin. Cut the stalks to fit the jar, or into inch-long pieces, and pack into sterilized jars. Let cold water run into jars to overflow, adjust rubbers and covers and set in a cool place.



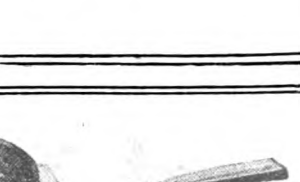
Foods to enjoy
in summer

With strawberries mix Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. They add as much as the cream and sugar. The grains are flimsy, crisp and flaky, and they belong to berries as crust belongs to shortcake.

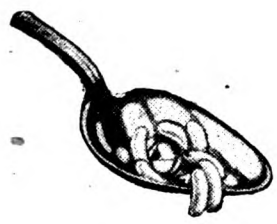
In every milk dish float Puffed Wheat. These are whole-grain bubbles, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size.

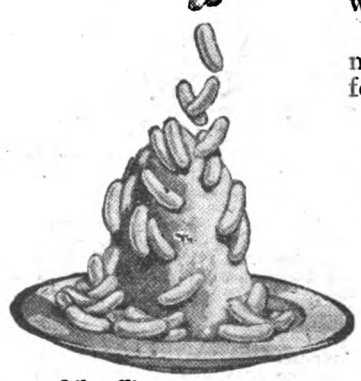
The grains are enticing. Never was a wheat food half so inviting. And they make whole wheat wholly digestible, for every food cell is exploded.

For breakfast serve with cream and sugar—the Puffed Grain you like best.



Wheat bubbles
In the bowl of milk





Like flimsy nut meats
On ice cream

For dinner scatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs on the ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

At playtime crisp and douse with melted butter. The children then have food confections.

All day long

Puffed Grains taste like tidbits. Children revel in them. To millions every day they bring an added joy.

Yet they are grain foods—two are whole grains. They are the best-cooked cereals in existence.

You can offer children nothing that is better. In summer have them handy all day long.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's inventions. All are steam exploded, all shot from guns. Every food cell is blasted, so digestion is easy and complete. All are bubble-like and toasted. They are scientific foods.



Puffed rice pancake flour

We now mix ground Puffed Rice in a self-raising pancake flour. The exploded food cells make the pancakes fluffy. And they taste as though made with nut flour. Never were pancakes so delicious. Try them.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

His Heart's Queen

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



At this Mrs. Mencke lost control of herself and flew into a towering passion.



The next moment he was securely handcuffed.



There was one awful moment of dumb agony.

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CHAPTER XXXV.

A FATAL TELEGRAM.

SEVERAL days previous to Violet's recapture Wallace and Lord Cameron were enjoying their after-dinner smoke in the room of the former.

They had been in the habit of dining together at a certain club-house, the privileges of which had been tendered him as a compliment during his present visit, after which they always repaired to Wallace's room for a quiet, social chat and smoke before his lordship betook himself up-town to make his daily call upon his fiancee.

Upon this occasion, instead of chatting, both young men were engaged in reading the newspaper, when Wallace suddenly looked up at his companion, remarking, with considerable excitement:

"Here is the queerest advertisement, Cameron! Listen," and he read the following:

WANTED.—Information regarding a Miss Mary Lawrence, formerly of Boston, Mass. Report immediately at No. ——— Wall Street.

"Well, what is there so strange about that?" asked Lord Cameron. "It seems like an ordinary personal to me—unless, indeed, you know the lady."

"She was my mother; at least, my mother, previous to her marriage, was a Miss Mary Lawrence, and she lived in Boston."

"Indeed! Then of course the advertisement is startling to you," returned his companion.

At about eleven o'clock the next morning, Wallace entered the elegant office of the wealthy banker, and asked to see the gentleman who had caused the above personal to be inserted in the newspaper.

The gentlemanly clerk conducted him to a private office, and introduced him to "Mr. Horace A. Lawrence."

Wallace made known his errand, while Mr. Lawrence regarded him with the closest scrutiny, and when the young man concluded, he asked, briefly:

"Can you give me any information concerning the person mentioned?"

"I am not sure, sir, whether I can or not," Wallace answered, smiling. "I can, however, give you the history of a Miss Mary Lawrence, whose home was formerly in Boston, Massachusetts, but she may not be the woman whom you wish to find."

"Where was she born?" Mr. Lawrence inquired.

"In Salem, Massachusetts."

"What were her parents' names?"

"William and Hannah."

"Now the year of her birth, if you please."

"January 3d, 1830."

"Correct; she is the lady of whom I am in search. She is my cousin, and used to be a very dear one," said Mr. Lawrence, his face lighting with pleasure. "Where is she living at the present time?"

"She is not living," said Wallace, sadly. "She died a year ago, last September."

"Dead! Is Mary dead?" exclaimed his companion, with visible emotion. "Ah, we were such good friends—she was such a jolly, good-natured companion—such a reliable confidante. I loved Mary Lawrence as if she had been my own sister. But tell me what relationship do you sustain toward her, young man?"

"I am her son."

Mr. Lawrence reached out and grasped Wallace warmly by the hand.

He did not doubt the truth of his statement in the least; indeed, he had more than half-suspected it from the first, from his resemblance to his mother, and he was very much prepossessed by his appearance.

"I am heartily glad of the meeting, and I believe you are a worthy son of such a mother," he said. "It is thirty years since I saw her, and she was then living in Boston. She was a girl of seventeen, and I a youth of nineteen, and we had been fond of each other from our childhood. My family moved to the West about that time, where we resided for many years. After my parents' death, I practiced law in San Francisco for a couple of years, then went abroad, and was absent five more. After my return from Europe, I established myself in the city, and then tried to learn something of my Uncle William's family. I was informed that both he and his wife were dead, but no one could tell me anything of their daughter. I supposed she had married and moved from Boston, and I was deeply disappointed in not being able to find her, for I yearned to renew the old-time friendship. Years went by, and I lost my wife, who left me one little daughter, who was sadly afflicted with blindness, and the past twelve years I have devoted wholly to her and my business. "But," he concluded, with deep emotion, "I was not to have even one ewe lamb spared to me, and I buried my little girl only a few weeks ago."

"That was very sad, Mr. Lawrence," Wallace said, in a tone of sincere sympathy; "none escape—death comes to all of us."

"Ah, yes; and it must have been very hard for you to lose your mother. Is your father living?" inquired his companion.

"No, sir; he died more than ten years ago."

"Richardson, I believe you told me is your name? What was his business?"

"Builder and contractor."

"Did he leave your mother well provided for?"—excuse me if I seem curious, but my interest in my cousin leads me to wish to know all about her."

"No, sir; my father left only enough to meet his liabilities," Wallace answered, flushing slightly, "and my mother had a hard time for several years."

"Do you follow your father's business?" Mr. Lawrence asked, studying the noble face before him intently.

"I learned the carpenter's trade, but I am now an architect in this city."

"Indeed! Where were you educated in your profession?"

"In Cincinnati."

"In Cincinnati?" repeated Mr. Lawrence, with a sudden inward thrill, as it just then occurred to him that Violet's home had been in that city and that she had loved a young man named Richardson, who was an architect.

Could it be possible that the son of his cousin was her lover? Ah! no, for she had told him that her betrothed had died while she was abroad.

"Where did your mother die, Mr. Richardson?" he asked.

"In Cincinnati, sir."

Again the man was startled by what seemed a strange coincidence, for Violet had said that her lover had betrayed his affection for her as they stood together by his dead mother's casket. Still he did not like to bring Violet's name into the conversation just then.

"Have you a family?" he asked after a moment.

"No, sir; I—have been married, but—I have lost my wife," Wallace responded, in a husky tone.

"I am very sorry; this is hard for you at your age," Mr. Lawrence said, with heartfelt sympathy, and sure now that Violet's lover must have been some other architect. "Tell me more about yourself and your mother—that is, if it will not be too painful to do so."

Wallace gave him a brief account of his whole life, reserving only that portion relating to Violet; the subject of his marriage and his cruel loss was too sacred to be spoken of to a stranger, and he never referred to it to any one, excepting Lord Cameron; indeed, he could never mention his young wife's name with any degree of self-control.

"You have had something of a struggle during your short life, haven't you, my young cousin?" Mr. Lawrence remarked, with earnest feeling when Wallace concluded.

"Yes, sir, it has been rather hard up-hill work some of the time, but I believe I am all the better prepared for life for having had difficulties to conquer."

"There can be no doubt of it," Mr. Lawrence replied, heartily, while he added to himself: "He's a fine fellow—a fellow to be proud of, and I will cultivate his acquaintance."

Then he continued, aloud:

"But I trust you have reached smoother sailing by this time."

"Yes, sir; my prospects appear to be quite encouraging just at present," Wallace modestly replied; then he named the gentleman with whom he had formed a partnership.

The more Mr. Lawrence conversed with him the better he was pleased, and when their conversation was finally interrupted, he insisted that Wallace should come to dine with him that evening.

The young man accepted his invitation with thanks and then went his way to his own business.

He repaired to Mr. Lawrence's elegant residence at the appointed hour and spent a most delightful evening with his newly discovered relative.

Mr. Lawrence was so full of old-time memories that his conversation was chiefly confined to his own early life and his pleasant relations with Wallace's mother, and thus nothing was said by either to arouse a suspicion that the other knew anything of Violet Huntington's history.

"You will be very friendly, will you not, Wallace?" Mr. Lawrence said, when he parted from him at a late hour. "I am a lonely old man, and young companionship, like yours, will be very acceptable to me; so give me all of your society that you can conveniently, and feel perfectly free to make this your home whenever you like."

Wallace thanked him and went away feeling a bit the less lonely and forlorn because of his newly discovered link with the past.

Mr. Lawrence went directly to his library after the young man's departure, unlocked his safe, and drew forth a legal-looking document.

This was his will.

He made some slight alterations in it, inserted Wallace Richardson's name, as co-equal heir with Violet, and then added a codicil, stating that if the young girl should not be found within five years the whole of his property should revert to his young cousin.

"Shall I ever see the dear girl again?" he murmured, a spasm of pain contracting his brow. "I pray that I may learn something definite regarding her fate soon, for this suspense is intolerable."

A few evenings later a couple of his intimate friends called upon him, and Mr. Lawrence requested them to witness his will. This they did, and afterward their conversation turned upon the mysterious disappearance of Violet.

It was the remark of these two gentlemen, regarding the same subject, that Wilhelm Mencke overheard as he dogged their footsteps, when they left the residence of the banker on the evening of Violet's escape from her captor's power.

The next day Mr. Lawrence was called out of town upon business that would detain him for several days.

* * * * * *

Violet felt greatly elated over her success in sending her letter to her friend, and was sure that he would effect her release some time during the next day.

She had difficulty in preserving her self-control in the presence of Sarah, for she knew that the woman was very keen, and would suspect her secret unless it was carefully guarded.

She retired early, hoping to sleep the time away; but she was nervous and anxious, and a hundred doubts and fears about her letter reaching its destination, beset her, and counteracted the influences of the drowsy god.

But she slept, at last, and when morning dawned hope reasserted itself, and she felt assured that today she would be free.

Oh! how long the hours seemed till noon, and yet no one came.

"He will surely come this afternoon," she said, trying to fortify herself with the hope; but the day waned, and no sign of any friendly aid was visible; and, as darkness came on again, her heart sank, while she started at every step and every sound so nervously that Sarah at last remarked it.

"What ails you, Miss Violet? What are you afraid of that you keep starting so?"

Violet flushed crimson, and then grew suddenly pale.

It would never do, she thought, to betray herself like this, or her captors would immediately remove her to some other place, and then Mr. Lawrence would never find her.

"I do not want to see Wilhelm Mencke again—don't let him come into the room, will you, Sarah?" she said, hoping to ward off suspicion thus.

"What are you afraid of, child? He cannot harm you. I would not allow him to harm you," the woman replied, reassuringly.

"But he makes me very nervous. I believe I—loathe him," said Violet.

"Her nerves are getting unstrung—she will get sick if she is kept cooped up like this much longer," Sarah muttered to herself, while her sympathies went out more and more toward the unfortunate girl.

Violet's nerves were becoming unstrung, and she was so terribly disappointed that her letter had not brought the speedy relief she expected, that she sobbed herself to sleep that night.

The next morning she was weak and unrefreshed, and did not rise until late.

Then she had no appetite for her breakfast, and sat all day by the window looking out upon the street, watching eagerly every passer-by, and listening intently to every footfall upon the pavement and stairs.

No one came, and how interminable the hours seemed!

Night shone down upon her again, and all through its silent and lonely watches the young girl tossed feverishly and restlessly.

The third morning she was wan and hollow-eyed, and though she arose and dressed herself, she could not sit up, and went back upon the bed, where she lay white and still, eating nothing, and taking no notice of anything.

Late in the afternoon Wilhelm Mencke came to see how his captive was faring.

He was in excellent spirits, for he had that morning received a telegram from his wife, who said that everything was working favorably for her, and she hoped to be back in New York at the expiration of a week.

Sarah expressed a fear that Violet was going to be ill, and this report disturbed him somewhat, for it would materially disarrange his plans to have to nurse her through a long sickness just now.

He tried to arouse her, but she either could not or would not speak to him, and he at length went away, feeling very anxious as well as irritated.

Meantime Mrs. Mencke was meeting with the most flattering success in her schemes.

Upon her arrival in Cincinnati she had been received with great cordiality by her former friends, who, of course, had all heard of the recent fortune which had apparently fallen to her as nearest of kin to her ill-fated sister.

The lawyer who had it in charge greeted her most politely, expressing his gratification at her return, and over the fact that he would now be able to get rid of the property, which he had feared would be likely to prove an annoying incumbrance to him.

No one thought of questioning the fact of Violet's death, for both Mrs. Hawley and Nellie Bailey had been abroad at the time of the sad tragedy at Mentone, and had testified to the sad bereavement; and thus it seemed as if all business would be speedily transacted, Mrs. Mencke recognized as the legitimate heir, and the fortune of Jonas Huntington surrendered to her without a question.

She explained her recent absence in an off-hand manner, saying that she and her husband had preferred to reside in New York since their return from abroad, and that they probably would never make their home again in Cincinnati, as Mr. Mencke believed he could be more prosperous elsewhere.

Mrs. Hawley, her old friend, insisted that she should make her house her home during her stay in the city, and she showed her every possible attention, going with her often when she visited her former friends, and therefore Mrs. Mencke seemed like her old proud, imperious self once more.

All this was very pleasant, and the woman was very much elated, enjoying her return to social life to the utmost.

She had been absent just a week from New York when Mr. Middleton, the lawyer, informed her that he would "make a final settlement on the morrow," when all papers, bonds, money, etc., would be surrendered to her.

It seemed now as if her triumph was complete, and she was the life of a grand farewell reception given in her honor that night by Mrs. Hawley. Many people spoke of it afterward, and remarked that they had never seen Mrs. Mencke so handsome or so gay during all her previous residence in Cincinnati.

She received the congratulations of her friends upon her recent good fortune with a feeling akin to exultation in her heart, but with outward composure. Many expressed regret that she would not remain in her old home, and that they could not have the pleasure of congratulating her husband also. She thanked them in his name, but remarked that pressing business had detained him in New York.

She retired that night full of hope, and feeling that a bright future was opening out before her, while she gave not one regretful thought to the fair young captive whom she had left to the tender mercies of her coarse husband and his hireling.

The next morning she repaired to Mr. Middleton's office for the final settlement he had promised.

Her trunk was packed, her tickets purchased, and everything arranged for her return to New York on the afternoon express.

Mr. Middleton was awaiting her, but, somehow, she imagined that there was a certain constraint in his manner as he greeted her, which had not been apparent before.

"Well," she said, gayly, "I suppose my waiting is ended, and my hopes are to be realized at last."

"Ahem!" returned Mr. Middleton, with some embarrassment, "I expected that I should be able to settle everything this morning, but——"

"But what?" demanded his client, with some show of impatience, a frown of annoyance and displeasure settling upon her brow. "Haven't I clearly proved my identity, and my claim to this property?" she concluded, somewhat sarcastically.

"Your identity, Mrs. Mencke, is certainly not to be disputed, but—but I am obliged to tell you that your claim to Jonas Huntington's property is," returned the lawyer, gravely.

"Good gracious! What do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Mencke, sharply, and losing all her brilliant color, while a nervous trembling seized her.

For reply, Mr. Middleton took a slip of yellow paper from his table and held it out to her.

It was a telegram, received that very morning—even within that hour.

The woman seized it with a hand that shook like a leaf, and read:

"NEW YORK CITY, March 1st, 188—.

"TO RALPH MIDDLETON, ESQ.:

"Stay all proceedings connected with the Huntington fortune. Violet Huntington is still living.

"WALLACE RICHARDSON."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE GAME IS PLAYED OUT.

A terrible shock thrilled through Mrs. Mencke's nerves as she read this significant message.

"Heavens!" she cried, with a face as white as her handkerchief, "what can it mean?"

"It means, madame, that there has either been some terrible mistake, or—there has been a great wrong attempted," the lawyer observed, sternly, as he searched the woman's colorless countenance with his keen eyes.

The message told his wretched companion a great deal. It told her that Violet had been discovered—that Wallace had found his wife, that all Wilhelm's plotting and crime had been revealed, while doubtless, he had been arrested, and she might also be arraigned for complicity in the wretched business immediately upon her return.

"The message, as you perceive, was sent from New York," Mr. Middleton continued, as she did not reply, but sat staring helplessly at the words of the telegram, "so doubtless your sister is in that city at the present time. You came from New York City here, Mrs. Mencke—did you know that she was living when you presented your claim for Jonas Huntington's fortune?"

Mr. Middleton's tone was very grave as he put this pertinent question.

Mrs. Mencke's thoughts had worked very rapidly in spite of the stunning announcement that she had just read, and she realized that everything depended now upon a cool, clear head, and assuming a bold and fearless front. She bridled instantly at the lawyer's inquiry, and turned upon him an astonished and injured look.

"What a question!" she exclaimed, indignantly, "and what a perfectly absurd statement this is," she continued, running her eye again over the telegram which she still held, "for there are scores of people who would take their oath that they saw Violet Huntington buried at Mentone. Lord Cameron, the gentleman to whom she was engaged, identified the body; he is now in New York, and would swear to the fact if need be. My husband also saw it, and there are many others whom I could name, Mr. and Mrs. Hawley, and Nellie Bailey have all been to her grave, and now you ask me if I knew that she was living," and she concluded with a laugh of bitter derision.

"Then you do not believe that the person referred to in that telegram is your sister?" said Mr. Middleton, still regarding her face searchingly.

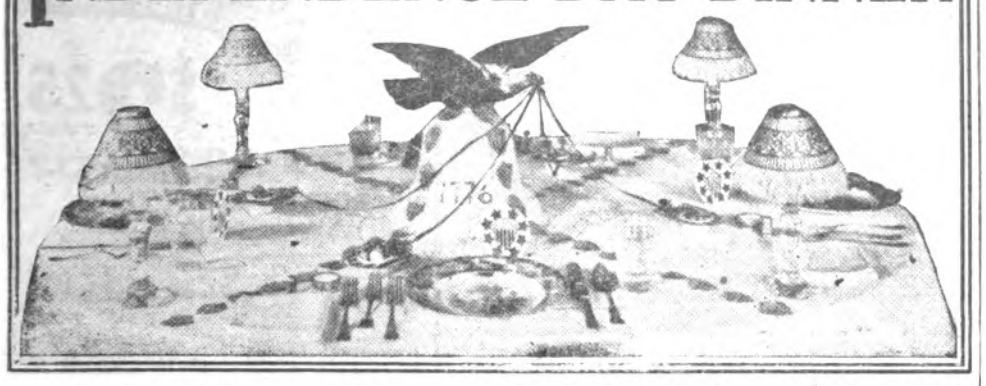
"I will swear that she is not my sister," positively asserted Mrs. Mencke, who was very glad that his question had been put in this form. "This is some miserable plot."

Mr. Middleton looked perplexed. Mrs. Mencke's statements seemed to have the ring of truth and reason in them.

"Who is this Wallace Richardson who sent the message?" he asked.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 8.)

INDEPENDENCE DAY DINNER

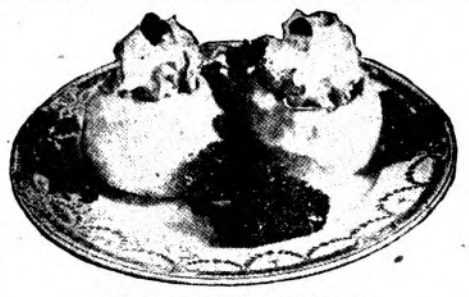


By Violet Marsh

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I was born an American, I live an American, I shall die an American.—Daniel Webster.

OVERFLOWINGLY patriotic is the arrangement of this Fourth-of-July table. As illustrated, a Liberty bell was fashioned from light wire, covered with white crepe paper and used as a centerpiece. On each side of the bell, in red paper figures, is the year of our independence, 1776. Starting from the center top are four lines of shields extending to the edge of table. These are made from red, white and blue paper. (Some stores sell these shields by the box.) Perched on top of the white bell is an eagle, made from cardboard and covered with gold and silver colored paper. From the eagle's beak hang red, white and blue ribbons which lead to red-paper bonbon boxes. In one corner of each box stands a tiny American flag to serve as a souvenir for each guest. At each plate stands a shield outlined with silver stars.



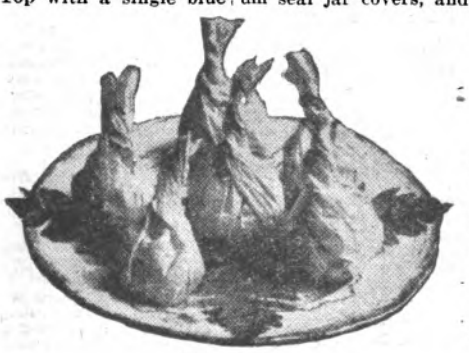
BEETS AND MASHED POTATO.

The refreshments can to some extent be made patriotic. The beets filled with potatoes are decorative, and the torpedoes, while they won't "go off," are delicious and the paper wrappings can be made to look quite real. A beautiful centerpiece can be made by cutting a watermelon in half, scraping out the center so that a band one inch deep of the red will be left, and filling the shell with bluebells which are in bloom at that season. Cut out the melon in slices just right to serve so there may be no waste. Cakes iced in colors and mingled together while supporting tiny flags may be used.

TORPEDOES.—Shell roasted peanuts and remove the brown skin. Take an equal amount of sugar and slowly melt it without the addition of water. The sugar should be stirred frequently while melting, and then put where it is a little hotter and constantly stirred until it is a light brown color. Pour it over the nuts which have been spread in a lightly buttered pan. Break into small pieces when cold and wrap in two thicknesses of paper to resemble torpedoes. It is well to have the inside paper paraffined. If the candy is made the day before using it should be kept in a tightly covered pail or can.

PATRIOTIC BEETS.—Boil medium-sized beets, peel, scoop out the centers and fill with mashed potato. The potato should be mashed with hot milk and beaten white. Top with a single blue flower just before serving.

FOURTH-OF-JULY HORNS.—Soften one cup of chicken fat or other shortening and gradually beat in one cup of molasses and one cup of sugar. Beat until light and creamy. Add one even tablespoon of ginger, one half tablespoon of cinnamon, one saltspoon of clove and one even teaspoon of salt. Dissolve one teaspoon of soda in one half cup of cold water, add to mixture and then stir in enough flour to make quite a stiff dough. Roll very thin and with a sharp pointed knife cut into horn shapes, and bake. These cookies are delicious and keep a long time if tightly covered.



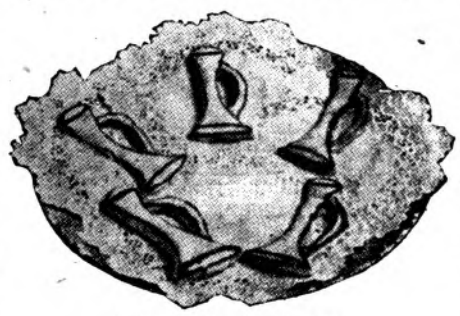
TORPEDOES.

Value Your Time in Dollars and Cents —Start the Canning

I wonder how many women realize that right in their own homes they are a part of the great labor body, and that whenever the prices of labor rise their own time is worth just that much more. Whether it be in ready-to-eat food, or in ready-to-wear clothing, the difference between the cost of the materials and the price of the finished product represents the value of your labor that has gone into the making and it will be found that labor is the highest priced commodity that we buy.

Every housewife, in justice to herself, should know how much she is adding to the family purse when she fills her shelves with jars of food for winter use; when she does all the family cooking, sewing, mending, washing, ironing and cleaning, for such information would prove that her earning capacity was by no means small, and that she fully deserved the title of "better half."

Another reason why we must avail ourselves of every opportunity to conserve food for next winter is that the high cost of labor threatens a crop shortage. Fill all the jars, glasses and bottles.



FOURTH-OF-JULY HORNS.

Cold Pack Canning Succeeds by Starting Right

The progress made in successful canning during the past two summers has been little short of marvelous. While we canned to help win the war, whether or not we had past experience, we can go ahead now with an assurance that counts as our reward for faithful perseverance.

To those who have not been wholly successful, I will venture to say that sufficient importance has not been placed on sterilization. Unless a jar has been made absolutely clean (and the time to do this is when it is emptied), and sterilized in boiling water, the contents will spoil. Another cause may be that cooking did not continue long enough to penetrate the center of jars.

The following directions for canning will lead to success if closely followed, and will apply to further canning articles which will appear in our August, September and October issues. These will include canning of vegetables, fruit and meat; jelly, jam and fruit butter making, and pickling.

That there may be no confusion as to the meaning of cold pack canning, I will explain that it is the simple process of packing the product uncooked, and cooking it in the jars which are partly sealed. Any kind of food can be successfully canned by this process. By the cold pack method waste is unnecessary, for if just enough food is available to fill a pint jar it can be packed, set into a kettle on something that will keep it from the bottom and cooked while the fire is being used for other purposes. Many people who do not have an abundance of raw food at any one time do all their canning in this way. A lard pail that covers tightly and is high enough to admit a quart jar makes an excellent single jar outfit.

For more extensive work, a boiler with a wooden rack in the bottom that any woman can make is all that is necessary. Or a tray with four shallow sides and slat bottom is excellent. A large-size screweye is screwed into the wood near each corner, and through each is looped a piece of large wire which extends nearly to the top of the boiler and acts as a handle by which the entire tray of jars may be lifted from the boiling water at one time. Jar holders can be bought that hold each jar separately and away from the bottom of boiler.

Factory-made outfits include the hot water bath, steam canner and pressure cooker. In steam outfits the jars set in a crate above a small amount of water which gives forth a big head of steam. The pressure cooker requires less time for cooking so that a small sized one will do as much canning in a given time as a larger hot bath outfit that cooks slower.

The advantage of cooking in the closed jar is that it prevents any bacteria from getting in. When the product is cooked in the open kettle, then transferred to the jar, there is always the possibility that the jar itself, the cup, tunnel, spoon or holder has not been thoroughly sterilized. Also the texture and flavor are better if cooked in the closed jar.

Before using jars, fill with cold water, adjust rubbers and tops and test for leakage. Avoid jars and tops that have rough places around the edges as they will not properly "seat" into the rubber and leakage will result. Examine all vacuum seal jar covers, and if the gum at any point is rough or has been broken off, the jar will not properly seal.

Vegetable Canning in Hot Water Bath

Select vegetables that are sound and in prime condition to eat. Wash thoroughly in cold water. Many vegetables are improved by blanching, which means they are immersed in boiling water a given time and immediately plunged into cold water.

SNAP BEANS.—Wash, snap each end and string at the same time. Break into even lengths. Put into white cotton cloth bag or large strainer and hold in boiling water five minutes, remove and quickly dip into a pail of cold water. Fill cans closely, add one teaspoon of salt to each quart can and fill to overflowing with boiling water. Adjust rubber and top. If a screw top is used, turn the cover well on and then back about one half inch. This allows the steam to escape. If the patent wire top is used, place the rubber and glass top, bring the wire in place but leave the clamp up. Vacuum seal tops are held in boiling water a few seconds, placed on jars and held by clamp. Set into boiler, fill with water to shoulder of jars. If the water is quite warm it will not break the jars and hastens boiling. When the water is actually boiling (rolling), cook three hours from that time. Remove, finish sealing and set to cool away from drafts. Do not remove clamps from vacuum sealed jars until the following day. An allowance should be made for longer cooking if the beans are a little hard. This process applies to lima beans, other shelled beans, hominy, peas and vegetable combinations.

Greens, including dandelion, Swiss chard, kale, turnip tops, beet tops, spinach, asparagus, mustard greens, etc., are blanched fifteen minutes and plunged into cold water. Fill jars the same as for beans and cook two hours.

MY CANNED CORN.—Husk and silk the ears of corn. Hold on end in the center of a large plate and with a downward stroke cut off the corn not too close to the hull. Go all around the cob the second time with a downward stroke and it will press out the milk from the portion of the kernel remaining on the cob. Fill jars about two thirds full, add two level teaspoons of sugar to each quart jar, fill with boiling water, adjust tops as described and cook three hours. The corn will swell and fill jars, and when opened should be as tender as fresh corn. Use only corn that is in milk. It is far better to can corn that is a little under what is usually considered right for the table than when it is too hard. It will not become tender in the cans.

WHOLE CANNED TOMATOES.—Grade for quality, ripeness and size. The perfectly ripened and smaller ones are best to can whole. Scald in boiling water one minute and plunge into cold water. Remove core without cutting beyond the green color with a small, sharp-pointed knife. Peel. Pack closely into jars. There is no need of adding water or syrup. Seal as directed. If the jars are hot when filled they may be put into boiling water in the bath. In this way the finished product is of finer color and flavor. Cook twenty-two minutes after the water begins to boil hard.

CANNED TOMATOES.—Use tomatoes that are irregular in size and shape and have to be trimmed. Blanch and cold dip. Peel and core. Cut into pieces and fill jars. Cook twenty-two minutes.

STRAINED TOMATO.—Prepare as for canned tomatoes, cook in open kettle until the pulp is tender. Put through strainer to remove seeds and pulp that will not go through. Many cut up the tomatoes without peeling when it is to be strained. It is just as well and saves labor. Fill bottles or jars and cook twenty-two minutes. If bottles are used, put the corks in lightly, when cooked, press in hard, cut off even with top of bottle, wipe dry and dip into hot sealing wax or paraffin.

BEETS.—Select small, tender beets. There are varied ideas about canning beets, many claiming they should be cooked in the open kettle before canning. This is true unless the beets are young. For the cold pack process, cut tops off within one inch of the beet, blanch three minutes and plunge into cold water. Scrape off the peel. Fill hot jars with beets, then with boiling water. Put into boiling hot bath and cook three hours.

CARROTS.—Proceed the same as with beets.

Canned Fruits

THIN SYRUP.—Slowly add three pints of sugar to two pints of hot water. Bring slowly to a boil, stirring only until the sugar is dissolved.

MEDIUM SYRUP.—Cook syrup until it begins to be sticky when a little cools in a spoon.

HEAVY SYRUP.—Cook syrup until it will hardly pour.

Use only sound fruit for best results. Wash with great care. Handle as little as possible.

CANNED STRAWBERRIES.—Fill hot jars with fruit. Pour over medium syrup until it fills all the crevices. Seal as directed. Cook twenty minutes.

SUN STRAWBERRY PRESERVES.—Use only ripe firm berries. Preserve the same day they are picked. Wash, hull and drain well. Spread in platters in single layers, and sprinkle with sugar. Pour heavy syrup over them and sun under glass ten hours. Window glass held about two inches above the platters is an excellent arrangement. Pack into jars as described and cook twenty minutes.

CANNED CHERRIES.—Stem, and remove stones if preferred. Fill hot jars with fruit and then with hot medium syrup. Cook sixteen minutes after the water begins to boil hard.

STRAWBERRY OR CHERRY JUICE.—Use only acid-proof utensils. Unless a special fruit press is used, put the fruit in a cheese-cloth bag and heat for twenty-five minutes when the juice should freely run. It is well to frequently turn the bag with a gentle pressure during the heating. Take bag from kettle and drain. It may be necessary to strain the juice through the second bag. Too much fruit should not be handled at one time. Fill jars with juice. Put into hot water bath with water to shoulder of jars. When water begins to form bubbles it has reached the right temperature, and should be kept at this point for 45 minutes. Do not boil. Remove from kettle and seal. If odd bottles are used, place cotton stoppers in each, and at the end of cooking press cork-stoppers over the cotton; do not remove it. Trim even and dip ends of bottles in hot paraffin. Any fruit juice may be canned in this way.

CANNED PEACHES.—Peaches must be handled according to variety. Tough, leathery skins are best removed by plunging the peaches into boiling lye, which is made of one pint of wood ashes to two gallons of water. Put peaches into a wire strainer with a bail, or a colander, so that they may be taken immediately from the lye as soon as the skins slip easily. Plunge into cold water at once, and it is well to rinse them through several cold waters to remove all taste of the lye. Tender-skinned peaches need only to be plunged into boiling water and then into cold water to remove the skins. If very ripe they may be peeled without boiling water. Put into jars whole or in halves. A few pits will improve the flavor of the whole jar. Fill jars with thin or medium syrup, according to sweetness of the fruit. Cook twenty minutes after the water begins to boil hard.

PEACH BUTTER.—Peel and remove pits as for canning. A few of the pit meats cut fine and cooked with the fruit will improve the flavor. Mash fine with pestle or put through a potato masher. To each measure of pulp add a half-measure of sugar. Cook very slowly and stir frequently until the desired thickness is obtained. If the butter is put into thoroughly sterilized hot jars, further cooking is unnecessary. Or, open-mouthed jars, large-mouthed bottles or glasses may be used if put boiling hot and covered with a half-inch of hot paraffin.

SMALL BERRIES.—The quality of the fruit has much to do with the finished product. Berries are bruised and crushed if gathered in deep containers. This causes the juice to start and become discolored before canning. All berries are canned in much the same way. The hot sterilized jars are filled closely with fruit, and sweetened with the thin or medium syrup, according to kind and ripeness. Where there is an abundance of fruit, a very superior product can be made by using the squeezed out juice in place of water for making the syrup. Cook sixteen minutes after the water begins to boil.

SWEET FRUIT PICKLES.—Weigh out four pounds of fruit. Make a pickle of two pounds of brown sugar, one-half cup of whole spice, including cloves, cassia buds, allspice and stick cinnamon, and two cups of strong apple vinegar. Tie spices loosely in a bag and cook the pickle slowly fifteen minutes and skim. Add fruit and simmer ten minutes, or until tender but not soft. Very carefully skim out the fruit and put into jar. Cook pickle seven minutes longer, pour it over the fruit in jar and cover. The next morning drain off the pickle with bag of spice and cook about five minutes and pour hot over the fruit. Repeat for three mornings. No set rule can be given for time of cooking down the pickle as the amount of juice in different fruits will vary, but when finished the pickle should well cover the fruit.

Value of Old Cans

Nowadays, nearly every variety of food is put up in tin cans and, since the householder can get nothing for the latter, they are simply thrown out and the number that accumulates in a large town, in a single year, is astounding. As a means of coping with the nuisance, clean up campaigns are carried on, and boys are sometimes paid a cent a dozen for bringing them to a central point. By this means, hundreds of tons are frequently collected in a few hours. The city authorities then sell them to certain manufacturers who have the means of remaking them into a commercial product. The first step of the process is to subject them to intense heat, thus melting off the solder and causing it to run together, when it can be handled in paying quantities. The dented tin is rolled flat and used by trunk manufacturers and makers of toys. The larger pieces are again made into containers for commodities like paint and polish and dye. The tops and bottoms and the scraps that cannot be flattened are pressed into a homogenous mass by large crushers and then sold to foundrymen who melt them up and make window weights of the molten metal.



Dont Send a Penny



Here's a wonderfully attractive Jap silk waist at a wonderfully attractive bargain price. And best of all—we will ship this extremely handsome garment without a cent in advance! So sure are we that it will sell itself at sight that all we require is merely your name and address on a postal card. Send no money. We take all the risk that you will be so delighted with the style, material, fit and finish of this beautiful waist that you will gladly pay our amazingly low bargain price to keep it.

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Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian im. diamonds—the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold f. ring, set with a 1-2k Hawaiian im. diamond—in beautiful ring box postage paid. Pay postmaster $1.48 C.O.D. charges to cover postage, boxing, advertising, handling, etc. If you can tell it from a real diamond return and money refunded. Only 10,000 given away. Send no money. Answer quick. Send size of finger.

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Only $1 as first payment after ten days trial in your home—balance in little monthly payments until paid.

Most surprising values and terms ever offered on a high-grade, improved Sewing Machine, complete with latest labor-saving attachments.

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THIERY SEWING MACHINES are quality machines—Built for life-time service—Compared with other machines you easily save from $20.00 to $40.00. Shipped direct—you save the extra profit.

FREE TRIAL IN YOUR HOME

Use the THIERY in your own home for ten days—test it thoroughly—if it's not the best machine you ever saw at anywhere near my price, ship it back at my expense and the Trial won't cost you a cent.

WRITE TODAY—Send coupon below and full particulars will be sent you by return mail, postpaid. Don't wait for prices to go up—buy now and save money.

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Mail postpaid at once color-printed catalog of Thiery Sewing Machines and all particulars of your advertised buying plan.

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The Impressionable Age of a Child

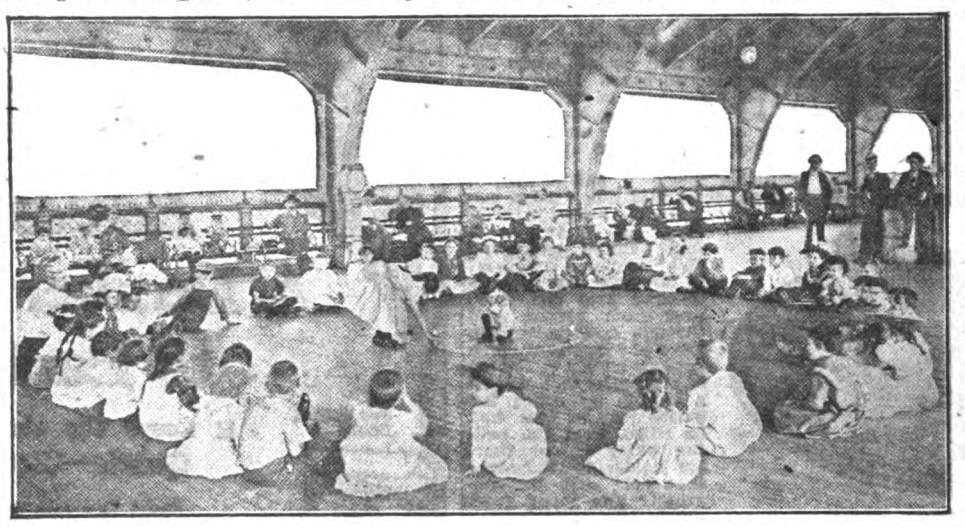
By Fraces L. Garside

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MANY states in the Union have truancy laws compelling a child to go to school between the ages of six and fourteen, while they neglect to provide kindergarten classes for the more impressionable period of early childhood when habits of life are being formed. The child who goes to school between four and six will not need the attention of a truancy officer a few years later.

In 1909 the National Kindergarten Association was organized to work for a kindergarten in every public school. This was in New York City, where there are more children per block than in any city in the United States. The society succeeded in doing such effective work that in 1913 the United States Commissioner of Education invited it to co-operate in establishing and maintaining a Kindergarten Division in the United States Bureau of Education in Washington, a proposition that was agreed to, and that has resulted in much legislation favorable to the restless tot, who, if not engaged in instructive games in kindergarten, might be learning destructive games on the street.

The objective point of the organization is better legislation in general, and to incite persons to open kindergartens in their own communities. Several states have what is called the Mandatory-on-Petition Law which provides for the establishment of a kindergarten upon the petition of the parents of twenty-five children of kindergarten age, living in one community.



VACATION KINDERGARTEN, RECREATION PIER, NEW YORK CITY.

This law had its inception in California, and before it had been in force three years the number of kindergartens in the states, as well as the number of pupils attending them, had more than doubled.

Arkansas illustrates in a striking way the demand for free kindergartens. The minimum school age in that state is fixed at six years, so that no state or county money may be used for the education of children of regular kindergarten age. Between the extremes presented by California and Arkansas there are several forms of legislation bearing on the kindergarten. Utah and North Dakota have laws that are partially mandatory. In Nevada, kindergartens are permissive on petition. Of twenty-five states which make any positive attempt to control the situation, one half undeservedly require certification of kindergarten teachers. Only four (Michigan, South Carolina, Texas and Vermont) demand that kindergartners shall have been graduated from training schools officially approved by the state educational authorities.

The last reports show that the kindergarten population of the United States is 4,386,732; with 509,112 children enrolled. Texas reports 190,471 children of kindergarten age, with only 3,536 enrolled, the state ranking forty-second in percentage of children in public and private kindergartens.

The arguments favoring the establishment of kindergartens are these: Every little boy will work for his living some day. Whatever he does, in business or profession, he will depend for success on skill of both mind and hands.

Every little girl will have just as much need for skilled mind and hands, whether in a home or an office.

To give a boy and girl the best start, both hands and minds must be trained from the time they are first used—trained with regard for their powers and for the demands of child nature, not overworked but helped to be usefully active, instead of merely heedlessly active.

The kindergarten gives minds and hands this useful training at the time when they most need it; when they are only making ready for learning the things that take study and close application.

It turns curiosity to observation; restlessness to deftness and interest; "wondering" to understanding.

The kindergarten bridges, from the age of four to six, the sometimes difficult step from home training to school training.

The kindergarten gives a child two years' start.

The democratic kindergarten is the best influence for Americanization that we have today. To begin with, there are the greatest number of children among the foreigners, so many that every child is early deposed from his Throne, the go-cart, and compelled to toddle on wobbly legs beside the younger monarch who has supplanted him. With so many babies around her feet, the alien mother welcomes a kindergarten.

The child learns English, and with our language, our customs and ideals; absorbs American ways for doing everything that had been done before in a Syrian, Hungarian or Italian way. His mother goes to the kindergarten where she meets other mothers; thus she is given the social opportunities which she needs in Americanization and she and her household are benefited. The kindergarten teacher is a welcome visitor in the house of the alien and soon gains the confidence of the shy, bewildered, foreign women. She invites them to the Mothers' Meetings where they mingle socially, and thus national and racial prejudices are overcome.

The National Kindergarten Association has been instrumental in opening more than 300 kindergartens in the public schools of 149 cities. Estimating the cost of operating a class at $1,000 per year, this means more than $300,000 is spent annually on little children.

But with all the work that has been done, much remains to be done. Throughout the country only eleven per cent of the children are in kindergarten, making 89 per cent still unprovided for. In other words, 500,000 children are receiving this training of which nearly 4,000,000 are deprived. Numerically, Belgium is a small country, but before the war that country led the world in kindergarten extension.

Superintendents of schools are unanimously in favor of the kindergarten start for a child. If, they say, a child could have but eight years of school life, it would be better to begin with the kindergarten and close with the seventh grade, than to begin with the first grade and close with the eighth.



Work Shoes $2.25 Send No Money

And Dress Shoes at $4.69

A Blow at Profiteering

$2.25 for a pair of real honest built work shoes. Sounds impossible but it is true and the best part of it is that you do not have to send any money to prove it. Let us tell you how we can do this.

Very durable, made of high grade oil tanned chrome calf leather. Heavy Goodyear welt extension soles.

You know that shoes are going up every day, also you know that when you buy thousands of pairs of shoes at one time the prices are considerably lower.

The dress shoe we are offering at **$4.69**, just think of it, **$4.69** for a dress shoe. This in itself is the greatest bargain of the season, but in addition with every pair of dress shoes sold we will sell a pair of these work shoes for **$2.25**. A price that sounds like the days before the war. Imagine for a total expenditure of **$6.94**, actually less than the value of the dress shoes you will have two pairs of shoes.

Men's fine dress shoe of high grade black leather, extra quality leather soles. This is a wide last, high comfort toe.

Send No Money, Just Send Your Order

and pay your postman $6.94 and postage when the package arrives. You take no risk as the shoes will be sent to you under our iron clad guarantee of money back including postage if you are not fully satisfied.

We Positively Cannot Sell Either Pair of Shoes Separately

When ordering be sure to mention the size required on each pair of shoes.

WOLPER'S, CHICAGO

Dept. 49 1201-1209 West Van Buren St.

His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

Mrs. Mencke's lips curled, and a vicious light leaped into her eyes.

"He is, or was, a beggarly carpenter who used to live here in Cincinnati, and pretended to be enamoured of Violet; he even went so far as to demand her hand in marriage. His suit was of course rejected, and now, possibly, having heard of this fortune being left her, he is taking this way to be revenged upon us."

This also sounded plausible; still, the astute lawyer was not convinced that it was a matter of petty revenge.

"It is very annoying," continued Mrs. Mencke, plaintively, "for I have telegraphed my husband that I shall start for New York this evening—my tickets are purchased, and I must go."

"Ahem! Of course, I am not at liberty to interfere with your arrangements in any way," said Mr. Middleton, thoughtfully, "but under the circumstances I cannot surrender you the documents in my possession, and all proceedings must be stayed, as the message commands, until this matter can be thoroughly investigated."

"By whose authority?" Mrs. Mencke demanded, haughtily.

"My own, madame," he quietly returned.

At this time Mrs. Mencke lost control of herself and flew into a towering passion, declaring that she would have her rights; that she was being shamefully wronged and needlessly detained, when it was absolutely necessary that she should return immediately to New York.

Mr. Middleton listened calmly, until she concluded her tirade, when he again quietly but firmly refused to deliver Jonas Huntington's fortune to her, until he could assure himself that there was no foundation for the report he had received that morning.

Mrs. Mencke argued, pleaded and coaxed, volunteering to bring Mr. and Mrs. Hawley and Miss Bailey to him to confirm the truth of her statements regarding the Mentone tragedy. But it was of no use; he was as immovable as a block of stone.

"While I would not presume to doubt the integrity of the parties named," he gravely said, "still, my duty as the custodian of Mr. Huntington's property and the executor of his will, will not allow me to run any risk of defrauding Miss Violet Huntington, if she should happen to be living, of what rightfully belongs to her."

Mrs. Mencke saw that argument and anger were useless, and she finally flounced out of the lawyer's office in high dudgeon.

She saw that she had gone the length of her rope—that her game was played out at a fearful loss, and she would have to surrender all hope of getting possession of Jonas Huntington's fortune.

It was a terrible disappointment—a terrible humiliation, after her recent triumph in her old home.

She could not remain in Cincinnati to face the results of her failure, and she knew there might be great risk in returning to New York; still, her curiosity to learn what had happened and how Wallace Richardson had discovered Violet, got the better of her fears, and that afternoon's express bore her swiftly back over the ground which, but a week before, she had traversed with so much confidence and hope, and, upon her arrival at her dreary rooms in ——— Street, she found her worst fears realized.

* * * * * * *

It will be remembered that Mr. Lawrence was called out of town upon business the day after he had signed his will in the presence of his two friends.

This was also the day of Violet's recapture by Wilhelm Mencke, also of the departure of Mrs. Mencke for Cincinnati, and so it will be readily understood why no response came to the young girl's letter—why no effort was made to rescue her from her unfortunate situation.

Mr. Lawrence was absent six days, and all this time Violet languished in captivity, losing heart and strength with every weary day.

Her kind friend could not go to her when he did finally return, for, as he was being driven from the station to his home in a public conveyance, the horses became frightened by the passing of a steam fire-engine—one of the traces giving way at that moment, made them more unmanageable, and they dashed at a headlong speed along the street, the carriage was overturned and demolished, and Mr. Lawrence was picked up insensible and seriously injured.

Fortunately he was recognized and taken directly home. A surgeon was summoned, and, upon an examination, it was found that three of the man's ribs and a leg were broken.

His injuries were repaired as far as possible, and he was made comparatively comfortable, but it was not until late the next morning that he was able to think of much besides his own sufferings.

Then he called for his letters, and the first one that he opened was Violet's.

He saw that it had been written a week ago that very day, and a terrible fear and anxiety took possession of him.

In great excitement he sent for his coachman and ordered him to drive at once to the office of Harlow & Richardson, the architects, and bring Mr. Richardson back with him. If the young man was not in, he was to find out his whereabouts and go for him.

"I can trust him in this business, and I do not know to whom else to turn," the sick man murmured, wiping the perspiration from his brow, for he was terribly excited.

An hour later Wallace was sitting by his bedside, while, in spite of his protestations and warnings, the nurse was excluded from the room, for Mr. Lawrence wished to talk freely with his young relative and without the fear of having their conversation repeated.

Wallace, not having been told why he had been so hastily summoned, began to express his sorrow for Mr. Lawrence's sufferings, when he interrupted him abruptly.

"Don't stop to talk about bodily pains," he cried, with an expression of great mental distress, "for I am in far greater anguish of mind. Will you help me?"

"Certainly. I am wholly at your service," Wallace answered heartily, and wondering what sudden trouble had overtaken him.

"I knew you would be. You have heard me speak of the young lady who was governess to my daughter before her death," Mr. Lawrence began.

"Yes."

"Did I tell you that she disappeared very mysteriously a few weeks ago?"

"Yes, you mentioned it, and I saw something about it in one of the papers—her name was given as Miss Huntington."

Wallace's lips paled as he spoke the name, though he did not suspect that it had any connection with his lost love, the queen of his heart.

"Well, I have heard from her; she was kidnapped and carried to a house on ——— Street. Where is the letter—you can read it for yourself," he interposed, looking about the bed for it.

But it had been removed by the nurse, and he would not stop to have it found.

"Never mind," he said, "I will just give the facts, and then you must act quickly. I almost fear that it is too late now to find her. She was locked up in an empty room on ——— Street, but managed to escape from it through the scuttle in the roof about a week ago. She fled along the roof of the houses until she came to one on a corner of the block. Here the very next morning she got into trouble again. I imagine she was recaptured, but she managed some way to send a letter out, begging me to come to her aid. Of course I cannot; but will you go———"

"Yes, yes," Wallace interposed, eagerly. "What is the number of the house?"

"I cannot tell you—she did not know, evidently, but she said it was on a corner, on the south side of the street, there are three flower-pots in the window, which is composed of small panes. Oh, where is that letter?" and the sick man looked anxiously about the room.

"Never mind. If that is all the description she gave you, the letter would not help me any, and I must try to find the place by those blind directions," said Wallace, who was eager to get off upon his search, for all his sympathies were strangely enlisted for this hapless young girl in her great trouble.

"Take an officer—two, if need be," continued Mr. Lawrence, weakly, for he was becoming exhausted. "Do not lose any time, and never mind the expense. She must be found at any cost. Bring her here immediately."

Wallace arose; he had got the main facts of the case, and time was too precious to wait for details. He knew that whatever he did must be promptly done, while he could see that Mr. Lawrence's strength was failing under so much excitement, and he needed rest.

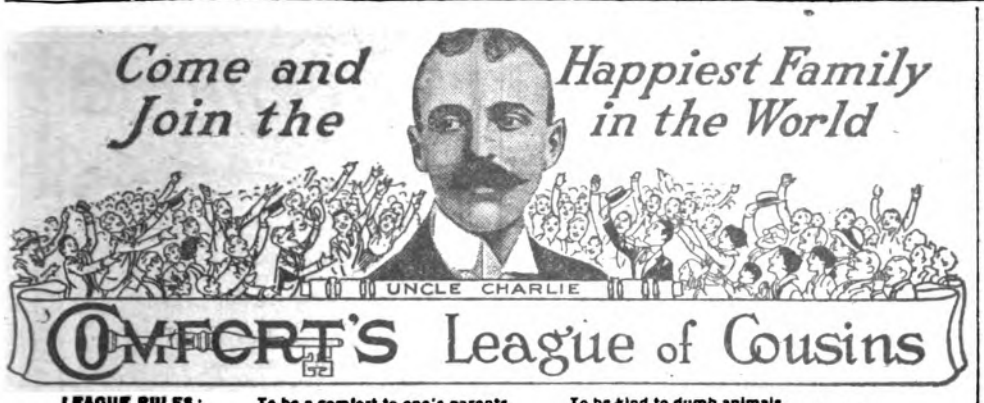
"You will require some money—my wallet———" began the sick man, as he turned to leave the room.

"I have money," Wallace answered briefly, "and we will settle that later; now keep up your courage, and I will do my very best for this young lady."

He went away without another word, called a carriage at the first corner, then sought a policeman to whom he told his story, and together they drove to the street which Violet had named in her letter.

But it was not easy to find the corner which she had tried to describe. There were a great many corner houses on the south side of the street, and most of the windows had small panes of glass, while none of them had just the number of flower-pots behind them that she men-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and excuse me if I don't do any flag waving or dig up any of the old stuff about the glorious Fourth. Our flag symbolizes too much that *is* glorious, beautiful and spiritual for it to be unfurled over a nation that, as one of our greatest preachers only too truthfully remarks, has "lost its soul," and fallen down contemptibly on its job of world reconstruction.

The subject, however, you are most interested in is the high cost of living, which is largely the high cost of loafing, laziness, lunacy and extravagance. I hoped that when the war was over everyone would set to work to upbuild what had been torn down, to replace what had been destroyed; but, alas, about the only thing people are interested in today is to do the other fellow before he can do them, and to get a hundred times as much money for loafing as they previously got for working. Today the world is like a defeated army. It has lost morale and instead of facing its problems heroically, it displays the most ignoble traits of moral and physical degeneracy. For Europe, a very quagmire of blood, disease and starvation, victor and vanquished crushed, broken, shell-shocked and vermin-infested, to have lost morale is not to be wondered at, for, in the language of Holy Writ, "These are they that have come out of great tribulation." They have not only gone through hell but the torments of hell are still upon them. We, however, have been only shell-shocked by extravagance and stupidity, and gassed by hyphenism, laziness, envy, hate and grab. Europe is stewing in the juice of its blood, we in the juice of a complacent self-satisfaction, based on a knowledge of security, wealth and a diamond-studded dinner pail. People have got it into their heads they can live without working. They complain about the high cost of everything and it is their laziness, their unwillingness to produce, to give value for value, that is largely the cause of the troubles of which they complain. Listen to this: "Chicago, May 2.—While May Day brought an increase of $2.00 a day to the building trade in Chicago, building operations have been reduced 50 per cent. These increases in pay (in which twenty crafts participated) have reduced building activities in Chicago one half in the last two months and there is a possibility that the crafts may find themselves with high wage scales but no employment." I am not kicking on the price but the loss of morale. All men are entitled to a wage that permits them to exist in comfort and maintain a reasonable standard of living with enough to educate the kids and something for a rainy day. This labor has a right to have if it labors as it did of yore, but it has no right to use its organized power to force wages up and production down. To demand ten dollars a day for five dollars' worth of work is a hold-up game, pure and simple.

It may interest you to know that with 110,000,000 population, America today is producing enough for only 60,000,000 people and high prices must and will stay up until production is on a level with demand. We have more feet than shoes, more heads than hats, more mouths than food, more bodies than clothing, more stoves and furnaces than coal, more families than houses and more homes than furniture. I have always contended we should develop from within and not from without; that we should breed our own good American stock in American homes, instead of importing foreigners who lower our standards of living and have little sympathy for us and our institutions. But if American labor won't labor, unless we are resigned to death by slow starvation, we've no alternative but to admit those who will work, for though we want to convert our country into a paradise for workers, we will never permit it to become a paradise for shirkers and loafers. It ought not to be a difficult task for our consuls in foreign ports to look over those who want to come here and divide the white sheep of industry from the goats of anarchy. One law-abiding alien worker is worth more to our country than fifty native-born bums overalled or black coated. Half the workers in the basic industries in this country are of foreign birth and there is a shortage in our mills, mines and railroads of four million men. A million foreign-born workers right now are preparing to return to Europe. We need a national immigration policy, a policy of selection, distribution and assimilation. We want no immigrants from countries that specialize in putrid politics, in grabbing all the government jobs, scaring our lawmakers out of their shoes and forcing them to take up their age-long hates, trying to force us into war whether we have a grievance or not. The political immigrant once dug ditches and built houses but now he hands out the plums of office to his tribal followers and makes a fat profit exploiting our city and state governments. We want none of these. We already have too many of that class of Russian Jews who dig no tunnels, bridge no rivers, carry no hods, but as middlemen tack big profits on produce as it goes from producer to consumer, or specialize in stage nudity which they call art, also of the sort that plot the destruction of our country and institutions and shriek hatred of all that is dear to us from the street corners.

All wealth comes from the earth which is the source of all our raw materials. Skilled labor will fashion the raw material into the finished product. As a prominent publicist says: "Without any new immigration of men who are willing to do the rough manual work on roads, railroads and farms, and in subways, mines and forests, it looks as though the physical basis of our American life would crumble. A serious catastrophe threatens our entire social structure. It is becoming top-heavy. Adequate food transportation and raw materials are essential if as a nation we are to be kept prosperous, contented and busy. We should admit to our shores only so many as we have reason from experience to believe we can wholesomely Americanize and steadily employ. Each people should be studied and dealt with separately. Only so many should be admitted from each separate people as our developing experience with immigrants of that people shows us is wise."

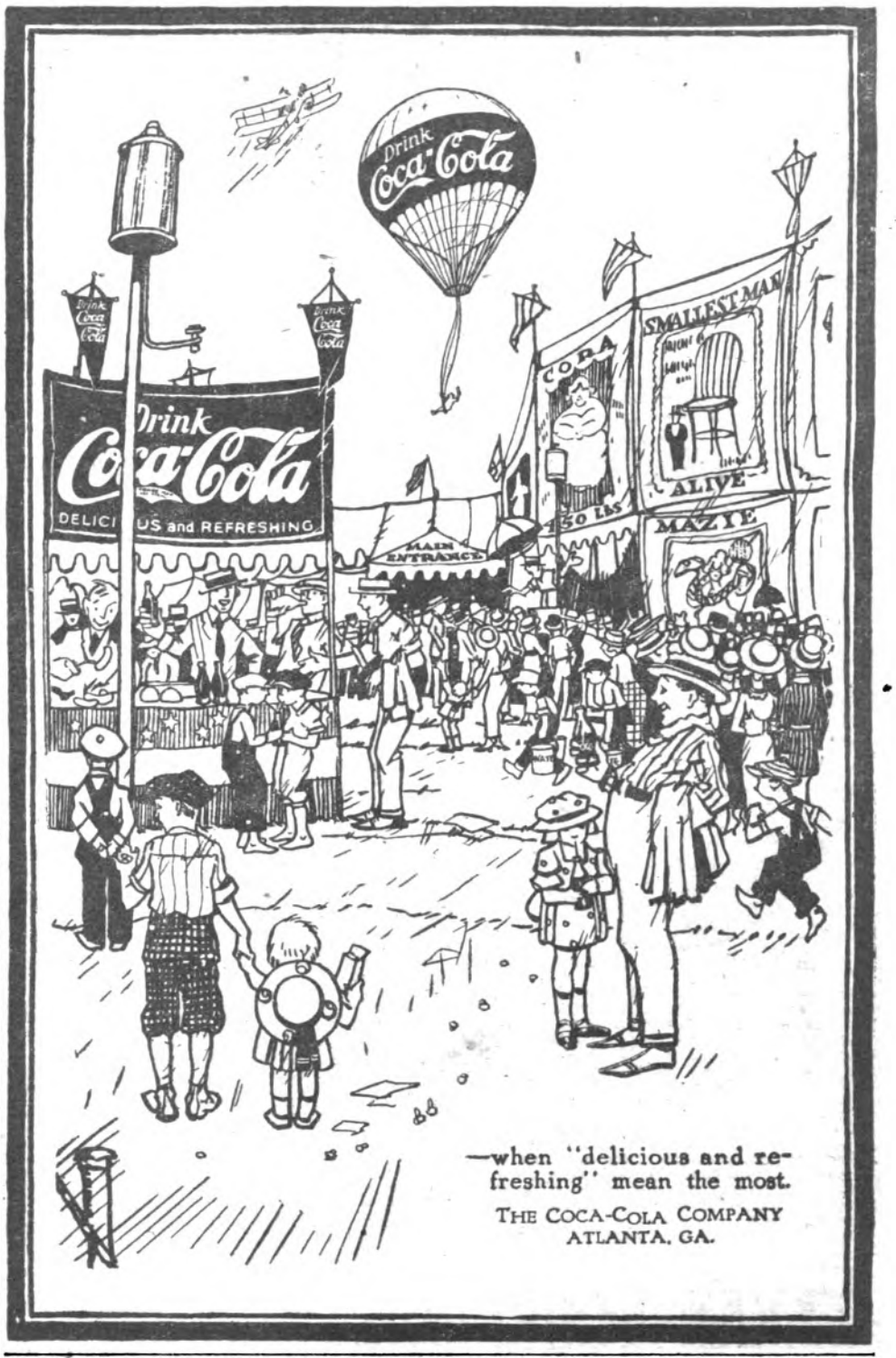
There you have it. Industry is tottering for the lack of a base of brawn and muscle. The cities are crowded, the country deserted. Everyone is getting too fine and finicky to dig, delve and produce that which makes life possible and endurable. This is a big problem and it will take more than pinhead partizan politicians to handle it.

In figuring on the high cost of living, you must figure on the new basis of employment in many industries where larger forces are required as a result of the average reduction of the work day from a ten- to an eight-hour period. It had become a settled conviction before the war that a man could produce as much in eight hours as he would in ten. That contention, however, no longer holds good. Production has decreased tremendously, and the lower the product the higher the wage. It takes two men to do what one formerly did. Organized labor is bitterly opposed to immigration, and in the past it had plenty of reason to be, for the big industries used these immigrants to lower the living standards of the American workers. But those trouble makers who defy the authority of their recognized leaders and permit a bunch of red rascals to lead them by the nose, tie up our railroads, freeze us, starve us, bleed us, are not entitled to any special consideration at the hands of the American public. When they use their organized power against the orders of their leaders to upset the machinery of society, they become outlaws. When they deprive us of food, leave hundreds of cars of produce, raised with infinite pains and at infinite expense, rotting on the tracks, they are criminals.

Now don't let the workers who read COMFORT get it into their heads that I am trying to hit any honest toiler, for I am not. I'm the friend of every man who is honest and law-abiding and the enemy of every slacker who in this hour of world agony, takes advantage of a starving universe by putting his own petty interests and ambitions above that of all other suffering humans. While we were at war, for a while at least, we seemed to be a united, unselfish people, but, wearying of swatting Germans, we started in to plunder, pillage and gas one another. All that is vile, ugly and contemptible, mean and debased has seized upon us since the armistice was signed, and what the Kaiser could not do we are rapidly doing to ourselves. Only two things will save this country—thrift and patience. Boosting wages will get us nowhere. They have done that in Europe until today the Russian rouble is not worth a cent. Striking only irritates, for it cuts down production (the only thing that can save us) and makes those suffering from high prices, whose wages are low, suffer fifty times more. A strike does not punish the rich, but it punishes everyone else, especially those of scanty means, and unless this striking nuisance stops we shall have conditions similar to those in Russia. You idiots who get your dope from the Red Jew sheets of Kansas and other sections had better learn right now that the Soviet system has failed as it must fail utterly in any community except among some primitive tribe of Indians. Trotzky, who hated militarism *because it was not his militarism*, has raised the greatest army in the world. You could not put a strike over on him without being blown to bits. Workers' committees or soviets no longer run industrial establishments in Russia. Trotzy found that scheme did not work, so he abolished them and placed skilled managers in charge. So the dreams of the poor dupes who think they can take over and run all the "capitalistic" industries, as they call them, and get results, have vanished. Listen to Trotzky: "Mobilization is more necessary now than it was formerly because we have to deal with a peasant population which cannot be utilized to the fullest extent by any other means than military discipline." Military discipline for everybody—there you have Bolshevism. You see, it is easy to theorize but a very different proposition when work must be done and millions fed and housed. Then dreams vanish and it's work or be shot.

It took this country fourteen years to get back to normal after the Civil War, which was only a storm in a teacup compared to the late great upset, and if you'd practice self-denial, cut out jazzing, striking, loafing and extravagance, and work with the spirit that animated you during the war, we'd again be back to normal in a few years. Canada for ten years has had a law providing for compulsory mediation in all disputes affecting industries of a public character. Under this law, in the course of eight years, out of 177 disputes, all but 19 were satisfactorily settled without any strike. But the Reds want strikes and they want strikes to fail, so they can generate more hate and discontent. They want the One Big Union, which is to consist of Reds, criminals and every sorehead and bum in the land. This union of home-bred Trotzkys will be a "government" of a minority for a minority by a minority, and loot and plunder will be its watchwords. These freaks forget that we already have One Big Union, the United States of America, which combines all classes and all creeds. We are not going to swap that Union, which has as its basis the best thoughts, ideals and ideas of the greatest men that ever lived, for anything Bill Heywood or Morris Hillquit can give us.

Soon we shall have a new government, but I warn you that governments can only tax and make laws. They can spend but cannot produce. Your salvation lies with yourselves. We are suffering not from too little but from floods of money that represent little of actual value. The war destroyed two hundred billion dollars' worth of property, and we can only replace that property by years of toil. Before the war, for every dollar there was a dollar's worth of marketable goods. During the war, everything went into destruction and nothing into construction. That is why we are short of houses and everything except Reds, lunatics and politicians. The goods destroyed have got to be replaced and the water pumped out of the dollar, the pound, the franc, the lira, the mark, the rouble, until we again have goods equivalent to the money in circulation. Royal Meeker, the Commissioner of Labor Statistics, in the Labor Review, says: "It will take a long time to deflate the world's inflated currencies or to inflate the world's deflated supply of goods. The profiteer is being blamed on all hands for the increase in prices (Topeka, Kansas, please take note). Undoubtedly profiteering of the most reprehensible sort has existed and does exist today, but the profiteer is the result of ever-increasing prices rather than the cause thereof. His influence in boosting prices is negligible. If all the profiteers in the world could be apprehended and thrown into jail or lined up and shot, it would have no appreciable influence on prices."



Organized labor will tell you there is no law to stop a man from quitting work if he wants to. Right, old chap, but if a man has a right to quit, it logically follows that another man has a right to begin work. The world's cupboard is empty and there is a shortage of food and necessaries all over the globe, and if the American working man won't work, let in the foreigner who will. An enormous hotel is being built in Chicago. The gentlemen who are constructing it ride to work in taxis. Good! Soon, I hope, they will have limousines. But there are certain natural and economic laws and as a result of this auto craze so much glass is going into windshields, so much steel into auto construction that hundreds of buildings are standing empty. For lack of steel, glass, etc., building is almost at a standstill. When the autos are constructed, owing to a shortage of tens of thousands of freight cars, the railroads can't haul them. Now laugh! 33,000 men and boys have left New York farms and rushed to the cities during the last year. Hoover, one of the few sane men in a crazy world, says that if things go on at their present rate *we shall soon be importing food*. With eight dollars a day for washing a ceiling and ten for shoveling snow, no wonder farmers, who are paying $80 a ton for feed for their cows, are deserting their farms or reducing their crop acreage 25 per cent. But here's the joke. When Hiram and Mandy get to the city, there is not a roof to be had at any price to cover their heads, and soon there will be nothing for them to eat. You might just as well realize here and now that we are all up against it. The world is sick and there is no way out except by work, faith, patience, good humor, loyalty to one's country and one's God and remember that the wretches who are rocking the national boat and trying to push us into war to oblige some of our noisy foreign boarders, and spill us all while we are striving desperately hard to get to shore, are traitors to humanity and deserve a traitor's fate. P. S. Sugar in South America is fifty cents a pound, so don't get excited.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

DETROIT, MICH.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

May I say a word about the wholesale desertion of the farm for the city? You young men and women in leaving the farm are only jumping out of the frying pan into the fire and that you will find out when it is too late. I have lived on the farm and in the city and know what I am talking about. Young men who come here do not know what it costs to live and are willing to accept work and wages that a city man with a family cannot live on. The countryman knows little about the mechanical work required in the cities and the city mechanic makes but a poor farm hand. By flocking to the city you force down production on the farm and leave us people in the cities less to live upon, forcing the prices of food ever higher and higher. What we need today is not higher wages but more product, especially food products, revive capital punishment for food gougers and put honest men in office. But why do you farmers let your sons and daughters come to the city? It is because you do not make life worth while for them and give them a chance to make a living. Because you have grown old you think the young folks do not need any amusement, but if they do, and if you don't give it to them, they will go where they can get it. Have the old-time parties, barn dances and husking bees, organize baseball clubs, farm improvement clubs, trap shooting, etc. Let us have more sunshine on the farm and in the world, so that we may live our lives to the fullest.

SAM D. KAUFFMAN.

Sam, you are a hero in war and a philosopher and live wire in peace. Your letter is so full of good, sound, common sense that I am going to appoint you a committee of one to take fifty thousand people out of Detroit, where they don't belong, and put them on the farms where they do belong. There is a wild-eyed, on-to-the-city movement, which is leaving farm lands desolate and emptying the old homestead of its young people. Father and mother will hang on until they can work no more and death claims them. And the people who rushed to the cities will find—what? Vice and disease, doorsteps to sleep on, for there are positively no houses and no rooms to be rented unless you are a millionaire, and eventually food not to be had at any price. We can live without automobiles, we can live without a majority of so-called necessaries, but we cannot live without food. I have at least half a ton of literature filed away on this subject and about a quarter of a ton is scattered on my bed. And, summed up, what does it amount to? Take your own case, Sam. Why don't you practice what you preach and set a good example to the others? You would be far more useful on the farm than in the city, but I notice you are not there. The lure of the city has existed all through the ages and you cannot combat it, unless you go Bolshevik. Then the Red Army would draft fifty thousand Detroiters, and if they did not want to go back to the farms they would shoot them back. None of us approves of those methods. We all want to follow our own sweet wills, and by doing so, as a rule (for of course we never will take anybody's advice) we make a horrible muss of things. When potatoes become ten dollars apiece, as they will do, and people find that if they stay in the cities they will die of starvation, then and not until then will they rush back to the soil and try and raise the food which alone will sustain them. Secretary of Agriculture Meredith has issued a warning that there will be an acute shortage of food during the coming winter. This is largely due to the lack of farm labor, which is only 72 per cent of normal in spite of high increase in wages. Agriculture is America's greatest industry. Allow it to decay and we decay with it. In 1800 the farm population of America was 94 per cent. Think of it, 94 on the farms to every six in the cities. Today there are only 30 per cent of our people in the country and 70 per cent are huddled in these loathsome wildernesses of bricks, mortar, misery and unGodliness. Every city door is closed tight and nobody knows or cares who his next door neighbor is. People are selfish, self-centered, there is no neighborliness, no community life. There is no company for the young men except the harlot of the street, no company for the young girl except the diseased male vamp of the sidewalk. There are the churches, but only the fear of hell or a shotgun will get the young people into church these days. The vicious movies with their

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 19.)

The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

What Makes Beauty?

"OH, if I only had a mouth like Cora's, wouldn't I be happy! Isn't she lucky to be such a beauty?" And the girl in front of me, on the street-car sighed a tremendous sigh as she turned to her companion. I took a critical look at her, then I smiled to myself. The "Cora" she was envying stood in the aisle a few seats off. Pretty, to be sure; a lovely mouth, one must admit; yet, as a matter of fact, none of her features were as clear-cut as those of the envying friend, and taken as a whole her face was not nearly so attractive.

Yet it was perfectly true that at a casual glance she would have been estimated as a beauty,



KEEP A MEAL SHAKER AT HAND FOR YOUR TOILET.

while the other girl would have been lightly passed over as "nice-enough looking." What was the reason? Ah, that's what I want to tell you.

Cora gave one the impression of fragrant cleanliness, of a dainty toilet. There were no little hairs straggling in her neck; her hair was soft, lustrous and resilient, which means that it did not mass together but that each hair was a live separate belonging. Everything about her was fresh and lovely, from the sheer organdie collar at her neck to her well-kept shoes and her smooth, perfectly fitting stockings. Her eyebrows lay in a smooth, lustrous line, her teeth were white and perfectly cared for, and her finger-nails, as she turned the pages of her Latin grammar, were beautifully kept.

That was just the difference, girls. Sue, the other girl, with twice the natural assets, was dressed hurriedly; she gave the impression of a nice girl who had hurried to get ready for school and who didn't think much about how she looked. There were a few stray locks—nothing serious, but just enough to take away any suggestion of perfect grooming. Her nails were blunt though clean, her hair had no luster, and her clothes showed no care given to the little niceties.

That was the only difference between the girl who was "a beauty" and the girl who was not.

It pays, girls, to be dainty. We should not think about ourselves unduly, and once we are dressed and ready to meet the rest of the world we should forget our appearance. But there is no harm, but a real duty, in taking time at our toilet to care for all the little niceties so that we may properly dismiss any thought of our appearance from our minds yet know that nothing is awry and nothing about us suggests carelessness.

I know an elderly woman, mother of fourteen children, who has a complexion which her daughters envy. You may be quite sure she has no time for dawdling over her toilet or for beauty luxuries, yet all her life she has methodically rubbed her face with corn-meal after washing with tepid water, and dried it in this manner, and it has kept her skin as smooth and perfect almost as a baby's. She has not ruined it with too much soap. It is a good idea to keep a "shaker" of corn-meal or almond meal on your toilet table and use it for hands and face after bathing, to soften and whiten the skin. The meal will remove soil without injuring the skin.

Be careful, then, girls, about the little things. Make yourself spotlessly clean in the morning, taking, of course, a complete body bath—a sponge bath will be enough in the morning, but you should take a warm, cleansing bath at night—keep your hair clean and carefully brushed, your eyebrows shaped, your nails perfectly cared for, and put on your clothes with care. Who knows that you, too, may not be a beauty?

Answers to Questions

A COUNTRY GIRL.—No, indeed, peroxide and ammonia will not injure the arms. Dampen one day with the peroxide, and one day with the ammonia. Ask your druggist for peroxide of hydrogen, and for toilet ammonia.

TEXAS BLUE EYES.—It is not advisable to undertake a course of exercises while starting on the milk diet. The latter is a form of what is called "forced feeding," and your stomach needs to be undisturbed in its labors, while exercise takes the blood away from the stomach and impedes digestion. That is the reason one does not, even on an ordinary diet, exercise right after meals, or just before meals. It would be better for you either to take a regular course of the exercises you have in mind, say for three weeks, regularly, several times a day, working at them conscientiously; then to stop and take the milk diet, being as lazy as possible while doing so; or vice versa. In the milk sanitariums, the patients are put to bed and kept there, where they lie and doze and laze and save every ounce of energy and flesh that the milk diet creates. You do not need to go to this extreme, but may go about your ordinary undertakings, only being careful not to take violent exercise. The milk should be sweet—this is in answer to another of your questions—and not skimmed milk. Of course, if you live in the country, the whole milk just as it comes from the cow is much richer than what we of the city mean by unskimmed milk. You can take off part of the cream. You say sweet milk does not seem to agree with you. This is probably because your stomach is not quite in good condition—it may be acid, and so curdle the milk. Milk diet experts say that when milk "does not agree," that indicates the most urgent need for that special diet. Milk is not a beverage, but a food, and cannot be taken in any quantity in conjunction with solid food, for that gives the stomach too much to do and results in discomfort. You should eliminate solid food while living on the milk, and should be careful to "chew" every mouthful of the milk before swallowing, that it may be well mixed with the saliva which is necessary to its complete digestion. To begin with, take a glass and a half of milk every hour until about 3.30 or 4 in the afternoon, beginning, say, at 7.30 or 8 in the morning. Then eat a light supper about 6.30, and drink a couple of glasses of water between that hour and going to bed. Also drink a couple of glasses of hot water on rising in the morning. Since you will not be exercising, it is a good idea to put half-a-dozen prunes to soak at night in a tumbler of water and in the morning chew the prunes thoroughly and drink the juice. Do this about fifteen minutes before taking your first glass of milk. I wish you luck in your undertaking.

ANXIOUS GIRL.—I wonder if when the skin peels, as you say, about your finger nails, you pull the skin off? Well, don't any more. Every night before you go to bed, anoint the skin about the nails with vaseline to soften it. Rub a little on at any time in the day when you do not have to use your fingers for a little time. Keeping the skin soft will prevent its peeling. Then if it does crack and a hangnail appears, clip it gently and immediately with a pair of sharp manicure scissors—do not under any circumstances pull it off. It wouldn't be a bad idea for you to soak your finger nails in olive oil once a day. Use a cup so that you will not have to have a great quantity of oil, and put your finger-ends in the oil, letting them soak for ten or fifteen minutes. What you need is more oil in your skin, I think. Do you use a steel nail-cleaner? Don't! Buy yourself an orange-wood stick, and always soak your nails for a minute or two before cleaning, so that you can use the stick very gently, being careful not to break the skin beneath the nail. Don't use strong soap on your hands.

ANXIOUS GIRL.—Fourteen *is* pretty young to go to dances, isn't it? But if your father and mother approve and you only dance with your brother and the friend your family approve, I expect it is lots of fun. What should you say when your partner thanks you for a dance? Why, if he merely says, "Thank you" as he bows and leaves you, all you need do is smile. But if he says, "That was a fine dance—thank you," or, "I certainly enjoyed that fox-trot—thank you," you might say, "So did I," or "Wasn't the music good?" or, "It's fun dancing when the floor is so good," or "You dance so well, it is fun dancing with you." It isn't really necessary to say anything, if your partner is just leaving for the next dance with somebody else. A smile is sufficient. In answer to your other question—yes, indeed, it is always correct to give your seat to an older person. If the boy who gave you his seat is standing by you, you can say to him in an undertone, as you give your seat to the elderly person, "You don't mind, do you? I can't feel comfortable sitting down when an older person is standing," or something like that. You sound like a very nice girl. I hope you have lots of fun this summer, and make just the pleasantest friends.

WASHINGTON STATE.—Yes, indeed, ammonia will take your breath away. It isn't meant to inhale, my dear, although when people have fainted we place a bottle of ammonia under their noses to bring them to. It is strong, just as you say, but it takes something strong to kill hair roots. It will also burn a sensitive skin, though most skins can stand an every-other-day application without discomfort. Try it on the hairy spot—your arm or your face—dampening the hair and letting the ammonia dry on. The next day use the peroxide, the next day the ammonia, and so on. If the ammonia irritates the skin after a few applications, stop the treatment for a few days and apply a cold cream or a zinc oxide ointment. It is possible you may have to dilute the ammonia, but this takes away part of its killing strength.

GEORGIA GIRL.—A red face probably comes from imperfect circulation, in your case. You say, too, that the "veins" in your face are large. Do you mean on the temple where the veins show? I suggest that you be careful about violent exercise—take things easy, especially in warm weather. Take a cool sponge bath in the morning, then powder the body thoroughly. Don't wear tight clothes. See that your corset is very low-busted and do not have it tight. Your shoes should be comforable and there should be no tight waistbands, neck-bands, garters, etc. Don't wear round garters, they are the worst things in the world for your circulation; you must wear side garters either attached to your corset, or attached to a washable belt worn around your waist. With attention to all these details, the condition of your veins should not be so noticeable. You speak of having them "removed with an electric needle." I do not quite understand you. You aren't talking about enlarged pores, instead of veins, are you? If it should chance that you are speaking about pores, then the use of cold water to dash on the face, after a thorough cleaning, and the avoidance of hot water, will help greatly. The electric needle is not used for either condition, however. We use the electric needle to remove hairs and moles, and sometimes in the treatment of scars.

E. L. K.—Reduce your bust? Why, my dear, it is only 34. What do you want to reduce it for? By another year, you will be writing me asking how to increase its size. Thirty-four is a very small bust, and you shouldn't reduce. You say your hips are thirty-eight—that is a very good size for your hips, and eventually your bust will no doubt increase to the same size, since bust and hips should be the same measurement, with the waist ten inches smaller. Your waist should be about 28 eventually, though it may be smaller now. No, indeed, you do not weigh too much for your height and age. But let the bust alone!

EASTON.—An itching scalp may come from a number of causes. Too strong soap used in one's shampoo leaves an itching scalp sometimes. In shampooing, use a white household soap, shave into boiling water, let stand over heat until dissolved, then cool slightly and pour on the head a little at a time, massaging and rubbing both scalp and hair and squeezing off the soiled lather. Then rinse well, and apply some more of the shampoo liquid, finally rinsing many times in warm water, tepid water and finally, after every particle of soap is out of the hair, in cool water. Brush the hair gently. Don't use a wire brush on your scalp but a brush of only medium stiffness. See that it is cleaned after every brushing, by shaking and brushing of the bristles; and that it is washed and thoroughly dried at least twice a week. Too vigorous brushing with a stiff brush will often break and irritate the scalp. Massaging the scalp will improve its health. I suggest that you dip the finger tips in warm oil before massaging, so that the scalp gets a little oil daily. Try not to get oil on the hair—if you just barely dip the fingers, and then massage for some time, the scalp will absorb the oil and there will be no greasiness of the hair.

ETTA LUELLA.—See answer above. You should be very careful about your diet. Eat plenty of green vegetables and fresh fruits, good bread and butter, drink milk, eat cream on cereals, drink quantities of water between meals and see that the bowels move regularly—not with cathartics but by diet and exercise. Try soaking half-a-dozen prunes each night and eating them next morning—see answer to "Texas Blue Eyes." An egg shampoo would be good for your scalp instead of a soap shampoo.

CURLY LOCKS.—What do you mean by a "pug"? Do you mean the hair coiled at the neck, like a grown-up person's? If so, I do not think it the appropriate hairdressing for a girl of fifteen, even if, as you say, she does not go to school. But why doesn't she go to school? My, what a lot she is missing—fun, as well as education. Go to school just as long as possible. Every month means a lot more learned and a lot more that you will get out of life later, and a lot more friends that you will make. Don't quit school until you just have to, and if you have quit, go back! About the hair, many fashionable girls of fifteen wear their hair down their back in braids—that seems to be the favored way; but you can braid it and turn it under at the neck, tying with a big bow; or if your hair is rather short you can part it in the middle of the back, brush each half toward the ear, then braid, and tie the end of each braid to the beginning of the other next the head, using a big bow for each of the two tyings. This is only pretty where the hair is short so that the braid is just about long enough to reach from one side of the head to the other.

WORRIED.—Both the scarlet fever and the "flu" have had a bad effect on your hair, and you need, now, to give the scalp thorough attention. Probably your hair is dry so I should not wash it more than once in three weeks, being careful at the time of a shampoo to thoroughly rinse it many, many times. It would be a good idea for you to anoint the scalp—not the hair—with olive oil the night before a shampoo, tying your head up in a towel. Use a medicine dropper, if you have one, and run it along the part, then make another part and do the same, and continue until the scalp is all anointed. This softens any dandruff and makes it come away. Massage the scalp twice a day, with the hair



IT PAYS TO KEEP YOUR NAILS NOT ONLY CLEAN BUT ATTRACTIVELY SHAPED AND WELL CARED FOR.

hanging loose. To massage the scalp, slip the fingers beneath the hair next the scalp, on each side of the head, and pressing firmly move the scalp back and forth on the skull. Do not lift the fingers. Keep changing the position of the fingers until the entire scalp has been treated in this way. This sets the blood circulating and restores a healthy condition to the scalp. You say you are in good health now, so that your scalp and hair will probably begin to recover also. Be sure to keep yourself in healthy condition, bowels moving at least once and preferably twice daily, eating only at meals and then chewing your food thoroughly, drinking plenty of water between meals, and getting lots of sleep at night in a room with the windows open. Don't be discouraged; it takes a little time after illness before the body gets back to normal again.

Address all letters containing questions to
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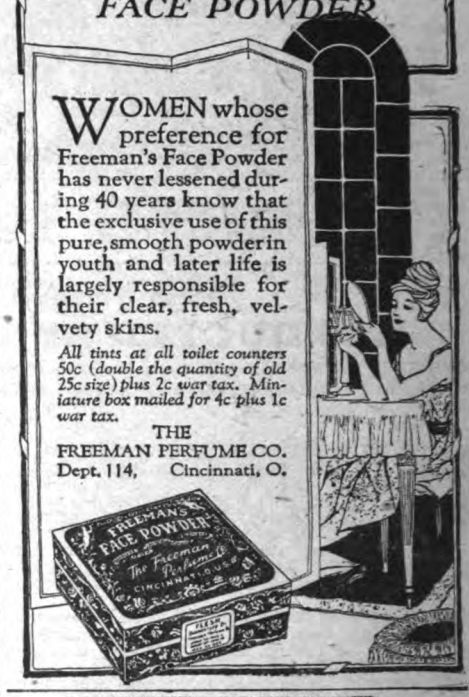
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Don't stay gray! Try it! No one can possibly tell that you darkened your hair, as it does it so naturally and evenly. You dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning the gray hair disappears, and after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy and attractive.

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What to Do When Anyone Faints

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THERE is nothing more alarming to the bystander than to see anyone faint, and the average person feels very helpless and is almost afraid to offer any assistance for fear he should do the wrong thing. What is usually done is lift the sufferer to a couch and place a pillow under the head. Now this is all wrong for most of such attacks are caused by lack of blood in the brain brought on by intense fatigue, shock, extreme fright or very severe pain. The head, therefore, should not be raised above the level of the body. If the sufferer has fallen on the floor, if possible let him remain there until he recovers consciousness.

Loosen the clothing especially about the neck so that the throat will not be constricted by pressure. Then sprinkle a little cold water on the forehead and hold a bottle of smelling salts to the nose and as soon as possible give a teaspoonful of aromatic spirits of ammonia in a third of a glass of water. If you have not the ammonia, a cup of hot black coffee is also an excellent restorative when the patient is able to swallow.

When you see a person unconscious and the face is flushed, the attack is something more serious than a faint and should be treated very differently. A doctor should be sent for without delaying a moment, for in all probability this is apoplexy which requires immediate attention. Lay the sufferer on his back and raise the head and shoulders with a thick pillow and apply a cloth wet with cold water or pounded ice wrapped in a cloth to the head. Do not give any kind of stimulant for in this condition it does more harm than good.

In hot weather an unconscious condition is sometimes due to sunstroke. This differs from an ordinary faint in that the skin is intensely hot and dry and there is a very high temperature, the eyes are bloodshot and the pulse rapid and weak. If this terrible heat continues it is exceedingly dangerous and even minutes are important in this condition. First get the sufferer in the shade and then send some one for a doctor at once. Raise the patient's head with a pillow, a cushion or even a coat rolled up. Loosen the clothing around the neck and chest and dash cold water on the skin. Put a towel dripping with ice water or hold cracked ice on top of the head, and continue this treatment until the patient revives or the physician comes.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

what the girls had said. Then they had to tell him the truth. If you don't tell them someone else will.

I am going to bring up a subject I have never seen in print and that is the borrowing habit. I am willing to loan anything but with the present H. C. O. L. I want it returned. I have a neighbor who is always borrowing, a cup of sugar, cup of coffee, flour, potatoes, and so on, but never returns anything or else in a smaller quantity than borrowed. They even borrow three or four eggs or a few slices of ham or bacon as they say they have nothing for their father's breakfast. They also borrow loaves of bread. Now what I want to know is, have I done right in telling them I am nearly out of the article for which they come. We get our groceries only three times a week and have to keep things on hand. What would you do with neighbors like mine?

Long live Mrs. Wilkinson and may her future years be filled with pleasure and brightness.

ALWAYS CHEERFUL.

Thanks, Always Cheerful, for your kind wishes. I think I'd let "father" go without his bacon and eggs some morning. Your letter reminds me of a little poem I saw the other day. It doesn't refer to borrowing groceries, neither is it as highbrow as Shakespeare's "Neither a borrower nor a lender be," but the idea is the same. This is the poem:

"I once had money and a friend;
On both I set great store.
I loaned my money to my friend,
And took his note therefor.

"I asked my money of my friend,
And naught but words I got.
I lost my money and my friend,
For sue him I would not.

"If I had money and a friend,
As I had once before,
I'd keep my money and my friend
And play the fool no more."

CROOKSTON, NEB.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am sending you my baby's picture. She was six weeks old when this was taken. The older baby is my



OCEA MAXINE AND HER COUSIN.

brother-in-law's baby. I should like to see their picture in COMFORT. My baby's name is Ocea Maxine Brill. She is at the left of the picture.

With best wishes to COMFORT,

MRS. BERLE BRILL.

IRONTON, O.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I received my April number of "COMFORT" last Wednesday and on Thursday I received the sad news of Mr. S. C. Sheppard's death in an Idaho hospital; whither he had gone to be operated on for appendicitis. He wrote me that he did not expect to survive the operation as he had a weak heart and both his parents died of heart trouble.

You will readily remember him, I am sure, as his name is mentioned in several of the "Sisters'." letters in April COMFORT. He wrote the interesting letter from Utah in the Christmas number, and was an ardent admirer of Uncle Charlie, as we all are.

Mr. Sheppard was one of the noblest men I ever knew and it seems sad that he has gone from us, for our world *needs* that kind of men.

If you will kindly forward the addresses of "Virginia Rose" and "Frances," I will write them. Thanking you in advance for same, I remain,

Your "COMFORT" Sister, G. L.

Dear G. L.—Thank you for letting us know of Mr. Sheppard's death. The announcement of this will be received by the sisters with sorrow as it was by me, for his interesting letters made us feel as though he "belonged" to us.—Ed.

PRINCETON, N. J.

GOOD EVENING, LADIES AND GENTS:

It does seem good to take an active part in one of your monthly meetings again!

Come, Criss, sit at my right hand and COMFORT Reader at my left and help me out when I can't think of the right word to say.

COMFORT Reader, I will think Mrs. Wilkinson a pretty poor sport if she doesn't publish her picture after that rising vote you secured several months ago. I dare her to publish it for you will all get an agreeable surprise. You mustn't take everything she says about herself too seriously for some folks are just naturally modest.

Yes, Eva, I tried to become familiar with the different varieties of citrus fruits in Florida by eating every kind that was handed to me. I even tried to like the guava but I'll never forget my first, and last, experience with the Jamaica or custard apple—I think that was the name. We were visiting a citrus grove and the caretaker showed us a Jamaica apple tree which had only three or four apples left on it. As we had never tasted this fruit he picked a couple, thinking he was giving us a special treat. It was soft inside, like custard, with a sweet taste flavored like perfumery. I thought I could get away with any kind of fruit but this time I felt myself getting sicker by the minute so after taking a few bites I threw it in the bushes when the man's back was turned, but felt absolutely guilty in wasting his precious fruit.

Thanks, Kate, for asking about Mr. X. I've been dying to tell! My dear, the sad part of that affair was that a few months after my return to Minnesota I received an announcement of his marriage to an old sweetheart. The only thing which saved my faith in men was the fact that he renewed his friendship with this girl after my visit to Los Angeles.

"B," you're all right. The liking is mutual. You have Mrs. W's "mental caliber" sized up right although it would be poor policy for her to agree with anyone in particular when an argument is on.

On reaching the entrance to Yellowstone Park we went to the Wylie Camp Headquarters where we were assigned seats in a stage for at that time no autos were allowed in the park. All tourists rode in stage coaches drawn by four or six horses. These stages were numbered so each morning when your particular number was called out you and the others assigned to it must be ready to climb in and start off for a thirty-mile drive.

The trip through the Park and return took us five days. At night we camped in the Wylie tent villages. The first part of the evenings was spent watching the bears around the dump piles and later on by sitting around a huge camp fire where corn was popped, songs were sung and stories were told. Every night we stopped at a different camp where the tourists were given an enjoyable time. The scenery all through the park was most beautiful but the hot springs and geysers were the chief centers of attraction.

While driving through the park the tourists often ask foolish questions and the drivers are always willing to give satisfactory answers. As soon as you start out on your trip you ask, "Oh, Mr. Driver, where does this road go?" and he kindly replies, "It doesn't go anywhere. It always stays here." And later on, "Oh, Mr. Driver, are all those beautiful flowers wild?" and he replies most solemnly, "Yes, they are all wild but perfectly harmless." On being asked if mosquitoes ever got very bad, a driver replied, "Do they? Well, I guess! Only last week a party of campers were going by here leading a cow and calf behind the wagon. They camped near the lake and the next morning when they looked for the cow they found the mosquitoes had eaten her up and were ringing the bell for the calf."

Just beyond Old Faithful Inn you pass a lot of dead pine trees. While passing them you ask, "What killed all those fine trees?" He looks you over with a twinkling eye and says, "Why a short time ago a party of school teachers were touring the Park and had a picnic under those trees. Soon after it was noticed the trees began to die. On being examined by a botanist it was discovered that they had been talked to death."

Nuff said, so I'll stop before I talk the sisters to death, too.

NELLE L. FISCHER.

KIMBALL, S. DAK.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Our get-together corner is worth its weight in pickles and if the papers have to be cut down, as threatened, I shall agree with the old captain who said, "Someting iss rotten vot ain't in Denmark." Anything that cloth may be made of will do as well for paper pulp and I think if the present styles keep up, cloth may be done away with entirely, providing we can get henskin or something of which to make wider belts. Let us advocate the raising of fiber flax that our chief source of education and information may stay with us.

We "flu" last winter and for eight weeks my mouth looked like an inverted breve but I am back on the job again—the task so many of you have given me—ready to be mother-chum to orphans, big sister to the girlies, adviser to home makers, cheer giver to grandma-ladies, eyes and ears for shut-ins and a COMFORT sister to all—who send stamped envelopes.

I receive many begging letters and am so sorry that I cannot help you financially but I will tell you how to use the things you have to the best advantage. Two of the greatest possibilities are stocking tops and flour sacks. From stockings make wrapper drawers for baby,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



How well it Pays

To beautify the teeth

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of people are cleaning teeth in a new way. They are getting new results—results you envy, maybe. In every circle nowadays you see pearly teeth.

Find out how folks get them. Try this method for ten days and see what your own teeth show.

They combat film

Dental science has found a way to combat film on teeth. And film causes most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat—you feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is this film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Why old ways fail

The ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve film, so brushing has left much of it intact. Thus millions of people have found that brushed teeth discolor and decay.

Now, after years of searching, science has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Today leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste made to meet every modern requirement. It has brought to millions a new era in teeth cleaning.

A ten-day test will show

Pepsodent proves itself. The results are clear and quick. So the policy is to send a 10-Day Tube to everyone who asks, and a book explaining all its unique effects.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But science has discovered a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Compare the results with old methods and let your teeth decide.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

You will be amazed. In ten days you will know the way to whiter, safer teeth. Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

394

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 604, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

.....

.....

Only one tube to a family.



Little Wonder Oil Stoves

Do as much with one gallon of oil as any other oil stove will with ten. Instead of 80% of the heat going to waste around the sides of the kettles, all of it is utilized in our fuel-saver top.

The ideal stove for Country Homes, Cottages, Touring, Camping, Yachting, etc. Pays for itself in one year by saving oil. One gallon burns 16 to 20 hours. Why bother with wood or coal or the old-fashioned oil stove that takes forever to get a meal? It boils a quart of water in three minutes and makes country cooking as easy as with city gas.

Guaranteed as represented or money refunded.

The stoves will be handled through dealers everywhere. But if you want one this summer, send money order or check direct to factory and stove will be shipped at once with directions and guarantee

Price $17.50 f. o. b. Factory. Weight 30 lbs.

LITTLE WONDER STOVE CO.
3526 GABLE AVE. DETROIT, MICH.

Freeman's FACE POWDER

WOMEN whose preference for Freeman's Face Powder has never lessened during 40 years know that the exclusive use of this pure, smooth powder in youth and later life is largely responsible for their clear, fresh, velvety skins.

All tints at all toilet counters. 10c (double the quantity of old 10c size) plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.
Dept. 114, Cincinnati, O.





Generous sample of the newest Watkins [illegible]
Garda Face Powder
be sent on receipt of your name, address and 4c stamps. Watkins—the original—the [illegible] old company that has served [illegible] for a period of twenty millions of persons—[illegible] dancing new product, Garda Face Powder—[illegible] fitness, its irresistible appeal to people [illegible] who appreciate perfect blending [illegible] qualities, are combined with the New Garda [illegible] reminiscent of the gardens of France, Spain [illegible] and the Orient. You know Watkins—[illegible] great house, largest of its kind in the [illegible] city. In Garda Face Powder and other [illegible] preparations, it has excelled all its former [illegible]
Write for Sample Today
[illegible] how pure—distinctive—delightful—a [illegible] accept our offer for sample today. You will [illegible] the fragrant charm and alluring softness of [illegible] this creation, and will learn of other exquisite [illegible] La Products.
THE J. R. WATKINS CO.
[illegible] Minn. Dept. 2
[illegible] want salesmen in open territory. [illegible] splendid opportunity for men and women. [illegible] trial plan free.

GE TEA TURN
GRAY HAIR DA
ked with Sulphur It Darkens
Naturally Nobody can Tell
[illegible] everyone knows that Sage Tea [illegible], properly compounded, brings back color and lustre to the hair very [illegible] or gray. Years ago the only [illegible] mixture was to make it at home [illegible] and troublesome. Nowadays, [illegible] drug store for "Wyeth's Sage and [illegible] Compound," you will get a large [illegible] bottle of this famous old recipe, improved by the addition [illegible] of other ingredients, at a small cost. [illegible] stay gray.' Try it! No one can [illegible] if you darkened your hair, as it does [illegible] evenly and evenly. You dampen a [illegible] and draw this through [illegible] with it and draw this through [illegible] taking one small strand at a time; [illegible] gray hair disappears, and after [illegible] or two, your hair becomes [illegible] glossy and attractive.

RECKLE
Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.
[illegible] no longer the slightest need [illegible] of your freckles, as Othine—double [illegible] need to remove these homely spots. [illegible] get an ounce of Othine—double [illegible] druggist, and apply a little of it [illegible] and you should soon see that even [illegible] have begun to disappear, while the [illegible] vanished entirely. It is seldom that [illegible] ounce is needed to completely clear [illegible] a beautiful clear complexion. [illegible] to ask for the double strength Othine; [illegible] der guarantee of money back if it [illegible] fails.

URINE Night and Morning Have Clean, Healthy Eyes. If they Tire, Smart or Burn, if Sore, Irritated, Inflamed or Granulated use Murine. Soothes, Refreshes. 50c at Druggists. Write for or Adult. At all Druggists. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. ye Book.



Big Money

Easy-to-Make Designs in Filet Crochet

Tidy in Filet Crochet—Liberty Design

BY L. SCHUNKE.

MATERIALS: Medium-sized mercerized crochet cotton and suitable steel hook.

Begin by ch 246 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat making 80 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 sp, 1 blk (4 d c over next sp), 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, * 1 blk, 4 sps, repeat from * 11 times, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, * 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, repeat from * 12 times, then 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—Same as the 2nd row.

5th row.—Same as the 1st row.

6th row.—5 sps, 70 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 68 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 68 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—Same as 7th row, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 33 sps, 1 blk, 34 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 33 sps, 3 blks, 32 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 29 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 30 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 22 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 27 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 20 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 11 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 20 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

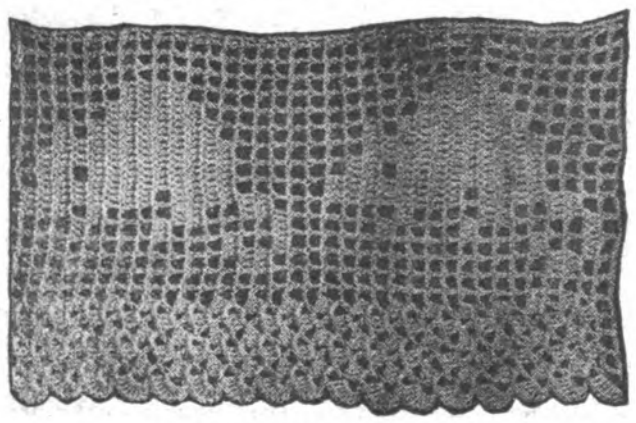
16th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 20 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 8 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 17 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

19th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 18 sps, 9 blks, 4 sps, 7 blks, 4 sps, 7 sps, 2 blks, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

20th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 9 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.



EDGING IN MOUSE DESIGN.

21st row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 15 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

23rd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 7 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

24th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

25th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

26th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

27th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 7 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk 2 sps.

28th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 9 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 9 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

29th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 7 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 7 blks, 17 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

30th row—5 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 11 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 7 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

31st row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 13 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 15 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

32nd row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 13 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 17 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

33rd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 17 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

34th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

35th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 10 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

36th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 8 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 18 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

37th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 6 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

38th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 6 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 18 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

39th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 6 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

40th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 5 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

41st row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 6 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

42nd row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 15 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

43rd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 8 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

44th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 20 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 15 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

45th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 24 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

46th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 28 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

47th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 32 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

48th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 38 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

49th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 6 blks, 42 sps, 6 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

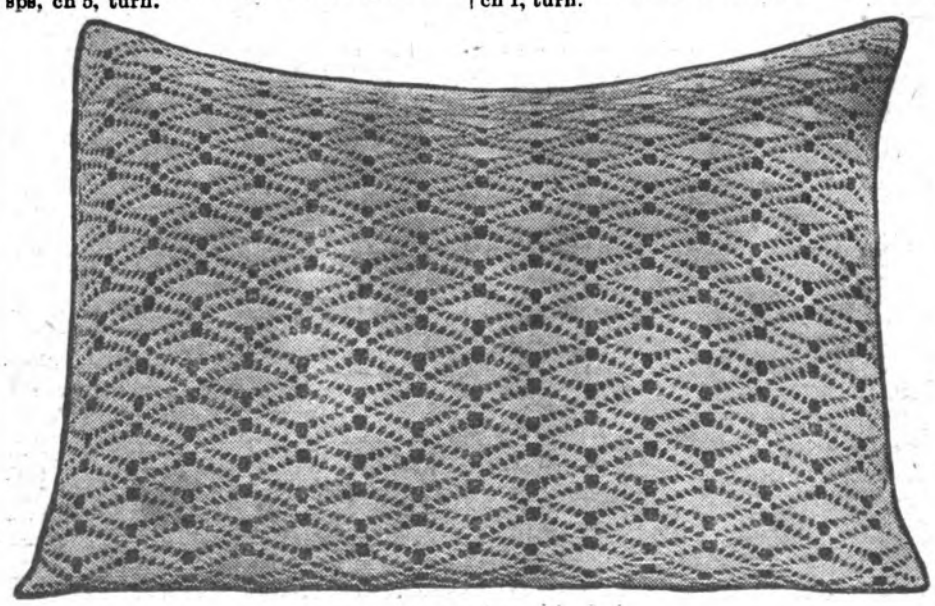
50th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 5 blks, 48 sps, 5 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

51st row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 18 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

52nd row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 18 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

53rd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 18 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

54th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 17 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.



ALL-OVER CROCHET SOFA PILLOW.

55th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

56th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 68 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

57th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 68 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

58th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 68 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

59th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 68 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

60th row.—5 sps, 70 blks, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

61st row.—80 sps, ch 5, turn.

62nd row.—Same as 2nd row.

63rd row.—Same as 3rd row.

64th row.—Same as 4th row.

65th row.—80 sps, ch 3 under the last double or in the corner sp work 7 d c, 1 d c, between rows, 2 d c in next sp, 1 d c between rows, repeat around working 15 d c in each corner sp.



TIDY IN FILET CROCHET—LIBERTY DESIGN.

Edging in Mouse Design

Ch 62 sts.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, repeat making 18 spaces, ch 5, 1 s c in ch, turn.

2nd row.—7 d c under ch 5, skip 1 sp, 5 d c in 3rd sp, skip 1 sp, 5 d c in next sp, 2 sps, 2 blocks over next 2 sps, 10 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—2 d c, 9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 5 d c between first and second double in group of 5 doubles, 5 d c between first and second of next group of 5 d c, 5 d c between first and second of end group of d c, ch 1, turn.

4th row.—7 d c between last 2 d c, 5 d c on each next 2 groups of d c working between the first 2 doubles as in last row. 1 d c on fifth d c, on second group, ch 2, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—6 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 groups of 5 d c as in end of 3rd row.

6th row.—Border same as in 2nd row. 5 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, 2 d c, ch 3.

7th row.—4 sps, 6 blks, 4 sps, border same as end of 4th row.

8th row.—Border, 4 sps, 7 blks, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

9th row.—3 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, border.

10th row.—Border, 5 sps, 6 blks, 3 sps, 2 d c, ch 3.

11th row.—3 sps, 6 blks, 5 sps, border.

12th row.—Border, 5 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, 2 d c, ch 3.

13th row.—5 sps, 5 blks, 4 sps, border.

14th row.—Border, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 d c, ch 3.

15th row.—5 sps, 4 blks, 5 sps, border.

16th row.—5 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 d c, ch 3.

17th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, border. Next 2 or more rows of the border and spaces, then repeat pattern from 2nd row.

All-Over Crochet Sofa Pillow

BY MARGARET S. HEIM.

Materials: No. 30 white or ecru crochet cotton. Ch 350, turn.

1st row.—15 s c, ch 5, sk 3, 4 d c, ch 5, 30 s c, ch 5, sk 3, 4 d c, ch 5, sk 3, 30 s c, repeat until work is as long as cushion to be covered, end with 15 s c, ch 1, turn.

2nd row.—12 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, under ch 5, ch 10, 4 d c, ch 5, sk 3 s c, 24 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 10, 4 d c, ch 5, repeat ending row with 12 s c, ch 1, turn.

3rd row.—9 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, sk 2, of ch 10, 6 s c on ch, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, sk 3 s c, 18 s c, repeat ending row with 9 s c, ch 1, turn.

4th row.—6 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 3 s c, under ch 5, 6 s c on s c, 3 s c under ch 5, ch 5, 4 d c, sk 3 s c, 12 s c, repeat ending row with 6 s c, ch 1, turn.

5th row.—3 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 3 s c under ch, 12 s c on s c, 3 s c under ch, ch 5, 4 d c, sk 3 s c, 6 s c, repeat, ending with 3 s c, ch 10, turn.

6th row.—4 d c, ch 5, 3 s c under ch, 18 s c on s c, 3 s c under ch, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 4 d c, repeat, end with 4 d c, ch 3, 1 d c treble, (thread over 6 times) in last s c, ch 3, turn.

7th row.—4 d c under ch 3, ch 5, 3 s c under ch 5, 24 s c on s c, 3 s c, ch 5, 4 d c under ch 5 between groups of doubles, repeat ending with 4 d c under ch 10, ch 18, turn.

8th row.—4 d c under ch 5, ch 5, sk, 3 s c, 24 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 10, 4 d c, just after group of doubles in last row, repeat ending with 4 d c, ch 8, 1 d, d treble in last d c, of last row, ch 1, turn.

9th row.—3 s c, under ch 8, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, sk 3 s c, 18 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 6 s c, on ch 10, ch 5, 4 d c, etc., ending with 6 s c, ch 1, turn.

10th row.—3 s c, on s c, 3 s c under ch, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 12 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 24 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 12 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, ch 5, 24 s c, ch 5, 4 d c, etc., ending with 6 s c, ch 1, turn.

Now repeat pattern from the third row, placing the diamond solids alternately above each other as explained and shown in the illustration.

Combined Insertion and Edging

Of No. 40 crochet cotton this lace will measure about four inches in width.

The insertion may be all of the block design or the word baby worked in the center as shown. A band of the insertion alone would be suitable to insert in a small towel for baby's use.

Ch 48 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 4th st from hook, 3 d c in next 3 sts, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, repeat, making 11 sps in all, 4 d c, ch 6, 1 s c in next 3rd st of ch, slip st over 2 chain sts, turn.

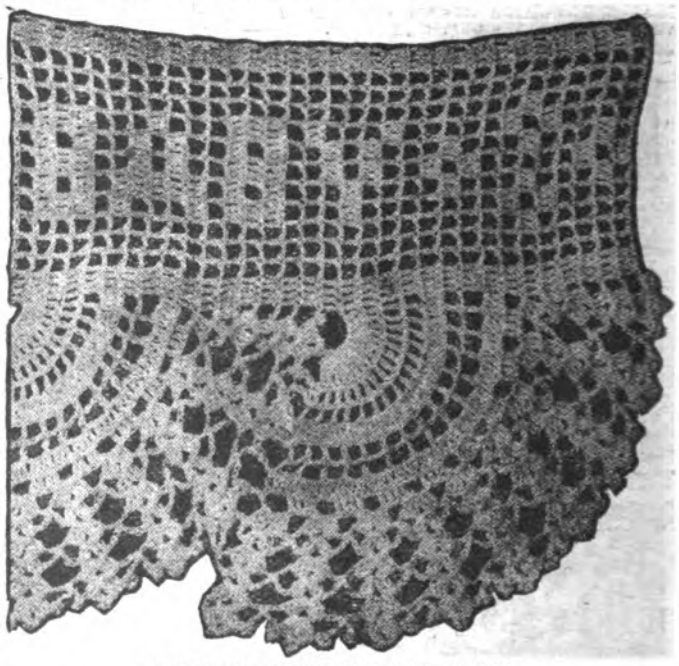
2nd row.—16 d c under ch, 4 d c on 4 d c, 5 sps, 1 blk (4 d c), 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 16 d c, join to original ch, slip st over 2 chain sts, turn.

4th row.—16 d c on 16 d c, 4 d c on 4 d c, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, ch 1, 1 d c, ch 1, 1 d c, repeat, join to ch, sl st over 2 ch sts, turn.

6th row.—Ch 2, 2 d c between doubles, 4 d c on 4 d c, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.



COMBINED INSERTION AND EDGING.

7th row.—1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 d c on 3rd double, repeat making 15 sps around fan, ch 6, turn.

8th row.—15 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

9th row.—1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 2 d c in sp, 1 d c on d c, repeat, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—Skip 2 d c, 1 d c on each next d c, ch 2, skip 2, 4 d c, repeat making 8 blks, ch 2, 4 d c on 4 d c, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 8, turn.

11th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 3 d c in 1st sp, ch 2, * 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c in 2nd sp, ch 2, repeat from * in each sp, ch 3, turn.

12th row.—3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c under ch 2 between doubles, ch 2, 1 s c under ch 2, repeat, making a shell over each shell. Under last ch 2 before blk, make 3 d c, ch 2, 2 d c, blk on blk, finish border same as in 10th row. Now repeat pattern in border and add 4 rows on shells, simply making chains 3 between instead of chs 2. To the last row add picots as follows: Turn with ch 3, 3 d c, ch 3 for p, 3 d c, 1 p, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, 1 p, 3 d c, 1 p, 3 d c, repeat.

Joining next scallop to this, join ch 6 to 1st shell, and at end of each of the other rows, ch 3 and join to picots as shown in our illustration.

Word Baby in Insertion. 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

1st row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, ch 2, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—Same as 1st row.

4th row.—All spaces.

5th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

6th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch, 3, turn.

6th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

7th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

8th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

9th row.—All spaces.

10th, 11th and 12th rows.—Same as 1st, 2nd and 3rd rows.

13th row.—All spaces.

14th row.—1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

15th row.—1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

16th row.—1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

17th and 18th rows—Same as 14th and 15th rows.

Dainty handkerchiefs require a 12-inch square of sheer linen with scalloped edge or hemstitched with a tiny crocheted edge of fine thread added. The initial or monogram gives the personal note to the gift.

Tatted Night Gown Yoke & Other Designs

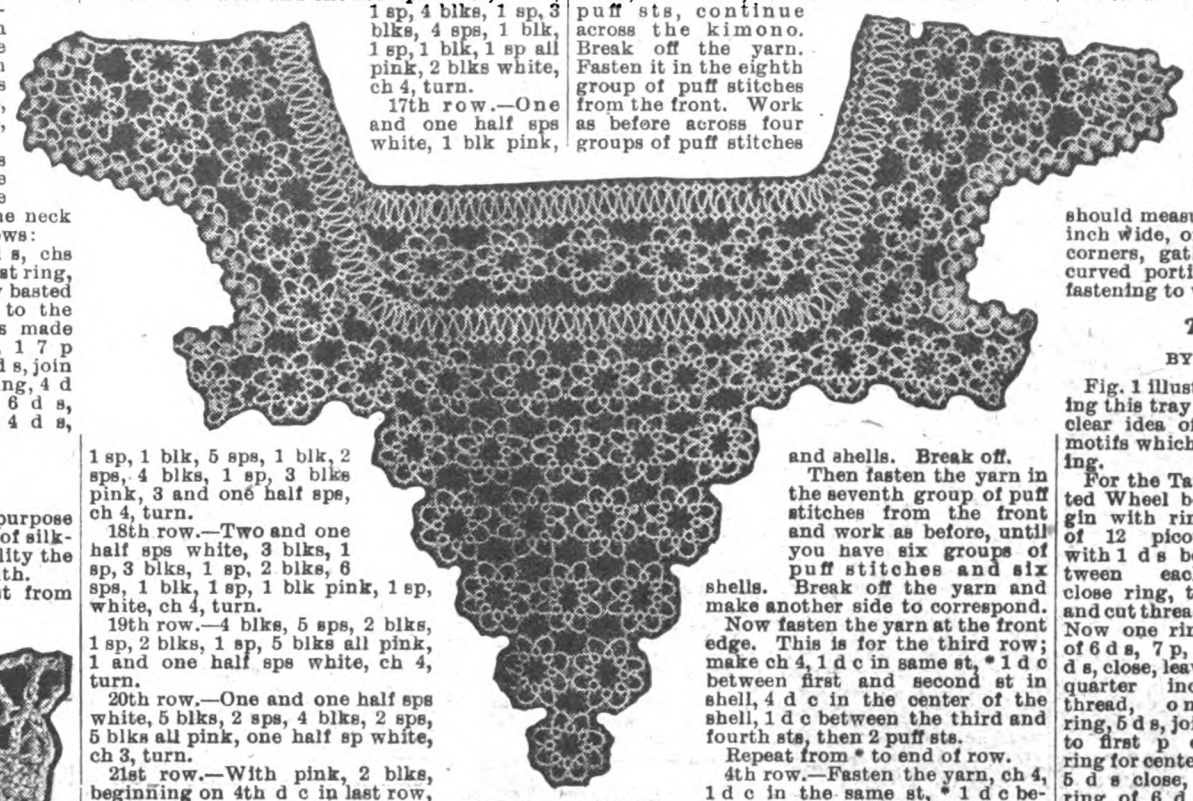
Tatted Nightgown Yoke

BY EVA MAE BELL.

THIS handsome yoke is made by arranging tatted wheels in an unusually attractive way. The pattern which shows very plainly in our illustration is made of a medium cotton, each wheel consisting of 8, five picot rings with 3 d s between each, join to each by the second and 4th picots as made and connected by chs of 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s.

The arrangement of the front point is plainly shown while the points over the shoulders are made by adding three medallions to the shoulder bands. The neck is edged with an insertion made as follows:

Ring 5 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, chs 9 d s, 1 ring, 1 ch, 1 ring joined to the first ring, the yoke should be laid out and carefully basted to a paper and this insertion joined to the wheels as it is made, edging on sleeve is made as follows; 1 small 7 p ring, ch of 4 d s, 1 7 p ring, ch 3 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, join to center p of second ring, 4 d s, 1, 7 p ring, 4 d s, 1, 7 p ring, 4 d s, join to picot of ch, 6 d s, join to second picot of ch, 6 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, joined to ring, repeat.

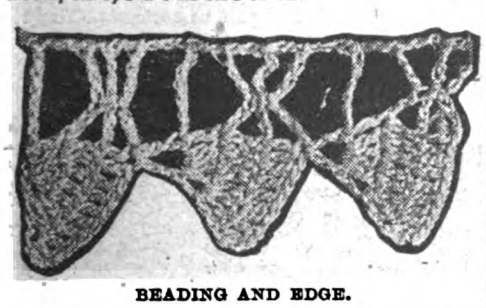


TATTED NIGHTGOWN YOKE.

Beading and Edge

This pattern is suitable for most any purpose requiring a beading and edge. If made of silkateen or crochet cotton of the same quality the work will measure about an inch in width.

1st row.—Ch 9, turn, 4 d c, in 4th st from hook, ch 6, 1 d c in end of ch.



BEADING AND EDGE.

2nd row.—Ch 4, 1 s c, under ch 6, ch 3, 2 d c in each d c, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—2 d c in first d c, 1 d c in next d c, repeat, ch 3, 1 s c on s c, ch 3, 1 s c.

4th row.—Ch 9, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, in first d c, of shell, ch 3.

5th row.—3 d c, under ch, 1 d c, on d c, ch 6, 1 d c under ch 9.

6th row.—Same as 2nd row. Repeat.

CHARITY KINCHEN.

Instead of Beading

If one finds it difficult to get the usual lace beadings for under garments, try using insertion an inch and a half wide, folded lengthwise.

To use this put the raw edge between the folded edge and stitch in place.

Run the ribbon through the last casing and one will have a very dainty finish.

Rose Yoke in Pink and White

BY ANNIE POPE.

Directions as given will result in size 34 yoke.

Materials—One ball No. 50 white, two balls of pink, medium sized steel hook.

Begin with ch 535 stitches, this forms lower edge of yoke.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c, repeat to end of ch, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—Join in pink and make 1 d c on each d c and space, 2 d c in each sp, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—1 block of 4 d c, join in white, spaces on spaces. Join in second pink ball and finish with 1 blk of 4 d c in pink, ch 3, turn.

4th row.—5 blks of pink, 4 sps of white, 5 blks pink, 5 sps pink, 4 blks pink, 3 sps pink, 3 blks pink. Do not break and join threads, simply leave a large loop, drop one thread and pick up the other. Join in white and make 15 sps, ch 6, turn.



ROSE YOKE IN PINK AND WHITE.

5th row.—14 sps white, pick up pink and make 5 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 2 sps, 6 blks, with white 4 sps, pink 4 blks, white 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—4 sps white, 4 blks pink, 6 sps white, 13 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks pink, 11 sps white, 1 d c in next d c, this makes one half sp, ch 4, turn.

7th row.—1 d c on d c, 10 sps white, 4 blks, 4 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, all pink, 4 sps white, 3 blks pink, 5 sps white, one half sp, ch 4, turn.

8th row.—3 sps white, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks pink, 3 sps white, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk all pink, 10 sps and one half sp of white.

9th row.—One half and 8 sps white, 1 blk, 1 sp, 8 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks all pink, 3 sps white, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks pink, 3 sps white, ch 4, turn.

10th row.—One half and 2 sps white, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks pink, 2 sps white, 6 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks pink, 5 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

11th row.—One half and 3 sps white, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks pink, 2 sps white, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk pink, 2 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

12th row.—1 and one half sps white, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk pink, 3 sps white, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks all pink, 2 sps white, ch 4, turn.

13th row.—One and one half sps white, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks all pink, 2 sps white, 2 blks pink, 2 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

14th row.—One and one half sps white, 1 blk pink, 5 sps white, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 8 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks pink, 1 sp, white, ch 4, turn.

15th row.—One and one half sps white, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp. 1 blk pink, 7 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

16th row.—Five and one half sps white, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp all pink, 2 blks white, ch 4, turn.

17th row.—One and one half sps white, 1 blk pink, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks pink, 3 and one half sps, ch 4, turn.

18th row.—Two and one half sps white, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk pink, 1 sp, white, ch 4, turn.

19th row.—4 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks all pink, 1 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

20th row.—One and one half sps white, 5 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks all pink, one half sp white, ch 3, turn.

21st row.—With pink, 2 blks, beginning on 4th d c in last row, 1 sp, 6 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 and one half sps white, ch 4, turn.

22nd row.—One and one half sps white, 6 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp pink, ch 4, white.

23rd row.—One half sp white, 7 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks pink, 1 half sp white, ch 4, turn.

24th row.—2 blks pink over center of 4 blks, 3 sps, 5 blks, 1 half sp white, turn.

25th row.—Seven and one half sps white.

26th, 27th and 28th rows.—Each 1 sp less. Then 14 rows 4 spaces in width. Break thread. Make the other side of the front in the same way. The back is exactly the same excepting one works the first 6 rows completely across, before beginning to make the center shaped as is the front.

When shoulder straps are narrowed down to 4 spaces, join to fronts.

Make beadings of double double trebles according to the width ribbon one wishes to use. Edge with a pink scallop in every other space of 1 s c in a sp. Ch 8, form picot, ch 2, 1 d c in next sp, 1 p ch, 1 d c, repeat, making 5 d c in all, 1 p ch, 1 s c in next.

Crocheted Kimono Bed Jacket

Materials: 18 skeins Shetland floss 15 of one color for body and 3 for trimming if one prefers to use two colors. A No. 2 and a No. 4 bone crochet hook. Directions are for 36 or 38 bust measure.

Begin with No. 2 hook and wool to be used for trimming. Ch 28 sts.

1st row.—1 d c in 4th st, ch 1, sk 1, 1 d c in next, repeat making 13 spaces in all.

2nd row.—Ch 3, 1 d c in first in last row, ch 1, 2 d c on d c, * ch 1, 1 d c in second sp, ch 1, 1 d c in third sp, ch 1, 2 d c on d c, repeat from * to end of row, making 5 widenings in all.

Continue working in this way widening at beginning and ending of each row and at 5 widening until 12 rows are completed.

Make the fronts of the yoke a little deeper by crocheting two rows from the front edge to the first widening. Now take the blue yarn and make a yoke nearly like the pink one. This is for the lining yoke.

Baste the lining and outside yokes together, making each stitch in one fit on the other. Then take yarn for body and the large crochet hook.

Fasten in the first sp in the bottom of the yoke, through both the yokes; make three chains and five d c, in the same sp, 1 d c in the next sp, two puff stitches in the next. (To make a puff stitch, throw your yarn over the hook, draw a loop through space; repeat twice through the same space, which makes seven loops on the hook; throw the yarn over the hook, draw through all the loops at once and make one chain: continue * 1 d c in next sp, 4 d c, in the next 2 puff sts in the next. Repeat from * to end of row, on each front there should be five groups of shell stitches and puff stitches, eight on each shoulder and 11 across the back. Break off the yarn at the end of each row.

Next fasten the yarn in the center of the sixth shell (four d c) from the front.

Ch 3, 4 d c in same sp, 2 puff sts in the center of 2 in the previous row, 4 d c in center of next shell, repeat until one has 8 groups of puff sts.

Break off the yarn. Working on this short row, make another exactly like it; these two rows are for the shoulder, and another shoulder should be made to correspond.

Next fasten the yarn in the first stitch at the front, make ch 3, shell 4 d c in each shell and 2 puff sts, continue across the kimono. Break off the yarn. Fasten it in the eighth group of puff stitches from the front. Work as before across four groups of puff stitches and shells. Break off.

Then fasten the yarn in the seventh group of puff stitches from the front and work as before, until you have six groups of puff stitches and six shells. Break off the yarn and make another side to correspond.

Now fasten the yarn at the front edge. This is for the third row; make ch 4, 1 d c in same st, * 1 d c between first and second st in shell, 4 d c in the center of the shell, 1 d c between the third and fourth sts, then 2 puff sts.

Repeat from * to end of row.

4th row.—Fasten the yarn, ch 4, 1 d c in the same st, * 1 d c between the first and second sts in the shell, 1 d c between the second and third sts in shell, 4 d c in the center, 1 d c between the fourth and fifth sts in the shell, 1 d c between the fifth and sixth sts in shell, making 8 sts in the shell just made; 2 puff sts. Repeat from * to end of row.

5th and 6th rows.—Fasten yarn, make ch 4 and 1 d c, in same st, * make 4 d c in center, after which make 1 d c between every 2 d c again; make 2 puff sts. Repeat from * to end of row.

7th and 8th rows.—Fasten yarn, ch 4 1 d c in the same st, * sk the first 2 d c, make 1 d c between the second and third, and then between every 2 d c until you reach center; make 4 d c in the center and one between every 2 except the last 2; make 2 puff sts. Repeat from * to end of row.

12th row.—Fasten yarn, ch 4, 1 d c, in the same space, make 5 groups of shells and puff sts, ch 10, sk 8 groups of shells and puff sts, fasten in 9th puff st, work across the back, and after making 11 puff sts, make a ch of 10; sk 8 groups and work across the front.

13th to 17th rows.—Work as in the previous rows, making 2 shells of 4 d c with 2 puff sts between on the ch of 10.

Edge kimono with blue by mahing a crazy st (a crazy st consists of 1 s c, ch 3, 3 d c) in every third st, catch the two yokes together. Finish with ribbon rosettes.

An Inexpensive Cushion Cover

Take a square of muslin or other white goods, (I use flour sacks) 20x20 inches. Draw eight threads, leave nine, draw eight more and repeat till whole square is drawn each way. Now thread a coarse needle with colored sansilk, begin at one corner and work a simple over and over stitch diagonally to other corner, by putting the needle under the solid squares from the same side each time which draws thread over the open spaces, draw thread reasonably tight and be careful to work first line straight. Now turn and work back crossing thread under solid squares and over open spaces, repeat till four rows are worked. Change thread for contrasting colors and work four more, repeat till square is worked, now begin at opposite corners and work across changing colors of thread every four rows which throws it into squares. Line and ruffle with white or if preferred colored silk, voile, or plain gingham can be used with good effect.

MISS NELLIE GRAHAM.

Roses of Silk or Satin

Various sized roses of either silk or satin are not difficult to make and they furnish a fascinating change of work for the needlewoman.

Their uses are many, as in small sizes they can be placed on children's hats, and for finishing small pincushions, etc.

Large flowers are now used on baskets, knitting and school bags.

When making these flowers, first cover a tiny wad of cotton with a bit of satin and attach it to a piece of white hat wire. This forms the center of the rose. The petals are then added, working around and around, twisting the fine wire around the central stem.

After all the petals have been added cut five small three-cornered pieces of light-green silk for the calyx. Add these with the aid of fine wire. The calyx can be dispensed with if you wish; but without the calyx the flower does not look as natural as with it.

By closely bending and crumbling the satin you can get a very natural-looking flower.

Petals for a medium-sized rose should measure about two inches long and one inch wide, one edge being cut curved at the corners, gather on the square edge to the curved portion, then pull up tightly before fastening to wire.

Tatted Tray Cloth

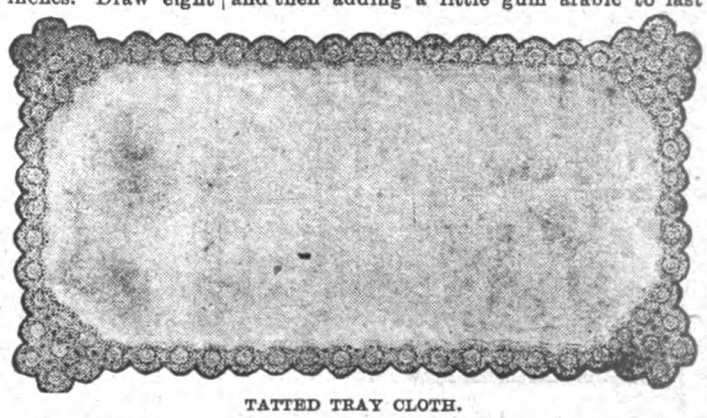
BY ORA ARMSTRONG HILL.

Fig. 1 illustrates the wheel motif used in edging this tray cloth, while Fig. 2 gives one a clear idea of the corner arrangement of the motifs which make an unusual attractive edging.



WHEEL MOTIF. FIG. 1.

For the Tatted Wheel begin with ring of 12 picots with 1 d s between each, close ring, tie and cut thread. Now one ring of 6 d s, 7 p, 6 d s, close, leave quarter inch thread, one ring, 5 d s, join to first p of ring for center, 5 d s close, 1 ring of 6 d s, join to last picot of first large ring, 6 p, 6 d s close, small ring join 1 to second p of ring for center and repeat making in all 12 large rings, cut threads and tie. All the wheels are exactly alike and can be joined in making or afterwards as one prefers, after which arrange pattern on linen for center, baste in place and then permanently attach by buttonholing through the picots of the wheel which form the inner edge of the border.



TATTED TRAY CLOTH.

Baby's Dresses

It very often happens that baby's sheer little frocks are creased if put away in a drawer, even if great care be exercised in keeping them smooth. A much better plan is to procure a number of coathangers, children's size, and on these place the little dresses. Any particular dress is easily found and may be taken down without danger of crushing the others. It will be found worth while to have a circular bar put up in the closet, as a great many more frocks may be put away at a time.

Cleansing Laces

Fine laces which are much soiled should first be soaked in cold water to which add a little borax. Later put in a bottle of warm soapsuds and shake until clean, rinse in the same way and dry.

Black silk lace can be made to look like new by washing in soapy water, rinsing until clear, and then adding a little gum arabic to last rinsing water to give a little body to the lace. Squeeze out thoroughly and spread on a smooth surface. A marble-top table or window pane will answer nicely. No ironing will be necessary and unless the lace is worn it will look as good as new.

Old Stockings

No matter how often stockings are darned and how economically they are worn, there comes a day when they are no longer fit to appear in public. Then they begin to accumulate, until they are thrown out by the weary housewife.

They may be utilized, however, by slitting down the seams, or down the sides if they are of the seamless variety, and basting them down to make floor mops. The feet, of course, are cut off—they are usually the worst worn parts in any case. For a heavy floor mop, quilt several of the stockings loosely together after they are split, or for an ordinary dry mop use just one thickness of the cloth.

Another way of using the discarded hosiery is to make of it flatiron holders and stove cleaners to slip over the hand when applying the polish.

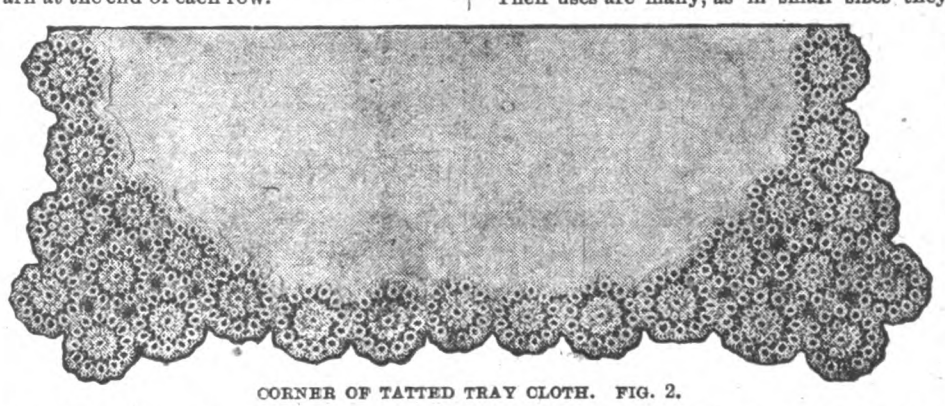
Knot Lace

Make a chain of twenty-four stitches, turn.

1st row.—3 tr c, in 4th st, ch 1, 3 tr c in the same st, making a shell, * ch 2, sk 2, 1 tr c, repeat from * 3 times. Ch 2, shell in the 5th st, 1 tr c, in the last st, ch 4, turn.

2nd row.—Shell of 6 tr c, on shell, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 1, then make one knot by throwing the thread over the needle and drawing up loop from under the ch 2 of previous row, repeat 11 times, then draw one loop through all twelve,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)



CORNER OF TATTED TRAY CLOTH. FIG. 2.

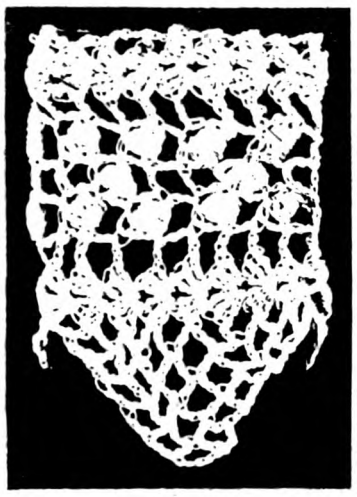
Knot Lace

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

this fills one space with a knot. Ch 1, 1 tr c, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 1, 1 knot, ch 1, 1 tr c, ch 2, shell on shell, ch 2, 1 tr c in last tr c of shell in previous row, ch 2, 1 tr c in last st, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—Tr on first tr, ch 2, 1 tr c, on first tr c of shell, ch 2, shell on shell, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 1, 1 knot, ch 1, 1 tr c, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 2, shell on shell, 1 tr c, in last st, ch 4, turn.

4th row.—Shell on shell, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 1, 1knot,ch1,1 tr c,ch 2,1 tr c 1 knot, ch 1, 1 tr c, ch 2, shell on shell, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 2, 1 tr c, in last st, ch 5, turn.



KNOT LACE.

5th row.—Tr on first tr, * ch 2, 1 tr c, repeat from *once, ch 2, shell on shell *ch 2,1 tr c * repeat from * to * 3 times, ch 2, shell on shell, 1 tr c, ch 4, turn.

6th row.—Shell on shell, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 1, 1 knot, ch 1, tr c, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 1, 1 knot, ch 1, 1 tr c, ch 2, shell on shell * ch 2, 1 tr c, * repeat from * to * 4 times, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—Tr on first tr, * ch 2, 1 tr c, * repeat from * to * 4 times, ch 2 shell on shell, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 1, 1 knot, ch 1, 1 tr c, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 2, shell on shell, 1 tr c, ch 4, turn.

8th row.—Shell on shell, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 1, 1 knot, ch 1, 1 tr c, ch 2, 1 tr c, ch 1, 1 knot, ch 1, 1 tr c, ch 2, shell on shell, * ch 2, 1 tr c, * repeat from * to * 6 times, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—Tr on first tr * ch 2, 1 tr c, * repeat from * to * 5 times, shell on shell, remainder of the row the same as the first row. Repeat from the beginning.

Rickrack and Hairpin Laces

No. 1

Measure two strips of braid the required length.

1st row.—Fasten thread in point of one piece of braid, ch 7, fasten to first point in 2nd piece, ch 7, fasten to second point in first piece. Repeat the entire length.

2nd row.—On the other side of first strip fasten in first point, ch 3, fasten in next point, repeat.

3rd row.—On other side of second strip, fasten in first point, ch 7, fasten in next point, repeat.

4th row.—Slip to 4th st of ch 7, ch 7, fasten in 4th st of next ch 7; repeat to end, turn.

5th row.—10 double trebles under ch 7, ch 1, fasten in center of next ch 7, ch 1, repeat.

No. 2

Make a piece of Maltese or hairpin lace the length one wishes the finished edging.

1st row.—Fasten thread in 1st loop, ch 1, 1 d c in next loop, repeat entire length, being careful not to twist, but work into loops from one side of the hairpin lace.

2nd row.—On the opposite side of lace insert hook through 3 loops, make 1 s c to fasten them, ch 7, 1 d c in next 3 loops together, repeat, turn.

3rd row.—Slip to center of ch 7, ch 7, fasten in next loop, repeat.

4th row.—Ch 7, skip ch 7, 10 d c under next ch 7, ch 4, skip ch 7, repeat.



This table cover is easily made with Nufashond Rick Rack Braid

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Send no money. Just ask us to send you either of these wonderful, dazzling, genuine Tifnite Gem rings to wear for 10 days. If you can tell it from a diamond, send it back.

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In sending, send strip of paper fitting around second joint of finger. If satisfied upon arrival send $4.50—then $3 monthly until the price, $16.50, is paid for either one. Otherwise return the ring within ten days and we will refund any payment made. This offer is limited. Send while it holds good.

The Tifnite Gem Co., Dept. 716, Chicago, Ill.

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

"How can that forged notice which you put up in the various refugee camps help you?"

"It will lure the girl here, perhaps," said he; "and perhaps Preston himself will see one of the notices and come to this place. Then, if he loves the girl, and if he knows she is in my hands, he may be willing to trade the papers for the girl; or, if not, and he has the papers with him, the packet can be taken by force. Do you understand?"

"Yes," she replied, "I do understand, Nick; and I see that I have done wrong, because I misunderstood your motives. You never intended to marry this Beryl?"

"Never!"

"Forgive me, then," she begged, approaching him with her face transformed by the wealth of love she bore the consummate scoundrel. "Let me retrieve the injury I have done you by helping you accomplish your purpose. You will find me true and loyal——"

She was close to him by that time, and stretching out her arms for his embrace. This gave him his opportunity, the one for which he had been waiting. Like a hawk, he swooped upon the unsuspecting woman. His two arms shot out, his big, sinewy hands clasped about her white throat, and he bore her down to her knees. She gasped out a plea for mercy, but a fiendish glare was in his eyes.

"You would interfere with me, would you?" he hissed. "Well, it is for the last time! From now on you will not dog my steps, thwarting me at every turn, for I shall smother the last spark of life out of your body! I do love Beryl; she is more to me than you ever could be. If I could not win her as a maid, I shall possess her as a widow!"

This frightful treachery of Berdyne's aroused the tigress in Irma. She struggled with all the fury of her outraged heart, tearing at the hands that were slowly strangling her. To such good purpose did she resist that she was able to free her throat for an instant to give vent to a wild scream for help.

As the echoes rang out, they were taken up by a splintering crash as the front door fell in. A cry came from one of the rear rooms—it was Marm Kinney's voice:

"The cops! They are all around the house!"

With a horrible imprecation, Berdyne drew back his fist and struck the woman a blow, then bounded out of the room and up the stairs.

"Beryl!" cried the voice of Neil Preston, a moment later, as he ran into the room where Irma Lee, on her knees, was moaning and holding both hands to her temples.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A HOUSE OF MYSTERY.

On reaching Oakland, Neil, by the advice of Trenwyck, had secured some policemen and brought them to the J Street house. The lawyer, thoroughly dismayed by his chance meeting with Neil, and thinking the reckless Berdyne would halt at nothing in dealing with the young man, had succumbed to the dictates of his fears. He was an arrant coward; and while he dreaded the enmity of Berdyne, he dreaded more the enmity of the powerful Prestons in case any harm should happen to Neil.

The lawyer felt that Berdyne's case was hopeless. Trenwyck was to receive a large sum in case Berdyne could succeed in winning and marrying Beryl; but Neil had outmaneuvered Berdyne, and Beryl was now his bride. What more had Berdyne to hope for, unless he accomplished it by means so foul the lawyer dared have no part in them? Trenwyck, of course, was in the dark as to the papers Neil had secured from the wrecked trunk.

Neil, standing on Marm Kinney's doorstep, just ready to knock, heard the scream given by Irma Lee. He thought it was Beryl, and in a second had broken down the door and flung himself into the hall. By this time Berdyne was up the stairs and out of sight. Neil dashed through the nearest door, which, as we have already seen, led to the room in which Irma Lee had suffered such inhuman treatment.

"Miss Lee!" he cried. "What has happened?"

He lifted the palid woman to her feet and saw the great bruise on her forehead.

"Who has done this?" Neil cried. "Speak!"

"Let it pass," answered Irma Lee, her eyes narrowing with deadly hate. She panted gaspingly, and dropped backward against the wall.

"Is my darling in this house?" asked Neil.

"I do not know," whispered Irma. "Berdyne is here—he has just fled up the stairs. Follow him!"

With a fierce cry, Neil whirled about and dashed out of the room and up the stairs. Irma, recovering herself with a fierce effort, started to follow. As she crossed the floor she saw a revolver lying on the bare boards; it was the weapon Berdyne had drawn in the hall, and had fallen from his pocket.

The revolver was a small one. She gazed at it for an instant, then stooped, picked it up, and thrust it into her bosom. A serpentlike smile wreathed about her thin, pale lips.

"He struck me!" she whispered; "he struck me! He would have killed me had not Neil Preston come!"

She went on up the stairs. At the top of the landing she was met by Neil.

"There is no one up here!" he cried distractedly. "You are sure Berdyne came this way?"

"I know it," she answered. "He must be here."

"But I am sure there is no one here. The house is surrounded by policemen, however, and esape from it is impossible. If Berdyne is hiding, we shall get him out!"

Neil ran down the stairs again. A captain of police had accompanied him, in charge of the detail. The captain was standing in the hall below.

"Who was it gave that scream?" asked the captain. "Was it the woman you are trying to find?"

"No—another one," answered Neil. "Berdyne was attempting to murder her, I believe; she says he fled up the stairs when I broke down the door; but he is not up there—no one is up there."

"Does the woman know whether your wife is in this building?"

"No. However, Berdyne is here; we must run the treacherous scoundrel to earth, captain."

"We will do what we can, of course," was the reply, "but this is one of the worst holes on this side of the bay. Many a time we have tracked a criminal here, and have had him vanish under our very eyes. It is a house of mystery, Mr. Preston. The first thing to do, if possible, is to get our hands on Marm Kinney, the old hag who runs it."

With this object in view, they searched thoroughly the whole lower part of the house. There were evidences of occupancy below as well as above, yet not a soul was to be seen. Every one in that ill-omened place had disappeared, even with a cordon of officers drawn about the outer walls.

"It looks as though we have been fooled," muttered the captain. "It is a pity the earthquake didn't tumble this old shack down about Marm Kinney's ears!"

"Look, look thoroughly!" cried Neil. "I am confident that that black-hearted scoundrel is around somewhere, and he must be arrested and brought to justice."

The captain went one way and Neil another, both continuing the search and recognizing the necessity of doing it thoroughly. The captain went to the rear part of the structure, and Neil to the front. The latter was just entering the room where he had found Irma Lee, when her voice floated down to him from upstairs!

"Come here quick, Mr. Preston!"

He returned hurriedly to the second floor. Irma was in the front room where Beryl had been confined. The room was in some confusion, and Irma stood in the center, pointing to one of the walls.

"Look!" she exclaimed.

What Neil beheld was the corner of a gray shawl thrust, as it seemed, out of the solid plaster. Hastening forward, he caught the corner of the shawl and pulled at it. A panel yielded under the pressure, opening slightly and showing a black void beyond.

"A secret door!" cried Neil. "But this shawl—is it Marm Kinney's?"

"It was Beryl's," returned Irma.

"Beryl's?" gasped Neil. "No, no!" he exclaimed. "She had no shawl of this kind."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Preston. I have seen her since you have, and when we were last together she had a shawl like that. She has been carried through that secret door by Berdyne. In his haste, Berdyne did not notice that the shawl caught in the closing panel and was left behind."

A furious cry escaped Neil. If Irma spoke truly—and he had no reason to doubt her—Beryl had been a prisoner in that room, and Berdyne had fled with her. He hurriedly opened the panel wide, and stood looking down into the murky depths. As his eyes became somewhat familiar with the gloom, he could see a flight of narrow stairs leading downward. Ah, here was one clew to the mysteries of that house of crime!

As he was on the point of dashing down the steps, something flashed up out of the blackness, glittering in its flight. There followed a sharp impact, and Neil saw a knife quivering in the woodwork at his side.

"Be careful!" warned Irma. "You are among those who are eager for your life, Mr. Preston."

"I care not how many dangers confront me!" he answered, in ringing tones. "My darling wife is somewhere in those murky depths, and I will find her and rescue her."

A moment later and he was swallowed up in the blackness. Irma Lee followed him, the panel closing behind her and throwing the secret staircase entirely into the gloom.

"Aye," she muttered to herself, "you are eager to find your wife, and I—I am equally desirous of once more meeting Berdyne!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

from dainty stockings, caps for fall, warm quilt linings—that won't slip off the bed—baby jackets, wristlets, play mittens, stove holders and smaller stockings with seam up the back.

Flour sacks, bleached, are good for pillow slips, dish towels, sash curtains, breakfast cloths and underwear. Dye 'em and see what pretty things may be made. Stand covers, shelf cloths, pillow slips, quilt linings, dresses, aprons, caps and couch covers. There are many pretty dyes to be had and it is interesting to use them in different ways. I made a cupboard of boxes and curtained it with flour sacks and it looks real neat. I always feather stitch the hems.

So many of you have asked me how to decorate a living-room for summer. As you know, I am a lover of Nature and her colors and my tastes are very simple—like my brain.

Dark-shadowy-green ceiling; warm tan walls; dark brown woodwork and floor with not more than three easy-to-shake moss-green rugs scattered about. There would be no tiresome dust catchers and not much furniture, just a camp cot, porch table and a few comfortable chairs, a large Boston fern, green shades with draped back sash curtains, several magazines, sewing basket, writing material, footstool and a bird. Perhaps gold fish or a cage of squirrels would do as well but I'd want something alive. I believe after all I'd have to turn the squirrel loose so the fish would be much better. Of course the cot would have a spread and heaps of washable sofa pillows and there'd be a large floor pillow tossed in the lonesomest corner, for if things didn't appear careless my nest would be a room instead of a dream corner. Yep—I sit and dream when I sew. Don't you?

To make a beautiful footstool, bolt four old stove legs to a block sawed from a log. Paint the legs with auto or radiator paint. Pad the top with circles cut from an old quilt, cover with plush, velvet or piece tacks.

Before I go I wish to make an earnest appeal to each of you to do the share of the work which God calculated for you to do, and do it with a smile.

Some kinds of business would thrive on the eight-hour-day plan but farming cannot. Do not urge it for farm hands—the very people who raise the foods you need—will flock to those short-hour places and instead of the horrid letters H. C. O. L. we'll get what Daddy calls "h!"

I know how hard it is to live on the present wages, for Mr. V. has supported his little crowd on less than a thousand a year, right along; working ten hours a day and usually several hours more mornings and evenings. The things we cannot get we go without; living in hopes and happiness, knowing that these are unusual times. Let us all be patient until the roads get good again. Cut down, make over, do without and don't be ashamed of the patches. Make Hubby understand that you are contented, whether you are or not. If wages get higher the men who pay them will raise prices as well. We do not need so many play hours as people are calling for. Rather—find work that you like and make your job a part of your recreation. I find that my busiest days fly the quickest and so take up my mind that I have no time in which to get discontented. I often work fifteen hours a day and then often find time to read or write an hour and I am the happiest person I know of and I've known me for years. I am not disgusted with the wealthy class; I'd even be willing to belong to their set and perhaps, too, I'd be a wicked profiteer. The people of wealth are just as discontented as the rest of our big family. It's in the air and in trying to make both end meet there will be no use trying to mimic a "purp" that is chasing his own tail.

Were I to answer personally all who ask my advice about getting along with their husbands, it would cost me ten dollars a month for postage alone. You wouldn't hitch two colts to a load and expect 'em to walk off with it, now would you? Daddy and I fought like wild mustangs the first year we were double harnessed; but we were blessed with sound reasoning power—as I am sure you are—and we just kept tugging until we learned to pull together. Of course, domestic troubles are much heavier than loads of coal and grain; and, too, harness or wagon may break—there's bound to be accidents—but the team isn't to blame for that and as God holds the reins nothing serious can happen if you keep quiet and make a new start at the right time.

Oh, Girls, there is "strength" in just keeping quiet at times. Try it and see. Mind you though, you'll have to keep your own tugs taut, and piling the load on John's side of the wagon will not lighten your load.

I am not taking part with the husbands. They are all regular old—old—er—humans, the same as we are.

Sincerely, PEARL FRANCES VESEY.

In addition to Pearl's advice about "keeping quiet," a well-developed sense of humor, it can't be too strong, is one of the best First Aids to Matrimony.—Ed.

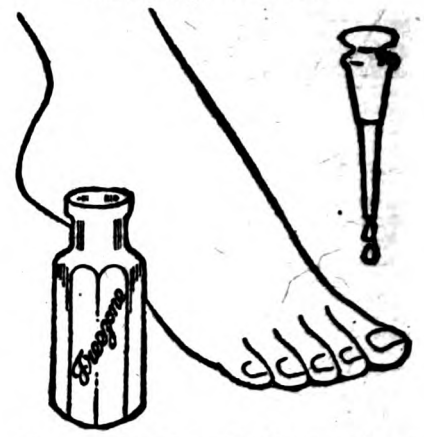
HAYWARD, BOX 352, CALIF.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

After reading the letter from Frances I cannot refrain from telling her what cured my deafness.

Lift off Corns with Fingers

Doesn't hurt a bit and "Freezone" costs only a few cents



You can lift off any hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the hard skin calluses from bottom of feet.

Apply a few drops of "Freezone" upon the corn or callus. Instantly it stops hurting, then shortly you lift that bothersome corn or callus right off, root and all, without one bit of pain or soreness. Truly! No humbug!

Tiny bottle of "Freezone" costs few cents at any drug store

Sure Relief



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Hot water
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BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

"WANTED"

Responsible Women Everywhere. Why Not Be Independent? You can earn a splendid income working for us. Take orders for beautiful dress fabrics, corsets, hosiery and underwear. Experience unnecessary. We furnish samples and teach you how to do the work. Write at once.

MUTUAL FABRIC COMPANY, Dept. 629, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

The first and main thing is to build up the entire nerve system. Eat nourishing foods and keep free from colds in the head. The nerves cause many cases of deafness as they press on neck cords and nerves leading to ears.

The following herbs will be found a splendid nerve builder and strengthener, a true simple cure right from nature and one that many physicians indorse as being not of the deadly drug order but something that soothes, quiets and builds in nature's way. They also cured me of a nervous breakdown and I have since seen many like cures. I will use a common tea cup as a measure. Place one cup each of blue skullcap and nerve root into a glass fruit jar or some tight can, add one fourth cup of mint blossoms, shake all well, then place one teaspoon of the mixed herbs in a cup, fill with boiling water, cover and set aside till cold. Strain. Dose: one third cup three times a day or it can be taken in mouthful doses during the day. More can be taken where nerves are very bad, say extra half cup on retiring or more in extreme cases of hysteria. The herbs should be as fresh as possible. Now with our nerves cared for we'll treat the ear direct. Purchase some fresh olive oil and nightly heat it until quite warm and then with head back and over to one side treat the deafest ear first by pouring enough oil into it till it can be felt back into the head. Pull the lobe of the ear up and down and out from the head to help oil run in. After a few minutes, treat other ear in same manner. Have ready some rather large piece of medicated batting to insert into ears to keep oil in and of sufficient size to prevent working far into the ear at night. Rub neck cords, back of ears, back of head, well up into hair; also throat, spine and chest with warm camphorated oil, then hie to bed, relax and be sure to keep feet warm even if a hot flatiron is used, for cold feet will put nerves in tension.

Mrs. Hope Lane, try gently massaging eyes, temples, forehead and nostrils nightly with warm olive oil and see if your eyes are not benefited. Do this just before retiring. Also have spine and back of neck well rubbed with camphorated oil, well warmed. Olive oil is a great food and penetrator and has helped me in many ways. Plain olive oil, warmed and massaged into the abdomen night and morning has cured many severe constipation cases. My stomach refuses to retain it but it has done me much service by feeding it from outside through the skin.

Pearl Vesey, I greatly admire your letters. Give us more like them. There are many who need to look on the good and bright side of life; it's the only on which to travel.

Sincerely, MRS. MAGDALEN CLARK.

ALABAMA.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

I feel mighty shaky but if I tap loud enough and bring my mite for Uncle Charlie's Home Fund I think maybe you will let me in, and now that I am in I want to sit by Contrary Mary. I am one of the bachelor girls too.

I am "just an old maid," but as I am a housekeeper and Mrs. Wilkinson asked the sisters to tell what they had done to make the home attractive I will tell you what I did to our porch. The house is small so I made a living-room of it by boarding it up two and one half feet from the floor and then screening it. I have a hammock at either end, made of striped canvas. They are not hard to make and are better than the real cheap ones you buy and cheaper than the real good ones are. I had some Japanese grass rugs so used them and on one side of the door, leading into the house, I built a writing desk against the wall, covering it with cretonne. I do all my writing there in the summer-time. On the other side of the door I have some shelves where books and maga-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Selecting Hens for Next Winter's Eggs

AS I told you last month, culling is the important work just at this season, for, with the present price of feed, no one can afford to keep "deadheads."

The indications that a bird is physically qualified to produce eggs are: A clear, full bright eye, the eyelids wide open and not sluggish; a good pair of shanks, with straight, well-worn toenails showing constant use in scratching. Only a healthy fowl is a laying fowl, and such a bird must of necessity have a good appetite. A hen that is laying has an enlarged abdomen, due to the enlarged intestines, ovary and oviduct, and the body is deeper at the rear than at the front of the keel. These points are not so well marked when the hen ceases laying.

In the non-laying hen there is likely to be an unusual accumulation of fat in the abdomen and under the skin of the body, so that a plump appearance presents itself; the fat under the skin of the shanks, especially in the back, causes that part of the leg to have a round appearance. When this hen is in her laying period, the surplus fat to a certain extent is used, and the shanks lose their round, plump appearance, and the same is true of other parts of the body, especially in the region of the pelvis and vent. The face appearing more plump and fat, thins out, and the skin of the face, comb, earlobes, wattles, and also over the body, becomes more soft and pliable as the hen passes from a non-laying period to a laying period. These changes in the comb, earlobes and wattles are sex characteristics, and become changed as just stated, as the ovary and oviduct become enlarged and active. When the hen passes from a laying to a non-laying state, the ovary and oviduct shrink, and the comb, wattles and earlobes lose their soft, pliable and red appearance, becoming more dull in color, and the comb looks as if it had been powdered.

The pelvic bones are wide apart in the heavy producer, but contract again when she ceases to lay. The fullness of abdomen and width of the pelvic arch will depend on how heavily the hen will lay during the next two or three weeks. At the same time the pelvic arch enlarges, the abdomen also enlarges and the vent grows larger and flabbier. A heavy laying hen has a soft skin all over the body. The non-laying hen has a hard, plump body, with bones not too evident. A pinched body indicates a small capacity and a poor producer. The meat type of bird has a tendency to turn her feed into fat, which is indicated by the thick pelvic arch and a hard abdomen. In the laying hen the ischial bones of the pelvic arch are thin. In the heavy laying hen there is noted bleached shanks, beak, earlobes, eyelids and vent.



FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

The yellow color is due to xanthophyll, which occurs principally in the green feed; thus, the more green feed the bird consumes, the slower will be the bleaching of the parts when the laying period begins. In the heavy laying hen the capacity will be indicated by the distance from the posterior point of the breastbone to the pelvic arch, which should be three or four fingers' breadth, and the pubic bones in the region of the vent should be two or three fingers in breadth. In the non-layer these pubic bones may be scarcely one finger's breadth apart.

And when on the job of culling, don't forget that there are many advantages in the capon over the ordinary roasting fowl. He is much larger, attains weight more cheaply, is always in demand because of a large carcass, and sells for from ten to twelve cents a pound higher than the rooster because of the quality of the meat.

After cockerels have reached the age of four and a half or five months they become quarrelsome, and are hard to keep in flocks of more than four or five, whereas capons can be kept in large flocks, and are as docile as a flock of pullets. Being inactive, they put on weight rapidly, and, although their bodies reach an enormous size, they never become tough.

It is not advisable to caponize the lighter breeds, such as the Leghorns, etc., as the large carcass can never be obtained from such fowls. The American type, such as the Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red and Wyandotte, and the Asiatic type, such as the Brahma and Langshan, are breeds which may be caponized profitably.

Everybody who keeps hens, no matter how few or how many, should give the subject of housing and feeding during the winter special consideration, for birds should be placed in their permanent quarters, given regular egg-producing rations, and started before the end of the month. Upheavals, such as change of houses, or methods of feeding, upset the birds and check the egg-laying machinery, and as the winter schedule should not be changed after it is once started, do what needs doing to the houses, how many birds you are going to keep through the winter, what feed stuffs and litter you will use, must all be well considered and decided without delay.

First comes the house. No matter how plain or shabby it may be, it can be made stormproof, clean and well ventilated without much expense. Stop up all the cracks and holes, and cover the roof and sides with tar paper. Clean the walls and all the inside fixtures, then give them a coat of thick whitewash, being careful to get it into all the cracks and crevices, for those are the places where vermin congregate.

The floor of the house where you keep the birds must also come in for its share of cleaning. If it is just a dirt floor, scrape it off two or three inches deep, and cart in the same amount of strong clay soil that will pound down to a hard clay surface. If the floor is of boards, swab it off with plenty of hot, soapy water, using a good hard broom. Let it dry thoroughly, and before the birds are put into the house, cover at least six inches deep with litter. The best way to be sure of ventilating the ordinary chicken-house is to take out the sash in half the windows at opposite ends of the house, and cover the openings with strong unbleached muslin.

I like to have one or two glass windows on the south or southwest side of the house, as they allow the direct rays of the sun to get in and the birds enjoy it in cold weather. It is well to have a frame door covered with muslin, as well as the wooden door, as the muslin will let in some air and light, and should keep out snow during the stormy days when the birds will have to be kept in the house.

The matter of litter for the floor is almost as important as the selection of food stuffs. Many people think that any old hay or straw will do for hens to scratch in, but it won't. Musty, moldy or old hay causes more sickness among fowls than anything else, as it breeds several different kinds of spores and germs, which float in the air when the hens dig up the material, and are inhaled by the birds, and rapidly develop diseases of the lungs and intestines, and one special germ even affects the eggs laid by the hens, causing white diarrhea in chicks hatched by them. So you see how important it is to have clean litter and nesting material. We use shavings and chopped corn-stalks topped with dried leaves as long as we have them. We gather all we can in the fall and store them in boxes. Several years ago, we tried shavings only, and had many cases of crop-bound hens, but have had no trouble since we used the combination of corn-stalks or straw. The shavings are particularly valuable, because they are cheap, and prevent the other material from packing down, and so insure a circulation of air through the litter, which keeps it sweet.

The next important matter to decide is the amount of pullets and year-old hens that you can keep through the winter. Don't overcrowd your house. There is nothing more detrimental to egg production or strong chicks in the spring as overcrowding stock in the winter. Twenty well-cared-for hens, with plenty of house room, will produce more eggs and better birds next spring than fifty which are crowded. Besides which, if a lot of hens are crowded into small quarters in the night, their breath and the moisture of their bodies is more than the air can carry off, and it rises to the roof, where it freezes during the night and melts during the heat of the midday sun, so causing a perpetual recurrence of moisture day after day, which soon makes the house damp and unhealthy. Plenty of cold fresh air perpetually circulating through the house keeps it fresh and dry, and is beneficial to the birds.

Having arranged the house and the number of birds to be kept, general care and feeding is the next thing to consider. The breed of chickens you keep, the part of the country in which you are located, must influence that to a great extent. In sections of the country where the weather is extremely cold, hens require rations rich in fats and oils to keep them warm. On the other hand, in the Southern States they require only enough fat-forming foods to nourish their bodies and produce eggs.

Hens must have a variety of food to produce eggs in winter. The best way to convince you of the fact is to give you a chemical analysis of the egg, which is: Water, 650 grains; albuminoids, 80 grains; oil, fats, etc., 135 grains; mineral matter, 9 grains; sugar, coloring matter, etc., 26 grains. The remaining hundred parts of the thousand of an egg are used in the shell, which contains about 59 grains of salts and lime and 50 grains of pure, uncombined lime, the remainder being carbolic acid water of crystallization. Albuminoids are the flesh-forming parts of food, often called nitrogens.

Oils and fats come under the heads of carbons. Mineral matter consists of lime, soda, potash, magnesia and sulphur. Knowing the materials necessary for the egg, no one ought to be foolish enough to expect a biddy to produce eggs unless she is provided with the necessary materials. Farmers complain that hens lay nearly all their eggs in the spring, when they are hardly worth the trouble of marketing, and stop as soon as the prices go up in the winter. And it is true of most farms, simply because in the spring the hens can find all the elements necessary for the formation of the egg, but after frost destroys green grass, clover and insects, they stop producing because they have no materials from which to make the egg.

Now, however, I hope to convince you of the common-sense advantage of balanced rations. The next consideration is what ordinary farm products are best and cheapest to feed biddy on during the winter. Clover, alfalfa (green or hay), linseed meal or wheat bran, all contain about six pounds of lime in every hundred. Turnip tops, beets and carrots also contain a goodly amount, hence their great value in making up rations for laying hens. Clover hay, linseed meal and wheat bran are also flesh-forming foods, like middlings or skimmed milk. Oils and fats we get principally from corn and buckwheat, and the lesser amount from wheat, rye, clover hay, linseed meal and unskimmed milk.

Minerals are principally furnished by the process of digestion, which reduces to ash the grains and herbage, which contain lime, potash, magnesia and sulphur. One quart of mixed grains is as follows:

Two parts of coarsely cracked corn, two parts of wheat, one part oats, buckwheat or barley. One part of this mixture, scattered in deep litter, for twenty hens in the morning. At noon, a mash made as follows: Mix two parts of wheat bran, and one each of white middlings and corn-meal, one half part each of gluten feed and meat scraps. Alfalfa or clover hay we must have as it gives depth of color to the yolk of the egg, and the necessary black to the rations; so to make the mash, put four quarts of alfalfa or clover hay which has been chopped fine, into a can with a tight lid. Pour upon it just enough scalding hot water to thoroughly moisten it. Cover, and allow it to stand three or four hours, then add one quart of the ground corn mixture. Feed about one pint to every ten hens the first morning. If they eat that up clean in less than ten minutes, increase the quantity slightly, but be very careful to give only what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes.

The mash must only be steamed enough to crumble, never pasty and wet. About one hour before dark, feed the same as in the morning, except that an extra half-pint may be added to the quantity, and when the weather is cold, whole corn should be used instead of cracked corn. Sharp grit and oyster shell must be before them all the time, and unless you have drinking fountains which will not freeze, the dishes should be emptied and refilled with warm water morning, noon and night. Change the litter on the floor of the house every two or three weeks and shake it up every day. Follow these directions and you should have plenty of eggs from October until June.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

M. M. G.—As the chicks hatched under hens had the same abnormal condition, the fault must have been with the hens and not with the incubator. The breeding stock from which the eggs came must either have been inbred, or very seriously out of condition, but I can't say definitely what the trouble was without knowing more about the parent birds, their age, family history, general health during the past year, and how fed and handled. Of course, nothing can be done for chicks hatched in such a condition. The only thing is to prevent the repetition of the trouble, by correcting whatever may have been wrong with your breeding stock.

W. R.—You will get better results from using boric acid wash instead of grease. Half a teaspoonful of boric acid to half a tumbler of water.

J. A. R.—Hatches vary considerably, according to the season of the year. If very early, the percentage is much lower than it is in March or April, and again in June and July it runs down. Two hundred and forty-four chicks from 312 eggs was a very good hatch, especially for an amateur. The crop trouble was possibly caused by indigestion. Do you keep grit and charcoal before the birds all the time?

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

zines are kept. I have the tops of these covered with cretonne to match desk. I keep flowers on a small table, whenever I have them. It is comfortable and cool and may be used as a sleeping porch as well as a living-room.

Mrs. Lane asked the sisters to tell how they earned money. I do some fancy work for my neighbors and make some money that way but I am not so good at that so I earn most of my money by making candy. Whenever any of the neighbors want candy for something special I make it for them. I find this an easy way as I don't mind making candy and my friends are always willing to let me make it for them.

Can any of the sisters suggest a way to get rid of ants? They are mighty bad here in the summer.

I think I see Mrs. Wilkinson frowning now so I will leave and let some other sister (or brother) have a chance.

Love to all, MEG.

Meg.—If I frowned it was because you didn't tell us how to make your delicious candy—for it is delicious I am sure, and we'd like to have your recipes. It is much better for a person to do work they like to do and can do well and easily, than to attempt something they don't know much about, just because someone else does it. Your living-room porch must be a very attractive and comfy place.—Ed.

CHIMACUM, WASH.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS AND EDITOR:

It seems good to once more enjoy a chat with all of you. Since my last visit I have heard from quite a number and if you did not all receive an answer please pick it out of this letter.

So many letters were sent me by people who want to know about the climate here and most of them seem to think it is the same as California. There is not room in this column for much of an article on the subject but I will say a few words in answer to the many queries from COMFORT readers. California has a warm climate where grow the citrus fruits. Oregon and western Washington have temperate climates with a heavy rainfall, very little snow, evergreen forests and beautiful sheets of inland waters. East of the Cascade Mountains, which divide the state, the climate is dry, with extremes of heat and cold, and very productive and mostly under irrigation.

To the sister who wrote me from New Mexico, asking, "Are there any schools or churches there?" I say that the state of Washington ranks high in education, there being many large institutions of learning in different parts of the state and I wish I were able to describe to you the school building in the district where I live, a one-story concrete building, with steam heat, electric lights, telephone, piano, stage with wings, footlights, etc., and a large auditorium fitted with a first-class motion picture outfit. This structure was built in 1916 at a cost of about twenty-six thousand dollars. Both the graded school and the high school are maintained in the same building. All this in a country place, fifty miles from the city.

There is no land here now for homesteading. It may interest some of you to know that Seattle is just fifty years old, has a population of 400,000 and has three hundred churches, sixty-nine graded schools besides the high schools and university.

With best wishes to all, MRS. MAGGIE ROBINSON.

IOWA.

DEAR SISTERS:

This bright morning the cardinal, robin and innumerable other birds whose songs I do not recognize are making music which cannot be excelled. All nature seems to be rejoicing and through my mind keeps fitting these words of Browning's:

"God's in His heaven—
All's Right with the World."

And they seem so true for isn't this world just the most beautiful place in which to live? What a privilege to be a part of it and how wonderful to live among such beauties of nature as surround us! But I want to talk to you sisters about keeping young.

If I could direct you to a fountain of youth no doubt you would all sit up and take notice. But I want to give you a few suggestions that, I believe, will detract years from your age. I am trying these out and thought others might want to give them a trial.

Everyone needs exercise and we who are doing housework get an abundance of it for there is scarcely a muscle which is not exercised some time during each day. This is beneficial if we make pleasure out of our work; on the other hand, if it is drudgery to us we lose so much. Really, I know of no work more pleasant than housework if done in a systematic way. I enjoy it immensely but I work only what I think is healthy

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



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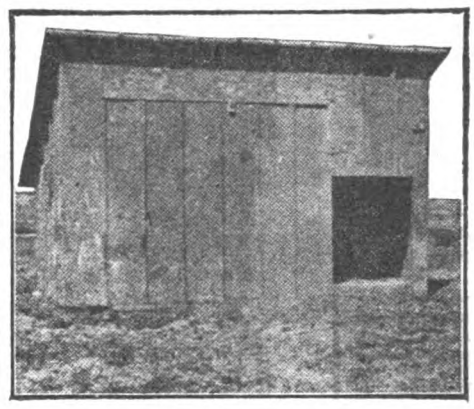


Making Clover Hay

CLOVER hay is particularly hard to cure. First, because it is ready for cutting before the rainy season is fairly over, and second because the plant contains so much water and the stems are so large that it take a long time to dry. Many farmers seek to avoid these difficulties by letting the clover get nearly ripe before cutting. Mature, or nearly ripe clover, is partially dried out and hence cures much more easily. But ripe clover makes poor hay. There are two or three good methods for making clover hay which permit it to be cut at the proper time. The right time to cut clover hay is when the plants are in full blossom and before any of the heads have turned brown.

The Use of Caps

Many farmers cure clover and alfalfa under caps. The hay is cut, allowed to wilt and then immediately "cocked up." Over the top of the cock is spread a canvas cap. This cap is held in place by fastening an old horseshoe to each of its four corners—or by the use of cement weights made for that purpose. Often a heavy wire is bent in the form of a hook and fastened to the corners of the cap, the hook being pulled down and hooked into the hay near the bottom



A GOOD COLONY HOUSE.

of the cock. The cocks are allowed to stand in the field for a week or more—when the caps are removed—the cock turned over and dried in the sun for a few hours on the day of hauling.

Curing without Caps

Other farmers cut their clover after the dew is off and cock it up at once in small cocks. This green clover settles down and sheds rain pretty well without the use of caps. The clover in the cocks goes through the "sweat" and rids itself of most of its moisture in two or three days. Then on the morning of a bright day when the clover is to be put in the mow in the afternoon, the cocks are turned over and spread out. This is done after the dew is off and the hay is allowed to dry in the sun for several hours.

Clover does not need to be bone dry. If it is, the leaves will fall off, but it must be dry enough so that it will not heat or mold in the mow.

Using the Side Delivery Rake

Another good way to cure clover is by the use of the side delivery rake. After the clover is cut and dry on top it is immediately raked into windrows by the use of the side delivery rake. The hay cures in the row for a day or so and then the row is turned over by driving the rake over the row—when it is allowed to cure for another spell. After one or two turnings in the row the hay is dry enough to be put into the mow.

Clover Hay Silage

Sometimes the weather is so bad that the clover hay can't be cured. Right here the silo comes in handy. The clover is cut and hauled dripping wet to the silo. It is then run through the cutter and cut into lengths one to two inches long and tramped down in the silo. This thoroughly wet clover hay makes the best of silage and is particularly fine for summer feeding when the pastures get short.

Let the Pigs Feed Themselves

Give the pig a chance and he will make a hog of himself. The self-feeder gives him this chance. During the past few years hog feeding, particuly the growing of young pigs, has undergone complete change. Experiment stations have shown that the old method of growing pigs in a dry lot and hand feeding them is a very poor method indeed.

Pigs Must Have Pasture

In the first place, pigs do best on some kind of green feed,—good growing blue grass pasture is splendid. This gives them range and needed exercise and the growing cells of the grass contain exactly what the pig needs for his own growth.

Lacking good blue grass pasture, other kinds of pasture should be provided. Oats and peas mixed, a bushel and a half each of seed per acre, make good summer pasture, and oats, peas and rape mixed are good the season through. Clover and alfalfa are also the finest kind of summer pasture for pigs.

Self-Feeders Necessary

For pigs on pasture, self-feeders are necessary if grain or other concentrated food is fed and some form of concentrates is always needed. Corn, to be fed in a self-feeder, must be shelled or ground. Young pigs need much protein. If skim-milk is not fed then tankage should be used. Tankage should be fed in the self-feeder and the pig allowed to help himself. The feeders should be watched to see that they do not become clogged and the feed supply cut off as a result.

How to Use the Self-Feeder

The one-compartment self-feeder is as good as any. If two or more kinds of feed are to be fed they should be mixed by hand in the proper proportions and then dumped together into the feeder. It used to be argued that the pigs would balance their own ration but we know now that it is better to mix the feeds for them. If we do, then only one compartment to the self-feeder is necessary. The feeder may be placed in the open lot if it has a good water-tight roof on it. The open box type of self-feeder should, of course, be kept under cover.

Keep Feeder in Colony House

The best place to keep pigs on pasture is in little colony houses, a litter to the house. In these colony houses the self-feeders should be placed so that the pigs can run to them in all kinds of weather. The careful farmer will make a trip around to the colony houses every day to see that the feeders have enough feed in them and that all are working well.

See the Farm as Others See It

The average city man takes a great deal of pride in the looks of his home. He knows that it is under constant inspection, and strives to the best of his financial ability to make it attractive. He keeps his house in good repair, well painted and spends time on the lawn and shrubbery so his home will measure up well with his neighbors.

Again, there is always a neighborhood pride, and he wants to be counted a desirable resident of his particular part of the city. Let a house or lot be neglected in a well-built section of a town and it follows that the family owning the property are soon made to feel that they are not wanted in that particular neighborhood and are counted out of the community interests.

What the Automobile Did

There was a time when the farmer was prone to neglect the appearance of his home and buildings, feeling that there were few who saw them anyway. Now, with the coming of the automobile and the constant travel on all passable roads, his home is under almost as much inspection as if he lived in the city.

Go out with an automobile party for a day's ride and listen to their comment. The majority of people are not out for the "joy-riding." They are out to enjoy what they can see on either side of the road, and many are the remarks about it. Attention is called to an attractive house, a well-built barn, compact outbuildings, the yard, the trees and the flowers surrounding them. Eagerly the name of the farm and its owner is read, and we have often noticed that the well-built, attractive farm home has a name painted on one of the buildings.

The farmer should put himself in the place of the passer-by and try to forget that he owns his property, and should look at it through the stranger's eyes.

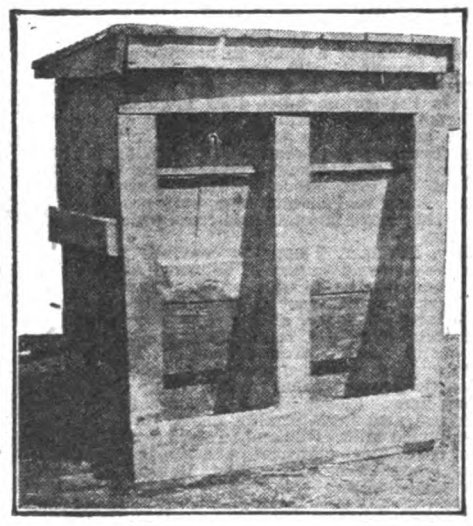
Who Lives Here?

A house is the index of the people who live within and is the keynote to the whole improvement scheme—so we will begin with that. The sagging porch—the broken shingles—the ragged lattice—the old screens—the loosened boards, all need to be put in shipshape before the painter can commence his job—no farmer in these days of the high cost of lumber can afford to leave any wooden building that is worth letting stand, suffer for a lack of paint. Paint does wonders besides preserving the wood; it makes an old house look like new, and gives it a "spick and span" appearance that makes its owner feel he is not ashamed of living in it.

Make the Outbuildings Attractive

Then how out of place a newly painted house looks set in the midst of a shabby barn—an unpainted milk-house and an old tumbled-down shed. He needs take every building on the place—give it a thorough going over—fix it up—paint it—and have the farm look as if someone lived there.

Sometimes a lot of old buildings, of little or no use, are allowed to stand and litter up, and spoil the looks of an otherwise fine looking farm. These should all be torn down,—many times good lumber can be salvaged out of them which can be used for other farm buildings.



A TWO-COMPARTMENT SELF-FEEDER.

After he has done his best with the buildings, it is well to study the permanent location of the fences, hog yard, barn yard, etc. These should be well set back from the road and toward the rear of the house.

Of course, if he has bought his farm with the buildings on it, there may be little to do as to changing their location, but he can keep the hog-pen out of the road or from in front of the house and he can move his chicken yard back, keep the ducks and geese from running all over the lawn and straighten up and repair the fences.

Keep Premises Clean

So many farms have litter and rubbish scattered all over the premises. The farmer should have his spring farm cleaning just as regularly as his good wife has hers in the house. During the winter there is an immense amount of leaves, broken limbs, dead vegetation from the year before, old sticks, stones and what not, which come from everywhere and give the farm a dirty and untidy appearance. The ash pile with its tin cans, bones old Rover has forgotten to bury, and seemingly everything under the sun is lying around the yard and spoiling its looks.

The passerby naturally thinks when he sees such a yard that some mighty dirty people live there and wishes they would clean up. Maybe he is right, it may be dirty people do live there, but generally it is the result of the farmer not taking stock of his home, and carelessly allowing such a condition to exist.

Make Place Attractive

After the farmer has repaired and painted his buildings, cleaned up old rubbish, fixed the fences, and has done all he can to improve the looks of his farm, now comes the very interesting part of the whole improvement scheme—decoration.

Probably there are already some nice shade trees around the house,—if he has these, the rest comes easy. There are many hardy ornamental shrubs that are old-time favorites, and so many lovely perennial flowers that there is no end to the beauty he can add to his yard.

Then, after it is all done, what a wonderful satisfaction it is to know he owns it all and that he and his are responsible for its comfort and its beauty. He may well be proud to have the passerby notice his home and comment favorably upon it. Not only can he enjoy it himself, but the passerby enjoys it too, and his neighbors come in for their share. There is a deep satisfaction to be known as the man who owns the fine looking farm.

Farm Buildings

Sometimes the farmer when planning his buildings is perplexed to know just what kind of a barn, a hog-house, a corn-crib, a granary or poultry house to build. He wants every dollar he invests to give him the most economical construction and the greatest convenience for the money expended. He may not have seen many strictly modern, up-to-date farm buildings and he does not know what he may have when he builds.

For such a farmer the thing to do is to carefully think out every problem he may be called upon to solve in his particular kind of farming and then build accordingly.

Size of Buildings

Many farmers make the great mistake of building for the present. They have no vision and do not look ahead to the probable development of their farm and its necessary needs in the future.

The farmer knowing the size of his farm can easily figure on the amount of produce it can be made to yield and the livestock it can carry. Knowing this, he should build—not for what he can and will produce when his plant is operating at its greatest capacity. It is a mighty short-sighted farmer who thinks he may build "on" as his farm progresses—nothing "built on" is as satisfactory unless there is provision made for it in the general plan.

Build for Equipment

So many times after the farmer has built he sees some new convenience or some labor-saving device installed in someone's else barn or hog-house that he might just as well have had if he had only thought of it while his building was under construction. Probably it might have cost him little, if any extra, and only because of lack of careful planning he is deprived of it. For example, in a dairy barn, which needs a particular equipment, he must think if he can have a modern dairy stall, a cement manger and gutter, an overhead cleaning seplim, individual drinking cups and all other dairy conveniences which are of necessity on a successful dairy farm.

Country Carpenter

Many times the farmer depends on the carpenter hired to help him solve the kind of a building he should build. The ordinary carpenter has not made a study of farm problems, maybe he has never helped construct an up-to-date, modern barn or farm buildings, and although he may be able to follow plans and give good satisfaction in the construction part, yet no one should expect him to do the thinking and provide for the future installing of labor-saving devices, or the planning of a plan for modern equipment. This must be done by the farmer himself with all the help he can possibly get. The government and state through its bulletins, the state through its experts at the Agricultural College, the County Agent, if his county is fortunate to have one, the firm he buys his lumber of, the many houses which handle farm building equipment,—and all will be glad to furnish him with accurate and helpful data if he will only let them know his needs—and all to be had for the asking. Then, if it is possible, he should visit some modern, up-to-date farm which has the kind of a building he wants and he can see for himself the advantage of a convenient farm building with a place for the installation of modern farm equipment. It is not a question of whether he can have it when he builds, maybe at this time he cannot afford it, but the farmer must have just as much vision, and just as much faith in his financial future, as any other business man or success will be slow in coming.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

SNAILS AND CABBAGE WORMS.—My garden is so full of snails that it is almost impossible to grow anything. What can we do to get rid of them? What do you prescribe for cabbage worms? J. G., Oil City, Pa.

A.—The best remedy for snails is air-slacked lime powdered to a fine dust and blown over the plants or on the ground over which the snails crawl. Too much lime will kill plants, hence great care must be exercised by its use. Bordeaux mixture is effective. Keep garden clean and free from rubbish, weeds, and old boards under which snails hide. Hand pick and destroy. To destroy cabbage worms, use strong salt brine or, better still, arsenate of lead in solution sprayed over the plants. If arsenate of lead or any other poison spray is used, the outer leaves on which the poison is deposited must, of course, be pulled off when the cabbages are harvested so as to get rid of the poisoned leaves.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

B. F., Finger, Tenn.—Swamp cabbage is another name for skunk cabbage. This is a perennial plant with tuberous roots and is common enough to be very well known to most country dwellers. The botany experts dignify it by calling it *Symplocarpus Foetidus*. Skunk cabbage grows in moist ground and gives forth a fetid odor according to its common and latinized name. This odor is particularly unpleasant when the plant is bruised. It is one of the earliest plants of spring, appearing with a purplish shell-shaped hooded spathe which, after it has pushed forth, is followed by a tuft of long, smooth leaves. It has been used medicinally as an anti-spasmodic, the seeds and roots being the parts taken for this purpose.

M. E. L., Troy, S. C.— Write to the Numismatic Bank, Fort Worth, Tex. (2) Both Loveless and Lovelace are old English names and both forms of spelling are in use in Great Britain. Richard Lovelace, 1618-58, was a celebrated Cavalier poet, and as long ago as Beaumont and Fletcher wrote plays, one of their principal characters was an Elder Loveless.

MATCH, Badger, Minn.—Ivory that has become yellow may be whitened by washing in a solution made of one ounce of nitric acid dissolved in ten ounces of soft water. Apply with a brush and rinse thoroughly in clean water.

MRS. D. G., Peru, Ill.—Moist woodlands of spring and not drug stores are the places to find swamp or skunk cabbage roots. See answer to B. F., Finger, Tenn., in this column.

MRS. L. M., Beech Grove, Ark.; MRS. L. F., Whiting, Iowa; MRS. C. W., Imlay City, Mich.; and A. D.B., Casey, Iowa.—Swamp cabbage is another name for what is more commonly known as "skunk cabbage." See answer to B. F., Finger, Tenn., in this column.

F. R. K., Alsea, Ore.—At the age of 26, George Washington married Martha Custis, a young widow having two children, John and Martha.

A. R., Altha, Fla.—A very well-known astronomer, and one who has written particularly well upon his chosen subject, is Garrett P. Serviss. The address of Mr. Serviss is Closter, N. J.

E. H. K., Montrose, Ia.—To tan a horse- or cowhide with the hair on, the skin must be stretched flesh side up and carefully scraped with a dull knife to remove all fleshy matter. Finish by washing well with soap and warm water. Then turn the skin and scrub the hair side well with soft soap and warm water, using care to rinse well. Take one half pound each of common soap and ground alum and dissolve with one ounce of borax in a gallon or less of water. The sufficient rye meal to make a stiff paste and spread this solution over the flesh side of the hide. Fold up lengthwise, with the flesh side in, and let remain in an airy, shaded place for ten days or longer. Then shake out and remove all paste from the surface and wash and dry. A second application may be necessary with so large a skin as a horse-hide. You will have to work the finished dried skin soft by rubbing over a beam and by working it with your hands and on the flesh side with a blunt knife. The secret of the Indians' successful tanning was simply their careful and persistent hand work on the skins they cured.

MRS. W. J. M., Alma, Mont.—The re-silvering of a damaged mirror is by no means an amateur job, and we doubt very much if you can successfully accomplish it at home. The following method is one which, for its simplicity, is recommended by the "Scientific American:" Place the mirror face downward on a table and with a bit of cotton clean and polish the place to be silvered. Now spread out on the spot a piece of tin foil a little larger than the place to be repaired. After spreading smoothly, let fall on the center of it a drop of metallic mercury and with a bit of cotton rub the foil until it becomes brilliant. Now place on this new amalgam a sheet of smooth writing paper and on it pile books or a weight of some sort. The amount of weight need not be great, but sufficient to keep the new amalgam in contact with the glass. The amount of mercury needed should correspond as nearly as possible to three drams to each square foot of surface to be repaired.

MRS. M. P., Henagar, Ala.—It is certain that the early Jewish Christians started in by observing the seventh day as the Sabbath, but before the end of the apostolic days, Sunday, known as "the Lord's Day," had thoroughly established itself as a day of rest and public worship among the Christian believers. How this came about is not known. The establishment of our present Sunday by any law which history has note of, dates from the beginning of the fourth century when the Emperor Constantine gave forth a decree fixing the first day of the week as the one to be observed by the new religion he was sponsoring.

A. M. H., Perste, Ala.—If your brother did not take all of his uniforms with him when he left the service there would be no way in which he could now obtain them. The regimental records of his discharge would not show that he had failed to take his uniforms with him.

W. W., Luttrell, Tenn.—The popular vote in 1912 for Wilson, Roosevelt and Taft was as follows: Wilson, 6,286,214; Roosevelt, 4,126,020; Taft, 3,483,922. Wilson received 435 electoral votes, Roosevelt was a poor second with 88, while Taft brought up the rear with but eight votes to his credit in the Electoral College.

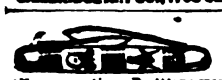
M. S., Lovilia, Iowa.—After all we have said in this column about imitation "old violins" and faked inscriptions, here is another COMFORT reader who believes she has a genuine Stradivarius in her possession. But few of the sweet-toned instruments remain from the work of the famous old fiddle makers and these have been discovered and identified by experts and amateurs who have zealously sought out the prizes. It was a slow process to turn out a fine violin by the hand methods of the past and it would have been a physical impossibility for a small part of the Strads to have been produced which now masquerade as genuine. Credulous buyers are in great part responsible for the success of the fraudulent makers of "old violins" with artful inscriptions such as the one M. S. describes.

S. A. F., Greer, S. C.—It is not necessary that you copyright your story before trying to sell it. However, the obtaining of a copyright is a simple process and if you write to the Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., asking for application blanks for copyright, these will be sent you. The fee is 75 cents, payable when application is filed. You should use your own judgment in submitting your manuscript to the various magazines which use stories of this length. A great art of selling a literary production is to suit your offering to your market.

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Kill Rats and Save Money

By Sam E. Conner.

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KILL a rat and save five dollars!

That is an impelling slogan for a war on rats and there are reasons a-plenty for such a war. The rat does a property damage in the United States each year estimated at a billion dollars of which food stuff is the major item. The estimated value, annually, of the farm crops destroyed by these animals is $200,000,000. These are authenticated figures compiled from the various states. The rat costs Denmark, France, Germany and Great Britain $166,000,000 annually.

Great as is the property loss caused by the rat, it is not that alone which has aroused man to battle, but a desire for healthful cities has determined the human race to stamp out the greatest menace of all to good health.

Every outbreak of the bubonic plague in recent years is directly traceable to the rat. That the rat is the transmitter of the plague is not newly acquired knowledge. In the Book of Samuel we read how, for the purpose of preventing the spread of disease, the Philistines made offerings of golden images of the mice. Coins and monuments of the earliest times prove that the ancients associated the rat with the plague. Æsculapius, the god of healing, is represented by the Greeks with a rat at his feet.

The rat is not a native of America but came here with man. Like man, the rat is a wanderer. The black rat was first to come across the ocean. He was followed by the brown rat. Before the onrush of the brown, the black rat has practically disappeared in this country. There are but four states, Nevada, Utah, Wyoming and a portion of Montana, in which the brown rat is not known.

It has been said that there are 200,000,000 rats in the United States and that each one destroys five dollars' worth of food stuff annually. This is a lot of rats, and, while no census has ever been taken of the rats of America, it is regarded as a conservative estimate.

As has been said, the figures gathered by those who have made a study of the damage done by rats show that they destroy food crops to the value of $200,000,000 in this country, but this is not all the harm they do in the way of property loss. They are responsible for many fires, which are never charged to them. "Defective wiring" is frequently the cause assigned for many a strange and mysterious fire, which should be charged to his Ratship. It is by no means necessary for a rat to get at the household match supply in order to start a blaze. He will eat the insulation off the electric wiring in a house just as readily as he will take a nibble at the business end of a match. It costs the telephone and telegraph companies of this country many hundreds of thousands of dollars to repair the havoc done by the rats in cable conduits and in buildings.

At least one well authenticated case of robbery by rats leads to the belief that many of the mysterious thefts of rings and small jewels are directly chargeable to the rat. In 1908, more than four hundred dollars' worth of such jewelry disappeared from the home of Senor Viada in Mobile, Ala. There was not a trace of the thief. The police were unable to locate the missing jewels. Later, when repairs were being made to the house the jewels were all found in a rat's nest.

Many an unexplainable lameness in horses and mules is without doubt due to rats gnawing the animals' hoofs. Authentic records of such cases are on file; also of where the rat has eaten the hoofs of sheep and pigs. Unique among these cases is that of three young African elephants in the famous menagerie of Carl Hagenbeck so injured by rats eating their feet that it was necessary to kill them.

Again, the rat does not confine his depredations to land. He is a sailor, and on his voyages attacks cargo and fittings as well as stores. It has never been possible to accurately estimate the damage done on shipboard by rats. It is only in recent years that any effective means of keeping these animals off ships has been devised.

The most efficacious of all methods for keeping the rats off ships is the metal saucer or funnel clamped around the hawser which makes the craft fast to the wharf. The shape of this is such that it becomes an impossible barrier for the rat. There is, however, always the chance that rats will get aboard in the cargo. This can only be averted by a rigid examination, which is not always practicable.

Sailormen of the old school looked upon rats with a certain amount of tolerance. They credited the rat with an instinct superior to man's powers of observation and ability to reason. Sailors believed that rats would always leave a ship which was in danger of sinking. In support of this, Jack Tars would recite instance after instance where such an exodus took place before a vessel went to Davy Jones' locker. This sentiment has changed in recent years. No longer do sailors regard the rat as a necessary evil. It has been thoroughly demonstrated to them that because a ship is ratless is no sure sign it is about to founder.

The first scientifically planned campaigns against the rat were at New Orleans and San Francisco. So effective did these prove that the bubonic plague was stamped out in both cities. Precautions since maintained have kept those cities ratless. In both these campaigns every effort was made to clear shipping of rats. Vessels were fumigated and all sorts of mechanical devices used to prevent the animals either getting from ship to shore or the reverse.

The effectiveness of this fight against rats in those cities is shown by the records of rats killed. In San Francisco between January 4 and May 28, 1908, there were killed 98,417 rats. From December 28, 1907, and January 1, 1915, there had been killed in San Francisco 821,102 rats of which record had been secured. Thousands more were killed of which no count was had. The first year of the campaign in San Francisco there was paid a bounty of ten cents per rat and the records show that during that time as high as 11,000 rats were destroyed in a week. In New Orleans during one six-month period 551,570 rats were slaughtered. Of these 271 were found to be afflicted with bubonic plague. There, too, the kill frequently went as high as 11,000 rats in a week.

The ferocity of the rat has been pictured from the earliest days. Stories of attacks by rats upon mankind have always been numerous. Today these tales are questioned. Because some chap centuries ago saw fit to write thrilling tales of men maimed and killed by rats, of babies in the cradle whose deaths were due to rats, it is not now accepted as proof. Show me is what present generations are saying. Diligent search fails to show an authentic case where a rat has deliberately attacked a human being. If attacked, nearly all rats will defend themselves. Ordinarily, say those who have made a study of these animals, the probability of being bitten by a rat is very remote, and the bite, should you receive one, is not poisonous.

Contrary to the general understanding, cats are the least effective agents against rats. Not more than one cat in twenty-five is a ratter. This holds true among cats kept around storehouses and the so-called homeless cat. It is only when a rat starts to run that a cat will attack it. Cats will often eat from the same dish with a rat.

Traps and poisons are the only effective agents with which to combat the rat. Ferrets and terriers which are well trained are of value under some conditions. Poison is not suitable for use in dwellings. Traps and protective construction are the correct home method. In factories, warehouses and around wharves, both traps and poison are useful. These are also of value on the farm. There, too, man is aided in his fight against the rat by certain natural enemies of the animal. Snakes, owls and skunks all prey on the rat. In this connection it may be mentioned that the practice of placing bounties on certain animals and birds is unwise. The damage which these birds and animals do to crops is more than offset by the good they do in killing rats.

Centuries of combat with man have developed the instinct of the rat. He is shrewd and wise. The ability of a rat to detect danger is uncanny. Frequently they will take a piece of bread upon which has been placed poison and eat the very last crumb of the bread without touching the poison. Unless traps are carefully handled so as to leave no trace of human hands, rats will not go near them.

That the rat has a cannabalistic tendency is well authenticated. Prof. Lantz, who has made a careful study of the animals, relates instances whereby this habit is well established. At one time he had two females and a male rat in a cage for observation. Several times young were born. None of these ever survived. They would be in the nest at night, but would disappear during the night. On several occasions remains of the young were found in the cage, but he was never able to determine which of the adult animals killed the little ones. At last both females gave birth to a litter of young, totaling 22. The next morning the young were all there, but the male was dead.

But it will not be wise to wait for the rats to kill one another if America is to save $200,000,000 of food stuff annually, as well as a grand total of a billion dollars' worth of property. Vigorous, determined steps must be at once taken by all to fight this, the so-called, greatest enemy of the human family.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15.)

and right. For besides physical exercise we must have exercise for our minds and souls. I take time to enjoy nature and always keep my mind open to her impressions. I love fresh air and I don't consider it a fad either—only a necessity if one would keep young. I have always had a great love for music so when the opportunity for hearing some really good music presents itself I take it.

There is nothing that will so refresh one intellectually as a good book. As Frances said in March COMFORT, "reading each day keeps the doctor away." And right here I should like to suggest to Tillamook Bayreader that for her intellectual refreshment she get that education. It will be surprising how much she can learn by devoting a few minutes each day to study and she can think just as much of her husband, while acquiring an education and after, as she could to remain ignorant and I admire her for being ambitious enough to desire one.

Mrs. Mike, I like your birthday cake plan. More people would have blessed memories of happy childhood if all parents availed themselves of the small things of life that make up its enjoyment.

But I am getting off my subject. To keep young we should have interests outside our home. By that I mean we should keep interested in the outside world if we do not wish to become dull and uninteresting. And that we are soon to have the right to vote is another reason why we should keep informed. Let us get out our March COMFORT and read again what George L. Garrison wrote concerning this. Then let us prove that we are as capable of voting as are the men.

Another factor in the preservation of health is—learn self control. Oh, how the number of wrinkles we possess is increased by those unnecessary fits of anger. And don't worry or hurry. Let us plan our work and if little interruptions occur (as they often do) take them quietly and as a matter of course.

If we are to retain our youth let us be happy and talk happiness. How many of us have gone to a neighbor's and given her a full account of that terrible headache we had all day yesterday or proved to her how nervous we had been all week? More than once I have caught myself talking about ill health when I should have been counting my blessings. However I am endeavoring now to think and say only the pleasant things.

I will close with the hope that you will do your best to live up to the duty which is every woman's—that of keeping your body and mind in a perfectly healthy condition or in other words, keeping young as long as possible. POLLY.

Polly.—You will appreciate to the fullest extent the poem quoted above which I happened to come across printed in the Boston Post the very day I received your letter.—Ed.

The Vow

By Clinton Scollard in New York Sun and Herald.

Lo, I have made unto myself a vow,
Now May has come, and all her ways are fair
And there are adumbrations in the air
Of the pale lilac and the dogwood bough,
And now the new moon's tip is like the prow
Of some frail silver barque, and everywhere
The senses fresh fertilities declare
In the cool loam uplifted by the plough.

That I will go into a quiet place,
Haunted no more by a wandering bird,
Girdled no more than by the leaf or cress,
And pausing there an uncompanioned space,
Should it be but for the framing of a word,
Give thanks to God for all earth's loveliness.

IOWA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

We are three chums and two of us are sisters. Our ages are between sixteen and twenty. We have been contented to listen to our elders until Old Maid and some of the others have said a good bit in disfavor of our clan. Some one said they didn't see why men would pick a gay butterfly of a girl in preference to an older girl who knew how to cook.

We think that the girl who can't cook by the time she is sixteen is rather to be pitied. It is not the fault of the child but the fault of the mother.

In the second place the men choose the younger girls because they are butterflies. If the Old Maids would fix up a bit and put a little pep into their walk we believe they would stand a better chance against us younger girls. And then don't act so self-reliant and don't show so much good sense and the men and boys will like you better. They like dependence. They want some one they can protect, not a protector. But cheer up, there are enough men for us all.

Now for our problem: Our school has purchased a Victrola and we would like to have the sisters send in suggestions for making money to pay for it. We have given a hard-times social and box suppers and it isn't more than half paid for.

THREE BUTTERFLIES.

Out of the mouths of babes shall come words of—it will be for the brothers and sisters, particularly the brothers, to say whether it is "wisdom," or not. Do men prefer the clinging-vine type of woman?—Ed.

TENNESSEE.

MY DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

How many mothers make their boys help with the housework? If you don't, begin right now and see how quickly the morning work is done. I have five boys and one girl and I've always taught my boys from the time they were large enough to wash a dish that they

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)

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9	23	1	14	20
20	15	23	9	14

The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell four words. What are the words?



To Men, Women, Boys and Girls
All can share in these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address. Besides the Auto I am going to give away Phonographs, Bicycles, Gold Watches, Silverware, etc. and cash prizes. Send your answer. Win the Auto.
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You can be quickly cured, if you
STAMMER
Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.
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You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at



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You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it **better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world** and it has the circus and vaudeville **beaten a mile.** This great story is the **world's champion funny book** and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight **the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses** of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly **bashful** young man who stumbles on through a succession of **astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments** that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of **exploding from an excess of uproarious merriment.** As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this great story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and **you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.**

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SEND NO MONEY
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SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$6.45	$1.75	32x4½	12.25	2.70
30x3½	7.25	1.95	33x4½	12.50	2.85
32x3½	8.75	2.15	34x4½	12.90	3.00
31x4	9.45	2.25	35x4½	13.25	3.15
32x4	9.90	2.40	36x4½	13.90	3.40
33x4	11.25	2.50	35x5	14.90	3.50
34x4	11.90	2.60	37x5	16.90	3.75

Remember a standard make *Spark Plug Free* with order. When cash is sent with order 5% discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied return goods at our expense. Specify S. S., clincher, non-skid, plain; and *size Spark Plug* wanted.
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6000 Mile Guarantee
UNION TIRES represent the highest standard in reconstructed tires. Their reinforcement of 4 extra layers of fabric reduces greatly blowout and puncture possibilities. Over 200,000 in use. To further increase mileage, we include with every tire ordered A PUNCTURE PROOF TUBE FREE that under ordinary conditions will last ten to 20,000 miles. Our 5,000-mile tire guarantee certificate with every tire.
Prices Include Tire and Tube

30x3	$7.40	32x4½	$12.00
30x3½	8.80	33x4½	12.50
32x3½ S.S. only	9.10	34x4½	13.15
31x4	10.35	35x4½	13.40
32x4	10.70	36x4½	13.85
33x4	11.15	36x5	14.85
34x4	11.50	37x5	14.95

Reliner Free With Every Tire
State whether you want straight side or clincher, plain or non-skid. Send $2 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C.O.D., subject to examination, or 5 percent discount if full amount is sent with order.
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6,000 Miles Guaranteed
For a limited time only we are offering absolutely free a puncture proof tube guaranteed 6,000 miles, with every purchase of one of our famous Reliable Double Tread Tires which are guaranteed 5,000 miles and often give 8,000 to 10,000.
4 Reasons for Buying this Bargain Offer
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2—Save repair bills!
3—Save entire cost of tube!
4—Save money on tires!
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30 x 3	$7.25	34 x 4½	$13.00
30 x 3½	$8.35	35 x 4½	$13.25
32 x 3½	$8.95	36 x 4½	$13.75
31 x 4	$10.20	35 x 5	$14.50
32x4	$10.55	36 x 5	$14 75
33 x 4	$11.00	37 x 5	$14.90

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In ordering be sure to state size wanted, also whether s. s. clincher, plain or non-skid. Send $2.00 deposit on each tire, balance C. O. D. subject to examination; 5 per cent discount if you send full amount with order. Rush your order today.
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TUBE FREE
In order to introduce our wonderful WEXCO TRIPLE FABRIC TIRES, GUARANTEED 5000 MILES, we give you, absolutely free, a puncture-proof WEXCO TUBE with each purchase of a tire.
No Repairs! No Blowouts!
Tube Free! No more than eight tires and eight tubes to each customer. Order at once; offer limited.
Prices Include Tire and Tube

Size	Tires	Size	Tires
28x3	$ 6.85	34x4	$11.35
30x3	7.25	33x4½	12.50
30x3½	8.35	34x4½	13.00
32x3½ s.s.	8.95	35x4½	13.25
31x4	10.20	36x4½	13.75
32x4	10.55	35x5	14.50
33x4	11.00	37x5	14.90

Free Reliner with Each Tire
In ordering, be sure to state size wanted, also whether s. s. clincher, plain or non-skid. Send $3.00 deposit on each tire, balance C. O. D., subject to examination; 5 per cent discount if you send full amount with order. Rush your order today.
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Serviceable tires are reconstructed in our factory by our own dependable process and guaranteed for 6,000 miles. Unequalled in price, quality and workmanship.
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30x3	5.40	1.50	34x4	8.65	2.50
30x3½	6.40	1.65	34x4½	9.90	2.90
31x3½	6.65	1.75	35x4½	10.90	3.05
32x3½	6.90	1.90	36x4½	11.40	3.30
31x4	7.90	2.15	35x5	12.40	3.40
32x4	8.15	2.30	36x5	12.60	3.55
33x4	8.40	2.40	37x5	12.65	3.65

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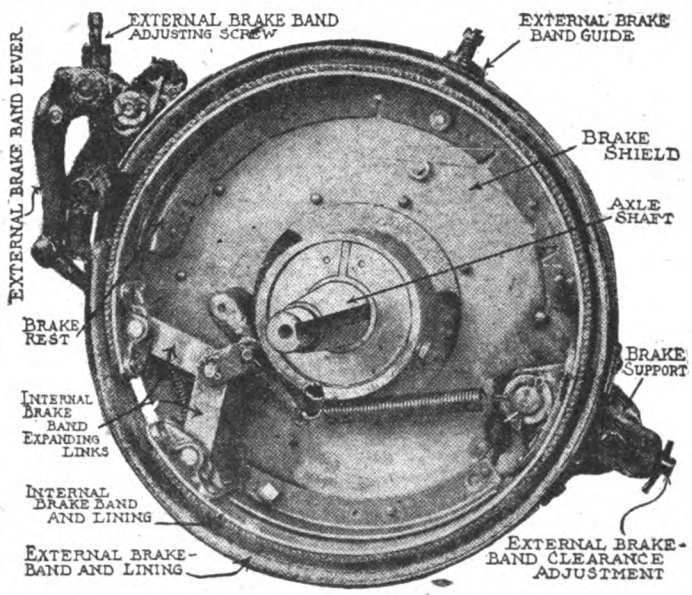
Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Brakes

JUST as important as the production of power to make the car go is the production of friction to make it stop. Without the ability to stop when desired, the car would be practically useless. The present-day practice is to use two sets of brakes and apply them to the rear wheels. Some of the earlier designs of cars had but one set of brakes but due to the chances of an accident in case the brakes refused to hold, there were developed a second set of brakes which were intended to be used in an emergency. This set still retains the name "emergency brake." The usual braking custom is to attach a steel drum to each rear wheel and to have the service brake act against the outside of the drum and the emergency brake against the inside of the drum.

The service brake, as its name implies, is the most used. In fact, it is often abused. For this reason it is of the contracting type and operates by tightening against the outside of the steel drum. This outside position is essential as constant use of this brake results in wear and frequent adjustment to the mechanism. The adjustments are usually handy and it is an easy matter to compensate for wear.

The emergency brake is used but little and it, therefore, has become the practice to make this



SERVICE AND EMERGENCY BRAKES ON SAME DRUM.

brake of the expanding type and to operate against the inside of the steel drum. The wear on the emergency brake mechanism is usually trifling and it is customary to provide no other adjustment than means for shortening the pull cable or rod. Due to the emergency brake giving but little bother, its inaccessible position is no handicap.

Details relative to brake adjustments vary for the different makes of cars but there are certain principles which are approximately the same. In the accompanying illustration we show the brake mechanism for a popular present-day car, the rear wheel having been removed.

The service brake is a flexible steel band lined with friction material. As can be expected, a steel band is easily bent out of shape and, therefore, means have been provided for maintaining an even spacing between the band and the steel drum. Should, for any reason, the band bear on the drum only in one or two places, its effectiveness is impaired. To guard against this condition, a brake support and one or more guides are provided to hold the band in the correct relative position to the steel drum. It is absolutely imperative that the band bear for its entire surface on the drum, otherwise there will be a squeaking sound when the brakes are applied and they will not be effective.

In time, wearing of the braking lining takes place to such an extent as to cause greater movement of the toggle-joint to contract the band on the drum. If the wear becomes too great, the movement will not be sufficient to contract the band and when this condition exists it is necessary to move the ends of the band closer together. This is accomplished by turning a nut on a set-screw. The brake pull-cables or rods are usually supplied with adjustable yokes and often it is only necessary to shorten the rod or cable to make the brakes effective. However, when adjustment to the rods or cable fails to bring about the desired results, the first step is to determine the condition of the friction material attached to the brake bands. If it is worn out, the bands should be relined with new material. The material is usually riveted to the bands and it is essential that special care be taken to sink the rivets well into the friction material, otherwise they will bear on the steel drum and the brakes will not hold.

To the writer's way of thinking, the dual braking system besides having its good features also has its bad ones. For example, it has been his privilege to investigate several accidents and it has been determined that brakes did not hold. Undoubtedly the driver used the service brakes until they refused to hold and then shifted over to the emergency set. He failed to have the service brakes repaired and went along using the emergency set until they in turn wore out and refused to hold. At a certain time he needed the brakes to take a firm hold on the drums which they refused to do and the accident was the result. One set of brakes would necessitate the driver keeping them in good repair. However, if the two sets (service and emergency) are used as intended, the arrangement is ideal. If the service brakes lose their effectiveness, have them fixed. Do not go along and rely upon the other set and wear them out, leaving you with no means of braking.

Useful Pointers

Don't Fasten Chains with Car

It is poor economy to fasten the tire chains too tightly or to make them stationary, such as fastening them to a spoke of the wheel. More than one tire has been entirely ruined by disregarding this advice. The chain should be allowed to creep around the tire, thereby equally distributing the wear. Common "horse sense" dictates that if the chain cannot creep the cross links concentrate the wear to one point, which naturally damages the casing.

Gasolene Container

It frequently happens that the motorist desires to prime the cylinders to effect a start, but investigation discloses that he has not brought along anything which will hold gasolene. A simple way out of the difficulty is to remove the dust cover from the tire valve stem, tie a string around the neck and lower it into the gasolene tank. When filled it will contain sufficient gasolene for priming purposes.

Emergency Light

If stalled on the road some dark night and a light is required to make repairs, scrape together a pile of sand about four inches high, drain about a cupful of gasolene from the tank and pour over the sand. The saturated sand will burn about 20 minutes. Remember this hint when on a basket picnic and a fire is required to cook or warm some of the eatables.

Clean Underpan

Approximately every car and truck has a pan directly under the engine. This receptacle catches oil, grease, gasolene, etc., and unless cleaned out at least once a month it becomes a frying pan for the car in case of fire. A great many cars could be saved from the flames if proper attention was given to the cleaning out of the pan.

Gasolene Fire

Never try to extinguish a gasolene fire with water. Gasolene is lighter than water and will therefore float on the surface of the latter and increase the area of the fire. A chemical fire extinguisher is best suited for the purpose, although sand, if applied in large quantities, will prove an able substitute, and road dust will serve in an emergency.

Gaskets

When cutting a new gasket from material you have on hand, bear in mind that water, oil and gasolene will not run through the material. More than one person has put a gasket in place without cutting a hole for the passage of the gas or liquid and has then spent two or three busy hours thinking what the cause might be for the peculiar action of the car. Moral: Cut out the center of the gasket.

Questions Answered

W. G. H., Upland, Nebr.—The magneto lamp regulator for Ford cars is undoubtedly nothing more or less than a choke coil which sufficiently controls the electrical output from the magneto to permit the use of six-volt lamps. By using this regulator in conjunction with six-volt bulbs, you should obtain better light at slow engine speeds.

L. H. C., Park, Ind.—From the description contained in your letter, the writer would assume that when you feed the gas quickly after starting, the engine will stall. On the other hand, if the choker is pulled out, the engine will take the gas without difficulty. If the above is the trouble you are experiencing, it is caused by a lean carburetor mixture. Pulling the choker enriches the mixtures, which would explain why the operation is satisfactory when you choke the carburetor. Try opening the carburetor needle valve a trifle more and I believe your difficulty will disappear. (2) It is rather vague when you only specify regulator. There are several parts which might be referred to as a regulator, and if you will therefore furnish more details of your difficulty, the writer will be in a better position to attempt a solution for your trouble. (3) Not knowing the length of time you have been bothered with the leaking of grease from the left side of the rear axle, and when taking into consideration that your car is a current model, the writer hesitates to make a suggestion. He believes it would be the best economy for you to have a mechanic take off the left rear wheel and inspect the roller bearing and washers. If you will explain the trouble to him, his inspection should enable him to determine the cause for the oil leakage.

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Get out into the open—have healthful sport on America's finest and best-built bicycle, the Black Beauty. Write for our catalog, select your model from our 40 styles and tell us. We'll ship at once. To make the wheel yours, pay a small deposit, then $1 a week (or $5 a month). Made at our own big factory. Wholesale direct price.
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The Black Beauty is built of the highest grade materials by the largest exclusive bicycle house in America. Its equipment includes $10 Firestone Blue Non-Skid Tires; New Departure Coaster Brake; motorbike saddle and pedals; handlebars that are triple plated over copper to prevent rust, etc. Seamless steel tubing, racy lines, dazzling nickel and enamel finish.
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5-year guarantee and six months accident insurance. Take advantage now of our offer of the wonderful Black Beauty. From maker to rider direct. *Write for catalog today.*
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Save 65% Tires
5000 Mile Gtd
PUNCTURE PROOF TUBE FREE
The genuine satisfaction Durable Tires have given car owners year after year is responsible for this year's enormous demand. Durable Tires are reconstructed tires, reinforced with four extra layers of stoutest fabric. Every tire is entirely wrapped and protected. We include FREE with each tire 1 puncture proof inner tube which we guarantee against punctures for one year. Written guarantee enclosed with every tire.
Prices include Tire and Free Tube

30 x 3	$ 7.35	32 x 4½	$11.90
30 x 3½	8.45	33 x 4½	12.45
32 x 3½		34 x 4½	13.10
S. S. only	9.05	35 x 4½	13.35
31 x 4	10.30	36 x 4½	13.85
32 x 4	10.65	35 x 5	14.85
33 x 4	11.10	36 x 5	14.95
34 x 4	11.45		

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Positively greatest tire offer ever made! Sensational value sweeps away all competition—6,000 miles—or more—from our special reconstruction process double tread standard tires—practically puncture proof.
Amazing Low Prices

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28x3	$ 5.95	$1.60	34x4	$10.95	$2.85
30x3	6.25	1.70	33x4½	11.15	2.95
30x3½	6.95	1.95	34x4½	11.45	3.10
32x3½	7.85	2.15	35x4½	12.85	3.25
31x4	8.95	2.45	36x4½	13.00	3.35
32x4	9.95	2.65	35x5	13.45	3.45
33x4	10.45	2.75	37x5	13.65	3.65

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Send your order today—sure—while these lowest prices last. State size, also whether straight side or clincher. Remember, you need send no money, just your name and address, and tire with free reliner, will be shipped same day.
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Tremendous Reduction in Price Saves You More Than 1/2
We have just purchased a carload of fresh rubber tires. These tires formerly sold for three times our prices and were guaranteed for 6000 miles. These high quality fresh rubber tires are not to be classed with seconds and double tread. There is only a limited number to be had at these prices.

No. Tires For Sale	SIZE	TIRE Prices	TUBE Prices	No. Tires For Sale	SIZE	TIRE Prices	TUBE Prices
130	30x3	$ 8.90	$2.35	96	33x4	$14.65	$3.60
114	30x3½	9.65	2.70	150	34x4	14.95	3.75
110	32x3½	11.85	2.85	32	34x4½	16.85	4.35
128	31x4	12.85	3.20	20	35x4½	17.75	4.45
92	32x4	13.25	3.35	8	35x5	18.75	5.45

Tubes Guaranteed Strictly Now, Fresh Stock. Standard Makes
Send No Money—See Before You Buy
Simply write us today stating the number and size of Tires and Tubes wanted. We will ship Tires immediately Express C. O. D., with privilege of examination. You take no chances. If you are not entirely satisfied, after inspection that this is the greatest Tire bargain ever offered, return the tires to us at our own expense. Orders will be filled promptly each day as received, until our limited supply is exhausted—so order today and make sure of the big saving. You cannot appreciate the remarkable saving you are making on these Tires until you have seen them. We know you will be more than satisfied. You may take 5% discount if you send cash with order.
Gold Seal Tire Co., 3839 West Lake Street, Chicago, Illinois



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Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

M. S., South Dakota.—We do not think the owner, of the farm you live on, has any interest in the pig he gave you, unless there is some agreement in connection therewith not stated in your letter to us.

R. M. T., Wisconsin.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that there is no limitation of the right of parents to disinherit children by will, except certain small allowances for children under seven years of age and special allowances for minor children; we think, however, any person in interest in an estate, has the legal right to contest a will in any case where there is a question of testamentary capacity on the part of the testator, or upon the question of undue influence exercised upon the testator, or if the will is not legally drawn or executed, or if it does not express the testator's true intent.

N. J. B., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents or guardians is necessary to procure a license for the marriage of either males or females under 18 years of age.

MRS. J. D., Illinois.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your husband, if he leaves no will, and leaves no child or descendant, you will be entitled to receive one half of his personal and real estate in addition to some small allowances allowed the widow by statute, the balance of his estate going to his parents, brothers and sisters or their descendants, depending upon who is left, but if he leaves no kindred you will receive his whole estate; we do not think your child by a former marriage will receive any share of his estate, unless some provision is made for her by will.

MRS. R. O. C., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, the widow is entitled to receive, in addition to homestead rights if there be a homestead and she does not own one in her own right, dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate and one third of the personal estate absolutely, the balance of the estate going to his children, regardless of the fact that they were born of a former marriage. We do not think he can bar his wife's dower by will if she survives him. We think the life insurance policy made payable to his estate would upon payment become part of his personal estate, and be disposed of accordingly.

MRS. L. B. F., Maine.—We think that if the matter is serious enough you should have the man who annoys you summoned before some local magistrate or justice of the peace.

MISS M. W., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that every executor or administrator can be compelled to file an account of his proceedings within 12 months after his appointment and every 12 months thereafter and at such times as the probate court may require.

MRS. E. M. H., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we think that, if the mother of the children you mention has a good character, the courts will award her the custody of her children in preference to the husband and father who eloped with another woman. We think he can be compelled to support such of the children as are of tender years and unable to support themselves.

A. W., New Mexico.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired after marriage by either the husband or wife by onerous title is community property, and that the husband has the management and control of the personal property of the community, with the like absolute power of disposition, other than testamentary, as he has of his separate estate; the wife may also convey her separate estate; husband and wife must join in all deeds and mortgages of the community real estate; upon the death of the wife the entire community property goes to the husband, but upon the death of the husband one half of the community property goes to the wife and the other half is subject to the testamentary disposition of the husband; if he leaves no will, one-fourth of the other half goes to the widow and the balance in equal shares to his children, if no descendants, it all goes to the widow.

MRS. H. S., Iowa.—We do not think your husband can marry your sister, during your lifetime, unless you are divorced from him, without committing bigamy and being subject to punishment and further imprisonment for his act; we think that if he again refuses to support his small children, if they are unable to support themselves when he is released from prison, he will again be subject to punishment for his act. We think, however, if you are receiving a widow's pension for these children's support you should be careful not to forfeit same for the doubtful chance of collecting support money from him, as if your husband persists in his purpose of casting his lot with your sister instead of his lawful wife and family, and is willing to face term after term of imprisonment in order to accomplish his purpose, he may in the long run prove himself stronger than the law.

MRS. X, Michigan.—Unde the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a husband can be compelled to support his wife, living with him in the home provided by him, in a manner commensurate with his means and station in life, unless she has means of her own sufficient to provide for her own support.

S. B. R., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the property given you by your husband could not be sold to satisfy debts incurred by him after the deed of the property to you was placed on record, unless it can be proved that he still retained an interest in the property and that same was transferred to you simply to hold for him as a trustee or under some other similar understanding; we think, however, if his obligation or debt was incurred prior to the transfer or recording of the deed to you, the same could be set aside in case it can be substantiated that the property was deeded to you in order to avoid the payment of his debt.

MISS X. Y. Z., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that marriages between second cousins are not prohibited.

MRS. M. A. B., Nebraska.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that females may marry without the parents' consent at 18 years of age.

A. P., Texas.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that a deed of real estate to the husband and wife creates a tenancy by the entirety, and that the whole property, upon the death of one, becomes the sole property of the survivor, and that such survivor could sell same without the consent of their children.

MRS. E. D., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the marriage of the young woman you mention, without her parents' consent, is a valid marriage unless same is legally set aside by the judgment or decree of some court having jurisdiction; we think that if this young lady misrepresented her age at the time of procuring the marriage license, she is liable to punishment for such act.

MRS. H. A. O., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a widow and more than one child, his surviving widow, in addition to homestead rights, if any, and certain small allowance from the personal estate, would be entitled to receive one third of the estate, the balance going to his children in equal shares, the descendants of any deceased child taking their parent's share. We do not think a married woman has any interest in her husband's property during his lifetime, except that she is entitled to support from him, unless she deserts him without proper cause and unless she has property of her own sufficient to provide for her support.



Don't pass by

And let that corn keep hurting

Don't pass a drugstore that sells Blue-jay if you ever suffer corns.

Blue-jay stops the corn pain. A simple touch applies it. And soon the toughest corn will loosen and come out.

The Blue-jay way is gentle, easy, sure. It comes in plaster or in liquid form.

It is scientific—a product of this world-famed laboratory.

Millions now employ it. Most of the corns that develop are being ended by it.

Compare it with old methods, harsh and uncertain. Learn what folly it is to merely pare and pad corns.

Use Blue-jay on one corn tonight. Watch that corn go. Then remember that every corn can thus be ended the moment it appears. A week-old corn should be unknown in these days.

B&B Blue-jay
Plaster or Liquid
The Scientific Corn Ender
BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

impossible and demoralizing pictures, catch the crowd. It is no good singing the praises of farm life for the farmer's life is a hard one and even though he is the only man that is really independent, it takes nerve, determination and a love of outdoors to hold him to his job. If the farmer could clean up thirty thousand dollars in a year as some Polish farmers did here on Long Island during the war, there would be no abandoned farms and people would be rushing out of the cities to become millionaire farmers. So you see, like most problems, the farm problem is largely an economic one. It is a question of freight, of wages, of the elimination of parasitical middlemen, distribution and organization. The farmer and the government as far as possible are trying to solve these problems and you, Sam, should lend a helping hand. Advice is all right, but only one man ever took advice and he is dead.

SEDAN, N. MEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am ten years old, five feet tall. I go to Sedan school. We live in a consolidated district. They haul the children to school in trucks. We have a very good school. They teach all the grades from the primary up, including the high school grade. I am in the fourth grade. I take reading, arithmetic, language, geography, writing and spelling. I like my teacher fine. We have taken COMFORT for years and think it is a fine paper.

Your cousin, CHESTER A. CHADWICK.

Chester, I am glad to hear you have such excellent educational facilities, but I am somewhat astonished at the methods employed to get you to school. I was often hauled to school by the ear but never by a truck. Do you sit in the truck or do they put a rope around you, hitch it to the truck, turn on the power and then let her rip? Well, I must take off my hat to the authorities in your district for they are determined to get you to school even if they have to haul you there with trucks. New Mexico is setting an example to the rest of the country for at the time of writing there are 18,279 schools closed in the U. S because of the shortage of teachers, and 41,900 schools are being taught by teachers below the recognized standard, employed temporarily. The largest shortage of teachers reported so far is as follows: Kentucky, 2,255; Texas, 2,055; Virginia, 2,000; Georgia, 1,500; North Carolina, 700; Iowa, 600. The shortage of sub standard teachers is enormous. Texas is shy 4,000 alone; Illinois, 1,200; New York, 1,100. Men are going out of the teaching profession entirely and it is male teachers that the schools need. In 1890, 37 per cent of the teachers were men, in 1918 the percentage had dropped to 17. Would you believe it, in some rural sections teachers are only getting $200 a year, less than $4 a week; that $12 is the average pay for elementary teachers; and $20 a week for high school teachers? We have millions of people who cannot read or write. We scream it from the housetops that we are the richest nation on earth with the most abundant resources. That is a little bit of our obnoxious, spread-eagle boasting, and is not based on fact, for Russia, European and Asiatic, is far away ahead of us in natural resources and millions of years ahead of us just now in national stupidity. Thirteen million dollars is being appropriated in this state to rectify this deplorable condition. Teachers, male and female, have got to be paid as well as the stenographer, the engineer, the plasterer and the hod carrier and other members of the millionaire professions. It is on education, and that means the teacher, that the whole future of this country depends. If we backslide in this direction and skimp our educators, our whole national structure will fall to pieces.

MICOLA, MO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

It snowed yesterday and last night and I can't hardly get out of the house it was on an average four or five inches. My school has been going on just one month and got a certificate Friday. I went every day and was not even tardy. I am twelve years old and in the seventh grade I have a good teacher he lives at Hayti. I studied six books at school so you see I haven't any time for play. How many of you like to have spelling matches at school? I sure do we had one Friday. I want to ask a favor will some of you send me the song "Put My Little Shoes Away?" Well, I'll have to help mama cook supper hoping Billy the Goat won't get this. EDYTHE SETTLE.

Edythe, it is lovely to talk about snowstorms in the good old summertime, when you've got prickly heat, and it's nice to think about prickly heat when the snow is up to the roof, and the only way to get out of the house is through the chimney. You tell us you could hardly get out of the house because it was on an average of four or five inches. I can't imagine how you ever succeeded in either getting in or out of a house only four or five inches high. You must be a human pancake. Probably you refer to the snow and not to the house. I'm glad to know your school has got a certificate, and hope you will get one soon, but if you do, I don't think it will be for punctuation. So your teacher lives in Hayti, which is one of the Central American republics we have taken under our wing. The colored gentlemen who live there and who shot up a number of our soldiers when we took possession, like us so well that they fight to get into jail where they can be fed and have an easy time. Uncle Sam, like John Bull, is getting to be quite an Empire builder, and it will take some of the narrow parochialism out of a number of his citizens with small-town minds, to know that we are being forced to bear the white man's burden; that there is no such thing as isolation and that we are being compelled to assume responsibilities which, though they may be burdensome, will at least help to broaden our minds and give us a world vision. So I'm glad your teacher comes from Hayti, though it must be some journey for him if he goes home every night. But there, maybe he has a flying machine. Spelling matches are all right but don't carry any in your pockets or they may set fire to your clothing. I'd rather take a chance with a spelling match than a spelling bee for scientists have invented a safety match but no one has invented a safety bee. I'm sure the cousins will gladly send you a copy of the song, "Put My Little Shoes Away." However, to save you from possible disappointment, Edythe, I have written a few lines on the subject which you can sing to the tune of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Put my little shoes away,
For, oh, those shoes they broke my heart,
Fifteen bucks I had to pay
For them—and then they fell apart.
I dreamed that in those shoes I'd caper,
But I wore them just one brief half day,
For I found they were only paper—
So put my little shoes away.

Holland is sending us wooden shoes, Edythe, and unless you want to go barefooted or walk around on your head, I advise you to invest in a pair, for no one knows when paper shoes will go out and leather shoes come in once more.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

WELL, my hearties—that's how an old sailor friend of my childhood used to talk—how is the world using you? Pretty badly, to judge from some of the letters I receive or, at least, you think it is and that amounts to the same thing, or worse. I know, I've felt that way myself at times, but we must "perk up" and be cheerful and sunshiny to match the summer weather we are having. There is always something to be glad about if we but look for it—though I'm not such a little Pollyanna myself—so let's look harder than ever, But first I'll take a look at your letters.

BLUE EYES, W. Va.—If you are only seventeen or eighteen years of age and have been keeping company with a young man for two years and he hasn't mentioned marriage to you, you needn't lose any sleep over it; perhaps he has respect for your youth. But if you are twenty-six or twenty-seven years old, and of a marriageable age and inclination, he should declare his intentions and, if not serious, step aside and make room for someone who is.

BESSIE, Okla.—If you think there is the slightest chance of the young man in question falling in love with you and wishing to marry you, you should tell him of your former marriage and that you are not, as yet, divorced. And be very, very careful of your conduct if you want a divorce. Some judges are so fussy.

LEILA, Miss.—My dear, the man who jilts a good girl after two years' engagement, without a word of explanation, is a pure, unadulterated cad and you should consider yourself fortunate and if you *must* feel badly, pour out your sympathy on your "best girl friend" who is reported engaged to him. She is the one who will need it, not you. Some people don't know when they are well off, do they? (2) Go to work if you want to and your mother is willing. There are lots worse things that could happen to you.

GREY EYES, Miss.—It looks to me as if you care more for him than you realize, but make sure. Have him stay away from you for a month, or three or six months, but if you take too long a time to make up your mind some other girl may snap him up for a "good man is hard to find."

DOLORES, Texas.—You've got the right idea, Dolores, and don't show any favors or allow any liberties if you want to win him. To soften would be to lose him. Be cordial and nice but let him understand that with you it must be all or nothing and half-engagements and promises don't go.

BROWN EYES, Texas.—COMFORT is a "pretty good old paper," isn't it? Glad it helps you. If you are sure you didn't imagine his mother's coldness toward you, you did right in not going to his home so often. Don't give her a chance to say you "chased" him, but if he wants to come to your home, well, that is an entirely different proposition. It would be proper to ask him if he received your letter. Your letter was exceptionally well written.

A. M. W., Minn.—Feeling as you do toward the man your parents have chosen for you, it would be a sin to marry him, and the chances are you would be very unhappy. Try to find work, there must be something you can do.

PEGGY, Texas.—September isn't so far away. Wait patiently and by that time you'll know whether or not he is fooling you. If you care enough about him to marry him wouldn't it be a good idea to start in trusting him a little now—but don't trust any man who doesn't show proper respect for you.

JACK, Texas.—Should a girl confess past misdeeds to her fiancee? That's a question that has puzzled wiser heads than yours or mine and hasn't been settled yet. It depends upon the misdeeds and results to some extent, I suppose, but it is usually safer to make such a confession before marriage rather than after.

LILLIAN, Iowa.—I dislike to advise you for or against divorce. It seems unfair to make children suffer when they are innocent and the children of divorced parents do pay, one way or another. But you know your own affairs better than I do and can judge better what to do. Why not talk matters over with your husband and come to some sort of an understanding? Perhaps a vacation of a few weeks from each other would work wonders. Don't act hastily or rashly.

HAPPY WIFE, Ala.—My, how refreshing to know there are happy wives and it does me good to have you write that you want to be happy and make your husband happy. As I've said before, making others happy is one way of making yourself happy. It doesn't seem there could be any harm in the dances you mention.

JESSIE, Minn.—Don't propose leap year or any other year.

MAZIE, Florida.—Don't marry one man if you love another better, but it looks to me as if No. 2 were more worthy of love.

SARAH, N. C.—Girls of fifteen and one half years are prone to fall "desperately in love" with handsome young boys and to fall out of love with them in a little while, and when that happens it simplifies matters so much if they aren't married; so don't be in a hurry. You are too young to marry now, but if you are as much in love with this handsome young man in a couple of years from now it would be all right to marry him and go to Conn., or China, even with him.

BEULAH, Miss.—Your papa had better be careful how he laughs at the Talks With Girls or else sometime when he wants to know if it is proper to wear a belt and suspenders at the same time (and only a pessimist does that) or which corner of his handkerchief should be allowed to peep coyly out of his breast pocket, then, I won't tell him. (1) Is it permissible to use other than black or blue ink on tinted paper? Well, red ink on pink paper wouldn't harmonize so very well. The best way is not to use tinted paper, just white or a creamy white, and I like black ink best. Yes, indeed, I do think our letters should be written on as good stationery as can be afforded. Our letters are the reflection of ourselves. When we get a carelessly written letter, on cheap, gaudy paper, we are apt to visualize the writer as a cheap, gaudy person, careless as to personal appearance and terribly run down as to heels. (2) Do I think it nice to use perfume? That depends on the perfume and how it is used. A heavy, overpowering scent liberally poured onto clothing and handkerchief and completely overshadowing the personality of the wearer isn't at all nice and I never can feel that such people are clean. I do like just a faint suggestion of perfume that seems to belong to the person and not the person to the perfume. This is obtained more by cleanliness of person and clothing and liberal use of sachet bags and pads in bureau drawers where clothing is kept, and a careful selection of perfume used. Yes, I think maybe my "bark is worse than my bite," as you suggest, but some people need to be barked at, though I'm not at all a barky sort of person.

JESSIE, Iowa.—It is better to be safe than sorry so turn him down before it is too late.

There, run along and have a good time, but remember there are fifty-seven varieties of good times and be sure yours is the right variety and then you won't be sorry and you won't miss any fun, either.

Lovingly, COUSIN MARION.

"How do you account for comets and meteors?" inquired the girl who wanted to seem scientific.

"Now and then," replied the professor who wanted to seem frivolous, "the music of the spheres attempts a little jazz."

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His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

tioned. Unfortunately, Sarah had broken two only the day before. They were two long hours driving slowly up and down the street, scanning every corner house, but without being able to decide which to enter.

Finally the officer said there was a suspicious look, to him, about one, where the curtains were all down in the second story, and where one solitary flower-pot was setting in a front window, and he was going to run the risk of being wrong, and investigate.

The two men alighted, bade their coachman return for them in the course of fifteen or twenty minutes, then they quietly entered the house, the door of which was ajar, and ascended the stairs leading to the second story.

* * * * * *

We left Violet, the third day after her sister's departure, weak and spiritless, while Sarah began to fear that she was going to be ill.

Her long season of imprisonment, inactivity and anxiety had nearly worn her out, although we know how bravely she had tried to keep up and look upon the bright side of her troubles; but her appetite forsook her, she refused to eat, and of course her strength failed rapidly.

The fourth day Sarah could not even force her to eat anything, and she made no effort to rise.

The fifth day she seemed to be sinking into a state of lethergy, and Sarah, becoming greatly alarmed, told Mr. Mencke that she must have a doctor.

The man himself looked very anxious when he found that she could not be aroused, but he did not seem willing to call medical aid, although he promised to do so if she was no better on the morrow.

Violet's condition appeared even more alarming when the morrow came, but Mr. Mencke did not make his appearance at all that day.

He had received a telegram from his wife, saying that she would leave for New York the next afternoon but one—that everything was working just as they desired, and she hinted that it would be well to have all preparations completed for their journey north.

Mr. Mencke was so elated over this report that every other thought was driven from his mind, and he spent the day in packing everything he possessed, and arranging for a hasty trip to Canada, though he was somewhat perplexed to know what to do with Violet in case she should be unable to make the journey.

Sarah was very indignant when, about eleven o'clock on the seventh day after his wife's departure, he made his appearance, and unaccompanied by a physician, for Violet seemed very low, and she berated him soundly for his negligence and indifference.

"I don't like this business at all," she told him, "and you may get some one else to do your miserable work, for I am not going to stay here to have the girl die on my hands."

"Pooh! she isn't going to die," he affirmed; nevertheless he was very uneasy as he noticed Violet's extreme pallor, and the dark circles under her half-closed eyes, which appeared to see nothing, while she lay perfectly motionless, except for the heaving of her chest.

"Rouse up, Violet, and eat something. You must not lie here like this," he said, bending over her, and taking one of her limp, cold hands in his.

But a faint fluttering of her white lids was all the evidence the girl gave that she heard him.

"She is just like that all the time, and won't touch a thing, though I've managed to force a few drops of milk between her lips now and then," Sarah said, a heavy cloud on her brow. "You must get a doctor!" she added, resolutely; "if you don't, I'm going to Police Headquarters and tell the whole story."

"You just shut up that kind of talk," the man returned, angrily, and with a menacing look. "I'm not going to be driven with threats; but I guess she'd better have a doctor, and I'll see about it at once."

He turned to leave the room, as if to put his resolution into execution, when just at that instant there came a gentle tap upon the door.

He opened it, without a suspicion of what was awaiting him, and a look of stupid wonder overspread his coarse face as he found himself suddenly confronted by two men, the foremost one an officer of the law, while the sight of Wallace Richardson just behind him told him that his game was up."

"Mr. Mencke!" Wallace exclaimed, no less astonished than the plotter himself.

But he had no opportunity to say more, for the officer, who had taken in the situation with one quick glance about the room, clapped his hand upon the man's shoulder, remarking sternly:

"You are my prisoner, sir!"

"Not if I know it!" retorted Wilhelm Mencke, wrenching himself from his grasp, and then making a bold spring forward to force his way past them.

The officer and Wallace both closed upon him. There was a short, desperate struggle, then a sharp cry of pain, followed by a curse, and then Wilhelm Mencke stood, meek and helpless as a child, from the wrench which the officer had given to a pair of nippers which he had deftly slipped about his wrist.

The next moment he was securely handcuffed, and obeyed in sullen silence when the policeman commanded him to "go inside and sit down."

He was followed by the officer and by Wallace, who, until that moment, had only caught an indistinct glimpse of the slight figure lying upon the bed, while he had been so taken by surprise, and so occupied assisting in making the arrest, that he had scarcely given a thought to the other occupants of the room.

Now, however, as he entered and cast a curious look from Sarah to the bed, he caught sight of Violet's face.

As long as he lived he never forgot the shock that shook him like a reed from head to foot and almost seemed to rend his soul from his body.

There was one awful moment of dumb agony, then, with a wild, hoarse cry, which for months haunted those who heard it, he threw himself on his knees beside that still form and gathered it close in his arms, while he piteously begged Violet to speak to him.

"Oh! my darling," he sobbed, in tearless agony, "you did not die after all. I am not dead as they told you—they lied to you—they deceived us both! Oh! these endless years of longing—of soul-hunger for you! How I have borne them! You must not die now, Violet! Awake, speak to me, love, my heart's queen!"

She did not move—there were no signs of life about her, save the gentle breathing of her chest and the slow beating of her heart—the faint vibration of her weak pulse.

"What have you done to her?" Wallace demanded, almost fiercely, as he turned upon Sarah, who had been regarding the scene with wondering amazement.

"Nothing, sir," she answered, white and trembling, "only she would not eat—she seemed to lose heart a few days ago, and fell into this stupor."

Wallace laid the precious form back upon the bed, a look of anguish on his face.

"Have you wine?" he demanded of the woman.

"No, there is none here."

"Brandy, then—whisky—anything to put a little life into her. Quick! quick!" he cried, in trembling tones.

Sarah searched in Mrs. Mencke's closet and brought out a bottle labeled "Brandy," in which there were a few spoonfuls.

There was part of a glass of milk upon the table beside the bed. Wallace poured some of the brandy into it, and, forcing Violet's white lips apart, put a few drops of the mixture between them.

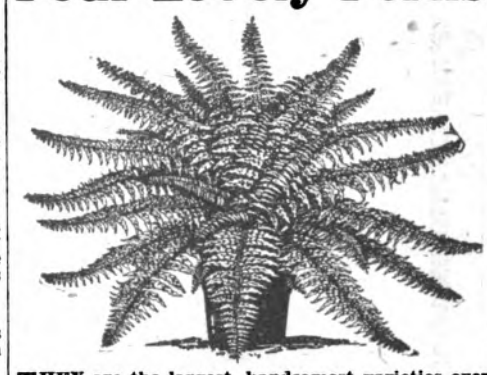
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Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Wanted.—Information of Berry A. Sawyer, son of Ansel Sawyer, last heard of in Arizona. Any information will be gratefully received by his half-sister, Darthula Burchfield, Uniontown, Box 17, Ark.

Any information regarding Freeman M. Haindel would be gratefully received by his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Haindel, Danville, R. R. 1, Mich.

Will any COMFORT reader knowing the whereabouts of Mrs. Ida Yorke kindly write to A. C. Tooke, Onalaska, Texas.

Canadian subscribers please read:—Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Henry Derendorf or Joseph Derendorf, of German nationality, please communicate with their brother, William Derendorf, Virden, Box 133, Ill.

Effie Smyth, Haldton, Box 605, Okla., wishes to know the whereabouts of her father and brother, John and George Henderson. John Henderson, the father, is 60 years of age, blue eyes, slightly stooped, with grey hair and mustache, and her brother, George, is 14 years of age. They left her home at Sapulpa, Okla., four years ago and have not been heard from since.

J. B. Gaskins, Whitefiat, Texas, wishes to know the whereabouts of his son, Cliff Gaskins, last heard of at Burdic, Ark. Age, 41 years.

Wanted.—Information concerning Pony Lowe, last heard from in 1917 at Camp Bowie, Texas. Pressing news. Please notify Mrs. E. H. Hines, Gibsland, La.

Mrs. C. F. Irby, R. R. 1, Starr, S. C., would like to hear from any descendants of her mother's father and mother, Samuel and Sary Clounts.

Mrs. Anna Maas would like information of her sister, Mrs. Henry Swerdtfeger, last heard from in St. Joseph, Missouri, and Greenleaf, Kansas.

Mrs. Lillie Yokem, Haworth, Okla., wishes information of her son, Leonard Yokem, age 14, last heard of in Hope, Ark., Jan. 29.

Any information about Katie Wallace, wife of L. L. or Luther Wallace, last heard of at Electra, Tex., in July. Sister, Mrs. R. C. Breckenridge, Tipton, Box 41, Okla.

Mrs. Hattie Turner would like information concerning her husband's sister, Alice Meford, *nee* Turner, the daughter of Frank Turner, last heard from at Cape Giradeau, Mo. Any information will be gladly received as she is very anxious to hear from her.



New Crochet And Sweater Books

HUNDREDS of new, lovely designs for COMFORT crochet workers. The very latest patterns in edges, beadings, insertions and laces, crocheted and knitted sweaters, all with complete directions and illustrated by large, clear photographs of the finished work. Each book is 8 by 11 inches in size, printed on the finest paper, handsomely and durably bound. Following is a brief description of what each book contains:

Book No. 20 shows **sixty-two** beautiful edges and insertions, both narrow and wide, for every conceivable use, also some handsome crocheted tumbler doilies and medallions. All are illustrated by large photographs, with full directions.

Book No. 21 contains **fifty-seven** pretty designs in edges and insertions, entirely different from those shown in Book No. 20, all fully illustrated, with full directions. Many of the illustrations show towel, handkerchief and napkin corners complete and there is also a complete alphabet, and an all-crochet plate doily that is simply lovely.

Book No. 22 presents **fifty-two** new designs in Filet crochet, illustrated, with directions. In this book you will find handsome edges, corners and insertions that you never saw before, alphabets, finished towels, luncheon cloths and napkins, sheets and pillow-cases, dining-room sets, tidies, curtain edges and corners.

Book No. 23 contains **seventeen** alphabets in various styles and sizes for cross stitch and filet crochet, also wreaths, corners and medallions where the letters are used. Illustrations are all full-page size and very easy to follow.

Book No. 24 contains **fifteen** artistic yokes shown in large photographic illustrations, with complete instructions. Filet patterns, small medallion schemes, and in braid for round, square, pointed, corset-covers, camisole, night-gown and children's yokes.

Book No. 25 tells how to make knitted and crocheted ripple sweaters and jackets with and without sleeves. **Thirteen** different styles to choose from and every one a beauty. The stitches are shown in full-page photographs, with full instructions, while the finished articles are also shown by photographs on living models.

Book No. 26 shows **thirteen** lovely new yokes in filet and fancy crochet with complete instructions and photographic illustrations over one-half actual size. The patterns consist of clover, medallions, filet, knot-stitch, pin-wheel, poinsettia, scalloped filet, and there is also shown one of the new shapes in a filet collar.

Book No. 27 illustrates and tells how to make **twelve** elaborate medallion arrangements in camisoles and yokes. A feature of this book is the two-page photograph of a beautiful Brassiere or dress trimming. The motifs for yokes include a pretty squared daisy, snowflake, round knot-stitch, pin-wheel, leaf and cross, pineapple, poinsettia, star flower, sunflower, square knot-stitch and round daisy.

Book No. 28 shows how to make filet sweaters, illustrating **fourteen** handsome designs on living models. These are to be crocheted in dainty light colors for summer wear. Every motif is also pictured by diagram, thus making it very easy to follow the printed instructions.

Book No. 29 contains photographic illustrations and descriptions of tatted yokes and camisoles—**fifteen** lovely arrangements of medallions in different handsome patterns of pointed, rounded and camisole styles. The illustrations are over half actual size and the directions are full and complete.

Book No. 30 shows **seventy-two** patterns in edges and corners and insertions. Edges are in all widths—from one half to two inches—and include such novelty designs as "Kiddies' Jumping Rope" and "Little Maids in a Row." Many lovely designs in corners are shown in Torchon, square medallions, knot-stitch and lacet stitch. All are illustrated with half-size photographs with full directions.

Book No. 31 is a book of "spiders," showing this antique design in all its many variations in yokes, corners, edges and insertions. In all, there are **twenty-eight** different photographic illustrations with directions—six different spider yokes, sixteen different spiders and six ways of turning the corner with a spider.

Book No. 32 contains **fourteen** filet crochet sweaters, in light and heavy threads, every style shown by photographs on a living model, both front and back views. Every stitch is also plainly shown by photograph and the different motifs are pictured on diagrams with complete directions. Pond lily, wild rose, iris, spray and poinsettia are among the designs shown for long or short, sleeve or sleeveless, belted or unbelted and open front models in cream pink, light pink, blue, light blue, cherry, red, dark green and lavender. The handsomest sweater book ever published.

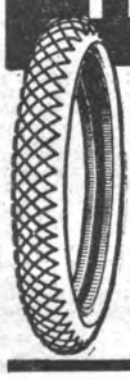
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30x3½	7.00	2.00	33x4	9.00	2.75	35x5	13.00	3.60
31x3½	7.25	2.10	34x4	9.25	2.85	36x5	13.25	3.70
32x3½	7.50	2.25	34x4½	10.50	3.00	37x5	13.50	3.75
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This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile. In the scenery and around the automobile are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. Can you find them? Try it. It will pay you. When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the advertisement and mail it to us and inclose four cents in stamps for packing, postage, mailing, etc., and a beautiful free surprise present will be sent you. You will delight in owning this present.



AUTOMOBILE GIVEN AWAY

We will also make you a present of a Certificate good for 2,000 free auto votes, and tell you all about this splendid touring car which we are going to give away free.

MEN, WOMEN, BOYS AND GIRLS—You can also win an automobile in addition to splendid prizes, such as phonographs, jewelry, silverware, bicycles, watches, cameras, and other things you like. We will also send you a copy of two great national publications worth ten cents. Write your name and address plainly, and inclose the four cents in stamps for packing, mailing, etc., of the free surprise present.

Auto Puzzle Dept. 130, W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

had a share in the work; they were to make their own beds, keep their own room clean, wash dishes, mop, help wash and iron and, in fact, everything to be done around a house. I have a certain place for their clothes and they never have to ask where this or that is. We never miss a Sunday from Sunday School and church. We get up and have breakfast and every child knows his job and goes right at it and we soon have our Sunday dinner cooked and ourselves ready for Sunday School. Sometimes we don't have time to get all the work done but we just leave it and go. I wish all mothers would try this plan for our churches and Sunday Schools need their presence every Sunday. Let's not make slaves of ourselves for our children. They think as much or more of us if we don't and this training for boys will enable them to help wifey in later years.

Rainy Day, I, like you, believe in giving father some of the praise as well as mother. I was left twice without a mother, and my second stepmother is living and but for our father's training I don't know where we children would be now. All I am or hope to be is what my father made me. There were seventeen of us, living, two dead, and we were never allowed to go anywhere on Sunday, except church. Today we are all trying to live a Christian life and are the happiest family on earth. We never see any "halves" between us, either. Can any of you beat that for a big family? Let us hear from you.

Udeyne, you tempted me to write. I enjoyed your letter and have wondered why it is more of the Tennessee sisters do not write. I know there must be thousands in our dear old state who take the paper.

Much love to all our big family. MRS. J. B. F.

Mrs. J. B. F.—If boys were taught to even hang up their clothes and put them in place, many a wife would call the mother blessed.—Ed.

ASHLAND, R. R. 1, ALABAMA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am a little school girl, between twelve and sixteen years of age, and this is why I am writing: Our school teacher advises each pupil to correspond with some other pupil in a different state so I know of no better way than writing to COMFORT and asking if there is a girl in the New England states who would like to correspond with an Alabama girl. I am in the 7th grade.

Mrs. Koga, your letters are fine. They are almost like a visit to the land of Cherry Blossoms.

Miss Winnie Wright, you used to write to the Corner. I once went to school to you and have always loved you.

I like Gene Stratton-Porter's books and some of Mark Twain's.

If you will allow me to write again I will some time.

BERNICE WARD.

CONOWINGO, MD.

DEAR ONES IN THE CORNER:

Will you let me peep into your corner to see what it is like? I don't think your chairs are very comfortable because the sisters can never keep their family affairs to themselves. Don't you know, sisters, that your family affairs should be kept at home, under a fire, not in the open leaves of COMFORT or some other paper? It makes your letter unimportant because no one wants to know the troubles between you and your husband. You can solve them yourselves and perhaps if you don't publish it in COMFORT every time you quarrel, your husband won't quarrel with you. It may be you who is to blame. If you would write only of the pleasant things that have happened it would be better and everybody would enjoy the letters more.

If anyone cares to write to me I shall be very glad indeed.

I am about five and one half feet tall, with dark brown curly hair, Irish blue eyes and face.

HAZEL C. FULTON.

Hazel.—If the Sisters' Corner was confined entirely to cheerful letters it would lose to a certain degree the spirit of friendliness and helpfulness that makes us all one big family. If a person has no troubles it is very easy to think someone else a bore for telling theirs but to the average woman away from relatives and friends or, as is more often the case, unable to confide in them, the sympathy and advice she receives from strangers, who are unbiased in their opinion, is of the greatest help to her and others facing the same problem. Too many sob-letters would be depressing and we need cheery ones to balance up.—Ed.

Best Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

Apply a drop of oil to the door hinges to keep them from creaking.

When making puddings, flavor with fruit juice instead of vanilla.

Spread a newspaper in front of stove before ash pan is taken out and save yourself much labor.

A red hot iron will soften old putty so that it can be removed easily.—MISS CHRISTINE JOHNSON, Illinois.

When hot grease is spilled onto floor, cover quickly with cold water to prevent it soaking into the wood.

If you haven't an egg separator, break your eggs into a small funnel. The white will pass through and the yolk remain.

Wash tablecloths and napkins before hemming; the threads are easily drawn then and the material is soft and easy to sew.

To remove machine oil from white cloth, rub the spot well with lard or butter before wetting, then use soap and hot water.

To cool gelatines and blanc-manges quickly, put a handful of salt and a handful of soda in bowl of water and set the mould in it.

Tea or coffee may be removed from white goods by soaking the spots in glycerine and letting stand several hours. Wash in soap and water.

Sweet peas can be nipped to make grow less tall. Pinch tops off at five inches high. Don't give peas too rich soil.—COMFORT Sister, Portland, Ore.

Requests

Cure for hookworm.

Remedy for catarrh in head.

How to make old-time corn lightbread.

How to remove shine from blue serge suit.

Poem: "The Child I Never Had."—MRS. D. D. DAUGHERTY, Dallas, 2207 West 10th St., Texas.

Will some sister lend me her February, 1919, COMFORT?—MRS. HENRY RENNER, Howells, Nebr.

Will some COMFORT reader kindly send in the words of the poem "The Polish Boy."

Will someone tell me where I can get a medicine known as Balm of Figs.—MRS. NELLIE BAIN, Castle Rock, Wash.

Will some subscriber send me the January, 1920, number of COMFORT?—MRS. L. E. WILLIAMSON, Beaver Dam, R. R. 2, Virginia.

Would like to hear from the sisters who have house plants or bulbs to spare.—MRS. C. S. JOHNSON, Carbondale, 402 Syc. St., Illinois.

I would like to get the November and December, 1919, numbers of Illustrated Companion. Will return favor. —MRS. T. W. HORN, Haxtun, Colo.

Will someone please send me the February and March, 1920 number of Illustrated Companion.—MRS. HAZEL FULTON, Philadelphia, R. R. 3, Miss.

Remedies

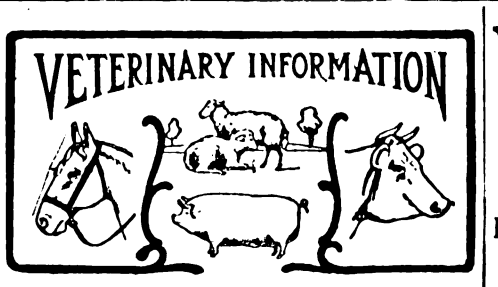
TETTER.—Mix equal parts white vaseline and boric acid together and apply. This is a good healing salve. —PEGGY, N. C.

CROUP.—Mix equal parts of lard, kerosene and turpentine together. Spread on flannel cloth and cover chest and throat.

CHILLS AND FEVER.—A strong tea of garden strawberry roots, drank freely, will effectually cure chills and fever.—MRS. A. C., Freshwater, Calif.

CRAMPS IN STOMACH.—Drink one-half cup hot water in which one-half teaspoon of ground allspice has been dissolved. Have known this to give relief.—MRS. A. K., Wirt, Okla.

Will the sister who sent the cure for fits, published in March number, please write again and tell us what swamp cabbage is and where it can be procured. Several inquiries have been received.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Stomach Worms of Sheep

ON several occasions we have in these columns prescribed a one per cent. solution of sulphate of copper (bluestone) as an effective destroyer of stomach worms in sheep and lambs and as having some effect upon tapeworms. The dose advised has been from three quarters of an ounce of the solution to three and a half ounces for an adult sheep, to be given after withholding feed for twenty-four hours and to be repeated in ten days.

Now comes the Oklahoma Agricultural Experiment Station veterinarians with the pleasing announcement that they have hit upon a more effective treatment than this sulphate of copper solution, or the gasolene mixture previously so much lauded. They first gave the sulphate of copper solution at the rate of 50 cubic centimeters for lambs under one year of age and 100 cubic centimeters for adult sheep. A cubic centimeter is about 15 drops. The dose was repeated after three or four days and the treatment was found fairly effective. Then other lambs and sheep were treated with a mixture of one gram (15 grains) of powdered sulphate of copper and one gram of powdered tobacco leaves or snuff in 100 cubic centimeters of water. This treatment resulted in 95 to 100 per cent efficiency for stomach worms, 75 to 100 per cent for tapeworms and 100 per cent for hookworms in experimental lambs. The tobacco should be steeped over night and the copper sulphate added before drenching. The dosage is the same as for copper sulphate solution alone.

The latter treatment certainly is well worth trying and every reader of COMFORT should, so far as possible, keep his lambs and adult sheep free from worms which prevent thrift and normal development and when present in large numbers commonly cause death.

PERIODIC OPHTHALMIA.—I have a fine mare nine years old. In a light moon her eyes become white and she goes blind. She has a colt. Will it have weak eyes? MRS. P. C.

A.—The disease is periodic or recurrent opthalmia, often called "moon blindness," but the changes of the moon have no influence in bringing on or causing attacks of this or any other disease. It is incurable and eventually causes the blindness of one or both eyes from cataract. The tendency to the disease is considered hereditary so that it is unwise to breed from affected stock. There is no certainty, however, that the same disease will affect the foal.

INDIGESTION.—Will you tell me what ailed my cow? She was sick three days and refused to eat, lying with her head on the ground, and passed bloody looking matter from her bowels. I had fed her green clover the day before she was taken sick. Would the milk be fit to use? MRS. M. C.

A.—The cow evidently had an acute attack of indigestion such as commonly proves fatal. The milk may be used if the cow chews her cud normally and has regained her usual appetite and appearance of good health. To be certain that the milk of any cow is safe for use, however, the tubercular test should be applied by a qualified veterinarian. That is the only certain way of doctoring if tuberculosis is present.

PARALYSIS.—What is the matter with my pigs? When they were old enough to drink milk from the trough, and after drinking a while, they would begin to squeal as if something was hurting them, fall over in sort of a fit but did not froth at the mouth. To look at them, one would think they were dead, but they would come to all right. After a time their hind legs drew up in a curve and now they cannot walk and are almost helpless, lying around in the sun, rising up on their feet to eat. They are six months old and weigh about 35 pounds. A. P.

A.—There is practically no likelihood that the affected pigs can be got on their feet or made profitable. They should, therefore, be put out of their misery. Indigestion is the common cause of fits in pigs and worms may be a complication. More careful feeding will have to be done in future. To destroy worms, starve pigs for 24 hours then give in a little slop, for each 50 pounds of body weight, two and one half grains each of santonin and calomel, one dram of freshly powdered areca nut and one half dram of bicarbonate of soda. Repeat the treatment in 10 days.

LAMENESS.—I have a Shetland pony six years old. When I bought him he was sweenied in left shoulder but it didn't seem to bother him much. He is getting lame and I rarely use him. The roads are rough and he is barefooted. MRS. P. C.

A.—Better have the pony shod. At shoeing time the smith may find that the cause of lameness is in the foot. Corns or navicular disease would be a likely cause. Wasting (atrophy) of the muscles, or so-called "sweeney," often is due to chronic foot lameness, rather than sprain of the muscles of the shoulder. In true sweeney, following a sprain when plowing, the lameness soon subsides, but wasting continues. Treatment for wasting consists in the injection of a little tincture of iodin under the skin at points three or four inches apart over the wasted surface. This is done by means of a hypodermic syringe.

WEAK MULE.—Please tell me what is the matter with my three-year-old mule. He has a sluggish appearance and gives out quick. He likes lump salt and drinks lots of water. I feed him on oats, bran and corn. He has plenty of prairie hay but does not gain in flesh. MISS J. M.

A.—The teeth, no doubt, need attention from a veterinarian as many are being shed and others are coming through the gums. Crowns or "shells" of milk teeth may have to be removed, gums lanced over incoming incisors and sharp points filed down. It would also be well to give 20 drops of fluid extract of nux vomica, 60 drops of fluid extract of gentian root and a level teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda three times daily in a little water.

SCOURS.—How can I cure and prevent scours in a calf? (2) What should a cow test to be a good butter cow? MRS. H. F. B.

A.—Isolate a scouring calf and give it a dose of castor oil in milk. Then give every three or four hours, one to two teaspoonfuls of a mixture of one part of salol and two parts each of subnitrate of bismuth and bicarbonate of soda, in a little milk or water, according to size of calf and severity of attack. Keep all utensils sterilized. Carefully remove foam from milk and feed it blood warm. Make calves drink slowly. (2) The legal standard is 3.5 per cent of butter fat, and 4.5 to 5 per cent is excellent but commonly made by good "butter bred" cows.

WOUND.—I have a mare, two years old, that was cut on barbed wire last November and will not heal. There seems to be a callous each side of the cut, pus forming between. Can you tell me what to do to remove the callous and heal the sore? I have been a subscriber for years. MRS. L. W.

A.—Clip off the hair and wash the wound and surrounding parts. Then do not wash again, but once daily rub in some 10 per cent. oleate of mercury and then dust the part with a mixture of one part each of calomel and subnitrate of bismuth and six parts of boric acid. Keep the mare tied up short while under treatment. Motion prevents rapid healing of such cases.

SWOLLEN THROAT.—A young cat came to the house and it seems to have a goiter. It does not show from the outside. A lump is felt on the throat and the kitten breathes heavily at times. MRS. M. O. A.

A.—Clip off the hair and rub iodin ointment into the swelling once a week. Let the kitten live outdoors as much as possible and feed it raw meat. Do not feed milk warm from the cow. For cats prefer milk that is 12 hours old, and skim it before feeding.

DISEASED HOG.—Can you tell me what ailed my hog? When butchered and opened, a sack as large as a football and filled with blood and a growth as large as two hands looked like liver only darker. Was the meat fit to use? I threw it away. The blood in the sack was offensive. F. L. M.

A.—You do not indicate the exact location of the sac and growth but we fancy you mean that it was in the scrotum, and if so it resulted from castration and would be known as a "scirrhus cord." As the blood had a foul odor, we think you were wise not to use the meat, but it is possible to operate successfully for the removal of such a growth so that on recovery the animal may be fitted for slaughter and the meat safely used. If the sac was found internally, the meat certainly was unfit for use.

GARGET.—I would like to know what is the matter with my cow and what to do for her. Her udder and teats swell and cake but not all over at the same time. O. R.

A.—The disease is inflammation of the mammary gland or udder, technically termed mammitis and commonly "garget" or "caked bag." We should advise you to dry off the milk secretion as soon as it becomes unprofitable and then fit the cow for the butcher. It rarely pays to treat such chronic cases and they usually end in a ruined udder. In some instances tuberculosis of the udder is present. A cow so affected should be isolated as the disease sometimes spreads to other cows. Read answers under title of "garget" in previous issues of this paper.

RINGBONE.—I have a horse, twelve years old, that became lame three months ago and is still lame. The soreness is above his hoof, just below his ankle. J. G.

A.—Lameness from ringbone of a front pastern usually requires unnerving by a skilled surgeon. If you can rest the horse for two months, however, the lameness possibly may subside. If you keep cold wet swabs upon the part every day for a month and then clip off the hair and apply a blister twice in the following month. Obtain the blister from a veterinarian with instructions for use.

SKIN DISEASE.—I have a cow that has one kind of skin trouble. It looks more like mange than anything I know. The skin is thick and rough in places. J. W. T.

A.—Give the affected parts one thorough scrubbing with soap and hot water containing a tablespoonful of coal tar dip to the gallon. Afterward rub in dry flowers of sulphur two or three times a week.

Large Cows Excel in Yield

Cow-testing records based on 38,532 dairy cows from 710 cow testing associations are being analyzed by specialists of the Dairy Division, United States Department of Agriculture. The tabulations have brought out a number of interesting relations between milk production, butterfat test, butterfat production, and income over cost of feed. The larger cows excelled the medium and small cows in production of both milk and butterfat.

The average annual milk production of all the animals was 5,936 pounds per cow, and the average butterfat production 246 pounds. These figures are considerably larger than the average for the United States, indicating that dairymen who are members of cow-testing associations either dispose of their poorest cows or else make them more profitable by better feeding and handling.

What Nuxated Iron Is Made From

Sworn Statement of Composition of Its Formula

It increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous, run-down folks in two weeks' time in many instances.

The Board of Directors have authorized the broadest publication of the sworn statement of the composition of Nuxated Iron, one of the most widely used tonic, strength and blood builders in the world, so that the public may examine it for themselves and judge as to its merits.

It is conservatively estimated that this remarkable formula is now being used by over 3,000,000 people annually in America alone. Among those who have used and strongly endorse it are many physicians formerly connected with well-known hospitals, former United States Senators, members of Congress, and former Health Officials.

Newspapers everywhere are invited to copy this statement for the benefit of their readers. It is suggested that physicians make a record of it and keep it in their offices so that they may intelligently answer questions of patients concerning it. Everybody is advised to cut it out and keep it. A copy of the actual sworn statement will be sent to anyone who desires such. It is as follows:

Iron Peptonate (Special specific Standard) Quantity given below.
Sodium Glycerophosphates U.S.P. (Monsanto.)
Calcium Glycerophosphates U.S.P. (Monsanto.)
P. E. Nux Vomica U.S.P.
Cascarin Bitter.
Magnesium Carbonate
Po. Ginger U.S.P.
Oil Cassia Cinnamon U.S.P.
Calcium Carbonate Precip. U. S. P.

Each dose of two tablets of Nuxated Iron contains one and one-half grains of organic iron in the form of iron peptonate of a special specific standard which in our opinion possesses superior qualities to any other known form of iron. By using other makes of Iron Peptonate we could have put the same quantity of actual iron in the tablets at less than one-fourth the cost to us, and by using metallic iron we could have accomplished the same thing at less than one-twelfth the cost; but by so doing we must have most certainly impaired their therapeutic efficacy. Glycerophosphates used in Nuxated Iron is one of the most expensive tonic ingredients known. It is especially recommended to build up the nerve force and thereby increase brain power, as glycerophosphates are said to contain phosphorus in a state very similar to that in which it is found in the nerve and brain cells of Man.

As will be seen from the above, two important ingredients of Nuxated Iron (Iron Peptonate and Glycerophosphates) are very expensive products as compared with most other tonics.

Under such circumstances the temptation to adulteration and substitution by unscrupulous persons, is very great and the public is hereby warned to be careful and see every bottle is plainly labeled "Nuxated Iron," by the Due Health Laboratories, Paris, London, and Detroit, U. S. A., as this is the only genuine article. If you have taken other forms of iron without success, this does not prove Nuxated Iron will not help you. We guarantee satisfaction to every purchaser or your money will be refunded.

In regard to the value of Nuxated Iron, Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago, and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, says it has proven through his own tests of it to excel any preparation he has ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves and strengthening the muscles. Dr. J. W. Armistead, Grove Hill, Ala., Graduate of the University of Alabama School of Medicine, Mobile, 1883, says: "In the cases I used Nuxated Iron I have found more beneficial results than from any preparation I have ever used in 34 years' practice." Dr. R. B. Baugh, Polkville, Miss., graduate of the Memphis Hospital College, Memphis, 1898, says: "I always prescribe Nuxated Iron where a reconstructive tonic is indicated." Nuxated Iron often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous, rundown folks in two weeks' time.

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE: Nuxated Iron is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Nuxated Iron is not recommended for use in cases of acute illness, but only as a tonic, strength and blood builder. (In case of illness always consult your family physician and be guided by his advice.) If in doubt as to whether or not you need a tonic, ask your doctor, as we do not wish to sell you Nuxated Iron if you do not require it. If you should use it and it does not help you, notify us and we will return your money. It is sold by all druggists. Due Health Laboratories Detroit, Mich.

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but you can clean them off promptly with



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and you work the horse same time. Does not blister or remove the hair. $2.50 per bottle, delivered. Will tell you more if you write. Book 4 R free. ABSORBINE, JR., the antiseptic liniment for mankind, reduces Varicose Veins, Ruptured Muscles or Ligaments, Enlarged Glands, Wens, Cysts. Allays pain quickly. Price $1.25 a bottle at druggists or delivered. Made in the U. S. A. by

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FORTUNATE is the woman or girl who possesses a pearl necklace, as they are exceedingly stylish and growing more popular every day. The one shown is made of beautiful **imt. pearls** of uniform size, **is sixteen inches long** and fastens with a **gold-filled** "Torpedo" snap. As these necklaces are not made in this country they are becoming scarce and prices are going up, so we consider ourselves extremely fortunate in having a supply purchased **at a before-the-war price.** However, we may not be able to secure more **at any price,** so please send in your order at once. You could not possibly select anything more stylish or attractive. This necklace can be worn with **perfectly good taste** with any dress at any time and on all occasions.

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Snap this bargain up now—while it lasts. **No money**—just tell us size you wear and we send these newest style Oxfords to prove that Leonard-Morton & Co. give you the world's greatest shoe values. If not satisfied in every way, return them and you are not out a cent. No if's or and's about this offer. You decide everything.



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with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet free.

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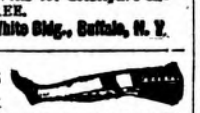
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Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

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Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work. **AGENTS WANTED** who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO **WORMAN CO.,** 252-C Hennepin, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a **package** containing more than **one hundred** of these beautiful **silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors,** also an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting.** All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

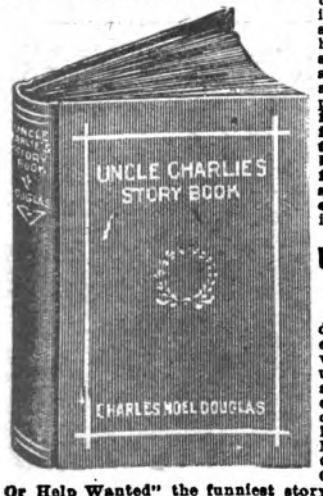
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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE TOLD IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. **A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each**—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and **beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped.** Free for **three subs at 50c.** each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only **two subs at 50c.** each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid **poems** and **song book** will be found at the end of the **League of Cousins Department.**



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. H. C. D., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Catarrh covers a multitude of sins, and no one remedy may be effective but, on the whole, Dobell's solution, used in full strength as a spray and gargle will help, if not cure, the disease. If you have an obstructive catarrh, of course an operation is indicated and no cure is possible without operation in a case of this kind. Possibly you have also enlarged tonsils affecting the throat. These should be removed, as well.

MRS. A. M., St. Joseph, R. I.—Your trouble is either rheumatism or neuritis. You should see some dentist and have the teeth looked after, as there may be some local source of infection. Also, the tonsils should be examined for the same purpose. As a remedy, you might use five-grain tablets of salicylate of soda, one tablet after each meal, for a while. Also drink plenty of good spring water—two quarts a day.

MISS L. B., Draketon, Ga.—You need to have your eyes examined for glasses at once. Eye strain always causes styes, and proper lenses will remove the cause of the local irritation that leads up to styes or other inflammations of the lids.

MRS. C. A. S., Boyd, Mont.—Blood-pressure is only a relative term for the given individual, and is only determined in a given case by several examinations. In other words, the blood-pressure for one person would have no relation to the blood-pressure of another individual of the same age and condition. The causes of high blood-pressure are age; excessive drinking over long periods; eating too much and too rich foods; taking too little exercise, etc. Maybe your blood-pressure is normal for you, as you seem well and seem to know how to eat and take care of yourself in general.

MISS E. Z., Stratton, Colo.—The internal piles should have operative attention at once. There is no other way to stop the hemorrhage and also cure the condition.

MRS. H. P., Pond Creek, Okla.—Use liquid vaseline, to which has been added menthol and ichthyol, as a spray to the nose and throat. You add ten grains of the ichthyol and five grains of menthol to the ounce of liquid vaseline.

MRS. V. M. B., Chariton, Ind.—You may have chronic appendicitis. Better go to some large city and have an X-ray taken of the parts to fully determine the cause of your bladder trouble and pain in left side.

MISS A. S., Water Lily, N. C.—Eat no sweets, drink plenty of water, and live mostly on non-fat producing food, such as green vegetables, spinach, lettuce, celery, etc.

MISS K. M. W., Robelin, La.—Use lotio alba to the face, after steaming the face. Apply at night.

MRS. J., Brooklyn, N. Y.—Try Aromatic Cascara Sagrada Mixture for the constipation mentioned. Take a teaspoonful or two at night.

MRS. H. L., Centerburg, Ohio.—Most cases of goiter need operation, and an operation is the only sure cure. Ovarian extract can be gotten at the local drug store, or the druggist can get it from some wholesale house for you. It should be taken under direction of a physician. We never send out any medicine.

MRS. W. A. J., Terre Haute, Ind.—You may have an ulcer at the distal end of the stomach. Bland foods are indicated, and five-grain tablets of soda bicarbonate, taken after food, is the proper remedy to try out.

MRS. M. H., Prestonsburg, Ky.—The condition known as leucoderma, is due to loss of pigmentation, and is incurable. You might try some 1-60 gr. tablets of strychnia sulphate, after meals.

MRS. R. G. V., Hillsville, Va.—You probably have a chronic appendicitis. Be examined by your local doctor and if possible get at the exact cause of the pain mentioned. The other trouble is simply physiological and you should forget it.

MRS. F. B., Biltmore, N. C.—You probably have gas in the intestines which gives you the sensation of heart trouble. Keep the bowels regular, eat food easily digested, drink plenty of water, and exercise moderately. In this way you will no doubt get rid of the pressure over the heart and be benefited, if not cured.

MRS. J. F. G., Mt. Pleasant, Tenn.—You are suffering with extreme nervousness and introspection. Take five-grain assafœtida pills three times a day after meals and note the result.

MRS. L. B. M., Youngsville, Pa.—Just take 1-60 gr. dose of strychnia sulphate after meals for the nervousness, and do not apply anything to the hair in the shape of a hair restorer at all.

MRS. R. M. T., Somerville, Ala.—You probably have chronic pleurisy, which may lead up to some serious lung trouble. Better take a tablespoonful of an emulsion of cod-liver oil after meals, eat all the food that will agree with you and get out in the open all you can. If there is water between the pleura, better have a fly blister applied by your local doctor.

MRS. M. B., Parkdale, Ark.—Hoarseness is only a symptom and there is no remedy for the condition that can be depended on to cure this condition. You can apply to the throat at night a mustard plaster, until the skin is real red. This will help you, but you should have the throat examined by some good throat doctor to ascertain the exact condition of tonsils and retro-pharynx.

MRS. R. E. M., Washington, Pa.—The tear duct will never be entirely well without a radical operation. Having the adenoids removed, and tonsil as well, was the right thing to do; but if the tear duct does not get well, and still fills with pus at times, the sooner the radical operation is done the sooner will the condition be permanently cured.

MRS. F. C., Marked Tree, Ark.—Aromatic Cascara Sagrada Compound will keep the bowels regular. Take a teaspoonful at night, or more as required. Drink plenty of water daily, eat no sweets, avoid pastry, etc., and your complexion will be helped and bowels regulated as well.

MRS. M. S. H., Tyrone, Pa.—Keep your bowels open, eat little of red meats, avoid sweets, drink plenty of water, exercise, and your circulation, redness of face, etc., will take care of itself.

MRS. M. B. E., Deskim, Va.—Take a compound cathartic pill at bedtime, drink plenty of water, and after meals, for the gas, try five-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda.

MRS. M. R., Wabash, Ind.—Simply a run-down condition following the influenza. Take some good tonic, such as Basham's mixture, in tablespoonful doses after meals, well diluted.

MRS. M. C. P., West Tulsa, Okla.—The only way to remove the hairs without a scar is, as so often suggested in COMFORT, by using or having used the electric needle, in competent hands.

MISS A. J. L., Reliance, S. Dak.—Tetly's Ceylon Tea can be gotten in any large city. Have your local grocer get it for you.

MISS V. G., Denton, Texas.—Have the "blackheads" removed by the comedo extractor, and apply to the face, after steaming the skin, the old lotio alba. You should keep the bowels open, eat no sweets and also avoid pastry of all kinds.

MRS. M. G., Pelham, Tenn.—Take some compound Cascara Sagrada mixture at night for the constipation, drink plenty of good spring water, also take with your meals a teaspoonful of American Oil. For the malaria, take a tablespoonful of Warburg's mixture after meals.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Song Book 40 cents. Address

UNCLE CHARLIE,

care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

When your wooden shoes are worn out they will go to the pulp mills and come back to you in the form of "leather" shoes. Nothing is lost in the world. Even the pro-Germans and pacifists still hang on.

MURRAY, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

To say that we enjoy your page would be putting it mildly. I got two subscriptions and received your story book which was read by all the family with great interest. We live on a farm and I am very busy helping father and mother with the farm and garden and poultry. Am in the sixth grade and am enjoying my schooldays fine. Uncle, what do you like for pets? I have nine small lambs and a tiny cat. I feel sure you are greatly relieved since the war ended. You certainly did your part with the pen. How would you like to meet Kaiser Bill? I'm sure you would not be long in getting the best of him. Am only four feet four inches tall and am ten years old. With best wishes to you, Maria and Billy the Goat,

Your little friend, RUFUS MASON PARKS.

Rufus, yours is a delightful letter and if you wrote it without Mamma's assistance, you are the wonder of the age. You ask me what kind of pets I prefer. Why chickens, of course—blondes or brunettes are equally appealing. I don't, however, care for the drug-store breed of chicken, who bleach their hair and make their faces resemble the hideous mug of an Indian on the warpath. You ask me how I would like to meet Kaiser Bill. Thousands of ferocious Huns have frequently interrogated me thus: "Vot do you know aboudt der Kaiser?" It will be news to them to know that when the present ex-Kaiser's noble father was alive (please note I always refer to the Kaiser's father in terms of sincere affection) that I not only met his son, then the Crown Prince, but I have been near enough to him to knock his block off, and my one regret is that I did not do it, for even then I had sized him up as a trouble maker. I had a lady in my house for three months who had the royal blood of Germany in her veins and had spent much of her time at the Kaiser's court and knew all the scandals of the Hohenzollern menage. The very dearest friend I have (a man of international fame) went to school with the Kaiser and taught him and also his brother, Prince Henry, how to dress up and play "Injuns." This gentleman, who for years was the Kaiser's bosom chum, also had access to all the archives of the Hohenzollern dynasty and wrote "The Prussian Struggle for Liberty"—something it never got, by the way. This work has no connection with the present war, which was a struggle on the part of the Prussian for world domination. I could tell you lots more of interest on this subject—things that would make Chicago, "The sixth German city in the world," as its mayor lovingly called it, and also Milwaukee—have fits. I hope you will be good to your little lambs and tiny cats, for, as a rule, pets get horribly mauled and abused by children. When you grow up, however, you will take little interest in lambs and you will want a chicken for a pet. When that day arrives, Rufus, be careful in your selection, and if you can't get one that hasn't its face all daubed over with paint, scrub the paint off and see that it wears at least one-hundreth part of the clothing that your sensible mother does. Then you will be able to take your pet chicken out in public without feeling ashamed of yourself.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for July

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. Bettie Witt, Shuff, Va. Widow, with two small children. Has tuberculosis. Needs food, clothes and medicine. Send this poor, sick woman some worth-while cheer. Isaac Price, Lenoir, R. R. 2, Box 26, N. C. Confined to bed from rheumatism for 48 years. Wife also an invalid. Send them a dime shower. Mrs. Rosetta Craig, Stuart, R. R. 5, Va. Invalid. Has rheumatism and kidney trouble. Needs money for food and medicine. Who will help her? Mrs. Laura A. Sandborn, Sebago Lake, Maine. Invalid for over ten years. Confined to bed. Would appreciate quilt pieces, writing material and any assistance you care to send her. Brave and worthy soul. Well recommended. Ruth Paine, Tomahawk, Ky. Blind girl. Poor and needy. Father dead. Send her some cheer. Adda M. Price, Price, N. C. Invalid. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and financial assistance. Mr. J. A. Mills, Wampee, R. R. 1, S. C. Helpless invalid. Has tuberculosis of spine. Father dead, aged mother his only support. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. K. E. Cross, Trinidad, 724 Stonewall Ave., Colo. Shut-in for six years, due to a fall which injured her spine. One hand almost useless. Alone among strangers and dependent on charity. Would like to return to her old home in Lewiston, Maine, but has no means. Who will help her?

A quarter or a dollar sent to any of these poor souls is laying up, for those who send it, treasure in heaven where neither moth nor rust corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal. If all who read this would cut out their cigarettes and ice cream money for one day and send it to the poor souls listed above, it would make them independent for life.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Are a Scream From Start to Finish!

If you are sick and out of sorts, if you have business cares and worries, if everything that should go right is going wrong, if life seems just a bore and existence a nuisance, there is just one thing that will put you in harmony with the joys of life and prove melancholy and misery impostors, and that is a 160-page, cloth-bound copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. This superb book of fun contains the best recitations ever gotten together, also a sketch of the author's life and some splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and his faithful Maria preparing his monthly talks for COMFORT. This volume can be obtained free for a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. *Work for it today!*



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

TROUBLED GIRLIE, North Carolina.—When a boy is "one's fellow," we are sure it should not be necessary to ask him to call again when he is leaving. If he is a "fellow" worth having, he will not make his attentions dependent upon formal invitation. (2) Do not say "Thank you," when someone says, "I am glad to meet you." When anyone is introduced to you it is sufficient if you say, "How do you do," and offer your hand with a bow and a smile. Do not worry about your bashfulness. This is apt to be a natural and prevalent complaint at fifteen, and is best prescribed for by old Dr. Time and Prof. Experience. You are probably the only one who objects to your blushes, which are most often considered attractive and becoming in a young girl.

L. W., New Mexico.—There is a wide difference between hair which is naturally curly and that which is made to curl by the hand of the owner. We do not advise you to use any preparation on your hair in an endeavor to gain the curly hair which you admire—the result is often far from satisfactory. If you insist upon making your wavy hair into more curly locks, it would be better to use some of the wire or kid "curlers" which can be purchased. Do not use an iron on your hair.

SECRETLY IN LOVE, Illinois.—It would be permissible, under the circumstances, for you to write a few friendly lines to this bashful young man, suggesting that he call to see you when he is again in your vicinity. We think, however, that it would be better if you could wait and say this to him on some occasion when you meet at your aunt's home or at some entertainment. (2) Most certainly you need not refrain from receiving other attentions while waiting till this bashful young man is less bashful.

E. B., Albermarle, N. C.—If this boy has "earnestly begged pardon," we think you should accept his apology. You should remember that he must have had some provocation for his offense—if all that you tell of yourself in your letter is accurately said. (2) Of course you must not think of marriage at sixteen, and we are greatly surprised that your mother is ready to "let you do as you like" in the matter.

M. E. S., Virginia.—It should be a simple thing for you to tell this boy plainly that he must not kiss you, and that you will have to dispense with his friendship if he insists on taking such liberties. (2) You need not fret about letting a boy "know you love him" until he asks you if you do. And then be sure your mind is made up before you answer.

D. J., Dublin, Va.—So-called "depilatories," which may be used to remove light growths of superfluous hair, may be purchased at any good drug store. (2) An introduction between boy and girl cousins of your own might be made as simply as this: "Betty, this is our cousin, Jack Smith." A man is always introduced to a lady, and in presenting your cousin to one of your friends you would say: "Miss Blank, I want to introduce my cousin, Mr. Smith." When an introduction takes place between two men, it is customary to name first the elder of the two.

W. B., Ritchey, Mo.—Sixteen is too young to begin "keeping company," but it is not too old to continue your education, and we are disapprovingly surprised to know that your parents will not allow your attendance at high school. (2) If you do not wish to accept this boy's courtesy tell him you are sorry that you have already accepted someone else as escort.

M. S., Bellingham, Wash.—When a boy blushes it is from embarrassingly centering his thoughts upon himself, his appearance and his actions, and what other people may be thinking of all these. The remedy is to try and be your simple, natural self and strive to interest yourself so much in other persons and their conversation that you will forget yourself and your awkward self-consciousness. It will help you to remember that people you meet are generally not forming careful and watchful opinions of you and your deportment and are quite likely pleased and attracted by the youthful and ingenuous blushes which age will too rapidly cure for you—if our instructions fail.

E. B., Phillips, Wis.—Exercise and diet are the rather difficult but simple roads which lead to weight reduction. Cut out all starchy foods from your meals and abjure sweets—including ice cream and sodas. Let your food consist principally of lean meats, green vegetables, toast and skim-milk. Eat liberally of acid fruits between meals and use such fruits fresh or stewed for desserts at meals where milk has formed no part of the repast. Take long walks; spend as much time as possible at tennis and other active sports, and learn to be a good fresh water swimmer. If you follow such a course as we have mapped out, you are certain to lose weight. But you must persist and be strict with yourself if you would succeed in gaining the sort of figure you wish.

SILLY BILLY, Appleton, Wis.—When anyone is introduced to you, offer your hand with a bow and a smile—and as for words, a simple "How do you do" is quite sufficient. Do not say, "I am glad to meet you."

I. B., Louisville, Miss.—A man may, if he wishes, go to a dance alone and seek his partners after he arrives there. (2) It would be correct for a boy to offer to tie a girl's shoe which had become unlaced. (3) It is best that your parents or other relatives be at home when you arrange to have this young man call.

J. L., Piedmont, S. C.—A man of thirty-three might very suitably, so far as age is concerned, marry a girl of twenty. If, despite his attentions, he does not ask you to become his fiancee, you must cease granting him such liberties as kisses and other signs of affection. We cannot tell you whether you "can trust" this suitor or not, but we can remind you that a poet once wrote, "Men are deceivers ever."

PERPLEXED, Far, W. Va.—Your "beau of a year" must not insist upon his right to kiss you unless he has gained this privilege by asking you to become his wife. (2) You must return the costly presents given you by this boy whom you have now "quit."

M. K., East Pittsburg, Pa.—It is kind of you to sympathize with your brother and care to advise him. If he wishes to improve his slight acquaintance with this girl, he may properly ask her, the next time they meet, if he may call to see her at some day and hour which she might fix. The Sunday that he saw this girl on the street, he could have greeted her and asked if he might walk with her in the way which she was going. All this would have been perfectly correct. And, as part of your advice, tell him, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady."

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is the Best Ever!

Yes, it is all that and then some! You simply can't beat Uncle Charlie's Song Book! Some song folios contain one good song and the balance slush. Uncle Charlie's Song Folio, with its superb cover, on which are four splendid pictures of the composer, contains twenty-eight song hits. Songs for every occasion and every song a gem. Here is your chance to secure five dollars' worth of music for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Both books free for a club of five. *Work for them today!*



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents: Sell guaranteed hosiery at big profits. You can sell at less than store prices. Bought heavily before prices doubled. Mrs. Schurman made over $2000 last year. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Hosiery Co., 3119 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Insyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents—We Offer You $8 a Day Selling New Concentrated Soft Drinks; Great summer hit; 30c bottle makes 32 glasses; all flavors; just add water; lightning seller; small package; carry in pocket; outfit furnished free; send postal today. American Products Co., 7185 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Sell what millions want. New, wonderful Liberty Portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique; Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue Free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 31 So. Main, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

The Prosperous agent is a Davis agent. Line up for the Big Rush—$40—$60 weekly. "Lucky 11" and our 27 other varieties cut store price ½-½. Worth 150% to 200% for you. Davis Products Co., Dept. 505, Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford-Beal Co., Inc. Newark, N. Y., Dept. D.

Agents get our big money maker monogramming Autos, etc., by transfer method. Catalog and particulars free. Motorists' Accessories Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

Agents: Sell our accident and sickness policies in your spare time. Pay $5,000 death, $25 weekly benefit. Premium $10 yearly. Permanent income from renewals. Easy seller. Liberal commissions. Insurance Co., Dept. F-11, Newark, N. J.

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AGENTS WANTED

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All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, $108.33, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

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Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made $30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

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HELP WANTED

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Railway Mail Clerks wanted. Examinations Aug. 11. List Vacancies free. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. W 12, Rochester, N.Y.

We Will start you in the cleaning and dyeing business, little capital needed, big profits. Write for booklet. The Ben-Vonde System, Dept. D-B, Charlotte, N. C.

4 Wheel Chairs in June

560 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The four June wheel chairs go to Ernest Ledford Daniels, Fonde, Ky., 150; Gladys Marie Junk, Shawnee, Okla., 87; Sarah Prisack, Louisville, Miss., 74; Nora Wright, Cove Creek, N. C., 70. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Ernest Ledford Daniels, age 27, had scrofula and rickets in infancy which threw his joints out of place so that he has never been able to walk. He can barely crawl about on the floor but never to get outdoors. He expects his wheel chair to prove a great blessing.

Gladys Marie Junk, age 11, had infantile paralysis when about a year old and it left her lower limbs practically useless.

Mrs. Sarah Prisack, age 83, is unable to walk or even stand alone due to a severe injury to her hip caused by a fall nine months ago.

Nora Wright, age 12, has total paralysis of her lower limbs caused by an attack of infantile paralysis suffered when two years old.

These are all sad cases of suffering which these four wheel chairs will help to relieve. There are many more equally deserving and needy applicants on our waiting list who are suffering for a wheel chair. Don't forget to do your bit to help relieve their suffering.

Mrs. Barbara Keeler, R. R. 8, Sevierville, Tenn., makes a pathetic appeal to COMFORT readers for help in obtaining a wheel chair for her daughter Edna, 15 years of age, whose lower limbs are paralyzed. She writes that she is poor and has to work out by the day to support her family of five. Of course she can neither afford the money to buy a chair nor spare the time to solicit subscriptions for one. She asks COMFORT readers to send subscriptions or cash contributions to Comfort's Wheel-Chair Club for a wheel chair for Edna.

The following Roll of Honor is interesting. Your name would look well in our next month's Roll of Honor.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Little Boy Enjoys His COMFORT Wheel Chair

Akron, Ohio.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I am writing to tell you that Thomas has received his wheel chair and certainly does enjoy it. I wish to thank you and, through COMFORT, all the kind friends who were so good to help him get it. It will give him great pleasure this summer to get outdoors in it. Later I will have a picture taken of him in his wheel chair and will send it to you to print in COMFORT.

Sincerely,
Mrs. David Williams.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Bert Thomas, Ky., for Ledford Daniel, 129; Mrs. S. M. Laricy, Ga., for Allen Laricy, $1.25 and 65 subs.; Mrs. B. Robinson, La., for Faunice M. Ball, 48; Miss Nellie May Daniel, Ky., for Ledford Daniel, 21; Mrs. George L. Mitchell, Ky., for Fannie Mitchell, 21; Miss Rosalie Koelsch, Okla., for Gladys Junk, 20; Mrs. Ella Sherry, Texas, for her little boy, 15; W. C. Vaughan, Ky., for Fannie Mitchell, 15; Mrs. B. G. Reid, Texas, for Rolly Sherry, 13, Mrs. Rena Daugherty, Miss., for Addie Daugherty, 11; Zelma Sanders, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Prisock, 8; Turner Lois, Missouri, for own, 7; Mrs. Emmit Albertson, Indiana, for General, 7; Mrs. R. W. Jenkins, Okla., for General, 6; Miss Alice Thompson, Va., for Jesse Cockram, 6, Mrs. W. C. Vaughan, Ky., for Fannie Mitchell, 6; Mrs. Mary Sullivan, Texas, for George Sullivan, $1.85 and 10 subs.; Mrs. Clara H. Shubondy, Nebr., for own, 5; Ethel Howard, Ga., for Gladys Allen Howard, 5, Mrs. Joe McKinzie, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Prisack, 5; Mrs. N. B. Ridge, Ill., for General, 5; Mr. S. R. Tawney, W. Va., for Jesse G. Cockram, $3.00 cash; Mrs. E. B. Gaskill, N. C., for General, $1.00 cash; Mr. Wm. Jacobs, Ill., for Jesse G. Cockram, $1.00 cash.

That Troublesome "Can"

By Myra Kenton Lowden

When Ng Poon Chew, the famous Chinese editor and lecturer of California, had been studying the English language for about a year he felt very proud of his progress, and confident of the mastery of one-syllable English words, he wrote a letter to his teacher.

"I got along nicely," says Chew, "until the very end where I wanted to say, 'May the Lord bless and preserve you'. That is really what I intended to say but knowing only monosyllables, I wrote instead, 'May the Lord bless and can you'. When next my teacher saw me she praised my letter but warned me never again to use 'can' in that respect.

"I did not understand. I looked in my Chinese-English dictionary for 'can'—to 'preserve'. When I looked for 'preserve' it gave as a synonym 'can'. Then I sought the Webster; 'can'—to 'preserve'; 'preserve'—to 'can'. And there you are! One is wrong the other right, and they mean the same!"

Of course now Ng Poon Chew sees the joke quite as we do and laughed with me. But he explained deftly how difficult the English language is to learn, especially to a Chinese.

"I have been learning your tongue now for thirteen years, and still I make many, many mistakes. But my four children," and his eyes sparkled, "ah, they speak English quite as you do, and Chinese as well as I, and Spanish as well as a Spaniard. They also can read and write German and French."

"Chinese writing is read just backwards isn't it?" I suggested.

The little jovial man showed his perfect teeth in a huge grin, "No, no, no." he laughed." You Americans read backwards. We read right. See?"

It does depend a lot on which side of the earth you were born, doesn't it?

"What is the hardest thing a foreigner has to learn about our language?" I inquired.

"Well, in China we have no number, no case, no person, no gender, no tense, no moods, and no pronouns. It is all very simple—the easiest language in the world to learn to speak. For instance, we say.

"'He go yesterday, to town and buy three horse.' The word he, she, it, they, her, his, etc. are the same word. The context tells the gender. The word 'yesterday' tells the time; 'three' indicates the number of horse. None of our words have different endings or forms. To learn each ending and the plurals and all that is the hardest thing I had to learn."

But Mr. Ng did not speak so well of the simplicity of Chinese characters. "There are ten thousand words in the Chinese language, and each word has its character. We have no alphabet. Each word has its own character and has to be made accordingly."

Ng Poon Chew, Litt. D. is the editor of the first Chinese daily published in America, called the "Chung Sai Yat Po." He lives in San Francisco, California, but every five years makes a visit to his native land. His family were of the ancient royalty and he has not for a moment forgotten the welfare of his race.

Ng Poon Chew admires the missionaries, who he says started China on her moral activity, an American audience, children, dogs, a joke, and Theodore Roosevelt. In fact when the little Chinaman puts on glasses, spreads his lips apart, and says "De-lighted," he is almost an exact likeness of that distinguished cow-boy statesman.

When You Wink

When you read you are constantly winking. But the opening and closing of the eyelid occupies only one-fiftieth of a second, so that you are not aware of any interruption of vision. The average person winks every three seconds, or 1,200 times an hour. From 18,000 to 20,000 winks are a day's work for the eyelids.

The Scholar

The school-girl was sitting with her feet stretched far out into the aisle, and was busily chewing gum, when the teacher espied her.

"Mary!" called the teacher, sharply.

"Yes, ma'am?" questioned the pupil.

"Take that gum out of your mouth and put your feet in!"—*Boston Post.*

And Nat Oughta Know

Nat Goodwin says that marriage is like telephoning, because you so often fail to get the right party. And when you do it often happens that you can't understand them.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Why This Distinction?

One large room, furnished; suitable for two gentlemen or bachelors.—*Washington Post.*

Partiality Shown

Customer—"Here, waiter, what is this shoestring doing in my soup?"

Waiter—"Please lower your voice, sir. Don't let that gentleman at the next

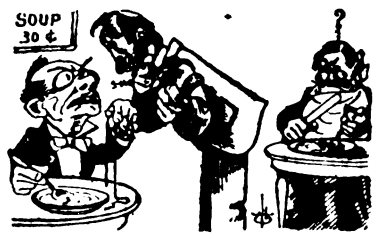


table hear you. He's dined here regularly for a year and we've never thrown in anything for him.—*Brooklyn Citizen.*

Watch Your Step

She stood beneath the mistletoe
And she was fair to see.
My wife was in the room, and so
That chance was lost to me.
—*Ishpeming, Mich., Iron, Ore.*

Watch me, you poor unlucky pup;
I'm game, you betcher life!
I'll take the chance that you passed up—
I haven't any wife!
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The man you call unlucky pup;
Lost out on single bliss,
And met his doom when he took up
Just such a chance to kiss.
—*Portland Express.*

Women Are So Changeable

"You say his wife is a brunette. I thought he married a blonde."

"He did, but she dyed."

The Eternal Triangle

"Edith has jilted me for some reason or another."

"Probably another."

Still They Venture

THAT GORHAM GIRL says most things lack novelty to a widow—even a honeymoon.—*Portland Express.*

Show Me

Bobby—"Are you the trained nurse mother said was coming?"

The Nurse—"Yes, dear, I'm the trained nurse."

Bobby—"Let's see some of your tricks!"

Ode to a Soup Soloist

While devouring his soup he gurgles
and blows,
Making weird sounds with his mouth
and his nose,
And so, like the lady with bells on her
toes,
He will have music wherever he goes.
—*Springfield Union.*

The War-Worker

Bess—"That's Mrs. Grabbit—she's a great war-worker."

Bob—"Indeed!"

Bess—"Yes; she's married four of her daughters to soldiers."—*Boston Post.*

It's Serious Business

"Don't disturb your father, Jack," said a certain little party. "He's trying to write some jokes for tomorrow."

"Jokes?" said Jack. "Then why does he look so solemn?"

How Many Has He Got?

Clarence Fulrath says he froze two of his ears at the cemetery while attending the Verne Wilson funeral Friday.—*Mt. Carroll, Ill., Mirror.*

Not Fiction

"What are you reading?"

"A tale of buried treasure."

"Wasting your time on fiction?"

"No. This is expert advice on how to plant potatoes."—*Dallas News.*

A Pleasant Surprise

"Look here! You didn't tell you were going to kiss my wife when you played in the society movies."



"No. Knowing how fond you are of her I wanted to have it come to you as a pleasant little surprise!"—*Life.*

Had Him Guessing

"Mamma, Billy Smith is keeping chickens now, and I have declared war upon him."

"What for?"

"Well I want to make our back garden safe for the world."—*Kennebec Journal.*

Poetry as It Is

She frowned on him and called him Mr.
Because in fun he merely Kr.
So on the following night
Just out of spite
The Naughty Mr. Kr. Sr.—
—*Tampico Tribune.*

Cubby Bear and the Lie Jackie Told

By Lena B. Ellingwood

Copyright, 1920, by W. H. Gannett, Pub., Inc.

"I AM going to Betty Badger's place this afternoon, Mamma Bruin," said Cubby Bear. "Dr. Squilly Porcupine has just been here, and asked me to."

"Why?" asked Mamma Bruin.

"Betty Badger's roof has fallen in, and she is sick, so cannot make a new one herself," answered Cubby.

"Do you think you can do it alone?"

"Oh, Dr. Squilly asked Busy Beaver to build it, and I am to help him. Busy Beaver does not know the way to Betty's place—you know he does not often go far from his own home—but I have been there, and can show him where to go."

"I am sorry Betty is sick," said Mamma Bruin. "Tell her I will go to see her soon. Open the door, now, Cubby, and let in the sweet, fresh air!"

Cubby did as he was told, and was looking off down the shady path among the trees, when he gave a cry of surprise and pleasure.

"Mamma Bruin, come!" he called, and trotted off down the path to meet two bears, one large, one small, who were coming toward him. He had known them at a glance; they were Uncle Bear and Jacky Bear, Cubby's little cousin.

Mamma Bruin came hurrying along behind him, glad to welcome the visitors.

"I have brought Jackie to stay with you a few days," said Uncle Bear. "I am going further on, and will call for him on my way back."

"Oh, I am glad!" said Cubby. "But why did not my other cousin, Bonniebelle, come too?"

"Her mother did not want to be left alone," said Uncle Bear. "Now, Jackie, be a good little bear while I am gone, so you will not need to have your ears cuffed."

"We will have such good times!" said Cubby joyfully. "I wish you might stay all the time!"

After dinner, Jackie sat on the door-stone, waiting for Cubby Bear, who was helping Mamma Bruin, to come out to play. "Someone is coming this way," he said to himself, and soon the animal he had been watching stopped in front of him.

"Hullo," said Jackie. "I'm a little Jackie Bear animal. What kind of an animal are you?"

"I am Busy Beaver," was the answer, "and I came for Cubby Bear. He is going away with me this afternoon."

Jackie looked sober. Cubby Bear *going away*, when he had just come to visit him? Not if Jackie could help it! He glanced around quickly. The door was shut tight.

"No," said Jackie boldly. "Cubby is *not* going with you. He will stay here, and play with me. I am his cousin, and have come to see him."

"But—are you sure? Did he say so?" asked Busy Beaver doubtfully. "Dr. Squilly Porcupine said he promised to go, and it is not like Cubby Bear to break a promise."

"Yes," said Jackie stoutly, though his heart beat quickly, and he did not look Busy Beaver in the face. "Yes, he said so, and told me to tell you. So you might as well go away."

"That is too bad," said Busy Beaver, "but if he will not go, I cannot, for I do not know the way." And, turning, he started back toward his own home.

"There, I am glad he has gone," thought Jackie, "and glad Cubby did not see him.

Soon the door was opened, and Cubby Bear came out.

"Now I am ready to play," he said. "Have you seen anyone while you were sitting out here?"

"N-ono," Jackie mumbled, wondering why, when one lie had been told, others had to follow if the first were to be kept from being found out.

They played "higgledy, piggledy," and laughed a great deal, but Jackie had a guilty feeling in his heart, and Cubby kept watching for Busy Beaver.

"It is strange he does not come," said Cubby. "Are you sure, Jackie, that no one came by?"

"Nobody," answered Jackie hastily.

"Oh, well, it is early yet," said Cubby. "He will come later, of course."

Then, as the afternoon hours passed, he thought, "Perhaps he could not come today, and will be here tomorrow morning."

"Let's build a camp," said Jackie. "I know how. My papa showed me, and I will show you."

They looked around until they found two small trees which stood not far apart.

"These are just right," said Jackie. "See, their lower branches meet, and are high enough for us to go under. We will tie them together, so they will hold firmly. That is for our ridgepole, and one tree will be at the front and the other at the back of our camp. Then we must gather a lot of long boughs and sticks for the sides, and have the sides sloping so they will come together at the top, and can be fastened to the ridgepole. Do you see what I mean?"

Cubby saw, and the two little bears worked with a will. By supper time they had their tent-shaped camp finished, and called Mamma Bruin out to see it.

"May we sleep out here all night?" asked Jackie.

"Perhaps you may some other night," said Mamma Bruin, "but it is going to rain now. See how dark the sky is! It will be a wet night."



BY SUPPER TIME THEY HAD THEIR TENT-SHAPED CAMP FINISHED AND CALLED MOTHER BEAR OUT TO SEE IT.

Cubby looked up to see the dark clouds, and a big raindrop landed, plump, in his left eye.

"It is raining already," said Jackie, and scampered into the house.

It was, as Mamma Bruin said, a wet night. The rain poured down steadily all the evening.

"My, such a rain! I am glad we are not out in our camp," said Jackie, "we would be cold and wet."

The two little bears went early to bed, and lay listening to the rain as it beat upon the roof, and to the sound of the wind rushing through the tree tops.

"Hark!" said Cubby. "Did I hear someone knocking?"

Mamma Bruin went to the door, and there stood four of Betty Badger's children, wet, shivering, and weeping. Mamma Bruin drew them inside, and closed the door.

"Our roof caved in," they said, all helping to tell the story, a few words at a time. "The big rain came. Our house was flooded. We had to go out. We came, all in the rain, to your house. Mamma Betty knew you would take us in."

"But where is your mamma now?" asked Mamma Bruin.

"She was too sick to come all the way," said the Little Badgers. "She is lying out in the rain, and our oldest brother stayed with her."

"Cubby Bear," said Mamma Bruin, "you must go for Dr. Squilly Porcupine, while I find Betty Badger and bring her here."

The three youngest of the Little Badgers were left with Grandma Bear and Jackie, and the other one went with Mamma Bruin to show her where to find Betty.

Cubby was afraid, going alone in the dark, stormy night to Dr. Squilly's house. He feared he would lose the way, and was glad when he started for home once more, Dr. Squilly with him, even though Squilly scolded angrily.

"Why did not you and Busy Beaver make a new roof for Betty Badger, as you promised?" he demanded.

"Busy Beaver did not come," Cubby told him. "I was waiting for him."

When they reached the house, Mamma Bruin had brought Betty Badger in, and laid her in bed.

"She should not have been in the water," grumbled Squilly. "She was sick enough before."

Cubby and the five Little Badgers slept calmly, but Jackie Bear was wakeful. He had heard enough said to know what trouble had been caused by the lie he had told to Busy Beaver that day, and he was frightened and sorry.

"Poor Betty Badger!" he thought. "Poor *everybody!* Such a time, and I am to blame for it all, just because I was a selfish little bear, and wanted my cousin to play with me all the time. My papa told me to be good, and I was bad instead. My ears must be cuffed!"

He raised one paw, and gave his ear a sharp rap.

"Ow!" he cried, under his breath. "Now the other one!" So he cuffed the other ear.

Still, even though he had punished himself, he could not sleep.

"Cubby Bear," he whispered, shaking his cousin by the shoulder. "Wake up. I must tell you something."

"What is it?" asked Cubby drowsily.

Then Jackie told about Busy Beaver's coming, and the lie he had told to send him away.

"But you will not tell the others, will you?" he pleaded.

"How can I help telling?" asked Cubby Bear. "You would not want Busy Beaver to be blamed for breaking his promise, when he did not break it at all, would you?"

All through the long night Mamma Bruin and Dr. Squilly Porcupine were up, taking care of poor Betty, who was very sick indeed.

Morning dawned, calm and clear, and the sun came up over the top of the big mountain, shining as though nothing unpleasant ever happened.

"Betty Badger is much better," said Dr. Squilly. "She will soon be all right, I hope, but I shall see Busy Beaver, and tell him he is to blame for all this trouble."

"No," said Cubby. "Do not blame Busy Beaver. He came, and my little cousin told him a wrong story, and sent him away. But please do not scold Jackie. He told me all about it, and he is sorry."

Busy Beaver came again during the forenoon, to see if Cubby Bear would go with him to make the new roof.

"The five Little Badgers and Jackie can all go with us," said Cubby, "and we will have a good time together."

The Little Badgers were pleased to go, but Jackie hid behind Cubby Bear's bed, and would not come out while Busy Beaver stayed.

"No, no," he whispered to Cubby Bear, "I cannot see him. You must go without me."

So, after the others had gone, Jackie Bear sat by himself on the door-stone, and watched the clear blue sky, and the forest, so fresh and clean after the rain.

"I might have gone with them yesterday to fix Betty Badger's roof," he thought, "and we could all have had such a good time! Now, I shall have a lonely day, with no one to play with me. I have made much, much trouble, and there was no need of it at all! I shall never, never, never tell another lie!"

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AUGUST COMFORT

Mid-Summer Short Story Number

will treat our readers to eight fine stories all complete and aggregating twenty-two thousand words of entertaining summer fiction. The last four chapters of "Driven Apart" and the announcement of the thrilling new serial that is to follow it will also appear in our August issue.

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"A Mid-Summer Night's Madness" The wild escapade of a society girl who aspired to be a movie actress.

"The Elusive Check" A fateful incident strains a husband's faith, brings out the beast in the man and tests the wife's devotion.

"A Difficult Game" It is difficult enough to be a successful match-maker but it requires infinitely more tact to intervene in a lovers' quarrel and not make a mess of it.

"An Agent of Providence" Misguided charity of a young heiress turns a strange freak of fortune on herself.

"The City that Was Not" The adventures of a country girl in search of her ideals in the city—she is rudely disillusioned.

"Anton from Missouri" The doubting, faint-hearted, procrastinating suitor who had "to be shown," and how a bright girl handled him.

"Siwashed Celestials" Next to piratical exploits are the desperate adventures of those who smuggle Chinese into this country.

"Cubby Bear at the Seashore" Cubby Bear makes a long journey to see the ocean and meets with some surprises.

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July, 1920.

Crumbs of Comfort

The divine breath is everywhere.

A fresh mind keeps the body fresh.

Beware of no man more than yourself.

Many a train of thought carries no freight.

False praises are the privileges of the great.

Do not knowingly crush the humblest flower.

Superfluous wealth can buy superfluities only.

You cannot kill time without injuring eternity.

Religion is the best armor, and the worst cloak.

All human power is the result of time and patience.

The one thing worth arriving at is simplicity of heart and life.

No possessions are good except by the good use we make of them.

If only the western shutters are open, we can see but the setting sun.

The soul of God is poured into the world through the thoughts of men.

Only by toleration have we any insight into the deeds and desires of men.

There would not be so many open mouths if there were not so many open ears.

Children are God's apostles, and are natural preachers of love, peace and hope.

Men's hearts ought not to be set against one another but set with one another.

Every simple deed of man is the beginning of an unending chain of circumstances.

It is possible for the soul to live in patient, joyful expectation of the eternal dawn.

The music of thought, conveyed in the music of language, has been called poetry.

If you would convince a man that he does wrong, do right; for men believe what they see.

As noonday light may be excluded by closing the eyes, so only a dark heart can shut out truth.

In one important respect is the poor man fortunate—his responsibility to God is so much the less.

Our grand business is not to see what lies dimly at a distance, but to do what lies clearly at hand.

Good-breeding is the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others.

We can only live one day at a time, and should not load ourselves with the cares of coming days that may never arrive.

Keep yourself simple, good, pure and serious; free from affectation, a friend of justice, a worshiper of God, and kind and strenuous in all proper acts.

A valuable result of education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you ought to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like to do it or not.

MID-SUMMER SHORT STORY NUMBER

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

VOL. XXXII
NO. 10

AUGUST
1920



"A Bit of Mid-Summer Night Madness"

See Story on Page 4.

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

Half a Billion Pounds of Shoddy in Cloth Sold as Woolen Last Year Proves Need of an Honest Cloth Law

THE beneficent effect of those State and National laws which prohibit fraudulent adulteration and misbranding of food, drugs, commercial fertilizers and cattle feed is so generally recognized that there is a growing demand for an extension of this class of legislation in order to protect the public from fraud in the manufacture and sale of other lines of merchandise—notably in textile fabrics and clothing. Cloth manufacturers have attained such a high degree of proficiency in the art of deceptive imitation through the "weighting" of silks, the treating of inferior fiber so as to resemble silk or linen, the adulteration of fine fabrics by incorporating an admixture of inferior material, and by the substitution of shoddy to a large extent in the manufacture of woolens, that it requires expert knowledge to distinguish the adulterated or imitation goods from the genuine or Simon pure article.

There is no reasonable objection to the manufacture and sale of imitations in food or clothing provided the purchaser is not cheated or otherwise imposed on by the deceptive appearance. In other words it is perfectly legitimate if in every instance the purchaser is warned that the food or fabric, as the case may be, is an imitation product and he is fully informed of its composition and nature. The "Pure Food Law" proceeds on this principle which is well illustrated by its application to butter. Thus an article sold as butter must be made from cow's milk or cream by the process of churning and contain no admixture other than salt and harmless coloring matter; imitation butter may be sold (under license), but it must be sold as such and so labeled that the purchaser will know just what he is buying.

In regard to imitation or adulterated textile fabrics the trouble is that, there being no law to regulate their manufacture and sale, they are largely sold under such misleading names and labels that the public is deceived as to the nature, quality and value of the goods. Some years ago there sprang up a movement for an "honest cloth law," similar to the "Pure Food Law," to prevent deceptive practices in the manufacture and sale of cloth and clothing by requiring imitation or adulterated cloths and the garments into which they are made up for sale to be distinctly labeled so to indicate clearly to the purchaser the true nature and quality of the goods. A bill to accomplish this purpose is now pending in Congress as unfinished business left over from the recent session that closed in June. This bill should be passed at the coming December session of Congress so to become law at an early date, as there is pressing need of it, not only for the protection of the public but also for the preservation of the sheep industry in the United States.

As already intimated, the interests of American sheep raisers are vitally concerned in this bill, and the National Sheep and Wool Bureau of America has just issued a bulletin giving some surprising figures as to the enormous extent to which goods and garments sold as "all wool" are adulterated with shoddy. The bulletin explains that shoddy is made of woolen rags, picked apart and re-spun. In that sense it is second-hand wool, and on this ground the cloth and clothing manufacturers base their claim to sell cloth adulterated with shoddy as "all wool," which is understood by the public to mean new wool, or as the bulletin expresses it, "virgin wool." Like any worn, second-hand, worked-over material, shoddy is poor stuff compared with new wool. Aside from the injurious effect of previous wear the process of picking the rags apart breaks and injures the wool fiber so that shoddy is usually spun and woven with a small percentage of new wool to stick the broken fibers together.

During the war wool was scarce and high because so much of it was required to clothe the army, and there was some excuse for using shoddy to make up the deficiency. Since the war ended (November 11, 1918) there has been an abundance of wool and the price has dropped, but woolen cloth has risen in price and the amount of shoddy used has increased as the result of outrageous profiteering by cloth and clothing manufacturers and dealers. It is notorious that present-day woolens give but little service compared with those bought at a lower price two or three years ago—shoddy is the explanation. In this connection the statistics published by the National Sheep and Wool Bureau are illuminating and exasperating to those who have been paying exorbitant prices for shoddy clothing the past year. The bulletin says:

"Last year, as never before, the shoddy interests succeeded in foisting their goods on the public. * * * Half a billion pounds of shoddy were thrown on the American clothing market in 1919, while a billion pounds of unmanufactured, virgin wool was accumulating in the storehouses. Only 600,000,000 pounds of wool in its natural state, or 300,000,000 pounds of cleaned wool, were converted into cloth. Most of this amount was mixed with shoddy to make it stick together." Through the lack of a law to compel the truthful labeling of cloth "shoddies were sold as 'all wool' and the public, accepting 'all wool' to mean virgin wool, was denied the right of choice and the benefit of a range of prices."

The bulletin complains that "today, the stores are filled with shoddy clothing and a billion pounds of virgin wool fill the storehouses. * * * The shoddy manufacturers have simply thrown themselves between the public with its demand for virgin wool and the sheep men with their supply." They have been able to do this because there is no law to prevent shoddy from masquerading as "new wool" under the popular term "all wool." It is pointed out that, while the public is thus being deceived and imposed on, the wool growers are thereby being forced into insolvency. The French-Capper Truth in Fabric bill, now pending in Congress, is designed to remedy this injustice by compelling manufacturers to stamp or label their cloth with a statement of the percentages of virgin wool and of shoddy it contains. Probably this bill will pass if the people get after their Senators and Congressmen and brad them up about it.

Beware of Saccharin—Don't Use It as a Substitute for Sugar

THE U. S. Department of Agriculture, which is charged with the enforcement of the "Pure Food Law," in a recently issued bulletin denounces the effort that is being made to create a market for saccharin by offering this substance for sale as a substitute for sugar, and warns the public not to use it in food. Saccharin is a chemical derivative of coal tar. It is not a food and has no food value whatever, but because of its intensely sweet taste, being three hundred times sweeter than the best granulated sugar, some American manufacturers have at times used it deceptively in place of sugar for sweetening food products and drinks. In Europe it is still used to a considerable extent for this purpose, but through the enforcement of our Federal and State "Pure Food Laws" the use of saccharin in commercial food products has been practically stopped in this country. Now the saccharin manufacturers are taking advantage of the emergency due to the shortage and high price of sugar to induce American housewives to resort to saccharin as a substitute for sugar. The following extracts are quoted from the bulletin:

"The Department of Agriculture has received a number of inquiries from housewives in the last few days concerning the properties of saccharin, and in every case it has answered by condemning the use of the drug for cooking purposes. It calls attention to the fact that the Bureau of Chemistry is now aiding in the prosecution of a large St. Louis concern which makes saccharin for violation of the Food and Drugs Act. * * * The Department regards the use of saccharin in food as a menace to health. * * * This is the position of the Department today as it was in 1911, when official decisions were rendered. * * * The Department regards food to which saccharin has been added as adulterated, since a substance has been added to the food which may render it deleterious to health. It also regards it as adulterated in that a substance of no food value whatever has been substituted for sugar, a very valuable food. The Department now has pending a criminal prosecution against one concern for the shipment interstate of a parcel of saccharin labeled as harmless. Furthermore, a majority of the States prohibit the use of saccharin in food, either by statute or by regulation."

Sensible Ruling on Home-Made Cider and Fruit Juices

IT has been pointed out that a strict application of the National Prohibition Enforcement Act to home-made cider and other fruit juices would work a needless hardship. The law prohibits not only the sale, but even the making or having possession of any beverage containing more than one half of one per cent. of alcohol, except under bond and permit for certain specified purposes. As new cider, grape juice and many other fruit and berry juices may in a few hours, by the natural process of fermentation, generate more than one half of one per cent. of alcohol, and as such a small alcoholic content is not distinguishable to taste or smell, and not perceptible in its effect, the making of fruit or berry juice for home consumption would be a risky undertaking under a strict interpretation of the law. But the situation has been cleared of doubt and embarrassment by a sensible and liberal ruling by John F. Cramer, the Federal Prohibition Commissioner, at Washington, who has charge of the enforcement of the National prohibitory law.

Commissioner Cramer has instructed his subordinates to the effect that the interpretation of the act by the Bureau of Internal Revenue is that any person may, without permit, and without giving bond, manufacture non-intoxicating cider and fruit juices, and in so doing he may take his apples or fruits to a custom mill and have them made into cider and fruit juices. After such non-intoxicating cider and fruit juices are made, they must be used exclusively in the home, and when so used the phrase "non-intoxicating" means non-intoxicating in fact and not necessarily less than one half of one per cent. of alcohol.

Also, that if the person making such cider and fruit juices desires to do so, he may sell such cider and fruit juices at any time to persons having permits to make vinegar. If he preserves such cider and fruit juices at the time they are made [so as to prevent fermentation], he may sell the same to the public in general. Or he may sell the cider and other fruit juices so long as they contain less than one half of one per cent. of alcohol, but the purchasers thereof cannot use or possess the same after they contain more than one half of one per cent of alcohol.

And further, that the cider in the home may be allowed to turn to vinegar if the owner desires, provided he adds no sugar or other fermentable substance to the cider or fruit juices to increase the alcoholic content thereof, inasmuch as such practice is held to constitute a mash fit for distillation, and he may sell the vinegar to anyone who may desire to purchase it.

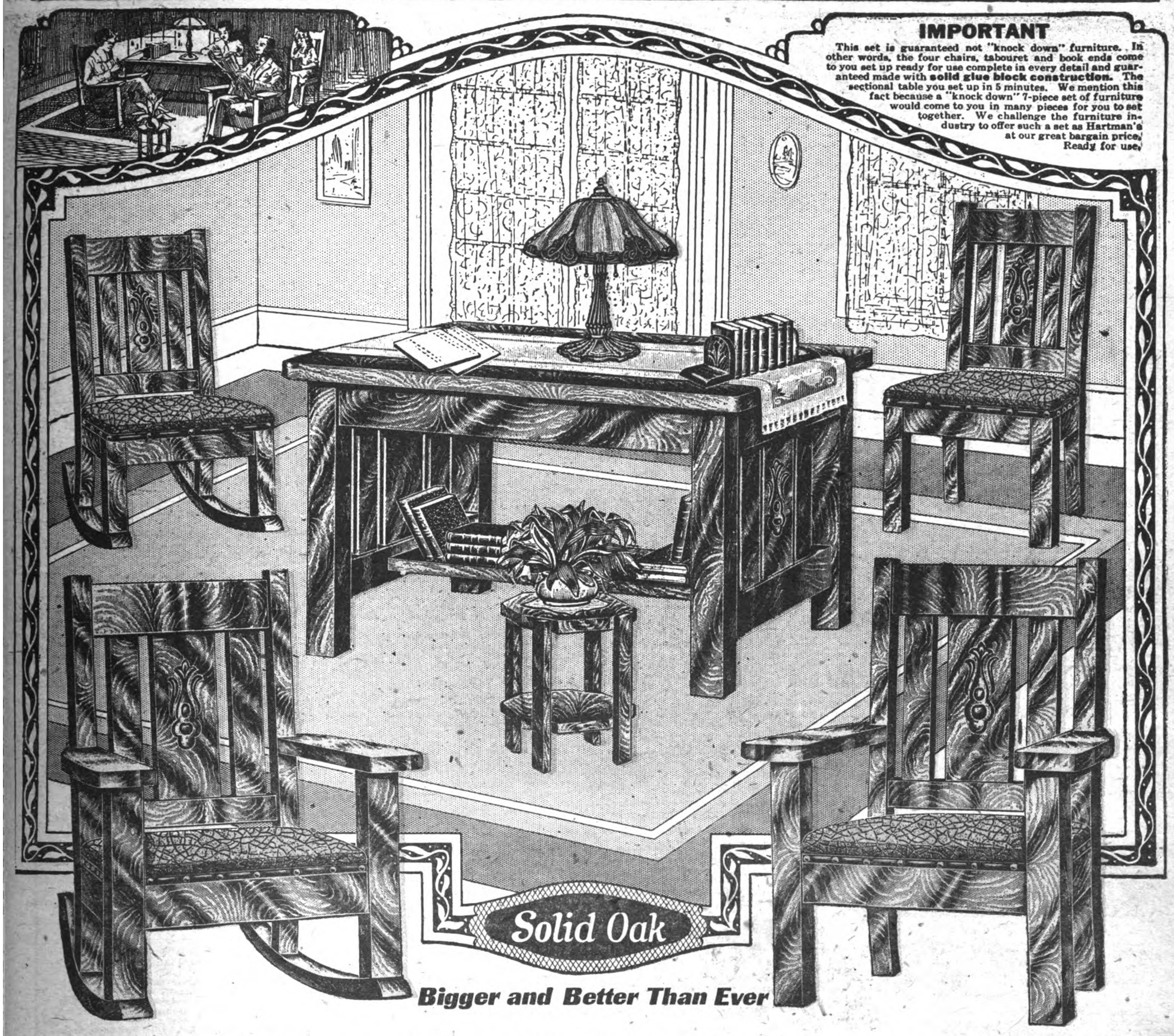
These regulations are not intended to cover the commercial use of cider and fruit juices, but merely the use of the same as applied to the home.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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Anton from Missouri

by Gertrude Overgaard



"If the pass didn't come, I cant go."



"Gone back to work, have you?"



"Did you do all this?"



"Well, we're engaged!" said Angele. "Why not?"

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RUTH Henshaw opened the door of her room to let in the cool air. There would be none so invigorating where she was going to spend the summer. The scent of lilacs and hyacinths came in from the thicket and the soft smell of freshly-turned earth from the garden, where her husband, familiarly known as Walt, was planting his cabbages.

At the sound of her opening door, the monotone of voices and the creek of rocking-chairs on the terrace ceased and a moment later Angele Henshaw and Anton Waverly came up the side steps.

As always, Angele's dress was simple and black and her yellow hair severely smooth, but her lips carried a firmer curve, her eyes a surer glance, and her figure a more determined poise. She pulled forward a chair and motioned Anton to one opposite.

"I came to tell you, Ruth—I'm going away."

In spite of her long schooling, Ruth's heart jumped and her lips tightened. Had Walt given up his point?

"I have a chance to go for the summer," Angele hurried on. "You know I've never been."

Ruth's excitement subsided as quickly as it had risen. "No, you haven't," she agreed, colorlessly.

"I've been on the job in winter and summer for seven years," said Angele. "I've made good and I deserve a rest."

"Some folks are on the job seven years and don't make good," remarked Ruth with a scornful glance at Anton as she folded a pique skirt and laid it into her trunk which stood partly packed in the middle of the room.

"Perhaps that's because they need a vacation, too." Angele smiled significantly.

Anton Waverly listened in his big, sober, self-satisfied way. He faced Ruth and drawled, "Will you be staying home, seeing Angele's going away?"

"Why should I? Angele's going or coming is nothing to me." Ruth was furious that this procrastinator, this sponger upon Angele's time and affections should counter her thrust by voicing his suspicions.

"Thought maybe it might be to Walt."

"Anton!" reproached Angele. "You go back to your rocker. I want to speak to Ruth."

Ruth gave Anton a parting stab. What difference is that to you?"

"Don't suppose it's any." Anton lounged through the door. "I was just speculating."

"Don't mind him," Ruth. Angele closed the door and came back to the trunk. "It's really because of Anton that I'm going." She lowered her voice. "I want him to see how it is without me."

Ruth dropped the waist she was folding. "Do you mean you want to show him you aren't going to sit and wait any longer for him to propose?"

"Something like that." Angele blushed and her eyes darkened. "I believe after I've been away a while he'll want me."

"I suppose you can try it," said Ruth. "Other folks have. But if Anton Waverly had been the marrying kind he'd have asked you seven years ago."

"Anton is afraid," said Angele. "He wants to be sure he is right before he goes ahead. He needs jogging."

"I'd like to jog him out of that rocking-chair he's sat in for seven years—I'll tell him so when I get a chance."

Angele laughed uncertainly. "That's what I want to do by going away." She backed toward the door.

"Well don't expect too much," Ruth warned. "Remember Anton is not the one to take a hint."

Angele opened the door. "I won't see you again. "I'm going at midnight."

"And I'm going the first thing in the morning." Intently Ruth folded a waist while Angele closed the door behind her.

While she listened to the trundling of trunks through the hall, Ruth wondered whether Angele were going east or west. Her own trip was always to California. And she had grown to hate the place of her yearly pilgrimage.

It was a place of wind; and pushing, perspiring crowds of tourists. The cheap apartment-house to which she returned rather than seek another at the same price, smelled of insect-powder. She hated equally the train-sickness of the journey and the discomfort after her arrival.

But she had no thought of change. Walt's position with the railroad afforded only that pass each year and she had grown into the habit of going as she had grown into the habit of staying in her room when at home. Both had, at first, been peace measures. Was it a trick of time that, as habits, they seemed to put her in the wrong?

Ruth lay awake long after the departing whistle of Angele's train was lost in distance. But early the next morning she completed her preparations for departure. Everything was done up to the point of dressing, when Walt came. Each year he waited until the very day of her departure before he gave her the pass.

He entered the room without knocking and seated himself in a chair; and he wore his office suit. All these things were contrary to custom. Ruth wondered whether he, too, might be conscious that Angele was away.

"I see that you are getting ready to go." He looked from her to the trunk.

"Yes. You brought the pass?"

"No. I didn't."

Ruth sat back. That was why he had been different. "Didn't the Company send it? Isn't it here on time?"

"It won't be here at all. I'm sorry, since you've counted on it."

"Certainly I've counted on it. Why won't it? What's happened?"

"There's been a lot of anti-pass talk——"

"There's been that before."

"I know there has. But this year I'm not getting one for you. That's all."

She was surprised but secretly she didn't care. "Very well," she pronounced. "If the pass didn't come, I can't go." She took her grey pongee traveling-suit from the back of the chair and replaced it on its hanger.

Walt paused by the door. "And I can't manage it otherwise. The taxes and everything else is higher and my salary remains the same."

Ruth began taking things out of the trunk. She need not explain that she had taken the pass only because it cost him nothing.

He still hesitated. "I'll eat down town. You won't need to be bothered with much of anybody around—Angele's gone away for the summer."

He waited for her comment but she made none. He had stood just there six years before when she had first wanted Angele to go away for the summer.

"Are we always to have her with us?" she had asked. "Are we never to be alone?"

And he had answered angrily, "What do you expect me to do? Turn her out? She is my sister, isn't she? And this is her only home."

The wrath with which she had locked her door against him passed but Angele remained and there had been no peace between husband and wife.

"Things may be so you can go next summer," said Walt. "It is hard when you had counted on it."

The wash waists, the cotton wrapper and the pique skirts were piled on the bureau. There was nothing really fit for a trip. And there had never been money enough to travel in comfort. Here she would have the cool, roomy house to herself. Then she would not pretend to herself that Angele's absence made no difference.

"I would rather stay," she finalled, sharply.

Walt's face cleared. "All right. That settles it." With taut shoulders, he marched down the steps.

As he had said, she saw little of him after that day. She cooked her own meals, read and knit socks for the soldiers. She had the house to herself.

The clock was her only companion. In the long afternoons she sat in the living-room where she could see its symmetrical mahogany and arabesque of darker wood. It was her friend. Its chime had reached into her seclusion and had seemed to call her to come back.

The solitude of the empty house cleared her mind. She looked into the past dispassionately and saw that through it all she had never disliked Angele. She had not wanted her only because she had not wanted anyone. And she was glad that Walt had not turned her out.

Against Anton Waverly, however, her resentment persisted. He occupied his chair on the terrace every evening just as he had when Angele was there. From her room Ruth glowered out upon his fringe of sandy hair and the section of neck which creased above his soft collar. The curves of his back offended her.

To avoid the sight of his even rocking she turned her chair from the front window to the one overlooking the garden where Walt was hoeing his corn.

Seen through the shrubs, the blurred outline in tan overalls suggested an overgrown boy. And Walt's task was boyish in its uselessness. Every summer he made a garden and no one used it. His corn was never picked and his tomatoes rotted on the vines. Everything in his garden went to waste.

Ruth dropped her knitting and looked up at a calendar which she had saved for its bright picture of a Belgian baby. Across its brown mat in red letters was the inscription, "Save food. Don't waste it."

Why shouldn't she put up what he raised? It would give her something to do and Walt need not know. If he missed the products of his garden let him think the neighbors had accepted his invitations to help themselves.

The next morning she listened while he descended the stairs and closed the front door quietly behind him. She watched from behind the living-room curtains as he walked briskly down the street. He was still a young man in spite of grey hairs above his ears and a slight settling of the figure. Well, the strain had aged her, too.

As she turned the clock chimed eight. He would not be back until six. The whole day was hers.

The early cherries were ripe and they would be her first care. She found step-ladder and buckets and climbed the tree. The sun shone through the leaves. The June air was quickening. It imparted stirrings of Freedom.

The last time she had been in the cherry tree Walt had helped her, the June before the baby died. If the baby had lived she might have put up with having Angele around. But after that it was too much.

After her lunch she began canning. The fruit, rich with juice, simmered on the stove. The shining jars freshly washed scalded in the pan. She had collected the fruit-funnel, the top-tightener, and the jar-lifter from obscure drawers in the pantry. She proceeded to pour the steaming cherries into the jars.

By three o'clock the first lot was sealed and standing top down on the kitchen table. Another basketful had to be stemmed and seeded and by the time it was ready the afternoon sun was slanting in at the north door. And more jars were to be scalded. To save time, she poured boiling water from the tea-kettle over them and began immediately to fill them with fruit.

A pop warned her of disaster. She jumped just in time to avoid a deluge of steaming juice. The bursted jar emptied its contents over the stove and the floor.

With mop and brush she worked on hands and knees to clear away the mess. A streak of sunlight lay across the space under her hands and was suddenly extinguished. She looked up to see Anton Waverly's head against the screen.

He was observing her with satisfaction, his round blue eyes wide open, his mouth pulled to a half smile. "Gone back to work, have you?"

The screen made little squares of his forehead. He was cool and leisurely and clean.

Ruth sat back on her heels and met his eyes squarely. "I have not."

"Then you're not putting up fruit on Walt's account?"

"I'm putting up fruit on my own account, if you should know."

"Don't know as I should," drawled Anton. "Thought you might have fixed things up with Walt."

Ruth folded her hands. She would not continue while Anton Waverly looked on, neither would she talk to him if she could avoid it.

But instead of going he stepped inside. "I was right sure you had made it up," he confided, "when I smelled cherries cooking—just stopped to sit on the porch till Miss Hancock's supper-bell rings. It's warm for June."

Ruth sprang to her feet. "Why don't you marry Angele and get a porch of your own? You've scared off everybody else and now instead of marrying her yourself you come here and sit and rock and sit and rock and sit and rock! Oh, you—I'd be ashamed!"

Anton used the door as a support against her maledictions but when he spoke his terms were maddeningly even. "That's what I ask myself:—Why don't I? But I've about come to the conclusion that there's too much risk. I've never been much of a risking man."

"Risk!" scorned Ruth.

"That's what I said,—risk. When you get into a thing like marriage there's no going back. I guess I'm pretty well off as I am." He walked out of the door, letting it slam after him.

Ruth dropped on her knees and scrubbed furiously at the cherry-stain. She might have been scrubbing Anton Waverly's despised features. He was to blame for everything. If he had married Angele when he should, her own trouble with Walt would never have occurred.

After her encounter with Anton, Ruth carried on her preserving plans. But she was careful to confine it to the morning and early hours of the afternoon. She canned peas, beans and beets, and dried corn. She remembered her mother's method for the corn and how delicious it had been, soaked over night and cooked in milk.

In August she made pickles and relishes and canned the tomatoes. There was a plentiful crop in Walt's garden and the shelves of the fruit-cellar began to groan under their load.

At last it seemed that the little, dark, low-ceilinged room would hold no more. Ruth stood counting the jars one evening after her solitary supper. She had carried down a basketful and they had occupied the last foot of shelving.

Her count mounted toward the two-hundred mark. She moved her candle here and there, her lips moving tensely. "Eighty-nine, ninety,——" A draught from the outside basement door blew out her candle. She sprang to pull shut the low door which she had forgotten to close behind her.

But she was too late. Walt stood in the oval entrance.

"I didn't know you were home!"

"Just came,—you haven't seen the rake about?" He did not look for it, however. Instead, he looked from the loaded shelves to Ruth's face. "Did you do all this?"

Ruth grew red. "I didn't want it to go to waste—on account of the war." She thanked heaven for the phrase. Otherwise, he might infer what Anton had.

Walt's eyes held hers. He caught her shoulders and made her face him. "Ruth, you haven't forgotten! You do care!"

His voice hurt to the heart. She felt herself turn white and knew that this might be the end. But her tongue was locked.

Walt's arms dropped and he kicked into the corners by the door where the rake might have been. In a moment he would be gone and she would be alone again.

She caught his sleeve. "I want my home," she cried. "I want my clock!" She clutched his arm. Tears streamed on her hands.

Walt held her to him. "I've been a fool to keep Angele here," he said. "We'll begin over."

In the days which followed even Anton Waverly's rocking ceased to annoy Ruth. She assumed the duties of the home and their life resumed the order of the first days of their marriage.

Anton early recognized the restored relations of the household with an interested observation to Ruth. "So you've made it up, have you?" Ruth assented good-naturedly and after that his rocking took on a livelier note in her ears. She no longer disliked him.

One evening she asked him to supper and while they were eating with the low light over the table and an appetizing meal which she had prepared lending its cheer, Angele appeared.

She was younger and more exuberant, a new Angele. Her clothes were pink and grey. She flew about the table with the confidence of girlhood. She kissed and embraced Ruth and Walt and then kissed and embraced Anton Waverly.

Walt indignantly remonstrated. "Angele!"

"Well, we're engaged!" said Angele. "Why not?"

Anton pulled her down beside him while he looked across the table to Ruth. "When I saw that you had made up with Walt," he explained, "I telegraphed Angele to come home and get married."

"I'm glad if I helped." Ruth flinched at thought of her wasted years.

"But my absence really did it," declared Angele. "When Walt offered me the pass to California, I simply had to go in order to bring Anton to the point."

"That had nothing to do with it," said Anton, "I had made up my mind."

Ruth puzzled. A pass to California! Her pass! So Walt had had his share in this reconciliation!

"Say you don't mind my doing it," he begged. "I wanted you to stay."

A Bit of Mid-Summer Madness

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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ONE thing about Silver Promontory was its exclusiveness, therefore, when John Poindexter arrived toward evening, the first thing he did was to dress for dinner. This accomplished, he entered the big dining-room with his easy, unconscious manner. Many eyes were turned upon him for in his dress clothes he was handsome enough for the movies.

The head-waiter gave him a table in the very center of the room bordering upon the fountain on whose tumbling spray colored lights constantly played, and where one heard the music from the string quartette to best advantage.

Poindexter had scarcely seated himself and given his order when he heard himself paged.

"Mr. Poindexter—Mr. Poindexter—*Mister* Poindexter!"

Annoyance for a moment wrinkled his brow for he disliked to be thus publicly paged—to him it had an air of gaucherie—but he had neglected to request the hotel clerk (as was his custom ordinarily) to hold any calls, telegrams or messages until after he had dined.

He took the telegram which the "buttons" tendered him, and opening it, read:

"OLD DEAR:

"Let this introduce Miss Sylvia Lansdonne, who is staying at Silver Promontory. Look her up and tell her that Millicent wants you to meet her.

"FRANKLIN MONTGOMERY."

"Just because Frank has married the 'dearest girl in the world' is no reason why I should hook up to her dearest friend, and that's what Frank and Millicent seem to wish. They've drummed her up enough. Just for this, though, I shall take particular pains *not* to meet Miss Lansdonne."

He pushed the telegram back into the envelope and tucked it away inside of his coat and began his dinner.

He had not progressed beyond the fish course, however, when he was attracted by the appearance of a woman of extraordinary beauty, somewhat exotic in type. Very dark-haired, and with a skin of marble hue, she suggested a woman of foreign birth, a Russian, perhaps. She was gowned magnificently in a thing of delicate yellow with gleaming splashes of gold here and there, and when the waiter seated her, it was at a table so close to Poindexter's that he could see her shapely foot in a gold-brocaded slipper and a few inches of stocking which was of extravagant pattern. In her hair she wore a large bird of Paradise, its white purity wonderfully set off against the blue-black background of her hair.

Poindexter as a rule did not note strange girls or women particularly, or, if he did, he weighed them in the same measure—they were either pretty or not pretty—well-dressed or not well-dressed—young or not young. Perhaps, though, this woman attracted for the reason that from the moment she sat down, Poindexter felt her eyeing him. But try as he would, suddenly or covertly, he could not catch her in the act though each time he looked at her he felt certain she had just looked away.

Thus the dinner passed, after which Poindexter rose and went out upon the porch to smoke a cigar. He leaned against one of the huge columns

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 6.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

HERE are some more "best jokes" just to prove to the world that the COMFORT Sisters' sense of humor does as good work under the scorching August sun as it did last April when it was drenched with April showers, and it takes a pretty strong sense of humor to withstand sunburn and wet feet.

But lest we are becoming too frivolous, read the letters from mothers who are passing their dearly-bought experience on to you for you to profit by it and be warned in time.—Ed.

Following Copy

They were rehearsing for the opera when the conductor was nearly frightened out of his boots by a terrific blast from the trombone player in the corner.

"What are you doing?" roared the conductor.

"I'm sorry, sir," came the reply. "It was a fly on my music. "But," he added with just a touch of professional pride, "I played him."

Mistaken Identity

An Irishman who wasn't much of a hunter, went out to hunt one day and the first thing he saw to shoot was a blue jay sitting saucily on the top of a fence. He blazed away at the bird and then walked over to pick it up. What he happened to find there was a dead frog which he raised carefully at arm's length, looking at it with a puzzled air. Finally he remarked: "Well, bedad, but ye was a devil of a foine lookin' bird befur Oi blew ther fithers off'n yese."—MARY MILLER, Scranton, Pa.

Persistency Won

Freddy came into the library one day where his father was reading. "Pa," he began, "what is a cat's?"

"I'm busy, don't bother me," was the impatient reply.

There was a few minutes' silence, then—"Pa, what part of the body is the honeymoon? I read in the paper where a man got hurt on his honeymoon."

No response, though Freddy thought the paper his father was reading shook and acted "awful funny."

"Is mamma over at Mrs. Brown's, pa?"

Still silence. His father still read on. Freddy edged toward the door. "Say, pa, bad accident down town today. Nine lives lost."

His father looked up quickly. "How's that?" he asked with interest.

"Street car ran over a cat," and Freddy vanished through the door as his angry parent reached for the razor strop.—SUSIE TRUNEE, Greenbrier, Ark.

DALTON, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I wonder if you will let me join your happy circle? I have been a reader of COMFORT for seven years and the more I read it the better I like it.

Many times I have wanted to write but never had the courage until I read the letter from Wife in Name Only.

Stay with him. He loves you more than he does the nurse for he only thinks he loves her. She has been dressed up every time he has seen her and maybe she has tried to be a little better than she really is when she was with him. I believe that when one loves their love is returned so just be good and after a while he will think to himself, "What a fool I was to think that I loved another when I have a good wife who loves me." Don't say a word to him about her and when he comes to himself he will be ashamed of himself and love you more than ever.



ARNOLD HOWARD BRANDON.

I enjoy the letters from mothers most of all as I am a young mother. I have been married seven years to one of the best of men and I don't believe anybody gets along any better than we do. I love him

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

NO longer are three meals a day a bugbear to the housewife for "with green things a-growing everywhere we pass," there is variety enough for even the most fastidious, and if the supply of tomatoes, corn, peppers, peas and beans, and all other good things of the garden, only lasted long enough, being a vegetarian would be a positive pleasure. And all these things can be canned so successfully that summer is carried well into the winter so far as its vegetables and fruits are concerned.—Ed.

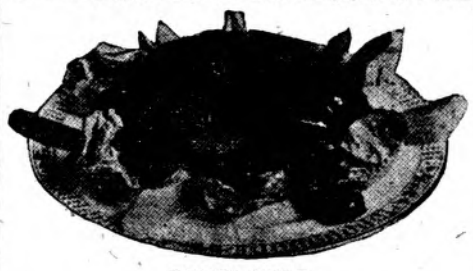
RICE WITH TOMATOES AND CHEESE.—Wash one cup of rice, add slowly to four and one half cups of boiling water, salted, and cook twenty-five or thirty minutes, stirring occasionally. When cooked, evaporate the water by leaving it partly covered on a slow fire. Add one half can of tomatoes or equal quantity of fresh, one half cup of grated cheese, one teaspoon salt and one quarter teaspoon pepper and let boil. Serve with grating of cheese over top.

BEAN POLENTA.—Drain and mash four cups of beans, add one quarter teaspoon mustard, a little pepper, one tablespoon molasses and one tablespoon vinegar. Form the mixture into cakes and brown on both sides in hot greased pan.

MEAT LOAF.—One pound chopped meat, two cups bread-crumbs, one cup thick white sauce and salt and pepper to season. Make white sauce by adding milk to flour and stirring to make smooth paste. Boil, stirring until thick and smooth. Form into loaf, put into buttered pan and bake in moderate oven two hours.

POT ROAST WITH VEGETABLES.—Choose a piece of meat with a little bone and fat, to weigh about two pounds. Brown this on all sides in a hot kettle. Add two cups of water and cook slowly three and one half hours, adding more water when necessary. Have ready two cups of carrots, one cup of turnips, one cup of parsnips and two onions, all chopped fine, and add when meat has cooked two and one half hours.

TOMATO JELLY.—Cut six well ripened tomatoes into small pieces without peeling. Add two whole cloves, two whole peppers, and two whole allspice; or, a small



TOMATO JELLY.

pinch of each kind of the ground spice. Also half a small onion chopped fine, and three teaspoons of sugar. Stew until the tomato is well cooked and then put through a fine sieve. To one quart of the strained tomato, add one half box of gelatine, previously soaked in a little cold water and added while the tomato is boiling hot. Set away over night and when ready to serve, turn out on a plate lined with lettuce leaves. This same recipe makes a delicious sauce for omelet, sweetbreads or macaroni by thickening a little with flour and omitting the gelatine. Add butter just before serving.

NEW HUNGARIAN GOULASH.—Peel two medium-sized onions and slice into lard. Let fry a few minutes, then add one and one half pounds hamburg steak, one half cup of cooked rice and two tomatoes or their equivalent in canned tomatoes, cooked with one quarter cup macaroni. Season with salt and pepper and cook slowly one hour.—MRS. IVAH GALLUP, Clayton, Mich.

BROWNED SWEET POTATOES.—Wash medium-sized potatoes and cook in boiling salted water until tender. Drain, cool slightly and peel. Cut in one-third inch slices lengthwise and place in a greased baking pan. Dot with small piece of butter or butter substitute and pour over them one half cup of corn syrup. Bake in hot oven until well browned.

ESCALLOPED POTATOES.—Cut one quart of cold boiled potatoes, or as many as you have, into thin slices, season well with salt and pepper. Put a layer in a buttered baking tin, dredge with flour and dot over with small pieces of butter. Continue this until all the material has been used; then add hot milk until it may be seen through the top layer. Cover with fine bread-crumbs and cook twenty minutes.—MRS. LIZZIE LAWLEY, W. Frankfort, Ill.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Cut a thin slice from the stem end of large, smooth tomatoes. Spoon out the soft center and remove the seeds, mixing with the pulp an equal amount of highly seasoned cracker-crumbs. Onion juice, a little sugar, and salt and pepper make excellent



STUFFED TOMATOES.

seasoning. Fill the cavities with the mixture, sprinkle the tops with fine cracker-crumbs moistened with melted butter, and bake in an agate pan until the crumbs are brown. Serve at once. Chopped ham may be used in place of part of the cracker-crumbs if a richer dish is desired.

GREEN TOMATOES.—Slice large green tomatoes, sprinkle with salt and small pinch of pepper, cover with corn meal or flour and fry in hot fat until brown.—ANNIE CARTER, Kerns, Ky.

BLACKBERRY JAM.—Mash twice as many blackberries as sugar used and after they are well mashed, cook until thick, stirring constantly.

CANNED BLACKBERRIES.—Use only the best berries, putting them into jar and shaking them down as much as possible without crushing the fruit. Put covers on jars, set on trivet in kettle of cold water and let come to boil. Boil ten minutes. Have ready a syrup made of one cup of sugar to two cups of water. Water may be allowed to cool a little and then jars may be removed from kettle and placed on a folded cloth, away from cold air, and filled nearly full with the syrup which has been heated to the boiling point. Put rubbers on jars and with a silver spoon press carefully around the berries to let out air bubbles, add more syrup to overflowing and seal.

PEACH JAM.—Pick over, wash, peel and slice two and one half pounds of peaches. Add one pound of sugar, one teaspoon allspice, one half inch ginger root, one quarter inch cinnamon bark and half a teaspoon of mace. The spices should be tied together in a cheese-cloth bag. Then add three quarters cup peach juice and cook until mixture is thick and clear. Turn into sterilized jars and seal.

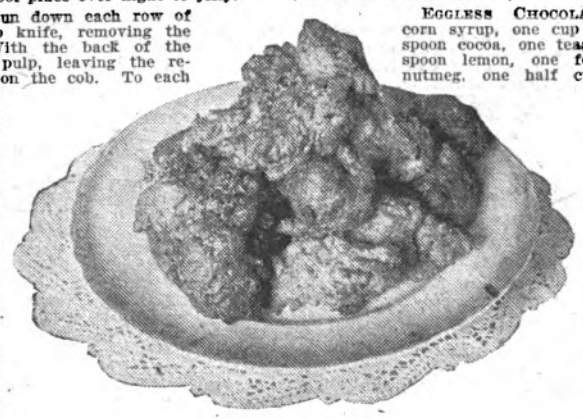
STEAMED SALMON LOAF.—Remove skins and bone from can of salmon and chop finely and rub to paste. Beat three eggs until light, add one half cup of bread-crumbs, four tablespoons of melted butter, one half teaspoon of salt, and a little pepper. Stir this into the salmon, turn into buttered mould and steam one hour. Serve cold with mayonnaise dressing.

MAYONNAISE DRESSING.—Break the yolk of one egg in a bowl, add flour, salt, pepper and mustard to taste. Mix with a fork, then beat well with egg beater. Pour in very gradually from one to two cups of olive oil, beat constantly. Thin out with lemon juice. Whipped cream improves it. All ingredients must be ice cold before using.

SCALLOPED SQUASH.—Boil and mash squash in usual way and let cool. Beat the yolks of two eggs and add to squash when nearly cold with three tablespoons of milk, one tablespoon of butter, salt and pepper to taste. Pour into buttered baking dish, cover with bread-crumbs and bake in quick oven until brown.

JELLIED CHICKEN OR VEAL.—Boil a chicken in as little water as possible, until the meat falls from the bones; chop rather fine, and season with pepper and salt; put in a mould a layer of the chopped meat and then a layer of hard-boiled eggs cut in slices; then layers of meat and eggs alternately until the mould is nearly full; boil down the liquor in the pot one half; while warm, add one quarter of an ounce of gelatine and when dissolved pour into the mould over the meat. Set in a cool place over night to jelly.

CORN OYSTERS.—Run down each row of kernels with a sharp knife, removing the top of the hull. With the back of the knife press out the pulp, leaving the remainder of the hull on the cob. To each cup of pulp add one well-beaten egg, salt and pepper, and flour enough to hold egg and corn together, which should not be more than one heaping tablespoon. Drop in spoonfuls on a hot greased griddle. Canned corn may be used by putting it through the meat chopper and adding three teaspoons of milk and a little more flour. These are delicious cooked in deep fat.



CORN OYSTERS.

BAKED ONIONS.—Wash, but do not peel the onions; boil one hour in boiling water, slightly salt, changing the water twice in the time; when tender, drain on a cloth, and roll in buttered tissue paper, twisted at the top, and bake an hour in a slow oven. Peel and brown them; serve with melted butter.

SARDINE SALAD.—Remove skin and bones from sardines and mix with an equal quantity of the yolks of hard-boiled eggs, mashed. Arrange on lettuce leaves and serve with mayonnaise dressing.

FRIED CHICKEN.—Singe, wash and wipe dry. Cut apart at the joints and remove the breast bones. Roll each piece in crumbs, then in egg and crumbs again, and fry in deep hot fat until brown. The Southern style of frying chicken is in salt, fat pork till brown and tender. Remove chicken, pour boiling water into pan and thicken with flour stirred up with cold water. Season and pour over chicken.

OX EYES.—Cut inch-thick slices of bread into rounds with top of a tumbler, then take smaller circles from center with top of a wine-glass. Lay in a buttered tin and cover with milk. When they have absorbed it, break an egg into the center of each ring and pour a teaspoon of milk on the top of each egg. Bake in a hot oven until the whites are set but not brown. Serve on a hot dish.

EGGLESS CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup corn syrup, one cup sour milk, one tablespoon cocoa, one teaspoon vanilla, one teaspoon lemon, one fourth teaspoon grated nutmeg, one half cup vegetable oil, one half teaspoon salt, one teaspoon soda, one and one half cups barley flour, one half cup corn-starch, one half cup mashed potato. Combine the corn syrup, milk and extracts and stir in the vegetable oil. Sift together the cocoa, nutmeg and remaining dry ingredients. Add the mashed potato to the first mixture. Beat well, and then beat in the dry ingredients. Pour into a brick-shaped or tube pan which has been well oiled, sprinkle the top with a little cocoanut and some chopped candied fruit or nuts and bake 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

SQUASH PIE.—After cutting the squash into small pieces boil until tender, drain well and put through a strainer. To every cup of the squash add one of sugar, three eggs, well beaten, two and one half cups of milk, one teaspoon of vanilla and salt to taste. Mix well and pour into pie-shell and bake slowly.

SALMON SALAD.—Flake cold, boiled salmon. Mix with dressing and arrange on nests of lettuce leaves. Garnish with slices of hard-boiled egg.

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Only one tube to a family.

An Agent of Providence

by Anne McQueen



"Now for an adventure in making somebody happy!"



"The roof ain't what it might be," apologized Miss Matty



"Could you—will you, Betty darling?"

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BETTY Brandon, muffled in a big dust-coat that hid the ravishing curves of her trim little figure, with a soft hat pulled down to the lobes of her rosy ears and hiding all of the adorable beauty of eyes and dimples and bright hair that it possibly could, stood on the curb beside her new little car, and waited for Bob Lowry to come to take the first ride in it with her.

Up the street came Bob Lowry, big, broad-shouldered, a little stout, a little grey about the temples, a few wrinkles hiding in the corners of his kindly blue eyes; a dependable man and a likable, one would decide at first glance. He was a lawyer, and he had been till today, her twenty-first birthday, the guardian of the person and property of Betty Brandon.

"Many happy returns and a heap of congratulations on your day of freedom, young lady," called the lawyer, as he approached, holding out a big box that plainly told it contained the confections dearest to a girl's heart—candied fruit.

"Oh, Bob—just what I needed!" crowed Betty as she dived into its depths and popped a crystallized cherry into her pink rose of a mouth.

Bob watched her with a queer look in his placid eyes. Betty was still a child, he decided, just a laughing, happy-hearted child, while he was getting to be an old man—twelve full years her senior and feeling much older. No—it would never do in the world—youth must mate with youth—he would keep silent!

He sighed briefly, threw his shoulders back as if to relieve a burden that bore heavily, and resumed, laughingly:

"Well, Bettykins, now that you are a malefactor of great wealth, what will be the first thing you propose doing with your money?"

Make somebody very happy," replied Betty, between bites at a big and juicy pineapple-slice. "Honestly, Bob, I regard myself as just an agent of Providence concerning my money. You'll see how happy I'll make folks with it. Hop in—I'm crazy to try the little car."

Bob having "hopped" in with care, Betty fluttered like a drift of thistledown beside him, took the steering wheel in her small, capable hands and they whirled away out into the country; Betty, with the one eye her hat permitted to show, searching the landscape in eager quest of a case befitting the intervention of an agent of Providence.

"Now for an adventure in making somebody happy! We'll take the first turn-off, and maybe come right on a girl who pines for college, or a farmer who needs the mortgage lifted. Only how on earth are we to find out?" She raised puzzled eyes to his, a little worry-wrinkle creeping between her hidden brows, "I've just *got* to make somebody happy on my birthday, Bob—I've thought of it so long."

"Trust to me—I'll hunt out one for you," promised Bob, cheerily, and sighed to think how very, very easy it would be to find one—if she only knew how to look at the man beside her!

But he didn't have to keep his rash promise, for before they had been on a rather rough and rooty country road very long a sudden rainstorm came up, driving them into a tumble-down cottage so near the road that in dry weather it must have been constantly covered with the dust from passing vehicles. And here the emissary of Providence found Miss Matty and Miss Molly.

As they ran to shelter the door of the shanty opened with hospitable haste and a voice that thrilled with pleasurable excitement bade them walk right in. "Sister seen you from the window, and she allowed you'd have to run in out o' the rain; folks do, in bad weather, we bein' so nigh."

The speaker was a tall angular woman of late middle age; freckled and wholesome her weather-beaten face shone with a kindly smile as she bustled forward with chairs.

"Put 'em nigher me," bade another voice, "the rain's leakin' in right there. And you fetch a foot-tub, Sister—and set the dish-pan under that corner by the bed."

With alacrity the other obeyed; she set the chairs near the window, where the other speaker—a cripple, judging by the crutches at her side—sat in a comfortable, padded armchair.

"Oh, I hope we aren't putting you to any trouble," deprecated Betty, with a smile that was like a sunbeam, "we thank you so much for letting us in—a regular storm outside."

"Not a mite o' trouble," hastened the cripple, "I'm Miss Molly Brown and Sister's Matty. We're twins, though we don't favor."

"The roof ain't what it might be," apologized Miss Matty as she set the dish-pan and the foot-tub under the leaks, "but laws, it's home, and all we got! We were born right here, Molly and me, goin' on sixty year ago, come June."

"Ain't no call to be tellin' ages," said Miss Molly, tartly, "and I smell the dandelions boilin' over on the stove."

Miss Matty disappeared through an open doorway into a lean-to beyond. Betty could see a small stove and a table—this was plainly the twins' kitchen.

"Dandelions is wholesome, and good for rheumatics," observed Miss Molly. "Sister found a big patch of 'em 'cross the road. We have 'em every spring, for dinner."

"I never ate any," remarked Bob, politely, "but I've always heard they were—er—medicinal."

The rain was dripping steadily down in little streams into the foot-tub and the dish-pan. Betty, Bob said afterward, was beginning to take notes. As special agent of Providence she began to ply Miss Molly with artfully-put questions, finding out all about that simple-hearted lady and her sister in a very few minutes. They had no income, except what they earned. Miss Matty farmed—they owned about ten acres, and she hired the land plowed. Miss Molly took in plain sewing. They made ends meet, somehow. Garden? Oh, no—they raised chickens; poultry and gardens didn't go together. Miss Molly relished an egg, and they sold them in the village, when they had any to spare; hens didn't do so well, somehow.

Through the open door of the lean-to several friendly fowls strolled, poking inquiring heads into the living-room.

"Come here, Banty," called Miss Molly, and a tiny hen scuttled in and sprang upon her mistress's knee. Not to be outdone, the others came boldly forward. Miss Molly called them all by name; there was "Frizzly," and "Top-knot" and "Muffle-jaw"—a queer mixture of blood and feathers indeed!

"Ain't much use for eggs, but they scratch for their livin', and they are right smart o' company for Sister, times I'm in the field," said Miss Matty, cheerfully, as she came from the lean-to. "Old Top-knot is fixin' to set, Sister, on that darning-gourd I put in her nest."

"Well, see that Frizzly don't pester her, and we'll maybe scare up a settin' some of these days," replied Miss Molly, tranquilly, "won't you-all stay and take a bite o' greens with us? Sister'll put on a hoecake in a minute, if you will."

But, though Miss Matty hospitably echoed the invitation, Bob and Betty declined with earnest thanks—they must be getting back to town, as the sun had come out once more.

"Funny we found them right away, Bob," bubbled Betty, as they were speeding on their way homeward. "Oh, it's just lovely—the plan I've thought out for Miss Matty and Miss Molly! You wait and see—I won't tell you till it's done."

And, though Bob begged to be taken into the secret, she positively refused to explain—he'd have to wait.

Betty Brandon was alone in the world: her parents had died when she was a child, and she had been brought up by a kindly and loving old grandfather, who, when he was nearing his last days, found himself unexpectedly rich from the proceeds of some property he owned on which oil had been found. The old gentleman had not lived long to enjoy his wealth, but he had built a comfortable home for Betty, installed a relative as housekeeper and entrusted Bob Lowry with the care of her money, and of herself till she was of age and could decide things according to her own judgment.

"Money's a mighty hard thing to take care of, Bob," the old man had confided to his friend, "especially when you've never had a red penny of your own for so long. Betty will be flinging it right and left, for she's a good-hearted child, and wants the world happy. In my judgment, money's a powerful poor article when it comes to buying happiness, but Betty don't know that—you must learn by experience."

Now Betty had come into her own, and there was nothing that Bob could do to prevent her spending it to make the world happy! If only he, Bob Lowry, were not so old and plain and—commonplace, he would ask nothing better than to take care of the radiant child for the rest of his life—and keep her, incidentally, from throwing away her grandfather's money!

He did not see Betty again for some time; when he called at her pleasant home, Mrs. Ray, the relative who lived with her, told him that Betty was away nearly all the time, now.

"And I can't understand what the child's doing, Bob," worried the good lady, "always calling up folks over the telephone—architects, and landscape gardeners, and people in the city. Expensive, all this long-distance telephoning, I tell her; but her eyes are shining and she's just absorbed in some plan—a beautiful surprise, she says, for somebody."

After a while they knew. Betty, with eyes that shone like the very brightest of stars, and a face so radiant that all the world smiled to behold it, came to Bob's office in her little car—that was not so very new by now, and took him out in the country—to show him the consummation of her plan.

Beyond the little dusty shanty wherein lived Miss Molly, Miss Matty, Speckle, Frizzle, and the rest of them, they drove, and then up a hill covered with a pleasant growth of trees, fields and orchards, to a spick and shining little house right on its summit. A little house set in a carefully-laid-out garden, with a view from its sunny porch that took in road and river and fields far, far away—even a view of the distant town.

"Come right on in," bustled Betty, "isn't the view just charming? Won't Miss Molly love to sit in that special chair in the corner and watch the road, and just take in all the beauty that's spread before her, poor old dear! And Miss Matty—Bob, just let me show you the kitchen! And a kitchen garden, all planted and growing!"

She led the dazed lawyer through the little house, showing him everything—the comfortably furnished big living-room, the bedrooms and bath, the pantry loaded with beautiful things in glass and tins that shone and glowed with the hues of the rainbow. There was a kitchen, immaculate, with a cabinet, all furnished, and a stove that shone like a mirror. And, outside, there was a garden, trim and neat, with rows of young green things peeping up bravely. There was a chicken-yard, wherein lordly fowls of aristocratic and proven lineage strutted proudly. A fairy creation, invoked by the magic wand of money!

Bob, amazed, dazed, could only blink wonderingly as she displayed each new convenience with pride that spoke possession.

"And to think, the old souls will just move in and be happy and comfortable forever and ever. Isn't that worth-while work for an agent of Providence, Bob?"

"Will they know you have done this for them?" asked Bob, doubtfully.

"No—oh no. That would spoil everything. The agent is to turn over the keys to them, and they'll live here and never, never find out their fairy godmother! And, when Mrs. Ray and I come back from our trip to California, next fall, we'll come out here and see how everything works."

"I hope it will work out all right," said Bob, and there was a note of doubt in his voice that Betty declared was abominable—as if there could be any doubt about it!

Betty and Mrs. Ray were gone all summer; the world seemed a very blank and bare old planet to Bob Lowry, who missed the bright presence of the agent of Providence till his heart ached with loneliness.

He was so very lonely that one day he drove out to look at the little dream-house—the fairy gift; not to visit its inmates, he was too true to Betty to go without her, but just to see how things were looking.

It was late, getting on to autumn, and things should have attained perfection in the gardens, and there would doubtless be flocks of lordly, pedigreed poultry in the hen-yard.

As he neared the dusty shanty by the roadside he was astonished to see a smoke-wreath curling briskly from the chimney—he wondered who could be found to live in such a hovel.

"By George," muttered Bob, softly, "if there isn't Miss Matty, as sure as shooting!"

Miss Matty it was; standing very serenely in the doorway, and nodding a friendly greeting.

Bob drew up at the roadside—this demanded investigation, he would know the reason why the old ladies still lived in the shanty instead of the fairy cottage.

"It's that young feller that come last spring with the pretty girl, Sister," said Miss Matty to Miss Molly, within. "Come right in, young man—it ain't raining, but we're glad to see company, just the same."

By the window, close to the fireside, sat Miss Molly, her crutches beside her, her eyes fixed on the outside, in search of passers by.

"I seen you," she said, as he entered, "and I told Sister to hail you. Young man, where's that powerful pretty girl? I'd like to see her again."

"She's out West," Bob explained, "and—er—are you still living here?"

"Where in tunket would we *be* a livin'?" Miss Molly spoke, sharply. Miss Matty, nodding towards Bob, whispered. "Let's tell him about it, Sister."

Both started; they poured forth the strange story in a flood of speech. Somebody—nobody knew who—had willed them a house.

"And we *had* one—all's wanted was a little patchin'."

"And a chicken-yard—hens p'int blank like one another never could tell 'em apart——"

"And a pantry loaded with these here canned things——never tasted nothin' come out of a can, 'count o' this here newfangled thing that poisons folks."

"And a garden; and, name o' sense, how can we tend a garden, and feed all them hens, and keep up a flower yard on top o' that! Me one to do it all," declared Miss Matty, bitterly.

"And taxes to pay on the place," groaned Miss Molly, "and insurance even, to keep up, the man said, if we didn't want to resk burnin' up some night. Land knows, it's all me and Sister can do to take care o' this here farm, we was born and bred on!"

"And what have you done with this place that was a gift?" asked Bob, his legal brain in a very befuddled condition at the old ladies' amazing statements.

"Well, seein's the man told us it was ours, and couldn't nothin' nor nobody touch us for troublin' things, we sold them chickens and that canned stuff to our grocery man in the village, cheap. I wanted to patch the roof, but Sister allowed we'd better lay the money by for taxes, which are bound to come, sure's death. It'll have to burn down without insurance, for we ain't got the money. But Mister, I wonder now if you don't know somebody that'd like the place for a home? We'd rent cheap, just for enough to pay taxes and insurance."

"I'd never live in it," vowed Miss Molly, "such a fur piece from the big road can't see nobody passin'. Yes—we'd be powerful glad to rent it, that we would."

"I'll see about it and let you know," promised the lawyer, as he rose to go. "I'll be back—soon."

"We'd be plumb fraid to sell, wouldn't we, Sister?" ventured Miss Matty, "because we don't rightfully know how we come by it. Sellin', all furnished that-a-way, would save us worryin' over taxes and insurance, wouldn't it?"

"It would," nodded Miss Molly, emphatically, adding darkly: "Some folks is too meddlesome by natur'—entirely too meddlesome!"

"I'm a lawyer," stated Bob, with a dreadful fear that maybe Betty's fairy-godmother gift would fall into alien hands, "and I can look up the deeds and so on for you. And, if it's all regular and shipshape, I'll buy it myself; I've been wanting a home of my own for a long time—a little house just about like that one."

Which was absolutely true.

He searched—and found everything shipshape, as a matter of course. Assuring Miss Matty and Miss Molly of this, he promptly bought the little place, and paid therefor a sum that was not princely, but the magnitude of which covered Miss Matty and Miss Molly with confusion as to what they should do with so much wealth.

Then he found himself motoring out to the little house evenings, looking about; then he took to spending an occasional night, then every night, and at last even to cooking his own breakfast and supper on the dainty little stove, and enjoying it very much indeed.

And he began to work in the gardens, hoping to make things look presentable before Betty's return; it was sorely neglected, but by dint of patient—and needed—exercise, he soon had trim flower beds, and thrifty vegetables growing in the kitchen garden.

Late one afternoon in the early autumn, when he boldly took a half-holiday from his office because the dahlias needed tying up, Bob, bending over the stakes, whistling softly, saw a shadow fall between him and the pale sunshine. Looking up quickly he beheld—Betty.

"Betty!" he shouted, and, before he had time to collect his thoughts, held out open arms to her in a frenzy of love and longing, "Betty—you?"

Straight into the circle of those honest arms went Betty, and snuggled right up close to the big heart that was, just then, beating rather violently under the big man's vest.

"I've found out, Bob," murmured Betty, in a broken voice, "I went to your office, hoping to surprise you and found it closed. So I came on out here. And——" she gulped back a miserable sob, "stopped at—at Miss Matty and Miss Molly's shanty. And I f—fully agree with them that some folks are too meddlesome—too *darn* meddlesome! And, as an agent of Providence I'm a f-fake—and a—f-failure!"

No matter how unworthy a man may deem himself, when a helpless girl snuggles up in his arms, with evident intention to stay there for some time, that man is simply obliged to keep them around her as closely as possible; and so strive to convey his appreciation of the honor done him.

"I'm old and plain and commonplace, and you should have a lover who is young and handsome and altogether desirable," he began, very humbly, "but—but—darling child, if you could manage to put up with me, I'll be willing to let you take care of me for the rest of my natural life—and do it after your own way, too. I need being cared for a whole heap more than Miss Matty and Miss Molly. Could you—will you, Betty, darling?"

"No!" stormed Betty, in a gust of weeping, her voice muffled but vigorous, "I'm not fit to take care of a cat! But I'll be so very, very glad to have *you* take care of *me*, Bob, dear!"

There could be but one answer to this plea. And Bob Lowry took means to make that answer emphatic enough without a single word! After a space of time—a considerable space—had elapsed, Betty raised a bright head from his shoulder—they were now sitting on the doorstep—and, with eyes that sparkled with a sudden new and beautiful thought, spoke eagerly: "And may we have our honeymoon right here, in your own dear little cottage, Bob? I'd love it so!"

"We will," promised Bob, promptly, "in my house and in my heart—I won't dare trust you at large! You see, since you are intrusted to my care, I'm going to regard myself as a—er—special agent of Providence appointed for the purpose of making you happy—and I know I'll succeed!"

Wasn't that just like a man!

A Bit of Mid-Summer Madness

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

of the portico and looked out over the ocean. The night was hot, decidedly so; but every now and then an invigorating breeze swept up from the ocean, over which a full moon hung.

He stood for some time in the shadow of the colonnade while the evening twilight gave way to night and the moon increased in effulgence.

No one was near—he was alone with the moon for company and it was going to his head, he thought, when, as if by a spirit hand, he felt his own gently touched, and a voice low and guarded, spoke his name.

He threw his head and shoulder about and saw the woman he had noted in the dining-room.

"Mr. Poindexter." His name was spoken again. Not knowing what to make of it all, he bowed.

"You see I know you," she said softly, "though you do not know me. May I ask, nay, may I implore your help? I am in great trouble. Will you help me?"

His gallantry immediately responded.

"If my reply does not constitute an irrevocable promise, yes," he replied.

"Then save me from the police!"

Russian! Beyond a doubt, Russian! No one else would speak in that fashion.

"May I speak with you privately?" she asked. And then she evidently knew the request made him just a little uncomfortable, for she went on quietly: "You will not compromise yourself, and you will help me. The detectives are not sure of me, and if they see me with you who are known so well here, they will think we are friends, and I shall baffle them. Your social standing is above suspicion. Shall you help me?"

Poindexter did not hesitate. He was not averse to an adventure and especially with a pretty woman on mid-summer night. In the old days pixies and elves appeared on this evening to mortals and indulged in pranks, so why should he not enjoy an adventurous revel with—well not a *fairy queen* exactly, but with a queen, nevertheless? And with one so beautiful and who spoke with the clear accent of an American-born? He was glad she had no accent, a Russian accent would have at once suggested caviar!

"I'll help you," he said, surrendering.

"Very well. Meet me at the entrance of the hotel and we'll walk in the grove and there I'll

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



SUMMER COOKING MADE EASY

—o—

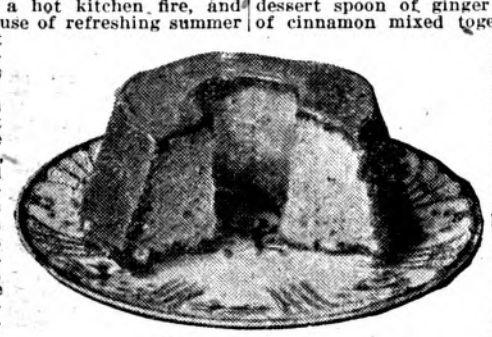
JAM AND JELLY RECIPES

—o—

By Violet Marsh

"EVERY morning the world wakes up hungry" and every morning, whether summer or winter, the larger per cent of women in the world are preparing food to appease the hunger of all mankind. And just as the busy bee makes and stores its honey against the time when change of season cuts off its food supply, so does the thrifty housewife preserve food by which she may vary a more or less monotonous winter diet and furnish greens, mineral matter, acids and other necessary materials that keep the body in a healthful condition. At the same time she is greatly reducing the cost of good food.

This month we are going to talk especially about hot weather cooking, in an effort to eliminate some of the discomfort which attends long hours of working over a hot kitchen fire, and about making a greater use of refreshing summer foods and dishes that can be prepared in advance in the cool hours of the morning.



SPONGE CAKE.

August is the month when special thought must be given to the family diet. Greasy food, fried dishes, pastry and doughnuts are unwholesome in hot weather. In their place use fresh fish if obtainable, milk, fresh vegetables, tapioca and gelatine desserts, simple cookies and sponge cakes, fresh fruit shortcakes and plenty of refreshing fruit drinks, specially between meals. Cream cheese is an excellent meat substitute in summer and if made with care, and for variety mixed with fruits, the family will never tire of it. Sandwiches are a standby in hot weather and it is well worth while to make a study of the family taste for fillings, which are many and varied when "garden-stuff" is abundant. Encourage out-of-door eating; not elaborate picnics or lunches, but just a basket of sandwiches, sweet fruit, milk and cheese, and enjoy that summer-time relaxation away from tablecloths, linen napkins and many dishes.

Summer Recipes

MY COTTAGE CHEESE.—Without disturbing the milk after it is put into a large, shallow pan, let it stand until it becomes a firm clabber. Make a cotton bag of muslin, not too thin, and into it dip the milk, cream and all, breaking the clabber as little as possible. It is well to first move the cream to the middle of the pan, putting it into the bag after the first half of the clabber. Tie the bag with a strong string and hang it up to drip in the sun or near the kitchen stove. The sun is preferable. Hang a cloth around it if any flies are about. It should hang all day. Remove from bag and work in a very little salt. If more cream is desired, work in a little heavy fresh cream.

For combinations, add just before serving cut up dates prepared by standing five minutes in boiling hot water, then five minutes in cold water when the dirt and skins will easily rub off. Cheese combined with chopped green peppers, celery or new cabbage makes excellent sandwiches. A little peanut butter with the cheese, and the addition of a few small seedless raisins that have been washed and dried will delight the children. A lettuce leaf topped with a slice of pineapple and a thick spread of cheese pleases everybody. Try a thin sprinkling of ground nut meats with the cheese seasoned with red pepper for a pleasing variety; also try strawberry jam and cheese.

EGG AND SARDINE.—Remove the backbones and skins if the sardines are large. Mash and make into a paste with hard-boiled eggs that have been chopped and seasoned with salt and pepper and a little of the sardine oil.

HAM AND CUCUMBER.—Grind the ham and season with mayonnaise dressing. Soak thin slices of cucumber in ice water and add a layer to the ham. These are excellent.

FRUIT GELATINE.—Slice two very ripe bananas thin and pour over them two cups of fresh berry juice. Most kinds combine well with banana. Add half-a-cup of lemon juice and two cups of sugar. Let this stand one hour. Soak four tablespoons of granulated gelatine in one half cup of cold water until well softened and then add one half cup of boiling water. Stir a little until the gelatine is dissolved and then pour hot over the fruit and sugar. Continue gently stirring until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved and then set to cool. As the gelatine begins to stiffen, stir occasionally to prevent the bananas rising to the top. May be set in individual glasses and topped with whipped cream.

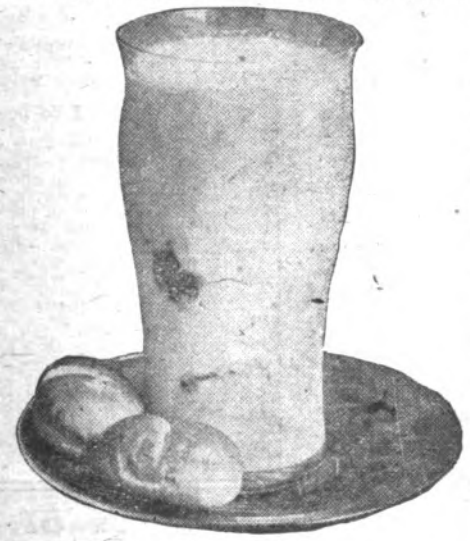
TAPIOCA DESSERT.—Two cups of water, one cup of sugar and one large cup of fine tapioca cooked in double boiler until tapioca is dissolved. Stir frequently as it cooks. Just before removing from boiler, add two cups of any kind of fruit or berry juice, stir and pour into deep bowl. When nearly cool and beginning to set, add two stiffly beaten egg whites, whipping them in with the egg beater.

SHORTCAKE.—Measure two cups of sifted flour, add one half teaspoon of salt, one half teaspoon of soda and one teaspoon of cream of tartar, and sift again. Beat one egg, add three quarters of a cup of sweet milk and one quarter of a cup of melted (not hot) butter, stir and add to flour. Turn onto floured board, and with the hands pat and shape into thin round cakes that will fit Washington pie tins. Bake in a hot oven until brown. Split and butter while hot, and fill and pour over the top any kind of sweetened fresh fruit.

GINGERBREAD.—One cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, two even tablespoons of butter, one level dessert spoon of ginger and one level teaspoon of cinnamon mixed together. Warm enough to melt the butter, which will be very little, and then beat the whole mixture until onsiderably lighter in color. Dissolve two teaspoons of soda in a very little hot water and stir in one cup of sour milk. When well mixed, add five even cups of sifted flour. Beat hard several minutes and bake in a shallow pan in a moderately hot oven.

SPONGE CAKE.—Beat the yolks of three eggs until light yellow, add one and one half cup of granulated sugar and beat again. Put into a mixing bowl, add one teaspoon of vanilla, one scant half a cup of cold water and with the egg beater beat until creamy. Add two cups of flour sifted with one slightly rounded teaspoon of cream of tartar and one half teaspoon of soda. Beat hard until fine grained and no longer. Lastly add three beaten whites of eggs. Fold egg whites in until they disappear with an over-and-over stroke. Bake in a moderate oven, slightly increasing heat at the last.

BAKED TOMATOES.—Select well ripened but not over-soft tomatoes. Cut a slice from the blossom end deep enough to remove the center and seeds. Make a dressing of bread-crumbs lightly moistened and seasoned with butter, salt and pepper. Chopped ham or chicken may be added. Fill and heap the tomatoes with the dressing, top each with a piece of butter and bake in a hot oven half an hour.



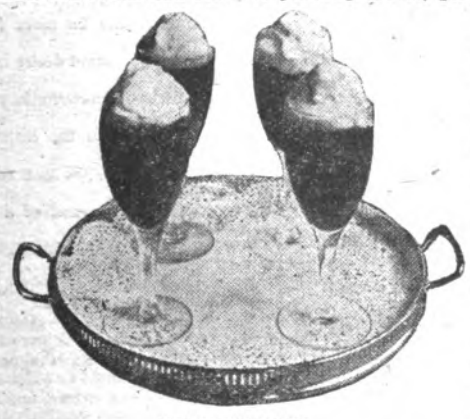
SUMMER DRINKS.

TOMATO SALAD.—Peel large, ripe tomatoes, cut in halves and remove top part of centers and seeds. Fill with cucumber that has been pared and soaked in cold water and chopped just before adding. Top each with a large spoon of mayonnaise and place it on a crisp lettuce leaf.

VEGETABLE SALAD.—Until tried, one does not realize how delicious a combination of cold cooked vegetables is a dish long famous with the French people. Cold string beans, carrots, beets, peas, a little spinach, lima beans and cold diced potato. In fact, whatever is on hand may be deliciously combined with a French or mayonnaise dressing and served as the base of a good meal. Fresh uncooked tomato, cucumber, celery or peppers are an appetizing addition.

Summer Drinks

Of first importance in making delectable summer drinks is to avoid too much sweetening. Next is in serving them at just the right temperature. If too cold the flavor is dulled, and if warm they are insipid. About the temperature of cold well water is about right. A quart preserving jar makes an excellent shaker. Syrups can be made and kept on hand in bottles. Fruit vinegars, and fruit syrups may also be prepared and kept the same as canned fruits. Besides being useful in drinks, you have the foundation for pudding sauces, gelatines, etc.



FRUIT GELATINE.

PLAIN SYRUP.—Take equal measures of cold water and sugar. Stir until partly dissolved and then slowly cook ten minutes. Skim carefully and bottle.

RASPBERRY SHRUB.—Dissolve five ounces of tartaric acid in two quarts of soft cold water and pour it over twelve pounds of whole ripe raspberries, and, without stirring, let it stand forty-eight hours. Drain through cheesecloth. Measure the juice and to each pint add two cups of sugar, stirring until dissolved. It should stand several days in a covered crock in a cold cellar and have an occasional stir. Put into bottles with cork stoppers. It is not cooked but will keep a long time if put in a dark and cold place. Dilute to taste.

GINGERADE.—Put two rounding tablespoons of good ground ginger into one quart of water and simmer half an hour. Strain through a cloth. Add one cup of lemon juice, one and a half cup of orange juice, a little of the grated rind of both, and two cups of sugar. When the sugar is dissolved it is ready for immediate use, but if to be kept, boil one minute and seal in sterilized jars or bottles. Use according to taste, shaking water and syrup together.

CHOCOLATE SYRUP.—Stir six tablespoons of grated chocolate with three cups of granulated sugar and two teaspoons of corn-starch. Make into a paste by slowly stirring in two cups of cold water. Add two cups of boiling water and boil hard for five minutes, stirring constantly. Pour into hot sterilized jars and keep in a cool, dark place unless to be used within a few days. To use, add one quarter of a cup of syrup to a large glass of rich milk, shaking thoroughly.

BERRY SYRUPS.—Use any kind of table berries. Mash by hand or through a fruit press; the latter process yields more juice. Measure and add one half the amount of sugar. Bring to a boil, skim and seal. By adding an equal amount of sugar and stirring until it dissolves, the juice may be put into sterilized bottles uncooked.

FRUIT PUNCH.—Add one pint of clear, strong tea to three cups of plain syrup, two cups of grated pineapple, the juice of four lemons, two limes and six oranges, one cup of banana pulp, two cups of uncooked strawberry or uncooked grape juice. Dilute to taste.

Jams and Jellies

Fruits that are to be made into jellies should be fresh picked and ripe, but not over-ripe. Where one raises her own fruits, or buys locally and knows when they are picked, the best results will be obtained if fruit is gathered following two or more days of sunshine without rain. The juices will be of a finer quality, both in flavor and consistency.

No water is added to juicy fruits. They are crushed in the kettle, boiled hard until the texture is broken down and immediately poured into the jelly bag to drain. Fruits like crab-apples that are cut up, are covered with boiling water and boiled hard until the pulp cooks and the juices are drawn out.

The use of too much sugar causes many a jelly failure. If there is too much to the amount of pectin, it will be sticky and not hold up.

I usually make two qualities of jelly, first and second. The first is permitted to drain undisturbed for a considerable time through two thicknesses of cheese-cloth. This juice will be clear and make perfect jelly. For the second quality I squeeze the bag and thereby obtain a cloudy juice, but its flavor is just as good.

Many fruits have a delicious flavor but do not contain sufficient pectin to jelly. These are combined with over fruits. Delicious combinations are quince and pear, strawberry and crab-apple, raspberry and currant, cherries and grape, blackberries and currants, plums and quince. In these jellies use the peel and cores of quince. Jelly should have a thick coat of hot paraffin poured over it as soon as it is "made."

It is well worth the price of a small fruit press just to use in making jellies and fruit juices, for by its use all the juice is squeezed from the raw fruit, leaving only a dry pulp which is of no value. When the juice is extracted by cooking and together with the pulp put to drain, there is a great loss of juice as well as flavor. This is readily proven in the difference of weight between what remains to throw away after squeezing through a press and what is left in the jelly bag even after being squeezed for a "second" quality when the fruit is first cooked. Such a press is most valuable for making a glass of fresh grape juice, or in winter for making a pitcher of fresh cider from the stored apples.

PERFECT CURRANT JELLY.—Put currants through a fruit press. Bring the juice just to a boil, skimming carefully. Drain through cheese-cloth. Measure juice, add sugar pound to pint, and stir until it is dissolved. Fill hot sterilized glasses and set in the strong sunshine to "sun-make." It may take two or three weeks if the weather is humid, but in the end it will become firm and taste like fresh fruit.

CURRANT JELLY, NO. 2.—Add one quart of water to four quarts of currants on the stem and boil hard for half an hour. Drain. To each pint of juice allow one pint of sugar. Heat the sugar in the oven, stirring occasionally. Boil the juice hard for fifteen minutes and skim. Slowly add sugar and stir until dissolved and put into glasses.

QUINCE JELLY.—Peel the quinces and cut out the cores and cover with cold water. Add the remainder of quince cut in small pieces. As quinces are hard, they should cook several hours. Add more water as it boils out. Drain over night through two thicknesses of cheese-cloth. In the morning measure the juice and allow three quarters of the amount of sugar. Boil the juice hard for fifteen minutes and add the sugar heated. When dissolved, pour into glasses.

UNCOOKED JAMS.—Many are very successful with this recipe and declare the fruit tastes nearly as good as when fresh picked. Weigh the fruit, allowing an equal weight of sugar. Crush the fruit thoroughly, stir in the sugar until it dissolves, put into sterilized glasses, and at once cover with half-an-inch of hot paraffin. Strawberries, currants, blackberries, sweet plums and blueberries are the best for this cold process.

COOKED JAM.—Small fruits are cooked whole, and large fruits such as peaches, pears and apples are pared and cut into small pieces. Use equal parts of sugar. Put the fruit into the preserving kettle with one quarter of the sugar and when partly cooked add another quarter, and the remainder at intervals of cooking. In this way the fruit does not harden. Jam is done when a little of the juice thickens in the air.

Wool Prices on Decline

Since November, 1918, the prices of wool have declined in comparison with the same month of the preceding year. The highest average price reached was 60 cents per pound in March and April, 1918, since which time the prices fell to as low a figure as 47.9 cents in April, 1919. In January, 1918, the average price was 58.1 cents; January, 1919, 55.2 cents; and in January, 1920, 53.3 cents. The producers' price of 16.7 cents per pound in 1913 advanced to 58 cents in 1918, and fell to 51 cents in 1919. These figures are in accordance with reports received by the Bureau of Crop Estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture.—*Agricult. Dept. Bulletin, Mar. 15, 1920.*

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22 COLORS

Cubby Bear at the Seashore

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"I WONDER, Cubby Bear," said Billy Bluejay, "that you have never been to the seashore! You never see anything beyond this forest! It is very fashionable to spend part of the summer at the beach. The sand is fine to play in, the salt water is delightful for bathing, and the ocean is a beautiful sight, with its white-topped waves."

"I have heard of the ocean," said Cubby Bear, "but I have never seen it. Neither has Mamma Bruin, nor even Grandma Bear. I wonder how far it is from here!"

"Not so far but that you could make the journey in two or three days—perhaps four. And I am not fooling you as Wild Goose did last fall, when she made you believe you could go south with her!" And Billy chuckled loudly.

But Cubby did not like to be reminded of his "Wild Goose chase."

"I would like to go to the seashore," said Cubby, "but I do not know the way, and if I did, Mamma Bruin would never let me go alone."

"I was coming to that!" exclaimed Billy Bluejay. "I had a talk with Mr. Wise Owl today, and he is putting his house and his feathers in order, getting ready to take a vacation."

"Oh, is he going to the seashore?" cried Cubby.

"You interrupt!" grumbled Billy. "Yes, I was trying to tell you so, and that he wants a companion to go with him, so he will not be lonely. I would not care to go with him myself—he is not lively enough for me—but perhaps you would not mind that."

"Oh, no! I like Mr. Wise Owl, and I am sure that Mamma Bruin would be willing for me to go in his care. Thank you for telling me, Billy Bluejay."

Cubby Bear hurried away, greatly excited, and was quite out of breath by the time he reached Wise Owl's house.

"Oh, please," he cried eagerly, as soon as he could speak, "may I go to the seashore with you?"

Wise Owl looked up blankly, then his eyes lighted up as he saw who his visitor was.

"Well, now! You are just the one—just the one! Why, we shall have a delightful time together! There is a piece of woods where I am going, not far from the shore, and we can hide there days and come out to see the sights by night."

"Oh!" faltered Cubby. "Can we be out only at night?"

"There are cottages near, where people stay. You would not want them to see you, I suppose?" asked Wise Owl, rather sharply.

"N-no!" answered Cubby.

"Can you be ready to start tonight, after dark?"

"Yes, I will run home now to get ready and tell Mamma Bruin."

Mamma Bruin was willing for him to go.

"Perhaps I will visit you while you are there," she said.

"I wonder if I am too old to go," said old Grandma Bear. "I should like a sight of the ocean!"

Then she sang, in a queer, shaky voice,

"Out o'er the bounding billow I would swim, swim,
And if I came across a whale, I'd have a chat with him.
Then, if he splashed around, I'd bid him stop, stop, stop;
For when I swim I never plan to touch a water drop."

Cubby Bear and Mr. Wise Owl made the journey to the seashore in four nights, finding good hiding places to sleep in the daytime. Cubby would have liked better to travel by daylight, but found no fault, doing as Wise Owl preferred.

Before they came in sight of the ocean, they could hear the sound of the waves.

"There is a rocky, ledgy place where the waves beat roughly," said Wise Owl. "But not far from there you will find the smooth, warm, sandy beach where the tide comes creeping up gently."

"Can we go bathing?" asked Cubby.

"You may, but I shall not," answered Wise Owl. "If I take cold, I have bronchitis. See, we are coming to the edge of the woods now! Near here we shall sleep days! Hurry, and we shall soon see the ocean!"

They crossed an open space, where thin, coarse grass was growing, then clambered up a great, rough, rocky ledge, and there, before them, stretched out the mighty ocean, a great waste of waters, as far as the eye could see.

"Oh, oh!" cried Cubby. "I never thought it could be so big!"

Below them the dark waters swirled, tossing up white, frothy foam where the waves beat against the rocks.

It was a beautiful night, calm and warm. The full moon sailed through the sky, making a pathway of dancing light across the water. It looked to Cubby Bear like a friendly, familiar face.

"I did not think the moon would be here, too!" he said.



"OH, OH!" CRIED CUBBY BEAR, "I NEVER THOUGHT IT COULD BE SO BIG."

"The moon is a great traveler, and sees more sights than you and I shall ever see. I call this place *my* rock," said Wise Owl, settling down in a little hollow. "I come here every summer for a while. Many a night I have sat here for hours, watching the moonlight on the water. It is a sight of which I never tire."

"Look! There is nice, white sand," Cubby exclaimed, pointing as he spoke. "May I go down there to play?"

"Yes, indeed. Play all you want to. I shall not leave this spot until the moon goes down."

"Does the moon come up out of the water?" asked Cubby.

"I think it very likely," answered Wise Owl. "How could it keep so clean and shining if it never took a bath?"

Cubby had a happy time playing in the sand. He dug holes near the ocean and watched them fill with water. He waded out as far as he could go and keep his head above water. He had been swimming in the Big Brook at home, and once in the river, when he had fallen in, but the ocean was rather terrifying, because of its vast size, and he did not quite dare to swim in it then, although he tried it afterward, as you shall hear.

Early in the morning, they went into the woods, and Cubby found a bed in a little hollow, quite hidden in a thicket of bushes, while Wise Owl chose a sleeping place high up in a tree.

Cubby Bear was very tired, and slept soundly all day, never waking until darkness had fallen, and Mr. Wise Owl called him with a loud, solemn "Hoo-oo, whoo!"

Then he scrambled out of his little hollow, and was ready for another night of fun. He found at the water's edge some scraps of fish which a fisherman had left there, and made a good meal of them, while Wise Owl hunted around and found a supper—or breakfast—to suit himself.

"I shall sleep nearer the sea tomorrow," decided Cubby Bear. "I am sure I can make a good, safe place."

So, after the bright moon came up, and Wise Owl was perched in his favorite place, watching the pathway of silvery light across the water, Cubby Bear went prowling about to find his sleeping place. Some distance from Wise Owl's lookout, he found a large rock overhanging a strip of clean, white sand. He had to wade in the water around some more rocks to reach it.

"This is the very place," he thought. "I will dig a hole far back here, and shall be quite safe; for if the people from the cottages climb the rocks they cannot see me underneath, and if they go out in boats, the sand I shall pile up will hide me."

He dug away busily, and after his bed was made to suit him, he went up on the rocks where Wise Owl sat. He did not tell Wise Owl about changing his sleeping place. Afterward he found it would have been wiser to do so, for Wise Owl knew the ways of the ocean better than he.

"Good by," he said. "I think I will go to bed now."

"So soon?" asked Wise Owl in surprise. "You are tired from playing so hard. Well, go on! I will come later."

Cubby Bear never knew how long he had been sleeping, when he suddenly woke, with a gasp, to hear a roaring noise, and find his hollow filled with water. As he tried to clamber out, wet and frightened, a big wave knocked him back. His head hit a sharp edge of rock, and he gave a cry of pain. He felt dizzy and confused, and did not at all understand what was happening. He had not known the tide would rise and cover his nice little bed.

"I shall not drown here if I can help it!" he thought, and struggled bravely to get out.

This was not like swimming in the Big Brook, or in the calm, smooth river. The waves buffeted him, the rocks seemed to thrust themselves out to hurt him, the salt water was in his eyes, his nose, his mouth.

"*Poor* me!" he sighed in self-pity. "When I get safely out, if I do, I shall lie down on the sand and cry. But I cannot stop for that now!"

He passed the dangerous rocks, and was out in the smoother water which rolled up over the sandy beach, when he heard a shout.

"Oh-oo! Willie, look, look! What's that in the water over there? I b'lieve it's my big Teddy Bear, a-swimming!"

"No, sir!" shouted another excited voice. "'Tain't Teddie! It's a *real, live* bear!"

Dear, dear! There were children playing on the beach!

"Oh, *what* shall I do now?" poor Cubby Bear asked himself.

One thing was clear—he would not stay in the big ocean! He had had enough of that.

He scrambled up on the beach, but there was no time to lie down and cry, as he had planned. Instead, he ran fast as his wet paws would take him, in the direction of the woods. He would rather be caught than drowned!

But the children were as frightened as he. Away they dashed, with a chorus of piercing shrieks, leaving buckets, dolls and hats lying in the sand.

Cubby Bear gained the shelter of the woods, and calling Mr. Wise Owl from his slumbers, told the story of his adventures.

"I am going home!" he said. "I shall be happier in my own pleasant forest. I am glad I have seen the ocean, but it is too large, and too salt, and too wild! I like Big Brook better, for its waters are pleasant to drink, and it stays where it belongs!"

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SEPTEMBER COMFORT

Home-Outfitting Number

With the advent of September the prudent housewife begins planning, buying, making or making over the clothing and other household necessaries requisite to fit out the family and make the home comfortable and cheery for the cold season soon to come, and will find timely help along these lines in our September Home-Outfitting Number. The following are a few of the many

Special Features for September

"Home Dressmaking and Millinery" Useful instruction in the care, repair, making and making over of clothing and hats.

"Home-Made Furniture and Furnishings" Illustrated descriptions of how to make, repair and renovate furniture, furnishings and household conveniencies.

"Box Lunches, a Profitable Home Industry" Tells how the housewife, if favorably located, can derive a snug income by putting up box lunches for travelers and tourists; also suggestions for school lunches.

"Fall Cooking, Pickling and Preserving" Seasonable recipes and instructions for canning fall vegetables and fruits and making pickles.

"The Modern Wash Day" Improved appliances and methods that lighten the labor of washing and ironing.

"Dress, Powder and Health" Dr. Florence L. Meredith criticizes present tendency to scanty attire for women from moral and physical standpoints and gives wholesome advice.

"Slothful Sylvia" A fine story by Maud Mary Brown in which she mercilessly exposes the failings of the frivolous society woman.

"Cubby Bear's Heroism" Cubby Bear has a frightful encounter with an automobile but bravely risks his life to save his friends from danger.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 382 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive September COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss September COMFORT.

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August, 1920.

Crumbs of Comfort

Be natural.

Truth is tough.

Life is an investment.

To do good is a privilege.

Tomorrow is everyman's day.

Great men will; feeble men wish.

From yesterday there is no appeal.

The light of every soul burns upward.

Wealth creates more wants than it supplies.

Victory is beautiful; but never cheaply bought.

He who does not repent is the true transgressor.

It is just as hard to boss money as it is to boss men.

True wisdom will make our words and acts the same.

The world is a great mirror and gives us back ourselves.

A quiet wood can be more friendly than a crowded street.

Human life is constant desire and should be a constant prayer.

No first-class substitute for knowledge has yet been discovered.

The music is not in the instrument, but in the soul of the player.

Consider well what you most admire, for it is that you will imitate.

The greatest punishment of a wrong is the conviction of having done it.

We love a man for his little failings rather than for his virtues which we respect.

Plant trees; they will convert a barren and monotonous spot into an earthly paradise.

Man ceases to be a worshiper of God only when he has at last become a worshiper of self.

If the whole world should agree to speak nothing but the truth, speech would be much shortened.

There is a scale of virtues, and if we would mount the highest steps we must commence with the lowest.

There is no power in the world which can force us to make the same mistakes, to suffer the same regrets over again.

No preacher is listened to but time, which will give us the same train of thought and advice that the old and wise have in vain tried to put in our heads.

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content and a thousand virtues that the idle will never know.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome. ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and let's have a heart-searching talk regarding conditions in our country, which, if there is any American blood in your veins, should cause you more than one sleepless night. Incidentally, I should like to read you the following letter. I have had scores like it and they have heartened me greatly: "Calhoun, La. Dear Uncle Charlie: Your contribution to May COMFORT is the best I ever read. You are a wonderful writer (excuse me while I faint). With your permission, we will send your article to the Nashville and New Orleans Christian Advocate. We need more such talks as you have put forth. Pity you are physically disabled. I would want you nominated for President. Your friend, Mrs. J. L. Lay."

I am proud, dear friend, of your letter, and it touches me deeply to know that I can influence so many thousands of you good people and fill your hearts with enthusiasm for the nobler things of life. I can conceive of no greater honor than being President of a United States that was united heart and soul and one hundred per cent American, and I can conceive of no more thankless, undesirable, heart-breaking job than to be President of a United States, largely comprised of contending, unassimilated racial units. If things continue as at present, in a short time the more aggressive of our racial groups will control all the other groups and make and unmake Presidents at will. Certain elements are trying to do that very thing as I write. Some of these groups want to punish the Allies and ourselves for licking Germany and so bring the Hun back to the gates of Paris. We are woefully short of vision, and without vision the good perish, while the evil, who always have their eyes peeled for trouble, will survive and flourish. Liberty can only be retained at the cost of eternal vigilance. Down one menace, as we downed the Kaiser, and up pops another. This morning's paper contains an item which confirms certain predictions I made months ago, and which may at any time be fulfilled. Ponder over this dispatch which comes from one of the oldest of all European capitals—would that I could print it all! "So strong is our position in America that we believe no President can be elected without first having pledged himself * * *. Both the Republican and Democratic parties are scrambling over each other to obtain (our) * * * votes and support. Hence the * * * who smashed the Peace Treaty * * * are sufficiently powerful to prevent the election of a President who is not favorable to our cause. *They* are strong enough to impose a candidate," etc. That's exactly what I told you would happen. Democrats and Republicans are to scramble for the tremendously powerful hyphenated votes within and we are to have our Presidents imposed on us by alien breeds who receive their orders from abroad. Thus, thanks to outside influences and faithless politicians angling for votes and an indifferent public, representative government is to disappear and you are to be conquered without firing a shot, because those who wish to dominate us never sleep, while you are never awake. To this the United States was foredoomed when, seventy years ago, it permitted itself to be made the world's dumping ground, the paradise of men who had not and still have not a single basic idea in common with those who drove out the Indian and built here a structure of liberty which is to be replaced (if you do not instantly awaken to the danger that confronts you) by the moth-eaten, outworn, soul-crushing, tyrannical systems of the Old World. The old American stock which made this country great and whose ideals are still the vital element in our national life, have declined to work or breed—they have committed race suicide. Our immigration tables tell the story and it is a heart-breaking one. The unassimilated, plotting alien has scrambled the egg of genuine Americanism and I fear there is no power on earth that can put that egg back in its old original shape. We have been living in a fool's paradise. School histories and braggart sheets and the hysterical mouthings of the degenerate gutter press have so filled us with self-satisfaction and national egotism that we never have a national stock taking, never size up the elements which compose our vast population and carefully note what those elements are doing. The alien cubs that Uncle Sam adopted as pets have grown so strong and lusty that he can no longer handle them and without an iron hand he himself must submit to be handled and mangled. Before I would consent to be President of these United States, I would insist on a national house-cleaning—insist that everyone go into the melting pot, and those that declined to melt I would deport. Like glorious Teddy, I would talk softly and carry a big stick. I would be master in my own house or seek some country that did not permit its politicians to play off dangerous, unassimilated racial groups, one against the other, so as to retain office and power. Every individual differs and each has a different "bug," a different idea of how things should be run and just what he should get out of the deal. But no matter how we may differ on the running of our complex social machine, I would insist on absolute loyalty to our flag and all that it stands for. I would not object to racial groups as long as they spoke our tongue (and one flag, one language, must be our rallying cry), meeting to discuss the literature of the countries from which their fathers came, but if these gatherings took on a political character or were used for partizan or sectarian purposes which fostered Old World affiliations and bred ideas antagonistic to our institutions, I would crush them instantly. A house divided against itself cannot stand, and our racial divisions are now becoming so menacing that no one knows what a day may bring forth. Already, alien elements seem to hold Congress in the hollow of their hands, and to our eternal disgrace be it said that we, who are about to celebrate the three hundreth anniversary of the coming of the Pilgrim Fathers, are forced to witness the Ambassador of the land of the Pilgrims creeping to his official residence in Washington, like a sneak-thief in the night, while the flag of his country is publicly burned before the Treasury Building in Washington. If an American Ambassador had been subjected to such indignities in the capital of any great power, there would have been instant war. Such exhibitions are brutally crude and crudely brutal; they are what one might expect from fanatics or an ill-mannered child and they either show that Uncle Sam has capitulated or is no longer master in his own house. It is his political mis-representatives who are to blame, for they have not only robbed him of his self-respect and esteem in the eyes of the world but are disgracing both him and our nation. If I were your President and were forced to stand for that brand of insolent alienism, I would pack my trunk and quit.

Our last Congress, while civilization trembled in the balance and the whole country screamed for constructive legislation, gave a fine imitation of a cat and dog menagerie and talked and spent money like a drunken sailor. We cut loose from Europe and told it to work or starve and stew in its juice, one minute, and then immediately commenced to meddle in everybody's business while ignoring our own. All this was merely a gesture to catch the alien vote. If any nation meddles in our affairs it is insolence and we are ready to fight at the drop of the hat, unless it is a Germany with ten million men in the field, then we sit on the fence for three years and wonder if the battle for freedom and democracy had not better be fought by somebody else, for if we got into the fray it might hurt the tender susceptibilities of some of our alien friends within. These unpleasant facts, genuine Americans contemplate with regret, shame and sorrow. We are selling our souls and our ideals for the votes of those who are already planning a governmental system utterly foreign to the ideas of those who made us a nation. We have deluged with sympathy those who did not need it, and turned a deaf ear to the moans of Armenia, the oldest Christian race in the world; Armenia, who saw a million of her scanty population butchered by the devilish Turk; Armenia, a people that no torture, no agony, no horrible form of death can swerve from the path that leads to Calvary. A bare remnant of this great race sits at the foot of the Cross, mutely appealing to us to save them from the final death-stroke. But Armenia has no votes, she had no delegates to send to Chicago or California, and unless you can muster plenty of hyphenated votes, politicians turn a deaf ear. I am glad I am not President of the United States, for if Congress refused my appeal on behalf of these martyred followers of Jesus, I would throw up my job in disgust. It is time Uncle Sam's social, political and economic machinery was thoroughly overhauled by experts. So many monkey-wrenches have been thrown into that machine by political windbags sent by you to Congress that the machine can do nothing but burn money. Hence, general unrest and dissatisfaction. Some effort, too, should be made to cut out the wicked, ungodly, bipartizan strife in Congress which is rapidly bringing our system of government, a government which, theoretically at least, is almost perfect, into contempt. We have too many wrangling, contentious lawyers in Congress and too few big, capable, practical men of affairs, experts versed in science, business, economics and the fundamentals of good government. Managing and running Uncle Sam's business and looking after the welfare of 110,000,000 people is not a task for the man with the small-town mind, the corner-grocery vision and the cracker-barrel outlook and philosophy. Monkeyshines and jaw fests are utterly unworthy of a great legislative body, they deceive nobody and lead us nowhere. James Bryce, in his great work, "The American Commonwealth," remarks that there is as much difference between Republican and Democrat as between tweedledum and tweedledee, each being ready on nearly all occasions to subordinate national to party issues in order to retain office.

We do not want a non-partizan Congress for it is only in the friction of ideas in the crucible of contending thought that the pure diamond of a worth-while idea is produced, but there is a vast difference between party riots and constructive debate. We do not want the nation to drift into anarchy while contending political parties act like drunken fish wives. We are confronted with problems bigger than we have ever been called on to solve and the man who would step aside in this hour of crisis to grind his party axe, to pander to the insidious lure of hyphenism, is a traitor. It is this foolery that has made hyphenism spread like a cancer. As a matter of fact, the hyphen is now dispensed with and the mask discarded, and our foreign boarders stand before us today in their true colors, and their only use for the Stars and Stripes is to replace it with a flag more to their liking. We are aiding and abetting those who plan to enslave us, for remember this eternal, internal racial struggle will go on with ever-increasing violence unless our lawmakers get an entirely new point of view, take their tasks seriously, work constructively, and fight those destructive forces which mean national annihilation.

Soon you will have an election, and though I have hit the old parties pretty hard, I warn you not to fool with any of the new political sideshows that have sprung up and are bidding for your votes, for if you do it will only be a case of jumping out of a nice, warm frying pan into an all-devouring fire. We need a new outlook on life and especially a new political outlook, a new social policy. Instead of wasting our time in fighting, we should get together and work for a brighter and better day and develop, as Roger Babson well says, "those good motives of love, sympathy, hope and inspiration on which the industrial salvation of the world depends." We need more religion of the right kind, more churches and fewer movies. But all our religion will be in vain if it is cursed with a taint of rabid sectarianism and is not absolutely free from the defiling hand of "spiritual" politicians. The only religion that will help us, and which should be taught in every home and school in the land, is summed up in these few words of the Master: "Love your neighbor as yourself. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." Popes, bishops, priests, ministers, preachers, may drool out their spiritual bromides until the crack of doom but until you are ready to accept and apply the basic principles of Christ's teaching to your everyday living, war, hate, suspicion and hell will be with us until the end of time. The Interallied Church movement, drawing the churches together; a League of Nations, drawing the peoples of the earth together; the re-writing of histories, eliminating lies and drawing the golden threads of truth together—these are all steps in the right direction, steps which lead toward peace, unity, fraternity, the brotherhood of man and the Fatherhood of God. In these last few words are summed up the essence of my fifty-seventh birthday message to you. That notable event occurs on the 25th of September, and I shall be ever so glad to hear from all of you, especially those who are striving to make this world a better place to live in, to make our land a hundred per cent American and worthy of the God who created it and of those who gave us a noble heritage, of which, alas, at present we make such little use. God bless and keep you all.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

TEXARKANA, 1102 Sylvan St., TEX.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you please give me some information on thrift to be used in essay work? Thrift as applied to the individual and the nation, and just a few points on keeping up with the Jones's. MRS. HENRY SCHULTZ.

It would take a dozen editions of COMFORT to cover the subject of thrift and its various ramifications. If you will look up the subjects of thrift and economy in the quotation works in your public library—the biggest one of all, by the way, has my name on it—you will find all that the great men of the world have said on this subject; and will get material enough for a dozen essays. Thrift implies self-denial, and self-denial (twin brother to self-control) is one of the great cornerstones of character building. A man without character is like a ship without keel or rudder. He cannot be trusted, he is usually untruthful, without honor and often without decency. The whole trouble with the world today is that the thriftless and shiftless, the lazy, the ignorant, the stupid, the vicious, the criminal, are planning to make a determined assault on those who have character and have lived within their means, who have put something by for a day of need. The shifty have declared war on the thrifty. There is a vast difference between thrift and miserliness. I admire the former and abominate the latter. Youth wants to spend recklessly, thinking that age and need will never come. There is no real happiness where there is no thrift. The man who has saved a few hundred or a few thousand dollars, as the case may be, is in the position of the man in the Bible parable who built his house on a rock and the winds and the waves beat against it in vain, while the shiftless and money-burners run up their frail shacks on the shifting sands of extravagance and soon are homeless. It was thus in Christ's day, and it is the same now. The thriftless man, however, never even builds a house on the sands. He walks through cities full of wonderful buildings, goes into museums filled with works of art, gazes on miles and miles of beautiful homes, and instead of wondering how all this was done, cusses the people who did it (and most of them accomplished it by self-denial). They worked for their money and then they learned the secret of making their money work for them. The Germans and the French are thrifty, so are the Scotch. The English, Irish and most Americans are spenders; so, while the American breathes his last in the poorhouse, the thrifty immigrant spends his last days in a comfortable home. The American mortgages, swaps or sells his house to get a flivver, and the foreigner walks in and gets the house. The New Englander or Yank was taught thrift, as was the Scotchman, by the rocky soil, from which with infinite pains he drew his sustenance. But the old New England stock is nearly exhausted. It drifted West where nature produced with a prodigal hand, lost its old virtues and started to keep up with the Jones's. The Jones's are spendthrifts and jackasses, and those who attempt to keep up with them are as brainless and idiotic as the Jones's themselves. The war has placed upon our shoulders a terrific load of debt. Congress is the willful and wanton money-burner in the universe. We have no financial budget system such as other nations have, no up-to-date business methods of accounting. Any firm that ran its business as Congress runs ours would go broke in a week. Every child should be taught something of finance, something of the value of money, taught what the public debt is, especially now that it has grown to such an extent that it may crush every one of us. We are mortgaging the future, leaving nothing for unborn generations who will curse us for our foolishness. In ten years there will be no newspapers or magazines. Our forests will have vanished. Remember, it is the thrifty people who are the builders of the nation and who sustain it. The man who had a million-a-year income during the war had to hand over three quarters of a million of it to the tax collector. What did he do with the balance of his money? In the vast majority of cases, he only spent a few thousand dollars of it; the balance was invested in Liberty Loans, in railroad stock, mining stock or other industrial securities. It is the dollars of the thrifty, especially the dollars of the man of big wealth (for those who are keeping up with the Jones's generally scatter their money on useless things that do not count and detract from, rather than add to, our national wealth), that develop our industries, build our railroads, the steel over which the cars glide and the luxurious cars in which you sleep, eat, recline and gaze at this wonderful America. Economy is the savings bank into which men drop pennies and get dollars in return. Franklin said: "Beware of little expenses, a small leak will sink a great ship." Spurgeon said: "Economy is half the battle of life, it is not so hard to earn money as to spend it well." Franklin also said: "If you know how to spend less than you get, you have the philosopher's stone." Men, for hundreds, nay, thousands of years, have recognized the value of thrift. It was Confucius, the great Chinese philosopher and teacher, who, before Christ, said: "The injury of prodigality leads to this, that he who will not economize will have to agonize." How wonderful and how true. As you travel through life, live by the way, but live within your income.

NORTON, N. C.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I have so much to make me happy—a dear father and mother, two sisters aged seventeen and fourteen. My father is a carpenter, but we live on a farm of 85 acres. I am twelve years old, five feet tall, with fair complexion and light grey eyes and wear my hair bobbed style. Of course, Uncle, you know all about the styles, don't you? I am studing fifth grade. I dearly love my books. Our school closes in January. Little brother and I had our adnoids and enlarged tonsils removed in November when the State Clinic came to our nearest town. We also had our teeth filled when the State dentist visited our school. My two sisters,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)



DRIVEN APART

By Julia Edwards

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CHAPTER XXXVI.

IN THE OLD GARDEN.

NEIL stumbled down step after step into the fearful darkness. Not a ray of light pierced the gloom which, for all Neil knew, hid desperate foes lying in wait to destroy him. The closing of the panel at the head of the secret stairs rendered his position more secure, inasmuch as his form was not thrown out for a target against a background of light. He heard a light footfall behind him, and imagined that Irma was following.

"Go back!" he whispered. "You must not endanger your life by coming here!"

She made no response, but he could hear her still descending. At last Neil reached the foot of the stairs and moved gropingly across a level place. His hands encountered something, and he paused, his heart in his throat.

His fingers had rested on warm, pulsing flesh; they entangled themselves in disordered tresses, fine and soft as silk; they encountered a chair and ropes and a bandage knotted about the lower part of some one's face. Heedless of danger, he struck a match with trembling fingers.

"Tonita!" he gasped.

The light struck sparks from the great black eyes of the Mexicana; she tried to speak, but only incoherent sounds came from behind the bandage.

"Who is it?" asked Irma, coming to his side.

He had dropped the flickering match and was busy with the cloth that covered Tonita's lips.

"Oh, what vile treachery is here!" groaned Neil, as he worked. "It is Tonita, my darling's truest friend!"

"Senor Preston!" cried the Mexicana, the moment she could speak, "lose not an instant. Beryl is in awful danger! Descend the next flight of steps—follow Berdyne, who is carrying her away! Oh, hurry, hurry! Do not stop to release me!"

Neil did not pause to question, but leaving Irma to undo the cords that bound the girl to the chair, he groped his way forward to the top of a second flight, then stumbled down and down, his heart beating fiercely and his brain on fire with anxiety. Once more he reached a level space, with a blank wall in front of him. To his right, his groping hands assured him that the way was open. Ah, the secret stairs led to an underground passage and his passage trended away from the house! Now he was beginning to understand how it was that Berdyne and Marm Kinney had vanished so mysteriously.

On and on he stumbled until, finally, he saw a ray of light far in the distance. Here, at the end of the passage, he came to another stairway, leading up. He heard low voices, too, as of men in wary and intensely earnest conversation. Slowly he crept up the stairs, straining his ears to listen.

"We must get to that launch now, without a moment's delay, and cross the bay to Sausalito. It is our only hope!"

"We can't take the gal! How in blazes are we goin' to get her through the town an' to the water-front? It isn't possible, noways!"

The first was the voice of Berdyne; the second, of Gorsline. Neil recognized them instantly. Carefully he lifted head and shoulders through the opening at the head of the stairway, and found that he was emerging from the tunnel into a sort of crude pavilion or summerhouse. All about him was a dense tangle of trees and shrubbery. Plainly the pavilion was the center of an old garden, long since abandoned.

Beyond the pavilion Neil saw the forms of Berdyne and his confederate; and beyond them—ah, the sharp pang that shot to his heart!—was Hargreaves, clinging to the despairing form of Beryl. The valet held the poor girl in a grip of steel, preventing outcry by smothering the little mouth with one of his hands.

The sight was more than Neil could bear. With a cry of wild fury, he leaped out into the summerhouse and stood face to face with the astounded Berdyne.

"Preston!" gasped Berdyne, falling back.

"By the Eternal," gritted Gorsline, "my chance has come!"

The latter drew a revolver and quickly raised it.

"Not that, not that!" warned Berdyne. "The noise will draw the officers! Finish the work, and be quick!"

"Courage, my darling, courage!" cried Neil, as his helpless wife renewed her struggles and attempted to cry out.

"Ah, what a meeting for those two devoted lovers, after the many trials they had undergone! Poor Beryl, unable to move a hand for her dear one's defence, was compelled to lie where she was and witness the tragic scene which was quickly enacted. She could not turn her head, or close her eyes; a horrid fascination held her gaze upon the fearsome spectacle.

She saw Neil turn, and, with a terrible blow, knock the revolver from Gorsline's hand.

"I'll have your life, my buck!" exclaimed Gorsline, his face writhing with passion. "Trenwyck ain't here to keep me from doin' what I will with you!"

"Scoundrel!" cried Neil.

Then they met in a deadly embrace, as once before in that house on Sutter Street. Now, however, Gorsline had no knife. And love is stronger than hate. Neil was fighting for his darling, and love endued him with the strength of a giant.

The ruffian struggled with terrific fury, now and again giving utterance to fierce oaths. But he fought in vain. Neil overthrew him, bringing him down with a sickening impact upon the hard earth, and pinning him there with a grip of iron.

Then it was that Berdyne's moment had come. From a coat he had drawn a dagger, watching the progress of the clash between Neil and Gorsline the while with catlike eyes.

Beryl, observing Berdyne steal up behind her husband, fought with despairing hands to free herself from the clutch of Hargreaves. Oh, if she could only cry out a warning to Neil!

She saw, as in some horrible nightmare, Berdyne bend over, his eyes gleaming like the archfiend's, the shining dagger raised. For an instant the blade hung aloft, as though the sloe-black eyes of Berdyne were searching for a vital spot; then—then——

Sharp, incisively, a shot rang out, echoing around the old garden. Beryl saw Berdyne drop the knife, spring erect, throw both hands to his breast, then pitch headlong to the earth.

"He struck me!" came a passionate voice from the pavilion; "he would have killed me as mercilessly as he was about to slay you, Mr. Preston!"

Irma Lee stood in the summerhouse, pale as marble, her eyes glowing, a smoking pistol in her hand.

Hargreaves, dismayed and terrified, released Beryl and stood erect. The girl fluttered to her feet, trembling and with barely enough strength to stand. Neil, at the sound of the shot, had turned from Gorsline to see what had taken place. Gorsline, taking advantage of his opportunity, rolled away and sprang up.

Shouts were coming from the direction of the house, and there was a crashing of undergrowth which signaled the approach of the officers.

"Cut for it, Hargreaves!" yelled Gorsline. "If we make a get-away, we'll have to be lively! The cops are upon us, an' Berdyne's done fer!"

Like evil shadows, the two men darted away. Neil ran toward his darling Beryl.

"My wife, my heart's idol!" he cried. "At last, at last!"

She tottered into his arms, and their love, taking heed of naught else in that supreme moment, breathed its holy incense aloft in gratitude to the Giver of all good.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

REUNITED.

The captain of police, who had hurried out of the house on hearing the pistol shot, came at a run to the old garden, followed by three of his men. They found Berdyne desperately wounded. He was conscious, however, although unable to move. Everyone else, apart from Beryl and Neil, had vanished from the scene. Irma had disappeared from the pavilion, but another was just rising through the floor, mounting upward from the dark passageway beneath. It was Tonita.

"How did this happen, Mr. Preston?" inquired the captain, pointing to Berdyne.

"That man," returned Neil, "together with two other scoundrels, was here. They had my wife, and were debating how they would carry her off. I leaped out among them from the summerhouse, and two of the villains set upon me. Berdyne, who is lying there on the ground, was about to plunge a knife into my back when he was shot by a woman who came upon the scene as I had done."

"A woman?" repeated the captain.

"The same woman," went on Neil, "who screamed while I was standing at the door—the one Berdyne tried to murder. But for her," added Neil, with deep feeling, "I should have been slain."

"But I don't understand," muttered the captain. "How did you get here? Where did you find your wife? And where were Berdyne and his confederates while we were in the house?"

"I discovered a secret panel leading to a stairway from a room on the second floor," answered Neil. "You were downstairs at the time, captain, and I feared there was no time to call you. The secret stairs led me downward two flights, and then into an underground corridor which ended under the pavilion there."

"Oh, ho!" cried the captain, "I am beginning to understand the secrets of Marm Kinney's opium joint. You have found your wife, so I suppose you are satisfied?"

"If that scoundrel yonder lives!" cried Neil, pointing to Berdyne, "I shall not be satisfied until he has paid the price of his evil actions to the uttermost."

"We'll take care of him, never fear," answered the captain. "Where are the men who, you say, were with him?"

"They took to their heels," said Neil, "and I doubt whether you will ever be able to overtake them."

"We'll try, at all events," answered the captain. "Come, lads!" he called, and with his men at his back he ran into the tangled bushes.

"My darling!" It was Tonita's soft voice, tremulous with joy at finding her dear friend alive and well and safely reunited with her husband.

"Tonita!" cried Beryl, and the girls flew into each other's arms.

Since the girls had entered the door of that fateful house they had each suffered keenly; their joy, therefore, at finding themselves free, and Beryl once more under the loving protection of her husband, can better be imagined than described.

Beryl told how Gorsline and Hargreaves had entered her prison chamber just after Irma Lee had reached the house, and had prevented the outcries she would otherwise have made; then she heard a door crash inward, and, a few minutes later, Berdyne rushed into the upper room and said that Neil had come and the house was surrounded by policemen.

Gorsline and Hargreaves hastened away to remove Tonita from the rear room into the secret passage, while Berdyne caught Beryl up in his arms and flew with her down the dark stairs, never dreaming that Beryl's shawl had been left behind to afford Neil a clue to his darling's whereabouts.

At the foot of the first flight, Berdyne was joined by Gorsline and Hargreaves, who had brought Tonita through a hidden door in the wall of the rear room. Hargreaves went on to help Berdyne take care of Beryl, while Gorsline lingered and attempted to slay Neil by flinging his knife at him.

Gorsline after the failure of his murderous attempt, had raced on after Hargreaves and Berdyne and their captive, to warn them that the secret passage had been discovered and that Preston might soon be upon them.

Gorsline was for instant flight, abandoning Beryl. The difficulties of conveying the captive girl across the city to the water-front, in broad day, were greater than the ruffian dared to face. But Berdyne would not listen to leaving the girl behind. While the two were discussing the matter, Neil came, reaching the old garden so quickly that the baffled plotters were astounded.

Tonita, in her turn, described what had happened to her, and how, directly after Neil had broken in the door, Gorsline and Hargreaves had rushed back to the rear room, lifted bodily the chair to which she was tied, and had carried her through the concealed door into the dark passage at the foot of the first flight of stairs. Neil and Irma came very soon, and, while Neil dashed on, Irma remained to remove the cords that bound Tonita's limbs. This work accomplished, Irma hastened after Neil.

Tonita's limbs were so cramped by the tight ropes that had been wound around them that for several minutes she was unable to stand. The sound of the pistol shot fired by Irma, however, had alarmed her and drawn her along the passage to the summerhouse. She did not know where Irma had gone; in fact, she had not seen her since she had finished untying the cords and had fled through the darkness in the direction taken by Neil.

Leaving the girls to talk and congratulate themselves over their escape from Marm Kinney's and the ruthless hands of Berdyne, Neil walked over to where the baffled villain was lying on the ground, groaning from the pain of his wound.

"Perhaps you think this is the end, Preston," said Berdyne, "but I swear to you it is not! If I live, you shall hear from me again!"

"If you live, Nicholas Berdyne," said Neil, with solemn intonation, "you will pass the rest of your life in stripes and behind prison bars."

"Not for this work! You won't drag the girl's name through the courts in order to send me up for what I tried to do with her."

"You speak truly there. Not a breath shall ever hover over my wife's name in any trial dealing with a case of this kind. You will be brought to book, Berdyne, for something else."

"For what?" Berdyne demanded, his face contorted with pain and his black eyes leveled upon Neil's face.

"For swindling Leroy Grayson's daughter out of a fortune!" said Neil sternly.

Berdyne shrank back in dire dismay. All along he had hoped against hope that Neil had not managed to secure the Grayson papers from the trunk. Now that hope was destroyed, and if he lived, and if the prison doors failed to close upon him, he would be ruined and penniless.

"When I reflect upon the vile treachery and the devilish arts you have used against a poor, friendless girl," Neil went on, his honest indignation showing in his handsome face, "I hardly know why it is I spare you, grievously wounded though you are. No punishment is too severe for a man of your vile character. Live, Nicholas Berdyne, and you will be a felon for life. I have the proof of your rascality, secured in Alaska months ago, and in San Francisco on the day of the earthquake, and I shall produce them in the Denver courts at the proper time."

With these words, Neil turned and went back to the girls. Just then the captain of police and his men returned from their pursuit of Gorsline and Hargreaves.

"The rogues have given us the slip, Mr. Preston," said the captain. "We have the worst man of the lot, however, and he shall be held safely until such time as you want him."

"Very good, captain!" said Neil. "You will hear from me later. Come, dearest," he added, to Beryl, "we will leave this place and go to some hotel where you and Tonita can rest after your terrible sufferings."

"And there is something else you must do for us, senor," said Tonita, with dancing eyes.

"What is that, Tonita?" asked Neil. "Send a telegram to your people saying that you are safe——"

HER TWO SUITORS

By Wenona Gilman

This strongly written story, which runs the entire gamut of modern life, from lowest to highest, is to be our next serial and will start in September COMFORT.

The heroine is introduced to the reader as a little, nameless, orphaned waif found in the wreck-strewn path of a cyclone, adopted by an animal trainer and reared to young womanhood in a circus tent.

Can you imagine a more unsuitable environment for a girl to grow up in?

It is a tale replete with wild adventure and thrilling episodes of the dangers she encountered and the temptations that beset her; telling of the snares set by those who plotted her ruin and how, braving the disdain of those who scorned her, she carved her own career.

But the crowning feature of interest is the romantic wooing of her by two suitors and the strange event that determined her choice.

Don't miss the interesting first installment of this story coming next month.

Make sure of September COMFORT by renewing your subscription today.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LEROY GRAYSON'S NEMESIS.

To Circle City, in far-away Alaska, there came—some two years previous to the opening of this chronicle—a man who gave his name as Leroy Grayson. He was a middle-aged man, and gave his hailing place as Denver, in the States. In some way it became known that he had failed in business in Denver, through a dishonest partner, and had come to the land of gold to recoup his fortunes. Whenever a mail went out by Indian runner, or by dogs and sledge, Grayson was certain to send a letter to his daughter, about whom he was wont to speak often, and in endearing terms.

"My little Beryl shall live to be a lady," he declared. "I shall dig a fortune for her out of these icy hills, and come day I shall return to Denver and pour my gold at her feet."

That seemed to be the one desire of Leroy Grayson—to endure the bitterest hardships in order that he might make a fortune for his darling child. For months he worked on fruitlessly; then some one came into camp with the news that gold had been discovered in the bed of a remote creek. Grayson joined the stampede of men that started for the place, and staked off a claim of wonderful richness.

Into the camp, on this creek where the new strike was made, drifted Nicholas Berdyne, penniless and starving. He was likewise from Denver; and Grayson, who needed help in working his claim, took the man into his cabin, gave him work, and helped him in a hundred ways.

Berdyne coveted the claim, and his evil mind set itself at work to secure it from his unsuspecting friend. From a tribe of Indians he secured a slow poison whose deadly work confined itself to the brain. In artful ways he contrived it so that Grayson should partake of a certain amount of this poison each day. In the end, Berdyne's generous benefactor lost his reason.

A little later a party of capitalists came to the creek to buy up the claims. Berdyne showed a deed, purported to have been given him by Grayson, whereby the rich claim had passed into his—Berdyne's—hands. No one disputed the validity of the deed, and Berdyne received a draft for eight hundred thousand dollars for his right and title in the rich holdings.

Posing as a gold hunter who had "struck it rich" in the Northern fields, Berdyne returned to Denver a wealthy man. With him he brought Grayson, whose mind was a blank and whose body was but the shattered wreck of what it had once been. Thus the scheming scoundrel returned the father to his daughter; in a few months Grayson died, Beryl went to work in the bindery, and Berdyne began the enjoyment of his ill-gotten gains.

But the poor, wronged daughter had one friend who was not disposed to accept Berdyne's story. This was Neil Preston, who had become acquainted with the beautiful bindery girl and had given her his heart. Neil proposed that he should take a trip to Alaska in Beryl's interest, and find out whatever he could concerning her father. Beryl dreaded to have him go to a country where such evil had befallen her father, but he insisted, and so the two fond lovers parted.

What has already been stated, Neil discovered. He even found the man, one Mings, who had helped Berdyne secure the poison from the Indians, and who had forged the deed to Grayson's claim. Mings was desperately angry at Berdyne, as the latter had gone away without carrying out his written agreement to divide half the spoil with his confederate.

Mings had hitherto kept silent, fearing to involve himself in the net of the law; but, under the persuasion of Neil, he made an affidavit regarding Berdyne's actions, and told of certain papers in Berdyne's possession which would prove his guilt conclusively.

Neil went to Dawson City to see another man, who, Mings thought, could offer more damning testmony against Berdyne; and while in Dawson City Neil fell ill and was in the hospital for a long, long time. For months he had not heard from Beryl, and a vague feeling that all was not right filled his breast. As soon as he was well enough to leave the hospital, he returned by overland route to Skaguay, and thence, by the steamer *Argonaut*, to San Francisco.

Here his arrival was announced in the daily papers, and he was visited by Irma Lee, who told him a tale of persecution against his sweetheart which filled his soul with a mighty desire for vengeance. He arranged for the immediate marriage of himself and his sweetheart, and went to Sunset Ranch to get his little bride-elect.

All that Neil lacked to make a thorough case against Berdyne was the packet of papers mentioned by Mings. And we have already seen how providentially they came into Neil's hands. It seemed almost like the direct intervention of a higher Power seeking to undo the evil wrought by Berdyne, and carry to a success the unselfish struggles of Leroy Grayson for his daughter's welfare.

Berdyne, when he met Trenwyck in San Jose and started for Sunset Ranch, believed fully that he could beg or coerce Beryl into marrying him. This new step necessitated the destruction of every paper of an incriminating nature in his possession in the trunk left to the care of Hargreaves; and yet, at the same time, enough evidence must be saved to enable Berdyne to protect himself against Mings, if the latter should try to make trouble.

This explanation of Berdyne's reasons for bringing the trunk to San Francisco and leaving it there was pure speculation on Neil's part, yet it seemed logical and correct.

And so, to the two wondering girls Neil narrated the story of his discoveries in Alaska. Her horror at Berdyne's perfidy was equally divided with admiration for Neil's resourcefulness in carrying out the errand that had taken him to the distant North.

"And so, my darling," Neil finished, with a tender smile, "you see that you will soon be wealthy. At last the little bindery girl will take her rightful place among the society people of Denver."

"I am so glad, dearest," Beryl whispered; "you have given up your wealth and family for me, and you have won this fortune by your own courage and cleverness—so it belongs to you, even more than it does to me. I am happy to think that I can make up to you some of the things you have lost."

"I should be repaid far beyond my deserts, sweetheart," he fondly answered, "if I had only your dear self."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

CONCLUSION.

Joys, like misfortunes, never come singly. This was soon made manifest to brave, unselfish Tonita. Neil's telegram to her people that she was safe and in the hotel in Oakland brought a response in the person of Tonita's lover. He was in San Jose when the telegram was received, learned the joyful news, and at once took the train for Oakland. Thus the cup of Tonita's happiness was full to running over. But this was not all. Many young lovers who had passed through the terrible San Francisco disaster were being united in marriage, desirous of beginning life over again and facing the world hand in hand. The example appealed to Tonita's lover no less than to Tonita, and they also were made one at the altar.

The San Francisco fire burned for three days before it was checked. A week passed, and, when the various safes and vaults about the city were cool enough to be opened, the people began getting at their valuables. Near Van Ness Avenue a man was shot while seeking to plunder a safe among the ruins. This man was Dave Gorsline. Neil read to his wife the account of the shooting in a daily paper.

Marm Kinney, like Hargreaves and Trenwyck, vanished from the house in J Street about the time Berdyne was shot. They were never heard of afterward. Nor was any trace of Irma Lee ever discovered.

For a long time Berdyne lay in an Oakland hospital. Neil and Beryl went back to Denver; and Neil put Beryl's case in a lawyer's hands. In the course of a few weeks a gentleman of the legal fratrenity came on to Denver from Oakland, in Berdyne's interest.

Berdyne, the Oakland lawyer declared, was anxious to do what was right and just toward Beryl, and keep the case out of the courts. In case she would agree not to proceed against him, and would drop the entire matter, he would turn over to her the entire amount which he had received for her father's claim—eight hundred thousand dollars.

Under no circumstances would this offer have been accepted had not the lawyer declared that Berdyne had but a few years to live, and would be utterly helpless during those years. The bullet fired by Irma had shattered his nervous system, leaving him powerless to move hand or foot.

In the sight of Heaven, Berdyne was as guilty of Leroy Grayson's death as though he had struck a sudden and fatal blow with his own hand; and it went against Neil's better judgment to spare him. But his remaining years would be years of physical and mental torture, and it was Beryl's opinion that his punishment was heavy enough.

So it became known throughout Denver that Beryl, the bindery girl, had come into a fortune. She at once became one of the social leaders, and was courted and petted by all the wealthy people of Colorado's metropolis.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



$1.00 Brings These Shoes Prepaid On Approval

Don't imagine there is any catch or strings to this offer. Merely mention this paper and send a dollar with order. The shoes you select will come immediately prepaid for free examination. Not a bit of bother or red tape. This is just an example of my styles and values and the way I serve women everywhere. You take absolutely no risk whatever in asking me to send you these shoes on approval. If perfectly satisfied, you spread the cost over six months. If, for any reason, you would rather send them back, do so entirely at my expense and I will refund your deposit without delay or without asking for any explanations.



Black or Brown Atlas Kid Leather—Military or French Heel

This beautiful high lace shoe is one of the very best new styles for Fall and Winter wear. It not only looks extremely pretty on the foot, but will be found comfortable and serviceable. It is a very light and good style in the best of taste, excellently made from fine materials. You don't need to fear about being fitted perfectly; merely give me the size and width that you usually wear. My free examination offer is positive proof against the slightest dissatisfaction. You have every opportunity to judge appearance, value, workmanship, quality and fit before you make up your mind to actually buy.

9-inch High Dress Boot in the Fashionable Louis Heel

An extremely stunning dress style in a superb quality Atlas kid leather with a glossy, glovelike smooth finish. It stays soft and flexible and is just the proper weight. It will hold its stunning shapeliness and not spread or run over.

Dressy Louis Heel. Extremely well shaped high French heel of real leather, fitted with an aluminum plate. Has fashionable high arch. Sole in medium weight, with close edged dress effect. Toe is long vamp, sensibly pointed in latest style with Fleur de lis perforation and also a perforated tip effect.

Napoleon Waved Top is one of the very newest modes in shoe styles. Stunningly perforated at vamp and lace row and extending around top.

Two Colors—A beautiful Autumn shade of brown; or a rich dull black. State choice. Sizes, 2½ to 8. Widths, C. D. E.

No. K5T202 Brown Atlas Kid Leather. Price, prepaid..... **$7.49**

No. K5T203 Same style exactly in Black Atlas Kid Leather. Price, prepaid..... **$7.45**

$7.45 In Black

Send $1 with Order
Only $1 Monthly
Prepaid on Approval

$7.49 Same Shoes in Brown

9-inch High Walking Boot With Smart Military Heel

I urge you to order a pair of these stunning shoes on approval. The shoes you select will be sent for free examination and, if pleased, you may spread cost over 6 months.

High Lace Style is extremely popular this season, and with the very new Napoleon waved top and swagger military heel completes an appearance of unusual charm. Down the sides of the lacing and around the top is attractive perforation which is matched also clear around the vamp.

The Military Heel is just the proper height for an everyday walking shoe and easy to wear. In fact, you will find this shoe wonderfully comfortable. Heel is tipped with aluminum plate.

Atlas Kid Leather of exceptional quality, long wearing, soft and pliable, is used. It will not spread or lose its handsome first appearance. Has medium long pointed toe with fancy perforation and perforated tip effect. Medium close edged sole.

Two Colors—Autumn shade of brown; or rich dull black. Sizes, 2 1-2 to 8. Widths C. D. E.

No. K5T204 Brown Atlas Kid Leather. Price, prepaid..... **$7.49**

No. K5T205 Same style in Black Atlas Kid Leather. Price, prepaid..... **$7.45**

$7.45 In Black

Send $1 with Order
Only $1 Monthly
Prepaid on Approval

$7.49 Same Shoes in Brown



One Example of 1001 Styles in My Free $100,000 Style Book

Regardless of price, you will find no shoes anywhere that are smarter or more comfortable than I show here. But this is just one sample of all my other splendid values in suits, coats, dresses, and everything else that a woman wears. In other departments my styles are just as beautiful and my values just as unusual. So look around to your heart's content and see what others offer. All I ask is not to forget my new book.

Style, Price and Credit —Take Months to Pay

I allow you to pay just about as you please. You don't even need to ask for credit. I take care of all that in *advance*. You can have the loveliest things without waiting. You may look your prettiest at all times and take months to pay. You're enabled to have things early in the season and all your new things at one time.

But I realize that my Credit Plan *alone* wouldn't make many women want to have my new Style book. Style, quality and value must come first. The credit must be considered simply as something *extra*.

So I urge you to write for my Style book for the beautiful fashions it displays. Ask for it because I have given a lifetime study to producing good clothes at lowest costs. Learn how nice it is to get all your purchases delivered right into your home on approval, so that you can never make mistakes and never be disappointed either on quality, becomingness or style.

Your copy is waiting your request.

Be Posted on the New Styles

All my life I have had to know style tendencies way in advance of the season. In the old days I got to know the most famous designers everywhere. Now a great many of them come to me first with their new ideas.

So women everywhere look upon my Style book as a real authority. It will tell you the new width and length of skirts; the right height and design of shoes; the newest cloths; the latest weaves; the smartest trimmings.

You will learn from it the most popular modes in dresses; the fashionable colors; the correct ideas in millinery; lingerie or children's wear. Having it in your home is like chumming with a famous style authority. Why not write for it today?

Ask For It Early—

A Penny Postal Card Will Do

To get my free book all you have to do is to drop a postal card in the mails today. My Style book, with postage, costs me $1.00. But I want to send it to you free. You can make up your mind about buying from me later. But I want you to have my book early.

It is always a matter of pride with me to display all the most beautiful and practical styles, no matter who creates them or where they originate. My own designs have come to be the most widely copied of all fashions shown anywhere. But even this doesn't satisfy me unless I can produce such stunning things at a cost below what others charge.

Send for my book and see. It will tell you in advance of the season what styles will be most popular. It will help you to compare values. No matter where you finally buy, I want you to have it anyway. It costs you nothing.

The Secret of My Bargains

For many, many years I was a buyer of ladies' wearing apparel. I got to know mills and makers everywhere. I learned where to look for the very choicest bargains. In my own business I am able to apply all this experience and to make very wonderful savings.

I do away with all extravagances like fancy store space and high rents. I never have left over stocks or sacrifice sales. My book is my only salesman. I have no high priced salespeople. I deal direct with mills and makers and I buy in such big quantities that I get rock-bottom prices. I cut out all the profits of the retailer, wholesaler and jobber.

The biggest saving of all comes in this way: Nearly all dealers and stores charge for the appearance of a garment. It doesn't make any difference what it actually costs. If a style turns out unusually popular, an extra price is put on it. That is why there is so much *false* value in women's clothes. I never do this. The same small profit goes on everything—neither more nor less.

Everything a Woman Wears Sent Prepaid on Approval

I show 1001 styles in my latest Fall book. Any of them will be sent to you in just as easy and simple a manner as the shoes shown on this page. Your mere request and a trifling first payment is all I ask. Bear this in mind, this is not a C. O. D. offer or anything like that. Your selections are delivered right into your home for two days' free examination and I prepay all delivery charges. If you return your selections, I pay the cost back to me and immediately refund any payments you have made. Nothing could be more satisfactory or free from bother or red tape.

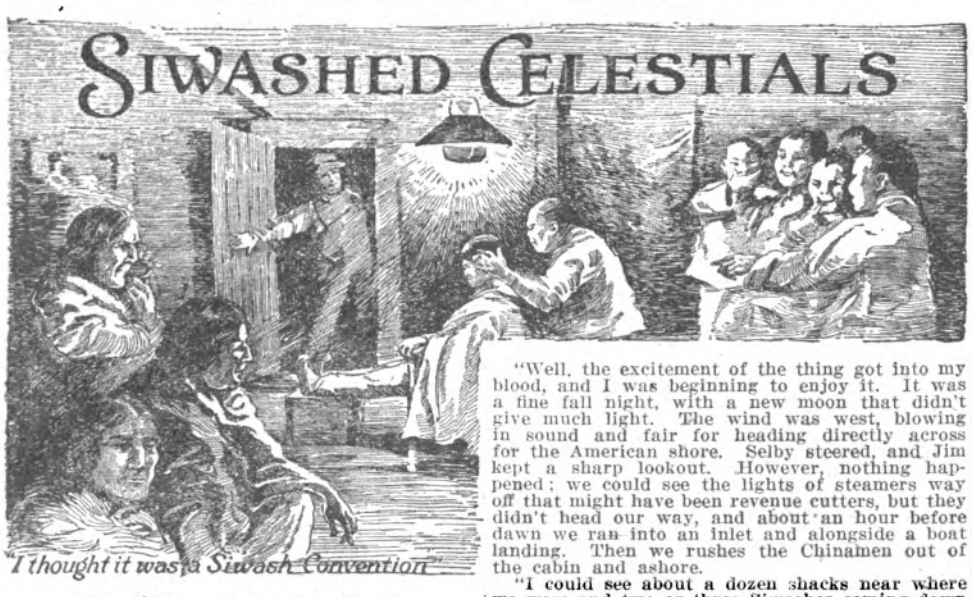
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Aprons	Bath-robes	Ladies' Coats	Furs	Lingerie
Baby Needs	Bloomers	Combinations	Gloves	Shoes
Children's Clothes	Brassieres	Corset Covers	Hair Goods	Slippers
Children's Wear	Caps	Corsets	Hats	Stockings
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MARTHA LANE ADAMS

3851 Mosprat Street **CHICAGO**



"I thought it was a Siwash Convention"

By Albert Sonnichsen

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VARIOUS accounts of the facts concerned in the following narrative were published in the press, not only in Seattle and Tacoma, not far from where the incidents occurred, but all over the land, for the conception from which they originated was so unique, so strikingly clever in its very simplicity that it evolved finally into a huge joke at the expense of the Federal Revenue Officers. However, those printed accounts were rather a sequel to this narrative, for the persons involved did very little talking in court. It was not till some years later that I met one of the participants, third officer on a liner running between San Francisco and the Orient, and had from him the details which never had been made public.

"It was after my second trip to sea," he told me, "and I wasn't much more than a kid—just going on eighteen. Too old for a deck boy, which was all I'd been till then, and too young for an able seaman. Anyway, I couldn't get a ship in Seattle, and there I was stony broke, living in that hole, Copperbottom Ike's boarding house.

"Well, one day I ran up against Tim Buckley, whom I had known as a man before the mast on my first trip, a young fellow, but a good deal older than I was. I hardly knew him, so dressed up he was and prosperous looking. We shook hands, then he invited me into a saloon to have a drink, and I told him my hard luck story, though I wasn't specially thinking he could help me. I know there are some fellows who put all their pay on their backs and go short on grub to make up for the show.

"But Tim showed me right away that he wasn't that kind. Out he pulls a big wad of greenbacks that fairly made my eyes bulge, and offers me a twenty. I was so surprised that I didn't take it at once, and then Tim kind o' lowers his hand and says:

"Take it kid, unless—you'd like to go with me to where this stuff comes from. There's an opening for a husky lad about your size."

"Give me the opening," says I; "take me to it."

"Well, he took me to his hotel, and introduced me to two friends of his; an old fellow by the name of Selby, who seemed to have been more of a fisherman; and an Indian, Silent Jim, they called him, who had never been a seaman, as I could see at first look.

"Late that night the four of us went down to the docks, and got into a small sloop, and set sail up the Sound.

"It's a long sail," says Tim, "so you can turn in." So I turned in on a pile of fish nets down in the cabin and slept.

When I awoke next morning, we were heading into a sheltered cove, and half an hour later we ran up alongside of a jetty. Back from the shore, about a quarter of a mile, was a farmhouse. Along the shore was a lot of Siwash shacks, and behind them rows of trays on which fish were drying, so I thought that they were getting me in the fish business. But that was all a bluff, as you'll soon see.

"For three or four days we four men lounged about that farmhouse, not doing much of anything, old man Selby's wife and a Siwash squaw cooking for us. Of course, I'd been asking for explanations, but all I could get out of any of them was: "You just wait until you see what you'll see."

"I guess it was the fourth night, and I had turned in in my room when Tim comes and rousts me out.

"Come on," says he; "the Immigration Bureau has opened for business."

"So I got up and dressed, and he takes me out the back way, through a stretch of woods, and we come to a big barn. It looked all dark, and I was getting puzzled, when suddenly the door opens, and I see a big crowd of men inside, and the place all lit up, only there was canvas across the windows.

"At first glance, I thought I'd gone into a Siwash convention; there were about twenty Indians all about us, until I looks across the room and sees another bunch of Chinamen. And right in the middle of the floor was a barber's chair. A Chinaman got into it, another Chinaman got busy, put a wig over his head, gave his face a wash with a sponge, and the next minute that Chinaman got out and you couldn't have told him from a Siwash. And then I sized up the whole situation: We were on the British side of the Sound, and these chinks were to be shipped across.

"About half an hour later, when all the chinks had been siwashed, we marches down to the boat landing. I tell you, they had it all worked out slick. The disguised Chinamen were divided into lots of ten each, and one of us white men was attached to each lot before we left that barn: it was like being corporal in an army. But that Indian, Silent Jim, who could talk English like you and me, he was the general of the outfit. He'd worked out this whole scheme. Only he was a real Sioux, and no Siwash.

"There were thirty-four of us all told, and how we all squeezed into that sloop was a surprise to me. The Chinamen were shoved down into the cabin, packed in like sardines, then covered over with nets and fishing gear of all kinds. And when we were all ready to sail, a very slick looking Chinaman in white man's clothes and gold-rimmed spectacles counts out more gold eagles into Silent Jim's hand than I'd ever seen in my life; right there on the landing.

"Well, the excitement of the thing got into my blood, and I was beginning to enjoy it. It was a fine fall night, with a new moon that didn't give much light. The wind was west, blowing in sound and fair for heading directly across for the American shore. Selby steered, and Jim kept a sharp lookout. However, nothing happened; we could see the lights of steamers way off that might have been revenue cutters, but they didn't head our way, and about an hour before dawn we ran into an inlet and alongside a boat landing. Then we rushes the Chinamen out of the cabin and ashore.

"I could see about a dozen shacks near where we were and two or three Siwashes coming down to meet us.

"'Now,' says Jim to me, 'take your ten men into those shacks. This old fellow here will arrange the details where to put them. But when daylight comes, you see that they're all put to work. The old fellow will show you, but you keep your eyes skinned, so you'll know what to do next time. And if any white men come snooping around here during the day, you hand them out the right kind of a bluff. You're here fishing and hunting—shove them off the scene.'

"With that Jim and Selby leaves me, each going in a different direction with their squads of Chinks. and Tim casts loose and sails back across the Sound.

"The old Siwash, who could speak some English, puts my Chinamen away in different shacks, and points out to a place on a heap of gear where I could sleep. And pretty soon I was pounding my ear at a thirty-knot gait, for the excitement had tired me out.

At noon an old squaw woke me and called me out to eat. I looked around for my squad, thinking I had been caught napping, but I couldn't locate them anywhere specially. All I saw was half-a-dozen Siwashes here and there; two were mending nets, one was scraping the bottom of a canoe, another was down the beach digging for clams, and two were sleeping in the sun. So I guessed the old fellow had looked after my job. He came along pretty soon, nodded his head, and said: 'Heap all right, John—you go slip,' so after I'd fed on some boiled beans and coffee I went to sleep again.

"Well, suddenly I was awakened again. There was the old chap.

"'Quick!' says he; 'you go spik white man. Me plenty drunk.'

"Whereupon he rolls over and shuts his eyes, Up I jumps and walks out of the shack.

"And there was five men on horseback riding along the beach toward me. All were armed with Winchesters, so I guessed it was up to me to keep an open eye for squalls.

"The leader rides up leisurely, then reins in.

"'Hello, stranger,' says he. 'Been fishin'?'

"'Yep,' says I, stretching and yawning.

"'Ain't seen a dark-complected colored man pass this way, have ye? We're lookin' for one.' And so we kept chinning right along for ten minutes or so, but all the time I could see his eyes taking everything in. Finally, he gets off his horse, saying he wants to stretch his legs, and walks into the shack. But there wasn't nothing there but the old fellow, snoring to beat the band. And finally this boss constable mounts and the five of them rides off.



"Quick! Go spik white man"

"Naturally, I slept no more that day; I'd had quite a scare. Just about dusk Jim and Selby came with their men, and we had more beans and coffee. I told Jim what had happened but all he said was: 'Uh! Guess they'll be on our trail tonight.'

"About an hour after dark we set out, Jim in the lead, Selby next, and me last. We traveled about two hours at a pretty brisk walk, through heavy timber, along narrow, twisting trails. Pretty soon we came to open country and Jim called a halt.

"'Now listen,' says he. 'I go way ahead. One whistle, one hoot, one dog bark, means lay low—drop off the side of the road. Two whistles or hoots means come on. Sabe?'

"On he goes about a hundred yards ahead, we following. Then we struck a wagon road through a marshy country.

"I guess we'd been traveling an hour when suddenly I catches a low whistle. I turned to my Chinks, but those fellows had all been coached; they just dropped and rolled off into the dry grass. And so did I.

"Pretty soon I hears horses tramping, and a voice shouts: 'Hello, who's this?'

"'Me Siwash—go fish—Duck Creek,' came Jim's voice. Somebody lit a match, and I could see three men on horseback.

"'All right, John,' comes a voice. 'Ye ain't seen nobody coming along this road, eh? Have a drink of whiskey?'

"I could hear Jim grunt, just the way a Siwash says no or yes. And then, with a laugh the three men galloped past us down the road. We waited about ten minutes, then came two short owl hoots, the Chinamen tumbled out on the road, and we went on.

Toward morning we got into the foothills and came to a ranch. The fields around the ranchhouse were covered with haystacks, and into each of these stacks we put two or three Chinamen, while Jim, Selby and I went up to the house and had breakfast with the owner, a fellow by the name of Evans, his wife, and their two sons, all of whom seemed to be in the game.

"We slept there that day till late in the afternoon, when we had another feed, then Selby and I walk into a nearby town, where we take a train for Seattle. Jim, I guess, came by another train. Anyway, we met him in Seattle, and the whole lot of us went back to the farm on the British shore in the sloop, which had been sailed to Seattle by Tim. That trip brought me in over two hundred dollars as my share of the returns. And for over a year I worked the game for all it was worth, making nearly five thousand dollars, until finally they got us in the end. But that was all in the papers."

"But how were you discovered? I don't remember," I asked.

"What do you think? There was a woman detective on our trail for six months. And she spotted us at last. She came into the Siwash village when we had our Chinks there, looked them over as she had done several times before. And then a hairpin drops from the back hair of one of the Siwashed Chinks. Dropped from his coiled-up queue under the wig, I guess, and that little lady sizes up the situation at once, because no Siwash ever uses hairpins. So I got six months in a Federal penitentiary, all because of a hairpin. Ain't that ——!"

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

Thelma and Edith, went to Johns Hopkins Hospital two years ago and had their large adnoids removed. They were there about one month and they say it sure is a nice place.

Your niece, RUBY ESSIE COLLINS.

Three cheers for North Carolina, the most American State, by the way, in the Union as it contains only one per cent of individuals of foreign birth. No wandering "Presidents" of republics real or imaginary have a ghost of a show of causing international trouble in the Tar Heel State. Some people gauge Americanism on the basis of industrial prosperity (a dangerous delusion); but if you examine the war records of the American Protective League you will find that North Carolina was the most loyal state in the Union. Treasonable propaganda could not spread its poison there. Would all other States had as good a record. Yes, Ruby, I know all about the latest styles and before me is an article from a newspaper in scare headlines: "Girls To Wear Less This Year." Well, if they wear any less than they are doing now, Mother Eve will be outclassed and the police will have to chase them with horse blankets. Ruby, I am delighted to see that North Carolina is doing one of the main things that prompted me to plead for universal military training, which will eventually lead to universal good health. The State dentist is filling up the holes in the boys' and girls' teeth, something absolutely necessary to health, but why, with plenty of cake around, you boys and girls did not fill them up yourselves, I can't imagine. Billy the Goat says it was too much cake and improper diet that caused the holes. Wise Guy, Billy! I'm glad you've had those troublesome inflictions, "adnoids," as you write them or "adenoids" as they should be, and enlarged tonsils, removed. But I don't see why you called in the State Clinic surgeon to do the job when you had a carpenter in the house. A saw and a chisel ought to make any self-respecting adenoid throw up its hands and beat it. I would like to have my tonsils removed, but the furniture moving man says it would require two vans to remove them and he would have to make two trips at a thousand dollars apiece, and it would cost five hundred dollars a month for storage after he got my internal furniture stowed away. So I guess I'll let them stay where they are and send them a monthly bill for rent. Johns Hopkins is the finest institution of its kind in the U. S., and if you can get out of it alive you can always look back to your sojourn there with pleasure. But if I had a carpenter in the family, Ruby, no hospital would catch me.

WHITE EARTH, N. DAK.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a girl twelve years of age, five feet six inches tall. Not many girls of my age are as tall as that, are they? Uncle, don't you think that young people should get togather at least once a month? I do. I do not mean to have dances, play kissing games and that other dope, but I mean such games as "Happy is the Miller, "Pig in the Parlor," "Four in the Boat," and so on. What do you think about this? It is not very densely populated here. If there is not room in COMFORT for my letter please write me a letter.

ETTA IONE MONK.

Etta, you are some girl, and I like the tone of your letter immensely. If your brain is only expanding in proportion to your physique, in a dozen years you will be the ruler of the universe. You will be able to tweak the nose of the man in the moon, skim the cream from the milky way, and, oh, every old thing. Yes, I do think young people should all get both together and togather. As we are short of farm help, it is far more necessary that they get to gather than get together, especially around harvest time. If there is anything to be done in the gathering line, Mr. Townley can doubtless give you all the pointers you need. I'm glad you are going to cut out the kissing games. Exchanging germs is dangerous. One has to take a chance when one grows up, but if you knew the danger that lurks in most mouths you would not want to touch the lips that shield them, no matter how thoroughly some of them were sterilized. Any way, Etta, thanks to your height, you are out of the kissing zone, or soon will be. Many a six-foot man has broken his back trying to kiss a four-foot girl, but those were in the days when they knew nothing about stepladders or air flivvers. The games you have suggested ought to afford an immense amount of amusement. Be careful, however, how you play that game, "Four in a Boat," for some boats won't hold four and not even one if the occupants are built along your Junoesque lines. You never know when a German sub (and there are plenty of them up in your vicinity) might not come sailing in from the kitchen, shake its periscope in defiance, torpedo your frail craft and drown you all in the depths of the parlor rug. I tell you there are many forms of death that are unspeakably horrible, but nothing quite so awful as being drowned in a parlor rug. Take my advice and try one in a boat before venturing on a stormy voyage around the parlor table with four. If you play pig in the parlor, see that he does not get into the boat or you'll be upset sure, then bacon will be scarcer than ever and Mr. Gompers' sixty-one-dollar-a-week printers (they wanted seventy-five dollars a week, by the way) won't be able to get even a smell, let alone a slice. When Sam has got all he wants for his crowd, the rest of us will be in the poorhouse. The only time a pig looks nice in the parlor is when he is served in slices. In spite of this, however, the pig will nose in, no matter how he musses things up, and others have to clean up after him. Happy is the miller! He will be if you raise any wheat for him to grind and he gets his usual rakeoff after it is ground. Nobody, however, is happy who eats the miller's product after the miller has taken all the life-sustaining matter out of it. You would be able to put more vim into your games if you were eating the bread milled by a miller who produced only wholewheat flour, which is the perfect food. Animals starve to death on white flour and so do humans but they don't know it. Etta, some of the cousins will doubtless be glad to send you books containing descriptions of parlor games and I hope you won't get a crick in the back reaching down to grab them.

NEW ALBANY, 2302 Shelby St., IND.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a Hoosier girl, five feet tall, have brown hair and eyes and fair complexion. I hope this finds you feeling fine and able to get after the traters. Keep it up Uncle, anybody that's a trater to our flag should not be allowed to live under it. I am a member of two other clubs beside the C. L. O. C. One is a humain club. Uncle, do you believe in fortune tellers? Uncle, when are things coming down? Tell me what you think of it. I have a button off a soldier's coat that run on the General Grant engine during the Civil War. Is there any primum on it? Do you like music? I just dearly love it. A brass band is the kind I like best. I'd rather listen to one of them than eat. I play the piano and violin. Won't write more as the Goat has already chewed a dozen of my letters.

Your niece, PEARL LEES, League No. 43023.

I'm not feeling very fine, Pearl, but fine enough to get after the traitors, or "traters" as you have it. If all the "traters" were taturs, what a wonderful food crop we would have and we could have all those taturs well mashed before we ate them. There will never be any scarcity of the traitor crop, the Reds will see to that. That "humain" club must be quite interesting. I suppose a humain club is a half-sister or mother-in-law to a humane club. I wish I could make the world into one vast humane club, but it is a tough task for nations do not like each other because they do not know or understand each other, and lack of understanding causes jealousy, suspicion, prejudice and hate. Anyway, we have only had one generation that could read and even begin to think (for people use their emotions and let their brains rust), and the beautiful art of being kind, which is all this sad world needs, has never been put into practice. Fortune tellers are a bunch of frauds and fakers. In this section of the country these gentry are put in jail. You ask when I think things are coming down. I've just read in the paper that in the fall skirts will be longer, though I don't believe it. If this report is correct, things will be coming down. A telephone wire man has been on our roof and he is now coming down, and so are large sections of our ceiling. I understand that when it stops raining, umbrellas will come down, and if the Reds get control you will see the Star Spangled Banner coming down and Mr. Hillquit or Mr. Berger or some of their friends will be hauling up the red flag. Once the red flag symbolized a common brotherhood. It appealed strongly to all men of ideals, including myself, but like all good things in this world, even from the cross of Christ down, these symbols of a sublime idealism have been seized by rascals to cover every form of villainy, vice, murder, bloodshed and plunder, hate and destruction. Everything that symbolizes the good, the beautiful and the spiritual should be rescued from those who contaminate and disgrace it. That is the work of forward-looking humanity, and it is a work that will be done. I can't tell if there is any "primum" on that button. If there is, I advise you to polish it and get the "primum" off. I hope that a young lady who belongs to so many clubs as you do is not going to part with what many would regard as a precious souvenir, though I may tell you frankly that if General Grant had seen anyone running on his engine, they would soon have had the buttons all shot off them. General Grant was a man who stood his ground and was not strong for traitors or runners. Oh, Pearl, something else is coming down. There is a brass band coming down the street, and it is making such an awful racket that we have had to close the windows. It is making just the kind of noise you love. The Goat says you mean the price of things coming down. Before the price of food comes down, more food must come up, and more can't come up until we have more food producers, and food producers just now, instead of working, are watching the movies in the cities and trying to get a drink of wood alcohol. The recent railroad strike ruined thousands of tons of food and forced up prices, and so the merry game goes on.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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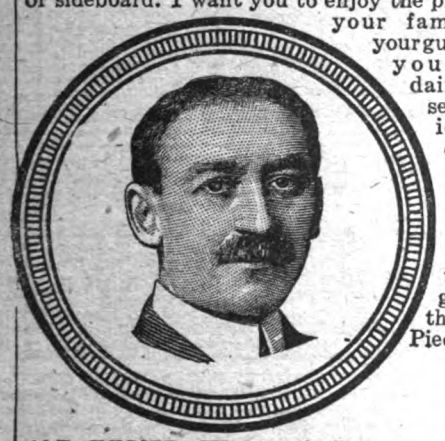
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

To Freckle or Not to Freckle

NOW is the time of year when the little freckle makes its appearance, when tan and sunburn go about seeking whom they may attack, and when every girl in the broad United States cries: "Oh, how do you get rid of freckles?"

There is an old saying which I recommend to your consideration: "Prevention is better than cure." The way to get rid of freckles in the most effective manner is not to acquire them. Few skins can stand the hot summer sun unprotected without blossoming forth in freckles, or donning a coat of sunburn, and if you want neither of these attributes then be a little more careful about courting Old Sol.

A good recipe for getting sunburned is to don a middy blouse with sleeves above the elbow, and low neck, and go forth unhatted to play tennis or row in the sun. If you are at all capable



SUBSTITUTING A PARASOL FOR A HAT.

of producing freckles, be sure they will come forth on this invitation, while unless you have a decidedly tough skin you may resign yourself at once to an aggravated case of sunburn.

However, there is nothing objectionable in a tanned skin—the aftermath of sunburn—and the pleasure of the outdoors is worth the penalty, in my opinion. But if you want to keep a lily-white skin, you cannot do it by this method.

Skin which is dry or skin which is wet with water burns easily. Skin which is oily does not. So that is the first thing you should keep in mind. To protect your skin which is to be subjected to the hot sun, coat it thickly with cold cream and gently massage it until it will hold no more. Then wipe the face with equal gentleness with a soft cloth, and powder it with a good face powder. If you are going on an automobiling trip, be sure that your face cream and powder box go with you—not any dinky little amount of either, but a generous supply. And when you stop for lunch or a rest, apply a little cold cream and wipe off the dust of the road thoroughly; then smear on the cream quickly again and wipe off the surplus, adding the powder as the final touch. In this way, you may come home from your outing without any sunburned skin to testify to your adventure.

But you can't wander around on the beach without a hat, or even stroll down to the post-office summer afternoons hatless, unless you want a sunburned nose or a freckle or two. If you don't like to wear a hat, then invest in a stunning parasol and carry that when you go promenading down the pretty streets of your town. A parasol is out of place on an outing, however, so here you must provide yourself with a big becoming hat; and if you don't want sunburned, tanned or freckled arms, then there is nothing for it but a long pair of silk gloves. You can protect the skin of the arms as you do that of the face, by rubbing in cold cream and powdering, but you must be sure to get all the surplus cream off or your gown will bear the marks.

If I were you, however, I wouldn't worry about the marks the sun leaves, except to prevent a bad and painful case of sunburn such as comes from an extended trip in a motor car without a top. Cold cream, as used above, will help in such case, and you must always remember never to put water on a sunburned face or one which is hot from being in the sun. The heat added to the water will almost blister the face. Use cold cream for such cleansing purposes.

Answers to Questions

LOUISE.—Do not scratch the scales which measles have left on your scalp. Get a medicine dropper at your drug store, and with olive oil anoint the scalp thoroughly. To do this, part the hair from brow to nape of neck, and run the medicine dropper along the part; then part again about half an inch away, and do the same, and so continue until the whole scalp has been oiled. This is not so untidy as pouring oil upon the scalp, which makes the hair very oily, too. Do your hair up in a towel at night to avoid soiling the bedlinen; then in the morning shampoo the hair with water in which you have sliced half a cake of white household soap, letting it thoroughly dissolve. If you have the courage, keep the scalp oiled two or three nights before your first shampoo; this will mean, however, that you will have to keep out of sight, for your hair will be oily and stringy. If the scales do not come away after an oiling and shampoo, then massage the scalp every night for a week or ten days with fingers dipped lightly in oil. To massage the scalp, slip the fingers under the loosened hair on each side of the head, and, holding the fingers firm, move the scalp back and forth on the skull; place the fingers in a new place and repeat, and continue until the whole scalp has been gone over in this manner. If the fingers are slightly oily at the tips, this will lubricate the scalp. Of course, you must make up your mind that when you brush your hair the next morning, the oil on your scalp will be spread over your hair, and you will not look as attractive as you would like—but we must get rid of those scales, mustn't we? About dressing your hair becomingly, I have said many times in these columns that girls of fifteen in fashionable families dress their hair very simply; parting in the middle, for instance, and rolling softly away from the face, then braiding in one long braid in the back.



THIS IS NO WAY TO AVOID FRECKLES OR SUNBURN.

A good way to do it is to part the hair from ear to ear across the top of the head; then part again from the forehead to the part you have just made. With one half of the front hair, experiment, drawing it down a little on the forehead, then rolling it back, pinning it in place as you do with invisible pins; do the same with the other half, then braid the ends of both sides in with the back hair.

E. A.—Arm exercise will reduce the bust. You need not fear their developing other parts of the body. Exercise not only develops muscle, but wears away excessive fat. Any of the arm exercises given in these columns will aid in reducing the bust. Perspiration also reduces flesh, so if you will cut a bandage of rubber cloth wide enough to go well above and below the bust, and long enough to wrap tightly about the body, then fasten it about the bust with strips of adhesive tape, this will help in reduction through causing perspiration. It is a rather uncomfortable form of treatment in hot weather, however. Are you not too fat elsewhere? If you are, then the answer lies in cutting out fat-building foods, such as sweet things, starches (potatoes, rice, white bread, macaroni, etc.) and fats, including gravies, much butter, etc.

ROCHESTER.—You are eating the wrong kinds of food, my dear. It is a simple manner to reduce, if you will eat only the foods which make muscle instead of those which make fat. When you are already too fat, you need to reduce the *amount* of food as well as the *kind*, until you have lost some of the fat. First, make up your mind that you will eat only at meals, three times a day; that you will not eat candy, cake, preserves or other sweet things. With those two resolutions, you are a long way on the road to keeping the fat from coming. The next thing you have to do is to settle on a diet which will not make more fat. Here is a good breakfast for you: Half a grapefruit, or an orange, a soft-boiled egg on thin, crisp toast without butter. For lunch you could eat some sliced tomatoes on lettuce with French dressing or with just vinegar, pepper and salt; and some other green vegetable, like string beans for instance, or spinach, or asparagus, or carrots. Only the tiniest bit of butter should be used in seasoning the hot vegetables. A baked apple barely sweetened will make a good dessert, or an apple which has not been cooked. For dinner, any lean meat, any green vegetable but no potatoes or rice or macaroni or white bread. For dessert you can have any fruit (fresh), including melon, but must not have any cream on the fruit and but the tiniest amount of sugar. Oranges are good for you, canteloupe, peaches, pears, etc., etc. Don't eat fat meats, gravies, preserves, cake, pie, sweetened puddings; don't drink milk or take cream on any food; eat scarcely any butter or sugar. Try this plan for a few weeks and you will be surprised at the difference. At the same time you should exercise to the point of fatigue so that you perspire with the exertion.

ANXIOUS C. P.—I should let the mole on my neck alone, as meddling with moles sometimes causes serious trouble. Where a mole is large and fleshy, sometimes tying a thread around the base tightly will cause it in time to shrivel up and drop off. You understand there will still be a mark left on the neck, however. If you use a thread, dip it in boiling water first, and do not touch with the fingers the part of the thread that goes about the wart. You can wind the thread about the wart several times, drawing it tight. The only safe way to remove moles is by the electric needle in the hands of a skilled operator. You say your hair is short, and does not grow. It is not getting nourishment enough. Pay attention to your whole body, for the health of the hair depends upon the body health. See that you eat regularly, chew your food thoroughly, drink plenty of water between meals, get the right amount of sleep, eight to ten hours, have fresh air in your room, and that your bowels move regularly once or twice a day. Exercise and water-drinking, with proper foods, will take care of the bowel habits. Then shampoo your hair once in three weeks carefully, being careful not to use strong soap, and to rinse the hair very thoroughly afterward. If you can use rain-water for the shampoo, so much the better. Every night, when you are ready for bed, let your hair down, part it from the forehead to the nape of the neck, then brush each half gently and with long strokes one hundred times. Do not brush back from the forehead, but from the part toward the ears. Sleep with your hair loose. See what I say to "Louise" about massaging the scalp. Massage your scalp for five or ten minutes every morning when you first get up. You are at an age when your body is undergoing changes and its building qualities are strongly taxed, so it is not strange that your hair is feeling the effects. What you must do, therefore, is to give your body plenty to build with. Drink milk, eat plenty of cereal foods—oatmeal, cracked wheat, or any of the ready-to-eat cereals, with cream and sugar—lots of bread and butter, potatoes, rice, bacon, meat, eggs, etc. Fried foods are not very good for you because they take so much longer to digest and therefore overwork your stomach. Meats are better when broiled or roasted and are more easily digested. For the same reason, pork and veal are not particularly good meats; lamb, beef, mutton are better. Chicken and other poultry are good, as is fish. Eggs are a wonderful food, but they should not be cooked hard. Three minutes to three and one-half minutes, is enough for a soft-cooked egg. Poaching an egg is a good way to prepare it, but see that it is soft. Scrambled eggs are good if quickly prepared and still soft and creamy. You couldn't have better food than the following: For breakfast, some fruit, such as an orange, an apple, a piece of melon or a dish of berries; then a big bowl of oatmeal and cream with sugar, and some toast or bread and butter; then a soft-boiled egg. For lunch, some rice with butter, a green vegetable, a glass of milk, bread and butter and plenty of it; and perhaps a baked apple. For supper, some meat, potato, bread and butter, a green vegetable, some baked custard, or some fresh fruit or any other simple dessert. When we are growing girls, we have little to say about what food will be served at a meal, which is only fair, as the older people are entitled to their preferences; but if you can get plenty of milk, soft-boiled egg for breakfast, cereal and cream, potatoes or rice, and lots of bread and butter, you will have good foods with which to build up health. This is a time of your life when you want to give yourself the right things to eat that you may be made into a healthy woman. Be sure to chew every mouthful of food until it is liquid before you swallow it; in that way you get out of it all the body-building qualities it has. Drink plenty of water between meals—eight to ten glasses a day. Oh, about that blackhead which has left a lump. That just means that the pore is still clogged with secretions. Do you take a good body bath every day when you are well, being careful that the water is warm and that you do not get chilled? That helps the skin to throw off its impurities. For the face, before you go to bed at night, use hot soapy water to wash the skin thoroughly, then rinse, then lay hot cloths over the nose where the blackhead lump still exists; this helps to open up the pores and let the impurities out. After you have done this for a few nights, however, and the lump has disappeared, stop using the hot water packs, or it will make large pores on your face.

HELEN.—Your freckles are of the summer variety. The best thing for you to do is merely to protect the skin as much as possible, in the future, in the spring when you begin to acquire them. Anything which removes freckles must take off the fine surface skin, for freckles lie beneath the skin; this renders the new skin susceptible to other blemishes and needing more protection than the old. The year is too far advanced, now, I presume, to ward off a crop of freckles for this year, but next year you should heed the advice I give in my talk to my "Pretty Girls" this month. In the meantime, if you want to use something on your freckles, lemon juice is the most harmless acid. Even horseradish, ground and made into a paste, then applied to the skin, will act. Another formula is as follows:

To Remove Freckles

Glycerine, one ounce; lactic acid, two ounces; rose-water, one half ounce. Dampen your freckles with this lotion. It will probably redden the skin, for what it must really do, as I have explained, is to remove the discolored skin which we call freckles. You can use a good cold cream afterward to soothe any irritation. My own advice would be, since your freckles are so insignificant, to powder them as you have been doing, not attempt to remove them, then another year begin early in the spring to ward off their reappearance. About the down on the upper lip, I do not advise the remedy you suggest; in fact, I strongly advise against it. You will merely have a new and stronger growth shortly, and then your troubles will begin in earnest. Try the peroxide and the ammonia, as I have recommended. The probability is that you do not need anything; if you will examine people's faces closely, you will find that the large majority have a down. This is not objectionable, and only becomes so when the down develops into hairs, if it does. You are a pretty girl and will stay so longer if you do not experiment with cosmetics, lotions, eradicators, etc. Just take care of the complexion you have, and think as little about it as possible. You would be surprised to see how few things the professional models use on their faces, and how careful they are not to "experiment" with their skins. I recommended a very simple treatment of the skin to a model once, and she said earnestly: "Oh, but I never use anything on my skin except a tiny bit of the very finest powder. I can't afford to experiment with it." That's a good thing for a "pretty girl" to remember.

ALABAMA GIRL.—Any arm exercise will help your bust. Deep breathing will increase your bust measure in a short time. Be careful how you stand. Do not let the shoulders fall forward, but drop them easily, then throw the chest out but without forcing the shoulders back. This easy elevation of the chest will give your lungs room to do their work and grow in capacity, and as this takes place, your bust will increase. To practice deep breathing, stand erect, with hands on hips or hanging loosely at side, then slowly draw in breath through the nose, keeping the mouth closed. It should take you at least ten counts to do this. Then just as slowly exhale the breath again through the nose, and while counting ten. Repeat ten or fifteen times, and do this several times a day. In fact, you can always practice deep breathing, as you go about your work, as you walk along the street. Be sure your corset is not too tight. Wear a low-busted corset, one that extends only a little bit above your waist, and the top of which is about an inch below your bust. Tie your corset strings in two places,—about half way below the waist, and again at the waist. Never put your corset on laced—but unlace it each time before you unhook the front. In putting it on, it should be unlaced with the strings very loose; the front should first be hooked up, then the side garters fastened to the stockings, and finally you should settle yourself easily into the corset, and draw the strings at the waist till the corset fits you easily, then tie the strings; then draw up the strings below the waist, and tie them firmly. To lace your corset for this method of putting it on, begin at the top, putting the middle of your corset string there, and then lace with each string until you reach the waist-line; then instead of crossing over, as you have been doing, put your left string which you have just drawn through an eyelet on the left side, into the hole just below it on the left side; at the same time putting your right string which you have just drawn through an eyelet on the right side, into the hole just below it on the right side. Leave a loop at this point on each side of the corset, then resume your lacing until you are about five inches below the waist-line, then do the same thing again, leaving a loop on each side, and finish lacing to the bottom. Wear rather a long corset. Use these loops to draw up the corset string when putting it on, and be sure your corset sets easily about the waist, and that you have not pushed the flesh at the waist-line down below the waist-line of the corset.

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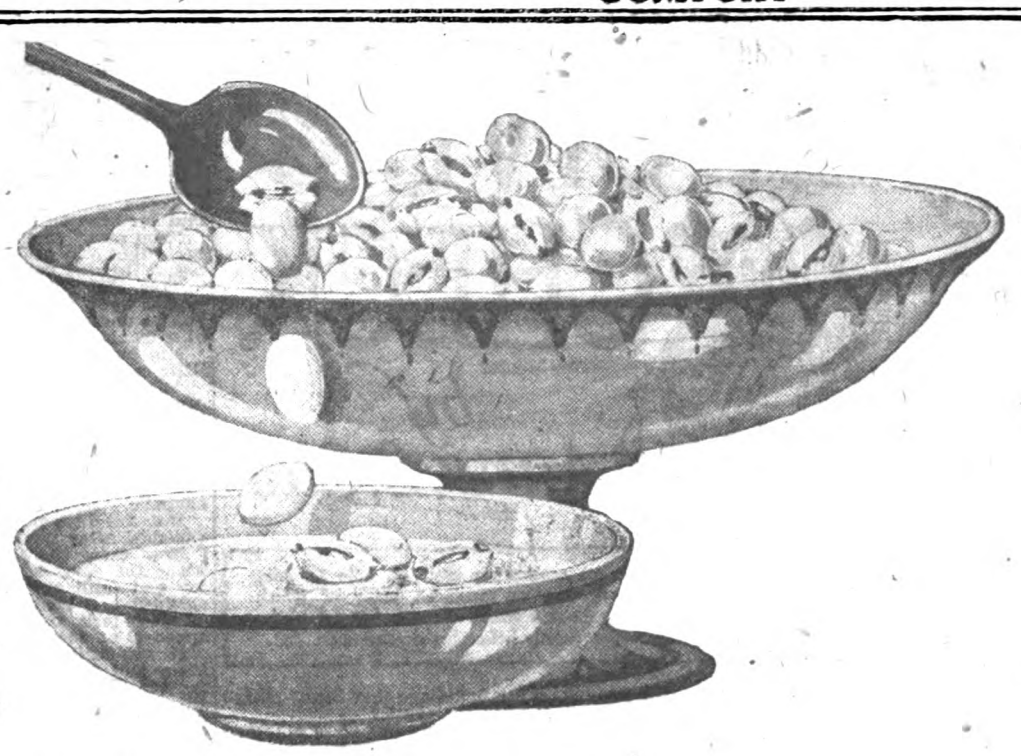
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Puffed Wheat is the finest dainty ever served in bowls of milk. The gigantic grains are thin and airy, and they floât. The flavor is like toasted nuts. The thin walls crumble at a touch.

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Grains That Melt Away

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains puffed to bubbles. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed—sweet toasted inner corn.

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The grains are sealed in guns, then revolved for an hour in a fearful heat. The bit of moisture in each food cell is thus changed to steam.

When the guns are shot those cells explode. A hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Thus these three Puffed Grains—Wheat, Rice and Corn—become the best-cooked cereals in existence.

Thinner than tissue

Puffed Grains are as airy as snowflakes. The walls are thinner than tissue. When crushed they melt away, and the flavor is exquisite.

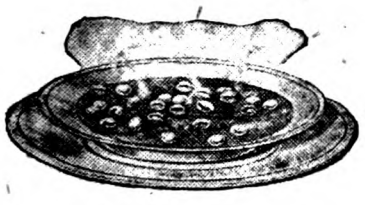
Each has its own delights, so every home should keep the three Puffed Grains on hand.

They are not only breakfast dainties. Serve all day long, in all the ways you can. They will take the place of lesser foods, of sweets and of confections.



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Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Now used in pancake flour

Now we mix ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake flour. The Puffed Rice flour adds a nutty taste and makes the pan-cakes fluffy. The flour is self-raising, so the batter is made in a moment. And you never knew such pan-cakes. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.



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With their berries

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This afternoon

Puffed Grains were crisped and doused with melted butter. And countless children, when at play, ate them dry like nut meats



At dinner today

The ice cream dish was garnished with Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. And the flavory bubbles, melting into the cream, doubled its de-lights.

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THE ELUSIVE CHECK



by Anna S. Ells

COMFORT readers will learn with sorrow that this is the last message we shall be able to print from the pen of this gifted author who wove her very soul into her inspiring romances, many of which have appeared from time to time in this magazine, several during the past year. Anna S. Ells joined the "great majority" about a year ago and we bought this story of her shortly before her death.—EDITOR.

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THEY had been married six years when the terrible thing happened. In all that time they had been the best of companions; they had developed matrimonial curves instead of angles; they had learned to laugh where too many sigh; they had cultivated a leniency toward each other's failings that guaranteed happiness; in short, the "ourness" of the compact had not yet individualized.

In these six happy and contented years they had accumulated in the order named, a Boston pup, now a Boston dog of great dignity, a Persian kitten, now a Persian cat, a son named Gem, who joined gleefully the happy family assigned to him, a daughter named The Angel, who looked upon them all with sweet seriousness, and lastly, a house, which they straightway made into a home, and which was considered a delicious joke.

The upheaval came when Pedro (his real name was Peter) evoked from his innermost brain an idea, furbished it up on the sly, got it copied on the office typewriter, and forwarded it to a monthly justly famous; all without Rhoda's knowledge, you note, and with many an inward quake; and when, still in the secrecy of his office, he received a goodly check therefor. His heart bounded within him. Now his secret could be shared. Home he rushed and waved the long, thin slip aloft.

"Hurrah! The Fleece of Gold!" His joyous voice carried through the long hall to wifely ears. "Riches sweep down upon us. The winds of heaven waft them, the mails carry them, and upon you I bestow them."

Rhoda viewed the waving slip of paper with amusement; she was accustomed to her husband's extravagancies of speech.

"Is it an honest-to-goodness check?" she queried.

"It bears inspection," he retorted, laying it before her astonished eyes.

"I don't understand, Pedro. Did it come 'out of everywhere into here,' or is there reason in its madness?"

"Perfectly simple, like golf. Your loving husband has developed a brain as well as arms and legs. Grey matter did the trick, my dear, and it will do others."

"Elucidate."

"I wrote a tale of joy; it brought a check of gladness."

"Actually? You delightfully brilliant young man! Proud am I this day to own you. We will put it into the bank for a nest-egg," she decided joyously.

"We will have the time of our young lives," he declared.

"Oh, Pedro! It would be such a start for the babies."

"More checks where this hailed from. Don't you worry, little woman. We are going to live—live—live."

Rhoda caught the infection, and together they whirled down the hall, followed by two small imitators for whom the dance held no strangeness.

It was after Pedro had gone to his office the next morning that the terrible thing actually happened.

Returning from the last farewell at the porch, Rhoda paused to give the long, thin slip that meant so much, one triumphant wave over her head. The slippery thing slipped from her fingers. She turned to pick it up. It was not there. Smilingly she began the search; frantically she continued it. No long thin check greeted her wildly-searching eyes. She moved Pedro's big Sleepy Hollow; no check. Then every article in the room was examined and moved into the hall. Buffet drawers came out and were emptied, the rug shaken, the few pictures taken down and searched. No window was open and the doors had been closed. Up and down the bare room she paced. Had there ever been a check? Was she sane, or dreaming wildly? It was maddening; it was uncanny. A check was a tangible piece of paper; it could not disappear without going somewhere. The thing was impossible. She sank to the floor to hold her throbbing head and think—think.

Gem and The Angel had been "helping." Now they brought a little pile of fragments which they offered hopefully. Their mother was too distracted to even smile.

As the slow hours passed she continued the search, often in the most impossible places. She lifted the telephone receiver to pass the doleful news on to Pedro, but no——. It would be easier for both to wait until he came home. Perhaps the check would reappear as mysteriously as it had vanished.

All day she waited anxiously, even hopefully, for Pedro's return, but when his key sounded in the lock at the usual hour, she quivered a retreat, as though some sin rested on her soul.

"Hello the house!" came the beloved voice.

Rhoda's heart gave no answering thrill. It was the first time that voice had failed to ring a welcome. How could she break the spell of happiness that lay upon them?

Wee Gem solved the problem, as he rushed forward with outstretched arms.

"It's losted, Daddy! All losted, an' we hunted and hunted."

"What is 'losted,' little man?" Pedro lifted the boy to his shoulder. Something was often "losted" with Gem, and he gave the declaration no thought until he caught sight of his wife huddled in a chair encompassed by woe.

"Anything wrong, Rhoda?"

"It's the check. It's gone," came from the doleful depths.

"Gone! Where?" His amazement was boundless.

"If I only knew," she sobbed. "You said the—the 'winds wafted it.' They have taken it away."

For the first time her femininity annoyed him.

"Suppose you show a gleam of intelligence and explain." His voice held a note of sternness new to her.

The tale was soon told, there was so little to tell. He looked at her with strange gravity, and the look remained long after the tale was completed. A torturing moment passed, then——

"Do you expect me to believe that flimsy story? What did you *do* with the check?"

Rhoda's eyes opened wide; her cheeks flushed crimson. Gem and The Angel watched anxiously. For them the stars were falling.

"Pedro, have I ever told you an untruth? That is exactly what happened, so help me God."

It is said that a beast lurks in the soul of every man. Pedro's slipped his leash, and kindled a slow anger in a heart singularly pure and clean.

"When you are ready to explain, let me know," he answered grimly as he turned away.

Rhoda sank back with a groan.

Gem felt that there was need of a man in the house. He looked swiftly from one to the other, then rushed over to his father and struck at him with all the might of his small fists.

The Angel's lips quivered as she climbed into her mother's lap.

"You can fool them," Pedro sneered. "It don't work with me. I'll have dinner at the Club."

The banging of the front door sounded a funeral knell. It was so unlike the Pedro she had known.

"So that is the serpent I have cherished in my heart!" Rhoda sat erect, her eyes blazing.

Then began the second lesson of their married lives. It was as though other souls inhabited their bodies, and their lips gave utterance to thoughts not their own. The routine was the same, but enlivened by laughter. There were no noisy jubilees, no lingering farewells, no welcomes. Even Gem and The Angel played quietly, but there was an odd expectancy about them.

There were days when Rhoda searched all day for the missing check; nights when she awoke with the sure knowledge of its hiding place; days when she wept for the departed happiness, and days when justified anger burned hot within her.

Pedro, grim and unbending, was as unhappy as she. He knew in his heart of hearts that he was wrong, yet, in his masculine wisdom, he knew that she could not be right. Necromancy was a myth; a check was a tangible thing.

So each walked a weary way alone. The "ourness," their banner and their shield, was quite mislaid.

One night, some three months later, Pedro laid another check on the table by his plate.

"There is a second check," he announced, looking across at his wife. "There will be others. But we will have no 'wind-wafting' about this one. I'll take care of it myself."

Rhoda's eyes met his squarely. For the first time the beast of his own slunk back. For the first time his doubt of her was really shaken.

Her voice was low and tense.

"May God forgive you, Pedro. I cannot," she said.

Pedro knew then that the impossible was true. To his wife the disappearance of the check was as much a mystery as to himself.

That night when assured that she slept, Pedro descended the stairs, and searched the dining-room thoroughly, but he left it no wiser than before.

On his way to the office the next morning he saw a great bunch of yellow jonquils, for spring had come. At sight of their golden glory, the words "A Heart of Gold" leaped at him. They stayed with him all day, and he took them home with him at night. "A Heart of Gold!" Well he knew that a heart of gold beat true for him alone, and a tenderness stole into his own sore heart, but he banked his check that day.

After that little kindnesses detracted from the gloom of the long, spring days. A third lesson was added to their experiences. The joy of living was not in it, the "ourness" that blessed still was missing, that heart-to-heart front to all the world that is a breastplate against its buffetings. In its stead there grew a quiet half-contentment into which memory would prick and sting; a comfortable give-and-take in the ways of life, but the barrier lay between.

It was when the third check came that matters moved onward. It was somewhat larger than the others, and consequently of more importance. Pedro thought to wipe out the past with one touch of confidence. As they sat down to dinner he tossed the check across to his wife, trying to laugh carelessly as he exclaimed:

"Still they come! We shall make our fortune yet."

Rhoda looked at the check, then at Pedro, but she did not touch it. Her face in its sweet gravity was like that of The Angel.

Gem made a dash for the long, thin slip.

"It'll get losted. Put it in your pocket quick, Daddy."

No smile greeted his earnestness. The eyes of the husband and wife had met. For a long moment the silent battle waged, then Pedro arose, closed every door and window, picked up the check, and standing in front of the buffet as Rhoda had done, waved the check above his head, attempting a joyous abandon he did not feel. Once again Fate took a hand. The check slipped from his fingers. He turned to pick it up, but it was not there. Almost in fear he looked at his wife, but she was not watching. The Angel was clasped to her breast, and she was furtively wiping her eyes. Hope was stirring within her aching heart.

Madly Pedro began to search. With broken phrases he explained the new mystery. Rhoda joined him, but she had little hope that either check would ever come to light. Once Pedro paused long enough to snatch her to his breast.

"I've been a beast!" he asserted convincingly.

"You have," she assented, but there was a hint of hope in her low voice.

Over went the chairs; the buffet drawers came out; the table was dismantled, the rug away. Pedro was disheveled and excited; to Rhoda it was an old tale repeated.

At last Pedro sank into his Sleepy Hollow, a dazed expression on his face. His eyes still searched the room. As he met his wife's grave gaze, he flinched. She saw it and it hurt. To have the man you love show the white flag when he should be on the firing line is worse than masculine petulance. She waited for him to retrieve.

"Gad, Rhoda, if this is what you've been through all these months, I don't see how you've stood it." A pause, then—"and with a brute for a husband. I've—I've been angry at myself, I've been discouraged, even dismayed, but this is the first time I've ever downright despised myself."

He sat there huddled down, a picture of misery.

It is the woman in a woman that makes it possible for her to marry a man; it is the mother in her that makes it possible for her to continue that marriage in contentment and peace.

Rhoda knelt on the floor at Pedro's feet and laid her head on his knee.

"You said," came in dejected tones from above her, "that you could never forgive me; and you meant it, wife, you know you did."

"Yes, Pedro, I did mean it, and I am not sure that I ever can—quite. But it was hard for you to understand, and I guess faith is not part of a man's make-up."

His hand rested on her hair. There was a little catch in her voice as she continued.

"We will call this a milestone, Pedro, and start afresh. At least we will share the mystery now. Some times I have felt that I should go wild thinking about it. I like to grapple with worries; this always eludes."

The boy in the man flashed forth.

"George, girlie, let's hunt this room all over again."

But the days passed and the third check had vanished after the first.

Now came the fourth lesson. The glee was never the same as of yore, but joy came back, joy and faith and love, and the "ourness" that shielded and blessed. Gem reached the dignity of three-inch trousers, and The Angel beamed approval on these humans under her care.

It was furiously hot one evening in late July. Pedro and Rhoda sat fanning and discussing plans for their brief holiday after dinner. Gem had slipped from his chair, and was poking inquiring fingers into a rift between the top of the baseboard and the wall beneath one of the windows, in which occupation The Angel found it needful to join. A few moments later she ran to her mother with a wail; she had "hurted" her finger. While the mother soothed her, Pedro investigated his son's occupation.

"What are you up to, young man?" he called out. "Don't pull the house down. See here, Gem, stop that! You are tearing the wall paper."

He hastened over to stop devastation, but Gem was in deadly earnest; wall paper was a secondary consideration.

"I've got to dig it, daddy. I losted my flag, an' a penny——"

"Good heavens! Rhoda come here." Pedro's voice was momentous.

Together they bent over the long crack where the baseboard had warped away from the wall. There was visible a space perhaps one fourth of an inch wide by eight or ten long, narrowing to nothing at either end. Near the center of this opening the corner of a thin, pink paper peeped. Rhoda gave an astonished gasp; their eyes met.

"Can it be possible?" she whispered.

"That I do not know, but I intend to find out," announced Pedro, starting for his workshop in the basement. A few moments later he had pried the baseboard away sufficiently to reveal the treasure.

"Galconda," he ejaculated, straightening up.

Fortunately the spot was near the door into the kitchen. Pedro managed to loosen a door casement, then pry the baseboard far enough from the wall to allow Rhoda to insert her hand.

"Don't pull the house down!" worried Gem, but no one gave heed.

On the floor lay the little pile of treasure; the two long, thin checks, a toy flag, a penny, some stamps, and other bits long missed. Pedro made a little mound of them on the floor, while the babies watched wide-eyed.

"Kitties!" The Angel hopefully suggested, unnoticed.

"There, that is all, Rhoda, and enough I should say for one small crack. How a draft should ever have drawn them in there is more than I can see, but it evidently did."

Rhoda curved her hands widely over the little heap.

"And months of lost happiness, lost trust and faith. We can never get those back, Pedro, never."

The joy left Pedro's eyes. Torn wall paper, and marred happiness filled his horizon.

Once again the mother in the wife spoke.

"There is no use sighing, Pedro; we will use the experience to dig deeper into happiness."

There was a world of love in Pedro's eyes as he looked up.

"Will you ever forgive me, wife? Can you do so big a thing as that?"

Rhoda hesitated. She gathered the little pile from the floor; gave the flag to The Angel, and the penny to Gem; carefully smoothed the thin checks, and placed them on the table, then faced Pedro who gravely waited.

"We all have a second self, my loved one, I realize that. If this stranger, so unlike the man I love, is conquered, we will forget him. If he comes again—oh, Pedro, I could not bear that."

Pedro paced the length of the room and the hall, then came as slowly back.

"He shall not come back, Rhoda, he shall not come back. I know his beastly tricks; I'll be on guard night and day hereafter."

For a moment he searched within his heart, then——

"Oh, my love, my wife!" His arms were waiting. "I cannot go limping through life alone. Come close to my heart; I need you so, oh, I need you so!"

Wife and mother, mother and wife; big of heart, tender, forgiving, loving and strong. "I need you so."

The light of the stars shone in Rhoda's eyes as she crept into her husband's arms content.

Thus was the cycle completed back to the first lesson of love, back to the life-line of faith, beyond which no love may venture in safety.

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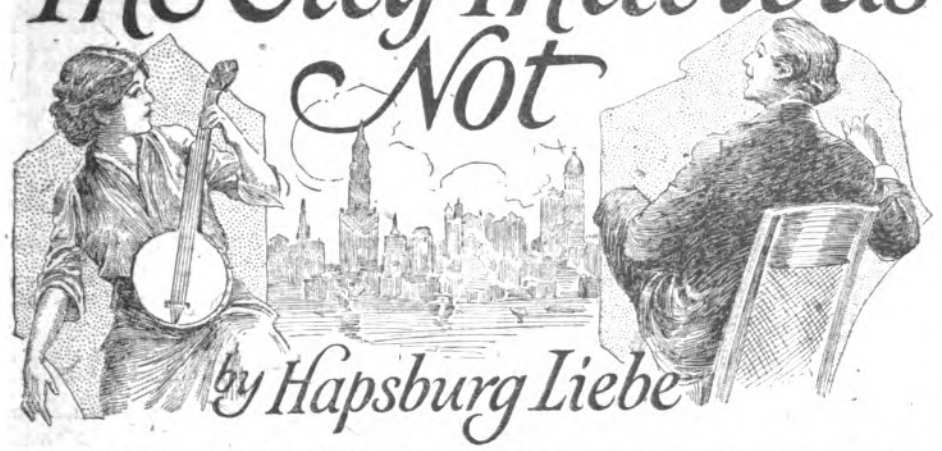
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The City That Was Not



by Hapsburg Liebe

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IT was sheer idle curiosity, perhaps, that sent young "Hondo Jim" Clarkson to St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, New York—sheer idle curiosity, aided by the big money his ranch had made for him during the past year. He had never been to any city before. But he had heard much of cities, and read much of them, and he wanted to see them for himself. His days, even his nights, had been filled with cattle, cattle, cattle, ever since his boyhood. He needed a rest, he thought, and he took it.

There is no doubt that it was Fate, granting that there is such an animal, that sent Hondo Jim to Mrs. Magill's Select Boarding-house, which held forth as a sort of hypothetical home to certain shoe clerks, bookkeepers and department-store girls.

It was after supper,—he called it that, though the rest of them called it dinner,—and Jim Clarkson sat alone in his upstairs room and deliberately took stock of things. The outcome was exceedingly disappointing. The cities made him feel too inconsequential. Back home, on the River Hondo, he had been a big frog in a little puddle. Here he wasn't a little frog in a big puddle; he wasn't even a tadpole! In a shooting-gallery, he had seen a pale and sickly-looking youth break one glass egg after another in the air with a small rifle, a feat that he, the pride of the Hondo as a marksman, would hardly have attempted; he didn't know that the rifle threw some two dozen tiny shot instead of a single bullet. In a theater he had seen a very small man, and a Jap at that, manhandle the strongest fellow the audience could produce; he didn't know it was jiu-jitsu, or that the victim had been bought off beforehand.

And there was something else. In certain shady quarters that he had blundered into, he had witnessed two marvels of gunfights, and he had seen a man slap a woman's face and then disappear as though by magic. Hondo Jim had gone to his hip for the gun that wasn't there——

"The savages," he said very soberly to himself, "sure don't live in the woods, deserts or plains. The savages live in the cities. I wonder just how long Wild Bill Hickok or Billy the Kid would ha' lasted here! Talk about bad men, them out West were pikers."

After staring at nothing for a moment, he went on: "And the cities is all alike. Every one. It's the River Hondo for me. I'm sure glad I didn't sell out a year ago, like I thought o' doin'. Now, the fellow that slapped that woman——"

Hondo Jim Clarkson was certainly no saint himself, and he didn't pretend to be one. His record was more or less checkered; and yet, it was all a clean checkering. The idea of a man striking a woman—it sickened him, made him ashamed of his sex. He rose, found that the night had fallen, and turned on a light. Just then the tinkling of a banjo came from the room next to his, and somehow it jarred. Clarkson was ordinarily a lover of any kind of music, but now—well, everything jarred now. He quite forgot that he wasn't back in New Mexico, where even the stars were his, and rapped on the wall.

"Break that off!" he said harshly.

The tinkling stopped so quickly that it surprised him. Almost, it made him regret that he had interrupted. He sat down again, and, oddly or not, began to think of the one person at Mrs. Magill's that had seemed really worth his notice; she was a slender, light-haired woman of not more than twenty, who had sat squarely across the table from him. She was quiet, good-mannered, and as pretty as a rose. Perhaps, he told himself, his attention had been drawn to her because she seemed as much out of place there at Mrs. Magill's as he felt in New York.

He remembered now that she had spoken to him on sight, smiled, and then appeared to freeze. Yes, freeze, and he wondered why.

Hondo Jim went to sleep thinking of her, and that night she romped tantalizingly through his dreams. At breakfast the next morning, she gave him a look that he would have recognized as being a look of reproach tinged heavily with defiance, had he been anybody but the bluff Westerner that he was, with cattle, cattle, cattle on the brain. At the noonday meal he missed her, and he missed her also at supper that evening—and he missed her much more than he would have thought possible. When supper was over, he met Mrs. Magill in the hallway that led to the front, and took her by the arm as though she had been a man instead of a woman.

"Say," he began, "what's become o' the little lady that set right across the table from me? The one with the light hair and blue eyes?"

Mrs. Magill the buxom shrugged. "That," said she, "was Miss Sadie. Miss Sadie McAllister. She's from somewhere out West. Poor little thing, the city was so lonesome for her! She's been trying and trying to land a job, and she always failed; and her money was giving out, I've got reason to believe. She——"

"From the West!" gasped Hondo Jim. "Whereabouts in the West?"

"I don't just know. Texas, maybe; or maybe it was Idaho. Her folks was all dead, and she wanted to live in a city, where she'd have advantages, she said. But she was disappointed in the cities; they were not like those she'd read about in the storybooks, she told us. Poor little thing. I'm sorry for her. She——"

"But where is she?" Clarkson cut in. "I've got to see her, Mrs. Magill."

The buxom Mrs. Magill shrugged her ample shoulders again. "Oh, she's gone. She left this morning. I haven't the slightest idea where she went. She told me she believed she was making a nuisance of herself with her banjo, and——"

But Hondo Jim was streaking it for the front doorway. "What's the matter?" Mrs. Magill called after him. "What's the matter, Mr. Clarkson?"

Mr. Clarkson answered over one of his big shoulders: "Oh, nothin'; nothin' at all."

Once more Mrs. Magill shrugged.

It would be a simple and easy matter to find any particular person in Cobway, New Mexico. To find any particular person in a city such as New York borders on the impossible, unless one has more of a trail to follow than had Hondo Jim. But no matter what the difficulty, the time necessary, or the cost, Clarkson felt that he must find her. He had run her off; with one mean, little, impulsive deed,—and three, mean, little impulsive words,—he had run her off, and her money was giving out! He had to make amends. He simply had to. If he didn't, he could never look mankind in the face again.

As he wormed his way through the endless streets with their endless streams of humanity, he tried to put himself in her place. If he were she, as lonesome as she, without money and without a single friend and without the ability to get work—what would he do? He didn't dare to think of it, that which he feared she would do. The dock, or poison——

Hondo Jim quickened his pace.

He took up quarters in a modest uptown hotel, in order that he might be nearer to the work that engrossed him, and spent all of the following day in walking the streets and looking, looking for Sadie McAllister. All the next day he did the same, and the next, and the next. He went everywhere, it seemed to him; he consulted policemen; he advertised in the newspapers; he even hired a detective to help him.

A week passed, and neither he, the detective nor the newspapers had found her. Then, a little pale and thin, feeling as though he were the worst of murderers, Jim Clarkson went to Mrs. Magill's Select Boarding-house to see Mrs. Magill. It had just occurred to him that perhaps that estimable lady had seen or learned something of Sadie McAllister.

"Mr. Clarkson!" Mrs. Magill cried out heartily at sight of him. She remembered his name—and she had room for another boarder. "I haven't seen you for a long time. Will you come in, Mr. Clarkson?"

Mr. Clarkson would, and did. But he didn't take the chair Mrs. Magill set out for him.

"I'm afraid you're not well——" she began, and Hondo Jim interrupted rather ungallantly:

"Sadie, Sadie McAllister, have you seen her? Has she been back? She left the same day I left, you know?"

"Oh, yes, she's been back," Mrs. Magill answered with maddening slowness. "She came back a day or two after you went. It was the next day, I think. She came back for something she'd forgotten, and decided to stay, as you'd gone. It was you, she said, that objected to her banjo——"

"But where is she now?" Clarkson cut in hopefully.

"Gone back to her West. She was out of tune, she told me, with everything here. She made the decision all in a minute, womanlike. Poor little thing! I guess it was best for her. It's the cities for the people that grow up in them, and the country for those that grow up in the country. You can't transplant——"

"What—what part of the West?"

"Really, I don't know. It was Texas maybe; maybe it was Idaho. If she told me——"

Hondo Jim scarcely heard the rest of it. Anyway, there wasn't a word of enlightenment in the rest of it. He walked out without even a good by, and went slowly toward his hotel. The knowledge that Miss McAllister had gone home brought him untold relief, it was true, but—oh, well, Clarkson wanted to see her. He wanted to ask her to forgive him. He wanted to tell her—he wanted to tell her a lot of things, and now she was gone, Heaven knew where. It is almost as great an undertaking to find one particular person in the vast stretches of the West as it is in New York's wilderness of streets and buildings.

But Clarkson swore to himself that he wouldn't give it up. Either he was very deeply in love with Miss McAllister, or he thought he was, and it amounts to about the same thing.

Within two more hours, he was aboard a sleeper, and flying westward.

In due time, Hondo Jim alighted from a train at Cobway, the nearest railroad point to his ranch on the River Hondo. Cobway is a withered little town of one long street and half-a-dozen short streets, and Clarkson hailed its sleepy, sunbaked appearance with delight because it was home to him—or nearly home. As he went toward Bill Aker's livery stable, he saw things that he had never before known existed in Cobway. Always before he had been busy, busy with cattle, cattle, cattle.

The open doors of a restaurant exuded a savory odor of something being fried, and it reminded Hondo Jim that he was hungry. He walked in, put his suitcase down, hung his hat on a nail in the wall, and dropped into a chair at a small table. There were soft footfalls behind him, and he looked around and upward to see—nobody else on earth but Sadie McAllister!

"You here!" he gasped asininely. "You—Sadie—you here?"

She smiled. Very sweetly, too. And it was the smile of one who, if not happy, is wise enough to be content.

"Yes, Mr. Clarkson, I'm the new waitress. I'll take your order, if you please. We have ham and eggs, bacon and eggs, stewed——"

She broke off as Clarkson rose. He held to his chair with one hand as he turned toward her.

"I was a fool, Sadie," he said weakly—"Sadie, I was an awful fool. After you left, I—I looked all over town for you, and advertised, and had a detective looking for you; I—I did everything. I wanted to apologize, and I—I—dang it, Sadie, I apologize now! I sure hope you'll find it in your heart to forgive me!"

"The banjo? Oh, that's all right. I was so lonesome I just had to play it to keep from—from blowing up! I understand that you went also to St. Louis, Chicago and Buffalo. I did, too, Mr. Clarkson. How did you like the cities?"

He told her in a few words, and without the tiniest syllable of lurid language, exactly how he liked the cities. She laughed merrily when he had finished.

"You were looking," she said, "for just what I was looking for—the ideal city, and there is none this side of the new Jerusalem. We were looking, Mr. Clarkson, for the city that is not."

"You're right," agreed Hondo Jim, gaining confidence in himself but still greatly surprised at finding Sadie McAllister in Cobway, New Mexico,—"dead right. Now tell me this: how comes it that you're here, of all the places I know?"

She laughed again, and to Clarkson it was a charming laugh. He took one of her hands, and she, after making sure that there was nobody to see or overhear, allowed him to keep it and answered:

"Why, this is home to me. I've lived here all my life. And you really didn't know it? Hondo Jim, I've known you by sight ever since I was a little girl; I used to make believe you were a knight, on that black horse you used to ride, and I—when you spoke to me so coldly there at Mrs. Magill's——"

"After you'd smiled at me because I was from Cobway, New Mexico,—little lady, I sure follow you! Say, I need a wife out at my ranch, somebody to keep me from—er, goin' back to the woods like a chaparral cock that's been hatched in captivity under a hen. Will you, Sadie?"

It came to pass that Hondo Jim didn't go back to his ranch alone.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

and try to please him and I know he does the same.

We have a little girl nearly four years old and a baby boy ten months old, whose picture I am sending to Mrs. Wilkinson to put in COMFORT. His name is Arnold Howard Brandon. Above everything else I want to raise my children in the right way and to teach them about the Bible. My little girl knows all the pictures in the Bible and can tell me about them. I want them to be Christians.

Love to all. MRS. CARL BRANDON.

OAKLAND, OREGON.

DEAR SISTERS:

Mrs. Wilkinson's answer to Mrs. Lee's letter interests me very much. So much depends upon the antidotes of the poisons we have in the house. As long as fly poisons are on the market, housekeepers will continue to use them. Or, our children may get the poison at the home of a playmate, so keeping poisons away from your home doesn't entirely evade the danger.

I had a similar experience six years ago which I am going to relate to show you what knowledge and quick action did.

My three eldest children were girls, Mildred, Kathleen and Frances, the first and third being taken away while infants. Then came James Hartleigh, a big, blue-eyed, mischievous boy, interested in everything his father did. Kathleen was always interested too but never touched anything with which her father was working.

The day of the accident, James was two and one half years old. His father was making an assay, using nitric and hydrochloric acid, equal parts, and had about an ounce in the test tube. In this he put the metal to be tested and bade the children keep back as the fumes are also poison. Dinner was ready and, believing James couldn't possibly reach it, he set it in a basin pushed back on a table on the porch, washed and was just sitting down to the table when I turned to put the child in his high chair. He was gone. He was by my side when his father came to the table. I thought of the acid and then I never shall forget the strangled scream. I reached his side in one bound: the sight paralyzed me. I remember how two had already gone.

He had stood on tiptoe to reach the basin and managed to get hold of the tube; as he lifted it out the contents poured over his hand and down onto his face. As I turned with him to his father I tried to say, "Do you suppose he has swallowed any?" but "suppose" was as far as I got. The answer I received was, "Suppose and get busy." That was all I needed to bring me back to salt and soda. By the time he had the youngster over his knee, head thrown back and mouth forced open, I was there with a box of soda and a cup of water. He put soda in the child's mouth and then poured in some water to wash it down; threw some soda in the cup and put it on his eyes, face and hands. I then got salt and he forced salt and water down the child's throat. Then he went for the doctor, but when they returned, half an hour later, vomiting had set in and the child was out of danger.

I still keep acids in the house labeled and away from other medicines. But James has never meddled with acids since, though still very mischievous. I believe this experience will keep my children from meddling with unknown medicines, especially James.

I think it would be a good idea if COMFORT would print some antidotes for poisons.

MRS. J. H. RODGERS.

Mrs. Rodgers.—Thanks for the suggestion. You will find a few antidotes in the space devoted to "remedies," and more will follow.—Ed.

YOST, KY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Words cannot express my appreciation of and love for COMFORT and its whole staff and contributors. I read it from cover to cover, even the ads. which I find interesting and instructive.

I want to add another caution to our editor's reply to Mrs. Josie Lee. Be very careful about leaving little folks in a room with an open fire. Our own baby girl, when she was three years old, caught fire, though she had not been alone in the room four minutes. Fortunately I was in the next room and reached her in time to prevent any serious injury.

How many believe in teaching boys to do girls' work and vice versa? I do and my three boys can wash dishes, sweep, help with the cooking and do lots of little things around the house, and the oldest knows how to sew on the machine and how to sew on buttons. Even if they never need to do such things the knowledge won't hurt them.

Mrs. Maggie Robinson, what do you do when you have so many duties that you can't for the life of you tell which is nearest? That is usually my trouble. I am slow, always behind with my work and invariably have to take the nine stitches instead of the one in time.

We are very poor and do not have money enough to fuss over. What we do have is used by the one who needs it first or worst.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)

Driven Apart

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

But there was one who did not wait for Beryl's wealth to be known before she came, acknowledged her worth, and sought a reconciliation. This was Neil's mother. Neither could Mrs. Burton Preston forget that to Beryl, whom she had cruelly wronged, she owed her life. The haughty woman's pride was humbled. Beryl was not slow to forget and forgive, because she was eager to do everything she could for Neil's happiness.

In Berdyne's settlement with Beryl, a mortgage of five thousand dollars against Sunset Ranch, long overdue, fell to her. As a token of esteem for "Mother Jackman," Beryl canceled the mortgage, and forwarded it to the good woman who had always been her friend. Thus she heaped coals of fire upon the head of the faithless ranchman.

Help was also extended by Neil and Beryl to Mr. Bickerdyke and his daughter, who had lost everything in the fire.

The people of San Francisco have already rebuilt the wrecked parts of the city, which has arisen from the ruins more lovely than before. Neil and his beautiful wife sometimes motor through the streets where once they searched wildly for each other. But for the most part they live in Denver near Mrs. Preston, who is almost as happy as they are.

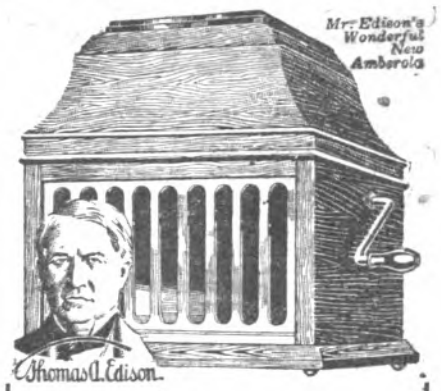
THE END.

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BY MRS. MABEL KELLER.

MATERIALS: 3 balls No. 80 white mercerized crochet cotton and steel crochet hook of suitable size.

Work is begun at the end of the belt. Chain 71 stitches.

1st row.—1 d. c. in 9th st from hook, ch 2, skip 2, 1 d c. Repeat to end of row making 22 spaces in all. Ch 5, turn.

Six next rows.—All same as first row.

8th row.—Ten sps, 4 d c (1 block), 1 block in next space, 10 spaces, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—9 sps, 4 blks, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—In this row we make the opening in end of belt shown in the illustration. To do this, make 5 sps, ch 36, skip 12 spaces, 5 sps over last 5 sps in last row. Ch 5, turn.

11th row.—5 sps over 5 sps, 5 sps on ch, 4 blks or 13 d c and 5 sps, all on ch 36, 5 sps over 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—11 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

Next 6 rows each of 22 sps.

19th row.—Slip st over 1st 5 sps, ch 5, 12 sps over next 12 sps, ch 5, turn.

Repeat 19th row 18 times.

In next row work 5 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps. Then 18 rows of 12 sps each and finish this end of belt same as other end.

One now continues the work of the front by working along the side of the center of the belt. Begin to do this by making 1 d c in the end of the 5th row of 12 sps, ch 2, 1 d c. Repeat making 29 sps in all.

2nd and 3rd rows.—Each 29 sps.

4th row.—13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, ch 5, turn. End each row as usual with ch 5.

5th row.—12 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps.

6th row.—11 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps.

7th row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps.

8th row.—9 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, ch 20, turn.

9th row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, 4 more sps in chain, 8 sps over 8 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—7 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps.

11th row.—11 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps. Now ch 5 and make 1 d c between this row and last or 10th row. Chain 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c making 2 sps along the ends of the 9th and 8th rows. Chain 5, turn, 3 sps over 3 end sps just worked, ch 5, 3 sps on same sps. Repeat twice more. This makes a group of 5 rows 3 sps each, turn sl st over 3 sps, ch 5.

12th row.—Work 5 sps along ends of 3 sps, 5 sps on sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps.

13th row.—9 sps, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps.

14th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 21 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps.

15th row.—7 sps, 1 blk, 23 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps.

16th row.—6 sps, 1 blk, 25 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 36, turn.

17th row.—10 sps on chain, 5 sps, 1 blk, 27 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

18th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 29 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps.

19th row.—13 sps, 1 blk, 31 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, 1 d c between this and last row, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 14, 4 sps, ch 5, turn, 8 sps, ch 16, 1 s c in 39th s c, ch 1, turn 22 d c under ch, 4 sps, ch 5, turn, one now should have 5 arms extending and joined to the 2nd row of singles, follow the last arm with 4 sps on sps, 11 sps over 22 d c, join to end of 2nd row, ch 1, turn, 1 s c, 3 d c, 1 s c, in first sp, repeat in other sps, ch 9, 1 s c, in end sp of 4th arm, ch 9, 1 s c, in end sp of 3rd arm, ch 9, 1 s c, in end of second arm, ch 9, 1 d c, in end of first arm, ch 1, turn.

4th row.—10 s c under each of 4 chs of 9, ch 1, 1 s c, on each s c. Repeat from 3rd row and join when complete.

29th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 13 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps.

30th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 7 blks, 2 sps, 6 blks, 2 sps, 7 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps. Now fill in with 6 rows of 3 sps each worked on ends of the last 3 rows as has previously been directed in row 19.

31st row.—7 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 10 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 10 blks, 13 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps.

32nd row.—6 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 18 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 15 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps.

33rd row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 16 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

34th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 17 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps.

35th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 17 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps.

36th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 18 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 18 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps.

37th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 19 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 19 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 3.

38th row.—1 blk, 20 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 20 sps, 1 blk.

39th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 18 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 18 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

40th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 17 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps.

41st row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps.

42nd row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 4 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 15 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps.

43rd row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 14 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

44th row.—6 sps, 1 blk. All spaces to the opposite side then 1 block just previous to block in last row, 6 sps, ch 57 sts, turn.

45th row.—17 sps in ch, 7 sps, 1 blk, all sps to opposite side, 1 blk, 27 sps.

46th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, all sps to opposite side, 1 blk, 25 sps.

47th row.—26 sps, 1 blk, all spaces and 1 blk, 9 sps, ch 5. Now make 17 rows of 3 sps each, working on end of last 3 rows as previously done.

48th row.—25 sps, 1 blk, sps to oppposite side, 1 blk, 25 sps.

49th row.—29 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

18th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 11 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps.

19th row.—2 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, 5 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps.

20th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp.

21st row.—7 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps.

22nd row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp. 4 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps.

23rd row.—3 sps, 8 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 5 sps, 1 blk.

24th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 3 sps.

26th row.—4 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps.

26th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps.

27th row.—9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps.

28th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps.

29th row.—4 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

30th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps.

31st row.—3 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps.

32nd row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 3 blks, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 9 sps.

33rd row.—6 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps.

34th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps.

Now the rose pattern on the shoulder is completed. Follow with a couple of inches of all spaces and border, according to the size of the child.

For one half the back chain 75 sts, turn—23 sps to shoulder.

Turn corner of border same as on front. Work four patterns of the border across the back, following this with 6 rows of all spaces. Repeat rose pattern same as on front. Placing pattern exactly as on the front, the opening coming between the designs and the rose towards bottom of the yoke with the leaves above.

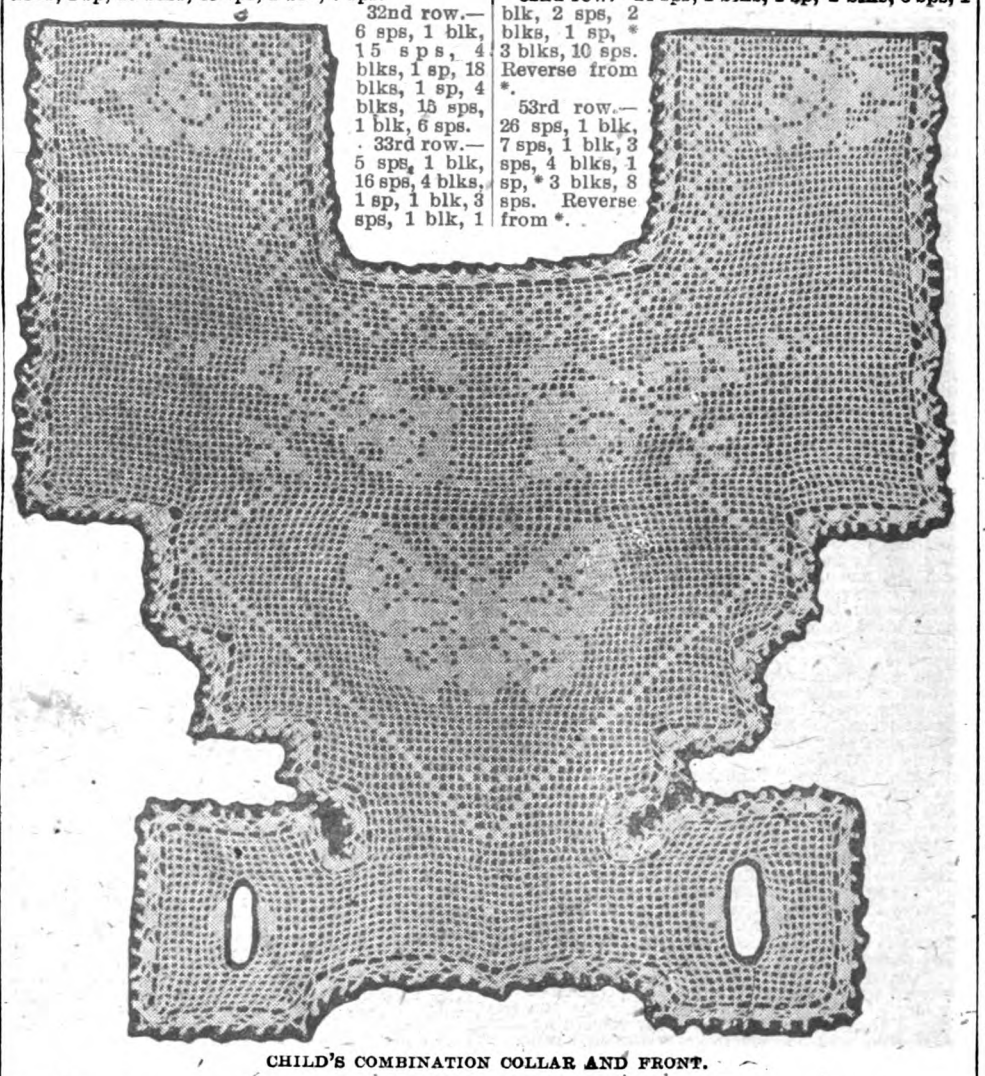
Copy the other shoulder and back to match.

Finishing the neck and all edges with first a row of spaces.

2nd row.—Shell of 8 d c in sp, ch 2, 1 s c in next sp, ch 2, 1 sh in next sp, repeat.

3rd row.—1 s c on first d c of sh, ch 8, 1 p, ch 5, 1 s c on last d c of sh, 1 p, ch of next sp, 1 p over sh, repeat.

This is a dressy addition to either a cotton or woolen frock. Fasten the back of the yoke with tiny buttons and hold the front in place with a small pin at the neck and a ribbon run through the waistband.



CHILD'S COMBINATION COLLAR AND FRONT.

Circular Edging

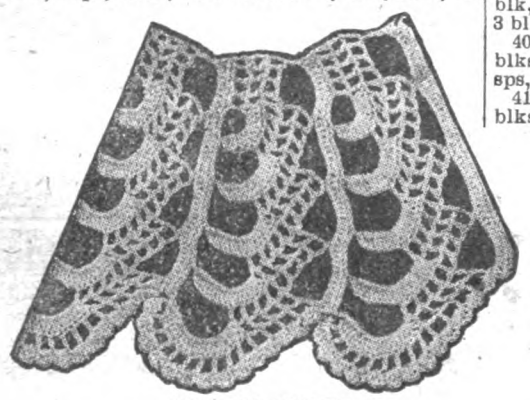
This pretty pattern is so designed especially for and will fit any curved edge smoothly.

Ch 45 sts, turn.

1st row.—44 s c on ch, ch 1, turn.

2nd row.—44 s c, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 d c on third s c, ch 2, sk 1 s c, 1 d c on next, repeat making group of 4 spaces, ch 9, 1 s c in 15th s c of 2nd row, turn, 15 d c, under ch 9, ch 2, 1 d c on d c, repeat making 3 more sps over sps, ch 5, 4 sps over sps, 4 sps over doubles, ch 10, 1 s c in 21 s c of 2nd row, ch 1, turn 16 d c under ch 10, 4 sps over sps, ch 5, turn, 4 sps over sps, 4 over doubles, ch 12, 1 s c in 27 s c, ch 1, turn, 18 d c under ch 12, 4 sps, ch 5, 8 sps, ch 14, 1 s c in 33rd s c, ch 1, turn, 20 d c, ch 2, 1 d c thus making 3 sps in the end of the three last rows, ch 5, turn 3 sps, repeat, making 8 more rows of 3 sps each, ch 5, turn.



CIRCULAR EDGING.

20th row.—10 sps along ends of 10 rows of 3 sps, 2 sps over sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps.

21st row.—11 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps.

22nd row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 9 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 9 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps.

23rd row.—9 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 6 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 6 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 9 blks.

24th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 10 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps.

25th row.—7 sps, 1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps.

26th row.—6 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps.

27th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 12 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 24, turn.

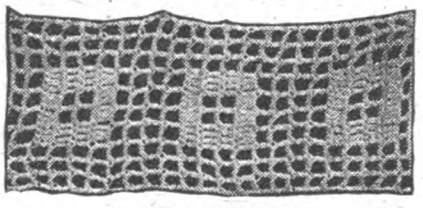
28th row.—6 sps on chain, 4 sps over sps, 1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps.

Filet Insertion

This simple pattern which is suitable for towels, scarfs, pillows, etc., can be very rapidly done. The width can also easily be increased by repeating the square.

Begin with ch 37 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat, making 10 sps, in all, ch 5, turn.



FILET INSERTION.

2nd row.—3 sps, 4 blks or 13 d c over next 4 sps, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—3 sps, 1 blk (4 d c), 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—3 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

Now four or more rows of sps as one prefers, before repeating the block.

* 1 blk, 5 sps. Now complete this row by reversing direction from *, as one has now reached the double rose design on the front. These are exactly the same excepting in reverse order as shown in illustration. From now on directions will simply be given to the center of the yoke and should be copied from this point in reverse order.

50th row.—23 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 9 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, * 2 blks, 10 sps. Reverse from *.

51st row.—23 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, * 5 blks, 8 sps. Reverse from *.

52nd row.—24 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, * 3 blks, 10 sps. Reverse from *.

53rd row.—26 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, * 3 blks, 8 sps. Reverse from *.

54th row.—24 sps, 3 blks, 7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, * 2 blks, 10 sps. Reverse from *.

55th row.—25 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, * 2 blks, 10 sps. Reverse from *.

56th row.—25 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 5 blks, 1 sp, * 3 blks, 10 sps. Reverse from *.

57th row.—29 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 1 sp, * 4 blks, 10 sps. Reverse from *.

58th row.—29 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 4 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, * 4 blks, 8 sps. Reverse from *.

59th row.—30 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 5 blks, 1 sp, * 5 blks, 8 sps. Reverse from *.

60th row.—30 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, * 8 blks, 10 sps. Reverse from *.

61st row.—27 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, * 1 blk, 8 sps. Reverse from *.

62nd row.—24 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, * 1 blk, 6 sps. Reverse from *.

63rd row.—25 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 5 sps, * 2 blks, 8 sps. Reverse from *.

64th row.—13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 3 blks, 4 sps, * 3 blks, 6 sps. Reverse from *.

65th row.—11 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, * 3 blks, 8 sps. Reverse from *.

66th row.—12 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, * 4 blks, 8 sps. Reverse from *.

67th row.—13 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 15 sps, * 3 blks, 10 sps. Reverse from *.

68th row.—All sps.

69th row.—In this row one begins the border across the front of the neck, 29 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, repeat until 7 blks have been made, then 29 sps, ch 5, turn.

70th row.—28 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, repeat over eack blk ending row with 28 sps, ch 5, turn.

71st row.—27 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, repeat, ending with 27 sps, ch 5, turn.

72nd row.—26 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, repeat, 26 sps.

Next two rows same as 71st and 70th, as one can see by illustration.

75th row.—23 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, all sps across border and end row as it is begun.

76th row.—24 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, all sps across front and end row as it is begun.

77th row.—25 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn. Now one completes one shoulder and back.

2nd row of shoulder.—4 sps, 1 blk, 26 sps. Always turn as usual with ch 5.

3rd row.—25 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps.

4th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 24 sps.

5th row.—23 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.

6th row.—Same as 4th row.

7th row.—Same as 3rd row.

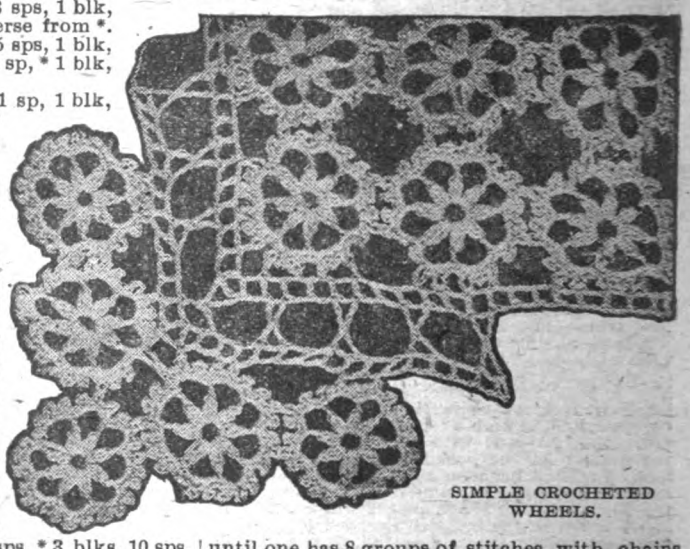
8th row.—Same as 2nd row.

Next 6 rows sps with border repeated.

15th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps.

16th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps.

17th row.—3 sps, 5 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 5 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp.



SIMPLE CROCHETED WHEELS.

Simple Crocheted Wheels

Our illustration gives a good idea how effective this simple and easily made crocheted wheel may be used joined to form insertion or edging. It can also be used for pillow covers, scarf ends or yokes for camisoles or nightgowns.

A fine or coarse cotton may be used according to the quality of the article to be trimmed.

Directions for making wheels: Ch 6, join in ring, ch 4.

2nd round.—1 d d, c (thread over 3 times), keeping last loop on the hook, 1 d c, working off the last loop with loop already on the hook. Ch 5, 2 d, d c, 1 d c keeping 1 loop of each st on the hook and working all off together. Continue working into the center ring in this way until one has 8 groups of stitches with chains 5 between. Ch 5, join to first group.

3rd round.—2 s c under first ch 5, ch 3 for picot, 2 s c, 1 p, 2 s c, repeat under each ch 5, fasten and break thread. In making either an insertion or edging join the wheels by the picots as shown.

Beading and Edging

This simple little pattern may be very rapidly made and is especially good for edging under clothes. Any number cotton may be used in either white or colors.



BEADING AND EDGING.

Ch 9 sts, 1 d c in 4th st from hook, ch 1, 1 d c in same st, repeat 4 times making 6 d c in all, ch 4, 1 d c in end first ch, * ch 8, 1 s c between 3rd and 4th doubles in shell, ch 1, 1 s c in same place, ch 3, 1 shell of 6 doubles under ch between singles, ch 4, 1 d c under ch 8, repeat from *.

CHARITY KNICHEN.

In making iron holders spread a sheet of asbestos or leather between two pieces of denim. This will make a holder that is light, easily held and impervious to heat.

Simple Patterns for Various Purposes

Spider Web Edging

IF made of No. 15 white crochet cotton this edging will be about seven inches wide.

Ch 112 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, 1 d c in each next 3 sts, ch 2, sk 2 chs, 1 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 4 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 4 d c, ch 9, sk 9, 13 s c, ch 9, sk 9, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, repeat making 8 more sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—8 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 18, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 9, 11 d c on 13 d c, ch 9, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 18, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 3, 4 d c in same sp, ch 3, turn.

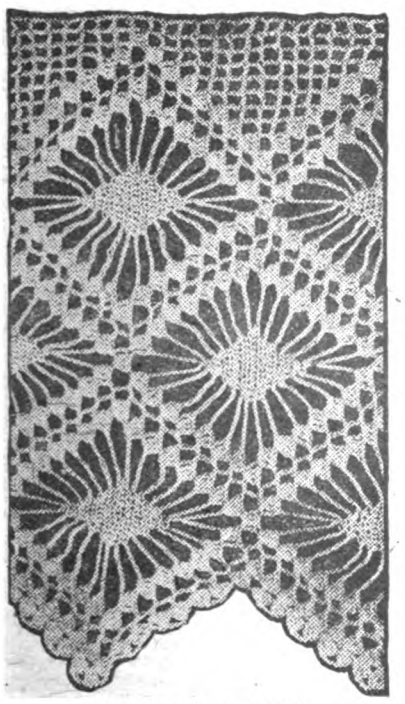
3rd row.—4 d c, ch 3, 4 d c all under ch 3, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 9, 1 d c under center ch 18, ch 9, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 9, 9 s c, ch 9, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 9, 1 d c under center ch 18, ch 9, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—6 sps, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 9, 3 s c (1 under ch 1 on s c, 1 under ch), ch 9, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 9, 7 s c, ch 9, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 9, 3 s c, ch 9, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 3, 4 d c, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—4 d c, ch 3, 4 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 4 d c, ch 9, 5 s c, ch 9 blks and sps as before, ch 9, 5 s c, ch 9 blks and sps, ch 9, 5 s c, ch 9, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—4 sps, blks and sps, ch 9, 7 s c, ch 9, blks and sps, ch 9, 3 s c, ch 9, blks and sps, ch 9, 7 s c, blks, sps and edge as before, ch 3, turn.

7th row.—4 d c, ch 3, 4 d c, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 9, 9 s c, ch 9, blks and sps, ch 9, 1 s c, ch 9, blks



SPIDER WEB EDGING.

and sps, ch 9, 9 s c, ch 9, blks and sps, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—2 sps, blks and sps, ch 9, 11 s c, ch 9, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk under ch 9, ch 2, 1 blk under ch 9, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 9, 11 s c, ch 9 blks, sps and edge as before, ch 3, turn.

9th row.—4 d c, ch, 4 d c, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 9, 13 s c, ch 9, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 9, 13 s c, ch 9, blks and sps, 1 sp, ch 3, turn.

10th row.—Same as 8th row to *, then ch 18, and finish working over the second spider web the same as over the first. One should now be able to copy from the finished work and the illustration.

The only difference is on edge of point, which finishes with 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn, until first web on the edge is completed, then edge as in first 8 rows.

Wide Lace for Scarfs or Cloths

Materials: 40 or 50 mercerized crochet cotton and suitable steel hook.

Begin ch 53 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 8th st, 1 d c in next st, ch 2, repeat, making 12 sps, 7 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—7 d c, 4 sps, 1 puff (4 d c under next ch or in 5 sp, turn, sl st to first d c, ch 1), turn, 1 d c on d d c which forms 5th sp, 7 sps, 2 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 5, turn.

3rd row—2 d c in 2 d c, 12 sps, 7 d c, ch 8, turn.

4th row.—5 d c in ch, 1 d c on d c, 6 sps, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 6 sps, 2 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—2 d c, 15 sps, 7 d c, ch 8.

6th row.—5 d c on ch, 1 d c on d c, 8 sps, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 5 sps, 2 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—2 d c, 18 sps, 7 d c, ch 8, turn.

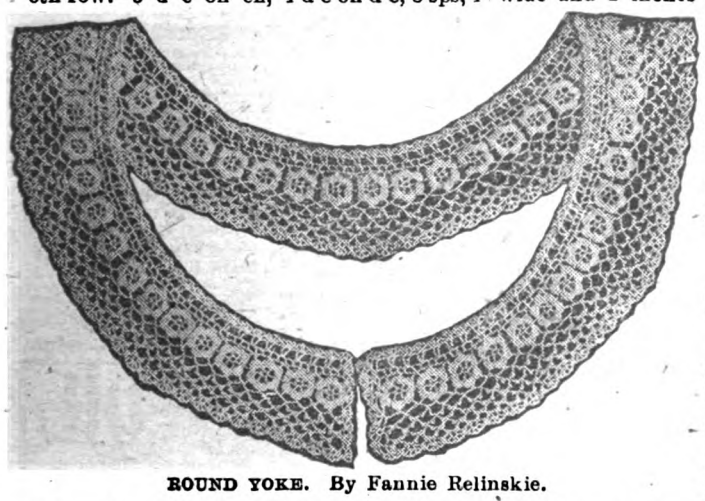
8th row.—5 d c in ch, d c on d c, 10 sps, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 4 sps, 2 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—2 d c, 21 sps, 7 d c, ch 3, turn.

10th row.—6 d c on 6 d c, 11 sps, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 5 sps, 1 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—2 d c, 18 sps, 7 d c, ch 3, turn.

12th row.—6 d c in 6 d c, 9 sps, 1 puff, 1 sp, 1 puff, 6 sps, 2 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.



ROUND YOKE. By Fannie Relinskie.

13th row.—2 d c, 15 sps, 7 d c, ch 3, turn.

14th row—6 d c on 6 d c, 7 sps, 1 puff, 7 sps, 2 d c, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—2 d c, 12 sps, 7 d c, ch 3, turn and continue from 2nd row. This makes pretty lace for pillow slips as well as scarfs.

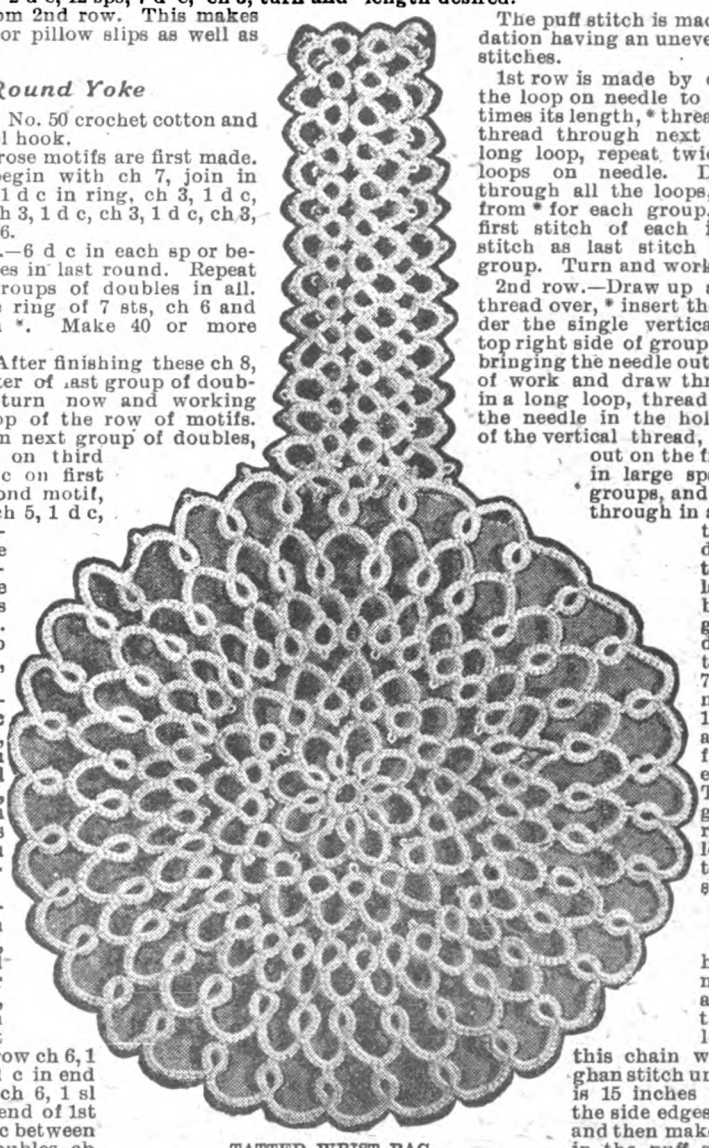
Round Yoke

Materials: No. 50 crochet cotton and suitable steel hook.

The little rose motifs are first made. For these begin with ch 7, join in ring, ch 6, * 1 d c in ring, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, slip st to ch 6.

2nd round.—6 d c in each sp or between doubles in last round. Repeat making 6 groups of doubles in all. Ch 13, make ring of 7 sts, ch 6 and repeat from *. Make 40 or more motifs.

1st row.—After finishing these ch 8, 1 d c in center of last group of doubles, one is turn now and working along the top of the row of motifs. Ch 5, 1 s c on next group of doubles, ch 5, 1 d c on third group, 1 d c on first group of second motif, ch 5, 1 s c, ch 5, 1 d c, thus working over the second motifs in the same way as over the first. Repeat to end of work, turn.



TATTED WRIST BAG.

2nd row.—Ch 6, 1 d c under ch 5, ch 2, 1 d c on s c, ch 2, 1 d c under ch 5, ch 2, 1 d c on 2 doubles just between motifs. Repeat.

3rd row.—Ch 7, 1 tr in 1st sp, * ch 3, 1 tr c in 3rd sp, ch 2, 1 tr c in same sp, repeat from *. After last tr in end of row ch 6, 1 sl st under d c in end of 2nd row, ch 6, 1 sl st under ch end of 1st row, ch 5, 1 s c between groups of doubles, ch 5, 1 s c in 4th d c of next group of doubles.

4th row.—Ch 10, now working along the lower edge of motifs make 1 s c in 2nd group of doubles, ch 9, 1 d c in next group doubles, 1 d c in 1st group of next motif, ch 9, 1 s c, ch 9, 1 d c, working as on 1st motif. Repeat.

5th row.—Ch 9, 1 sl st in 6th st to form picot, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 9, ch 6, form p, ch 6, form p, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 9, repeat, turn with 1 p ch.

Next 3 rows same as 5th row.

9th row.—Ch 6, 1 s c between picots, ch 6, 1 s c same place, 1 p, ch, 1 s c between picots of next ch, ch 6, 1 s c same place. Repeat to end. Continue in same way to top of yoke.

Fan Edge.—Between each 2 tr make fan of 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c. Along the bottom work these fans in the loops formed by chs 6.

FANNIE RELINSKIE.

Automobile Bonnet and Veil

Tam-o-shanter bonnet is of grey Germantown and veil of pink Iceland wool.

With suitable size hook begin crocheting bonnet with ch 4, join.

1st round.—18 d c in ring, ch 3.

2nd round.—2 d c in each st, ch 3.

3rd round.—Same as 2nd round.

4th round.—1 d c in each d c, ch 3.

5th round.—1 d c in each 1st 4 d c, 2 d c in 5th st, repeat all around, ch 3.

Next four rounds the same.

10th round.—2 d c, sk 1, 2 d c, repeat around, leaving last 24 sts for neck, ch 1, turn s c back to beginning 10th round, 8 more rows s c for front band, widening 1st at center in last 3 rows, sl st around front of band, ends of band and work closely across neck, making 1 p in every 3rd st.

Make three straps of single crochet. These are fastened to the sides and the center of the front band of the hat. These bands are 5 sts wide and 2 inches long. Attach one end of center strap to edge of band and fasten the other end down with a snap. The end straps are sewed on like a ring through which the veil runs and ties under the chin or in the back.

The adjustable center strap makes it possible to lower the veil very easily when needed.

Knitted Veil

With Iceland wool cast 60 sts on No. 4 knitting needle.

1st row.—K plain.

2nd row.—K 4 sts, * k 2 sts together wool over twice, k 4, repeat from *.

Repeat these 2 rows until veil is 1 yard long, always knitting 2 threads over needle as one st. Bind off loosely, finish with fringe if desired. Roll and run through straps on front of bonnet.

Crocheted Autumn Set

Materials: No. 3 mercerized crocheted cotton, fine bone crochet hook.

This set is made up largely of afghan and puff stitches.

For afghan stitch:

1st row.—Draw a loop of thread through each stitch beneath, holding all loops on the needle. For repeats of this row, pick up the vertical thread of previous row.

2nd row.—Draw thread through first loop, then * through 2 loops, repeating from * for entire row. Ch 1, and repeat these rows for length desired.

The puff stitch is made on a foundation having an uneven number of stitches.

1st row is made by drawing out the loop on needle to about three times its length, * thread over, draw thread through next stitch to a long loop, repeat twice making 7 loops on needle. Draw thread through all the loops, ch 1, repeat from * for each group, making the first stitch of each in the same stitch as last stitch of previous group. Turn and work.

2nd row.—Draw up a long loop, thread over, * insert the needle under the single vertical thread at top right side of group in first row, bringing the needle out on the front of work and draw thread through in a long loop, thread over, insert the needle in the hole to the left of the vertical thread, bringing it out on the front of work in large space between groups, and draw thread through in a long loop, thread over, draw thread through the large space between groups, then draw thread through all 7 loops on needle and ch 1, thread over and repeat from * for the entire work. The last group of each row has 2 loops drawn through the same place.

The Cap

Measure the head and make a chain a little more than half this length. On this chain work the afghan stitch until the work is 15 inches deep. Join the side edges of the work and then make the border in the puff stitch, turning at the end of every round, so that the work is really done back and forth. There are 12 rows in all. For the pompons wind the cotton around a cardboard or book about four inches across, cut on one edge, tie the lengths together in the middle, trim the ends evenly and sew securely over the drawn up sides of the central part of the cap. The pompons may be worn either at the sides or at the front and back as is most becoming.

The Bag

Ch 9 and join in ring. Over this work 20 s c, cut and fasten thread. Make eight of these rings which are to be picked up when working the next to the last row of the afghan stitch for the bag, one near each edge and two evenly spaced between, making four rings on each half of bag. Make two pieces of the afghan stitch, each five inches square. Join and work the border of puff stitch, on the lower edge, the same for the cap. On the upper edge, the border is only half as wide. The upper edge is finished with * ch 3, s c in next st, and repeat around.

Make 3 one-yard lengths of chain stitches, and braid these for each cord. Finish with tassels of the cut lengths of cottons. Tie a fringe in the lower edge of bag, drawing through both sides.

The Scarf

Work a piece in afghan stitch eight inches wide and one yard long. At each end work a border of puff st, 2 inches of afghan st, and finish with another border of puff st. Fringe the ends.

Gentleman's Crocheted Tie

BY NEVA CHRISTY.

For this shaped flare end tie one can use either silk one of the fiber silks, or a mercerized cotton. Select a steel hook of a size which will make the work close and firm.



CROCHETED NECKTIE.

Begin with ch 57 sts, turn, sk first st, 1 s c in each of the 56 sts. Repeat for 28 rows.

Then skip first and last sts, thus decreasing by 2 and work 24 rows on these 54 sts.

Decrease by 2 again in next row and work 20 rows on 52 sts. Decrease 2 again and work 16 rows on 50 sts, decrease 2 and work 12 rows on 48 sts, decrease 2 and work 8 rows, decrease 2 and work 4 rows.

Now continue to decrease 2 sts in every 4th row until there are 12 or 14 sts only—according to how one works. Width should be decided by measuring neck-band of a silk necktie.

Make neck-band about 14 or 15 inches, but do not make it too long as a hand-made tie will stretch with use.

Increase by making 2 s c in the first and last sts.

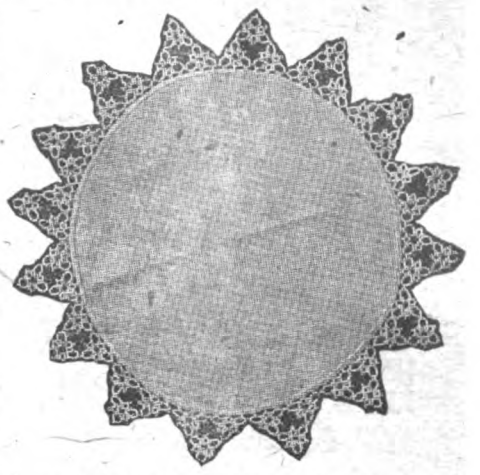
Increase every 4th row until there are 20 sts. Work about 12 inches.

To point the broad end work 1 s c in 56 sts of 1st row then decrease 2 sts each row by skipping the first and last sts.

Tatted Point-Edged Doily

This pattern can be used on a doily of any size. The linen center should be buttonholed or crocheted around and then the tatting handsewed to this.

Tatted Motifs.—Small ring 4 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s. Large ring 8 d s, 1 p, 8 d s. Make three large and 3 small rings, placing alternately. Join second motif to first by picots in large rings as shown.



TATTED POINT-EDGED DOILY.

Place a third motif over two, joining picots of large rings to picots of third large rings of motifs in the first row.

On large doilies larger points may be made by placing two motifs over three and over these one.

Tatted Wrist Bag

BY MRS. F. B. RECTOR.

Work is begun in the center with ring of 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, repeat making 8 p, 2 d s, close. Break and tie thread.

2nd round—Ring 6 d s, join to p of 1st ring, 6 d s, close. With 2 threads make chain 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s. Repeat making 8 rings. Break and tie thread as each round is finished.

3rd round.—Ring 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, join to p of ch, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 ch same as in last round. Repeat and tie.

4th round.—Same as last.

5th round.—Ring 6 d s, join to ch in 4th round, 6 d s, ch 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s. Repeat and tie.

6th round.—Same as last.

Make two of these medallions and join by picots of chains in making the last row. For wrist-band make ring of 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, then ch of 6 d s, 1 p, 6 d s, repeat, joining picots. Make this strip about 8 inches or longer if desired. Add another row like the first joining together by center picots of rings.

These bags are designed to hold one's ball of cotton when crocheting, and are most convenient.

Narrow Lace

Ch 12, turn.

1st row.—6 d c in 4th st from hook ch 2, 1 d c in each last 6 sts of first ch, ch 8, turn.



NARROW LACE.

2nd row.—1 d c on 6th double in last row, ch 2, 6 d c on 6 d c, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—6 d c, ch 2, 6 d c under ch, ch 8.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row. Repeat pattern.

MRS. OSCAR WILSON.

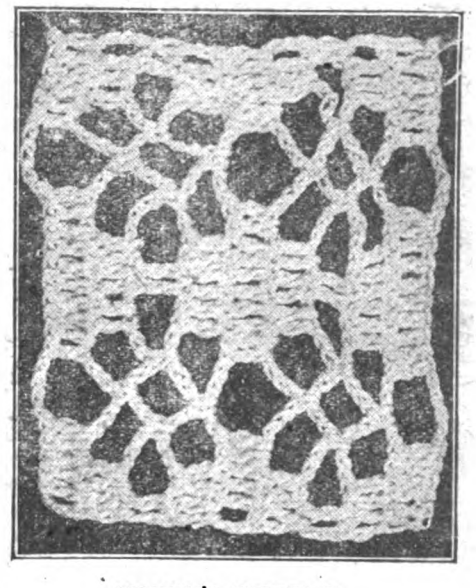
Mother's Insertion

Make a chain 35 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 4th st from hook, 5 d c, in next 5 sts, ch 5, sk 5 sts, 10 d c in next 10 sts, ch 5, sk 5 sts, 6 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—3 d c, in 3 d c, ch 5, s c over ch 5 of 1st row, ch 5, sk 2 d c, 6 d c in next 6 d c, ch 5, s c over ch 5, ch 5, sk 2 d c, 4 d c over next 4 d c, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—1 d c, * ch 5, s c over ch 5, * twice, ch 5, sk 2 d c, 2 d c in next 2, * ch 5, s c over ch 5, * twice, ch 5, sk 2 d c, 2 d c in last 2, ch 3, turn.



MOTHER'S INSERTION.

4th row.—1 d c, in d c, 2 d c on first 2 sts of ch 5, ch 5, s c over ch 5, 2 d c on last 2 sts of ch 5, 2 d c in 2 d c, 2 d c on ch 5, ch 5, s c over ch 5, ch 5, 2 d c over last 2 sts of ch 5, 2 d c in last 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—4 d c over 4 d c, 2 d c on ch 5, ch 5, 2 d c on ch 5, 4 d c over 4 d c, 2 d c, on ch 5, ch 5, 2 d c on ch 5, 4 d c over 4 d c, ch 3, turn, repeat from 2nd row to length desired.

It is a very old pattern as it is one mother crocheted when she was a girl about thirty or forty years ago. From a reader of COMFORT.

CLARA V. JOHNSON.

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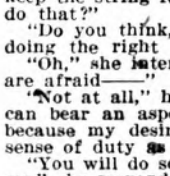
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A Bit of Mid-Summer Madness

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

explain everything to you," and, with the words she shrank into the darkness and disappeared.

Poindexter slowly strolled to the big entrance and just reached it when the girl appeared, and, smiling at him, she approached his side and slipped her arm within his.

Some people stared, but he paid no attention to them and led the way to an unfrequented path leading away from the hotel.

As soon as they were quite alone, the girl began:

"Perhaps you will not wish to be mixed up in this. I am in with a set of international jewel thieves and I have upon my person a string of pearls worth a fortune. I know there is a plot afoot to chloroform me tonight and search my room for the string. I do not care about that for it would not be the first time the game has been played to keep me quiet. But if they do, they will find nothing, for I want you to keep the string for me until morning. Shall you do that?"

"Do you think, as a law-abiding citizen, I am doing the right thing——"

"Oh," she interrupted a bit haughtily, "if you are afraid——"

"Not at all," he answered quickly, for no man can bear an aspersion upon his bravery, "it is because my desire as a man conflicts with my sense of duty as a citizen. Still——"

"You will do society a great service by helping me," she responded, tears in her voice. "I want to save the pearls for their rightful owner."

"Then why not turn them over to the detectives since you do not wish to keep them?"

"And be caught with stolen goods? Or be discovered as a traitor to the set in which I am? I want to deliver them to their rightful owner, cast myself upon her mercy and be quit of the whole outrageous transaction!"

Though a little incoherent, Poindexter sensed her position at once. "I will help you, for I trust you, Miss——" He hesitated over the lack of her name.

"I am known as Madam Petrovich, though I am not married. Here I go by the name of Stella Langtry. Well, if you will help me, here is the string," and from beneath one of the ornaments of her gown, she drew the pearls and handed them to him.

He had no time to examine them except to note that they were of good weight and had a curious, diamond-studded clasp.

He dropped the string into his inside pocket.

"Such a relief," sighed Madam Petrovich. "We may go back now. If I see a mutual acquaintance, may I say that we were acquaintances in New York? I shall see, though, that you need not acknowledge me unnecessarily."

"Very well," he replied. "But would you not like to stroll about a bit? The Promontory is beautiful by moonlight."

She nodded and slowly they wandered toward the silvery beach. The moon was now high in the heavens. The girl walked slowly, with exquisite grace, and Poindexter wondered that she could have allowed herself to become mixed up with a set of thieves. But, then, those gangs always secured the help of beautiful women in their machinations. Beauty is always associated with purity and truth. He wondered if the beautiful creature had really repented, and could she be brought back to enter in at the straight and narrow gate?

Then he called himself a fool and—pardon! it was his own expression—a "nut" who had been artfully taken in by a very clever woman, because the moon was in his head. No doubt, tomorrow morning he would wonder at his mild lunacy.

Madam Petrovich chatted on non-essentials and seemed anxious to keep him at her side—as her protector, no doubt. But now she probably realized that she was monopolizing his time, and suggested that they return to the hotel.

They did so, and as they approached the building, the strains of a joyous jazz band came to them.

"You dance, madam?" he enquired.

"Divinely, they tell me," she smiled. "I was once in the Russian ballet."

When Madam Petrovich said she danced divinely, she had not overstated her accomplishment, and as Poindexter was out of the ordinary run of dancers, they made an attractive couple.

The dance finished, but so enjoyable had it been that Poindexter asked for several more, so that, hardly realizing it, he remained at Madam Petrovich's side until at length the music ceased, and the hotel guests gradually started for their rooms.

Madam Petrovich arose.

"I've kept you too long," she said with self-censure. "I must have bored you. You will forgive me?"

"Don't speak of having bored me, Madam. You helped me spend what promised to be a very ordinary night."

"Ah, thank you, so much," and with a good night, she was gone.

Poindexter went to his room, and, sitting on the edge of the bed, drew forth the pearls, and as he did so encountered the telegram he had received. He had entirely forgotten Montgomery's instructions to look up Miss Lansdonne. He was glad he had. Could he have enjoyed the evening more thoroughly with a conventional society girl than he had with Madam Petrovich, the adventuress?

His thoughts came back to the pearls. For a moment he was undecided, then he placed them with his own valuables under his pillow, undressed and went to bed.

In the darkness he seemed to see a face of wondrous beauty framed in dark hair and set off with a great bird of Paradise. Sometimes the eyes were a little wistful, now a bit roguish. Surely she was not a bad woman. But, stop! He must be careful! What was happening to his heart?

At length he slept, with one eye open, he thought, but suddenly he awoke and night was gone. Early dawn flushed the sky and the sun was pushing long golden fingers into the room.

His first thought was of the string of pearls. His hand slipped under his pillow. He thrilled with sickening horror.

It was gone!

Someone must have witnessed the transaction of the night before, for an ordinary thief would have taken his purse and watch which this thief did not.

How was he going to square himself with Madam Petrovich? But what else could be expected? Jewel thieves were superior to honest fellows who, when they went to bed, slept the sleep of the just.

In an agony of self-aversion, he dressed and hurried outside. He must think up some plan. Perhaps his carelessness would drive the girl back to the gang of thieves. And what vengeance might they not take upon her for her attempt to bolt?

Unconsciously he had hurried to the beach and there he beheld the girl. He hurried to her side.

"Dear me, Madam, what excuse shall I offer for my carelessness? The pearls have been stolen from me!"

Madam Petrovich bestowed upon him an icy stare.

"I believe you are mistaken," she replied coldly. "I am not Madam Petrovich and do not know whereof you speak."

"Why, surely—surely——" He stopped short and stared at the girl. For about her neck was the identical string of pearls. He knew it from the diamond-studded clasp, which had worked itself to the side of her neck.

"The pearls——" he began.

But the girl, positive alarm in her eyes, moved away.

Poindexter passed his hands through his hair in perplexity. Great guns! Was he going mad?

That thought gave him an idea. Perhaps it was the other way around. Possibly the woman was afflicted with dementia and had in an irrational moment told him all she had, and then, the attack passing, she realized what she had done and in some nocturnal fashion gained entrance to his room and had again taken her pearls.

He watched her as she walked toward the hotel, nothing Russian nor foreign in her manner or dress now.

He, too, then went slowly back to the hotel and to breakfast. Later the girl came in and with a young chap who seemed to exercise a certain amount of authority over her.

Was the poor creature indeed demented?

As he sat at the table, another telegram was brought to him. He tore it open and read:

"OLD DEAR:

"Have you met Sylvia yet? Some stunning girl, isn't she? Not of conventional type, is she? Hope you are enjoying your stay. MONTGOMERY."

Miss Lansdonne again? Well, he'd look her up since Monty was anxious for him to meet her. But not until he had found out more about Madam Petrovich.

When evening came on, and he again went in to dinner, the girl again appeared, dressed even as gorgeously as the evening before. And again she seemed to be studying him, though Poindexter could not catch her at it.

Finished, he left the room, smoked his cigar and then, when the moon was high in the heavens, strolled to the beach and sat down on the timbers of an old hulk deeply embedded in the sand.

Suddenly he became aware of the woman again approaching him.

"Mr. Poindexter," she began, "will you adjudge a wager?"

He looked curiously at her. She seemed to be smiling.

"More lunacy?" he queried mildly.

"Oh, no. A mutual acquaintance thinks I could not act in the movies. What did you think of my performance last night? Do I win or does—Franklin Montgomery?"

As a flash it came to him. It was Monty's waggish work!

"You are Sylvia Lansdonne!" he exclaimed.

She smiled and nodded her head.

"Franklin said I couldn't act. I declared that I could. Then he dared me to do what I did, and you were to judge whether I did it naturally."

"So naturally," he exclaimed rapturously, "that I had already been dreaming of how I could rescue you from the clutches of your diamond thieves!"

"But this morning? Did you not suspect?"

"No. I thought you were demented and felt sorry for you."

"Then I win all around?"

"No."

"Why?" She seemed suddenly disappointed.

"Because if I gave you the decision it might tempt you to go into the movies, Miss Lansdonne, and I wouldn't want that."

"Why not?" she demanded.

"It does not behoove me to tell you that, having met you only last night," he side-stepped. "However, I hope that some day I may."

"Then you were not annoyed by this bit of mid-summer night madness?"

"Not at all."

"And it is forgiven?"

"On condition that I may dance with you many times tonight and that we will be very good friends hereafter."

"I accept the conditions," Miss Lansdonne said, holding out her hand.

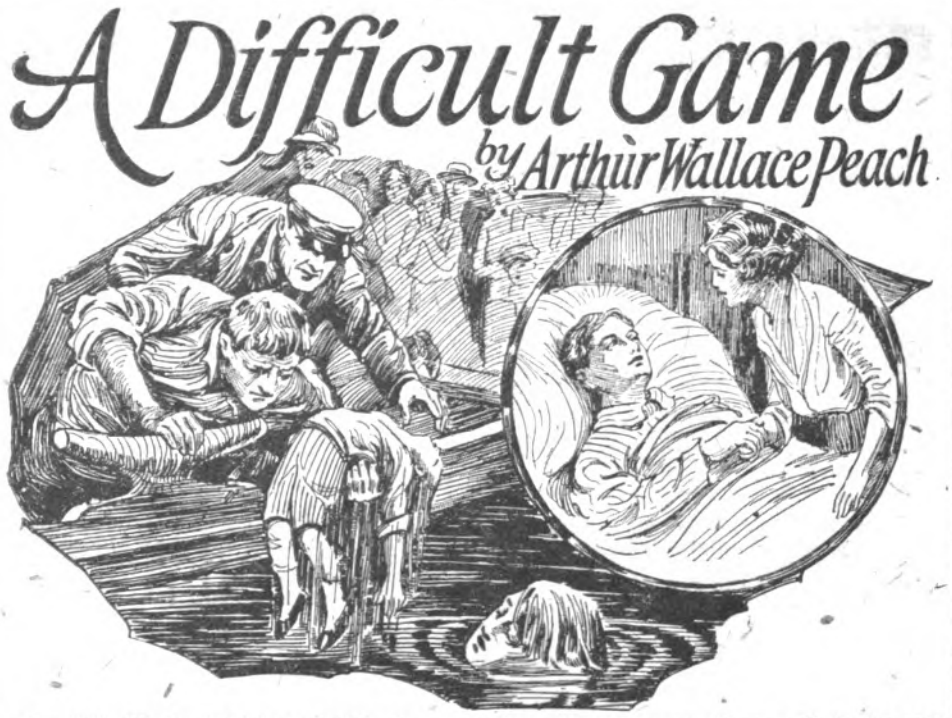
Poindexter caught it in his. Then his eyes rested upon the string of pearls which she had about her throat.

"How did you get these back?" he asked. "I've exhausted every conjecture."

She smiled. "You saw the young man with me at breakfast?" And as Poindexter nodded, she continued: "He is my brother. His room is next to yours. He climbed along the brick facing of the building, into your room and purloined the string while you slept."

A Difficult Game

by Arthur Wallace Peach



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MRS. Hammond looked soberly at her husband, and her eyes were serious with her thoughts. "Ted, here is a chance for us to do some missionary work——"

"Hold off, my dear! I'm up here at the cottage to rest, and I don't want to be mixed up in any missionary work unless I am the subject of it," he interjected.

"But listen—here is a letter from Jameson; his niece has been outrageously jilted by some chap there to whom she was engaged—or they have quarreled; and the trouble seems to have broken her heart. Anyway, he wants to send her up to us and to have her spend two or three weeks at the cottage. He says he knows from experience that here is the place for healing."

Hammond snorted a bit. "Same old line that James usually hands out. But his heart is in the right place any way. Tell him to send her along. If she is good-looking and fits into the landscape, I shall be satisfied."

When Lilla Cranston did arrive, he found nothing to criticize but much to praise. She was a dark-haired, dark-eyed slip of a girl who won his masculine heart immediately. Attractive as a rose she was; Hammond often wondered who the chump was that had left her in the lurch. He discovered to his pleasure that she could swim and liked to fish—accomplishments that his wife did not possess.

In spite, however, of his earnest efforts he could not drive the shadows from her eyes—shadows that persisted in coming even in the midst of their fun. So Hammond took a hand in the missionary work.

"Belle," he announced to his wife, "I am passe. I managed to keep you interested until you fell in love with me. Now, no comment is necessary; but this slip of a girl has a shadow in her heart. Here's my scheme. What she needs is some fine chap of her own age to come here and cheer her up! December and May don't hitch. What do you say? Let's get another missionary on the job!"

"But where are you going to find him?" she queried.

He thought a moment. "By Jove, why not write to Jameson to send along the rival to the chap who jilted her? She's beautiful as a rose; she must have had other lovers than this lemon. Why not?"

"Ted, I am proud of you. We'll try it anyway," was her reply.

Jameson's answer came back quickly. The note read: "Dear Belle:—I am sending by this express the missionary you desire. Leave him alone with her as much as possible, and don't let Ted butt in. Report developments. Cordially yours, James."

Hammond snorted. "I like that reference to myself. However, I'll take the hint. I'll even send her in the car to get him."

He kept his word. When he told her of the errand, he saw a faint light of new interest in the quiet darkness of her eyes. Mrs. Hammond added her word, "He's guaranteed by an old friend of yours, Lilla, so handle him with care."

From her own point of view Lilla was in a hidden way amused over the situation. She was aware that the Hammonds had known of her trouble with Robert Philbrick, but she did not know of the plot forged about her. She thought she was going to meet some one of the friends often invited to the hospitable Hammond cottage, and with natural curiosity she wondered who he was and what he would be like. It did not occur to her until she was almost at the little village station that she did not know his name.

When the express paused for its brief breathing-time at the station, she saw a tall figure alight and look enquiringly about, then come in her direction. One glance at his face, and she drew back with a low cry.

He came up and stopped short, his face tense with astonishment. He was the first to rally.

"Lilla, what does this mean?" he asked, a trace of wonder and a bit of hope in his voice.

"I don't know. I was told I was to meet a friend—and you come," she said a little bitterly.

"Then you don't regard me as a friend?"

"How do you regard me? Oh, let's not quarrel again. You are a guest of the Hammonds; so am I. Suppose we carry out the scheme. I shall make believe I like you if you will do the same with me."

He nodded, his face a little white, as he entered the car.

The playing of the game began the next day.

"You may take me fishing, canoeing and swimming," she said calmly. "It will only last a short time."

He smiled. "I will gladly, and you remember you are to appear as if you were interested in me."

The game was played so skillfully that Mrs. Hammond did not sense the true situation, and her motherly heart was cheered at the sight of the young people evidently enjoying each other's company. Hammond, himself, keener-eyed, saw that something was wrong, but he did not suspect that Jameson had sent Robert Philbrick himself.

The young couple fished, canoed and swam together; and only when out of sight of the older folks did the true situation reveal itself. Once Robert unthinkingly put his arms about her as he raised her to the float from which they were diving. She quivered in his arms, and he may have held her longer than necessary; anyway, she turned upon him desperately:

"Robert, you must not—you must not—touch me!"

Then leaving him staring after her, she ran to the boathouse. He had lingered a moment, feeling still the thrill of her flesh against his. Then he had gone quietly to the dressing-room. Sadly, he realized that he loved her as much as he did in the golden days past before the idiotic quarrel which had parted them.

He sought her out that evening, deliberately when she was with Mrs. Hammond. "Miss Cranston, will you take a stroll with me?"

Her eyes rested upon him without anger at his taking advantage of the situation. She agreed.

They strolled down the path along the lake shore. Suddenly, he stopped,—"Lilla, these days are becoming days of heartache for me. I can stand it no longer. Won't you give me the benefit of the doubt?"

He could see the dusky oval of her cheek. It was carried high; and the thought stung him with pain that the high-blooded pride which stood between him and her now might be a holy thing once they were man and wife.

Before she could reply, the night air brought down to them horridly a woman's scream and a sudden turmoil of voices. They stopped, transfixed.

Out of the woodland came a running figure, and, seeing them, a man gasped: "A little lad is drowning—got the cramps—can you dive?"

Without a word Philbrick started down the shore.

The light was still strong enough when she reached the spot to distinguish figures. With a prayer on her lips, she stood among the stricken cottagers, and watched a tall figure, stripped to the waist, shoes off, dive repeatedly from the float, searching the dark waters for the white body of the drowning boy. As she watched, she prayed, "If he had given me the chance!"

Cries rose about her. The white figure shot and rose again and again from the dark water. He went down—would he never come up? "He's struck bottom," a hoarse voice said. The cry was enough. "No! no!" she found herself saying. All pride now was a trivial thing. Face to face with the issue, she knew she had forgiven what there was to forgive—that she loved him.

A wild shout from the float, a struggling in the water, and a small white object was lifted, then slowly, laboriously another that sagged into a heap on the platform.

* * * * * *

Philbrick opened his eyes in the Hammond cottage. After a dazed glance about he smiled. I hit something, but the kid is all right?" At Hammond's nod, he smiled. His eyes searched the room, and it was Hammond who understood again and not his wife. He leaned over and said into Philbrick's ear: "It's all right, old chap. Lilla has 'fessed up and old Jameson. He sent you here in hopes you two kids would make up. Now, I'm going to stand guard over the door while you make up; and, old man, I guess it won't be hard." He winked.

He opened the door. Philbrick, looking up, raised himself weakly at the sight of the slim, tense figure at the door. Only a moment did he wait, and then she came to him.

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Suite 102, Flatiron Bldg., Fort Worth, Tex.

His Heart's Queen

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER XXXVII.

"DO NOT FEAR; THAT STING IS GONE."

At first Violet did not even appear to swallow; but Wallace kept dropping a little of the liquid into her mouth, until the action of the throat told him that it was passing down, and, at the end of half-an-hour, it became evident that the nourishment was taking effect, for her pulse was stronger and her breathing more natural.

Still, consciousness did not return, and there was a terrible fear in every heart that she would never revive.

The officer came and touched Wallace gently on the shoulder after a time.

"I thought you didn't know the girl," he said, a look of inquiry in his eyes, for Wallace had represented her as a friend of Mr. Lawrence, but a stranger to him.

"Oh! I never suspected—but she is—my wife," the young man returned, with white lips.

The man's face was very sympathetic, but he was anxious to make his prisoner secure.

"You can leave her for a couple of minutes," he said; "let the woman tend her while you come down with me, in case this fellow should try to make me any trouble. I want to get him under lock and key; then I'll send the carriage back for you."

Wallace bent a searching look upon the woman. Her face was full of sympathy, her eyes rested upon Violet with a look of intense anxiety, and he believed she could be trusted.

"What are you here for?" he asked.

"He hired me to take care of her," she replied, indicating Wilhelm Mencke by a gesture.

"What was his object in keeping her here?"

"I don't know, sir; I was only to cook her meals and wait upon her. Let me feed her," she added, holding out her hand for the glass.

"Can I trust you? You haven't been giving her anything to make her like this?" Wallace questioned, sternly, a new and terrible fear taking possession of him.

"Oh, no, sir," and the woman recoiled, with a look of horror on her white face that reassured him. "I wouldn't harm a hair of her head—indeed, you may trust me—I will warm the milk, and it will be likely to do her more good. I only wish I had thought of the brandy before."

Wallace yielded his post to her, and preceded the officer and his prisoner down-stairs, where they found the carriage waiting.

Wilhelm Mencke was inclined to resist getting into it, but another twist at the nippers convinced him that it would be unwise for him to exhibit much of his stubborn spirit, and he stepped into the vehicle, followed by his custodian, and was driven away, while Wallace returned to his charge up-stairs.

"She is really coming around, sir," was Sarah's greeting, as he entered the room.

As Wallace bent down to smooth the tangled hair from Violet's brow, her white lids slowly opened, and the beautiful blue eyes of his loved one looked once more into his.

Wallace thought he must break down utterly as he met that gaze—a long, loving, earnest gaze it was, too—and he trembled so that he was obliged to drop into the chair which Sarah thoughtfully set for him beside the bed.

A faint smile began to hover about Violet's lips, and he wondered that she did not seem surprised or agitated to find him there.

"Wallace!" she whispered, after a moment.

"Yes, love."

"I knew you would come to meet me."

He thought she was wandering, and did not reply, but took one of her hands in a fond clasp.

"I thought I was dying," she went on, in a weak, dreamy tone, "and I didn't care much—I was so unhappy. I am glad now, for nothing can ever separate us again."

"Good gracious, sir; she thinks she is dead, I do believe!" Sarah exclaimed, in an astonished whisper.

Wallace made a gesture enjoining her to be silent, then he said, softly:

"No, darling, nothing shall separate us now."

He began to feed her again with the warm milk and brandy, and she took it with some show of hunger, only once she glanced from the spoon up into his face and murmured:

"How queer!" and he knew that she was still only partially conscious, and imagined herself and him both in the other world, while it had occurred to her as strange that he should be feeding her.

She was still very weak, and presently she dropped off into a gentle, natural slumber.

She slept for more than an hour.

The carriage came meanwhile, but Wallace bade the driver wait, he would not disturb the beloved sleeper in her strengthening repose.

During this time he drew Sarah out of the room, and questioned her closely.

The woman told him truthfully all that she knew regarding Violet's capture and imprisonment, and he was convinced that she was in no way responsible for what had occurred, but had on the other hand been as much of a friend to her as she had dared to be. He also learned that, immediately after Violet's recapture, Mrs. Mencke had hurried off to Cincinnati, but he could gain no clue to the object of her journey.

Sarah begged that he would not allow her to be arrested as an accomplice of Wilhelm Mencke, and told him of her crippled child at home, who was dependent upon her, and he assured her that she should not be; but told her that she must hold herself in readiness to testify against her employer when his case came to trial.

Their conversation was interrupted by a slight sound from within the room, and they hastened back to their patient, to find her awake and half sitting up, supported upon one elbow.

"Oh, Sarah! I dreamed——" she began, then catching sight of Wallace behind the woman, she cried out in a voice that was tremulous with love, and joy, and wonder:

"It was no dream! Oh, Wallace! Wallace!"

He knelt beside her, opening his arms, and she threw herself upon his breast, sobbing in utter abandonment.

"Go," Wallace said, in a husky tone to Sarah, and she stole noiselessly out of the room, wiping the tears that streamed from her eyes.

We, too, are shut out from those first moments of reunion, for they are too sacred for any human eye to witness. Only that long-parted husband and wife will ever know how solemn, yet joyous, was that hour, when they realized that they had been given back to each other from the dead, as it were.

At last Wallace called to Sarah to prepare Violet another glass of milk, and the woman added a beaten egg to it, feeling sure that the girl's recent comatose state had been chiefly produced by mental depression and the lack of nourishment, rather than by any bodily ailment.

Violet drank it eagerly, but without releasing her hold upon Wallace's hand, for it almost seemed to her that he would again vanish from her sight if she let go of him.

"Now, my darling," Wallace said, when she had disposed of it all, "I want you to have Sarah dress you warmly, then I am going to take you home, if you think you can endure the ride. Mr. Lawrence, I know, is terribly anxious, and will begin to think I have failed to find you, it is getting so late. Are you strong enough, do you think?"

"Yes, indeed; and, oh! I shall be so glad to get away from this dreadful place," Violet answered, with a shivering sigh.

It was not an easy task for her, however, to dress, for she was still exceedingly weak, and panted breathlessly with every exertion; but finally she was ready, and Wallace, gathering her slight form in his arms, carried her down, and laid her upon some pillows in the carriage. He then went back and locked Mrs. Mencke's door, leaving word with the family below that she would find her key at the nearest police station. Then he handed Sarah a ten-dollar note, and took her address, saying that he would see her again in a few days.

After this the newly united husband and wife were driven directly to Mr. Lawrence's residence on Fifth Avenue.

That gentleman was overjoyed when he learned that Violet was once more safe beneath his roof, while it would be difficult to depict his amazement upon learning that Wallace was the husband of his fair *protegee*.

Wallace had insisted that Violet should go directly to bed upon her arrival home, and, after she had partaken of a nourishing little repast, which Mrs. Davis prepared with her own hands, she fell into a refreshing slumber which lasted far into the evening.

During this time Wallace conversed with Mr. Lawrence, and read Violet's letter, which had come to light after his departure in the morning, and through this learned the reason of Wilhelm Mencke's abduction of her, and the probable object of Mrs. Mencke's journey to Cincinnati.

When Violet awoke he questioned her further about the matter, when he comprehended more clearly the plot against her.

Early the next morning he telegraphed to Ralph Middleton the message to stop all proceedings regarding the Huntington fortune, and then wrote immediately, relating the romantic story of Violet's adventures, and promising to bring her to Cincinnati to claim her inheritance as soon as she was able to travel.

Her recent trying experience had told fearfully upon her, and she was obliged to keep her bed for several days. She could not even see Mr. Lawrence, although she would have been glad to go to him, and she was shocked when she learned of his injuries and narrow escape from death.

So Wallace had to be the bearer of messages between the two sick-rooms, but it was a pleasant task, and one in which he took especial delight.

"My dear fellow, I can never express my joy in the knowledge that you are Violet's husband," Mr. Lawrence remarked, the day after the wonderful reunion. "Yours is the most romantic story, out of a novel, that I ever knew of; and now that she has come back to me, you must make this your home also."

"You are certainly very kind, Mr. Lawrence," Wallace began, flushing; "but——"

"There—there, don't let us have any 'buts' nor any objections," said Mr. Lawrence, interrupting him. "Violet, to all intents and purposes, is my adopted daughter; my will was made some time ago, and half of all that I possess is left exclusively to her; the—other half will go to—my nearest of kin"—this last with a keen glance at Wallace, who, however, did not appear to suspect that he was his nearest of kin. "Now be reasonable, Wallace," he pleaded, seeing that the young man still hesitated from a feeling of independence; "this house and all there is in it will some time belong to Violet; I am a lonely old man who enjoys young company, so stay, both of you, and be my children."

"Well, then, for the present, since you so much desire it, we will stay perhaps until the nearest of kin present themselves," Wallace replied, smiling as he warmly clasped the hand that the invalid held out to him, while he wondered a little what caused the mischievous twinkle in his eyes.

Wallace had been absent from his office for two days, and when, upon the morning of the third, he presented himself there again, he found Lord Cameron before him, making anxious inquiries regarding his prolonged absence.

Wallace at once drew him into his private office and locked the door.

"Where have you been, Richardson?" his lordship inquired. "I have literally haunted both your office and your lodgings during the last forty-eight hours, but no one could tell me anything about you; and—Jove! what has happened to you?" he interposed, as he searched his friend's eager, glowing face, and remarked his animated, joyous manner. "I should think you had taken a fresh pull at the 'Elixir of Life.'"

"I have," said Wallace, laughing out gaily in his new-found happiness; "and, Cameron, Love is the elixir of life, isn't it?"

"Y—es. And now Lord Cameron looked sharply at him.

Could this smiling, animated face belong to the same man who so recently had told him that "his heart was dead"—that he "could never love again in this world"?

Wallace saw that his friend was sorely perplexed by the change in him, and he grew grave at once.

"Cameron, what, to you, would seem the most wonderful thing that could happen in the world?" he asked.

"I should as soon think that Violet could come back to earth as that you could fall in love," the young earl answered, still regarding him fixedly.

Wallace lost some of his unusual color at this unexpected reply.

"How strange that you should have thought of that!" he said.

"That I should have thought of what?" demanded Lord Cameron, looking a trifle annoyed. "You deal in enigmas this morning."

"Of Violet coming back to earth," said Wallace.

"I did not think of her coming back; I only said that would not seem much more wonderful than that you should fall in love, after all that you have so recently said."

"I could never love any but the girl whom I made—my wife, Cameron," Wallace returned, in a voice that quavered slightly; "and now be prepared for a shock, my friend, for I do not know how to break my tidings any other way—Violet has come back to me!"

"Wallace! you must know that is impossible! Are you crazy?" cried his companion, seizing him by the arm and searching his face with the greatest anxiety, while his own grew very pale.

"No, I am not crazy, although I can hardly wonder that you should fear it," said the young man. "My friend, do not look so incredulous, for I have told you only the truth. Violet has really come back to me; she never died—it was all a terrible mistake; and, oh, Cameron, I believe I am the happiest mortal living at this moment."

There was no mistaking the ring of truth and sincerity in the young man's tones, and, though Lord Cameron could not wholly credit the statement that Wallace had made, he felt sure that something very wonderful must have occurred to have thus changed the hitherto sorrowing, hopeless young man into this eager, buoyant, joy-beaming lover.

"Sit down, Richardson," he said, with all the calmness that he could assume, "and, if you can talk connectedly, and intelligibly, tell me what your strange words mean. Have you turned spiritualist?—have you seen a materialized spirit? You surely cannot expect me to believe that Violet Huntington is here in New York City, in bodily presence?"

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 22.)



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Here is a hint that may help someone. When our teacher gave an exhibition and the ladies around gave a pie supper, to buy a stove for the church, I made some cooky or gingerbread men. They sold like the proverbial hot cakes, some going as high as thirty-five cents a pair. Any good cooky recipe with ginger added will do and a little practice will enable you to shape the men far better than I can tell you.

Best wishes to all.

MRS. PEARLIE GRAHAM.

CALIFORNIA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I am five feet, seven inches tall, dark brown hair, hazel eyes and some freckles. Am twenty-two years of age and have been married seven years and have three children, the oldest being five and the youngest two and one half years. I do all my own washing, ironing and sewing. We live on a farm and as hubby works out I have everything to look out for and it keeps me rather busy.

I must tell you about my kitchen. It had a dark brown linoleum on the floor, wainscotting was dark brown and everything to match so it was rather a dreary place. I bought some cream paint and when hubby got time he painted the woodwork a cream color with tan trimming. I also had my old wooden sink torn down and a white enamel one put in its place. I saved my apple money and got a grey, cream-and-green checked linoleum for my floor and a white oilcloth for my table. With white curtains at my windows and a few plants in blossom my kitchen is a lovely place in which to work. Of course a light kitchen means a little more work but it is so much more pleasant I don't mind that. Another thing, how many sisters have a small wood stove with an oven that won't bake or that burns everything? Go without that new dress and save the money for a real stove. It needs very little more fuel and think of the comfort of having perfect bread, cake and pies, without watching the oven every minute.

Why squabble about money? Hubby and I set aside a certain amount each month and the rest is put into the family purse to be used as we need it. We both feel free to help ourselves. I was inclined to be a bit extravagant with the small change so I began to keep an account book. I enter everything I spend and by knowing that I will feel ashamed of myself for a silly item.

How many of you make the bottoms of hubby's shirts into little garments? I do. I make underwaists, drawers and even petticoats of them. They last almost as long as new ones and think of the saving. It doesn't take very long to make them.

Best wishes and the best of health for the whole COMFORT family.

A YOUNG MOTHER.

Young Mother, and others.—While we're beautifying the kitchen let's not forget the pantry. I saw one just the other day that filled my heart with longing. It was such a beautiful pantry. The color scheme was in keeping with the kitchen and there were earthenware jars, all alike, but in different sizes, to hold the various dry goods and sugar while for the spice and everything nice there were smaller jars, all alike, and neatly labeled. All this grandeur was in a new house with new furnishings, and a new mistress, but the majority of us have to use in our pantries the jars and tins that seems like we've always had and we don't know just where we got them or why, but after all's said and done, a spick and span pantry covers a multitude of odds and ends in the way of containers.—Ed.

MT. AIRY, R. R. 3, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am the oldest girl of ten children, so you see there is quite a crowd of us. I am eighteen years old and only five feet, two inches tall and weigh 106 pounds. When I was a baby and could just begin to pull up to things, one cold winter day mother built a good fire and sat me and my little brother down on the floor and told us to sit there while she went out to do up the chores. While she was gone I crawled over to the fire, pulled myself up to the wall and got the poker and began punching the fire, when over I went into it. My head was burned quite badly and my hands were almost baked. They did all they could for me and I got well though the scars are on my hands now and my fingers are grown together quite a ways down. I have thought for some time about writing to this corner to see if any of the sisters know of anything that would take the scars away. I would be so glad if I knew a way.

My love to you and and all the sisters.

Your friend, EFFIE MOSLEY.

TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

Please admit a young man into your corner? I will not be as fussy as Bachelor Bill but wish to say a few words in defense of that glorious and beautiful thing called Home. Most of my letter will be in reply to B. of Goshen, California. B. seems to think that a smart and well-educated woman is throwing herself away when she marries and undertakes to raise a family. She seems to think that the little "four walls" of a home are too small for any intellectual woman to waste her time in. But if she would just stop and think a while she would see that the four walls of a home make the four walls of a nation. Too many women in the last few years have considered home life as a very small matter, a kind of side line, you know, and the result can be found in the ever increasing divorce court record. B. also mentioned the divorce record but she didn't name the cause, One great reason of so much discord in the homes of today has been caused by mothers teaching their daughters that home life is too small for brains. The young men and young women are losing all desire for a home. They can see too many things that appeal to their fancy away from home.

Mrs. Wilkinson is indeed doing a great work and she is a woman of sense and education but she will also tell us that she is not so high that she does not ever find a puzzle in home life. Now don't you, Mrs. Wilkinson?

B. would have us believe that there is no room for service in such a little place as home. What greater service can a woman do than bring a life into the world and guide that life from babyhood to manhood or womanhood in such way that her own flesh and blood is a blessing and an uplift to humanity.

There is not a person under the canopy of Heaven who considers the training of a human life as a small matter and where have we all received our first outlook on life? Who gave us our first impressions of life's burden? Mother did. Our first teacher was mother but still B. says the four walls of the home are too small for a woman of intellect. What do you married sisters say to that? Do any of you who have brought little lives into this world feel that you are so highly educated that you could do more for the world if you were single again? And now don't each and every one of you mothers feel that you do not know as much as you should to guide that little life entrusted to you along life's way? I feel sure that all mothers feel that they are too small for the great undertaking of raising their little ones, yet B. says a woman of caliber should not confine herself to a home and family.

Once a large number of attorneys met in a near-by city and during the meeting this question was asked, "What is the most essential to a nation's welfare?" Of all things it was decided that home and home training was the most essential. "Without home," said one of these great men, "our every institution would soon crumble to decay." He continued, "Without that training at home of love and sacrifice, governments would soon go to ruin and all peoples would descend back to the dark ages." Again we all remember reading this, "A nation's morals cannot grow above its home life." And as the morals are at home, so will the nation be. So you see that when a woman of large caliber confines herself to the "four walls" of home and family, she is doing the greatest service for humanity that can be rendered.

Girls, don't get the impression that you can find more real happiness and do more for humanity at large by going out in the world and facing life's problems alone. God never intended that and a normal woman's mind finally turns to home and little mites of humanity to sit on her knee and croon, "My own dear Mother." After all, what is the need of asking the reason for this, the reason is because God intended it so.

Is a woman a slacker who does not bring life into the world? She may not be a slacker but she is many times a mourner. She often thinks that she might have grasped the blessing God offered her, but, "The saddest words of tongue or pen are these, it might have been."

I hope I do not pull down the wrath of anyone upon my head and if Mrs. Wilkinson gives me a welcome I will come again and next time my subject will be morals, past, present and future prospects. That is my favorite study and my hopes are to be able to offer some line of improvement, or at least some help.

Enthusiastically for COMFORT, HOME LOVER.

NORTHERN MAINE.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I have not seen many letters from our old Pine Tree State, nor have I read that any of the sisters wish to hear about it although such requests have been made to those living in some of the southern and western states.

I have read COMFORT since I can remember and I think it could not have a better name. It was only lately that I began to read the Sisters' Corner and I know now how much I have missed. When I read the different letters I feel somewhat acquainted with a lot of people of whom I had never heard about.

I have noticed that some of the happier wives do not exactly approve of "airing one's troubles," as one of them expressed it, but I wonder if they forgot that all of us are not made alike. Some feel far better by telling about their troubles and getting advice, while others shrink from the very thought of it.

I do not see, now, why I have not been stirred before, by the appeals to increase Uncle Charlie's Home Fund, but after reading recent letters in COMFORT I feel that I must send my bit, and I am mailing it in this letter. I think Uncle Charlie is a wonderful man and he deserves a beautiful home. Judging from some of the letters, many of the "bits" come from those whose dollars are none too plentiful (and that is my case).

I have brown hair, grey eyes and a light complexion. I am five feet, four inches tall and weigh one hundred and eight pounds.

Best wishes to all.

IRENE.

SAN ANTONIO, 419 Hicks Ave., TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON, SISTERS AND BROTHERS:

Yes, the time has come when we may as well add brothers for they will crowd in occasionally to peek over our shoulders to see what we are doing and now brothers and sisters, do you know what we are planning on for this summer? Reading Pearl Vesey's camping experience isn't going to discourage us even if we too are told to move on. We've planned and planned to take a little vacation each year but something has always happened to prevent so this is to be a dozen vacations in one. First we expect to go from here to Oklahoma, then on to Ohio and Michigan and then through the northwest to Seattle, then on down to southern California. Now won't that be fine? And don't you wish that you could go along?

I thought at first that I would try and write our experiences so all could enjoy the trip with us but I realize it would take up too much space and I'm not a gifted writer, but just the ordinary sort that would delight in giving you a bouquet of flowers but could not describe their beauty to you. Such being the case, it would be fine if we could look ahead and say "We're most to Blankville or some other village or city, and COMFORT Sister or Brother So and So lives there," and when at last we sight the farm or town and give three honks—that will be our signal—Sister So and So will come running out to greet us, wiping her hands on her apron for she was mixing bread and Mr. So and So drops his hoe and comes forward rather reluctantly, wondering what them folks want.

Joshua says to me, "Betsey, didn't I tell you this was a fool thing to do? The world is full of people, even this very road is filled with cars." "Yes, I know," I interrupt, "but they're not all COMFORT people and they don't stop and say 'Howdy.'" The good sister grasps my hand and I give hers a good squeeze back again and her John sets his hoe by the gatepost and comes and looks the car over and asks about the trip and the men are soon discussing cars like they used to horses. In the meantime Mrs. So and So and the rest of us are exchanging canning recipes and we admire the children who have followed Pa and Ma to see who's come. Then we show them the scenes and other kodak pictures we have taken on the trip and then with an "If you ever come our way drop in and see us," we wave a good by and soon pass on out of sight. Joshua says, "Them were nice friendly people. Who's next on your list?" Said the wife at home, "I asked and asked them to come in and rest but they just got a drink and filled their water jug; that was all, and wasn't them nice pictures, etc."

We're not "cousining," but it is pleasant to stop and have a glad handshake.

How many would like to have us stop a wee bit of a while in case we might come your way? Then send us your address.

I intended to write something helpful, particularly for the shut-ins and those sad at heart, for I realize this is rather personal, but will postpone it until after our trip, which we expect will be during the months of July, August and September.

Much love to all.

Your affectionate sister, BETSEY BETTEYS.

Sorry, Betsey, your letter wasn't received in time for an earlier issue but this is the best we can do. Next best to making the trip with you and meeting the sisters in person will be hearing about it from you.—Ed.

KENTUCKY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I enjoy reading the sisters' letters as I get so many helpful hints from them. I notice one subject is being rather overlooked. While you are trying to keep your boys at home, what about your girls? Most girls around the age of twelve or thirteen want a room. They want one they can claim as their own and if by any means you can afford an extra room, let them have it. Let them know in a way that isn't a command that they are expected to keep it neat and clean and in order. Give them certain household duties to attend to and after they have finished let them read or play. Give them a certain sum of money weekly, if it isn't more than twenty-five cents, to be spent as they want to. Board and clothes isn't enough. They need a certain allowance for their personal needs and if you don't give it to them they will leave home and go to work as soon as they are old enough. Aren't our girls worth more to us than money?

Think this over and let me know your opinions.

Wishing COMFORT a long life, I remain, IRISH.

Irish.—If all girls take the interest in their room that I did in my first "all-to-myself" room it would be advisable for the mothers to have furniture that could be moved easily and woodwork that would stand a weekly cleaning for I'm positive that I cleaned mine that often and rearranged the furniture. Even a very small room means a lot to a girl if it is all her own.—Ed.

LOUISIANA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I haven't a thing of importance to say, only that I am a happy wife, a mother of five and some say a successful wife and mother. I married at sixteen and have never regretted it; however, I don't advocate early marriages as they don't all prove as happy as mine. The only regret I have for marrying so early is that I didn't finish my education.

I have read many letters from COMFORT readers of life on the farm but I always had a little doubtful feeling about farm life, but now I have tried it for nearly a year and our farm life has been ideal. We have a farm of 600 acres in cultivation and about 160 in wood. We are four miles from a town of 3,000 population and the roads are excellent. There hasn't been a day we couldn't go to town in the car. Our little home is new and I have planted lots of flowers. We have three near neighbors, all very nice people, so I haven't been lonesome one minute.

Will someone send in some good names for a farm as we must name ours. I like to hear a farm called by an appropriate name but can't get my wits together to pick one out.



CHARMIAN CLAYTON, FOUR YEARS OLD.

I must tell you something about my children—they are such dear youngsters (isn't that just like a mother?) My oldest are twins, eleven years old. Their names are Enneta and Endelle. Beverly Gay is nine, Keith is six and my baby, Charmian, whose picture I am sending to Mrs. Wilkinson, is four.

Sisters, I will whisper a secret into your ears. If you expect to keep your children's love and confidence when they are out in the world, be a companion to them when they are small. I know one poor old mother who says she can't claim the love of her daughters who are grown and out in the world. They never write to her and seldom come home and then only as a duty and not because they want to. She says they never offer to kiss her or show any affection for her and the poor old soul's heart is nearly breaking now. I hope and pray I shall never live to see one of my children treat me in this way; but that isn't all I do. I have made myself a confidant and companion of each child. I know their dispositions and treat each in a different way. I rarely have to punish them and they are considered well-behaved by the people around here. They are not saints but healthy, normal children and they get into mischief lots of times.

I want to say a word about children's teeth as I saw something in a recent COMFORT along that line. I carry my children twice yearly to a good dentist and have their teeth looked over. The first teeth should be well cared for if the second are expected to be sound. I have also taught each child to brush his teeth twice daily and it has become a fixed habit; they would no more go to school in the morning without brushing their teeth than they would go without combing their hair.

With best wishes and love to all the sisters,

HAPPY MOTHER.

ILLINOIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

May I have a little talk with you in behalf of COMFORT's brothers and sisters? I often read the sisters' letters as my mother takes COMFORT and I think they are interesting.

A lady who signs herself "E" seems to be worried because she has been divorced and would like to hear from her brothers on that subject. She wants to know if men can have the same love and respect for a divorced woman they would for an unmarried woman. Yes, they can. Why not? If you are the innocent party (and people will know whether you are or not) men will love and respect you just the same as though you had never been married. But if you are the guilty one then men might shun you. But I don't believe you are the guilty one for you take the matter too seriously. You think that a woman is ashamed to be placed in your position. A good woman might feel ashamed but an evil one would just laugh it away. I have been divorced, but was not the guilty party as my friends know. You must cheer up and keep young. While you have love in your heart, keep it there. We are as old as our heart is. If sorrow is in our hearts we grow old. If love is there we keep young. Go out with friends and enjoy yourself, if you feel like it. Get on your wraps and let's you and I take a walk down the lane. Mrs. Wilkinson lives down there where you see that nice apple orchard. I know she will be glad to see us. By the way, E, did you know that the brothers and sisters are going to have a surprise party on Mrs. Wilkinson tomorrow night? Well, we are. We are to meet at sister Pearl Vesey's home, with our ice cream and cake, and all go over to Mrs. Wilkinson's home together. You be ready and I will call for you and we'll go to the party together. ILLINOIS BROTHER.

Illinois Brother.—If it were only possible for the sisters and brothers to have a surprise party "on" me it would be my idea of a good time. To be sure, you might find me working in my garden, as I sometimes do in the cool o' the evening but nearly every one of you knows what that means so nobody would mind if my hands and nails were somewhat laden with good honest soil. There'd be that much more of me to welcome you, my dears, as the wolf told Little Red Riding Hood—only I'll promise not to eat you. —Ed.

NEBRASKA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I have been a reader of COMFORT for years and enjoy the sisters' letters very much. Some are very amusing.

I am an old maid but I never resent the name. A speaker at the Chautauqua last fall called us "Community Angels," but I prefer the name of old maid. I am happy to be one. I know there are some, even grass widows, who look on us with pity. With taking care of my mother and my flowers I have plenty to keep me busy.

I attended a county fair last fall and there I saw a woman going along pushing a baby carriage and leading another child, with one or two more clinging to her skirts and I wondered where her John was and when I looked over to the race track, and saw the fence lined with men, I thought to myself, "He is having a good time and never giving a thought to his wife and children." Then I could say with the Pharisee, "Thank the Lord I am not as some other people."

What authors do the sisters like best? I admire Harold Bell Wright and Ralph Connor.

Maybe someone would care to know what I look like. I am five feet, four inches tall, with brown curly hair blue eyes, a pug nose and am so old I don't dare tell.

If I see this in print I will come again. BETH.

WILKINSON, IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a silent reader of COMFORT for over twenty years. I wrote you a letter at that time and it was published. I was a young girl then but now I am the mother of two boys and a girl living and one little flower that God plucked from our home and transplanted it in His garden above.

Sadie E. W. P., I agree with you about helping others. We have no better example of our Savior's life on earth than by forgetting self in the joy of help-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 27.)

His Heart's Queen

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21.)

"Yes I do—just that. I have held her in these arms; her own have clasped my neck; her lips have pressed mine. I have looked into her dear eyes. I have heard her speak."

"Richardson! truly, I am losing patience with you; what strange hallucination is this? It cannot be possible, when I saw Violet dead and in her casket—when you yourself have looked upon her grave at Mentone!" sternly returned Lord Cameron, who really began to fear that his friend's mind had been unhinged by long grief.

"It was all a mistake," reiterated Wallace, "and, Vane——" with a sudden thought—"don't you remember that last day in London when I saw that face in a passing carriage, and how it startled me by its strange resemblance to my darling?"

"Yes," and Lord Cameron started.

"Well, that was Violet herself!—she was on her way to the Midland grand station to take the train for Glasgow. The body that was buried at Mentone was that of a poor peasant girl."

And then Wallace proceeded to relate Violet's history from the time of her flight from the hotel up to the time of his finding her two days previous.

Lord Cameron listened amazed. The story seemed too strange, too unreasonable to be true; but told in detail as it was, he was compelled to believe it.

The strong man was deeply moved also by the memories it revived, for he had truly loved the beautiful girl and had sincerely mourned her supposed untimely death.

His wonder was gradually supplanted by a feeling of profound gratitude that she had escaped the terrible fate which every one supposed had overtaken her.

He sincerely rejoiced also that Wallace, whom he regarded almost in the light of a dear brother, would once more be happy—that his life would not be the broken, hopeless existence, which he had feared he must henceforth lead.

He believed, too, that he could look upon his future happiness with Violet as calmly, and in as friendly a spirit, as if she had been a cherished sister, instead of the woman whom he had once hoped to marry.

He was somewhat surprised, as he secretly tried to analyze his own feelings, at the change that had come over him of late, and he was sure that the affection which he had conceived for the beautiful girl, whom he had recently chosen to be his wife, was as deep, and pure, and tender—if it had not quite the ardor of a first-passion in it—as that which he had once bestowed upon Violet.

"Wallace, I never was so grateful for anything in my life as I am for this wonderful news," he said, earnestly, when the young husband concluded his story. "I am personally thankful for the preservation of Violet's life, and I rejoice, with all my heart, with you, in the great happiness that will henceforth be yours and hers."

Wallace turned, and looked gravely into his friend's eyes.

Lord Cameron met his glance, frankly and smilingly.

"Do not fear," he said; "there is no sting in this for me—that is all gone, and my future with the woman whom I truly love—whom every day I am growing to reverence and admire more and more—will be all the happier for knowing that your life will be perfected in this union, which I believe was ordained in heaven."

The two friends clasped hands, while each felt assured that the bond of friendship between them was stronger than it had ever been before, and when that cordial clasp relaxed, there were tears upon the cheeks of both.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Better Stock and Better Prices

GRAIN and labor are so expensive these days that no one can afford to keep scrub stock any longer, and this is the best time of the year to start improving, as most large poultry farms will sell young cockerels in the fall much cheaper than later in the season. A well-bred hen costs less to feed than a mongrel because she is properly proportioned and constituted, and so utilizes the food given her that she is always in good condition. The mongrel, being a mixture of several breeds, the food she consumes goes first to make form, then fat; but rarely, if ever, is she in perfect condition either as a fryer or roaster, and as an egg producer she is never profitable.

Many of my correspondents seem to think that the only advantage of keeping pure-bred stock lies in having pretty things to look at, and the extra price which their eggs may bring for setting. All this is a mistake. Pure-bred birds are the best for market and eggs, because, as I have said before, they have no counteracting characteristics to overcome, so are always fresh and dress well at all ages; and after they stop growing, every scrap of food over and above what they need to keep up to their normal condition is converted into eggs. A pure-bred chicken, when nine weeks of age, will have a compact and well-proportioned form, plump breast and thighs, and weigh from a pound and a half to two pounds, where the mongrel of the same age will be long of limb, large boned, with protruding breast bone, and not half the amount of flesh.

The careful study and observation which big poultrymen and agricultural colleges have given to the subject of egg production during the last fifteen years, have proved conclusively that the male bird has more influence in building up a strain of heavy layers than the females, which is a point not generally known.

The average person selects the best layers in the flock for the breeding pen, and then spoils everything by selecting a cheap male bird whose appearance pleases, without knowing about the characteristics of the stock he came from. Many letters I receive tell me that the writers began two or three years ago with good birds, and had splendid luck for the first and second years, but that the egg yield had dwindled down to almost nothing, though they feed just the same as before, and change roosters every year. This last sentence is just where the trouble lies. They started with good birds which had been bred specially for egg production, then mated them to a new rooster each year without any knowledge of the egg-laying qualities of his maternal ancestors. Naturally, the pullets from such a mating are inferior layers. To get good pullets which will mature early and lay well, the father bird must come from a family of heavy layers. This is of much greater importance than the number of eggs laid by the mother of the pullet.

Farmers have grasped this point pretty generally about cows, but they haven't awakened to the fact that the same principle applies to poultry, yet the rooster had as much influence with the number of eggs the pullet laid as the bull has had with the milk yield of the coming heifers.

Many of you have been reading this department for years and asking my advice, and hundreds have acknowledged that I have been able to help you, so why not take my advice on the subject of getting good male birds? Sell off some of your old hens or poor young stock and buy a good cockerel from a poultryman who knows his business and mates his birds for practical results. Of course, such a man can't sell his birds for one or two dollars apiece. It has taken him time to establish a flock of birds with records behind them, and it can only be accomplished through experience and years of constant culling and the use of trap nests, which means lots of extra work watching the nests and releasing the hens after they have laid, but it is the only way, and the breeder can surely know each hen's value as an egg producer.

I visited a poultry plant not long ago, where trap nests had been in use for ten years. In each of the laying houses a chart was kept, and when the pullets were put in the house in September, bands were put on their legs and the number of the band was entered on the chart. All through the season a man goes through the houses every two hours from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M., taking the hens from the trap nests and entering their numbers on the records so that the owner can look back for ten years and see the record of every hen for several generations.

At the end of the first year the best layers are separated and mated to roosters hatched from eggs laid by equally good layers, and after ten years of such work it was found that the hen of heavy egg yield never produced a daughter which was as good an egg producer as herself, but that the cockerels produced from her eggs always gave her great egg-producing power to their daughters. So you see it is the productiveness of your male birds' mothers and grandmothers that really count, and as it costs heavily to put in trap nests and pay the extra help to watch them and keep records, you can't expect to get cockerels from such stock for less than ten dollars apiece, and remember that if you mate one such bird to seven hens you are pretty sure to get a hundred pullets from the mating, and if their egg-producing power is only improved one per cent, the sale of the extra eggs the first season will more than pay the purchase price of the sire, besides improving your stock for several generations.

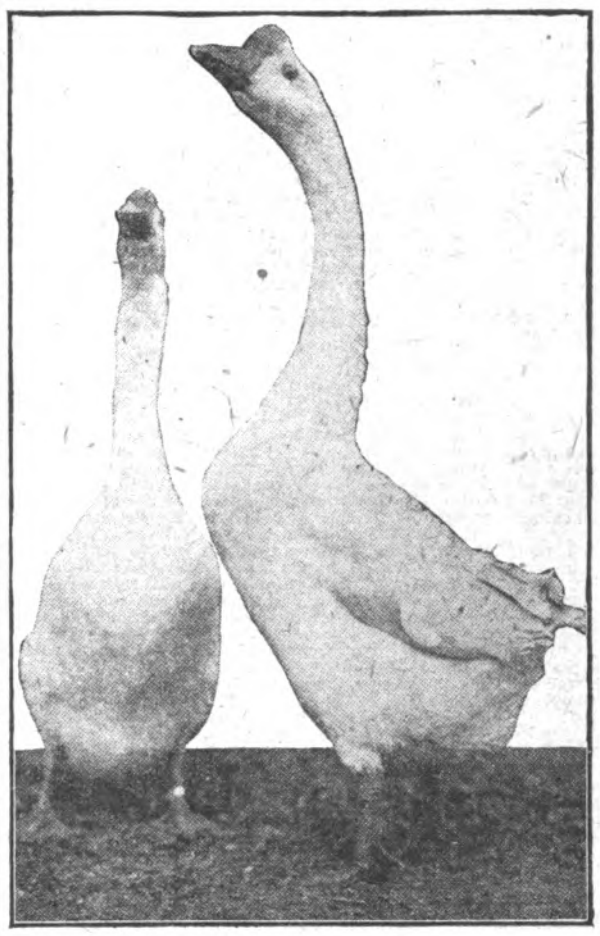
The second season use the same bird to head a pen of five of his own pullets, and mate the seven original hens to the brightest and strongest looking of his sons and you will have a flock of heavy layers. Disabuse your mind of the idea that pure-bred birds are only for looks, and to win prizes at shows, and realize that they are the only practical money-making birds, because they lay more eggs and bring more per pound when dressed for market. And remember, also, that you only want male birds for breeding pens.

Pullets and hens being kept only for market eggs should have no male birds with them, as infertile eggs are preferred for eating. There is no danger of infertile eggs ever developing a blood spot, due to embryo development. Due to the absence of a fertile germ, they withstand heat much better than the fertile egg. During shipments, especially during the winter, it is often that the crates are exposed to considerable heat when they are placed near the steam pipes in the express car or office, and again they are allowed to remain on the platform for a considerable time on cold days and exposed to a low temperature. In the case of fertile eggs the intense heat would cause the embryo to develop beyond its normal resting stage, while the following exposure to cold would cause the death of the developing embryo, which would result in a blood spot. An infertile egg will stand shipment remarkably well under peculiarly adverse conditions which must be expected in a greater or less degree where large quantities of eggs are handled at all seasons of the year and over great distances. Again, infertile eggs are much easier to preserve. It is a common practice to put thousands of dozens of eggs in cold storage when the price is low and the supply abundant for use in the winter months when the supply is limited and the price high. Infertile eggs stand this storage and come out much better than fertile eggs. It is often the case that private families desire to preserve a limited number of eggs for their own use in the winter, and they are usually put down in water glass or salicylate of soda. The infertile eggs are found to be far superior for home preservation to the fertile eggs. The infertile are much slower to decay. There is an old saying that "where there is no life there can be no death," and with the infertile egg there has been no union of male and female germ cells, hence there is no possibility of such eggs becoming decayed or rotten except as they are handled under very adverse conditions. Infertile eggs are much easier to produce and cost less than fertile eggs, due to the fact that no male birds are required in the pen, and it is a fact that just as many infertile eggs are produced from a given pen as there would have been if a male bird had been present.

This being the case, it seems foolish to keep a lot of useless male birds running with the whole flock. Sell them off, and buy one or two good cockerels to mate with your best stock next spring, and so establish a profitable flock of thoroughbred birds.

The really big money in the poultry business comes from selling eggs and stock for breeding, and it should be the aim of every poultry dealer who has gleaned experience from practical work to establish a flock of really fine birds. I started with common stock, because when I commenced I hadn't the capital to purchase anything better, but from the first I studied the principles of mating, and at about the end of three years, when my poultry was paying well, I determined to start out with a higher class stock, which would enable me to get big prices for eggs and birds. I bought a trio which had won first prize at the New York Poultry Show. They cost seventy dollars, which seemed an awful price for just three birds, and I felt guilty until results justified the extravagance.

Rearing prize birds is one of the most profitable and interesting branches of husbandry, but to succeed you must have knowledge to work on. The beginner is usually convinced that two



WHITE CHINESE GEESE.

perfect looking creatures of any sort or kind will produce their like, but unfortunately such is not the case. A bird's ancestors have more influence on its progeny than the individuality of the bird itself. For that reason it is necessary to know the characteristics of the ancestral progenitors of the bird that you desire to cultivate, so that the signs of reverted heredity can be recognized at once and intelligently combatted by the next season's mating.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

E. A.—It is very difficult to get rid of the small house mites when they once get established. If you have a spraying outfit for fruit trees, fill it with very strong insect killer, and thoroughly spray the inside of the house, every third day for two weeks. If you have no spraying outfit, use plenty of whitewash. Mix a quarter of a pound of powdered glue with every pail of whitewash. Slake the lime, using just enough water to start it boiling; then thin down with boiling skimmilk. The wash should be much thicker than for ordinary whitewash, and applied whilst hot. Use a stiff whiskbroom, and swish as much as possible into all the cracks and crevices, for these are the places where the mites congregate and breed.

L. C.—Broody hens and setting hens are very likely to get sick if fed on all sorts of food. They should have nothing but whole corn, which digests easily, and so the intestines do not become overcharged with waste material. A bird's instinct prevents her from leaving the nest more than once in twenty-four hours, and as a bird will not soil her nest when she can possibly help it, waste matter retained in the intestines irritates and causes disease.

B. M.—Lice and improper food have caused the trouble. Please read answers to L. C. and E. A., and as you know the hens are infested with lice, you had better powder them before setting, every third night up to the fifteenth day.

E. G.—I think you fed the goslings too soon and too heavily. They should not have anything to eat for forty-eight hours. After that time we give them stale bread moistened with milk, squeezed dry and mixed with an equal quantity of green oat sprouts, which are cut into short lengths. To this mixture is added one tablespoonful of sharp sand or part gravel, or powdered charcoal. About half-a-cupful is given to five goslings five times a day for the first week, and during that time they are confined in a small yard, which is movable. We keep them on short grass, and move the yard each day. After a week they are allowed night and day, and fed only twice a day. We use a mash made of ground oats and corn, mixed with equal parts of bran and white middlings. After the third week the morning feed is omitted, and they have only a small quantity at supper time, until they are nine weeks old, when they are again placed in an enclosure twenty feet square for each lot of twenty. For three weeks they are given the mash three times a day, to bring them up to market condition. We clear out all young ones in July and August, when they are about twelve weeks old, for that is when they bring the highest price, namely, from twenty-three to twenty-five cents a pound in the wholesale market. It is not as profitable to keep them until fall and winter, because there is the expense of additional feed, and they don't bring more than nineteen cents a pound.

E. R.—Please read answer to E. G.

A. O.—While diarrhea is a germ disease which originates in the intestines of the hen, and is usually carried through a germ adhering to the shell, for which reason all eggs which are to be set aside should be wiped off with alcohol. A germ picked up by a newly-hatched chick, either in an incubator or under a hen, will start the trouble in a brood, because the droppings from the infected chicken spread the disease. Give chicks some milk and keep the coop or brooder very clean.

T. A. H.—Please read answer to A. O.

E. L. S.—Long-continued cases of egg-bound birds are seldom helped by any treatment. The over-fat condition has existed too long to be helped by any change in diet. Treatment: Hold the fowl with her vent in the steam arising from a dish of boiling water. If this does not sufficiently relax the parts to cause the delivery of the egg, carefully inject a tablespoonful of olive oil, and give the fowl half a teaspoonful of linseed or sweet oil every two hours. Inflammation of the egg passage may occur in connection with an egg-bound condition or may be due to the over-use of stimulating condiments and medicines. Some of the "egg foods" for sale, warranted to increase egg production, are decidedly too irritating for continued use, and are not without their dangers at any time. Inflammation of the egg passage is a serious disease. The effect of it is at once seen in the bird's movements and general appearance. There is almost a continual desire to strain, as if an egg was in the end of the duct. This straining is sometimes so violent that a blood-vessel is broken, causing death at once. "If the disease proceeds from a broken and unexpelled egg, immediate removal of the latter is indicated; for so long as this (the cause) remains, it is perfectly useless to attempt the reduction of inflammation by administering calomel, tartar emetic, or any other medicine. The finger oiled should be carefully introduced to explore the passage at its lower end, and if the broken egg is within reach it may with patience be removed with the finger. If too far away, then repeated injections of olive oil should be used, which will soothe the lining membrane of the duct, and facilitate the passage of the collapsed egg. These measures failing, then a proper pair of forceps is to be introduced, and the offending object removed without further delay. This accomplished, the passage should be syringed with a weak solution of carbolic acid, and tepid oil, and 20 to 30 grains of sulphate of magnesia administered and repeated two or three times. For some days the fowl must be kept quiet and free from stimulating food."

H. H.—Please read answer to E. L. S.

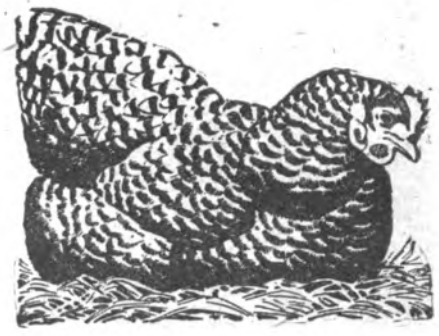
N. D.—Give your ducklings nothing for forty-eight hours, then a small quantity of mash. Mix one cupful of ground oats, the same of ground corn, and two cups of wheat bran, half-a-cup of fine, sharp sand or chick-sized grit, and a cupful of ground clover or alfalfa hay, or if you don't have the latter, cut up young clover or onion tops very fine and mix with the mash just before feeding. For the first week, mix the mash with scalding hot water, cover tightly, put in a warm place and let stand for several hours. Feed when cold, little and often. After the second week they need only be fed twice a day, and if they have free run on short grass you need not put any hay or corn in their mash. Keep them away from swimming water until they have got their feathers, but give them plenty of drinking water in a vessel deep enough for them to get their whole beak well under water. Otherwise the two small holes at the base of the bill get stuffed with mash or mud, and the ducks smother to death. Keep their sleeping place dry. They need not have a regular heated brooder, but should be shut in a small coop or well-ventilated box with plenty of bedding at night.

L. L. H.—The birds have diphtheria, which is a contagious disease so all infected birds should be removed from the rest of the flock and confined in some small house or large coop which can be easily disinfected when the trouble is all over. But unless you are keeping birds of exceptional value, I advise you to kill all that show signs of disease. But if you wish to try your skill as a doctor, dissolve half-a-teaspoonful of permanganate of potassium in half-a-pint of water. Wrap some absorbent cotton around the end of a wooden meat skewer, put a little of the permanganate lotion in a small dish and soak the wad of cotton in it, then rub the cancerous sores with it, removing as much of the false membrane as possible. Try not to make them bleed. Repeat the treatment two or three times a day. It will probably take two or three weeks to accomplish a cure, and during all that time there is danger of spreading the disease, so do take my advice and kill the sick birds. Clean and thoroughly disinfect the poultry house, feed and water dishes.

R. C. C.—The kind of brooder to get depends very much on the number of chicks you propose raising. As you plan to raise them in the fall, it will be necessary to have artificial heat, so your choice must necessarily lie between a lamp brooder, a steam-heated house, or a coal heater. If you are only going to raise a few, the lamp brooder would answer, but for anything over a hundred, I would advise the coal heater, which can be placed in any good-sized chicken house, or even a room in a dwelling house. If you will refer to COMFORT of last December and January, you will find a full description of such a brooder, the advantages obtained in using it, safety from fire and the absence of all odor, and the best method of caring for the chicks for the first twenty-four hours after they are hatched.

J. M. G.—For several seasons I have regulated the temperature and moisture in the incubators as given in the article to which you refer, and have found such regulation quite successful. When only one or two incubators are to be run during the season, they should be placed in the cellar or in a room with north windows instead of south, which is usually more apt to be uniform in temperature day and night, because the southern windows absorb much more heat from the sun during the day and lose this at night. It is also the temperature which should surround the eggs when they are turned and cooled day after day. If the room is too cool, the eggs will become too suddenly cooled and chilled, and if the room is too warm the eggs will not have a chance to become cooled sufficiently in the time allowed to remain out of the incubator. The ventilation of the room is one of the most essential features which should be looked into before the machine is started. There must be a constant supply of fresh air in the incubator room, because the eggs in developing need a constant supply of fresh air. The gases given off during incubation must be removed and supplanted by fresh air. Every incubator has some arrangement whereby fresh air is admitted to the machine at all times. Also every machine requires the airing or cooling of eggs at regular periods during the hatch. The purpose of this is to bring the eggs into contact with the fresh air. Never allow an incubator room to become stagnant or filled with stale or disagreeable odors. The system of ventilation should be so managed that no drafts of wind blow across the room and strike the machine in operation. There are several serious effects of drafts. In the first place, drafts interfere with the even burning of the lamp, causing the flame to flicker and even to smoke. This not only results in the variation of the temperature of the incubator, but fills the lamp and compartment with soot, taking away from its efficiency. There is also a serious risk of fire resulting from a flame that is kept flickering. Particular attention should be given to this point when there is a prevalence of strong winds out-of-doors. Avoid opening windows that are directly opposite in the room, particularly if the incubator is in a line between them. It is easy to get fresh air into a room without creating drafts.

50 Eggs a Day



"'More Eggs' Tonic is a Godsend," writes Mrs. Myrtle Ice, of Boston, Ky. She adds, "I was only getting 12 eggs a day and now I get 50." Give *your* hens a few cents' worth of "More Eggs", the wonderful egg producer, and you will be amazed and delighted with results.

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During moulting your hens will need "More Eggs" to get them over the moult quickly and easily, to revitalize their organs and put them in fine laying condition. Just read the letters below telling how users actually got eggs during moulting! You, too, can make your hens moult fast, get eggs sooner and more eggs all fall and winter. This scientific tonic has been tried, tested and proven by over 400,000 chicken raisers. Try Reefer's "More Eggs" on my iron clad money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

$1.00 Package FREE

If you wish to try this great profit maker, simply write a postcard or letter to E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, C 304 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and ask for his special free package $1.00 offer. Don't send any money. Mr. Reefer will send you two $1.00 packages of "More Eggs." You pay the postman upon delivery only $1.00 the price of just one package, the other package being free. The Million Dollar Merchants Bank of Kansas City, Mo., guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned at any time, within 30 days—on request. No risk to you. Write today for this special free offer.

Read These Letters Showing Wonderful Results of "More Eggs"

First Time Hens Laid During Moult

I have used your "More Eggs" Tonic since last fall and can surely say it has amply paid me. I have had chickens for 7 years and this is the **first time they have ever laid through their moulting season.** MRS. C. LUGINBUHL, Norwood, Ohio.

Loafers Before, Layers Now

My hens have **laid through moulting this year.** It is the first time since I had chickens. They have always been loafers until I used "More Eggs", now they are good layers.
MRS. H. J. SCHULZE, Pittsburgh, Kans.

Gets Eggs All Year

Have several friends that wish to use your "More Eggs" Tonic after seeing that I have been so successful in **getting eggs all through the year and moulting season.**
MRS. J. MEDARIS, Dale, Texas.

24 Eggs a Day During Moulting

Your "More Eggs" Tonic certainly **puts hens in good condition for laying.** I had 175 hens that were moulting and I began feeding them your Tonic and got nearly 2 doz. eggs a day.
S. J. FRANKENBERGER, Loganton, Penn.

Send No Money

Don't send any money; just fill in and mail coupon. You will be sent, at once, two $1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS." Pay the postman upon delivery only $1.00, the extra package being ***FREE.*** Don't wait—take advantage of this free offer TODAY! Reap the **BIG** profits "MORE EGGS" will make for you. Have plenty of eggs to sell when the price is highest. Send TODAY—NOW!

$1 Package FREE

E. J. REEFER, Poultry Expert, C 304, Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mr. Reefer:—I accept your offer. Send me the two $1.00 packages of Reefer's "More Eggs" for which I agree to pay the postman $1.00 when he brings me the two packages. You agree to refund me $1.00 *at any time* within 30 days, if *both* of these packages do not prove satisfactory in every way.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



The Business-Man Farmer

NO, not the business man who *makes* his money out of some other business and *spends* it on a farm—not he at all—but the real farmer who handles his farming exactly as any business man handles his business. This is the business-man farmer, and in the future no other kind will succeed or stay long on the land.

Why the Farmer Must Be a Business Man

The farmer is no longer a "settler" or a "squatter" on the land. Free government land is a thing of the past. The man who owns land from now on must buy it. To buy land he must have capital or credit or both. These two things rank him in the same class with other business men. No one can start in any kind of business without either capital or credit. If a man has capital to invest in farming he must get interest. If he uses his credit he must pay interest. In either event interest is a charge against farming that must be met. Then he has taxes, insurance, depreciation on fences, buildings, tools and machinery, stock losses and what not, all charges against his business. In all these respects his condition is identical with that of all other business men. This is the kind of business-man farmer with which this article deals—and in a few years there will be no other kind. From now on let the farmer regard himself as a business man.

What a Business Man Must Have

No business can run without a plant. The farmer's plant is his farm. But any plant must be equipped with adequate machinery if it is to pay. Let the farmer not deceive himself. He cannot run a successful plant without the necessary machinery. Then there is the raw material, which in the farmer's case is seed, fertilizers, spray materials and the like. But most important of all is the working capital. Many a plant has failed because of insufficient "working capital" or credit upon which to do business. It is a significant fact that the lack of capital has been a most frequent cause of failure in farmers' co-operative enterprises. Why? Because farmers, more than any other class, fail to appreciate the value of "working capital." Far too many farmers are under-capitalized in this respect.

Every successful business must have a plant, good machinery, sufficient raw material and necessary working capital. All these the farmer must have in the right proportions, neither too little nor too much of any of the four if his business is to succeed.

The Farm Plant

The farm plant consists of land and buildings. Often the farmer has far too much land in proportion to buildings. No one but the farmer himself can determine just what buildings are needed. Often, however, the farmer knows that he needs a house or a barn or a silo or a toolshed but doesn't have the money and is afraid of going into debt. No good business man fears debt—in fact, eighty per cent of the business of the country is conducted on credit. Why should the farmer avoid using his credit to promote his business? If he knows he needs a silo and is sure that it will make him money, why not borrow the capital just as any other business man would and build it? No business can long succeed with a poorly equipped plant—neither can the farming business.

Farm Machinery Necessary

Never was the use of farm machinery more necessary to success than now. With labor hard to get, the farmer should make liberal use of machinery. This does not mean that it is wise to buy machinery which he cannot use to advantage—a threshing machine for instance, when one can be easily hired—or a grain binder on a dairy farm, where practically no small grain is raised. But any machine that will help to get the work done on time, that can be used for several weeks in the year, that saves labor or improves the quality of work done, is necessary to successful farming, and any farmer who stocks his farm with good machinery and then fails to provide as a part of his plant a good shed for housing this machinery, is not entitled to be called a business man. Necessary machines can and should if necessary, be bought on credit.

Keep a Stock of Raw Materials

No business can long operate without raw materials. Too many farmers just work from "hand to mouth" on raw materials. The business farmer lays in a supply of seed and feed and fertilizers and twine when they can be bought to advantage. Few farmers raise all the feed they use, or could use to advantage.

If the farm is producing all the feed it can, that is no good reason why more feed may not be fed with profit. It must always be remembered that purchased feed enriches the soil while sold feed robs it of its fertility. The farmer who buys feed and then uses a manure spreader to distribute this fertility over the land is building up the soil of his farm. But the time to buy feed is when the price is "right." Suppose the farmer doesn't happen to have the money just then. Let him borrow it; any good business man would do the same thing in order to lay in a supply of raw material at advantageous prices.

Why Working Capital?

All kinds of business need working capital. With a good supply of raw material on hand, good tools and machinery and a satisfactory plant, there is still a chance to use capital to advantage. Perhaps more pigs are needed to use up an extra good crop of corn; or a pure-bred bull to improve the herd; or an extra horse on the gang plow. These may be had when needed if working capital is employed either in cash or credit. The farmer who buys and sells takes a speculative chance, it is true, but he soon learns how to make good investments. It is an old saying that "It takes money to make money." Like many "old saws," this is not exactly true. It could better be said that it takes judgment to make money, and that judgment will dictate whether to use credit or not if money is not available. The farmer, more than any other class of business men, needs to learn the use of "credit." He is too much afraid of debt—a sort of traditional fear of long standing among farmers. It takes courage and credit to make money on the farm as well as anywhere else.

Mr. Farmer and Company

Wise is the farmer who has taken his whole family into business with him.

A wife, sons and daughters will prove mighty valuable assets when they are vitally interested in the work of the farm, and when they are responsible for their particular part of it.

Take the wife into the company. No man can expect his wife to put her whole heart into his work unless he allows her to have a voice in the *planning* of the work—the investments that are made—and a "say-so" as how the income from the farm is to be spent.

Many a wife has as good judgment and is as keen as to profitable farm management as her husband. Two, planning together—discussing problems in which they are both so interested, cannot help but be of great assistance to each other. 'Tis a foolish farmer who makes up his mind that he can "go it alone"—decide everything himself and buy this or that without even mentioning it to his wife or family.

Of course, there are some men who think the wife will help any way—well, she will from a sense of duty—but how much better to make her a real partner—one who has equally as much say about the farm's business as he himself. And why shouldn't she be a real business partner? She works as hard, puts in as many hours as her husband and is just as responsible for the farm's prosperity as he is.

If the wife knows she is an active member of the firm, husband need not think he can keep better informed on any farm question than she. She will be just as keen a reader of farm papers, agricultural bulletins, and just as anxious to be right up to date in modern farm methods.

Let no farmer think a woman cannot farm. Why, I have a personal acquaintance with and know of many women who are leaders as farmers in their respective states.

Some of these women are widows whose husbands made dismal failures, and these women, when they have taken over the business of the farm, have succeeded not only well but rank right beside the very best of farmers.

One particular woman I have in mind is so very successful and is at the head of such an up-todate prosperous plant, that she was retained by one of the leading agricultural colleges of the country as one of its extension lecturers.

And so on I could keep citing instance after instance where women have won out where men have failed, so there is no need to fear that the wife cannot be trusted to be taken into active partnership and be one of the leaders of the firm.

GIVE THE BOYS A CHANCE.—Happy is the farmer who can paint on his farm buildings the name of the farm, and under it: "Mr. Farmer and Sons," breeders of pure-bred cattle or hogs or whatever line of farming he may be specializing in.

He can be mighty proud of the "Son" part for back of that one simple word is a mighty good story that he who rides by can easily read into it.

Here is a man who has dealt fair by his boys, has been wise enough to interest them, and has made their farm experience so pleasant that they are glad to stay on the farm and go into business with their father.

Such a father is not one who gives a puny calf or a runt of a pig to the son and when the boy has worked hard and saved its life, cared for and fed it, raised it to good market size, the father calmly pockets the money and thinks it a little harmless joke about "Johnny owning the pig." Too many farmers like this! Oh, yes, they expect Johnny to work, run errands, do chores and be generally useful, and all for his board and clothes and because he is his boy and "don't earn his salt, any way."

Suppose he doesn't "do enough to pay for his 'salt',"—he never will for the father who tells him so or makes him believe he is no good. A wise father makes his son think the farm couldn't get along without him and he is his father's "right-hand man." A boy who is made to think he is really helping will soon *be helping*, and when a boy knows he is of some importance on the farm, and a part of it, the father need not worry about his leaving as soon as he grows up and can get the chance.

Boys love animals—a pig or lamb or a calf for his very own—to sell and have the money when it has grown, is a great experience for a boy. If he is old enough, and it is possible, he will take great interest in a special crop which he alone is responsible for. If he has a personal interest in the farm, he may grow to like it, and then father will be sure of his help when he is old enough to be of real assistance.

THE GIRLS, TOO, SHOULD BELONG TO THE FIRM.—Not long ago I was talking with a sixteen-year-old farm boy. He is a boy who has worked a lot from quite a little fellow and he was telling how "now we (please notice the 'we') have all our debts paid up but $350.00, and it won't take long for *father* and *me* to clean that up." This boy is not going to leave the farm; not he; he is busily planning on how he will take the short course at the Agricultural College the coming winter. And why? Because he has always been made to feel that his father and mother could not get along without him. When he was a wee fellow, he would sturdily carry in, stick by stick, the wood for the range, because "mother could not bake unless 'sonny' helped her." And so with the girls. What holds true for the boy on the farm is equally true for the girl, and though father and mother cannot hope always to keep the daughter, yet they may have the great satisfaction of sending a capable, worth-while woman out to grace another home;—a woman who can look back on her girlhood and know, as far as possible, she was given an equal chance with her brother.

So the wise farmer is the farmer whose business is done by a firm of which Wife, Son and Daughter are all leading members.

Need of Pure Bred Sires

What are the readers of COMFORT doing in the improvement of their farm animals? All over the country, since war conditions are lessening as a major subject of thought, worry and expense, attention is again being directed to the improvement of horses, cattle, sheep, swine and poultry. Men are forming clubs and associations in many states. Children are being encouraged to form calf and pig and lamb clubs, and the young animals grow into adult beasts for marketing and the young people develop into the "grown-ups" who are to run our farms. We have been taught to train up children in the way they should go and that in later life they will not depart from their early training. All these things are good, and we want to know that our readers are taking full part in the good work.

In a big county of Wisconsin, cattle breeders actually are offering to exchange a pure-bred young bull for the scrub bull of any neighbor. The scrub is sold for what he will bring and so eliminated from further damage to the breeding industry of the district and state. The breeder of the pure-bred makes his profit in the better success of his neighbor, his neighborhood, the community and the state. He also reaps an incidental profit, in that the neighbor who is given the chance to demonstrate for himself the advantage of a pure-bred sire in improving his dairy or beef cattle, is in the market ever after, as need occurs, for the purchase of other and perhaps better pure-bred bulls. So it is with the use of pure-bred sires in the raising of horses, sheep and swine. Once started, the sensible man never goes back to the use of a grade or scrub sire. He finds that the profits from his better graded-up stock far exceed those formerly obtained from his scrubs, which ate as much or more and never paid for their board.

It is absolutely necessary now to use only pure-bred sires of good individuality and known to be from sires and dams of profitable producing strains. There is no advantage whatever in merely using a sire that is pedigreed, but not of producing stock. Pure blood and profitability in performance in the dairy or on the block must go together if success is to be assured.

The scrub sire can only beget worthless scrubs and such animals are not worth feeding. They do not return worth-while profits for the care and feed they receive. The owner of a scrub sire also finds himself nowadays in a class that wise people are looking at askance, and rightly so. To be "in the swim" and given credit for brains and good sense, they should abandon the old, haphazzard and wasteful methods of breeding and feeding and at once join in the work of improvement.

The grade sire was sired by a pure-bred, but, unlike his sire, he is unable to grade-up his progeny. He cannot transmit with certainty the good qualities of his sire. One cannot be sure what he will do as a breeder and cannot afford to run the chance that he will only transmit the characteristics of the scrub side of his pedigree, which is much the stronger factor in his makeup.

The scrub-pure-bred sire is pedigreed and may look fairly well, but, there being no actual merit for performance in his dam or sires, he lacks ability to transmit good, profitable qualities to his offspring. He is a counterfeit and should be avoided, as is the scrub and grade sire.

The bred-for-performance, pure, pedigreed sire is the only sure means of improvement. Used year after year in a dairy herd, and always seeking to use a better and better sire of the same breed and kind, the cows will gradually but surely improve in milk production and butter fat production, as well as symmetry and uniformity in color and the breed characteristics of the breed of the sires used. The same is true as regards beef-bred cattle, and swine and sheep produced, as gradually improving grades, from consecutive, consistent use of pure-bred sires.

COMFORT readers, why wait another year before starting on the road to success and profit by the use of pure-bred sires? Make the step in the right direction now and yours will be the profit soon, and profit and pleasure in farming will be assured to those who are to come after and keep on the good work of feeding the nation at home and having to spare much for the feeding of folk abroad. We shall be delighted to give advice on any phase of this subject, so do not hesitate to ask questions.

The Kicking Heifer

The rough or oftentimes impatient or bad-tempered milker often wonders why he has so much trouble from the heifers kicking at milking time. His "trouble" is not to be wondered at. He should understand that the teats of the heifer that has just had her first calf are exquisitely tender, so that she cannot bear harsh handling. The pain from rough milking is excruciating. Often the heifer shakes, shrinks, and even urinates from fear as the milker is about to commence operations, and kicking is the next indication of the suffering endured. Were it possible, the heifer should be "broken in" to milk by a woman, whose hands are softer than those of the hard-working man, and who naturally is more gentle, sympathetic and sensible than the average hired hand or stockman. Before starting to milk, the udder should be gently massaged, and it is also well to apply vaseline or sweet oil to the hands. More can be accomplished by kindness and gentleness than by roughness or punishment. In some cases the heifer will stand more quiet at milking time if allowed to eat some relished food, or if her calf is put near her. If kicking starts, it may be prevented in some instances by tying a rope or strap around the body, just in front of the udder, but the rope should be well padded to protect the milk veins. If this does not suffice, a wide strap may be buckled around the hind legs just above the hocks, or hobbles may be placed upon the hind pasterns and straps run from them to a bellyband, or collar placed upon the neck. Prevention is better than cure, however, and it comes from gentle handling of the teats when the heifer is being broken in to milk.

Poisoning by Larkspur

Those of our readers who live in the "sage brush country," where poisonous weeds often kill range cattle and sheep, and where loco weed also seriously affects horses as well as other animals, will be interested to learn that experimentation by scientists of the Department of Agriculture has proved that the larkspurs do not poison sheep, although they are very poisonous to cattle. This will be news to many, for it has been the common impression that sheep as well as cattle were poisoned by this beautiful flowering weed. It also has been proved that it does not injure horses upon the open range, but poisons them if taken in large quantities.

Practically all of the readers of COMFORT are well acquainted with the larkspurs of the gardens, and so will readily recognize the wild plants. The latter, however, are blue and violet blue in color, and in one instance white. There are no pink wild larkspurs like those of the garden. Aconite, also a deadly poison, has deep blue flowers somewhat like those of the larkspur and running into shades of violet and purple. Aconite has short, bulblike roots, while those of the tall larkspur are long and woody. Aconite stems are pithy and the leaves have very short stems; tall larkspur has hollow stems and the leaves have long stems.

Larkspur is deadly early in the season before blossoming, if the animal eats 30 pounds or more of the weed. It is not poisonous after the flowers have matured, unless the animal happens to eat large quantities of the seeds, which rarely happens. The weed may be eradicated by spading, in which operation six to eight inches of the root should be removed and the cattle prevented from eating the dried plant.

Cattle poisoned by larkspur suddenly drop to the ground and kick convulsively. The symptoms aggravate if the animal is hurried to its feet. Constipation usually is present; some animals bloat; food often gets into the windpipe and lungs and causes death. Bloating takes place almost immediately after death in all cases.

In the way of treatment, bloated cattle should be "tapped" at once. Permanganate of potash solution, much advertised as a remedy, has been found useless. The Department veterinarians advise that weak animals should be given a hypodermic injection of six drams of whiskey, and in all cases good results followed the subcutaneous injection of a mixture of physostigmin salicylate, 1 grain; pilocarpin hydrochlorid, 2 grains, and strychnine sulphate, ½ grain. This is one dose for an animal of 500 to 600 pounds. Double the dose is given to a 1000 pound or over cow or steer. The medicine is dissolved in 4 drams (½ ounce) of freshly boiled water, or 1 ounce for the double dose. An all-metal hypodermic syringe should be used, the needle to be inserted in the shoulder.

Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from the eminent specialists and experts of our Agricultural Staff on questions relating to farming, live stock and dairying.

Address Modern Farmer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

Questions and Answers

SWEET BASIL.—I notice that in a recent issue you advise to plant sweet basil (or bazil) in the herb garden. I had some once and liked its flavor very much. The last seed I had was old and did not come up, and since then I have never been able to get any. Will you kindly tell me where I can obtain the seed?
MRS. G. D. B., Clarksville, Ark.

A.—Consult seed catalogues and write seedsmen if you do not find this seed advertised in their catalogues. It is usually spelled "basil."

CURING TOBACCO.—Have grown some tobacco this year and would like to know how to cure the leaves for smoking. H. G. B., Greenfield Ctr., N. Y.

A.—It is pretty hard for the grower to cure "killdad" so as to make it fit for smoking. Better sell your leaves and buy "store" tobacco.

SOFT BUTTER.—My cow does not make firm, solid butter. She seems to be in healthy condition. She just runs on pasture and has no dry feed. The cream is separated and kept in the well. What is thee cause of the butter being soft? MRS. H. K., Noble, Ill.

A.—This is not the cow's fault. You probably do not keep your butter or cream cool enough. Churning too warm cream or over-churning or keeping butter at too high a temperature is the usual cause of soft or "salvy" butter.



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31x4	9.45	2.25	35x4½	13.25	3.15
32x4	9.90	2.40	36x4½	13.90	3.40
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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Fire

AN insurance policy will protect a person against financial loss from fire but anyone who will not take steps to prevent damage does not practice the dictates of prudence. Due to the supply of gasolene carried by cars using the internal combustion motor, there is danger of fire exploding the fuel and causing considerable damage. However, not every so-called "automobile fire" is caused from ignited gasolene, and there is no reason for shoveling into a car a few tons of sand or emptying several fire extinguishers when all that is needed is the exercising of plain common sense.

The writer can recall an owner who had purchased his first car and after running it for a time was advised to pour kerosene in the cylinders and allow it to stand over night so as to loosen the carbon. Upon starting the motor, clouds of thick smoke were emitted from the muffler. The owner was certain that his car had caught fire and there is no stating what damage he might have done had not his next-door neighbor hurriedly explained that the smoke was due to the kerosene in the cylinders and that when it was burned out, the motor would run without smoking.



Gasolene will burn freely when exposed to air. The vulcanizer shown in the accompanying illustration affords an example of the point to be driven home, viz., gasolene will not explode but will burn freely when exposed to the air.

This instance may bring a smile to the face of the reader, but more foolish stunts are being pulled off every day by owners and drivers who have had years of experience.

A particular owner smelled smoke, and upon raising the hood found that the smoke was coming from the generator. He immediately threw a quantity of water on the instrument, when the proper proceedure would have been to disconnect one of the wires leading from the rear of the generator. By so doing, he would have broken the electrical circuit and allowed the instrument to cool off.

A point to bear in mind is that the overheating of an electrical instrument is due to an irregularity in the system, and the proper thing to do until the trouble is located and corrected is to break or open the electrical circuit at that point.

If a cable is overheated and melting the insulation, the circuit can readily be opened by disconnecting either cable leading to the storage battery.

A gasolene fire is more often the result of a back fire through the carburetor than from any other cause. Almost every owner understands this condition. It is the result of fire in the cylinder when the inlet valve is opened and causing the vapor in the inlet manifold to be ignited.

First, let it be emphatically stated that water is the poorest agent you can select to fight a gasolene fire. Gasolene is lighter than water and it will therefore float on the surface and increase the area of the fire. To handle a fire caused by a pop-back through the carburetor, the best bet is to sit in the car, open the throttle wide and turn the motor over with the electric starter. It may be possible to extinguish the fire by drawing the flames through the motor. However, if the fire continues and there is no one handy to lend a hand, raise the hood and shut off the vacuum tank. This will cut off the supply of fuel and the fire will die out when it has consumed the gasolene in the carburetor. But if it is impossible to control the flames and they shoot up around the vacuum tank, bear in mind that the heat will generate gas which cannot escape, and if the heat becomes great enough, there will be an explosion inside the tank. This will open up the seams of the tank and it will be well to put a little distance between yourself and the car when the explosion takes place. On the other hand, if you can keep the flames away from the tank and the gasolene supply is shut off, there is little if any danger.

Gasolene will not explode but its vapor will. Gasolene will burn with but little smoke and spreads readily. A chemical extinguisher is best for fighting a gasolene fire.

An oil fire is not difficult to fight. It is slow burning and spreading. Bear in mind that as long as the fire keeps away from the tanks containing gasolene there is little danger in fighting it. However, when the flames commence to envelop the tanks, if the flames cannot be subdued quickly, the chances are that an explosion will occur, and you do not want to be in the near vicinity.

Useful Pointers

Battery Tests

When the ignition current fails, the lights refuse to burn and in fact all the electrical appliances seem dead, the indications are that the storage battery has suddenly gone wrong. If the cables leading into the battery are tight, a simple test is to bridge the battery terminals with the pliers. Dig the handles of the pliers into the lead terminals and if there is no flashing of sparks, you are safe in assuming that a dead battery is the cause for your trouble. A defective plate will instantly kill a battery.

Testing the Gas Mixture

A simple test which will aid the new owner in determining whether he is using a correct gasolene-air mixture is to drive the car in the back yard on a dark night and open the muffler cut-out. Open the throttle until the motor turns over at a fair rate of speed and then notice the color of the flame that will be shooting from the cut-out. If the flame is blue or colorless, the mixture is about right. If the flame is yellow, there is too much air while a red flame would indicate that there is too much gasolene in the mixture.

Wiring Hint

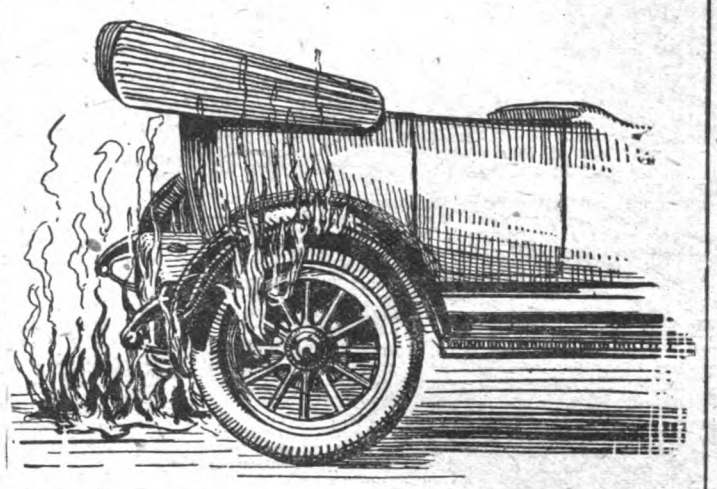
Some folks are unable to do a good wiring job because they fail to apply the wire to terminals in the correct manner. The bare wire should be twisted around the terminal post in a clockwise direction. It requires but little logic to understand that the screw-thread is right handed and when tightened down on the wire will have a tendency to draw it tighter around the terminal post. On the other hand, if the wire is attached in the other direction the tendency is to untwist it and force it away from the post.

Substitute for Match

Should you turn your pockets inside out and fail to find a match to light your pipe or cigar, open one of the priming cocks in the head of the cylinder, race the motor and a flame will shoot up so that you will be able to get a light.

Electrical Shocks

Until the electrical current produced by the storage battery is stepped up to a higher potential, it will produce no shock should the operator bridge the terminals. It is voltage (pressure) which causes the muscles to contract. The average battery used for automobile purposes is of low voltage and high amperage. It will range from six to eight volts and approximately 100 amperes.



This illustration shows the flames enveloping the gasolene tank. The gasolene in the tank is not exposed to the air and, therefore, when sufficient heat has been generated, there will be an explosion. If a fire such as shown cannot be extinguished quickly, it is not safe for the operator to continue fighting it.

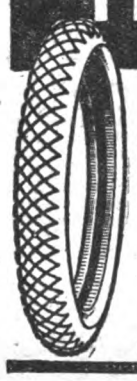
Substitute for Rivet

Should a rivet break out, never allow that portion of the car to remain in a weakened condition because you do not have the facilities for replacing the rivet. A bolt, the same size as the rivet, will afford a very satisfactory substitute.

Answer to Inquiry

Although the writer is not posted on the make of electrical apparatus mentioned in your letter, yet it is safe to assume, from the description given, that your difficulty is due to excessive vibration. It may be just possible that the cutout is so mounted that it is affected by vibration in such a manner as to keep the contact points apart. It will be well to shift the location of the units, especially the cutout as it will possibly overcome the resulting evils of the vibration. On the other hand, if the generator commutator is not perfectly smooth, it would be possible to throw the brush out of contact.

TIRE PRICES CUT
FROM OUR FACTORY TO YOU



6000 MILES GUARANTEE

Our double tread reconstructed tires save you time, energy and money and do away with tire troubles. Our tires cannot be compared with ordinary double tread or triple fabric tires of inferior make. Our reputation and success is due to the fact that we spare no time or money to make our tires excel in quality and durability. Our tires are used from Coast to Coast. Ask your banker about us. Reliner Free with every Tire. Tubes are guaranteed fresh stock.

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$6.00	$1.75	32x4	$8.75	$2.60	36x4½	$12.00	$3.40
30x3½	7.00	2.00	33x4	9.00	2.75	35x5	13.00	3.60
31x3½	7.25	2.10	34x4	9.25	2.85	36x5	13.25	3.70
32x3½	7.50	2.25	34x4½	10.50	3.00	37x5	13.50	3.75
31x4	8.50	2.50	35x4½	11.50	3.15			

Send $2 deposit for each tire and $1 for each tube ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. S., C. L. (Q. D.) plain or N. S. is desired. All same price.

NATIONAL GOOD-WEAR TIRE CO., 1113 Washington Blvd., Dept. 207, CHICAGO

FREE Puncture Proof Tube
6,000 Miles Guaranteed



For a limited time only we are offering absolutely free a puncture proof tube guaranteed 6,000 miles, with every purchase of one of our famous Reliable Double Tread Tires which are guaranteed 5,000 miles and often give 8,000 to 10,000.

4 Reasons for Buying this Bargain Offer

1—6,000 miles without a puncture!
2—Save repair bills!
3—Save entire cost of tube!
4—Save money on tires!

Price Includes Tire and Tube

Size	Tires	Size	Tire
		34 x 4	$11.35
30 x 3	$7.25	34 x 4½	$13.00
30 x 3½	$8.35	35 x 4½	$13.25
32 x 3½	$8.95	36 x 4½	$13.75
31 x 4	$10.20	35 x 5	$14.50
32x4	$10.55	36 x 5	$14 75
33 x 4	$11.00	37 x 5	$14.90

Free Reliner With Each Tire

In ordering be sure to state size wanted, also whether s. s. clincher, plain or non-skid. Send $2.00 deposit on each tire, balance C. O. D. subject to examination; 5 per cent discount if you send full amount with order. Rush your order today.

RELIABLE TIRE & RUBBER CO.
3418 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

FREE STANDARD MAKE GUARANTEED INNER TUBE

ORDER NOW AND RECEIVE FREE a Guaranteed Standard Make Inner Tube. Our tires are reconstructed by our exclusive process. We fully guarantee them for 6,000 miles. The fact that 90 per cent of our customers reorder proves that EVERWEAR DOUBLE TREAD TIRES are satisfactory. Immediate shipment guaranteed. Price includes Tubes and Tires.



Size	Tires	Size	Tires
28x3	$ 6.85	34x4	$11.35
30x3	7.25	33x4½	12.50
30x3½	8.35	34x4½	13.00
32x3½ S.S.	8.95	35x4½	13.25
31x4	10.20	36x4½	13.75
32x4	10.55	35x5	14.50
33x4	11.00	37x5	14.90

FREE Reliner With Each Tire

Send $2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D., subject to examination. 5 per cent special discount if full amount is sent with order. State whether s. s., cl., plain tread, or non-skid—all same price.

EVERWEAR TIRE & RUBBER CO.
Dept. 103, 3935 Washington Blvd., CHICAGO, ILL.
References: Madison & Kedzie State Bank

GET MORE MILEAGE
With Strong, Double-Tread Tires!
Guaranteed for 5000 Miles



Strong Double-Tread Reconstructed Tires are made by our skilled mechanics, of double the amount of fabric (from choice material), and are built to give more than the guaranteed mileage and service which our customers very often receive.

RELINER FREE
Tubes Guaranteed Fresh Stock

Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$5.50	$1.60	34x4	$8.75	$2.60
30x3½	6.50	1.75	34x4½	10.00	3.00
31x3½	6.75	1.85	35x4½	11.00	3.15
32x3½	7.00	2.00	36x4½	11.50	3.40
31x4	8.00	2.25	35x5	12.50	3.50
32x4	8.25	2.40	36x5	12.75	3.65
33x4	8.50	2.50	37x5	12.75	3.75

Send $2.00 deposit for each tire ordered, balance C. O. D. Tires shipped subject to your examination. State whether S. S. or Cl, plain or non-skid is desired. All same price. By sending full amount of order you can save 5 per cent—our special cash with-order discount.

STRONG TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
3019 Michigan Ave. Dept. 194, Chicago, Ill.

STANDARD TIRES
LESS THAN **½ Price**
SEND NO MONEY

Don't miss this chance to cut your tire cost in two and get a standard make *Spark Plug FREE*. We ship at once on approval standard Goodyear, Goodrich, Firestone, Mason and other adjusted tires in excellent condition and *Your Money Back* if you don't like them. They can readily be guaranteed for 5000 miles. So sure are we you will like these tires that we request no deposit in advance. These are not sewed together tires known as the double-tread and reconstructed tires.

SEE THESE LOW PRICES

Sizes	Tires	Tubes	Sizes	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$6.45	$1.75	32x4½	12.25	2.70
30x3½	7.25	1.95	33x4½	12.50	2.85
32x3½	8.75	2.15	34x4½	12.90	3.00
31x4	9.45	2.25	35x4½	13.25	3.15
32x4	9.90	2.40	36x4½	13.90	3.40
33x4	11.25	2.50	35x5	14.90	3.50
34x4	11.90	2.60	37x5	16.90	3.75

Remember a standard make *Spark Plug Free* with order. When cash is sent with order 5% discount allowed. Examine—judge for yourself. If not satisfied return goods at our expense. Specify S. S., clincher, non-skid, plain, and size *Spark Plug* wanted.

CLEVELAND TIRE AND RUBBER CO.
3116 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

Akron Quality Tires
Reduce Tire Cost 65%

Made in AKRON The home of Good TIRES

5000-Mile Guarantee

Scientifically reconstructed and reinforced with three extra plies of rubberized fabric. Our factory in the heart of the rubber industry gives us the greatest selection, the best stock and skilled workmen for the manufacture of reconstructed tires. All tires tested before shipping and written 5000-mile guarantee enclosed. We can ship immediately at these prices:

Size	Tire	Tube	Size	Tire	Tube
30x3	$6.00	$2.00	34x4	$ 9.75	$2.60
30x3½	7.00	2.10	34x4½	11.25	2.80
*32x3½	8.00	2.20	35x4½	11.50	2.90
31x4	9.00	2.40	36x4½	12.00	3.00
32x4	9.25	2.45	35x5	12.75	3.20
33x4	9.50	2.50	37x5	13.25	3.30

*S. S. only.

Reliner Free With Every Tire

State whether straight side or clincher desired. Send $2 deposit for each tire ordered and $1 for tube; balance C. O. D. subject to examination. If you send full amount with order, deduct 5 per cent discount.

RUBBER CENTER TIRE CO.
Department 121, Akron, Ohio

INSYDE TYRES

—genuine inner armor for auto tires. Easily applied without tools. Agents wanted. Details free.

American Accessories Co. Dept. 131, Cincinnati, Ohio



Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

WILL some of the Home Canning Club girls do a little favor for me? Thanks ever so much. This is what I'd like to have you do—can some of these lovely summer days and send them to me (collect) so we can have them to open up next January and Febuary when we are up to our necks in snowdrifts and shivering around in fur coats. Isn't that a clever idea? Of course if you can't do it we'll have to make the most of every day as it comes but we should do that anyway, regardless of the season. But I'm not making the most of my time, am I? sermonizing thus when I should be reading the heap of letters before me. I'll shut my eyes and draw one.

MICKIE OF MISSISSIPPI.—If I had curly hair and dreamy eyes with long eyelashes, good teeth and dimples, do you think I'd be unhappy because I had a large mouth? I should say not—I'd smile so much that my teeth and dimples would attract every bit of attention away from my large mouth. Besides, large mouths indicate more character than tiny mouths. It isn't so much how your mouth looks as the things you say with it that counts. I've seen perfectly beautiful mouths that looked ugly to me just because they were saying disagreeable, sarcastic things that hurt someone else. And speaking of such things, here's a tip for you and other girls who want men to admire them. A man doesn't admire a catty woman so be careful what you say about other people, particularly other girls, if you want to make a hit with the boys and have them think you a regular girl. No matter what you know about another girl, from her complexion to her morals, keep still, unless you can say something good, and if you can't say something good don't say anything at all. Of course it is better to do this from purely altruistic reasons, but better a selfish reason than to say little, mean, spiteful things.

IN DOUBT, Colorado.—It would take more of a psychologist than I am to tell why you can't talk of and plan for the future with your fiance whom you say you are lonely without and know he is what makes life worth while. Are you sure you don't mind giving up the comforts you have been accustomed to at home? My dear, love and a comfortable little home is a combination that is worth more than luxuries without love—but you might try giving him up for a little while until you are sure of yourself. Talk it over with him and explain how you feel and ask him to be patient with you until you know better how you feel toward him. But don't be too long finding out for there are plenty of girls ready to discuss the future with a worthwhile man.

M. and D., Sayre.—When girls of seventeen—high school girls at that— spell whom "whome" and their "thier," it is a waste of time to tell me they are interested in their school books. In my days, when I was young, a boy felt honored if a nice girl would consent to marry him; he never made it a condition that he be allowed to kiss her and then as a reward condescend to marry her. As I have said before, how times have changed! And then to think you'd ask if you should allow them to kiss you if you should keep company with them again. Haven't you any pride? Why not place a little higher valuation upon yourself? Anyway, don't get married now.

BROWN EYES, Salt Lick, Ky.—It isn't wise to exchange photographs with anyone but close relatives—and I know a lot of relatives that are dreadfully close. A girl of fifteen shouldn't keep company with a man of twenty-five, or any other age. Do I think that men of that age mean what they say to girls? I certainly do—just as much at twenty-five as they do at any age. Why don't I put my picture in the paper? Well, of course I don't like to praise myself but if I did all the girls would be jealous—I'm so very, very beautiful, but don't tell them I told you so.

ELOIS, Texas.—It doesn't seem to be a case of "should you give him up" when he has given you up for another girl. You haven't much choice left in the matter and, anyway, he is much too old for you.

WOULD-BE NURSE, Missouri.—Your family physician can give you more information regarding hospitals and your fitness for training than I can. Have a talk with him.

S. B., Texas.—It is sad to be an "orphant stinarapher" in love with a man whose people threaten to "disinheart" him if he marries you. It's sad, very sad, that's just what it is but when I think of a big "bizniss collage" letting loose such spelling as that, I am moved to tears, actual tears, and my laundry hasn't been returned from the laundry—anybody lend me a hanky? Thanks! You've got the right idea when you say that nature teaches you not to believe him when he says he will "dye" for you, though I presume you mean "die." "Men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love." I've forgotten who wrote those gruesome lines but you've got to admit that he knew what he was talking about. If he means "dye," do you suppose he'd mind doing some faded out waists and dresses for me?

OUT O' LUCK, Oregon.—Why "long for a sister" when there are hundreds and hundreds of orphan "sisters" in the world, in various homes and institutions, who are longing for a brother and a home? Have your parents adopt one if they are able to give her a good home, education and love. In the meantime you may regard me as a big sister, if you wish to, and I'll hold the place for a little sister. Thanks for all the nice things you said about me.

J. B., Oregon.—An older sister has a moral right to object to the marriage of her younger sister who will "soon be sixteen," but when the younger sister is old enough to be married she shouldn't object unless she could give good reasons for her objections. (2) The age of your friend has a lot to do with the way her question would be answered. "Children, obey your parents," is a safe rule to follow. If there is no truth in the accusations against her fiance, he should be able to square himself with her parents and if there is they are right in telling him to "clear out."

A SOLDIER'S WIFE, North Carolina.—There should be an exchange in any of the large cities in your state where you could dispose of your fancy work. Try an advertisement in your local paper.

OLIVE, Ind.—Of course you did right in giving back his ring and instead of feeling heartbroken you should congratulate yourself on your lucky escape. If you had been married to him you would have cause to feel heartbroken.

JESSIE, Minneapolis, Minn.—Instead of striking the person who annoyed you while at the movies, it would have been less conspicuous to have changed your seat or quietly notified the usher who would have put him out. Athletics, if done in the right way and not carried to excess, are beneficial instead of injurious, as your mother says, and they aren't commonly regarded as unladylike.

WINIFRED S. Dak.—If you love a young man and know that he loves you and still he won't marry you because he has such an "artistic temperament and love of the beautiful" that his wife must be beautiful, then you should be thankful that you aren't beautiful according to his standard. If he is capable of appreciating only outward perfections instead of beauty of mind and soul, then your love would be wasted upon him. Save it for the man who loves you for yourself and who will find you beautiful even though the years and responsibilities of a home and family haven't added to your good looks. As the mother of his children, you should be the most beautiful person in the world to him.

Have a good time for the rest of the summer for next month we must go back to school or work.

By, by, COUSIN MARION.

The Beast of Blossom Valley

By Alice L. Whitson

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"THIS is a hell of a life for a fellow in my circumstances to be living," John Brunnett exclaimed as he tramped restlessly up and down the untidy living-room of his elegant country home. "No wonder folks call me a beast!" he continued, as though he had a sympathetic audience, "to be living in all this filth, when I've got more money than I know what to do with, and still," he went on in a softer tone of voice as he sank into a comfortable, dust-laden chair in front of a cheery crackling fire, "my money isn't strong enough to keep a servant in the house."

A nauseating sensation seemed to envelope his very soul as he glanced around the big, old-fashioned room—the same room which during his mother's lifetime had been his haven of rest, as well as the lounging-place for a host of his friends who invariably dropped in for a quiet Sunday with him. These were good old days to John Brunnett—in fact, life had been one long drawn-out bit of happiness and contentment for the owner of Blossom Valley until the death of his mother two years previously.

Then it was that John began to understand what it really meant to have a woman in the house—especially a woman who loved him and who loved to do things for his comfort without being paid for it. But since the death of his mother he had been living by the "pay-as-you-enter" system, and in no single instance had he paid the same servant for two months' service hand-running.

Sometimes he admitted to himself that they had grounds for complaint when they argued that the place was lonely; he had found it that way himself lately, especially since his friends had ceased to drop in for Sundays any more. Of course, there was a reason for that. The whole place resembled an over-grown graveyard, and living in such an atmosphere had not sweetened his disposition—he had grown into a grouch; he had long since learned it was unwise to invite his friends to eat any more, for on several occasions he had been forced to feed them on his own cooking—and now he was cookless again. How, oh, how, he wondered, had his mother kept the same servants year after year? He wished with all his heart that he had paid more attention to inside affairs; running the big farm was a small item, in John's eyes, compared to running a house.

If an extra man was needed in case of emergency, he could fall in line and do it himself; nothing gave him more joy than the touch of freshly ploughed ground beneath his feet. He had always loved the great outdoors, and since the death of his mother he had spent much time in the open. "But what man can make a success of farming and housekeeping both?" he raved, remembering suddenly that the inner man was clamoring for food.

Just at this instant Judy, the buxom wife of Andy, the general roustabout on the place, made her appearance in the doorway, bearing in her hands a covered tray.

"I 'lowed your might be hungry-like," Marse John," Judy said in true southern style, "and I brung you a bite fer to eat."

The hungry man graciously accepted the food, and as Judy's flaky biscuits disappeared, it suddenly occurred to him that Judy herself might be an avenue of escape.

"Judy," he said presently, "I don't see why you couldn't move into the servants' quarters in the back yard, and look after my house and cooking?"

Judy ran her fingers through the kinky black mop on her head.

"'Scuse me, Marse John, for de 'spression," she answered soberly, "but men folks ain't fittin' fer to boss a house. Now, ef—ef—you'd jes' mar'y, Marse John, I spec' your old woman and me could set dis place in order in no time. It jes' naturally takes a woman fer to make a home."

"Thanks for the advice, Judy," the man returned, "but I don't happen to be one of the marrying kind. Could you suggest anything else?"

"Yes, sir," Judy responded instantly. "You might hire a housekeeper—a nice white lady, who'd 'preciate living in a big house like dis here'n."

"But how'd I ever locate one like that, Judy?"

"Advertise fer her, Marse John, advertise—dats what I does when I wants anytings. Didn't you find me and Andy through de papers?"

"I certainly did," John admitted, "and I'll think about your suggestion, Judy," he declared solemnly as he swallowed the last bite of the appetizing meal that black Judy from the generosity of her white soul had brought in.

After Judy's departure John Brunnett filled his pipe and took down a good book—a good pipe and a good book usually set John in a good humor—but even his old favorites failed to soothe him at present. Judy's suggestion of hiring a housekeeper kept coming into his mind. Maybe Judy was right—a man didn't know how to run a house successfully—it wasn't intended that he should, but it wasn't unlawful for him to own a home and hire somebody to run it; he had the home and the money to pay for having it run, and suddenly he resolved to try out Judy's scheme—he'd find a woman for the place.

Instantly he reached for the newspaper, and turned to the advertising columns. Cooks—cooks and housekeepers seemed to be greatly in demand, but the numerous advertisements were from people like himself, not from people offering their services.

Carefully he studied the various advertisements, and before he went to bed that night he had turned in an ad. of his own over long distance, that he felt sure would at least be read, and, oh, how he hoped, be answered. If he could only get a chance to hire a woman on his terms he could rest assured of one thing—he'd have a servant for twelve months at least—and as he drifted off to sleep, the thought of the untidy condition of the whole house haunted him; he wondered drowsily if it wouldn't take about that long to get it in a livable shape again, provided he could get anybody to undertake the job.

* * * * * * *

The clock in Leeds' big brokerage office loudly clamored the hour of ten A. M. as Tiny Thaxton laid aside her rain-soaked coat and made her way toward a desk near the window.

"Glad to see you, Miss Thaxton," the Boss said more pleasantly than a boss generally speaks.

But Tiny fully understood the reason for his gladness came from the mere fact that she of all the office girls was the only one who had braved the wintry weather to reach her desk; but business was business with Tiny—she believed in giving good service when she sold her time—and her time she considered both valuable to herself and her employer, but try as she would, with the ever increasing prices it was almost impossible to make her salary reach from week to week. This fact alone had caused her to think seriously of changing her position. Therefore, from force of habit, while the male inhabitants of the office were at lunch, she picked up the morning paper to glance over the "Help Wanted" columns; she had known of a few cases where a stenographer had profited by reading the "Want" advertisements—some very reputable firms had resorted to the ad. columns for efficient help.

Scarcely, however, had she opened the paper at the desired page until she found herself staring at a double-spaced, black-lettered ad:

"WANTED—A competent housekeeper for a country home—salary no object to right party, who will sign contract for twelve months' service. Apply ready for work at Blossom Valley Lodge, Franklin road."

"There's your chance for a change, Tiny Thaxton," Conscience whispered. "Go out and investigate the proposition."

Tiny noticed with a sickening sensation around her heart that the paper in her hand shook perceptibly with nervousness. Her doctor had advised her to get out of the office more than once of late, but there seemed so few things left for a woman to do who was trained for office work—and she had been an office fixture for how long? Ever since Leed Brothers had opened the brokerage office she had been with them—something like fifteen years! Yes, she reminded herself, it had been exactly fifteen years; she had come to Leeds on her twentieth birthday, and now she was thirty-five—she was sure she looked every day of it, too, though at times her eyes still twinkled with mirth and her hair had lost none of its gold—what she needed was exercise and fresh air—the doctor had told her so. "Surely," she murmured under her breath, "I'd find both at Blossom Valley—the name itself suggests fresh air and flowers.

"But your friends," Conscience reminded her, "what would they think of you occupying the place of a servant in the house?"

Suddenly it dawned upon her that her friends were very few—and her people—she had no people—she was the last Thaxton of a long line that reached back to the beginning of America—there was nothing to lose, but a great chance for self-gain, and so far as holding down the job was concerned, it never occurred to her that she'd fail in that. Fact was, she knew she wouldn't—she was a born home-maker; she loved everything pertaining to a house, from a dust-rag to a lounging-chair.

Timidly the girl glanced towards the clock; it lacked ten minutes to one. At one she would be free to spend the afternoon as she pleased. Saturday afternoon was always a holiday from the office, though in her case it was usually wash day. She remembered the soiled clothes waiting for her in the little room on Mrs. Wilkins' third floor front; she was wearing her last fresh blouse—cleanliness was one of Tiny's strong points—perhaps she'd better go back and perform her usual Saturday afternoon duty; she loved to be fresh for the office, and, after all—it wasn't such a bad place to live, though it was a grind—a continual grind that was beginning to tell on her—and again, she noticed with horror how the paper shook in her trembling hands.

At one-fifteen she was on the street again, the idea of applying for the position as housekeeper fresh in her mind. She was glad the rain had ceased, but the wind that had taken its place was quite as uncomfortable.

At the first corner she learned the current was off—nothing new about that—currentless days had become a sort of fad—and walking home had become a habit; she often wished, and never as much as now, that she could live nearer her work. That, however, was an impossibility on her present salary.

At the next crossing she found traffic blocked with standing cars. From idle curiosity she began looking at the various streets they represented, and a queer little feeling crept into her heart when she realized that heading them all was a great lumbersome-looking car marked in plain, bold letters, Franklin Interurban, immediately suggesting to her that were she of the mind to go, this particular car would take her to Blossom Valley.

"I'm going to do it," Tiny declared to herself suddenly.

Tiny Thaxton was given to hasty decisions, and a moment later she was climbing on. Had the car not started almost instantly, it is a safe bet that she would have hopped off—but the car did start, and thus it happened that presently she found herself looking out of the window on wide, misty meadows seared and brown with last year's grasses. The naked trees that bordered either side of the way seemed to nod a friendly greeting to her as she passed along.

"The trip might prove less than nothing," she mused as she gave herself up to the beauty of nature, so far as a change of position was concerned, but already she felt better for a sight of the country—and in her heart she knew she'd be refreshed for the office by the pilgrimage.

Finally the conductor called out "Blossom Valley Lodge." The car came to a stop and Tiny got off.

"You don't happen to know where Blossom Valley Lodge is, do you?" she inquired of a man in an oil-cloth slicker and high, clumsy boots, whom she found in the little makeshift station.

"First house to the right," he replied gruffly. "Any relation to the owner?"

"No, but I have a reason for calling."

"You can't miss the way, but you may find the road sloppy."

Tiny waited for no further conversation, but immediately started down the broad, winding road, made sweet by the morning rain. Rounding a turn, suddenly she caught sight of a wonderful looking old house nestling far back from the road among a cluster of friendly oaks.

"Surely this heavenly paradise can't be the place I'm looking for!" she said as she stopped at the big gate.

But only for a moment did she feel uncertain about the matter, for lifting her eyes to the massive rock archway over her head, she saw plainly carved in the great stones half hidden in a mass of dead, tangled rose-vines, the words: "Blossom Valley Lodge."

Without a moment's hesitation she lifted the iron latch from its socket and passed inside. In a state of wonderment and joy she made her way briskly up the long, pebbly drive and timidly raised the old-fashioned brass knocker. She noticed while she waited that the knocker was sorely in need of polish, and her fingers instantly yearned for a wool rag.

Presently the door swung open, and a man—a big, broad-shouldered man, clad in khaki trousers and a brown wool shirt, stood before her. One glance, convinced her he was a man of affairs and wholly in harmony with the place.

"I—I—came in answer to your advertisement," she stammered softly.

Instantly the man's hand was clutching her shoulder, and she felt herself bodily drawn into the room.

"Come up to the fire," John Brunnett said gruffly, eying her all the while suspiciously. "We'll talk things over."

As he helped her out of her coat he noticed how tiny and frail she looked, and a mad desire to cuddle her up in his arms took possession of him—he was startled at his own foolishness—he almost wished he had taken Judy's advice and advertised for a wife instead of a housekeeper. Finally remembering himself, he drew forth a chair and bade her be seated.

"Has anybody else applied for the position you have open, Mr.—er——"

"Brunnett," John supplied in a voice wholly unknown to himself.

"Mr. Brunnett," Tiny repeated pleasantly—she had a wonderful way of saying Brunnett—it had never sounded so well in his ears before.

"No," the man answered, "not exactly; I've had several telephone communications, but you're the first one that was brave enough to face this beastly weather."

"Perhaps I want the job worse than any one else."

John shot an inquisitive glance in the direction of the speaker, suddenly resolving to put her through a test.

"You—you're quite sure you're able to perform the necessary duties of a household?" he asked, forcing himself to speak with authority.

"Quite sure?"

"Can you cook?"

"I'll take a chance on proving that I can."

"Know anything about chickens and cows?"

Tiny looked the speaker square in the eye. "I didn't know you wanted a farm hand."

"Well, I'll be—be——" the man's voice trailed off into a mere whisper, but Tiny knew under his breath was hidden a very impolite "damn."

"Of course," he resumed politely, "I—I—really didn't mean feeding the chickens nor milking the cows," Brunnett said, a sudden fear gripping his heart less he lose sight of the applicant, "but I meant bringing in the eggs and churning and moulding the butter—if necessary."

Tiny smiled. "Oh, yes," she answered quickly, "I could do that—and—just suppose," she continued softly, "that I say I am quite capable of running a house successfully if left undisturbed, what would you consider my services worth?"

John Brunnett hesitated. He wasn't very well acquainted with the female sex at best and this brand of woman was an altogether new specimen to him.

"Speaking from personal experience," he said, forgetting his affected gruffness, "I'd say such an addition to my home would be invaluable, but as a start I'd agree to give you a room on the second floor,—his eyes lingered for a moment on the immaculate white blouse the girl was wearing—"with connecting bath," he added slowly, one afternoon off every week, and Wednesdas and Sunday evenings, and—and—oh, hell! I don't know anything about hiring folks, but if you'll put my house in order and run it you can set your own price."

Tiny choked down the laugh that arose in her throat.

"I'm leaving a sixty-dollar job," she said softly.

"Then we'll make it seventy-five," the man interrupted, "and you can have the automobile on Wednesday afternoon."

Tiny could conceal her mirth no longer, and her merry laugh went resounding through the old room like the tinkle of a silver bell.

"I accept your terms, Mr. Brunnett," she said, sweetly, "and am ready to sign the contract to become effective Monday morning."

"My God! woman," the man exclaimed, remembering his resolve of gruffness, "have a heart—begin work right now—I'm famished, absolutely famished for food right this minute."

Tiny looked down at her thin, soaked shoes—his eyes followed hers—she knew her stockings were damp—so did he—but Tiny was human—she knew he was hungry.

"Suppose we compromise," she said pleasantly. "I'll fix your supper and then catch the train to the city, and if you like, I'll return at my earliest convenience Sunday morning."

Without further argument Brunnett drew forth the agreement, and after carefully reading it over she signed and handed it back to him.

"Now for the kitchen," she said pleasantly.

"This way," the man answered as he passed from the big living-room into a dimly lighted hall.

"It's in an awful mess," he said apologetically as he ushered her in, "but servants are responsible; the last one left day before yesterday without cleaning up and—and—of course, I've been adding dirty dishes to it ever since."

"I would surmise as much," Tiny responded, critically surveying the stacks of dirty dishes and stove utensils that met her gaze at every turn, "but they can be cleaned," she went on as she investigated the well-stocked pantry and mentally made out a tempting menu that could be prepared quickly.

"I think I can manage now," she continued as she lighted the gas. "How many have you in family?"

"How many have I—in family?" the man repeated slowly.

"That's what I asked."

"Well——" he paused for a moment as though undecided what to say—"suppose I tell you I'm all that is left of the Brunnetts?"

"Then I would say you ought to be ashamed of yourself for letting the old name die."

For an instant the man felt inclined to laugh, but on second thought he decided differently.

"You'll find me more trouble than any whole houseful you ever served before," he replied sharply.

"I can imagine as much," Tiny answered gravely, "but—I—I thought I was hiring myself to a family."

"You are," Brunnett declared, "and I'm all of it, and there's no backing out—you've already signed the contract, and—and," he continued in a cross tone, "I'd have you know I'm hard to please. Why, I'm known for miles around," he went on hoarsely, "as the Beast of Blossom Valley, and nothing short of good service will satisfy me; you've signed the contract," he repeated, "now prove your ability as a good cook by preparing me something to eat."

Before Tiny could speak he had disappeared through the doorway and pulled the door to behind him.

For an instant she felt as though the four walls were closing in about her; never had she had such an adventure—never even in the stormiest sort of scenes in the office had anybody spoken so crossly to her—she felt like running away; fear for a moment gripped her heart when the thought of what her friends would say when they learned that she was housekeeper for an unmarried man—a man who called himself a beast, at that. It suddenly dawned upon her that she was taking considerable risks in accepting this new position. Perhaps, after all, she had better break the contract immediately and go back to the office; nobody would ever know that she had applied for such a place.

Swiftly she glanced around the room. A confusion of things greeted her—dirty pans of all sorts and sizes were stacked in the sink—Tiny's love of adventure combined with her inward knowledge of being perfectly able to take care of herself, pleaded for her to take a chance.

"Seems to me this man needs a housekeeper," she murmured softly, "as much as a business firm needs a stenographer—and Lord only knows how much I need a breath of fresh air!"

She lifted the soiled curtains and peeped out. Far to the west lay a chain of hills whose ragged borders were outlined in the golden glow of a winter sunset—the kind that only comes after the storm clouds of a dreary day have passed on.

That one glimpse of glory settled the question of staying on in the woman's mind. Turning back to the littered-up room, she began preparing a good supper, and in spite of the disorderly surroundings—in spite of the Beast whom she was to serve, she felt inclined to sing.

With the few remaining clean dishes she set the table in the dining-room and called the man who had branded himself a beast in her eyes, to supper.

TO BE CONCLUDED IN SEPTEMBER.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

M. K., Honey Dew, W. Va.—If you wrote a falsehood to this boy which turned him against you, it is right that you should ask his pardon for your wrong action. Whether he will forgive you or not we cannot say. This will depend upon his present fondness for you, and upon the seriousness of the falsehood you told him. We hope you have had a lesson. "Nothing wears so well as the truth."

SKINNY V., Logan, O.—When a boy is introduced to you, it is sufficient for you to offer your hand with a bow, a smile and a "How do you do." (2) There are various kinds of public dances. Some are certainly of the kind no respectable and self-respecting girl should attend. We believe you should accept your father's judgment in the matter. There is but one way to judge such a dance: by those who attend it. You should know whether you think it best to choose your friends from those who frequent such dances or from those who stay away.

O. M. J., Holdenville, Okla.—As a girl of thirteen who can say cheerfully that she has had "several fellows," we can only reply that we believe it would be best that you had several fathers or mothers who would give you several spankings. And if this were done, there would be no more "shows" and "holding of hands."

B. T., Emory, Texas.—A seventeen-year-old girl who thinks someone can advise her more wisely than her parents is in an unfortunate situation. If your father and mother consider that you should not yet receive attentions from young men, you should obey them implicitly. You must certainly know that they have your welfare at heart—and have more wisdom than your seventeen years can have given you.

E. J. G., Park City, Mont.—You may say to the girl: "May I have the pleasure of this dance?" or, "Won't you dance this with me, please?"

ROSEBUD, Tenn.—You do not give your age, so we cannot tell if it is your youth which enables you to love two charming young men at the same time. We are sure you will find this a difficult and unsatisfactory state of affairs, and we advise you to try and have your fickle heart make a wise choice by settling upon one of the two. Certainly "blue eyes, golden hair and classy clothes" sounds like the strongest of your two love combinations.

I. R., Benjamin, Texas.—In entering a church, the lady follows the usher down the aisle and the gentleman comes after.

S. B., Mt. Roszelle, Ala.—A girl of fifteen is far too young to think seriously of being engaged. And when she follows such a course secretly, in opposition to her parents' wishes, she is acting most wrongfully. Her disobedience and deceit are preparing unhappiness for her in the future.

FARMER LAD, Bertrand, Nebr.—The saying, "faint heart ne'er won fair lady," has behind it the wisdom of centuries of experience. There is no reason why you should hesitate to offer attentions to this girl. Your letter does not show the lack of education concerning which you express fears. We are sure that if you can talk to this girl as sensibly and earnestly as you wrote to this department, you will find your conversation and attentions welcome—if the girl is of a sort capable of common sense and discrimination.

G. S., Harmon, La.—Do not worry about any set form of words to use when a young man is introduced to you. Offer your hand with a smile, a slight bow and a simple "How do you do." (2) While you are a few pounds above the average for your height, you could not be considered much overweight.

E. B., York, N. D.—We do not think that a girl of sixteen should attend dances with a young man of twenty-one. Wait a while for this—and also to become engaged. (2) Kisses are privileges of affection which you may grant only to your fiance—when you are old enough to have one.

J. C., Deatesville, Ala.—It is so easy at sixteen to fall in love with boys and so hard to have any affection for schoolbooks—at least for some sort of girls, and not the wisest kind. We can only advise you to keep your eyes on your books for the next year or two—and then you will not have to complain of "love at first sight." At sixteen such love is apt to be near-sighted.

ANXIOUS, Blair, Okla.—We cannot attempt to advise you in your difficulty because we do not know what the reasons are which have caused your parents to ask you to give up this young man. They may be the best sort of objections which it would be wise for you to respect. If you wish to obey the wishes of your parents and forget your love affair, it would be well for you to plan a visit to some locality where you may not meet this young man daily and be tempted to the secret meetings which you say now take place. However, you are of age and have the right to judge carefully what you feel may affect your life-happness.

C. O., Laurel Springs, N. C.—You are wise in knowing that at sixteen you should not worry about boys or about the fear of "dying an old maid." Although you are unable to attend school, there are many things which you may teach yourself at home through the reading of the right sort of books.

BROKEN-HEARTED GIRL, Dexter, Ky.—If you wish to make a man want you for his wife, you must take pains to make yourself worth winning. Keep yourself simple and attractive in manner and dress; care for your skin and hair; keep your conversation free from criticism of others, and be gentle and tolerant in all your daily relationships. And remember that every man would prefer that his wife should spell correctly—which means you must take some time for your books that you may now be spending on boys. (2) Yes; a girl may kiss her fiance "good night" when leaving him.

R. N., Granbury, Texas.—As long as you are attending school, you should avoid anything more than relations of simple friendliness between yourself and this young man who is your teacher. We believe you are too apt to take pleasant courtesies of his for interest of a more serious nature. School is no place for love affairs but for something quite different. You should know this, and if your teacher forgets it—he should be reminded of it by someone whose opinion he will heed.

MARJORIE, Billings, Okla.—A young girl should rise if being seated when introduced to an older women. A girl or older woman need not rise when a man is presented unless she should so choose. In the case of an elderly man, or a guest of honor or some man particularly distinguished, a lady would not remain seated during the introduction.

One Cow Equals Five

A New Jersey boy was influenced to buy a high-grade cow for $155. The cow on freshening gave 24 quarts of milk and kept it up for a long period. The father owned five cows, the average cows for the neighborhood. They were fresh in the spring. Their product did not equal the product of the cow owned by the son—five times the labor and five times the feed, in comparison with one good cow.—*U. S. Dept. of Agriculture.*

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

ing others for by so doing we are doing a service for Him and may our motto always be, "The Master's Service First."

Will you sit over and let me have a seat near Knot Head? You need not be afraid of me for I have no lecture for you but just want to pat you on the back. I think, as many others will think, that you spoke the truth. Now there are women all over this country of ours that his words do not hit but of the ones he does hit he is only voicing other men's opinions. If some girls, and older women too, did not have so much "gall and brass" they would not go out on the street and in public places dressed (or undressed) in the fashion they do today. Do you know when I see some of them on the street it really makes me ashamed that I am a woman. I heard someone say the other day of a young man, "A decent girl won't go out with him." If I were a young man today and should call on a girl that, as Uncle Charlie says, "was painted like an Indian and wore only enough clothes to make a wristlet for a humming bird," I would certainly tell her I would excuse her till she finished dressing. When they appear on the street the men would do the right thing if they would laugh and jeer at them. Some of you may think me too outspoken but I should like to hear this subject discussed by our brothers as well as the sisters and if others don't voice my opinion you won't hear from me again, but I shall always think I was right anyway.

When I see the pictures of so many dear babies I just feel that I would like to take them in my arms and have a romp with them. There is nothing in the world so sweet as a baby and why we have people who prefer dogs to some little orphan child or one of their own, is more than I can understand. Christ said, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

HOOSIER BRUNETTE.

Hoosier Brunette.—Knot Head will need your friendly backing when he reads all the things the sisters have said to and at him for he has, in the language of the small boy of today, "sure got his."—Ed.

BOULDER, 1028 Pine St., COLO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

As a result of a fall I will be unable to write for some time and beg my COMFORT correspondents to excuse my seeming neglect in answering their cheerful and interesting letters. I hope to do so some time.

To those wishing to learn more about Colorado than told in my letter in June, 1919, COMFORT, please address Frederic J. Haskins, Denver Times, Free Information Bureau, Washington, D. C. He will answer all questions. Enclose stamp for reply.

Sincerely, MRS. E. H. STEED.

ALBERTVILLE, ALA.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Perhaps you'll be interested in my school. I am teaching about four miles from the railroad station. I have 97 pupils enrolled and for a while had a daily average of 85. There are eight grades, and maybe you are wondering how I managed that many. If I hadn't correlated the work I never could have done it. The 4th and 5th grades recite together, as do the 6th and 7th, and the 1st, 2nd and 3rd. I would let the 3rd grade do part of the work and the 2nd and easier part and so on. I have very little time to supervise study. Our arithmetic, language and drawing are graded and the latter used to help decorate the room for that month. Then it is taken down and we begin anew.

I live about three miles from the schoolhouse and drive a large red mule. I hear someone say, "Does the mule ever run away?" He does, but I don't mind. I have to cross two bridges and a bluff and it seems that I find something new every day. We have begun our study of birds and almost every day we have something to tell about the birds we see on our way to school. There are so many wonderful things among nature that it makes me glad I live among the rocks and hills. Some pleasant day I'll take my pupils and hie away to a bluff where we will gather all kinds of wild flowers for

"I know a place where the sun is like gold,
And the cherry blooms burst with the snow,
And down underneath is the loveliest nook
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

"One leaf is for love and one is for hope,
And one is for faith, you know,
And God put another in for luck;
If you look you'll find where they grow.

"But you must have faith and you must have hope,
You must love and be strong, and so
If you watch and wait you'll find the place
Where the four-leaf clovers grow."

MRS. ADA KIRBY.

ODENTON, MD.

Hello Everybody:

Any room for sore throaty individuals? Honestly, Mrs. Wilkinson, I'm lonesome enough to bite holes in my pillow—but then, I always was destructive to furniture. Our COMFORT arrived this week and I have read the letters, oh, so many times! I do hope this gets in print because I want to hear from some of you people.

We're having an honest-to-goodness Maryland sand storm today, the kind that makes your arms and legs feel like a windmill in a tornado. I bet Pearl Vesey knows all about them.

Just a word or two to describe this "burg." Odonton starts with a hotel and ends with a grand flourish—at the post office. It's on the outskirts of the big Maryland cantonment, Camp Meade. It is situated with equal convenience to Washington, D. C., Baltimore and Annapolis.

Don't ask me what I look like? Well, I'm about five feet, eight inches tall, eighteen years old and—nuff said! nuff said!

I'd like to say a lot of things before I take another pill—don't tell Mamma, but I hide some of them—but my conscience won't let me! Hope to hear from some of you in the near future. Any Camp Fire Girls over there in the Corner?

With love and best wishes to all,

Very sincerely, SYLVIA MARIE GARY.

Plenty of room for you, Sylvia mine, but not an inch of room for any sore throat germs. If you'll promise not to cough or sneeze or, or—breathe, you may come in. We'd all like to hear from more Camp Fire Girls.—Ed.

PENNSYLVANIA HILL.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND READERS:

I wish "E" of Jacksonville, Florida, would write me. I am placed in somewhat the same position but am not worrying about the man question. I believe but few of them are worth worrying about. Mind I said "few." I am a mother so you see I have something to love and something to live for and I would give up my happiness for my babies if need be. I have relatives near you and you might know them. I am not old nor yet young and not pretty or attractive so will not describe myself.

Say sisters, some one is rapping. Well, here comes Bachelor Bill, just as I had pictured him—a big, fat lawyer. I was going to write you a personal letter but was afraid you would think it was another proposal. I always thought Billy a very pretty name but you and Kaiser Bill have changed my mind. Now don't get excited, I'm not classing you with the Kaiser but you see you have the same name. Bill, I've just been reading Crumbs of COMFORT. Do you ever read them? In case you don't I'll repeat one for you: "Be simple, be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and acting and never use a long word where a short one will do." You see, when your letters appear I have to read them with a dictionary by my side to get the meaning. Please send the key along next time and save my time. Here is Crumb No. 2: "The only time Heaven is deaf is when man's heart is dumb." No. 3: "High office is like a tall monument; only two kinds of creatures are apt to touch the summit, insects and eagles." No. 4: "If every man could read the hearts of his neighbors, more would wish to come down from a high position than rise to it."

Now Bill as you seem to be soaring around in the air I'd like you to find out while you're up there if there is a woman in the moon as well as a man or is he like yourself, so selfish there isn't room for a mate, and does he really live on green cheese? Oh, you "trainer." Train us how to keep our husbands as kind and thoughtful and generous as they were in sweetheart days; also cure them of "Alcoholic Blues." Don't come back with a lecture for me for breaking up an American home for it wasn't a full-blooded American home then but it is now, there's no more Germany for me. In the marriage vow it says you must obey your husbands so when mine ordered me to go I went. The divorce was his part of it and after King John Barleycorn left he repented, but it was too late. Happiness for me and my babies who are not "red-faced, bald-headed buds of humanity, but little beams of sunshine from Heaven. [illegible] don't walk the nightly floor either and form for them [illegible]ad habit. It's the parents who are wrong in cases like that, not the babies. Part of my business is caring for these "buds of humanity" and their mothers and I find in my travels that even a hard-hearted man is proud to be called Father. It makes him feel far [illegible] to his old self. I've just been in a home where there were six humanity buds and Rockefeller couldn't buy one of the six out of the heart of the father. Just think Bill what a sweet little bud you once were.

Here's wishing you all prosperity and happiness.

A MERRY WIDOW.

Merry Widow.—If misery loves company then ignorance does as well and it is comforting to know I'm not the only ignoramus in the Sisters' Corner. When I read Bill's letters I say to myself, "Dear, dear, I wonder what that word means. I'll have to look it up."—Ed.

ROBBINSDALE, R. R. 2, MINN.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been a COMFORT reader ever since I was able to read as my mother had it in the old home for years. I wish it came once a week instead of once a month.

I live in a small place, five miles from Minneapolis. We have over three acres of land, consisting of twelve lots, which my husband and I keep up ourselves. In the winter and spring months he works till planting time. We keep over two hundred chickens. We have ten apple trees, two cherry and two plum trees and have put one lot in strawberries as I think it will pay. Last year one man made $45.00 every week while berries lasted, on a patch no larger than 10x14 feet.

Train service is not as convenient as it might be; nevertheless a person can get into Minneapolis by ten in the forenoon and have a good day's shopping done by the time the train leaves at four-twenty. Minnesota is noted for its beautiful lakes. All last summer we drove our Overland car to every lake near home. The Minnehaha Falls, mentioned by Longfellow in Hiawatha, are beautiful. Steps are so built that the visitors are enabled to go down to the bottom for a better view. Lake Calhoun and Lake of the Isles are very pretty while Lake Como is the most picturesque.

I am five feet, six inches tall and never weighed more than 113 pounds. Have dark brown hair, brown eyes and a fair complexion. Two years ago I lost my foot at the ankle so am wearing an artificial foot but do all my housework, washing, ironing and care for my two children as well as tend to my garden. My children are seven and five years of age. Marie goes to the district school out here and likes it very much. Edna Jane stays home with me. It will be lonesome for me when she goes to school.

If there is any sister who knows the song, "A Convict's Christmas Night," I wish she would send the words to me. I should like the music, too. The chorus begins, "He sees a long fire's cheerful glow."

If it isn't asking too much, will someone send me samples of crocheting for pillow slips and children's underclothes? I will return favor any way I can.

MRS. LAWRENCE DE NELL.

OKOLONA, MISS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT READERS:

I love dear old COMFORT and always read it from cover to cover and I think even the small "crumbs" are fine.

How many of our COMFORT readers have to move this year? We are getting ready for the awful task. I say "we" for I've the dearest baby girl and a mighty good husband, Clem. Baby's name is Annie May and she was one year old the third day of May. I don't live far from home folks and can see them often. My mother and father-in-law died before I was married. I have the best of neighbors and they have been very good to me.

We live six miles from the little town of Okolona, not far from a good high school and there is also a good church near.

Lovingly, MRS. W. C. WILLIAMS.

HOWARD, N. Y.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

Here on the paths of every day—
Here on the common human way
Is all the stuff the gods would take
To build a Heaven to mould and make
New Edens. Ours the stuff sublime
To build Eternity in time!

I think Mrs. Ray Drain must have read that. How hard she has worked! But I think she enjoys the fruits of her labors.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Why Women Are Gaining Prominence In the Business And Political Life of Today

They Are the Ones With Red Blood, Strength and Endurance While Others Who Let Their Blood Starve for Want of Iron Remain Weak Delicate and Run-Down—Physician Explains

HOW NUXATED IRON HELPS GIVE WOMEN RENEWED HEALTH, VIM AND VITALITY

By Enriching The Blood And Creating Thousands of New Red Blood Cells—It Often Increases The Strength In Two Weeks' Time

Not long ago the first woman member was elected to the House of Commons in England. We have our own woman member of Congress. Another woman has been made a judge. The other day a large Chicago firm opened an important branch in New York and sent a woman to take charge. A notable gathering of capitalists recently gave to a woman the entire management of a large business organization. Everywhere women are coming to the front. No longer is theirs a limited field. And for all this there is one reason. Women are looking after their health and the very fact of building greater physical power is acting as an aid to the development of increased mentality. It is the strong, healthy, steady nerved women with pure red blood—rich in iron—who are carving names for themselves in the business and political life of today. They are gaining prizes that would not have been dreamed of a quarter of a century ago when the quiet pursuits of womankind demanded far less strength, energy and endurance than now.

Yet there are still thousands of women who allow themselves to remain weak, nervous and run-down simply because they do not know how to renew their failing strength. Unless such women find a way to get plenty of outdoor exercise and follow a different manner of living or take some other steps which will put more iron into their blood, they are bound to look pale, haggard and worn and show signs of age at a time when they should still be young in feeling and attractive in appearance. In such cases the administration of simple Nuxated Iron will often increase the strength and endurance of weak, nervous, run-down women in two weeks' time and make them look years younger.

Dr. Kenneth K. MacAlpine, a prominent New York Surgeon, member of the New York State Medical Society and for 16 years Adjunct Professor of the New York Post Graduate Medical School and Hospital, says: "You can tell the women whose blood is rich in strength-giving iron, they are the beautiful, healthy, rosy-cheeked ones, radiant with life, vim and energy—envied and sought after everywhere they go. Yet despite all that has been said and written by physicians about the alarming iron deficiency in the blood of the average American woman of today, there are still thousands who need something to increase their red-blooded corpuscles and build up their strength and endurance and are either careless of their condition or do not know what to take. In my opinion there is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron—to help make healthy, full-blooded, beautiful women. By enriching the blood and increasing its oxygen-carrying power Nuxated Iron will often transform the flabby flesh, toneless tissues, and pallid cheeks of nervous run-down women into a glow of health and make them look years younger within a surprisingly short time."

If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

Manufacturers' Note: Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed and recommended above by physicians, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.



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405 A. Broadway New York

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Mrs. Katie Garner, Springville, R. R. 1, Box 40, Miss., would like information of her uncle, George W. Harris, last heard from in Texas. Mr. Harris was a Baptist missionary. Any news of him will be greatly appreciated by Mrs. Garner and her mother, Fannie Harris Boyd.

Mrs. Mattie Hopper, daughter of Matilda Susan (Beckham) Lynn and Andrew Lynn, would like to hear from her father's and mother's relatives. Mr. and Mrs. Lynn are both deceased and Mrs. Hopper is very anxious to learn something of the whereabouts of their people.

I. Sousley, South Bend, 308 E. Indiana Ave., Ind., would like information of brother, Carson Bickel, age 25, who left home in Indiana five years ago. Last heard of in Camp Lewis, Washington, October, 1918.

Mrs. H. F. Deckner, Dunwoody, R. R. 1, Box 83, Ga., will appreciate the address of Mrs. Josie Thomas, last heard of in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. Annie Lee Wright, Moreland, Ga., wants to hear from Mrs. Lonnie Williams, wife of M. L. Dingler, last heard of at Hightower, Ala.

Miss C. E. Westmoreland, of Louis, S. C., would like information of her mother, Mrs. Kate Westmoreland, last heard of in Raleigh, N. C.

Will any ex-service man who served in Co. E, 58th Infantry, A. E. F., who knew Sergt. Rush C. Davis, killed in action in France, kindly write to his mother, Mrs. Clara Davis, Harrison, R. R. 1, Mich.

Mrs. H. B. Johnson, Warsaw, Ill., would like to hear from relatives of Lizzie Stewart of the Juvenile Orphans' Home in New York City in 1865.

Eder and Alice Logee would like information of relatives. Parents died in Kansas about 1885. Kindly write any information to Mrs. E. M. Logee, San Pedro, 784 W. 18th St., Calif.

Will any COMFORT reader knowing the whereabouts of A. Alfred Wheeler, born in Hastings, Sussex Co., England, kindly write his sister, Mrs. Alice Jenks, Lubec, Maine.

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COMFORT needleworkers will welcome this splendid new transfer outfit consisting of five large sheets of patterns, five skeins embroidery cotton, different colors: hoops, bone stiletto and book on embroidery stitches. This grand pattern assortment, which easily surpasses anything we ever offered before, includes more than **one hundred thirty** new stylish motifs for all kinds of wearing apparel, table linen, towels, handkerchiefs and many beautiful articles of fancy work for home decoration. They may be used singly and in innumerable combinations. There are designs for corset covers, petticoats, collars, borders and sprays for dresses, lingerie, etc., borders for braid, towels, etc., anchors, repeat scallops in five different sizes, two sizes of fancy scallops, fleur-de-lis, French knots, child's dress, Dutch figures, scarf end for Bulgarian work, rose design for pillow, corners for table covers, centerpieces, lunch cloths, handkerchiefs, etc., etc., 17-inch butterfly centerpiece, doilies, one complete 2¾-inch Old English alphabet, one complete 1½-inch initial block alphabet, one complete ½-inch initial script alphabet, and various other designs—over **one hundred thirty** in all.

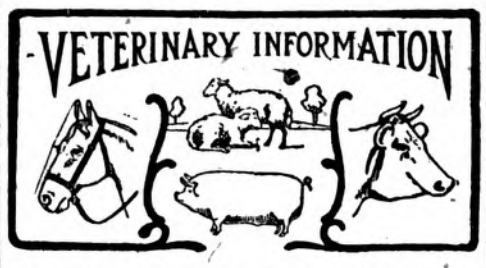
The patterns may be **instantly** transferred to any material by simply rubbing with bowl of a spoon or by pressing with a hot iron. They can be used at least six times with satisfactory results.

Remember—in **addition** to all these patterns, we also include free of charge, five skeins good embroidery cotton in different colors, hoops, bone stiletto and a book illustrating and describing all the principal embroidery stitches, making embroidery so simple that a child can do it.

We will make you a present of this big transfer outfit if you will accept the following

Special Offer. For a club of two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this complete transfer outfit, exactly as described, free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 9272.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Subscribers are invited to write to this department asking for any information desired relative to the treatment of animal troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free by an eminent veterinarian. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name and give your address; direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Treating Sore Teats

WHEN a cow comes up from pasture with one of her teats badly torn do not at once apply axle grease, or other ointment. Put her in a stanchion, then get some hot water from the house and in it put all the boric acid it will dissolve. Now cleanse the teat and cut away every particle of ragged skin or tissue and remove all foreign bodies. Next immerse the teat for five minutes in the hot boric acid solution and afterward dry gently. When this has been done, paint the wound with tincture of iodin, dust it with boric acid, apply thin layer of absorbent cotton and keep that in place with strips of surgeons' tape. Twice daily, for three or four days it will then be necessary to draw the milk from that quarter by means of a milking tube. To prevent infecting the teat, boil the tube for twenty minutes each time before use. If the wound is quite large, better bandage the teat spirally with surgeons' tape, over the cotton. The teat tube then will have to be used a few times and then milking may be done gently by hand with the tape in place. Remove the tape in a week, then apply benzoated oxide of zinc ointment, if healing is not complete. Taking stitches in the teat sometimes is necessary. When it has been carefully done, iodoform should be dusted on the wound and iodoform-collodion applied as a varnish. Badly treated wounds of this sort often end in a troublesome fake opening or fistula of the milk duct and that necessitates an operation.

When a teat is seen to be sore, immerse it night and morning for five minutes or so in the hot boric acid solution; then dry gently and apply a mixture of equal quantities of carbolized vaseline and benzoated oxide of zinc ointment in which has been thoroughly mixed a dram of subnitrate of bismuth. In obstinate cases, prefer strong iodin ointment applied twice daily. Other very useful applications are: One part tannic acid to seven parts glycerine, or one part balsam of Peru and three parts alcohol.

SELF-SUCKING COW.—I have a young cow that suckles herself. She has had the habit one year. What is the cause and what can I do to prevent it?
MISS B. B.

A.—Put an old horsecollar on the cow and she will probably be unable to suck herself. If this does not suffice, attach sharpened pickets to the collar so that they will prod the skin when the cow turns her head around. The cause simply is calf-appetite for milk which has not been forgotten.

ECZEMA.—I have a rabbit and about a week ago her ears became filled with scabs and, at the bottom of the ear it is very hard. The hair commenced to come off where she laid her ears on her back and the flesh became scabby. What is the trouble and what can I do? J. F.

A.—This probably is eczema, but parasitic mange is a possibility. Cleanse the parts perfectly and then rub in sulphur ointment at intervals of three days.

LEAKING OF MILK.—I have a cow seven years old. Her milk flows freely before milking time. Please tell me the cause and give me a remedy, if any.
MRS. J. M. S.

A.—Milk three times daily. If that does not suffice, immerse the teats in strong alum solution night and morning, and if that does not avail, apply melted wax or paraffin to the tips of the teats. Flexible collodion is applied in the worst cases. Stop its use when the tips of the teats become irritated.

TUMORS.—I have two hogs in fine condition that have large lumps on their back. It doesn't seem to hurt them when pressed on. Please tell me what is the matter and give remedy. MRS. S. B.

A.—The lumps may be fatty or fibroid tumors but we cannot determine that without making an examination. An operation scarcely would be profitable and the hogs should be slaughtered for meat, when in fit condition. If it is possible, have a trained veterinarian present at killing time to decide if there is any serious disease present which would unfit the meat for use.

OBSTRUCTED TEAT.—I have a good Jersey cow that has recently had a second calf. One of her front teats is larger than the rest and seems to be full of wind, the milk running into it very slowly. She flinches a little when first starting to milk. I can only milk a few spoonfuls at first and then it is dry. I do that several times before I finish milking her. MRS. D. C.

A.—We should advise you to "dry off" the milk secretion in that quarter as a growth high up in the teat no doubt has caused the condition described. The only treatment for that would be to have the growth removed by cutting through the walls of the teat when the cow is dry. Such an operation is formidable and only to be attempted by a trained veterinarian. We scarcely think it would pay you to have it done. When the growth is at the tip of the teat, its surgical removal is a comparatively simple matter.

THUMPS; SORE TEATS.—I have a horse that jerks or thumps when he gets too warm from plowing. What would be good for him? (2) I have a cow that has a sore as large as a twenty-five cent piece on the end of each teat. I think they have been frozen. Please give remedy. N. M. D.

A.—Clip the coat if it is long and rough. Do not work the horse in the hot part of the day. Put a white sheet on his body and shade his head if he has to work in the sun. Do not feed any bulky roughage at noon. Allow a little cool drinking water often when he is at work and do not work him just after a meal. (2) Twice daily for five minutes immerse the sore teats in hot water containing all the boric acid it will dissolve. Then wipe dry and apply a mixture of equal quantities of carbolized vaseline and benzoated oxide of zinc ointment, adding one dram of subnitrate of bismuth to the ounce. If that does not suffice, apply strong iodin ointment twice daily.

NERVOUSNESS.—I have a sow, one year old, which farrowed five weeks ago. She was all right before but shakes as though she were frozen. Her appetite appears to be all right. Please tell me the cause and what to do. MRS. L. F. T.

A.—We suspect that the sow is afflicted with chorea (St. Vitus'), which might be brought on by farrowing. It is incurable, but she may improve if you wean the pigs and let her graze green crops and also allow milk and access to middlings, shelled corn and tankage from a self-feeder.

TUBERCULOSIS.—I have a cow seven years old. She seems to rattle in her lungs and her eyes are bad. When she coughs, there is a discharge from her nose. When she drinks, she puts her mouth to the water, she sips up a little and then lets it run from her mouth. What is wrong and what is best to do? E. B.

A.—We assume that a cow is affected in the way described and if so we should consider it a plain case of tuberculosis which is incurable and contagious and renders the milk dangerous for persons or animals. If you think the animal worth the expense you might have a veterinarian apply the tuberculin test to determine the matter. We cannot prescribe treatment that would help.

INDIGESTION.—I have a heavy work horse nine years old that I bought last spring. He was worked hard all winter, and was well fed. He is thin and will eat all you give him and beg for more. I think his kidneys are weak as he urinates often and rests on one hip when standing. C. F. R.

A.—Have his teeth put in order by a veterinarian and clip the coat if it is long and coarse. Then feed whole or crushed oats and one-ninth part of wheat bran by weight, allowing one pound of the mixture for each hundred pounds of body weight as a day's ration in three feeds. Allow a similar amount of hay, but only feed a pound or so of it at noon if the horse has to work hard and do not work him immediately after a meal. Allow free access to rock salt. If urination then occurs too often, mix in the feed twice daily 30 grains of iodide of potash for five consecutive days a week.

QUIDDING OF HORSE.—I have a horse eleven years old that chews his hay but doesn't swallow it. He doesn't care for oats but likes corn. He is always biting himself on his right side. He very seldom lies down. W. A. P.

A.—The horse is afflicted with chronic indigestion, and the cause is inability properly to masticate feed. That also accounts for the "quidding" of hay. A diseased, split or long molar tooth is the probable cause, or all of the molars (grinders) may be needing attention. Have a veterinarian put the teeth in order and all of the symptoms described should soon disappear.

BONE SPAVIN.—I have a mare, eight years old, that weighs about 1,000 pounds. She has a hard lump on the inside of her right hind leg on the lower part of hock joint, about the size of an English walnut. After standing and when she first starts, she is lame, or if she is made to turn around quickly. Can you tell me what it is and give a remedy? C. L. S.

A.—You have described a bone spavin and the sort of lameness it usually causes. It would be best to have the spavin and entire hock joint fired and blistered by a trained veterinarian and then tie the mare up short for a six weeks' rest. This should not, however, be done in very hot weather. If you cannot have the case treated by an expert, some good possibly may be done by clipping the hair from the hock and spavin, tying the mare up short and applying a blister two or three times at intervals of three or four weeks until lameness subsides.

BLOOD IN MILK.—I have two cows which bleed from their hind teats when milked. Both are in a healthy condition. What causes it and what will prevent it?
MRS. J. B.

A.—Growths in the teats probably become irritated and bleed at milking time. The only remedy is to have the growths removed by operation. If that cannot be done, the affected cow should be allowed to nurse calves, or the milk secretion should be dried off and the cow fitted for slaughter.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27.)

Milly, I wish we lived near each other and that I could help you. Don't you think you can keep your promise to God and still have friends? Just be a friend and see if you don't have lots of them; forget yourself just once and laugh and talk. You are mistaken when you say no one wants your friendship. You wonder how you appear and wishing to leave a good impression you are self conscious. Why do you not tell your sister that she does not use you right. Maybe she does not realize she is hurting your feelings. Let her know you like a good time and go to entertainments as often as you like. I wish you lots of happiness.

B. of Goshen, California. I don't agree with you. Some women cannot and others should not have children. Do you think a woman who nearly gives her life to bring a child into the world and suffers for months after should bring four children into the world? Do you think a person should have more children than she can care for and keep clean and give an education? I want my children to be neat, happy and educated, and I know I cannot attend to any more than I have now. I want them to learn to work but I don't want them to leave school at the age of twelve and go to work as I had to do when I was that age. I have been through the mill and life for a young girl alone is hard. I have often wondered how I kept pure and good; there are so many stumbling blocks placed in a girl's path, not by boys of their own age but by men who are old enough to know better.

Love to all. JUST A WHITE ROSE.

RIVER EDGE, N. J.

DEAR COMFORT FRIENDS:

I didn't think that my letter in a recent issue of COMFORT would bring such a response from all over the country. So far I have received over 250 letters which interested me greatly, but I am grieved to say that it will be utterly impossible to answer all. However, I will try my best to reach some of you, but will ask of you who do not receive an answer from me to accept my best thanks. Since writing my last letter I was married, which leaves very little time to spare.

Again thanking all, and with the best wishes, I remain, MARION BAIER TABOR.

CLARK SUMMIT, PA.

DEAR SISTER WILKINSON:

There are many problems discussed in the Sisters' Corner and I wish you would bring up the subject of woman's overalls. Personally I am in favor of them. I don't know what I would do without them. The freedom from skirts hanging around one is a blessing, whether in the garden or in the house. As most farm women have chores to do they will find it fine to have on a garment where perfect freedom of movement is possible. They button at the ankle and on the hips, bib front with straps in the back. Mine are medium blue in color. They are cheaper than house dresses and look much neater. You will see many women in dresses that have a few inches of the petticoats hanging below the dress. Just put the kitchen mirror on the floor and see your feet as others see them. Our store calls these garments "farmerettes." I've been told that Chicago mail-order houses have them with the bungalow apron top.

Best wishes. MRS. J. B.

KINGMAN, R. R. 3, KANS.

DEAR READERS AND BABIES:

Being the mother of a family, I am going to make a plea for the babies. I hope I know what I am talking about. So many babies are bottle fed nowadays though when I was a baby it wasn't common. Some of mine were raised that way. And let me say right here that I haven't anything to sell or give away.

We raised two children on cow's milk and different baby feeds and just when we'd think we had found something that agreed with it, baby would be taken sick. Now I think after raising one that way and seeing several others, that goat's milk comes the nearest to breast milk of anything. At birth my baby weighed only three and one half pounds. We had tried to get a goat for our boy but could not find one, but a short time before baby was born we succeeded in getting one and I gave the milk to baby and it agreed with her. At fifteen months she weighed nineteen pounds and everyone says she is the picture of health. She has rosy cheeks and has never been sick. I mixed one half boiled water with the milk. Be careful not to overfeed. Evaporated goat's milk can be used but that, of course, takes more water. Our youngest boy drinks the milk, and he is only two and one half pounds heavier than baby.

One has to arrange to have two goats so as to have a year's supply of milk. I have had Angora goats, but the native goats could be used though they do not give as much milk as the milk breeds. I also use the milk for cooking. We have several goats now and one pure bred buck. We use the milk and raise the kids on cow's milk. Goats do not easily take the diseases of cattle and are never tubercular. Even if one buys a native goat, with clean feed and plenty of it, they give more milk than one would expect for their body weight. I strongly urge clean feed for goats; unless starved to it, they won't eat dirty feed and the care of a goat reacts on the baby. The meat of goats is good for food. Don't let any false idea about goats keep you from using their milk for your baby. If anyone wishes more information I shall be glad to answer all I can if those writing enclose a stamp.

Thanks for the good listeners, and good by until we meet next time.

MRS. D. GILCHRIST.

LURAY, VA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am sending you this little poem hoping you will print it in COMFORT. It may help brighten some weary sister's days or shed a little sunshine into some darkened life. How true it is, but how often we neglect it, if we would only give someone in distress a cheery smile or comforting word. It would work wonders. How careless we are in that respect, when it would gladden their hearts and ours too.

God bless you Mrs. Wilkinson for the good you are doing and the universal love you have brought about among the many readers of COMFORT and may you continue for a long, long time yet.

Sincerely yours, MISS SADIE E. W. PRINTZ.

Sing by the Way

"Sing in the morning's glory,
Sing in the noontide heat,
Sing in the shaded gloaming,
When day and darkness meet!
Sing when the heart is saddest;
Sing in its glad delight;
Sing, for the Lord has promised
Songs in the darkest night!

"Sing when the soul is burdened
With thoughts of coming pain;
Some other heart in sorrow
May catch the sweet refrain!
Sing as the days pass onward,
'Til life becomes divine;
And then the angel chorus
Will be your song and mine!"

UNITED STATES.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I enjoy your letters so much and you give such good advice that I am going to you with my troubles.

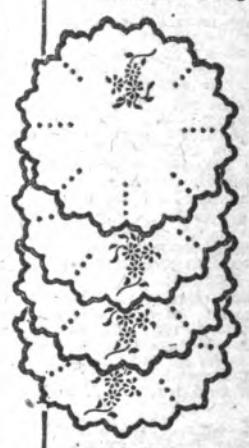
When my little two-year-old girl wants anything she cries as loud as she can. We explain why she cannot have it and she cries all the louder. We have whipped her, ignored her, tried to attract her attention elsewhere but it doesn't do any good. If we are away from home and my husband leaves us she wants to stay in my lap all the time and as I have an eight-months'-old baby it makes it rather hard for me. If any one comes and he goes out of the house she acts the same way—and he says I'm selfish because I want him to stay and help me with them. I never go anywhere without one of them.

My mother is totally blind and very weak. She lives with her children as father is dead. My husband wants me to go West with him to live. Should I go or stay close to mother and help care for her? He says we will be able to do more for her if we go there but I

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

Stamped Doilies

Handsome Design—Easy To Work



FOUR 7-inch Doilies stamped on fine linen finished cotton cloth. The design is unusually attractive, yet simple and easy to work. The flowers and leaves should be done in solid embroidery; the remainder of the design in eyelets, and the scalloped borders in buttonhole stitch. We will make any woman a present of these four handsome Doilies upon the terms of the following

GIVEN TO YOU.

For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you these four Doilies free by parcel post prepaid. Premium No. 8371.

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I WILL BUY THE LOT FREE

This means just what it says, I don't want your money. This is a true offer and I positively mean what I say. I give the house FREE, and if you don't own a lot, I will arrange for the lot for you. This is your chance to free yourself from the landlord's clutches. Rush me your name and address quick for a big picture and full description and plans of the home. You risk nothing.

PAY ME NOTHING

Now or Any Time. Remember, I do not want any of your money. The house is FREE. Address **C. E. MOORE, Pres., Home Builders Club, Dept. 600, Batavia, Ill.**



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A 46-PIECE FULL SIZE HANDSOME DINNER SET

NO MONEY NEEDED. WE PAY FREIGHT.

SELL ONLY 11 BOXES OF SOAP, each box containing 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles: a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair of Shears and Package of Needles and this artistically decorated **Dinner Set is Yours.** Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or Cash Commission for your time.



We also give magnificent Premiums and pay Cash for appointing agents. **Special Extra Present** of a High Grade Granite 10 qt. Dish Pan, 3 qt. Sauce Pan and 3 qt. Pudding Pan FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. You advance no money. We trust you. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our **Big FREE Agents Outfit.** Don't delay.

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Oval

Tray Cloth

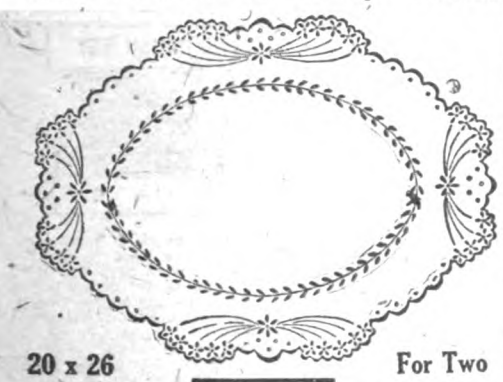
Stamped On Fine Material

THIS handsome new design will please our women readers. It is 10x16 inches in size and comes stamped on fine linen-finished cotton cloth, all ready for embroidering. It may be worked in light shades if desired, but looks more attractive when done all in white. The basket may be worked in solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets, the spray in solid embroidery or satin stitch, while the customary buttonhole stitch is used for the scalloped border. We will give you this attractive Tray Cloth if you will accept the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this Tray Cloth free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8351.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A Handsome Tray Cloth



20 x 26 Inches — **Premium No. 8492** — **For Two Subscriptions**

We call the above one of the handsomest designs in a tray-cloth we have yet seen to say nothing of its large size, which is **20 x 26 inches** and yet in spite of its size it does not require an unusual amount of work to finish it. The stitches themselves are simple as it may be worked either in solid or eyelet embroidery with buttonhole edge. It looks the neatest when worked all in white, although one or more colors may be used if desired. This extra large, attractive tray-cloth comes stamped on pure white "Butcher cloth" which in reality is very fine linen finished cotton—a material which has the appearance of pure linen and will if anything give longer service. We will make you a present of this tray-cloth upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome Tray Cloth free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8492.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

Complete Crochet Outfit Given



THIS offer is for the woman and girl who "loves her crocheting" and insists upon having the **best of everything** to work with. In this outfit we give you any desired quantity of **Dexter** Cordonnette "Silko" crochet and tatting cotton, and three of the highest grade crochet needles. There is no better crochet and tatting cotton than **Dexter** "Silko"—a fact already known to thousands of our women readers. It is made of the best Sea Island cotton with a twist that makes it lie flat, is highly mercerized and actually improves with washing. It is smooth to the fingers and will not kink. With **Dexter** "Silko," crocheting is more easily done—and the finished pieces are far more beautiful and useful than if made with cheaper grade cotton. **Dexter** "Silko" for crocheting comes in all the popular colors—white, ecru, pink, rose pink, light blue, delph blue, king blue, sapphire and sea green, and in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50 and 70. The tatting cotton comes in the same colors and of the size always used for this work.

The three steel crochet needles are the finest made, 5 inches long, nickel plated, perfectly formed and balanced, with flattened finger hold, and a nickel cap that slips on over the end, protecting it when not in use. This cap also prevents the sharp point from doing any damage when carried in the pocket, handbag or work basket. We give you three different sizes of needles—8, 10 and 12.

We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate this offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit as this without expense. We will send you this complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crochet and tatting cotton free upon the terms of the following special offers.

Offer No. 8563. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the three crochet needles, one ball of **Dexter** "Silko" crochet cotton and three balls of **Dexter** "Silko" tatting cotton free by parcel post prepaid, Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8563.

Offer No. 8251. We will furnish you with extra balls of the crochet cotton at the rate of two balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8251.

Offer No. 8261. We will furnish you with extra balls of the tatting cotton at the rate of four balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 8261.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

B. W., Oklahoma.—Upon your statements, we are of the opinion that the man who gave your husband the note you mention can be compelled to pay same in the proper action brought to enforce the payment of the same, provided he has property sufficient, not exempt by law from levy under execution.

M. R., Kentucky.—We think your rights, under the insurance policy on your husband's life, would depend upon the terms of the policy and the manner in which the same was issued. We think you should have the same examined by some competent expert.

L. E. F., California.—If, as you state, the man who died in Ohio left his wife only a life estate in his property, we do not think she could legally dispose of, by will or otherwise, any greater interest in the property than she herself received. We think it would have been necessary for her to have held more than a life estate in the property in order to have legally disposed of the same by will. We think an executor of an estate can be compelled to account after a reasonable time has been allowed, for the administration of an estate.

L. J. M., Arkansas.—We think that the children of first cousins are second cousins to each other. We do not think that marriages between second cousins are prohibited in your state.

A. B. C., Montana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents is necessary, in most instances, to the adoption of their children by some other person. We think a merchant has a legal right to charge interest upon his accounts after same have remained unpaid a period of time, provided he notifies his customers of his intention to do so.

E. H. D., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that it is possible to acquire good title to real estate through a tax sale, and we think you should have an examination made of the title you mention in order to determine whether you have good title to the property you mention. We do not think the owner of a dower right in this property could convey good title to the fee of the property.

MRS. J. O., Iowa.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the parents of an adult daughter are under no obligations to support her and her children, and they can legally refuse to provide a home for her if they so desire; we think she is, however, entitled to such property in the home as belongs to her individually.

MRS. W. T. R., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and children, his widow would receive homestead rights for life in the homestead, unless she is the owner of a homestead in her own right, and dower of a one-third interest for life in his other real estate, and one third of his personal property absolutely.

MRS. L. D., South Carolina.—We think you should make your complaint against the mail carrier you mention to the Post-Office Department at Washington, D. C.

J. M. G., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of the parents or guardian is necessary for the marriage of females under 18 years of age.

S. D., Tennessee.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of an unmarried woman, leaving no will, and leaving no descendant or parent, her estate would be divided among her brothers and sisters in equal shares, the children of any deceased brother or sister taking their parent's share; we do not think the husband of a sister who predeceased the decedent would have any interest in her estate, except that he might in turn inherit from the estate of one of his children who had received a share of the aunt's estate.

R. W., Illinois.—Under the laws of Missouri, we are of the opinion that a married man cannot, by will, bar his widow from dower in his real estate, unless some provision in place of dower, in such will, is accepted by the widow.

MRS. J. H. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations runs against any promise for the payment of money, in writing, within fifteen years, and against actions based upon a contract or agreement to pay, not in writing, within six years; that a judgment is a lien upon real estate for five years after the issuing of the last execution to enforce its payment, but may be revived and another execution issued thereon, but action to revive a dormant judgment must be brought within twenty-one years after it becomes dormant. We do not think a judgment can be enforced against any greater interest in real estate than the judgment debtor had in such real estate and if the judgment debtor had but a life estate in the real estate the judgment would not be a lien upon the property after the death of such judgment debtor.

MRS. W. H. C., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, in cases where the parents are separated, the courts have power to ward the custody of the children to either of the parents, taking into consideration the best interest and welfare of such children.

W. F. W., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that your employer, after making an agreement with you as to your rate of wages, cannot substantiate a claim at some later time that he had reduced the amount of your pay without speaking to you about it and getting your consent.

MRS. H. B. S., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and children, his widow would be entitled to receive dower of a one-third interest for life in his real estate, and one third of the surplus of the personal property, after payment of debts and expenses, absolutely, and we do not think the husband can, by will, bar his widow from this share in his estate; we think the property presented by the husband to his wife becomes her property and subject to her rights therein; we do not think he can later dispose of the property presented his wife, without her consent.

MRS. B. B. G., Nebraska.—Upon your statements we are of the opinion that the woman you mention should have prosecuted the doctor you mention for his misconduct at the time he was guilty of the offense you mention.

A. T., Illinois.—Under the laws of Kansas, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and one child as his only heirs at law and next of kin, his whole estate would go in equal shares to such wife and child; his brothers and sisters would not be heirs at law and next of kin in case he left a widow and child as such widow and child are nearer relatives.

MRS. C. E. R., Michigan.—We are of the opinion that a testator must possess testamentary capacity and be of sound mind in order to make a valid will, and that a will executed by a person lacking these essentials would, upon the establishment of such facts by the proper evidence, be set aside, and that his estate would then be distributed under the terms of any former last will and testament he might have unrevoked in case same was not subject to the same objection, or if he left no valid will his estate would be disposed of as provided by the intestacy laws of his state.

MRS. W. Georgia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of the husband, without a will and without a surviving child or descendant, the widow is sole heir to his estate.

Mother Love Is Supreme

By Isabel Gordon Curtis

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Text—The world, regardless of race, or color, or condition, admires a real thing. Mere superficiality has never brought true success and never will.

—*Booker T. Washington.*

A WORLD-FAMOUS singer appeared one night in a Kansas town before a house crowded to the door with people who had paid from two to five dollars to hear her warble eight or nine songs. Few of the men or women in her audience had seen her before but her very name was a magnet and they gave up their money eagerly. A hush fell upon the audience when the prima donna came upon the stage. She was everything her pictures had promised; statuesque, beautiful as some flawless picture and gowned as Kansas had never dreamed of gowning. When she sang, each note was as divinely beautiful as her face. The applause was long and loud, still her audience went home cold, unmoved, also somewhat perplexed as to whether they had received their money's worth. Every musical critic in town conceded next morning that such a voice had never been heard in Kansas before, yet folks who had listened to the celebrity went about with a cold chill hanging over them for twenty-four hours which quinine and whisky did not touch.

A few weeks later came Shumann-Heinck. Playgoers in town looked thoughtfully at their two-and five-dollar bills but few of them stayed at home for in that prairie town music is a passion. When the trifling numbers which usher in a star's appearance were finished, a hush fell upon the house. From the wings came five small toddlers, children of leading citizens in town, almost hidden behind armfuls of roses. At the other side of the stage the prima donna made her appearance, beaming as only Schumann-Heinck can in sheer happiness over being alive, prosperous and possessing a voice to which the world listens with breathless delight. She started in nobly to make the graceful obeisance demanded of a prima donna, then she caught sight of the children. She paused for a moment, dropped her fan on the piano, and ran across the stage to where they stood huddled together, too frightened to make their offering of flowers. She lifted the blossoms from their arms, laid them on the floor, then knelt to put her arms about the children, hugging and kissing each one with big hearty smacks which could be heard in the gallery. She seemed loath to let them go, and with tears glistening in her eyes, watched them sidle hurriedly through the wings. The audience understood, nearly everyone in the house had heard of the little Heincks, although no one was certain whether there were nine or twenty-nine of them. Mother love shone in every dimple of the wholesome German face and warmed her heart so that Schumann-Heinck sang as if she had been inspired not only the regulation group on her program but twenty-one songs which swept the gamut of human emotion from "Samson and Delilah" to "Kathleen Mavourneen." Between each number she was greeted by such storms of applause as had never before shaken the old opera house. As people thronged from the lobby, even foresworn enemies beamed at each other.

"What was it?" asked a woman of her husband while they walked home in the moonlight, "that made us all feel as we did tonight? The other prima donna was far more beautiful than the German woman and her voice was as wonderful."

"Yes," acquiesced the man, "only Schumann-Heinck taught us a lesson tonight which every woman ought to lay to heart. She is absolutely natural, and the human being who dares be that gets a clinch on hearts no matter where she stands, beside our fireplace or on the other side of the footlights."

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

The Convict Ship

By Thomas Kibble Hervey

Morn on the water! and, purple and bright,
Bursts on the billows the flushing of light;
O'er the glad waves, like a child of the sun,
See, the tall vessel goes gallantly on;
Full to the breeze she unbosoms her sail,
And her pennon streams onward, like hope in a gale;
The winds come round her, in murmur and song,
And the surges rejoice as they bear her along;

See! she looks up to the golden-edged clouds,
And the sailor sings gaily aloft in the shrouds.
Onward she glides, amid ripple and spray,
Over the waters, and far away!
Bright as the visions of youth, ere they part,
Passing away, like a dream of the heart!
Who, as the beautiful pageant sweeps by,
Music around her, and sunshine on high,
Pauses to think, amid glitter and glow,
Oh! there be hearts that are breaking below!

Night on the waves! and the moon is on high,
Hung like a gem on the brow of the sky,
Treading its depths in the power of her might,
And turning the clouds, as they pass her, to light.
Look to the waters asleep on their breast,
Seems not the ship like an island of rest?
Bright and alone on the shadowy main,
Like a heart-cherished home on some desolate plain.

Who, as she smiles in the silvery light,
Spreading her wings on the bosom of night,
Alone on the deep, as the moon in the sky,
A phantom of beauty, could dream, with a sigh,
That so lovely a thing is the mansion of sin,
And that souls that are smitten lie bursting within?

Who, as he watches her silently gliding,
Remembers that wave after wave is dividing
Bosoms that sorrow and guilt could not sever,
Hearts which are parted and broken forever?
Or deems that he watches—afloat on the wave,
The death-bed of hope, or the young spirit's grave?

Genuine Aspirin

Name "Bayer" means genuine

Say "Bayer"—Insist!

BAYER

Say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then you are sure of getting true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"—genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

'Tis thus with our life, while it passes along,
Like a vessel at sea, amidst sunshine and song;
Gaily we glide, in the gaze of the world,
With streamers afloat, and with canvas unfurled,
All gladness and glory to wandering eyes,
Yet, chartered by sorrow, and freighted with sighs.

Fading and false is the aspect it wears,
The smiles we put on, just to cover our tears,
And the withering thoughts which the world cannot know,
Like heartbroken exiles, lie burning below;
While the vessel drives on to that desolate shore
Where the dreams of our childhood are vanished and o'er.

Sent in by C. A. M., Nebraska.

The Gypsy Trail

The white moth to the closing vine,
The bee to the op'ning clover,
And the gypsy blood to the gypsy blood
Ever the wide world over;
Ever the wild world over, lass,
Ever the trail held true,
Over the world and under the world,
And back at last to you.

Out of the luck of the gypsy camp,
Out of the grim and the gray,
Morning waits at the end of the world,
Gypsy, come away!
Back to the road again, again,
Out of a clean sea track,
Follow the cross of the gypsy trail,
Over the world and back!

Follow the Romany patteran,
West to the sinking sun,
Till the junksails lift,
Through the homeless drift,
And the east and the west are one.
Follow the Romany patteran,
East where the silence broods,
By a purple wave on an opal beach

In the hush of the Mabim woods.
The wild hawk to the wind-swept sky,
The deer to the wholesome wold,
And the heart of a man to the heart of a maid,
As it was in the days of old.
Light of my tents be fleet,
Morning waits at the end of the world
And the world is all at our feet.

Once in a While

Once in a while the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in a while, 'mid clouds of doubt,
Hope's brightest stars come peeping through.
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile,
And we lay aside our cross of care,
Once in a while.

Once in a while within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in a while we hear a tone
Of love, with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile,
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew,
Once in a while.

Once in a while in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in a while from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dross for the purest gold,
Once in a while.

—*Nixon Waterman.*

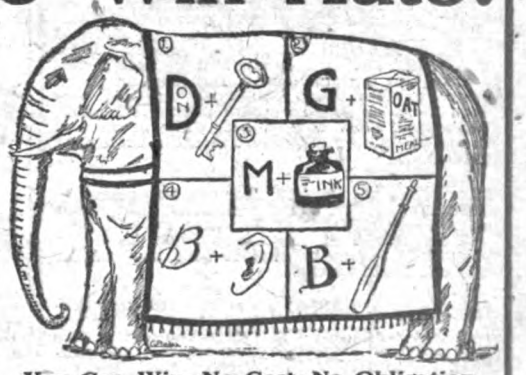
Solve Puzzle—Win Auto!

Your Answer Can Win Free Overland or $1000

This puzzle represents the names of five well known animals. Number five shows the letter "B" and an "Oar" representing Boar. If you can solve all five animal names shown in the puzzle you can win a brand new Overland Touring Car or $1000 in cash FREE.

Only 150 "Points" Will Win Overland or $1000

You will receive 20 "Points" for each animal name that you solve correctly, or 100 "Points" if you solve all five animal names. You can gain 25 more "Points" by "Qualifying" your answer, that is by proving that you have shown a copy of our paper THE WEEKLY RURAL AMERICAN to only five people. Samples free as soon as we receive your puzzle answer. The final 25 "Points" are to be awarded by three independent Judges on neatness, handwriting, style and spelling of your answer. The answer gaining 150 "Points" which is the maximum will win the Overland or $1000.00, the second highest will win $200.00 phonograph, etc. There will be 25 prizes in all.



You Can Win—No Cost—No Obligation

You will not be asked to subscribe to The Weekly Rural American nor spend one penny of your money in order to win. We have given away over 100 autos and many phonographs, watches, diamond rings, etc. Be the next lucky auto winner. Write your solution on one side of paper, name and address in upper right hand corner. Write nothing else on the sheet. You can win, but you must send in your answer at once.

PUZZLE EDITOR, Weekly Rural American, 162 News Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.



New Crochet And Sweater Books

HUNDREDS of new, lovely designs for COMFORT crochet workers. The very latest patterns in edges, beadings, insertions and laces, crocheted and knitted sweaters, all with complete directions and illustrated by large, clear photographs of the finished work. Each book is 8 by 11 inches in size, printed on the finest paper, handsomely and durably bound. Following is a brief description of what each book contains:

Book No. 20 shows **sixty-two** beautiful edges and insertions, both narrow and wide, for every conceivable use, also some handsome crocheted tumbler doilies and medallions. All are illustrated by large photographs, with full directions.

Book No. 21 contains **fifty-seven** pretty designs in edges and insertions, entirely different from those shown in Book No. 20, all fully illustrated, with full directions. Many of the illustrations show towel, handkerchief and napkin corners complete and there is also a complete alphabet, and an all-crochet plate doily that is simply lovely.

Book No. 22 presents **fifty-two** new designs in Filet crochet, illustrated, with directions. In this book you will find handsome edges, corners and insertions that you never saw before, alphabets, finished towels, luncheon cloths and napkins, sheets and pillow-cases, dining-room sets, tidies, curtain edges and corners.

Book No. 23 contains **seventeen** alphabets in various styles and sizes for cross stitch and filet crochet, also wreaths, corners and medallions where the letters are used. Illustrations are all full-page size and very easy to follow.

Book No. 24 contains **fifteen** artistic yokes shown in large photographic illustrations, with complete instructions. Filet patterns, small medallion schemes, and in braid for round, square, pointed, corset-covers, camisole, night-gown and children's yokes.

Book No. 25 tells how to make knitted and crocheted ripple sweaters and jackets with and without sleeves. **Thirteen** different styles to choose from and every one a beauty. The stitches are shown in full-page photographs, with full instructions, while the finished articles are also shown by photographs on living models.

Book No. 26 shows **thirteen** lovely new yokes in filet and fancy crochet with complete instructions and photographic illustrations over one-half actual size. The patterns consist of clover, medallions, filet, knot-stitch, pin-wheel, poinsettia, scalloped filet, and there is also shown one of the new shapes in a filet collar.

Book No. 27 illustrates and tells how to make **twelve** elaborate medallion arrangements in camisoles and yokes. A feature of this book is the two-page photograph of a beautiful Brassiere or dress trimming. The motifs for yokes include a pretty squared daisy, snowflake, round knot-stitch, pin-wheel, leaf and cross, pineapple, poinsettia, star flower, sunflower, square knot-stitch and round daisy.

Book No. 28 shows how to make filet sweaters, illustrating **fourteen** handsome designs on living models. These are to be crocheted in dainty light colors for summer wear. Every motif is also pictured by diagram, thus making it very easy to follow the printed instructions.

Book No. 29 contains photographic illustrations and descriptions of tatted yokes and camisoles—**fifteen** lovely arrangements of medallions in different handsome patterns of pointed, rounded and camisole styles. The illustrations are over half actual size and the directions are full and complete.

Book No. 30 shows **seventy-two** patterns in edges and corners and insertions. Edges are in all widths—from one half to two inches—and include such novelty designs as "Kiddies' Jumping Rope" and "Little Maids in a Row." Many lovely designs in corners are shown in Torchon, square medallions, knot-stitch and lacet stitch. All are illustrated with half-size photographs with full directions.

Book No. 31 is a book of "spiders," showing this antique design in all its many variations in yokes, corners, edges and insertions. In all, there are **twenty-eight** different photographic illustrations with directions—six different spider yokes, sixteen different spiders and six ways of turning the corner with a spider.

Book No. 32 contains **fourteen** filet crochet sweaters, in light and heavy threads, every style shown by photographs on a living model, both front and back views. Every stitch is also plainly shown by photograph and the different motifs are pictured on diagrams with complete directions. Pond lily, wild rose, iris, spray and poinsettia are among the designs shown for long or short, sleeve or sleeveless, belted or unbelted and open front models in cream pink, light pink, blue, light blue, cherry, red, dark green and lavender. The handsomest sweater book ever published.

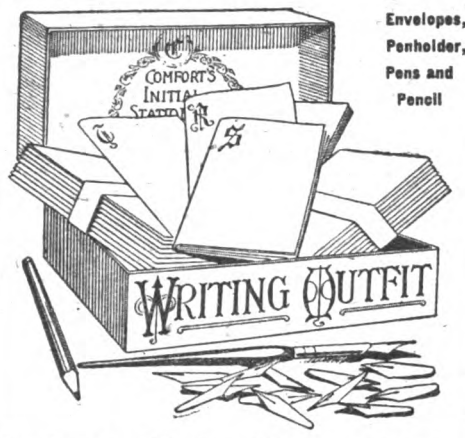
Free Offer No. 8591. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you any **three** of the above books free and postpaid. Please be sure to give the number **of each book wanted.**

Free Offer No. 9702. For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you any **seven** books free and postpaid. **Please give number of each book wanted.**

Free Offer No. 8963. For three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you all **thirteen** books free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Envelopes, Penholder, Pens and Pencil

Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. In this offer we give you **two dozen sheets white linen stationery** 10½x6¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire, two dozen envelopes, one dozen best quality steel pens, one good grade pencil and one penholder.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** besides all the other articles in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery and Complete Writing Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Bead Necklace



Jade, Coral, Amber, Blue and Red

For a Club Of Two

THE great popularity of these new style necklaces leads us to make this offer to our women and girl readers. In fact, there seems to be a veritable CRAZE for these beautiful, large, odd-shaped beads, which come in different colors to match the costume, and of generous length, so that they hang well down the front of the dress. They are not strung on string or wire but are fastened together with tiny, glittering, silver-colored rings, which form a pleasing contrast with the rich, subdued colors of the beads themselves. Some of these necklaces—which, by the way, retail as high as $5.00—are enormous in size, others are quite small; we picked out a medium size, thinking it would please the greater number of our readers. It is 30 inches long, two of the beads are larger than the rest, as shown in the illustration, while at the very end and serving as a pendant, there hangs a large, handsome, oblong-shaped bead an inch and a quarter long. The smaller beads in this necklace are each five eighths of an inch long and there are forty-two beads in all.

We will send you one of these handsome and stylish necklaces—your choice of **red, blue, amber, coral and jade**—upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Necklace free by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 9232.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am

Look At Me!



I Have Curly Hair

I'm All Dressed Up!

The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll in Toyland and You Can Have Me FREE!

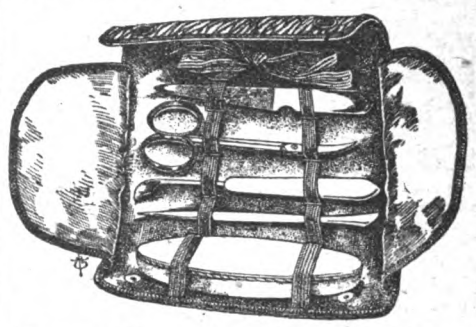
YES, **this beautiful, curly-haired** doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she **looks** in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot high.** She has a **strong, durable, stuffed body,** and an indestructible head. You can make her **stand up, sit down in a chair** and assume all sorts of **natural positions.** Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her **and take her out to play.** Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free,** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 8973.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

5-Piece Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four



A PRACTICAL and beautiful set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 4-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4¾-inch cuticle knife with Ivory white handle, a 4-inch Ivory white nail stick, and a 3¾-inch nail polisher or buffer with Ivory white top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine black leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.

Although we offer this manicure set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly **high-grade,** and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid manicure sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid five-piece manicure set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8014.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

GO FISHING



This Fishing Outfit complete, containing the following:

1 Fancy Bamboo Fishing Rod, 1 All Brass Click Reel, 2 Doz. Split Shot Sinkers, 9 Fishing Lines Assorted, 6 Trout and Bass Flies, 6 Snelled Hooks, 2 Doz. Assorted Fish Hooks, 1 Trolling Spoon Bait, 3 Trout and Bass Leaders, 1 Float or "Bobber," 1 Adjustable Sinker, 3 Swivels.

Everything in this outfit is of high quality, practical and each item will give perfect satisfaction.

Not only is the **Fine jointed Rod a dandy,** but each of the **three dozen different articles** are separately and collectively just what any man or boy wants to have handy for real fishing sport. Some part or all of this outfit will be required for any **Lake, River, Sea, Stream, Brook** or **Pond Fishing,** and it will be a delight to catch the different kinds of fish with this marvel outfit.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send this 36-piece Fishing Outfit, packed in a nice box, by Parcel Post absolutely Free. **Premium No. 7666.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Camera Given



A SPLENDID Camera, either for yourself or to give as a present to someone. It is the pocket "Premo," made by the Eastman Kodak Company, and it takes beautiful pictures 1¼x1¾ inches in size. Fitted with Meniscus lens and automatic shutter which allows you to take either snap-shots or time exposures. Uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this film may be put in the camera in broad daylight. Anybody can take good pictures with this camera. It is so simple to operate that even a child can use it.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Premo Camera with one six-exposure roll film cartridge and instruction book free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Give You The Bag-Top —You Make The Bag!



Use Moire Silk Or Velvet

THESE pretty home-made bags are all the go now. Their great popularity is due to the fact that as each woman makes her own bag it is sure to be **distinctive**—a little different from other women's bags. It is very easy to make and inexpensive. You probably have the material on hand right now—odds and ends of silk, velvet or moire, whatever you decide to use. The tassel on the bottom is not necessary but you can easily afford to buy one as they cost only a few cents. Or you can make it yourself.

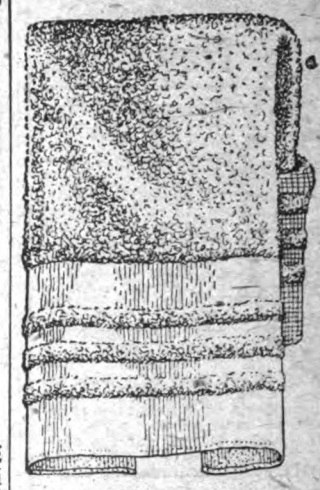
The bag-top offered you here is seven inches wide, made of handsome oxidized metal with a very deeply embossed floral design. It is the "gate-top" style—that is, each side opens out in the middle so that it really has four sides as shown in the illustration. It is also perforated along the edge with small holes to take the stitches necessary for attaching the bag. The chain is fourteen inches long.

Our Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Bag-Top free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good Size Soft And Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8503.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Premium No. 8483.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than **one hundred** of these beautiful **silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors,** also an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting.** All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled



Guaranteed For 5 Years





Gold Birthstone Rings

THE **most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings.** Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Make This Pretty LINGERIE SET

We Will Give You The Transfer Patterns

WITH the aid of our new transfer patterns any woman may easily make this attractive set, consisting of night robe, corset cover and boudoir cap. You can use your own choice of material: we would recommend nainsook, cambric, lawn or wash silk. The handsome designs, which are so well shown in our illustration, may be worked in either all white, or light shades of blue or pink, or in both white and colors, as desired. The embroidery for all three pieces may consist of French knots, satin stitch or eyelets: we would suggest French knots as being the most effective. The scalloped edges are of course worked in buttonhole stitch.

Our Special Offer. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you the three transfer patterns for this handsome Lingerie Set free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 8331.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



18-Inch Center 12-Inch Doily

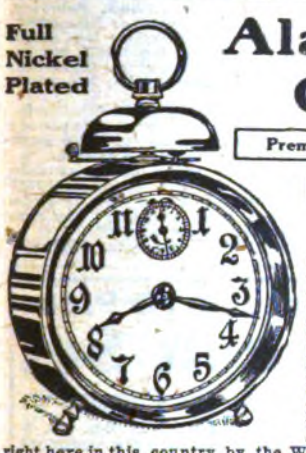
Both Stamped On Good Material

THEY are stamped on the best linen-finished cotton cloth all ready for embroidering. The simple yet elegant designs may be easily worked, using solid embroidery, French knots or eyelets for the basket, solid embroidery or satin stitch for the sprays and flowers and buttonhole stitch for the scalloped borders. Remember, we give you BOTH Centerpiece and Doily on this offer.

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, we will send you this 18-inch Centerpiece and 12-inch Doily free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8361.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Full Nickel Plated Alarm Clock



Premium No. 7555

FOR A CLUB OF FIVE

HERE is an Alarm Clock that you can depend upon—a clock that will keep good time **all the time** and having a patent shut-off alarm which will never fail to ring **when you want it to ring.** It is not a cheap imported clock but is made right here in this country by the Western Clock Co., of Illinois, the same company which manufactures the famous "Big Ben" which is advertised and sold throughout the entire civilized world. This clock stands over 6 inches high, full nickel plated, and has a 4-inch dial with large Arabic numerals. It will run twenty-four hours on one winding. The movement is the best American made, including frictionless pivots, self-centered wheels and hard steel pallet escapement. It is a clock which we can heartily recommend, in fact, we would not offer it as a premium if we were not positive that it will give the best of satisfaction. You can have one of these guaranteed Alarm Clocks, and it will not cost you one cent, by accepting the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only five one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Alarm Clock exactly as described, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7555.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Gate Top Mesh Purse

THIS is the new "Gate Top" mesh purse with a ten-inch wrist chain, handsome, stylish, and **perfectly safe for the carrying of money and other valuables.** A slight pull with the forefinger of each hand instantly opens the purse, a gentle pressure with thumb and finger closes it. Our illustration shows the purse closed. When open the top is as large as the bottom, or in other words, two inches in diameter. When closed it leaves an opening only three-fourths of an inch wide over which the brightly polished German silver cover snaps down tightly so that the contents of the purse cannot possibly become lost. This dainty purse is now extremely fashionable so we have purchased a quantity for the benefit of those of our lady and girl readers who like to be up-to-date in these little accessories. You can have one of them free by taking advantage of the following



Premium No. 7833

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this handsome and stylish Gate Top mesh purse free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 7833.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

L. F., Franklinton, La.—Mississippi contains but 39,933 acres of vacant public land. W. F. Cummins is Register of the one U. S. Land Office in the state, which is at Jackson.

MRS. E. B., Spring Hill, Tenn.—Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., and ask for the bulletin the department publishes on the subject of cold pack canning.

H. J., Clovis, N. M.—The matter of being a "movie star" is not so easy as you think. Even to act a minor part in a film drama requires a certain amount of dramatic training and talent. There is also the need of having features which will "register" well. All large moving picture studios are constantly using "extras" in productions requiring scenes containing crowds, mobs, etc. A beginner might secure employment as one of these supernumeraries and in this way find out how well he or she was suited to the game. A North Dakota reader of COMFORT, who wrote to the Fox Film Company, received the following reply: "There is always a great crowd waiting at our employment window and I could not give you any encouragement now. But if you have some money, it is best for you to go to some studio and stay there. Then perhaps while the director is picking his cast, and you happen to be his type, you may get in as an extra. If you happen to prove satisfactory in your first appearance they may engage you again. But chances are poor." (2) As has often been said, the only way to have friends is to be one. This means to throw aside self-love and self-will and strive to aid others. If you will do this you will soon have friends in abundance.

H. W., Alderson, W. Va.—The inscription on your violin is meant to convey the belief that the instrument was made in Cremona, Italy, in the year 1634. We wish it might be true that you were the owner of a genuine Amati violin, but we feel very sure that your instrument is but one of the falsely branded "old violins," concerning which we have so often written in this department in answer to COMFORT readers who believe they possess instruments which are the work of the old master violin builders.

Arthur Stahl, Woodstock Valley, Conn.—We do not believe that any firm or individual is in the market for live skunks. There are, however, so-called "skunk farms" where these famous and most undomestic animals are bred for the sake of their pelts.

MRS. J. S., Congo, Ark.—The physics laboratory of any modern high school should be able to pass upon the variety and value of the piece of mineral you have found.

E. E., Peabody, Kan.—All manuscripts submitted for editorial examination should be typed double spaced on paper preferably of usual typewriter size. The author's name and address should appear at the head of the manuscript which should be sent flat and not rolled. Sufficient postage must be enclosed to cover the return trip which is most likely to occur. There is no ruling which would prevent you submitting the work of your pen—in the form above stated—to any of the editors of the hundreds of periodicals with which you are probably familiar or can find in the reading rooms of any library.

MRS. G. C. B., Lucy, New Mex.—Read answer to E. E., Peabody, Kan., which appears in this column.

S. H., Erie, Pa.—Turpentine is a natural resinous product of the pine tree, although it passes through a refining process before reaching the consumer. It has a distinct place in medical practice and is of value in colds and diseases of the respiratory tract. (2) Why some plants are poisonous and others are not is one of Dame Nature's mysteries,—of which there are many. Side by side may grow in your garden the red beet, the yellow turnip and the white parsnip, all differing in color and flavor, and in the same manner the ppison oak and deadly nightshade may grow nearby the healing witch-hazel.

A READER OF COMFORT, Callao, Mo.—New Mexico has 14,033,148 acres of surveyed public lands awaiting settlement. There are six U. S. land offices in the state. The largest of these would be at Sante Fe, where F. Delgado is Register. Arizona's unappropriated lands contain 7,142,565 acres. John L. Ervin is Register of the U. S. land office at Phoenix—the only one maintained in the state. Colorado has an open offering of 8,251,287 acres, and the state has no less than ten U. S. land offices. The most important of these would be at Denver, where Mrs. M. Dargin is Register, and Leadville, where the office is in charge of E. J. Hoefnagels.

L. A., Irving, Ill.—You can produce larger roses by intensive fertilizing of the soil in which your bushes grow, and by the pruning of your bush to one or two main shoots containing but a few buds. (2) The Japanese gardeners have made a study of the production of the miniature trees so popular with them. These results are obtained by a continual pinching back and pruning of the branches.

I. M. E., Spring Hill, W. Va.—There are only 30,129 acres of vacant public land in Louisiana and but one U. S. land office in the state. This is at Baton Rouge, where you should address E. D. Giannelloni, the Register of this office.

F. N. H., Ocala, Texas.—According to last reports, Evelyn Nesbit Thaw was following the career of an actress in moving picture productions. (2) You need not fear that any metal buried beneath the earth will attract lightning. (3) Mark Twain, Charles Dickens, and many other writers whose names are household words, received no university education and even very little schooling. Both the wisdom taught by life and that contained between the covers of books is open to all of us who may choose to observe and study. Schools and colleges but establish modes for systematic learning of knowledge which most often has come into the world from those who knew no systems or college halls.

J. B., Taylor's Mills, Miss.—To sell the game you have invented to any advantage you should first have it patented. It would then be possible for you to submit samples of your cardboard invention to those who might be interested in putting such a game before the public—if it is as interesting a production as you claim it to be.

I. L. D., Louise, Texas.—We do not think you had best attempt the repairing of this violin at home, but should place it in the hands of some maker who can restore it to usefulness.

Sells All Wool Suit for $25.00

A handsomely illustrated Fall and Winter Style Book showing all the latest New York and Chicago styles in men's suits and containing 66 beautiful cloth samples of the very finest, high-grade fabrics, is being distributed free by the Bell Tailors, Dept. 862, Chicago, Ill., the largest concern in the world selling made-to-measure tailored suits direct to wearer. The values offered for the coming season are simply amazing. For instance: they offer a very fine all wool high-grade suit, made to individual measure at only $25.00. The measurement system used is so simple any member of your family can take your measure and the Bell Tailors guarantee to fit you perfectly or there is no charge. Send for their Style Book and price list today and save big money on your clothes.—Advertisement.

DONT SEND A PENNY

These **Len-Mort** work and outdoor shoes are such wonderful value that we gladly send them, **no money down.** You will find them so well-made and so stylish and such a big money saving bargain that you will surely keep them. So don't hesitate. Just fill out and mail the coupon. We will send a pair of your size. No need for you to pay higher prices when you can buy direct from us—and know what you are getting before you pay even a penny. Why pay out $6.00 and $7.00 for shoes not near so good? Act now. Mail the coupon today while this special offer holds good.

Great Shoe Offer

We can't tell you enough about these shoes here. This shoe is built to meet the demand of an outdoor city workers' shoe as well as for the modern farmer. Send and see for yourself what they are. Built on stylish lace Blucher last. The special tanning process makes the leather proof against the acid in milk, manure, soil, gasoline, etc. They outwear 3 ordinary pairs of shoes. Your choice of wide, medium or narrow. Very flexible, soft and easy on the feet. Made by a special process which leaves all the "life" in the leather and gives it wonderful wear-resisting quality. Double leather soles and heels. Dirt and waterproof tongue. Heavy chrome leather tops. Just slip them on and see if they are not the most comfortable, easiest, most wonderful shoes you ever wore. Pay **$3.98** for shoes on only arrival. If, after careful examination, you don't find them all you expect, send them back and we will return your money. No obligation on you. This is at our risk, not yours.



Leonard-Morton & Co.
Dept. 6756 Chicago

Send the Len-Mort Shoe No. AX18028 by mail. I will pay $3.98 for shoes on arrival and examine them carefully. If I am not satisfied, will send them back and you will refund my money.

Size..... Width.....

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Send

Only the coupon—no money. That brings these splendid shoes to you. You are to be the judge of quality, style and value. Keep them only if satisfactory in every way. Be sure to give size and width. Mail the coupon now. Order by No. AX18028.

Leonard-Morton & Co.
Dept. 6756 Chicago

The Valley of Right

"Somewhere, in the dim distant future,
There's a mystical valley of light,
Where rippling rivers of sunshine
Flow silent and ceaseless and bright;
Where beautiful flowers bloom eternal,
Where day never sinks into night;
Where the sad, careworn and weary,
Shall rest in the Valley of Right.

"Far over the mountains of anguish,
And the deep sullen seas of care,
Far away from the earth and its weeping,
There's a beautiful valley—somewhere.
Far out in the fathomless future,
Beyond earth's dark, dismal night,
The soul shall come out of the shadows
In the beautiful Valley of Right.

"Somewhere, by a hand soft and loving,
The tears shall be wiped from our eyes,
And the shadows that gather around us
Will silently, surely arise;
And the hope of the soul, long imprisoned,
Shall be granted, eternal and bright,
For joy shall crown it immortal
In the beautiful Valley of Right.

"Somewhere our hopes shall be real,
Our day-dreams and heart-yearnings cease;
Somewhere, when we cross the cold river,
We shall enter the Valley of Peace;
Somewhere, tho' our eyes are now blinded
And the vision is far out of sight,
We shall see the wonderful valley
This faraway Valley of Right.

"Oh! many have searched the world over
To find this valley so sweet;
But its faraway evergreen shores
Never echo to earth-treading feet;
And all who hope for an entrance
To this beautiful home of delight
Must cross the stream at the straight-gate
And go through the Valley of Right.

"There the wrongs of life will be righted,
And friend will meet friend 'on the square,'
And in the pure sunlight of justice
We shall know and be known as we are;
And the mysteries of earth that so vexed us
Will there be made plain to our sight,
For God will be there—it is Heaven,
This beautiful Valley of Right."

—*Cliff W. Abbott.*

Sent in by I. M., George West, Texas.

The Country Boy's Advantages

By Armstrong Perry.

A "BOY WANTED" ad. in a daily paper in a large city sometimes brings to a store, factory or office a hundred or more applicants.

A rural youth was once surprised by being picked out of a crowd of job seekers and brought into the presence of "the boss."

"You are from the country, are you not?"

The question embarrassed the country lad, because the joke-books had made him feel that being from the country is somehow a joke, if not a disgrace, in the eyes of the city man. However, he was "caught with the goods" and confessed that he was—in fact, that he came right off the farm.

"I thought so—that's why I want you," said the boss, and before the farmer boy had recovered from his surprise he found himself started in a job which eventually led to genuine success.

In the first year he found out why the employer wanted country boys. He found out by watching the employees who came and went in the establishment. The employer needed boys and men who could tell the truth whether it appeared to be to their advantage or not. He needed employees who were not "color blind," but could tell the difference between their own money and the firm's.

He needed workers who worked, whether they were watched or not, and who were not afraid to stay on the job an hour longer when the hour meant a lot to the house.

From long experience he had found that he could rely upon a country boy more safely than upon a city boy. Some city boys were honest and industrious and some country boys disappointed him, but the average of good employees was higher among those who had grown up in the country.

The employer explained it by saying that the country boy was used to getting up early because he had chores to do before school. He was satisfied to work later because he was used to doing some more chores after the main part of the day's work was done.

His pay seemed larger because he knew how to make a dollar go farther. The opportunities appeared larger because he compared them with what the jobs offered in country stores and village offices. And he was truthful and honest as a matter of habit.

And another thing, the country boy would go to night school and prepare himself for bigger positions, while the city boy was squandering time and money on the streets and in cheap theatres.

One thing the boss said he could not understand and that was why country boys left the country. He said the production of food was the biggest game in the world and the most profitable if a man mixed brains with his labor. Practically all of the successful men he knew, he said, were planning to go back to the country some time and live on farms. Why didn't they stay there and make their success there in the first place?

Any country boy could answer him. It is because of the loneliness of the country. The country boy reads of the great sights of the city, the great men there and the great opportunities there, until everything in the country seems small by comparison. He wants to see and do greater things; to be associated with the big men in their big enterprises.

And any country boy over twelve years of age can do that, beginning right now. He can join an organization with over half a million members, among them scores of men prominent in business, professions and in high official positions. He can work with them and make a name for himself without leaving home. When he does go to visit the city he can find brother members everywhere who will welcome him.

Write to the Chief Pioneer Scout, Boy Scouts of America, Room 856, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City, and learn how.

10¢ OR 25¢ **Anti-Kamnia**

AK FOR HEADACHE, NEURALGIA, INFLUENZA AND ALL PAIN—

Ask For A-K Tabs **TABLETS**

Save Your Body Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

"I Would Not Part With It For $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes **WEAKNESS** and **ORGANIC AILMENTS** of **MEN** and **WOMEN.** Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders, develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures; constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear. **Keep Yourself Fit.** Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our liberal proposition.





For Boys and Girls Also

HOWARD C. RASH, President Natural Body Brace Co.
379 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas



Given To You

Three Beautiful PEONIES

WHITE - PINK - RED

GORGEOUS, **yearly-blooming Peonies—the rival of the finest roses in size, form and color.** The three varieties offered you here require but little care and attention after once being planted; they thrive anywhere, even in the coldest climates, and produce more and more flowers every season. We will send you the roots, packed in damp moss, direct from the greenhouse. You can put them in the ground **at once** and next summer you will know the pleasure and satisfaction of having a beautiful **garden of peonies** in the most glorious shades of **white, pink and red.** The three different varieties sent you free on this offer include

Couronne d'Or A **white,** semi-rose Peony that blooms in early summer, bearing immense, very full, imbricated, ball-shaped blossoms which are very solid and compactly built from edge to center. Their color is a **snow-white,** reflecting golden-yellow stamens that show through the petals when looking at the flower from the side. These stamens light up the whole flower with a **glow** that is simply indescribable and which suggests its name, **"Crown of Gold."** Delicate carmine pencilings also appear on the edges of a few central petals. This variety is incomparably lovely and one of the best and choicest Peonies in culture.

Mademoiselle Desbuissons A **pink** semi-rose Peony that blooms in mid-season. Its flowers are very large, full and elegantly shaped, imbricated and flat with extra large petals of a **tender, glossy pink** color. The center is a delicate **waxy white,** the guards a handsome **violet-rose** color. Flower lovers pronounce this one of the most beautiful varieties.

L'Ecletante A **red** Bomb type Peony that blooms well into the summer. Its blossoms are very double and full. The color is a **deep, brilliant, velvety-crimson.** This variety makes a stately and handsome plant, every flower standing up straight and erect, well above the foliage. It is considered as one of the finest **red** Peonies ever grown.

The roots of these plants are all **extra strong** and each one contains from two to five eyes. We guarantee that they will reach you in a healthy-growing condition, ready to be placed in the ground and that they will **positively** bloom next season. If for any reason they do not—or if they should otherwise prove unsatisfactory—we will replace them for you free of all cost.

As the best season for planting Peonies is **right now,** you should send in your order at once. We will send you these three above described varieties—one white, one pink and one red—free upon the terms of the following special

CLUB OFFER! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the healthy, well-formed roots of the three beautiful varieties of Peonies described above, free by parcel post, prepaid. They will be mailed, carefully packed, direct from the greenhouse, and delivered to you in perfect condition, all ready for planting. **Premium No. 8983.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pearl Necklace

FORTUNATE is the woman or girl who possesses a pearl necklace, as they are exceedingly stylish and growing more popular every day. The one shown is made of beautiful **imt. pearls** of uniform size, **is sixteen inches long** and fastens with a **gold-filled** "Torpedo" snap. As these necklaces are not made in this country they are becoming scarce and prices are going up, so we consider ourselves extremely fortunate in having a supply purchased **at a before-the-war price.** However, we may not be able to secure more **at any price,** so please send in your order at once. You could not possibly select anything more stylish or attractive. This necklace can be worn with **perfectly good taste** with any dress at any time and on all occasions.

GIVEN! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one of these Pearl Necklaces free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7752. Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.**

SELF-FILLING Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Asparagus Plumosus** or "Lace" fern, the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

38-Piece Fishing Outfit



BOYS—no need for you to wait until you have money to **buy** that fishing outfit you want—we will **give** you this dandy Outfit **absolutely free.** It contains **everything** you see in the above illustration—**in all 38 different pieces.**

There are **Two Dandy Fish Lines,** one of them on a fine **Wood Winder** equipped with **Hook and Sinker** all ready for business, and the other is a **Special Braided Line.** Then there are **25 Assorted Fish Hooks, of all sizes for** all kinds of fishing, **6 High-Grade Snelled Hooks, 1 Adjustable Cork Floater or "Bobber",** and **1 Ringed Sinker**—38 pieces in all. When you get this splendid Outfit you will have all the fishing tackle you need with exception of fish pole to do all kinds of fishing with, as the lines, assorted hooks in different sizes, etc. are adapted for **brook, river, lake or pond fishing.** And remember that we **guarantee** everything in this Outfit to be good quality.

We will send you this splendid Fishing Outfit, if you will accept the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this 38-Piece Fishing Outfit, packed in a good strong box, free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9422.**



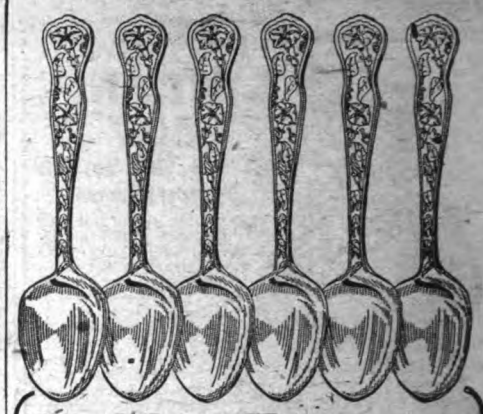
Handsome Stamped Pillow-Top

With Back and Fringe

A DESIGN that will appeal to all lovers of home. A comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, the well with the "old oaken bucket," and a cluster of handsome American Beauty roses. The stamping is done in natural colors on tan art crash, 17x21 inches, these colors acting as a guide to the embroiderer. Or, if desired, the whole design may be simply outlined in black. If embroidered, the roses should be worked in red and pink, using the outline stitch for all but the light part, which should be worked solid. The leaves are to be outlined in green, the stems in brown. Work the house, well and surroundings in outline in colors corresponding to those stamped. The words "Home Sweet Home" are to be done in black in solid embroidery and outline stitch. We will send you this handsome stamped pillow-top with back and fringe upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For two one year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9242.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful **"Morning Glory"** deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant **French grey.** The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you six of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pure White Bleached Towels

Prem. No. 8293



Yard Long With Fast Color Red Border

These complete ready-to-use towels each a yard long, are one of the most sensible and satisfactory and thus most popular of the premiums we offer. They are of excellent quality crash each **towel** one yard long and ready to use. For **kitchen, office, factory** and **shop** use this is a durable, rough-and-ready towel; will wipe well, wear well and wash well. For **dishes** and **hands** this is the best; for many purposes about the house good crash toweling finds its use and the good housekeeper always has a supply. The men and boys will enjoy such towels as these. The pure white color and red line border make them very attractive. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Club Offer For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these ready-made Towels free by parcel post prepaid. **Prem. No. 8293.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Refined and Stylish **Will Fit Any Wrist**



A Stone for Every Month

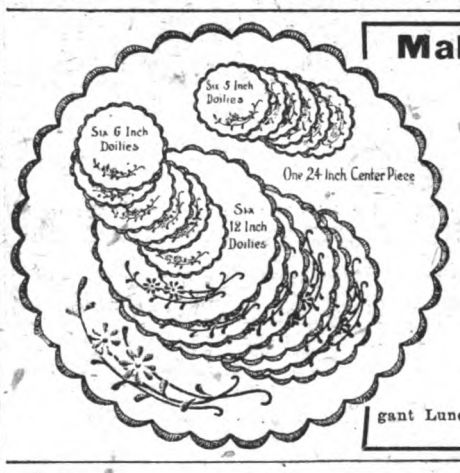
WHERE is the girl who does not want one of these handsome and stylish bracelets? Set with a perfectly colored imitation gem denoting the month of your birth—with two tiny flashing white solitaires nestling in the dainty filigree design of gold—all of your friends will exclaim **"My, what a beautiful bracelet!"** the minute they see it. Filled with enough real gold to give it lasting wearing qualities, yet it feels light as a feather when worn. And you are assured of a perfect fit because it is **self-adjusting.** It will fit **any** size wrist. Here is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month represented by each:

No. 8353, January, Garnet: **No. 8363,** February, Amethyst: **No. 8373,** March, Bloodstone; **No. 8383,** April, Diamond; **No. 8393,** May, Emerald; **No. 8403,** June, Agate; **No. 8413,** July, Ruby; **No. 8423,** August, Sardonyx; **No. 8433,** September, Sapphire; **No. 8443,** October, Opal; **No. 8453,** November, Topaz; **No. 8463,** December, Turquoise.

You can earn one of these handsome gold-filled birthstone bracelets free by doing us a small favor as explained in the following offer. When you send for it **be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.**

CLUB OFFER. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these bracelets free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to give us the number of stone wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Make This Handsome 19-Piece

Luncheon Set

We Will Give You The Patterns

ONE 24-inch Centerpiece, **six 12-inch Doilies, six 6-inch Doilies** and six 5-inch Doilies of the simple yet elegant design shown in our illustration. They can be made of the usual white material, such as linen, Butcher cloth, etc., worked in shades to match dishes used in serving, or of colored material to match decorations in the room, with the flowers embroidered in orange, with brown centers, green leaves and stems. Use buttonhole stitch for the borders, all-over embroidery or satin stitch for the flowers, outline stitch for the stems, and either satin or lazy daisy stitch for the leaves.

Special Offer. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the transfer patterns for this elegant Luncheon Set free by mail postpaid **Premium No. 8381.**

Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at "The Blunders of A Bashful Man"



Premium No. 8221

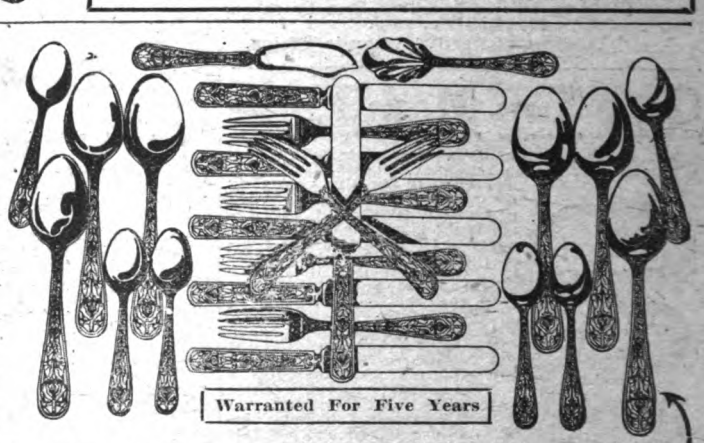
You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing **away** melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it **better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world** and it has the circus and vaudeville **beaten a mile.** This great story is the **world's champion funny book** and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight **the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses** of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly **bashful** young man who stumbles on through a succession of **astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments** that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of **exploding** from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this **great** story "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and **you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.**

Given To You For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and prepaid. **Premium No. 8221.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set

Yours Prepaid For A Club Of Seven



WE have in the past made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we **are** giving this set on liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly **plain and bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and we **guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7397.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Premium No. 9472.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SCRIM CURTAINS GIVEN!



THE price of cloth has advanced tremendously within the past few years, but that does not prevent us from offering these stylish Scrim Curtains for the ridiculous small club of six. We make no money profit on our premiums — that's the reason. They are full size, each side piece measuring **2½ feet in width** and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance," as it is commonly called, is **1 1-6 feet wide and 2½ feet long.** The insertion is a 3-inch band of Filet lace. The color is White or Ecru—whichever you prefer. These Curtains are all the style now, so don't miss this wonderful opportunity to secure one or more of them absolutely free. And be sure to send in your order **at once** as our supply is limited.

Given To You. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these **stylish** Curtains free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7756.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Bluebird Scarf

42x15 Inches In Size

A HANDSOME design stamped on the very best linen-finished cotton cloth that can be obtained. In fact, it looks as well and will wash and wear as well as real linen. It is 42x15 inches in size and may be worked in any desired colors. The birds and ribbon are to be outlined with French knots, the leaves done in satin stitch, the flowers in all-over embroidery or satin stitch, with French-knot centers and the scalloped border in buttonhole.

We are sure that this scarf will please every woman who is looking for something unusually stylish and attractive for her dresser, bureau or buffet. And remember that it is **good** material—you will be glad to put in time and work on it. This beautiful scarf is free to all who will accept the following

Special Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this fine scarf, stamped all ready for embroidery, free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 9432.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

feel that I ought to be with her and make, or try to, her last days as pleasant as I can. Now he says it is selfish of me not to want to go, that I don't want to go because all of my people are here. Is it? I want to do the right thing but what is right? He is as good to me as can be. Everyone says he is the best man about helping his wife they ever saw. So you see it is hard for me to say no to him.

So far as money trouble is concerned, it's just like some of the others. He holds the pocketbook—but gives me money when I ask for it.

Please tell me what to do.

YOUR WORRIED SISTER.

MISSOURI.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I live in the country and I want to attend high school next year but my parents cannot pay my way so I am writing to ask some of the sisters who have worked their way through school to write to me. Or if there are any who would let me work for them and go to high school I wish they'd write to me. The nearest high school is thirty-five miles distant and I am not acquainted there so thought I could find a place easier through the Sisters' Corner. I am asking Mrs. Wilkinson not to print my name or address as some of my friends would try to discourage me if they knew of this as they have done on previous occasions.

Hoping to hear from some one who is interested, T.

T.—The principal of the high school nearest you should be able to help you if you write to him and state your case clearly.—Ed.

KENTUCKY.

TAP! TAP!

I hope I hear someone say "Come in." Anyway, I'll try once more, for the fourth time since I appeared as "Troubled Wife." Perhaps if I do not make this too long, dear Mrs. Wilkinson will not throw it away. In my other letters I tried to say a word to each one who answered my plea and explain to each how I felt and how her advice helped me, so that I made my letters too long but now I will say to each one that your advice helped me each in its way; some made me ashamed of myself while others seemed to show me a better way. Pearl Vesey, especially, made me ashamed of my foolishness while another sister, whose name I can't remember, made me feel good by saying if I were foolish, so was she.—Sister, I wanted to hug you.

I took all the advice I got but used common sense and let bygones be bygones and made up my mind I would no longer beg him to love and pet me and while it was a hard row to hoe I finally got it hoed. One sister asked me if I ever talked things over with my husband and explained how I felt? I did many times before I even wrote to COMFORT but the only answer was that I was silly or something like that so I made my mind up a thousand times to quit caring or letting him know I cared and at last I stuck to my resolution and when he missed my baby ways and my notice and the little things he had grown used to, he tried to win them back but I have learned to manage him a little better and we are living contentedly and I have learned to do without that which he doesn't see fit to give. I don't complain so we never have a cross word any more. If he says something cross I laugh at him and do as I please in the end. He finds there really wasn't anything to be cross about. If things don't go right I try to keep still and not ask questions or annoy in any way till he has gotten over whatever displeased him.

Once more I will sign myself "Troubled Wife," but my troubles have floated away like the fog before the beautiful sun.

TROUBLED WIFE.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. R. C. A., Hillsville, Va.—For the rheumatism, better take five-grain doses of sodium salicylate after meals. Also drink plenty of good spring water.

MR. H. A. C., Muskogee, Okla.—Tapeworm is very difficult to remove. The one best remedy is male fern taken after a prolonged diet, and after the bowels have been thoroughly cleaned out. Of course, the male fern is a potent drug and must be taken only under the advice and care of your local physician.

MRS. R. G. M., Alexandria, La.—We think your diagnosis of your condition is correct. You have worked too hard and had children too often. The only thing for you to do is to take a change or take a vacation. Besides, you might take Basham's mixture in tablespoonful doses after meals, well diluted, as a tonic.

MISS M. McI., Forest Glen, N. S.—It seems, from your symptoms, that a good tonic is what you need as well as a thorough physical examination. Try two-grain quinine pills after meals three times a day for a while.

MISS R. S., Hazelhurst, Miss.—Have half of the ingrowing nail removed surgically, also have the surrounding flesh removed at the same time. Of course, this must be done by a good surgeon.

MRS. W. S. J., Needles, S. Dak.—Indigestion causes the gas after meals. The discharge from the bowels three times a day is all right, but you should regulate your diet so that you will get rid of the indigestion. Better take five-grain tablets of bicarbonate of soda after meals. This remedy will also remedy or help your bladder trouble.

MRS. B. S., Iverson, Minn.—For the excessive urinating, try urotropine, in five-grain doses, after meals.

MRS. N. L. D., Mason City, Ia.—Eczema of the eyelids is, in most cases, due to eye-strain, and the need of glasses is indicated. For the bladder trouble, have the bladder washed out by your family doctor. The best drug to use for the irrigation is a teaspoonful of permanganate of potash in about a quart of water.

MRS. A. W. R., Marlboro, N. H.—Cannot recommend the remedy you mention as safe or reliable. To reduce excess of flesh, you must exercise regularly, avoid sweets of all kinds, drink plenty of water, and, on alternate days, use for food and drink one quart of skimmed milk as follows: One fourth in the morning, one fourth at noon, one fourth at 4 o'clock and the rest at night. On other days, eat only such foods as do not make flesh. This, of course, includes bread and most cereals. Your irregularity also is due to poor circulation due to excessive flesh and resultant lack of exercise.

MRS. L. L., Breys, Mo.—The pain in breast just before menstruation is physiological and needs no treatment.

MRS. K. P., Denver, Colo.—As to the swelling in the limbs and up the back, you had better at once have the urine examined and in this way ascertain whether there is any kidney complication. Of course, you should eat foods that will resist your tendency to constipation. Bran, spinach, lettuce, etc., are indicated along this line. Besides, you must keep your bowels regular. You might try for this some cascara sagrada pills, and add to this with your meals a tablespoonful of American Oil.

MRS. M. P. S., Grand Isle, La.—You had better have your blood examined for some blood disease. You may have a constitutional trouble that causes the feeling of a band around the chest.

MRS. F. N., Pigeon, Mich.—Apply a fly blister to the liver for the yellow color of the skin. A boric acid lotion is good for the "tanning" mentioned. The fly blister should be applied by your family doctor and dressed by him.

"UNHAPPY."—You must give name and address as no answer can be given unless the above conditions are complied with.

MR. B. F., Palestine, Ark.—Squeeze out the pus from the pimples and apply white precipitate to the parts. Strength of ointment should be about eight per cent. Of course, omit from your diet all sweets, including pastry.

MISS Z. H., Rising Star, Texas.—You can get lotio alba at any drug store.

MISS J. K., Lansing, Ill.—Many people have no appetite for breakfast. If your appetite is good the rest of the day, that is all that is required. For a bitter taste in the mouth, rinse the mouth out with Dobell's solution three or four times a day.

MRS. A. R. B., San Antonio, Texas.—For a torpid liver, use compound cathartic pills, one or two at night. Then take a teaspoonful of phosphate of soda before meals. At the same time eat with your salads a good quantity of olive oil.

MISS E. M., Oak Hill, West Va.—Remove the "blackheads" with a comedo extractor, steam the face and apply lotio alba to the face. Of course, avoid candy and sweets of all kinds, and bathe often.

MRS. C. J., Moselle, Miss.—Your mother has varicose ulcers of the leg. Bandage the leg during the day time and take off the bandage at night. The woven elastic bandage is best to use. Also apply zinc ointment to the leg.

MRS. L. A. W., Benevolence, Ga.—You must have some middle ear trouble which causes your deafness, and dizziness as well. Have the ears examined and any source of irritation removed.

MRS. G. K. T., Chickasha, Okla.—Have the seed warts, so-called, removed by using the actual cautery. Any good doctor can do this for you and the result will be more than satisfactory in every way.

MRS. D. N. A., Houston, Texas.—Apply to the large brown spots under the ears a 1-to-500 solution of corrosive sublimate. Of course, you must use this very carefully to avoid scarring.

MISS M. F., Selma, Cal.—The electric needle is the only cure for superfluous hair. It is not dangerous or very painful, but the cure is permanent and it leaves no scar.

MRS. A. C. H., Buffalo, Ky.—There is no cure for the results of infantile paralysis. Massage and an attempt to develop the paralyzed muscles is all that can be done.

Best Way of Doing Things Around The Home

Use bacon rinds for flavoring soups and scalloped dishes.

Moisten fruit stains before washing, with camphor, and they can easily be removed.

Put a cocoanut in the oven and let it warm thoroughly before trying to crack it open.

To clean white enamel, rub it well with common baking soda and then wash with hot soap suds.

Roll raisins in a little melted butter before putting them into cake and they will not go to the bottom.

To clean black silk, wash it in water in which peeled potatoes have been boiled. This adds a fine gloss.

Roast beef to be used cold will be kept moist and tender if wrapped in a clean, damp cloth before putting away.

Adding a few slices off a candle to starch will make ironing easier and do away with sticking.—MRS. S., Boston, Mass.

If soft custard curdles, set it in a pan of cold water and beat it well with an egg beater. This applies to salad dressing as well.

If jelly will not set or harden, put the tumblers into cold water to which has been added two tablespoons each salt and soda.

To have custard pie a nice even brown when baked, sprinkle a little sugar over the top just before putting it into oven.—MISS M. A., Dallas City, Ill.

I always use a teacup, with handle, in filling fruit jars and find it can be done much faster than by dipping with spoon.—FARMER'S BUSY WIFE, Hays, Va.

TO KEEP OUT ANTS.—(Requested.) Dissolve one pound of alum in two quarts of water and let it stand two or three hours. Heat to boiling point and apply to shelves and all places frequented by ants.

Many crocheters do very loose work and it seems as though they are unable to remedy this defect. Let them try winding, say about a yard of thread around the end of first finger, leaving about two inches between the finger and crochet hook; then work in the usual way, unwinding it as crocheting proceeds. This holds the thread as tight as required and I have found it helpful.—MISS IDA BATES, Jackson, S. C.

Requests

"Poem: "Sister's Shopping Bag."

How to make marshmallow filling.

How to make hard soap from lye.

Song, "The Old House by the Lindens."

How to clean aluminum reservoir on stove.

Would like to receive quilt scraps. Will pay postage.—MRS. FLORA ADAMS, Newton Falls, R. R. 2, Box 46, Ohio.

Will some reader please send in the words of the poem, "The Polish Boy."

CURE FOR GALL STONES.—This was printed a few years ago and was a tea of some kind.

Would like to correspond with sisters living in Ottawa, Kansas.—NIMIEOKO MACE, Comanche, Box 121, Iowa.

Would like to correspond with sisters living in Colorado, as to climate.—MISS MENNA NUZUM, Fairmont, R. R. 6, W. Va.

Would like copy of COMFORT containing closing chapter of "Edna's Secret Marriage."—MRS. F. L. Young, Eminence, Mo.

Will someone please send me the poem, "Little Joe," or, "Christmas Eve in the Poorhouse."—MRS. C. D. GILBERT, Dayton, Wyo.

Please send me August, 1919, number of Today's. Will pay postage both ways.—MRS. F. E. MAISILLIOT, Stockbridge, Box 34, Wisc.

Would like to receive quilt pieces of any sort. Will pay postage and return favor. Write first.—MRS. GUY MCFARLAND, Hewitt, Minn.

MRS. Geo. Wetzel, Santa Rose, R. R. 1, Box 218, California, would like the September, October and November, 1919, numbers of COMFORT.

Will those who have them to spare please send me quilt pieces, 12x12 inches; either worsted or gingham.—MRS. Y. G. BOLT, Westminster, S. C.

I would like to have the August and September, 1919, numbers of the Illustrated Companion. Will return papers and postage.—MRS. JOHN B. HAWZLIK, S. Dak.

Will some kind reader please send me one copy each of Saturday Evening Post for Dec. 20, 1919, and January 24, 1920.—MRS. H. G. YOUNG, Akron, 967 Ridgeway Drive, Ohio.

I would like very much to get the hymn, "Shall We Meet Beyond the River," and the one beginning, "Someone shall walk through the pearly gate. Shall you? Shall I?"—MISS ELSIE EGGS, Litchfield, R. R. 4, Box 32, No. Dak.

Remedies

Poisons are of three kinds, corrosive, irritant and nerve.

Corrosive poisons produce instant burning effect on all parts touched by them so there is staining of lips, mouth and burning pain in mouth, throat and stomach; straining and vomiting; also perhaps suffocation and always shock.

Corrosive poisons.—Those which stain and for which an emetic is best not given. Strong acids: Sulphuric (oil of vitriol); hydrochloric (spirits of salt); nitric (aqua fortis). Strong alkalies: Caustic soda, potash and lime.

Treatment.—1: Neutralize poison. 2: Dilute poison and soothe corroded parts. 3: Stimulants.

1.—If acid, to neutralize give alkalies as plaster from ceiling, magnesia, baking soda or even soap. If alkalies, to neutralize give vinegar, lemon or orange juice.

2.—To dilute and soothe for both acids and alkalies give large quantities of oil, any vegetable or animal oil, such as olive, salad, sardine, linseed, castor or cod liver oil; also water, milk, flour and water or eggs beaten up.

3.—Stimulants: Strong tea and coffee, ammonia or alcohol.

Premo Camera



One Film Pack Containing 12 Films and **Complete Instruction Book Also Included Free in This Great Offer**

OF course you know what the "Premo" Camera is so we feel it is hardly necessary to tell you that it is a strictly **high grade** camera—one that you can **depend** upon to produce the most pleasing and satisfactory results. The "Premo" takes a picture 2¼x2¾ inches, is handsomely **leather covered,** fitted with a **reliable quick action lens, automatic shutter adapted for either snap shots or time exposures** and has **two** brilliant view finders so that pictures may be taken **either** the long way or short way of the camera. The "Premo" also uses a **film pack** containing **twelve** films. This film pack can be put in the camera and taken out **again in broad daylight,** thus doing away with the necessity of going to a dark room every time you want to load it. We know that there must be thousands of COMFORT readers, old and young, who have been waiting for just this opportunity to secure a real **good** camera without paying a big price for it so we are prepared to give thousands of them away **absolutely free as a premium.** And remember, **we send you not only the camera itself but also include one film pack containing twelve films and an instruction book,** all packed together in a strong compact box and sent to you **free by Parcel Post, prepaid,** on the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of only seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you by parcel post prepaid the "Premo Junior" Camera with one Film Pack containing twelve films and complete Instruction Book. **Premium No. 7417.**

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For A Club Of Four!

MADE of "crushed" silver—the very latest idea. Sugar, Creamer and Tray are full standard size. The Tray is quadruple silver plated and both Sugar and Creamer are quadruple silver plated outside and gold lined inside. A very useful set and a beautiful ornament for the dining table or sideboard.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Crushed Silver Set free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7904.**

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Book-Rack Not Included

35 GREATEST BOOKS OF THE WORLD GIVEN!

A complete library for your home! A library of the best classics in the English language! Our readers have doubtless wished for just such books as these, but heretofore the price has been prohibitive. Here, now, is your opportunity to secure any or all of these famous masterpieces FREE. The great plays of Shakespeare, Kipling's stirring tales, De Maupassant's most vivid narratives, Poe's poems and mystery stories, the works of Burns, Dickens, Irving, Hugo, Doyle and others, are now within your reach. Read the list of titles below. Millions have been charmed and stirred by these—the greatest stories, plays, poems and essays ever written by the greatest authors of all time. Now **you** can enjoy them without cost—and at the same time **own** the volumes themselves, which are beautiful enough to grace any library table. Each book is of convenient pocket size, 3¼ x 4½ inches, and is **unabridged,** containing the **complete** story, play, poem, essay or whatever the title may be. Each book is printed with the same **large readable type** as used in magazines and is durably bound in limp craft leather. Please read the list of titles and our grand free offer below:

Every Title A Masterpiece! Unabridged! Handsomely Bound!

Hiawatha	*Longfellow*	Hamlet	*Shakespeare*
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Barrack Room Ballads	*Kipling*	Macbeth	*Shakespeare*
Without Benefit of Clergy	*Kipling*	Merchant of Venice	*Shakespeare*
Finest Story in the World	*Kipling*	Romeo & Juliet	*Shakespeare*
Short Stories	*De Maupassant*	Julius Cæsar	*Shakespeare*
Arabian Nights.		Sonnets	*Shakespeare*
Dr. Jekyll & Mr. Hyde	*Stevenson*	Othello	*Shakespeare*
Child's Garden of Verse	*Stevenson*	As You Like It	*Shakespeare*
Fifty Best Poems of England.		Midsummer Night's Dream	*Shakespeare*
Fifty Best Poems of America.		Rip Van Winkle	*Irving*
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.		Sherlock Holmes	*Doyle*
Speeches and Letters of George Washington.		Murders in the Rue Morgue	*Poe*
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Alice in Wonderland	*Carroll*	Speeches and Addresses of Abraham Lincoln.	
Mother Goose Rhymes.		Confessions of An Opium Eater	*DeQuincy*
Fairy Tales	*Anderson*	Words of Jesus.	
		Last Days of a Condemned Man	*Hugo*

Free Offer! For one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, we will send you any **one** of these splendid books free and prepaid. For **three** one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you any **five** of the books free and prepaid. For **five** one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you any **ten** of the books free and prepaid. (On this offer you can have the ten volumes of Shakespeare, or any ten titles of your own selection.) **When ordering please be sure to mention title of each book wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



For a Club of Six

BEADWORK is all the rage again. And here is a wonderful yet simple **Bead Loom** with which any woman or girl can take up this fascinating work at home and easily make the handsomest bags, chains, necklaces, purses, bracelets, belts, collars and cuffs, dress trimmings, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks,—in fact there is no limit to the number and variety of exquisitely colored bead work articles that can be woven on this Loom.

Anybody can use the **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**—it is very easy to understand as everything is fully explained in the instruction book sent with the outfit.

Everything you need to work with is included **free** with the Loom, so you can begin making the articles at once.

In the outfit you will receive one **"Kanibas" Bead Loom**, five packages of **beads** in assorted colors of black, white, blue, green, pink, etc., one dozen special **bead needles** (very long and slender with an unusually long eye), one large spool of specially prepared **waxed bead thread**, one gold **swivel snap** for ladies' or gent's bead watch chain, and a **44-page instruction book** containing more than seventy-five photographs and designs of popular bead work, together with easy detailed instructions on just what color of beads to use and how to work them.

This book shows how to make different styles of bags, chains, necklaces, purses, belts, collars and cuffs, shirtwaist sets, slippers, watch cases, fob chains, card cases, pocketbooks, dress trimmings, any letter in the alphabet, any numeral, etc., etc.,—giving full directions for all designs. The popular secret order emblems can be worked with great effect in beads for fob chains, bracelets, card cases, etc., and this book illustrates designs for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, Elks, Royal Arcanum, also Christian Endeavor, Epworth League and others.

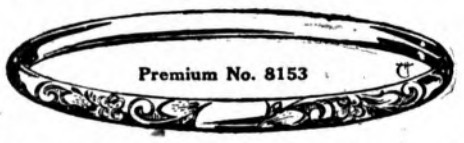
Any woman or girl will be delighted with this practical Loom Outfit because she can make so many pretty things not only for her own use but to give away as presents and to sell. While the beads themselves cost but little, the finished work brings a high price so that there are big profits in the business, if one desires to sell the articles after they are made.

We will give you this Bead Loom and Complete Outfit free upon the terms of the following

Special Club Offer. For six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the "Kanibas" Bead Loom and Outfit **free** by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7746.**

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Rolled Gold Bangle Bracelet



Given For Three Subscriptions!

THE Bangle Bracelet has come back. More of them are being worn this season than ever before. The handsome bracelet shown above is real bangle style made of genuine **rolled gold** plate. It is beautifully **engraved** and is very light and dainty, measuring only 3-16 of an inch in width. We want to give every girl reader of COMFORT one of these Bracelets now that they are again the style and by buying a large quantity of them we are able to make an offer so liberal there is no reason why all cannot have one. We will make you a present of one of these stylish gold bangle bracelets if you will accept the following

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this Bangle Bracelet free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8153.**

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with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet free.

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The Bee Cell Supporter

A BOON TO WOMANKIND



Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups or faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

The Bee Cell Co., Dept. 168 White Bldg., Buffalo, N. Y.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. **TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.**



UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Song Book 40 cents. Address **UNCLE CHARLIE,** care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

CHROMO, COLO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I thought I would write you as many other people are writing. I live on a fig farm, and go to a country school. I am in the sixth grade. I went to Phoenix, Arizona, to school all last winter. I had one steer but I shipped him and he weighed a little over eleven hundred and I got one hundred dollars for him. I have three dozen chickens and thirty-four hogs. Well, I don't think I will write any more just now. If Billy the Goat don't see this letter, please try to get it in the COMFORT. If he does get it I hope it won't let his stomach ache.

Your nephew, J. B. CROWLEY.

Glad to hear from you, Jim. So you went to Phoenix to school last winter. That must have been a long walk, Jim, and if you went to and fro each day you must have run Pop up a big bill for shoes. You live in a beautiful, inspiring spot, too inspirng to have anybody hoodoo it with such a name as Chromo. Why not give it some beautiful, soft-sounding, appropriate Indian name such as Saurkrauteville? That would tickle Berger, Borah, Hearst and Johnson all to bits and it is *so* romantic. You are living in America, while I am living in a combination of Jerusalem, Rome and Cork—mostly Jerusalem—and let me tell you it is far from a holy city. What would I not give for a peep at the dear old United States. Don't any of you come to New York with the idea that you are visiting America or even touching American soil. Uncle Sam bit off more than he could chew when he took New York and its vicinity into his system. New York is too good a name for this dump. It should be called Hyphenville. All the various racial units have their newspapers and are always holding huge meetings and passing various ferocious resolutions that ought to get them the boot. Here is a leading Italian paper talking about "We Italians demand so and so." Then hundreds of meetings are held where gentlemen shriek: "We Irish will vote so and so," and, "We Jews will do something else." They don't even take the trouble to add the hyphen now. Uncle Sam and America are canned as far as this burg is concerned. It is something new to me to know that Jews, Irish, Poles, Italians, Germans, etc., can vote in the United States. I thought that was a privilege reserved solely for Americans. Our foreign boarders are getting entirely too sassy. If Uncle Sam does not put the whole bunch across his knee and throw them out, he will soon be thrown out himself. Jim, I can't understand about the shipping of that steer. There is no possible way that I know of to get a ship up to Chromo, Colo. There is no Panama Canal running in that direction. Of course, you might take him to the edge of the Grand Canyon, push him overboard and let him swim, but he'd be an awful mess when he struck bottom. Doug Fairbanks with Mary's help might get away with a stunt of that kind but no common steer could. You say your steer weighed a little over eleven hundred. Was that pounds or tons? I know they have some whopping big steers in your sections, and I hope he weighed eleven hundred tons, for a few steers of that kind would soon bring down the price of meat. An enterprising New York newspaper has imported a large quantity of lamb from New Zealand and is selling it at cost. But the people won't buy anything but the legs and they believe that a lamb has only two legs located somewhere in the region of its tail. The shoulder-straps in front, which support its noble cranium, they won't touch at any price. Mr. Hillquit and the Bolsheviks might sit down and figure out, when they put that combination of ruin and madness over on us, and everything that you have is thrown into the melting pot for the benefit of loafers and bums, and the dividing-up process begins, just who is to get the prime cuts, the leg, and who will get the wings and the cheap stuff between the neck and the tail. Of course, the Red Guards will get the choice cuts while the rest of us will get cabbage soup and wind doughnuts. The next time you have an eleven-hundred-ton steer, I advise you to put him on a train and not a ship. As far as chickens are concerned, they are aviators and can fly to market. It takes aviation to solve the transportation problem.

ALBION, CALIF.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am in great trouble and want you to help me out. I want to get a sofa pillow from every state in the Union and cannot get the names and addresses of large stores. Can you tell me how I can get them? I am your friend, BERNICE PRICE.

Bernice, you are certainly in terrible trouble. If I were in such a mountain of trouble as you are I think I should have to turn on the gas and do the Dutch act. I do not wish to pry into your private affairs, and it is interest and not curiosity that prompts me to ask what in thunderation you are going to do with some fifty pillows? Now if you wanted fifty bricks and were contemplating building a home, I'd be right with you, or if you wanted four or five pillows for a cozy corner, but in these days when extravagance is a crime and thrift a virtue, when the railroads are congested with cars and there are not enough engines to haul them, and when every article we use is so excessive, why, oh why, get a sudden attack of pillowitis? Remember you cannot go to the stores and select the pillow tops and you can't go running all over the U. S. chasing the poor geese and grabbing their downy overcoats, and if you left it to the managers of all the big stores from Florida to Alaska to select you a pillow, by the time you got them all assembled the color scheme would be so ferocious that you'd want, if you have any artistic sense, to jump out of the window. As so many young ladies paint (now mind I did not say *all*), the color scheme of your room would have to be red. Then just imagine if you had fifty red pillows all stacked in the corner and an officer of the Department of Justice was to walk in, what would happen? He'd scream "Bolshevik" and you'd be on the way to Ellis Island, New York, by the next train. They'd have to have a special ship to hold the pillows, and when you got to Moscow, imagine the excitement there would be! Brother Trotzky would get out a special edition of the Bolshevik official Soviet paper, "Isvestia," and in big headlines would announce: "YOUNG, AMERICAN BOLSHEVIK BEARING FORTY-EIGHT PILLOWS REPRESENTING EVERY STATE IN THE UNION HAS JOINED THE RED FORCES. Tavarishi (Comrades), greet Bernice! Comrade Bernice will be allowed a quarter section of one pillow, while the balance will be divided among the official autocratic heads of the Russian Soviet Government. We have a soft job, but American pillows will make it softer." Now if you had asked me to get you forty-eight handsome, marriageable boys, they could have sent on their photographs and you could have made your selection. The best pillow in the world is the shoulder of a worth-while, respectable young man. Maybe you have all of that variety of pillow you can do with. They make excellent parlor ornaments but they can seldom be lured into the kitchen at dish-washing time. Bernice, I fear I cannot help you corner the pillow industry. Civilization is tottering. These are days that call for judgment, denial and common sense. I don't want anyone to upset the national boat, not even with a pillow, for a pillow is an awful thing when it gets wet, and shure it's meself that knows it.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for August

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Ella Jane Smith, Spencer, Va. Fifteen years of age. Crippled as a result of infantile paralysis. Mother dead. Father can only use left arm. Send this little crippled girl some sympathy and cheer. Well recommended. Mrs. Hattie Durham, Price, R. R. 2, N. C. Husband an invalid, unable to work. Has five children to support. Would be grateful for second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send. Charles Knece, Laurelville, R. R. 3, Box 62, Ohio. Helpless invalid for eight years. Needy and worthy. Aged father his only support. Send him some of the sympathy that buys bread. Dortha Grigg, Glen Allen, R. R. 1, Box 30, Ala. Invalid for many years. Lovely character. Do not forget her. Noah Felton, Sparta, R. R. 4, Tenn. Thirteen years of age. Helpless cripple from birth. Send him something to cheer his shut-in life. J. W. Bizzell, Newton Grove, N. C. Helpless from rheumatism 22 years. Lovely character. Open your hearts and give him a boost. Mrs. Sweety Witt, Shuff, Va. Invalid. Suffers from heart trouble. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any financial assistance you can send her. Well recommended. Mrs. Alice Stacey, Dalton, R. R. 3, Ga. Invalid. Fifty-seven years of age. Widow with one son who is helpless and unable to work. She would be grateful for a dime shower, also second-hand clothing. James Wortham, Letona, Ark. Invalid for many years. Send him some cheer.

The poor souls whose names are listed above are in too desperate need to care for anything but substantial financial assistance. Sympathy and cash make a splendid combination but sympathy without cash cuts no icicles. Do to others as you would have them do to you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Uncle Charlie's Poems Will Make You Laugh, Scream and Yell!

That is exactly what they will do and they are the best and cheapest medicine for the blues in the world. Only one in two hundred of COMFORT'S readers have availed themselves of the opportunity to secure this exquisitely beautiful 160-page volume of screamingly funny verse, bound in cloth, free for a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. This book contains splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie and a touching account of his life. It is full of funny recitations and is a present fit for a king, and no home is complete without it. If you won't get it for yourself, get it for the children and make them happy. Free for an hour's easy work. Start your clubbing today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Is a Knock Out! The One Best Hit!!

A home without music is a home without joy. Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest songs ever written; songs for churches, parlors and concert platforms. Here you have a great big, beautiful music folio, containing such gems of mirth and melody as "My Beautiful Queen of Dreams," "The Old Village Choir," "The Dream That Never Came True," and "Broke Again." Five dollars' worth of music with full score for voice and piano, a splendidly gotten-up folio, with a handsomely decorated cover on which appear several pictures of Uncle Charlie; and all free for a club of only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Both books free for a club of five. *Work for them today!*

Dealer.—"That old woman brought more eggs to market today and I told her the ones she brought last week were bad."

Clerk.—"What did she say?"

Dealer.—"Said next Saturday she would bring her hens and I could speak to them about it personally."

LOCKET AND CHAIN

For A Club Of 3

Rolled Gold Plate!

Warranted For 5 Years!



MOST every young lady wants a Locket and Chain. Other styles of neck ornaments may come and go but a gold Locket and Chain is **always** fashionable, can be worn with any dress and at any season of the year. The locket offered here is one of the latest designs. One side of it is beautifully engraved as shown in the illustration while the other side is plain. It measures exactly one inch in diameter and on the inside there is space for **two pictures.** The cable chain is 15 inches long and both Chain and Locket are made of **heavy rolled gold plate** that is absolutely guaranteed to stand an acid test and warranted **for five years.** It is dainty, refined and attractive and we are sure that it will more than please everybody. This locket and chain guaranteed to be exactly as described is yours free upon the terms of the following

PREMIUM NO. 8843

Club Offer. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this guaranteed rolled gold Locket and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 8843.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Flashlight Given



THIS is the "Eveready" Daylo, 6½ inches long, 1½ inches in diameter, equipped with a powerful battery that will last for many weeks. It is always ready for use—a simple movement of the finger turns the light on or off as desired. In the night it shows the way around the house without fuss or bother—it lights up the darkest rooms, attics or basements. It can be used in the shed or barn, around hay, powder or gasolene without the slightest danger of fire. Outdoors, neither wind nor rain can put it out. When riding or walking after dark, it throws a brilliant light far in advance, showing up every object long before you reach it. This flashlight is so useful you should not think of getting along without one. Safe, convenient, always ready when you want it, it is the best insurance against fire and accident in the world.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Eveready Flashlight complete with battery, all ready for business, for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7984.**

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Girls! This Pretty Jade Bracelet Is The Latest!



For A Club of Two

GIRLS, you should have one of the new Jade Bracelets! It is the most popular bracelet ever introduced. All the rage in the big cities. Even wives and daughters of millionaires are wearing them in preference to gold, platinum and diamonds. Handsome, yet inexpensive, its very simplicity appeals to every woman of good taste. Three inches in diameter, will fit any wrist. The beautiful, rich Jade color makes a pleasing contrast with any dress. Practically indestructible and will always retain its luster. We know that the thousands of young ladies who read COMFORT want the newest styles so we have purchased a quantity of these popular bracelets to give away. You may have one or more of them absolutely **free** upon the terms of the following short-time offer. Please send in your order as soon as possible as our supply is limited.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Jade Bracelet free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9672.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Your Own Birth-Stone Set In This Stylish Gold Pendant!

Birthstone Pendant And Chain



We Give You Both Pendant and Chain For a Club of Two!

ONE of the most stylish of all neck ornaments. Women and girls who like to be up-to-date are now wearing the Birthstone Pendant and Chain, also called Lavalliere. The one offered here is the prettiest design we found among a large assortment submitted for our approval by the largest jewelry manufacturer in the United States. It has a 15-inch **gold plate** cable chain, the pendant is also made of **gold plate** and set with your own birthstone and attached to the pendant underneath the stone is a beautiful imt. Bearoque pearl. Following is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month which each represents. All of the stones are solitares and are the most perfect and beautiful imitation real gems that we have ever seen. **When ordering be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.**

9558	Jan.	**Garnet,** Symbol of Power.
9562	Feb.	**Amethyst,** Symbol of Pure Love.
9572	March	**Aquamarine,** Symbol of Courage.
9582	April	**Diamond,** Symbol of Purity.
9592	May	**Emerald,** Symbol of Immortality.
9602	June	**Pearl,** Symbol of Long Life.
9612	July	**Ruby,** Symbol of Charity.
9622	Aug.	**Peridot,** Symbol of Happiness.
9632	Sept.	**Sapphire,** Symbol of Constancy.
9642	Oct.	**Opal,** Symbol of Hope.
9652	Nov.	**Topaz,** Symbol of Friendship.
9662	Dec.	**Turquoise,** Symbol of Prosperity.

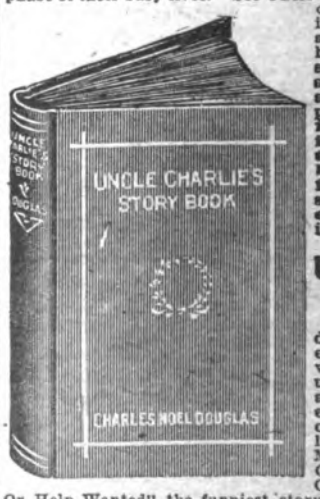
CLUB OFFER. For only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a Birthstone Pendant and Chain free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Be sure to mention number of stone wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE TOLD IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. **A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each**—one dollar in all.



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Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and **beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped.** Free for **three subs at 50c.** each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only **two subs at 50c.** each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid **poems** and **song book** will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities

Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive, and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.



AGENTS WANTED

Agents: Sell full line of guaranteed hosiery bought at old prices. Big profits. Sell for less than in stores. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mosiery Co., 3219 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Inayde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1119, Cincinnati.

Agents 200% Profit. Wonderful little article. Something new; sells like wildfire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. Albert Mills, Mgr., 2126 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Sell what millions want. New, wonderful Liberty Portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique; Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue Free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Mo-Mo-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar, Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

The Prosperous agent is a Davis agent. Line up for the Big Rush—$40—$60 weekly. "Lucky 11" and our 27 other varieties cut store price ½-¾. Worth 100% to 200% for you. Davis Products Co., Dept. 568, Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford-Beal Co., Inc. Newark, N. Y., Dept. D.

Agents: Sell our accident and sickness policies in your spare time. Pay $5,000 death, $25 weekly benefit. Premium $10 yearly. Permanent income from renewals. Easy seller. Liberal commissions. Insurance Co., Dept. F-12, Newark, N. J.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $260.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Box 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders a day easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, Glen Ridge, N. J.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, and Portraits, War Books. Prompt shipment; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk T 4, Chicago, Illinois.

Agents—Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

AGENTS WANTED

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $613.90 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful cost free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. J-129, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Orders in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Large book of samples free to agents. Write today for particulars. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. P P, 425 Broadway, New York.

$10.00 Daily Easily earned distributing well known line of flavoring extracts, foods, summer drinks, soaps, toilet and beauty preparations. Write for Wonder Outfit containing complete assortment. Crofts & Reed, 430 Clairmont Ave., Chicago.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

SALESMEN WANTED

Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. K167, Chicago, Ill.

Tobacco Factory wants salesmen; $125.00 monthly and expenses for the right man. Experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., K-19, Danville, Va.

HONEY

For Sale. New Clover Honey, crop of 1920. Guaranteed quality. Carefully packed and promptly shipped. Sample 15 cents. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

FARMS FOR SALE

120 Acres $2800 With Horses, 9 Cattle, Crops, Tools. Big money-maker, all ready for business, splendid home with horses, cows, poultry, machinery, 30 cords wood, fodder, part growing crops, lot household furniture; machine-worked fields, spring-watered pasture, 500 cords wood, market nearby; 75,000 ft. timber, apples, pears, cherries, big sugar orchard, 6-room house, big barn, running water; everything $2800, easy terms. Details page 12 Strout's Big Illustrated Catalog Farm Bargains, 33 States. Copy free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 B G Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from party having farm for sale, give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

STAMPING NAMES

Stamp Names on key checks. Make $12 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

HELP—MALE AND FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

POULTRY

Baby Chicks. Hatched and delivered right. 23 varieties. Catalog free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box 304, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

Make Money Fast. Small capital buys professional machine and complete outfit. Easy payments. No experience required. Openings everywhere. Catalog free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 529, 228 Union, Memphis, Tenn.

MISCELLANEOUS

Best pre-school educational system in world, $5 cash and 3c a day. At home. Send 10c for literature. 219 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Amateur Writers—Help sale of your manuscripts. Let me typewrite and correct them. Charges 4c per hundred words. Carbon copies 2c. Miss Nannie Warren, Baldwyn, Miss.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

CALIFORNIA FARM LANDS

A Small Farm in California will make you more money with less work. Raise the crops you know about. You may prefer alfalfa and grain crops, or small place in fruit near some nice town. Ideal for dairying, pigs and chickens. Good markets. No cold weather. You live longer and get more enjoyment out of life. Delightful climate. Rich fertile soil. Moderate prices. Easy terms. Irrigation is crop insurance which makes sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Newcomers welcome. Wonderful roads, schools, churches. Write for our California Illustrated Folder, free. C. L. Seagraves, Supervisor of Agriculture, Santa Fe Ry., 963 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

ROOTS, HERBS, ETC.

Cash Paid For Medicinal Roots, Barks, Herbs, etc. Easily gathered. Write for circular. Grund Co., Logan Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 841 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-I, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patents—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years experience). Talbert & Talbert, 1206 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, $158.33, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, $140—$200. Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 338 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 53, St. Louis, Mo.

Men—Boys, Become Motor Experts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. A 810, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made $30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 25c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 3138 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Hundreds women over 17 wanted. Government positions. Vacancy list free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 9, Rochester, N. Y.

Women—Girls—Be Dress—Gown Designers. $150 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 851, Rochester, N. Y.

HELP WANTED

Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks. $133-$196 month. Vacancy list free. Franklin Institute, Dept. A 12, Rochester, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2123 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For 10c we will develop and furnish prints from one 6 or 8 exposure film, or enlargement 5 x 7 your favorite negative 10c to show quality and service. Associated Photo Company, Sta. A. 15, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Offer—Your next Kodak Film Developed 10c and first six prints 3c each. Best workmanship. 24 hour service. Enclose money with order. Write for price list "G". Johnston & Tunick, 53 Nassau Street, New York.

Kodak Films developed, any size 5c each. Prints, any size, 3c each. This is not a special trial offer, but our regular price. Superior service. Locke & Co., 279 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati.

Kodak Prints; 2 for 5c, postcards 5c, developing 5c. "Quality and service." Altine Photo Co., Dept. A, 1923 Kinney, Cincinnati, O.

Roll Films, Developed, 5c; Packs developed, 10c; Prints, Vestpocket, 2c; 2½ x 3½, 3c; 2½ x 4¼, 3½c. Gumser's Art Store, Holland, Mich.

Kodakers—Your money back if we fail to convince you that our enlarging and finishing of films excel what you are now getting. You can't lose. It's worth a trial. Your next film and 25c, and we will surprise you. Better do it now. Moreau's Photo Finishing Service, (Established 25 years) 622 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send 6 negatives any size and 20c for 6 prints. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 128 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

MICH. FARM LANDS FOR SALE

Landseekers! Big opportunity in Michigan. Hardwood land $15 to $35 per acre. 10 to 160 A. Small down payments, easy terms on balance. Big money in grains, stock, poultry or fruit. Big illustrated booklet free on request. Swigart Land Co., C1246 First National Bank Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

3 Wheel Chairs in July

563 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three July wheel chairs go to Mrs. Nancy Thurman, R. 3, Everton, Ark., 137; Mrs. Suda Cotnam, King, Ark., 85; Maude Odell Smith, Vernon, Ala., 77. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Mrs. Nancy Thurman, age 52, was crippled by a fall which caused internal injuries, as a result of which she has been bedridden the past three years. She has no one to wait on her except her husband, who is old and feeble, and her two sons who support the family. The wheel chair will be a blessing to her.

Mrs. Suda Cotnam, age 45 is a widow with four small children. Her left leg is drawn up to a sitting posture, as the result of an abcess, so that she has not been able to walk a step in the past eight years. Nevertheless this wonderfully energetic woman, crippled as she is, manages to support herself and family by keeping boarders. With the help of her children she does the work, getting about in her Comfort wheel chair which she obtained through COMFORT five years ago last May. It has done her good service, but, as she writes, she needs another now and again she gets it through COMFORT.

Maude Odell Smith, age 11, crippled the past six years, as the result of meningitis, so that she cannot walk without assistance. Her Comfort wheel chair will be a source of joy to her and a help to her mother in caring for her.

Doesn't it give you a little thrill of happiness, my good friends, to know that you have helped these unfortunate shut-ins to obtain their much needed wheel chairs?

Remember that there are other cripples on our waiting list who are just as needy of your help to procure wheel chairs. Do what you can for them. Every little helps. Try to get your name in our Roll of Honor next month.

Sincerely yours,

W. M. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-In and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Proud of His Comfort Wheel Chair

Fort Skunky, Texas.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I want to thank you and the many friends who helped in getting the wheel chair for my boy Virgil, and especially Mrs. Alice Pinson who started the good deed. It is certainly a pleasure to the shut-in as well as to those who wait on the cripple. We are all proud of his chair. I will send you his picture later. Wishing you continued success, I remain, (Mrs.) Ida Hudgins.

Thinks Her Comfort Wheel Chair Just Grand

Shawnee, Okla.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

Gladys received her wheel chair in good condition and it certainly is nice. She thinks it is just grand. I wish to thank you and the many kind friends who helped in getting her chair. Gladys will surely enjoy it, and it is such a help to me in caring for her. Thanking you again, I am, Sincerely yours, (Mrs.) M. M. Junk.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Dessie Smith, Okla., for Maude Odell Smith, 55 subs; Mrs. Alexander P. Smith, Tenn., for Mrs. Nancy Thurman, 28 subs. and $14.50; Mrs. Lucy Elton, Ark., for Mrs. Nancy Thurman, 27 subs; Miss Bertha Fowler, Ga., for Miss Paradee Smith, 24 subs; Mrs. Pattie Sue Oliver, Va., for Willie Ellis Oliver, 24 subs; Mrs. Frances Smith, Ala., for Maude Odell Smith, 22 subs; Mrs. B. G. Reid, Texas, for Rolly Sherry, 21 subs; Mrs. Fannie Mitchell, Ky., for own, 18 subs. and $1.00; Miss Alma Bell, Ariz., for Mrs. Elizabeth Bell, 12 subs; Arthur Mahaffey, N. C., for own, 8 subs; Mrs. Walter C. Jeffries, Miss., for Mrs. Sarah Prisock, 5 subs; Mrs. Curtis Major, Calif., for Necoline Amalia Henricksen, 5 subs; Miss Lavina E. Degges, Va., for general, $5.00 cash; Mrs. W. L. Baker, Kans., for general, $4.00 cash; Mrs. C. L. Hahn, Pa., for general, $1.00 and 1 sub.

Sixteen Things at Twenty-One

By Carl Schurz Lowden

There are many things every man wishes he had known before he reached twenty-one. The early years lay the foundation for those that come after; each act, habit, and alignment makes or mars.

While I was in my teen-age I would acquire the habit of doing one or more kindnesses between sunrise and sunset.

I would devote fifteen or twenty minutes a day to physical exercise to maintain health and a clear brain.

I would try to realize that my well-being after thirty depends largely on what I put into my stomach during the preceding two decades.

I would read magazines and books that make me think and which develop my intellect.

I would learn how to take care of money and how to save it and thus be ready to seize opportunity at all times.

I would cultivate acquaintance with a few old persons whose wisdom and common sense may be helpful.

I would not underestimate the importance of good clothes, for neat attire is a commercial asset.

I would appreciate the circumstance that by the sweat of my brow I must earn my subsistence.

Somehow I would get the knowledge that it is difficult for a man, twenty-one or older, to change his habits.

I would attain the viewpoint that quality is more needful than quantity and that things worthwhile require time, patience, and sustained effort.

I would realize to the full the happiness of the Golden Rule and the joy of serving a fellow man.

Like Abraham Lincoln, I would place the highest value on absolute truthfulness.

I would know that honesty is the best policy in dealing with myself, my neighbor, and God.

I would believe that wild oats, once sown, may ruin my career just as a multitude of thistles spoil a pasture otherwise good.

I would align myself with the forces of right and oppose those of evil, ever eschewing liquor, tobacco, infidelity, and immorality.

I would perceive that a thorough education brings the best of everything in life, enjoyable work, better food, wise pleasures, fine friendships, and self-respect.

Only Twenty Years Ago

Nobody swatted the fly.
Nobody wore a wrist watch.
Nobody wore white shoes.
Most young men had "livery bills."
Farmers came to town for their mail.
The heavens were not full of manbirds.
Nor the seas alive with underwater boats.
The hired girl drew one-fifty a week and was happy.
The butcher "threw in" a chunk of liver.
The merchant "threw in" a pair of suspenders with every suit.
Nobody "listened in" on the telephone.
There were no sane Fourths nor electric meters.
Straw stacks were burned instead of baled.
Publishing a country newspaper was not a business—it was a dueling game.
There were no Bolshevists or international anarchists.
The safety razor had not introduced the clean-shaven face.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Poor but Honest

The other day a well-known congressman was exhibiting to his friends a letter that he considers a prize piece. It was from a constituent who had just received a package of free seeds. The congressman had sent them out in a franked envelope on which was stamped the usual words: *Penalty for Private Use—$300.* The note read:

"DEAR SIR:

"I don't know what to do about those garden seeds you sent me. I notice it is three hundred dollars fine for private use. I don't want to use them for the public; I want to plant them in my own private garden.

"I will be greatly obliged if you will kindly fix matters so I can use them privately. Yours respectfully,

"JAMES ROBINSON."

—*McCall's Magazine.*

They Always Find It

Dentist—"Your teeth are in a very bad condition."



Patient—"Ah, I see. You have been looking for trouble and have found it."

Man's Fleeting Affection

"As we bid you welcome, May,
As we doff our lid to you,
We have only this to say:
'Treat us kindly, kid, now do'."
Springfield Union.

"Although I treat you kindly, kid,"
Said May, "I know that very soon
You will forget and lift your lid
To my lovely rival, June."
Portland Express.

Skins Them All

"No, Marjorie, there is a difference between a taxidermist and a taxi-cabbist. A taxidermist skins animals, and a taxicabbist isn't so particular—he'll skin anybody."—*Boston Post.*

Those Wartime Recipes

"I wish you wouldn't try to bake,
Dear wife," said Mr. Bevel;
"You claim that this is angel cake,
But it tastes like the devil."
—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

"Your pie," he kidded her, "could pass
As Social Science stuff—
The upper crust has lots of class,
But the lower sure is tough!"
—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

"Your bread!" he said "of bran and meal,
Is soggy and like lead.
I never eat it but I feel
War's just like what Sherman said."
—*Portland Express.*

High Toned

"He married a high toned girl."
"One with social position?"
"No, one with a squeaky voice."

Telling the Plain Truth

There was wind, there was rain, there was thunder and lightning and the dust fairly blinded. In fact, it was a——of a storm.—*Norborne, Mo., Leader.*

Must Love His Stomach!

The rhubarb pie we've been having this week makes us realize there's still something left to live for.—*Springfield Union.*

Against That Day

Mere money is a parasol
Against the sun's hot ray;
A war stamp is an umberell,
Against a rainy day.
—*New York Sun.*

Mere money is a swagger stick
With which to cut a dash;
A bond's a cane to lean upon,
'Twill later bring in cash.
—*Portland Express.*

Reconciled

Farmer A—"How much did you get for yer 'taters?"

Farmer B—"Well, I didn't get as much as I expected; and I didn't cal'late I would."—*Brooklyn Life.*

Interesting if Not Profitable

"A successful man must study the faults of others."

"Well, I don't know that it will make a man successful, but it ought to be a delightful study."—*Kansas City Journal.*

You Can't Blame Him

"Jenkins won't let his wife wear a short skirt."



"Why?"

"Doesn't want to expose the family skeleton."

No Friendship There

Mistress—"When I engaged you, Mary, you said you had no male friends. Now, almost every time I come into the kitchen I find a man there."

Mary—"Lor' sakes, he ain't no friend of mine!"

Mistress—"Then who is he?"

Mary—"My husband."—*Stray Stories.*

Not Literally True

"So you ate all the ginger cake, Willie. I didn't think that was in you!"

"Well, it ain't. Some of it's in Bobbie."



$1.00 Down

Famous Bluebird Design 110 Piece Dinner Set

Amazing value. This offer breaks all bargain records. In each piece the highest type of color harmony and exquisite design has been attained. The entire set is popular colonial shape, decorated with that emblem of happiness, the Bluebird whose varied hues blend wonderfully with the perfect natural colorings of the flowers in pink, green and lavender. Has lovely blue bordering on each piece. **Each piece is fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to check or craze.** Then, too, that splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay even before it is fired. This permeates and gives to the piece the indestructible glaze of snowflake white. This wonderful dinner set can be yours for only $1.00 down and $3.00 monthly. Price in all, $32.95. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

A Complete Service

110 Pieces This splendid set consists of 12 dinner plates, 9 inches; 12 breakfast plates, 7½ inches; 12 coupe soups 7½ inches; 12 fruit saucers, 5½ inches; 12 cups, 12 saucers, 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 inches; 12 bread and butter plates, 6 inches; 1 platter, 11½ inches; 1 platter, 12¾ inches; 1 covered vegetable dish (2 pieces); 1 oval open vegetable dish, 9½ inches; 1 round vegetable dish 8½ inches; 1 gravy boat; 1 gravy boat stand; 1 bowl, 1 pint, 1 sugar bowl and cover (2 pieces); 1 cream pitcher; 1 pickle dish; 1 butter dish, 7½ inches. This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight shipped, about 100 pounds.

Order by No. G6138A. Send $1.00 with order, $3.00 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, $32.95. No C. O. D. No discount for cash.

Send the Coupon

STRAUS & SCHRAM, Dept. C304, W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 110-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set. I am to have 30 days free trial. If I keep the set I will pay $3.00 monthly. If not satisfied I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any express charges I paid.

☐ **110-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set, No. G6138A, $32.95.**

Name.....

Street, R. F. D. or Box No......

Shipping Point.....

Post Office.....

IF YOU WANT ONLY THE CATALOG, PUT X IN THE PROPER BOX BELOW:

☐ Furniture, Rugs, Stoves, Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing

along with $1.00 to us now. Have this 110-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set shipped on 30 days' trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon today. **Right now.**

Easy Payments

Open an account with us. We trust honest people anywhere in the United States. Send for this wonderful bargain shown above or choose from our big catalog. One price to all, cash or credit. **No discount for cash.** Not one penny extra for credit. Do not ask for a special cash price. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices. **No C. O. D.**

30 Days' Trial

Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within thirty days and get your money back—also any freight you paid. Could any offer be fairer?

Free Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, stoves, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel. Send the coupon today —NOW!

STRAUS & SCHRAM, DEPT. C304 W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.

VOL. XXXII
NO. 11

HOME OUTFITTING NUMBER

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

SEPTEMBER
1920

Lower Prices and Better Goods

are welcome market features that revive the Old-Time Pleasure in this Season's fall Shopping at the Stores or by Mail-Order.

3100 3137 3216 3249 3243 3093 3120 3018 3011 3004 3042 3103 2990 3026 3083 3051 3035 3084 3021 3063 3257 3044 3166 3082 3008 3045 3067 3062 3056

See Descriptions on Page 25.

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The Sharp Drop in Prices of Clothing, Dress-Goods and Shoes Comes Opportunely for Fall Shopping

AS great a contrariety of opinion as there was regarding the identity of the person "who killed cock robin" appears to exist as to the cause or causes that brought about the decline in the prices of clothing, dress-goods and shoes that has been in progress all summer. Interesting as is the discussion of the causes the happy result that men's and women's clothing can be had at much reduced prices this fall is still more interesting to the public as well as most heartily welcome.

It was predicted and confidently expected that shortly following the armistice prices would start on a downward course and pursue it steadily, even though gradually, until pre-war levels should be reached or approximated in due time. On the contrary war prices not only long outlasted the war but with no apparent reason therefor continued to rise apace even until late last spring. In the absence of a rational explanation of such an anomaly popular judgment denounced profiteering as *the* cause. And this judgment has been in a measure supported by the disclosures brought to light by Government investigations and prosecutions of certain proven profiteers, which show that profiteering, if not the sole cause, has been a factor in the raising of prices during, and especially since, the war.

But certain well-informed authorities, including the experts of the U. S. Treasury Department, warned that the people, and particularly those whose war-time earnings had risen by leaps and bounds, were much to blame in that their indulgence in previously unaccustomed extravagance tended to raise prices and offered the opportunity for and encouraged profiteering. This preachment after a while got under their skins to the extent that last spring and early summer the people rose *en masse* determined to put a stop to profiteering in clothes at least, and their purpose found expression through the "old clothes movement" and the formation of "overalls clubs. "Like a pendulum public opinion and action swung from one extreme to the other for the time being. Undoubtedly this threatening attitude of the public, in connection with other causes, had an influence in bringing about the present reduction in prices of clothing and shoes to figures that are low compared with those of last spring and in some cases below the cost of manufacture.

And this gives rise to another difference of opinion. Some express the belief that the downward grade will continue until prices approximate pre-war levels, while others assert that present stocks are selling at a sacrifice because dealers are overloaded and under necessity of turning goods into cash to pay their bills, and that when exhausted the new goods that will take their places on the shelves will have to sell at higher prices to yield a living profit and cover cost of production and transportation at present scales of wages and higher freight rates soon to go into effect; also that, because of so many factories being closed or operating on short hours or with a reduced number of hands there will be a shortage of goods which naturally will tend to higher prices.

We do not pretend to judge the situation or to predict otherwise than to point out that clothing and shoes are necessaries that must be had, must be replenished in the near future at all events, and to suggest that it seems to be the part of thrift and prudence to do your fall and winter shopping early while you can buy at the present cut prices rather than take the chance of higher prices later in the season or even having to go without because of a possible shortage. And this applies to other lines than clothing and shoes, for there is a present shortage in nearly every line of manufactured product. There is a shortage of coal for manufacturing purposes, and transportation facilities are inadequate and uncertain. So if there is anything that you will need this fall or coming winter it appears to be advisable to buy or order now.

Railroad Workers Get Six Hundred Million Dollars Raise of Wages

EVERYBODY in this country has a personal interest in the wage increase amounting to six hundred and twenty-five million dollars a year granted the trainmen and other workers in the employ of the railroads by the award of the Railroad Labor Board in July, because this sum will have to come out of the pockets of the people and no one can possibly escape contributing his or her share of this large annual tax. In what we say we do not imply any criticism of the Railroad Labor Board's action. We simply state the facts and figures for the information of the people, who have to pay the bills, that they may judge whether or not the complaints and criticisms so freely made by the railroad employees because the full amount of their demands was not allowed are justifiable.

Last March, shortly following the return of the railroads by the Government to the corporations that owned them, the one million eight hundred and fifty thousand railroad employees demanded additional wage increases averaging five hundred and ninety dollars more pay per man and totaling eleven hundred million dollars yearly wage increase. The railroad managers declined the responsibility of considering so large a demand on the ground that any considerable raise of railroad wages would necessitate a corresponding raise of freight rates, and therefore passed the matter up to the Railroad Labor Board created by a recent act of Congress for the purpose of deciding such disputes by arbitration instead of by strikes. The members of the Board, nine in number, were appointed by President Wilson, and after an extended hearing of all parties interested awarded the increase above stated, which is about forty per cent. under the amount claimed.

Because they were not allowed the full amount of the increase demanded the railroad workers bitterly denounced the Board's decision and for a time there were mutterings of a strike, but saner counsels prevailed and after a while all the railroad labor unions, except one which is still undecided, concluded not to strike at this time but to accept the award under protest and to present and push fresh demands for a further raise of wages.

In announcing its award the Railroad Labor Board pointed out that the rights of the public had to be considered as well as the interests of the railroad workers and that the Board had sought to do justice to both. In this connection it should be remembered that the railroad men's wages have been advanced several times in recent years and that under Government control during the war they were very largely increased. Although the freight and passenger rates are already so high as to be burdensome, having been raised under Government management during the war, the railroads as a whole are not earning their operating expenses and have been running behind for the past two years at least. The Government operated the railroads a little over two years at a heavy loss, and according to the report of the U. S. Director General of Railroads the Government has been called upon to provide one billion eight hundred and seventy million dollars to cover the deficit and meet the expenses and obligations incurred by the U. S. Railroad administration, and this in spite of the higher transportation rates.

The U. S. Treasury is, at the present writing, still holding the railroads up, but this financial support ends with the last day of August, 1920, and after that they must sink or swim, survive or perish, as best they can on their own resources. For this reason it has been understood that freight rates would have to be raised before that date to enable the railroads to live and do business without Government aid, and the railroad managers had requested the Interstate Commerce Commission to authorize a raise of transportation rates sufficient to produce necessary revenue to make the railroads self-supporting, including the recent raise of railroad men's wages.

The Interstate Commerce Commission has authorized an increase of transportation rates to the amount of one billion five hundred million dollars a year, six hundred and twenty-five million of this being necessary to cover the recently awarded increase of railroad men's wages. To meet this bill the increases of rates are apportioned as follows: freight rates are increased 40 per cent. in New England, 25 per cent. in the South, 35 per cent. in the West; passenger fares are raised 20 per cent.; Pullman car rates are raised 50 per cent., and milk rates are advanced 20 per cent. These new rates will go into effect not later than September first.

This increase of railroad transportation rates is a tax on the people of this country, which, if equally distributed, amounts to about fifteen dollars a head per year on every man, woman and child, or seventy-five dollars a year on a family of five persons. The biggest part of the income of the railroads is derived from transporting freight, and you can't escape paying your share of the increased freight rates even if you never see a railroad. Practically everything in the market has paid at least one or more freight charges, which, of course, form a part of the cost and are added to the price of the article, if the market will stand it. In other words the consumer pays the freight unless market conditions are such that the producer has to pay it. The middle man never has to stand the freight. First or last he makes the producer or consumer pay it.

Government management exerted a demoralizing influence on the railroads, resulting in increased cost of operation and reduced efficiency, so that the country is suffering from lack of adequate transportation service. Now that the blighting effect of party politics has been lifted from their management by the return of the railroads to private ownership and control it is to be hoped that all the superfluous and inefficient employees will be weeded out. It is charged that under Government management it took ten men to do six men's work. One large railroad has eliminated twelve thousand unnecessary men from its pay-roll since the Government retired from the management. In return for the high transportation rates the people will demand better service and increased efficiency and economy in operating, which would to some extent offset the added expense of the increase of railroad men's wages.

The executive heads of the railroads have formed an association for the purpose of cooperation in devising and promoting more efficient and economical methods of operating, important among which are their plans to relieve the shortage of freight cars and locomotives by moving freight cars at least 30 miles a day instead of the Government's average of only 23.1 in 1919, and to speed up repairs on disabled locomotives and freight cars so to reduce the numbers that are out of commission. The railroad problem is one of the biggest and most pressing that we have to solve, for it involves the health, happiness and prosperity of the entire country and is a large factor in the cost of living.

There are two reasons why the railroads or any other business can not be conducted by the Government so efficiently or economically as by private enterprise: first, because of the taint of politics that pervades the public service and encumbers it with incompetent officials, and, second, because with the U. S. Treasury to draw on to cover losses there is lacking that spur to thrifty and progressive management without which a business dependent on its own resources would fail and soon cease to exist.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

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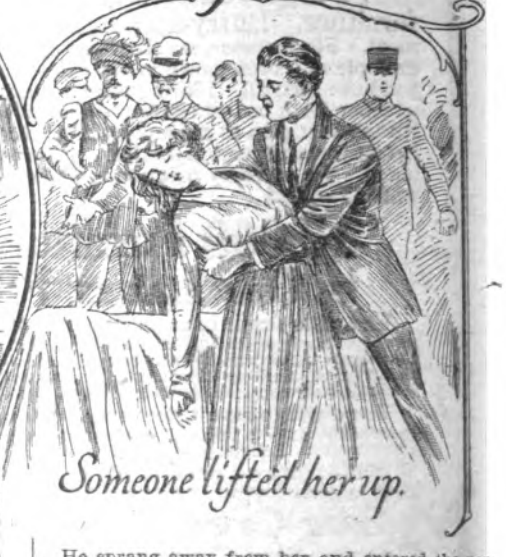
by Wenona Gilman



"Para-Para! Come here quick! Did you ever see anything like that in all your life?"



Quicker than thought, she was upon him, her long claws buried in his flesh.



Someone lifted her up.

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PROLOGUE.

THE CYCLONE'S MEMENTO.

A CURIOUS throng had gathered upon the straggling outskirts of a little prairie village. In the section to the right of the highway stood tents, their sides fluttering in the breeze. Occasionally could be heard the roar of a lion, or the trumpeting of an elephant, mingled with the hoarse shouts and calls of the men connected with the circus.

It was not time for the afternoon performance by an hour, and yet sombrero-crowned men, passing a whiskey-bottle from one to another, and men of more fashionable attire, women in calico gowns and sunbonnets, and women with hats of the latest style and gowns of the most fashionable cut, stood side by side, waiting for the ticket-wagon to open its doors.

A few of the side-shows were already open to receive the never-to-be-neglected ten cents, and in a wagon to the left, around which a dense throng had gathered, a man was selling patent medicines, warranted to do everything under the sun, and assisting him was a boy, apparently about thirteen years of age, a handsome little fellow, with great dark eyes, almost too large for beauty, and a tanned face, with straight, Grecian nose, well curved at the nostrils, and a beautiful mouth and chin. He was quick, dexterous, and clever, and the man at the end of the wagon looked at him occasionally with an expression of love and admiration in his clear gray eyes.

Beneath the wagon was a queer-looking animal, which the men of the crowd in front were not long in recognizing as an ordinary Western coyote, but they considered him ordinary no longer when they observed the series of tricks through which he was put, and the grim manner in which he performed them.

If his master was an artist, then so, also, was the wolf, addressed as Nemo by the man and boy in the wagon.

The wagon was always opened as soon as the first guests of the circus began to arrive, but on this occasion, while the performance taking place there was even more entertaining than usual, the attention of the crowd seemed to wander.

An occasional anxious eye was cast upward, just as had been those of the men tightening the ropes of the tents.

A man with a long, scrawny neck and straggling gray hair, with a worn, sun-browned hat pushed back from his wrinkled face, muttered audibly, while his eyes were cast anxiously upward:

"I'm danged ef it don't look like a cyclone t' me. There's the funnel, jist like that'n that riddled the town in '74. 'Peers to me it's a-comin' mighty fast, too."

He was speaking to himself, but those about him heard and followed his weather-eye anxiously. It was not time for the ticket-wagon to open, but the ticket-seller hurried into it, and began to shout hoarsely to the crowd to "walk right this way and purchase tickets for the greatest show on earth."

A few people, bent upon remaining, went forward, purchased their seats, and disappeared within the tent, but more remained outside, gazing half-fearfully upward and awaiting developments.

The huge, black belt across the sky was deepening and widening.

The thunder was rolling louder and longer, while the roars of the lions and the trumpeting of the elephants were growing deafening.

Even the coyote under the patent-medicine wagon growled and licked the sides of his mouth with his long, slender tongue.

Para, the patent-medicine vender, who was also an animal tamer when the "show" had begun, stepped close to the boy and whispered:

"As sure as you live there is a cyclone coming, and it is making directly for us!"

Scarcely had the words been uttered than a heavy roll of thunder was followed by a terrific downpour of tremendous hailstones, swept by a fierce wind, which sent them against the terrified people with a force that almost knocked them from their feet.

The people disappeared as if by magic, and had barely done so when the tents were ripped like strips of ribbons from their fastenings, secure as they had been made.

Animal cages were overturned, while the frightened brutes crouched closely to the ground, trumpeting and bellowing, yet too badly frightened to make an effort to escape.

Great holes were torn in the ground, and such trees as there were within range of the tornado's path were ripped up by the roots and tossed aside as if of too little moment to be worth further consideration.

Para, the man in the wagon, had leaped out, and, seizing the boy by the waist, had lifted him up as he might have done an infant, springing to the side of the road and throwing himself on top of the boy into a trench which the villagers had been digging for draining purposes.

Within fifteen minutes the wind had ceased, and the sun was shining down weakly upon the wreckage that had been wrought, as if half-ashamed of the terrific calamity that had befallen the village while his face had been concealed.

Para arose and shook himself, lifting the boy from the ground.

"Are you hurt?" he inquired anxiously.

"No," the boy answered. "Where is Nemo?"

Para glanced around him.

The tents had mostly disappeared. Some small portions of them were scattered about like spots of trampled snow upon the prairie.

The animal-cages were mostly all flat, with the exception of half-a-dozen that had stood just outside the path of the storm.

Para's wagon had been blown at least a hundred yards from where it had been when he left it, but, singularly enough, had not been overturned, and as he looked he uttered a long exclamation.

"See, Rudolph!" he cried, in a low tone. "The wagon is safe, and there under it is Nemo, licking his chops as if nothing under heaven could disturb his equanimity."

Even before the speech had been finished, Rudolph, the boy, had broken from Para's restraining hand, and had leaped forward with long, athletic strides to where the wagon stood.

As he reached it he paused suddenly, gazing downward in stupid astonishment; then he cried loudly:

"Para—Para! Come here, quick! Did you ever see anything like that in all your life?"

With a quick bound, Para reached his side; then he, too, stopped in amazed bewilderment and gazed downward.

The wolf growled, but settled down as Para spoke to him, crouching at his master's feet.

And what the three gazed upon was as strange a sight as ever mortal eyes could meet under wild and sad circumstances like those. It was a little golden-haired baby girl, lying upon a pillow white as newly-fallen snow, soundly sleeping!

She had been blown directly under the wagon, and the wolf had remained on guard as sentinel.

After that moment of dense, breathless silence, Para raised her, still upon the pillow, and placed her in the wagon gently.

She did not stir. Her baby cheeks were still flushed with sleep, her fluffy, golden curls slightly tossed by the wind.

"How frightened her poor mother will be!" exclaimed Para gently. "She is a lady's child, poor little angel, and so pretty that even the storm had not the heart to injure her. I wonder if it would have been kinder not to have spared you, little one? Life is a hard thing for even the strongest of us."

He sighed slightly, then turned his attention to his late companions.

They were in a sad enough plight to require all the assistance that could be given them, for those that still lived were nearly all more or less injured, some with broken limbs, others bruised and bleeding, while half the animals they possessed were killed.

The other half required immediate attention to prevent another outbreak almost as bad as the hurricane had been; and, recognizing it at once, the men turned their attention to them, and worked determinedly, knowing they would have ample time to consider their own deplorable condition when all the danger had passed.

But as Para and Rudolph worked side by side, a long, dismal wail reached them, and, dropping their work simultaneously, they sprang to the side of their wagon.

The storm's gift was sitting up, both her small hands rubbed into her pretty eyes, while the dainty lips were puckered into a wailing cry.

As she saw them, however, she stopped crying instantly, and smiled, bringing all the little childish dimples about her mouth into play, and calling out in sweet, baby prattle:

"Dahfy is hung'y. Dahfy want mi'k. Dahfy is tired of de choo-choo car."

Man and boy looked at each other in amazement.

"What does she mean by that?" gasped Rudolph.

"I'm afraid it means that we are in for it!" explained Para ruefully; "for a time, anyway. She says she is hungry, and that she is tired of the train, which evidently means that the little lady has been traveling. Now, where is her mother? And what are we to give her to eat? What does a baby like that eat?"

"Mi'k!" announced the child triumphantly.

"Which is baby for milk," translated Para. "But where are we to get any?"

"In the car," cried Rudolph.

Para glanced at him, and then turned sorrowfully, reproachfully toward the railroad track. The car was splintered. There was a moment of silence, then Rudolph exclaimed:

"*Everything* can't be destroyed. Give me some money. I'll scamper up to the village and see what I can get. All right, Dahfy. I'll get you something to stuff that little empty stomach with in a jiffy."

He took the quarter which Para had produced from his pocket, and was off like a flash.

Para turned to the wolf as if he had been a human being.

"Nemo," he said quietly, "take care of that baby. If you hurt her, you are a dead animal. Baby, play with the—er—doggie until Rudolph comes with your milk. Do not cry now, and you will get it if it is to be had."

Then Para returned to his work among his comrades.

The Santa Fe limited had been blown from the track. Many were killed and many more injured, and as no one came to claim the baby that had been deposited in Para's wagon, they arrived at the conclusion that her parents had been killed, and that no one knew of her existence. They spread the report of her escape far and wide, but no one came to claim her, and the poor little fragments of the circus were ready to move on.

"What shall we do with her?" Para demanded helplessly, while the child sat contentedly, with her small hands buried deeply in the shaggy hair of the wolf's back, occasionally laughing gleefully.

"Let us keep her!" pleaded Rudolph. "There is no one in town able to do so at present. I know we are not, but I am big and strong, and will work for her and take care of her. You shall never be bothered with her. I promise you that. Please, dear Para, give her to me! What right have we to throw away the gift of the storm?"

Para smiled grimly.

"I think we are likely to remember the cyclone for many years to come without this memento, but I don't see what else we can do, unless we knock her in the head, as they do the poor little calves for veal. Oh, yes, you may have her, Rudolph; only I'm sadly afraid I'm hanging a millstone around your neck that will drag you to destruction some day. She's unfortunately possessed of a dower that has ruined many a man's soul—beauty. Keep your memento, my boy, but don't set your heart too closely upon her. Remember there are others, of whom we know nothing now, who may claim her some day, and if that should happen she would be taken out of your life forever. Always remember that she comes of America's nobility—her garments have shown that, and the little embroidered name upon them—while you are only an attache of the circus—nobody in particular—nobody at all!"

CHAPTER I.

AFTER FIFTEEN YEARS.

Fifteen years had elapsed since the day the cyclone visited Buxton's circus with such disastrous results, and yet the circus was still in existence, and still employed many of the same men that had ridden bareback or jumped through rings fifteen years before. If their muscles had grown stiffer, the public was not aware of it; and there was that most necessary living to earn.

There was even the patent-medicine wagon, with the performing wolf underneath—a wolf that could do as many tricks as a man, though he absolutely declined to give an exhibition of his cleverness unless it was demanded by one of his masters.

He obeyed even a glance of Para's eye, though Para had never struck him in his life. He loved the man, and he loved Rudolph, who had been a boy when Nemo was a baby wolf, but both had grown up together, save that Nemo was an old wolf now and Rudolph a young man—a singularly handsome young man, too, with a sweetness of expression, a mildness and gentleness of disposition that earned for him the sneering contempt of some of his associates—forced associates in the life that had fallen to him by chance.

But it was to his mistress that Nemo was most devoted—Mistress Dorothy, the gift of the storm.

She had grown into young womanhood during those fifteen years, the sweetest, daintiest, most exquisite girl that one could imagine. Her hair had darkened from that corn-silk yellow that had characterized her as a baby, darkened to a rich, reddish chestnut that clustered about her brow in tender little curls as graceful as they had been in childhood. Her skin was clear and creamy, with a dainty rose-leaf color that came and went with every emotion; her eyes were large and gray, fringed with lashes as black as night, which swept her cheeks lovingly. Her form was as graceful and supple as that of a young gazelle, for she had led the same wild, care-free life, regardless of social customs, that the others had, thoughtless of fashion, living for herself and for those three who were dear to her—Para, the coyote, and Rudolph—Rudolph last, but best always—aye, a thousand times best!

She hated books, but loved music, and played divinely, while her voice was like one of the thrushes in the forest.

In the summer she insisted upon traveling with the circus, simply because Para and Rudolph did, and she would not listen to being separated from either of them, not even for the shortest possible time. But with traveling, there her connection with the circus ended, for she had never been permitted to enter the ring, although she could have won fame and fortune in it if she had ever tried.

The patent-medicine wagon was deserted, for already the ticket-wagon door was open, and men and women were hurrying inside. The band was playing, and the hurry and confusion always consequent upon a performance was in full swing.

Dorothy had entered one of the tents, in search of Rudolph, and found him, dressed in a costume of spangles, all black and white, his long, shapely legs encased in silk tights, his dark, half-curling hair ornamented with a small cap of black and white.

"How handsome you look, Rudolph!" she said, in a low tone. "I like the new suit tremendously. Has Para's come?"

"Yes," he answered, smiling his pleasure at her compliment, "I wish he had worn it before, though."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you afterward. There is my call. I'll come again in a moment, dear."

He sprang away from her and entered the performing-tent, just as another man emerged from a dressing-room. He, too, was dressed in tinsel, and carried a long whip in his hand.

He smiled at sight of Dorothy in her dainty, girlish beauty. It was not a good smile, but rather one that would have caused Rudolph to grind his teeth in rage.

"Good afternoon, Mistress Dorothy," he exclaimed, pausing beside her.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Hastings. Have the whole company new dresses for this occasion? Para has, and Rudolph, and now I see you have one. It is very pretty."

"Thank you! That repays me for the expense, I assure you."

She looked up at him in amazement. There was an expression that was new upon his face.

"Dorothy," he began excitedly, "I have loved you since the very first day that I joined this company and met you, and you have grown into my heart with each hour. Will you be my wife, darling?"

He slipped his arms around her, but she shrank back, her countenance expressing surprise, almost loathing.

"No," she answered disdainfully. "I shouldn't even think of such a thing."

"But I love you!" he urged.

"Oh, no; you are quite mistaken. Indeed you are. Why, I have only spoken to you as a mere matter of politeness. Please don't ever refer to the subject again, Mr. Hastings. It is most distasteful to me."

The haughtiness of the speech angered him. What right had she to speak like that—she, a mere nobody, a dependent upon the bounty of Para and Rudolph.

He caught her by the arm as she would have left him, and forcibly turned her face toward him.

"You don't know what you are saying!" he exclaimed indignantly. "I am one of the most famous riders of the day, and you have no right to look down upon my suit—no right to speak to me as you have done. You have refused me today, but before the end of a year you will come to me and consent most willingly to become my wife. Remember that. Philip Hastings has never broken his word!"

He slipped his arms quickly about her waist and kissed her full upon the lips.

And then she did that which cost her many days of deepest anguish, many nights of unutterable woe.

She raised her strong, athletic hand and struck him full across the mouth, a ring upon her finger striking against his lip and causing the blood to flow.

Philip Hastings' arm dropped from about her. They looked each other squarely in the eye, and, despite her rage, she trembled.

She knew that she had made a bitter, implacable enemy that would last throughout her life.

CHAPTER II.

AN ACCIDENT BEFALLS PARA.

What the immediate result of that blow might have been will never be known, for before the fierce anger had died from Philip Hastings' eyes, Para entered the tent.

He had turned his head to call back to one of his associates, and as his laughing voice rang out, Hastings slipped through the flap and left Dorothy alone with the only father she had ever known.

Her countenance cleared in an instant as she took Para by the shoulders and stood him off to look at him.

"Oh, my!" she exclaimed delightedly, "how magnificent you look! Oh, you extravagant and vain individual! What a princely sum that gorgeous costume must have cost! And don't you look just too lovely! The first thing you know, Para, one of these fine ladies who patronize us will be running away with you. Then what would become of Rudolph and me?"

He patted her cheek lovingly and kissed her between the eyes.

"The danger will not be of my leaving you, but of your leaving Rudolph and me," he answered more seriously than she had spoken. "Some day you will be getting married."

She laughed lightly.

"Not much chance. I never see any one but the circus men, and you have forbidden my having anything to do with them. Para, why did you ever join the circus, when you feel so strongly against it?"

His face changed instantly. A dreamy expression crossed it, and sadness filled the gentle eyes. He kissed her hair tenderly.

"Circumstances, little one," he answered vaguely. "Circumstances are responsible for so much in this life, dear. If anything should ever happen to me, I have tried to provide for you so that 'circumstances' will never drive you into anything. Rudolph knows. God bless you, dear little Dahfy. I wonder if a daughter was ever dearer to a father than you to me?"

He didn't wait for her reply, but slipped out of the tent, as if he were afraid of being mastered by his emotions.

The circus servants were putting securely in place a great cage that was fastened over one of the rings and extended far back over an entrance that led to another tent. They took unusual precautions, and while the band played the vast audience watched them with breathless in-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 26.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

MORE worthy of space than any mere words of mine is the following poem, sent in by a Southern sister, and written by Lillian Leveridge, a Canadian girl, as a memorial to her only brother, Frank Leveridge, who gave his life in the Great War. Several letters could have been used in the space devoted to this poem but I am sure no one will feel hurt because of this substitution. It is so beautiful in thought and expression that it will appeal to thousands of grief-stricken mothers and sisters whose laddies did not return.—Ed.

A Cry From the Canadian Hills

Laddie, little laddie, come with me over the hills,
Where blossom the white May lilies and the dogwood and daffodils,
For the spirit of spring is calling to our spirits that love to roam,
Over the hills of home, laddie, over the hills of home.

Laddie, little laddie, here's hazel and meadow rue,
And wreaths of the rare arbutus ablooming for me and you,
And cherry and bilberry blossoms, and hawthorn as white as foam,
We'll carry them all to mother, laddie, over the hills at home.

Laddie, little laddie, the winds have many a song,
And blithely and bold they whistle to us as we trip along,
But your own little song is sweeter, your own wit hits merry thrills,
So whistle a tune as you go, laddie, over the windy hills.

Laddie, little laddie, 'tis time that the cows were home,
Can you hear the klingle-klangle of their bells in the greenwood gloam?
Old Rover is waiting, eager to follow the trail with you,
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, little laddie, there's a flash of a bluebird's wing,
Oh, hush! If we wait and listen we may hear him caroling.
The vesper song of the thrushes and the plaint of the whippoorwills,
Sweet, how sweet is the music, laddie, over the twilit hills.

Brother, laddie, brother, your childhood is passing by,
And the dawn of a noble purpose I see in your thoughtful eye.
You have many a mile to travel and many a task to do,
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, whistle a tune as you go.

Laddie, soldier laddie, a call comes over the sea,
A call to the best and bravest in the land of Liberty,
To shatter the despot's power, to lift the weak that fall,
Whistle a tune as you go, laddie, to answer your country's call.

Brother, soldier brother, the spring has come back again,
But her voice from the windy hilltops is calling your name in vain,
For never shall we together 'mid the birds and blossoms roam,
Over the hills of home, brother, over the hills of home.

Laddie, laddie, laddie, somewhere in France you sleep,
Somewhere with alien lilies and alien winds that weep.
Bravely you marched to battle, nobly your life laid down,
You unto death was faithful, laddie, yours is the victor's crown.

Laddie, laddie, laddie, how dim has the sunshine grown,
And mother and I together speak softly in tender tone,
And the lips that quiver and falter have ever a single theme,
As we list for your dear lost whistle, laddie, over the hills o' dream.

Laddie, beloved laddie, how soon should we cease to weep,
Could we glance through the golden gateway, whose keys the angels keep?
Yet love, our love that is deathless, can follow you where you roam,
Over the hills of God, laddie, the beautiful hills of Home.

SOMEWHERE IN ILLINOIS.

HELLO EVERYBODY:

Don't you just love the summer and early fall days and isn't this old world glorious? There's plenty of sunshine to go round even if some do refuse their share, but I accept mine with a smile, but I must admit I'm a wee bit scared now as this is my first letter to the Sisters' Corner. I love COMFORT and all the sisters, and brothers, too, even Bachelor Bill.

I agree with Bobby of Wisconsin, stay single while in your teens. I intend to. If you were here with me this evening, Bobby, we'd sit in the hammock under

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 14.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

IT would have seemed much wiser on the part of our childhood friend, Little Jack Horner, to have picked out a raisin instead of a plum when he risked burned fingers just to show how brave he was. Fat, juicy raisins are infinitely more worth while risking burned fingers for than are plums and if some kind person had told Jack how nourishing and appetizing they were, he surely would have made a different choice. Following are some raisin recipes that have been sent in from time to time by the sisters.—Ed.

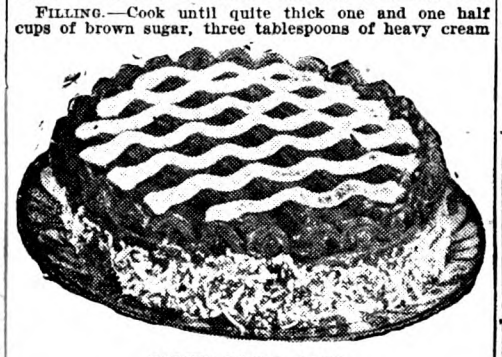
RAISIN PUDDING.—Put three ounces of beef suet through meat chopper a couple of times and then work it with wooden spoon until creamy. Put three quarters pound of raisins through food chopper twice and add to suet and blend well together. Have ready two and one half cups of bread-crumbs that have soaked half-an-hour in three quarters cup of milk. To the crumbs add two eggs, well beaten, one cup of sugar and a little salt, about half a teaspoonful. Add this to raisin mixture. Butter mould, and fill two thirds full of mixture and steam three hours. Serve with Foamy Sauce.

FOAMY SAUCE.—Beat the yolk of one egg until thick and of light color; add gradually two thirds cup of powdered sugar, beating all the while. Mix one quarter teaspoon powdered sugar with one and one half teaspoons of corn-starch and one quarter teaspoon salt and add gradually one half cup of scalded milk. Cook in double boiler until mixture thickens. To this add the yolk of egg and flavor with two teaspoons of lemon. When ready to serve add the stiffly-beaten white of egg.

RAISIN CHOCOLATE PIE.—Mix one tablespoon of flour to a smooth paste with one quarter cup of milk. Add one ounce of melted chocolate, one teaspoon of butter, four tablespoons chopped raisins, three tablespoons of sugar, one quarter teaspoon salt and three quarters cup of milk. Cook in double boiler until thick; then add two well-beaten eggs and one teaspoon of lemon. Pour into baked crust and set in hot oven until firm.

RAISIN LAYER CAKE.—One tablespoon of softened butter creamed with one cup of sugar. Add two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoon of cold water and one teaspoon of vanilla and beat all together with the egg beater. Sift together one and one half cup of sifted flour, one half teaspoon of soda and one teaspoon of cream of tartar, and add it alternately with one half cup of sweet milk. Beat hard and bake in shallow tins.

FILLING.—Cook until quite thick one and one half cups of brown sugar, three tablespoons of heavy cream



RAISIN LAYER CAKE.

or two of butter, one square of cooking chocolate, one third of a cup of sweet milk and two thirds cup of finely chopped raisins. Stir very frequently to prevent scorching. Add one tablespoon of vanilla, beat a few minutes and spread between cakes. This amount of filling is sufficient for a layer over the top, or a chocolate icing crossed with strips of plain white may be used. A garnish made by sprinkling the soft frosting with shredded cocoanut is attractive.

RAISIN CAKE.—Cream half a cup of butter and one cup of sugar together, beat in the yolks of two eggs, the grated rind and juice of one lemon and stir well together. Into this sift three cups of flour and three tablespoons of baking powder, then add the whites of two eggs, beaten stiff. To this add as many chopped raisins as the mixture will hold. Roll thin, adding more flour if necessary, place in buttered baking tin and bake in quick oven.

RAISIN PUFFS.—One quarter cup sugar, one half cup milk, one teaspoon of cream of tartar, one half teaspoon of soda, one egg, one cup of flour, one half cup chopped raisins, small piece of butter. Steam thirty minutes in cups. To be served with following sauce:

PUDDING SAUCE.—Two thirds cup sugar, and one tablespoon flour mixed well with sugar, then add one cup of boiling water, allowing it to boil till transparent. Remove and add a piece of butter half the size of an egg or less. Beat thoroughly to prevent it appearing on top. Flavor with vanilla.

RAISIN CAKE.—One cup sugar, one quarter cup butter, three eggs, one half cup molasses, one half teaspoon soda dissolved in one half cup sour cream, three cups flour, one cup chopped raisins, one half teaspoon cassia, one half teaspoon cloves, one teaspoon essence lemon.

RAISIN FILLING.—Two coffee cups sugar, two thirds cup milk, butter size of an egg; boil together until thick like caramel. Add one cup raisins stoned and chopped and beat until cold. Chopped walnuts may be used with vanilla flavoring.—M. E. H., Everett, Mass.

APPLES STUFFED WITH RAISINS.—Wash, core and remove most of pulp from ten large apples. Through a food chopper put two cups of raw apples, one and one half cups of seeded raisins and add one tablespoon of lemon juice. Fill the apple shells with this mixture and place on buttered baking tin. Make a sauce of one cup of water, three quarters cup of sugar and one tablespoon of butter. Pour this over the apples and bake in moderate oven half an hour.—MISS V. M. H., Oregon.

STUFFED PEPPERS WITH RICE.—Take four medium-sized, fresh green peppers; cut a slice from the top, saving it to replace. Remove all seeds, and soak twenty minutes in a quart of water to which one and one half tablespoons of salt has been added. Rinse in cold water, press in filling and replace top, securing it with a toothpick. Place in a baking pan with a little water in the bottom and bake thirty minutes.



STUFFED PEPPERS AND RICE.

FILLING.—An equal part of minced ham or chicken and toasted bread-crumbs; about two thirds of a cup of each. Add two teaspoons of minced onion, a little fresh tomato, two tablespoons of melted butter unless the ham is fat, and salt and pepper to taste. Serve in a bed of steamed or boiled rice, with a little on top of each pepper, and top with a cut radish.

CEREAL WITH RAISINS.—Cook your favorite breakfast food in usual manner and, just before serving, stir in one cup of seeded raisins to one quart of breakfast food. Serve with cream.

TO STONE RAISINS.—Pour boiling water over them and let them stand five or ten minutes, drain and rub between thumb and finger till seeds come out, then chop, if wanted fine.

CREAM CHEESE AND RAISIN SANDWICHES.—Mash cream cheese and moisten with salad dressing. Have bread cut in thin slices, graham bread is better, butter and spread with the cream cheese and cover with a sprinkling of finely chopped raisins. Press the slices of bread together and toast before serving. Chopped walnuts add to this wonderfully. If used, they should be spread over the raisins.

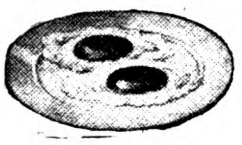
RAISIN SANDWICHES.—Chop one cup each raisins and walnuts together and mix with salad dressing. Spread between thin slices of buttered bread.—MRS. L. K. D., San Antonio, Texas.

High Living

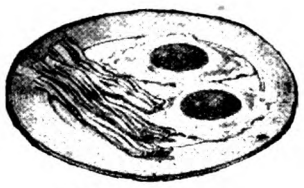
which costs only one cent per dish

The Quaker Oats breakfast is the height of good living, for the oat is the greatest food that grows.

Practically every element the body needs is there in right proportions. And in a luscious food. No price could buy a better breakfast for the grown-up or the child.



Two eggs—8c



With bacon—14c

Yet you serve a large dish for one cent—the cost of a bite of meat.

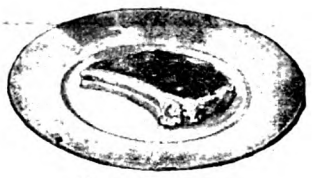
Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories of nutriment per pound. It supplies sixteen elements in well-balanced form. A pound of round steak yields 890 calories, and of eggs 635.

One cup of Quaker Oats contains as many calories as a pound of fish.

Food values

Note how foods differ in the cost per calory. These comparisons on necessary foods are based on prices at this writing.

Cost per 1,000 calories	
Quaker Oats	5½c
Average meats	45c
Average fish	50c
Hen's eggs	60c



One chop—12c



Fish serving—8c

85% less for breakfast

A Quaker Oats breakfast saves 85 per cent compared with the average meat breakfast. It supplies supreme nutrition for the first meal of the day. It saves the average family about 35 cents towards costlier foods for dinner.

Quaker Oats

The choicest one-third of the oats

In Quaker Oats you get just queen grains flaked. All the puny, insipid grains are discarded. A bushel of choice oats yields only ten pounds of Quaker. Yet these rich, flavory oat flakes cost you no extra price. Be wise enough to get them.

Packed in sealed round packages with removable cover

His Heart's Queen

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

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CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

A FEW days' rest together with the tonic of her great new happiness, served to do much toward restoring Violet to her old, sweet, bright self, and the first time she was able to sit up, she insisted upon being wheeled into Mr. Lawrence's room to pay him a visit.

He greeted her with all a parent's affection, and she expressed her gratitude and pleasure in being once more "at home."

"I did not know how dear it had become to me, until I was forced to remain away," she said, while the tears started to her eyes.

"It is a great comfort to me to hear you say that, dear," replied Mr. Lawrence, tenderly patting the hand that he was holding. "And now," he added, smiling archly, "how about that adoption business?—you are going to belong to me whether you will or not."

"How so?" Violet questioned.

"I suppose that Wallace has told you of the relationship that exists between us."

"Yes, he has told me that his mother was your cousin."

"And one would think that gave me but a doubtful claim upon you, eh?" said her companion, playfully. "Well, dear, it at all events makes him nearest of kin, and half of all my possessions have been willed to him—the other half is to go to a certain little lady whom I would be glad to have sign some papers which I have had prepared."

"I will sign them, dear Mr. Lawrence," Violet said, with one of her charming smiles—"not for the 'possessions,' mind you," she interposed, with an independent toss of her small head and smiling archly, "for I am to have a fortune of my own now, you know; but for the privilege of being a real daughter to you. Who would ever have imagined that your nearest of kin would have turned out to be my—husband?" she concluded, with a pretty blush over that last word.

Every day after that she went in to sit with him, cheering him with her bright presence, ministering to him in a hundred ways, and always reading for an hour or more from his papers or some interesting book.

One afternoon, while so engaged, a servant brought her a card saying there was a lady below who wished to see her.

Violet blushed, though she also smiled with pleasure as she saw the name of "Agnes Humphrey" engraved upon its polished surface.

She arose and went slowly down-stairs, wondering how she should meet Miss Humphrey—wondering if she knew that she had once been pledged to marry Lord Cameron.

She was not long left in doubt as to the greeting she was to receive from that young lady, for Miss Humphrey arose as she entered the room and came forward with both hands outstretched, and when she reached her she put her arms around her and kissed her upon the lips.

"You will perhaps think me guilty of great familiarity, Mrs. Richardson," she said, flushing after the impulsive act, "but truly I could not help it; I am so glad, and so sorry, and so delighted——"

They both laughed outright now, over this eager contradiction of terms, and then Miss Humphrey continued:

"It is every word true," she said; "I am 'so glad' to know you—I have wanted to make your acquaintance ever since that day when you thanked me so sweetly for coming here to sing; and I am 'so sorry' for all the sorrow and trouble that you have had to bear—you perceive I know all about you, as, I suppose, you know all about me," she interposed, blushing, while she searched the fair, sweet face before her.

Violet nodded and smiled.

"I am very glad. I hoped I should not have to explain," said Miss Humphrey, "and now I am 'so delighted' that you are Mr. Richardson's wife and that you will both be happy again after your long separation. Now, isn't this the queerest introduction you ever had in your life?" the charming little lady concluded, with a bright, sweet laugh that found its way straight into the depths of Violet's loving heart.

"It is the very nicest one in the world," she said, her fingers closing more firmly over the daintily gloved hand which she held, "and it is very good of you to come to see me in such a friendly, informal way. I have had scarcely a friend, save Mr. Lawrence, since I came to New York."

"You will not lack in that respect after this, you may be very sure," responded Miss Humphrey, "for I am going to take you under my wing during the little time I remain at home"—this with another blush—"and introduce you to all my most desirable acquaintances. And—and I have one dear friend who is very anxious to see you."

"You mean Lord Cameron?" Violet said, gravely, while she grew pale with repressed feeling as she remembered the last time she saw him, "but I am afraid I do not deserve that he should think kindly of me."

"Why—because your intuitions warned you that you would be doing wrong to keep your pledge with him? Dear Mrs. Richardson," she added, as she saw the look of pain on Violet's face, "let us talk this out freely. Vane has told me everything, and I assure you I am not in the least sensitive over anything that has occurred in the past; I hope I am sensible enough to consider anything in its true light. I know how you went away from Mentone, and though it was, of course, a dreadful shock to everybody at the time, they were all only too thankful afterward, when Mr. Richardson came and explained that you were his wife, and that you had been deceived regarding his death. Vane was very much grieved, too, when he realized how you had been treated. He cherishes only the kindest of feelings toward you, and Lady Cameron loves you dearly."

"Lady Cameron! Is she here in New York?" Violet asked, surprised.

"Yes, and I was to ask you if she might come to see you tomorrow?"

Wallace had not thought to tell her this.

"Yes, indeed—she is very kind," Violet answered, eagerly, and with starting tears, for she was deeply touched by this mark of the beautiful woman's enduring affection. "I loved Lady Cameron very much, and I know, Miss Humphrey, you will enjoy her company exceedingly; what a blessing it must be to have such a mother!" the fair young wife concluded, with a sigh.

"She is perfectly delightful, and I am sure, I am very grateful that, since I must leave my own mother, I am to find another one so congenial in every way," and there were tears in Miss Humphrey's eyes now; for in spite of her flattering prospects it was going to be no light trial to leave her own home and friends.

She spent an hour with Violet, and every moment only served to increase and strengthen their respect and regard for each other.

"You will be my friend, will you not?" Miss Humphrey pleaded, wistfully, when she finally arose to go, and extending her hand for a parting clasp.

Violet grasped it warmly.

"I could not resist you if I would," she said, earnestly, "and I am sure I shall love you dearly."

Agnes Humphrey laughed out happily at this.

"After such an assurance of that I feel at liberty to tell you that Lord Cameron and I have the most delightful plan in the world to propose to you and Mr. Richardson a little later," she said, gaily. "But I must not stay longer now—I shall come again, however, in a few days."

"Do," Violet returned eagerly. "I shall be so glad to have you."

"And may I tell Vane that you will be glad to see him also?"

"Yes," Violet answered, but her face grew very grave.

She dreaded the first meeting with Lord Cameron more than she could express.

Miss Humphrey read something of her feeling, but smiled to herself as she thought that her betrothed would smooth everything when he came.

She then took an affectionate leave of Violet, and went away, but leaving a ray of sunlight behind her that was very cheering to her new friend.

Lord Cameron called that evening, and Violet saw him in the presence of her husband.

He spoke out at once, freely and frankly, of their sad experience at Mentone, expressing his gratitude for their escape from what would have been a life-long sorrow to them both. His only regret was, he said, that she had not felt free to confide in him, trusting to his reverence for her wishes—his earnest desire for her happiness, and thus saved herself from the lonely life of toil that had followed her flight.

"And now, Violet," he said, in conclusion, "I hope you will henceforth allow me to regard you as a dear friend—a sister, if you will, for I have already conceived a brother's love for this noble fellow who is your husband, and I most earnestly desire to merit at least the esteem of his wife."

"You are worthy of my deepest reverence," Violet said, her eyes swimming in tears as she gave him her hand. "I am proud and grateful to know that you wish to be my friend, and I am more glad than I can tell you that your future is so full of promise; Miss Humphrey is charming—lovely."

"Indeed she is, Violet," Lord Cameron returned, his face lighting with pleasure at her words of praise for his betrothed; "and I am very much delighted by your mutual regard for each other. Agnes told me that she gave you a hint of a plan that we had to propose to you; it was almost too bad to excite your curiosity and then leave you in suspense," Lord Cameron said, smiling; "but she wished the proposition to come from me. It is that you and Wallace will accompany us when we go home to England. I am about to dedicate a home for orphans and aged people, and, since Wallace designed the plans for the buildings, I want you both there to honor the occasion."

"Would you like to go, Violet?" Wallace asked.

"Yes, indeed; very much," she answered, eagerly, and the two gentlemen exchanged gratified glances.

They had only that afternoon discussed the plan which was to be decided by Violet's wishes.

"But ought we to leave Mr. Lawrence?" she suddenly added, as she thought that it would seem cruel to go away upon their own pleasure while he was still confined to his bed.

"It will be nearly a month before we sail, and he will doubtless be much better by that time, and as your physician says you must have a change of some kind, and recommends a sea voyage, I know that he would rather have you go than stay," Wallace replied, and thus the matter was decided.

Lady Cameron came the day following her son's call, and Violet felt as if she ought to be very happy and grateful to have the arms of love and friendship thrown around her so cordially by these old friends.

"Oh!" she cried, as she clasped Lady Cameron about the neck and hid her tearful face upon her shoulder, "I have felt as if I wanted to hide myself where you could never find me, for it seemed as if you must always regard me with aversion for causing you such sorrow and mortification."

"The experience was far more trying and sad for you, dear, than for us," Lady Cameron replied, tenderly, "and I am sure that none of us feel anything but gratitude for an act which saved us so much more of sorrow. Now, my dear Violet, let us never refer to the subject again; we will be happy in the delightful present and the bright future, and we will be the closest of friends always. I hope you will come often to see us in our English home, and we shall want to visit New York occasionally. Dry your tears, my child, and let them be the last that you ever shed over what has only resulted in good to us all."

She kissed the fair face upon her breast, and, with her own handkerchief, dried the dewy eyes, while Violet felt that she should always love her with an affection second only to that bestowed upon her husband.

Lady Cameron spent the entire day with her, and when she at last returned to her rooms at the Hoffman, Violet felt as if the last cloud had vanished from her sky.

The days went by on rapid wings after that. Violet improved wonderfully, and was once more the light of Mr. Lawrence's beautiful home, although at times her nerves reminded her that they had had a severe strain, and she was still somewhat pale and thin.

Mr. Lawrence's injuries mended slowly but surely, and he was very patient during his confinement, and cheerful, too, for Violet was tireless in her devotion to him.

When she demurred against leaving him for a pleasure trip to England, he told her it was his wish that she should go.

"You will not be absent more than a month," he said, "and I am sure you will bring brighter roses in your cheeks when you come back; besides, I have some plans of my own to attend to while you are gone."

About the first of April Wallace took his wife to Cincinnati, where they had no difficulty in securing the property that had been left to her, and where she also spent a few happy days with Nellie Bailey.

On her return Violet tried to find Mrs. Mencke, but she had disappeared from the room she had occupied when she had stumbled upon her so strangely, and no one could tell where she had gone.

Wilhelm Mencke was tried for the crime of abduction, found guilty, sentenced to six years of hard labor at Sing Sing.

Meantime Violet had not forgotten Sarah.

As soon as she became able to drive, she and Wallace paid her a visit, and found her earning a scant living by making overalls. Her husband had died in a drunken fit, only a few days after Violet's release, so life was not quite so hard for her, since there were only two of them now to be supported. The little cripple, "Johnnie, poor boy," as she always spoke of him, was a delicate, pretty child, very bright and intelligent, and Violet at once became deeply interested in him. She provided amply for their needs for the present and promised upon her return from Europe to make some permanent provision for her.

We may as well say here that three months later Sarah was the proprietor of a modest fancy goods store, and from that time on made a respectable living for herself and child, while she always regarded Violet as her patron saint.

A visit was paid to the good-natured Irish girl who had mailed Violet's letter to Mr. Lawrence, and she received a fifty-dollar note, as a testimonial of Violet's gratitude for the efficient service.

The hardest hunt of all was for the dumb plumber; but he was found at last, through Sarah's efforts, and amply rewarded for the loss of his pincers.

The wedding of Lord Cameron and Miss Agnes Humphrey was a brilliant affair.

The marriage ceremony was performed in the church where Miss Humphrey had so long delighted people with her entrancing voice, and it was most artistically decorated for the occasion by her numerous friends.

The bride was beautiful in ivory satin and point lace, with a chaplet and bouquet of exquisite white orchids, the flowers being the gift and worn at the request of the other members of the quartette with whom she had been accustomed to sing.

The reception afterward was delightful, and conspicuous among the friends of Lord Cameron were Violet and her noble husband. Violet was also in bridal attire and looked like the sweet white blossom for which she was named.

The next day the distinguished party sailed for England, where Wallace and his wife were the guests of Lord and Lady Cameron for two delightful weeks, and during which the fine home for orphans and aged people was dedicated, as Lord Cameron had planned, when public mention was made of the "gifted young architect who had designed the elegant and commodious buildings."

Violet was charmed with the grand old home of the Earl of Sutherland, but not one regretful or envious thought at having missed sharing in the magnificence surrounding her, or the title of countess, intruded itself upon her.

She thoroughly enjoyed everything about her, and grew to love her friends more and more, while, when the time came that they must separate, it almost seemed like parting from her own mother, and sister, and brother.

Upon their return to New York, Wallace and Violet found Mr. Lawrence much improved, and just beginning to get about upon crutches. He was in excellent spirits, and of course very happy to have them at home once more.

During their absence he had caused his mansion to be refurnished for their reception, while he had also arranged an elegant suite of rooms in the second story for Wallace's and Violet's exclusive use, and life certainly had a very flattering outlook for the young couple.

A few months later Violet was visiting the city hospital with a friend, when, as she was passing through one of the wards, a slight, quickly-repressed exclamation attracted her attention.

She turned toward the cot from which it had seemed to proceed, and found fixed upon her a pair of eyes, in which there was something strangely familiar.

"Belle!" she cried, gliding swiftly to her side, a profound pity shining through her face.

The woman covered her face with the sheet, and began to sob.

Violet sought the nurse, and questioned her regarding the patient, and learned that Mrs. Moore, as Mrs. Mencke had called herself, had been brought up there while very ill with typhoid fever. She had barely lived through it, but was doing well now, and would be able to leave the hospital in a few weeks.

Violet saw that she was weak, and overcome by the sight of her, so she did not say much to her then; but she went often to see her after that, and though Belle seemed sullen at first, Violet's sweetness and unvarying kindness finally conquered, in a measure, her unfriendly spirit.

When Belle was able to be moved Violet took her to a quiet and pleasant portion of the city, where she had furnished some rooms with every comfort, and many of the elegancies of life, told her that it was to be her home, if she would accept it, and then supplemented this act of generosity by settling upon her an ample annuity.

She went to see her occasionally after this; but though Mrs. Mencke accepted all the benefits which she showered upon her, she never expressed any gratitude or seemed glad to see her—she could not wholly forgive her for being prosperous and happy, while she was dependent for her daily bread.

This, however, made no difference with Violet—she was always the same, sweet, kind, sympathetic little woman under all circumstances, and hoped to conquer even this perverse spirit in time.

Six years passed, and the most perfect harmony prevailed in Mr. Lawrence's stately mansion on Fifth Avenue. Mrs. Davis still retained her position of housekeeper, and thus relieved Violet, who was a most devoted mother to the three little ones who came to claim her care and love.

Lawrence, the eldest, was the especial pride and joy of the genial man for whom he was named.

Agnes Bertha was a fairy-like little girl, with blue eyes and golden hair, but in whose features there was a remarkable blending of father and mother, while Vane, the baby—a sturdy little fellow—bade fair to be a second Wallace.

It was an ideal home, a happy, charming family, and Wallace and his young wife strove from the first to rear their God-given treasures to honor, truth, goodness and nobility of purpose above everything else in the world, and to regard wealth and position as of secondary importance in the great aim of life.

One day Wallace came home from his office, a cloud upon his usually genial face.

"What is it, dear?" asked Violet, who was quick to notice every change upon that loved countenance.

"I met Wilhelm Mencke upon the street today," he answered, gravely.

"Ah! then he is out of——" and Violet shivered slightly as she abruptly paused.

"Yes, he left Sing Sing about a month ago. I did not mention it, dear, because I did not like to revive unpleasant memories. I commissioned a friend to find him some light employment, but the man would not work," Wallace returned.

"I wonder if Belle knows anything about him?" Violet said, musingly.

"I think not; I have known where he lived, and—in fact, I did not like to have the man suffer, and so kept track of him," Wallace replied, flushing slightly, for he did not often mention his charities even to his wife.

"What a good man my husband is," said Violet, bending to touch his brow with tremulous lips, "but there is something more to tell me, is there not?" she asked, for her loving eye saw that the cloud did not lift from his face.

"Yes, Violet, the man is dead!"

"I thought so," she said, quietly, but her voice trembled a little over the words. "Now tell me how?"

"He waylaid me this morning as I was going to the office—he was very much under the influence of liquor, and demanded money from me. I would not give it to him, but told him to come with me and I would give him a good breakfast. He immediately flew into a towering rage, fell in a fit upon the sidewalk, and in ten minutes expired."

It was even so. Wilhelm Mencke had served his time in prison, then returned immediately to his old habits. He would not work, but lived upon Wallace's bounty, though he spent nearly everything upon drink, without experiencing the slightest feeling of shame at being thus dependent.

Wallace had determined, previous to meeting him upon this morning, not to give him any more money, but had planned for a comfortable and permanent home for him, so that he would not suffer for the necessaries of life.

This benevolent scheme was frustrated by his sudden death.

He immediately assumed the responsibility of caring for his remains, gave orders that every outward show of respect be accorded them, and then personally notified Mrs. Mencke of what had occurred.

Violet went to her immediately and showed her every kindness which her tender heart could suggest, and, with her husband, accompanied her as she followed her husband's body to its last resting-place, which had also been provided at Wallace's expense.

These last acts of Christian charity completely broke the woman's proud spirit; she confessed her wrong-doing, begged their forgiveness, and was from that hour the grateful friend and a changed woman.

Every alternate year Wallace and Violet made a trip to England for a short holiday, and these visits were returned by the Camerons, who were entertained sometimes at Wallace's elegant residence on the Hudson, at others in his villa on Long Island, and every year the friendship between the two families became more sacred and enduring.

Nellie Bailey, who became Mrs. Ralph Henderson, shortly after the reunion of Violet and Wallace, also exchange visits with her old-time friend, and Mrs. Alexander Hartley Hawley never neglects an opportunity, when Violet is in Cincinnati, to give her a brilliant reception.

Once Wallace and his wife visited Mentone, where they sought until they found the home of Lisette Vermilet. The stepfather was dead, but the mother, who still sorrowed for her lost child, carried on the small farm with the aid of her two sons. Violet tenderly told her the story of her meeting with Lisette, and all that befell the unfortunate girl after the parting. Then together they all visited the grave beneath the mammoth beech tree where Wallace afterward caused to be erected a pretty marble tablet, bearing the name and age of the girl.

The firm of Hawley and Richardson is as prosperous as ever, and Wallace, who is now the acknowledged heir of the wealthy banker, is already beginning to be looked upon as one of New York's richest men.

In Wallace Richardson's library there hangs a picture which he often shows and explains to his children.

It represents an angel, of great beauty, holding a pair of balances in her hands. Upon one of the disks there is an immense lump of gold upon which is emblazoned an imposing coat of arms. Upon the other there is a carpenter's plane and saw, and thrown carelessly over them is a scroll, upon the spotless surface of which are written the words, "Honor, Truth, Virtue." The scales tip decidedly toward the scroll.

"Truths on which depend our main concern,
Shine by the side of every path we tread,
With such a luster, *he that runs may read.*"

THE END.

AUDREY'S RECOMPENSE

By Mrs. Georgie Sheldon

This charming double romance, in which two thrilling love tales of opposite trend are interwoven, will run as a serial in COMFORT, beginning with a large installment in our October issue.

When a man who is already betrothed to the idol of his heart finds that, through circumstances beyond his control, he has come under equal obligation to marry another woman whose love he has won innocently and unintentionally, but to whom his heart does not respond, what in good conscience should he do?

In such a dilemma at least one heart is bound to be broken. The man will naturally choose to make good with the woman he loves. But perhaps she may balk, when she learns of the tangle, and not let him have his way.

If so, should he, will he marry the other woman? And what about the other mysterious lover that crosses their path?

Read how this game of hearts is played as dramatically told in "Audrey's Recompense."

Don't miss the opening chapters of this pathetic story coming next month.

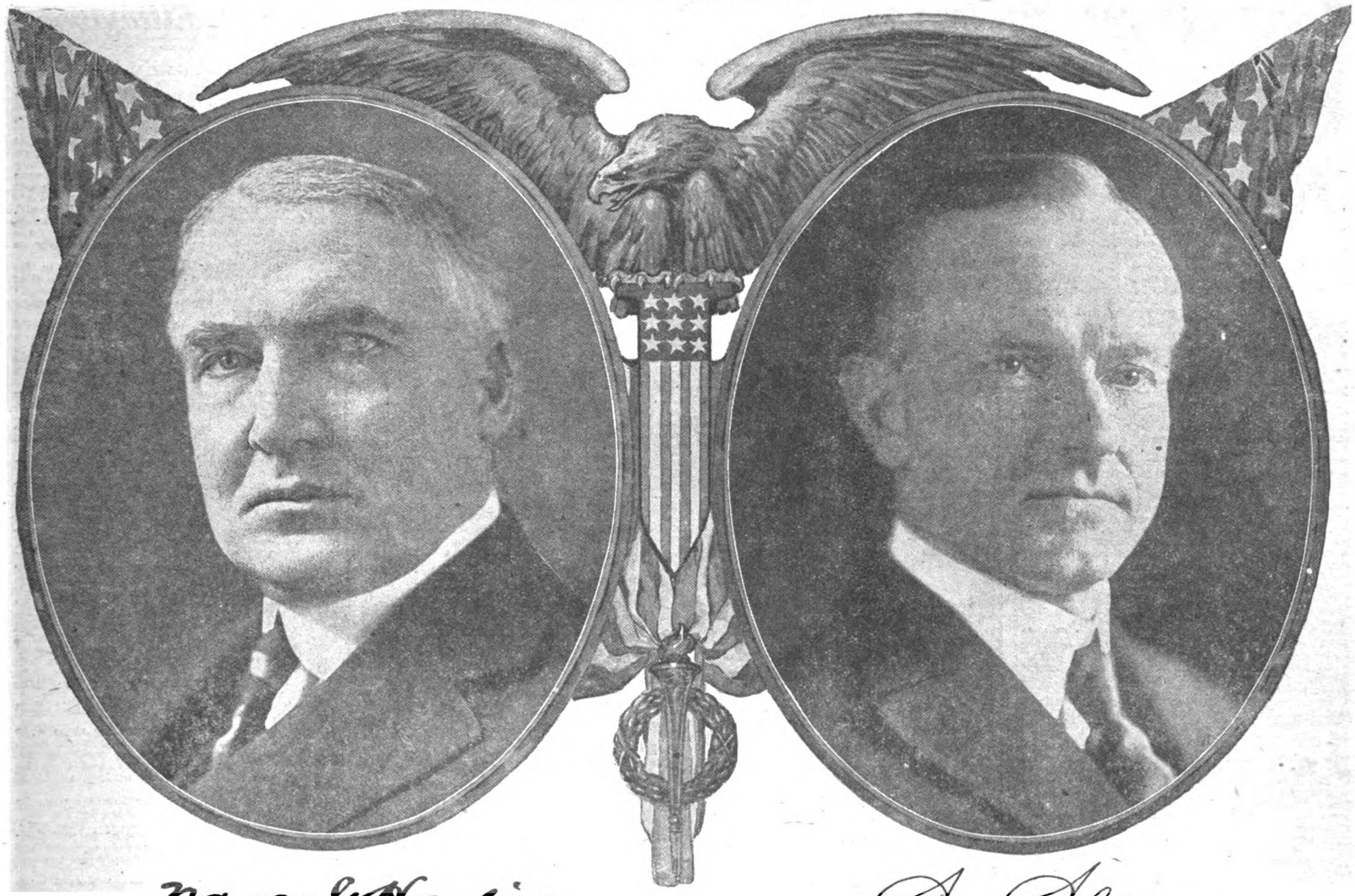
Make sure of October COMFORT by renewing your subscription today.

Modern Underground Life

The first abode of man was a cave or dug-out that he scratched out with his finger nails. In modern cities, land is so high priced, that builders find it advantageous to burrow under the ground for commercial purposes. In New York City alone more than a million people spend part of the day beneath the street level and many come to the surface so seldom that the natural light nearly blinds them. Nearly every great sky-scraper has four or five stories under ground. There are basements and cellars and subcellars and machinery rooms and vaults and conduits. To accommodate these an excavation of forty or fifty feet is required. One who has never explored the subterranean annex of a huge office building would find many surprises in doing so. There you will see grimy men shoveling tons of coal into cavernous fiery mouths, dozens of complicated machines working with scarcely any noise, switchboards and gauges and telephones and wires and signal systems cluttering the walls, and here and there a uniformed official treading about to see that everything is working properly. A small army of employees including firemen and engineers and electricians and watchmen and janitors and steamfitters find daily work in the bowels of the earth and even during the still hours of the night all is life and activity beneath the modern hives of industry.

Moments are little things, yet by their proper use a book may be read, a picture may be painted, a profession may be learned, and a life made useful.

Political Advertisement



Warren G. Harding
FOR PRESIDENT

Calvin Coolidge
FOR VICE-PRESIDENT

Here's what HARDING did for you

your home and your country

Harding is for peace, for peace at home and abroad.

Therefore, he fought against those Treaty commitments that would involve your country in European wars.

He voted to recall your soldiers from Russia.

He fought for the safety of your sons and the peace of your home.

He worked for the welfare of your children.

He supported the child labor law.

He worked for the good of your bread-winners.

He supported the minimum wage law for women in industry, the civil service retirement law and the rehabilitation industrial cripple law.

He worked to lower the cost of living. He voted for the law against cornering the market on food-stuffs.

He worked for woman suffrage.

He not only voted for the amendment in the Senate, but he personally assisted in ratification in several states.

He is Harding, *the Man*, who once was Harding the farm-boy, who later worked his way through college by painting barns, driving teams, teaching school and setting type.

From Harding, the ink-stained printer, he became Harding, the newspaper publisher, owner of the Marion, Ohio, Star, and a force for good in his home town.

Recognizing in him the stuff that makes the true public servant, his community sent him as their representative to the Ohio State Legislature for two terms. They next honored him as lieutenant governor. Then, in 1914, he was sent to the United States Senate.

Thus, from obscurity, Warren G. Harding rose to a position of honor, content to acquire only the modest means that would enable him to devote his time and thought mainly to public service.

Today, he is Warren G. Harding, Republican candidate for President of the United States, but he is still the Harding that the town folks knew as a printer.

He is still the same Warren G. Harding, living his beautiful and simple family life in his modest Marion home, where his neighbors are his boyhood friends.

Like Harding, Calvin Coolidge of Massachusetts, the Republican candidate for Vice-President, was born on a farm, at Plymouth, Vermont. His simplicity, his Americanism, strength of character and of purpose, his faith in the Republic are Harding-like.

Unknown and unsponsored, by his own efforts Calvin Coolidge rose to be Governor of the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts, and his record as an executive of that state demonstrates that he is of presidential stature—a man who when the hour demanded, forgot politics and enforced the principles of law and order that the home might be protected.

When Harding goes to the White House, he will call into his councils and his cabinet the ablest among the many able of the Republican party—the party founded by Lincoln, and which, since the Civil War, has ever wisely guided the destinies of the country in days of stress, when human problems press for solution.

Republican National Committee

Cubby Bear's Heroism

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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CUBBY Bear and Bunny Rabbit were sitting on the doorstep of Bunny's house one pleasant morning, laughing to see the Bunny Babies roll and tumble around on the grass at play, when Shinyblack Crow came hopping sedately along.

"You look very happy here," he said. "May I stop and talk with you a while?"

"Oh, yes! we will be glad to have you!" answered Bunny, moving over to make room for him on the steps.

Shinyblack Crow took the place between Bunny and Cubby on the top step.

"Ha-caw! ha-caw!" he laughed, as one Baby Bunny tripped up another one at play. "Your babies are growing plump and playful, Bunny Rabbit! They are pretty, too, so furry and soft. Much, much prettier than another family of babies I saw today!"

"You would have to go far to find such a family as mine," said Bunny, his face glowing with pride. "But whose babies did you see?"

"I was down in the swamp by the river," said Shinyblack Crow, "when I heard the loud boom of Benjamin Bittern."

"Oh, I have seen the bittern," interrupted Cubby Bear. "I was in his swamp one time!"

"I remember," nodded Shinyblack Crow. "You were lost, and Billy Bluejay showed you the way home. Well, I found both Benjamin and Mrs. Bittern standing by their nest, which was built on the ground, admiring their four awkward scrawny babies, whose feathers are only half-grown. When they saw I meant them no harm, they were glad to show me their children."

The Bunny Babies had left their play, and crowded around the doorsteps, listening to Shinyblack Crow, their eyes large and round.

"We want to see the baby bitterns in their nest on the ground!" they exclaimed.

"It is a long way to where they live!" Bunny Rabbit told them.

"We are going to see the baby bitterns!" they insisted.

"Do not tease!" said Bunny Rabbit, whereat they all began to cry, sobbing in a woeful way that touched Cubby Bear's tender heart.

"Oh, please," he whispered to Bunny; "let us take them to the swamp in their little cart. I know the way, and I will help you wheel them."

"Very well, then, since you will help," agreed Bunny; "but they have never been so far from home before."

The Bunny Babies were washed, and brushed, and fed, and then packed into their little cart, which they were outgrowing. Joyfully they set out upon their journey.

"It is a long way," said Cubby, who was wheeling the cart. "All the way south through our forest until we reach the road that leads to the village; across the road and down through a long field that slopes until we come to the river; then along the bank of the river to the low, marshy land, overgrown with alder bushes, and there we shall find Benjamin Bittern's home."

It would not have been hard for either Cubby or Bunny to take the trip by themselves, but with the cart they were obliged to go slowly, and it was afternoon before they reached the swamp.

The bitterns did not seem pleased to have callers at first, and the Bunny Babies were a little afraid of the great birds with their long legs and fierce looking bills; but Cubby Bear was politeness itself, and soon they were on more friendly terms.

The Baby Bunnies stood in a circle around the nest, and one of them put out a timid little paw to smooth the young birds' feathers.

"Oh, let the little bitterns have a ride in our cart," offered one of them in a glow of generous feeling.

"No, no, no!" refused Mrs. Benjamin Bittern quickly. "They must stay in their nest. I would not risk their lives in such a crazy contraption!"

The afternoon was nearly gone when Cubby and Bunny started on their way back to the Pleasant Forest.

"We have had a happy day," murmured the Baby Bunnies drowsily. "Now we will sleep all the way home."

"You need not hurry, Cubby Bear," said Bunny. "For I shall not cross the road until after dark. When we crossed it today, I saw something I thought was a man. He was some distance away, so I couldn't be sure. Alone, I could go so swiftly I should be safe; but with my babies, I shall not try again to cross the road by daylight!"



CUBBY BRAVELY STOOD HIS GROUND IN THE GLARING LIGHT, FLOURISHING HIS PAWS THREATENINGLY, AND GROWLING AS SAVAGELY AS HE KNEW HOW.

So they loitered along, stopping now and then to rest, while the shadows grew long, and the bright sun sank to rest.

Bunny Rabbit insisted on hiding in the bushes beside the road for some time, although it was already growing dark when they arrived there.

As they were starting across, one sleepy Bunny Baby yawned and stretched, disturbing the others, and two of them began to cry. Bunny Rabbit stopped the cart to cuddle them down comfortably again, when all at once they heard a strange, roaring noise, and around the bend in the road not far distant, came rushing a terrible, great creature, the like of which Cubby Bear had never even dreamed!

Its horrible eyes, each one as big as Mamma Bruin's whole face, it seemed to Cubby Bear, glared at the frightened little group in the road, and lighted up everything around!

Cubby's first thought was to run, but what about the helpless little Bunny Babies? No, he could not desert them!

"Run, Bunny Rabbit!" he shouted, "and save your babies! I will stop him until you are out of the way!"

So while Bunny made off as fast as he could, dragging the cart behind him, Cubby bravely stood his ground in that glaring light, flourishing his paws threateningly, and growling as savagely as he knew how!

But the monster, though it stopped in its tracks, kept up such a clatter all the while that Cubby feared it could not even hear his growl!

Oh, ought he to run now? Would the Bunny Babies be safely out of sight?

Then the creature screeched at him, a wild "Honk, honk!" and started toward him once more. In another instant it would have run him down, but he turned and fled, wildly, blindly, into the night, never thinking or caring what direction he took. Anywhere, anywhere, to get away!

On he went, across the open field, toward the great river, fear urging him on. Never had he run so fast before!

Too late to stop in his mad flight, he saw the gleam of water beneath him, and heard the gentle murmur of the smoothly flowing river.

In he plunged, straight to the bottom, then came to the surface, gasping for breath.

A little log was near him. He clawed at it desperately, trying to save himself from drowning by climbing up on it; but the slender log rolled with each eager clutch.

Poor Cubby paddled away at the rolling log until his strength gave out, then once more sank in the river's depths.

Coming up the second time, he gathered together his scattered wits, winked the water out of his eyes, and struck out bravely for the shore.

"How foolish I was not to swim at first," he said to himself, "instead of trying to climb on the log! But I was too frightened to think! Mamma Bruin will laugh at me when I tell her!"

He was not used to swimming, but he made good headway. The bank over which he had fallen was too steep for him to climb up, and he had to swim a little way up stream before he could land.

He lay panting on the bank for a while, then slowly started for home.

Across the broad field and up the slope once more, he looked cautiously up and down the road, but all was dark and quiet. He made the remainder of the journey in safety, and when he reached Mamma Bruin's house at last, stumbled over a little cart by the door.

Bunny Rabbit and his Baby Bunnies were in the house, and Mamma Bruin stood by the window, tying on her bonnet.

"Here he comes now!" she cried in relief, as Cubby entered. "I was just going to start out after you!" And she threw both arms around him.

Bunny Rabbit's eyes were running over with tears. He clasped Cubby's paw in both his own.

"You were so brave!" he said. "And so good to face that terrible monster alone, and give me a chance to save my babies! I feared you had been devoured by the fiery creature!"

"It must have been an automobile," said Mamma Bruin. "I have heard of such things, but never saw one. It seems they go only on the roads, which is a mercy! There would be no safety for us if they came crashing through the forest. I wonder that men are not out after them with guns!"

"I shall not take my babies on the road again," declared Bunny Rabbit firmly. "We will keep to the Pleasant Forest, where we shall be safe from harm!"

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All subscriptions will be cut short off on date of expiration, unless the subscription is renewed and paid for. Not even one copy will be sent, after expiration, until the subscription is renewed. If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 383, it means that this is the last copy of COMFORT you will receive until you renew your subscription. DO IT TODAY.

A Queer Race

South America is the home of many peculiar divisions of the human family. The low caste Indians of Chile are among the strangest of these. They build their houses out of branches in quite thorough fashion but know absolutely nothing about floors, windows or chimneys. Their manner of cooking is extremely antiquated and primative. A fire is made in a stone-lined hole in the ground and into the hole is dumped all they have to cook,—meat, fish, fowl, vegetables, anything, in fact; all in one mess. If any space is unfilled, hot stones are piled around the grub, the top of the hole being finally sealed with mud. Very little heat can escape and no matter what the contents of the primitive oven may be, it is certain to be pretty well done after four or five hours of this kind of cooking; nor is there any chance of the food being burned. Strange as it may seem, this method of the savages is identical, in principle, with the modern fireless cooker. The food is not put in the hole in the first place until the fire has died to embers. When it is sufficiently done, all hands, including dogs and hogs and pet monkeys gather to the feast, eating ravenously out of the hole. The natives use their fingers for forks and have teeth almost as strong as the animals. It is said by travelers that the odor of the food is savory and inviting and that the people would share their last bite with a stranger.

OCTOBER COMFORT

Our fine Harvest Number will contain the opening chapters of our new serial story, "Audrey's Recompense," a double romance by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon. The following are some of the

Special Features for October

"The Harvest They Chose" An up-to-date story contrasting the lights and shadows of city and country life.

"The Missing Princess of Bengal" A Hallowe'en mystery story with a thrill in every line.

"Late Fall Cooking" Seasonable cooking recipes and instructions for canning late fruits.

"Give Your Nose a Chance" Dr. W. M. Smith advises how to treat head colds and prevent the "Flu."

"Cubby Bear Visits Busy Beaver" and gets into trouble with the Badger family.

"Harold's Hallowe'en A Hallowe'en story for the children and a Hallowe'en Cut-Out Doll.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 383 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive October COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss October COMFORT.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE is now 50 cents a year, and likely to be raised, but for the present we will accept two-year renewals at 75 cents or three-year subscriptions at $1.00. Save money by renewing and extending your subscription two or three years. Use coupon below and do it today.

Please send bills or silver carefully wrapped in paper and securely sealed, or two-cent stamps. DON'T send THREE-CENT stamps.

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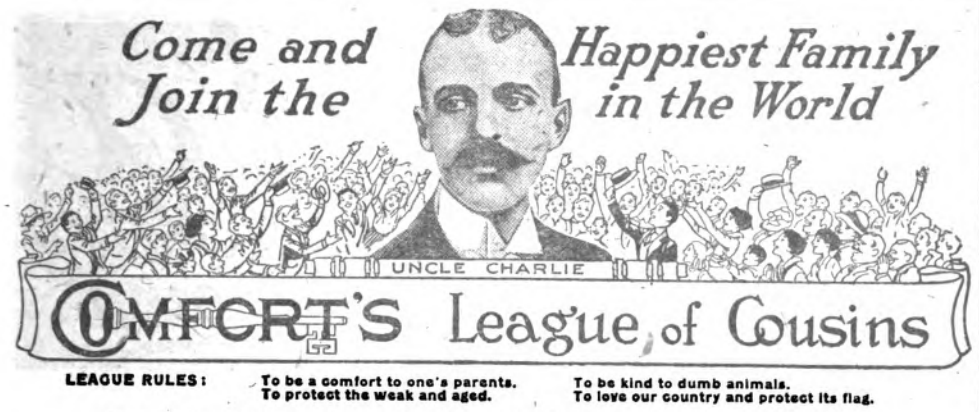
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September 1920.

Crumbs of Comfort

Youth is the fire of life.
Profit by your mistakes.
Habit is older than reason.
Do not carve your own yoke.
Defeat is often a spur to victory.
Wrongs should be written in ashes.
He is gentle that does gentle deeds.
Sometimes a stumble prevents a fall.
If you do not try you cannot succeed.
Science is stranger than superstition.
Fear yourself; not the power of others.
Modern inventions have killed isolation.
You can either season or decay with age.
Patience is the best plasterer to heal hurts.
The things that count are the things that last.
You cannot kill time without injuring eternity.
A good book is the life-blood of a master-spirit.
A good many of us mistake action for progress.
The prize apple is always at the top of the tree.
Never try to tan a dog's hide with his own bark.
There is a better market for smiles than frowns.
The feet of the years fall noiseless in their tread.
Gracious denials are better than angry yieldings.
The line of least resistance makes a poor lifeline.
Make sure the prize you chase is worth the price.
Nothing is politically right which is morally wrong.
We should impart our courage and not our despair.
The heart is often willing, but the pocketbook weak.
A good job of mending is the patching up of a quarrel.
You have no idea how big the other fellow's troubles are.
A busy man never has time to tell how much work he does.
Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open.
Good times for all can only be the product of good work by all.
There are times when nothing speaks so eloquently as silence.
There is plenty to do everywhere for him who can and will do it.
Anything that is standing still is getting ready to move backwards.
Sweating will get you farther than swearing; let mules do the kicking.
The hen is the only creature that can sit still and produce dividends.
Other men's sins are before our eyes, but our own are behind our back.
More than fame and more than money is the hearty approval of a friend.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

HOP up onto my lap and I'll give you a few things to think over. So many houses, flats and tenements have been torn down in the cities to make room for movie theaters and garages and places of fun and frolic, that homes are being pushed off the map, and though people have plenty of places to shimmy and jazz, they have nowhere to lay their heads, do their cooking, washing, laundry and raise their families. Dickens said the law was a "hass," but this war has definitely established the fact that the greatest "hass" in the world is that peculiar type of animal that calls itself man and wanders around raising Cain everywhere, instead of going to a lunatic asylum and staying there for the rest of his days.

You folks are so busy with your farms and other affairs that you have little time to read and study, and the great metropolitan dailies seldom reach you. In this respect you are lucky, for if you knew what was going on in the world and had to carry its cares, burdens, crimes and follies on your heart as I do, and knew all the secret forces that are working to destroy you, you'd throw up your hands and quit. These are great times for the dis-United States. In Michigan, the Bureau of Crop Estimates place the idle acreage in that State at 1,668,000. There were 10,000 vacant farm houses and 18,232 idle farms, 10,000 of which had been abandoned this year owing to the increased cost of operation and the high wages being paid in the cities. People wanted oceans of money and they are getting it, but it is cheap stage money that won't buy them anything. You can have real money only as you create wealth, for money is worthless unless it represents commodities and the ability to command service. Cheap money means high prices and dear food. A lady in Kiev, Russia, was displaying neat ankles encased in silk stockings. Those stockings had cost her fifteen hundred dollars, and were of the kind you used to buy for sixty-nine cents, and she has no soap with which to wash either her stockings or herself. When people run away from the country, from their bread and butter, to make joy-riding flivvers in the cities, for big wads of stage money, they will soon find that cities hold nothing for them but starvation. There are certain natural and economic laws that man must observe or perish. We are trying to run things upside down, trying to buck against nature, and if you fool with nature you suffer and perish. No good crying "Back to the land," when street sweepers can earn $77 a week, because people, until faced with starvation, will not go back. Well, if you prefer flivvers to bread, and movies to food, don't go on a strike or go Bolshevik and make a bigger "hass" of yourself than you are now doing. Remember, it will be nobody's fault but your own, if in a little while you are paying a dollar for a loaf and fifty cents for a pint of milk. If you prefer excitement, pleasure and gasolene to home and food, go to it, but don't everlastingly whine or damn our social system, because you prefer to be a "hass" to a human. Before the war, an expert mason could, and would, lay 1,900 bricks a day for five dollars. In England, where organized labor is practically in control, in prewar days they used to lay a paltry 350 bricks. English labor was under the ruinous influence of the ca' canny or go-easy movement. The "great idea" was for everyone to do as little as possible. The British workman thought if he laid 700 bricks daily, instead of 350, he would be depriving a fellow-workman of employment. He could not see that with high-speed production in America and Germany all his trade was drifting from him to his rivals and that he was cutting off his nose to spite his face. He was closing down his own factories, ruining his own industries, cutting his own throat because he had permitted himself to become the victim of a false, foolish and iniquitous idea which was bound to ruin his country and himself. A false philosophy of life and a defiance of a basic economic principle was menacing his existence. Hundreds of thousands of houses are needed in England today, but thanks to the pre-war ca' canny movement, the "go-easy" poison, the worker has no place to lay his head, and he wants to go Bolshevik and divide up the money of people who worked and saved while he loafed. The poor "hass." Now *we* have adopted the old ca' canny British fallacy. It is not the paying of high wages to which the employer objects, but to the fact that after he has paid the big wage he gets practically nothing in return. Building and pretty nearly everything else but jazz is at a standstill in this vast city. "Ca' canny" has killed it. We are told there will be riots in the fall because of the shortage of houses and the high rents (though rents have only gone up 30 or 40 per cent while everything else has soared to 100 per cent), and the gentlemen who will do the rioting are the ones who could have built the houses and wouldn't. But they will build movie theaters, the garages and the dance halls, for that means fun, racket and foolishness. It is the go-easy movement and class hatred that breeds Bolshevism.

And now I will tell you a little about the fanatics who head that movement and what they are doing. Bolshevism is spreading, as it is bound to spread where men have lost morale, spirit, and have slumped back into that class so well known to all Americans, the Weary Willies and the hoboes. Some writers, pessimistic and gloomy, have declared that civilization carries within itself the germ of its own decay. They declare man can climb just so high, then he slips back into the mud again, and all that he has created goes with him. My answer to these croakers is that civilization, like Christianity, has never been tried. Civilization that has merely a material basis like the Berger, Hillquit brand of socialism, is mere bellyism and is bound to decay. A civilization, however, that has a spiritual basis, is a thing of life and will last forever. That is the civilization we must and will build.

Meanwhile, the God-hating, atheistic, militaristic, class terrorists, Bolsheviks, are busier than ever. Like the Kaiser, they are out for world domination and must go on or perish. If they stopped long enough to think, that would be their finish. We are threatened with a dictatorship of the proletariat—the proletariat means the "workers or shirkers." You may get an idea of what dictatorship of the proletariat means when I tell you the proletariat has no power, no freedom of assembly, no free speech or free press. The Russian is a slave—a "hass." The dictating is done by the twin Czars, Lenine and Trotzky, who are supported by a band of murderers called Commissaires, who attend to all the hanging and shooting while the workers are driven around at the point of the bayonet. Lloyd George of Great Britain thought the only salvation of Europe was to put Russia, which is the largest part of it, "in circulation." He was willing to exchange manufactured articles for raw materials and so supply the Russian Soviets with many things they greatly need. We, too, are now going to experiment along the same lines so as to head off the lying Bolshevist sympathizers who say we have been starving Russia. Well, it is always best to starve a wild beast, feeding only gives him power to do more harm. Any goods sent to Russia will eventually find their way into the hands of the Reds. If Russia pays for these things, it will be in stolen gold or raw materials torn from the hands of the peasants. While Lloyd George was engaged in this business, which many condemned though his motives were sincere and honest, Lenine had agents in England and India trying to spread Bolshevik propaganda of world revolution, and the same game is going on here. That is the way those rascals act. These fanatics, too, have a big school of propaganda in Moscow. There they have gathered the turbulent spirits of the Orient and are striving to set all Asia aflame. Many British haters will rejoice if they succeed, but if they do, we in time will reap the full benefit of this back-wash of Oriental fanaticism, with its usual accessories of bloodshed, starvation, plunder and wholesale murder. Here is what our Secretary of State says about the Russian Soviet lunacy: "While this government has no desire to interfere with the internal affairs of the Russian people or to suggest the kind of government they should have, the existing regime in Russia does not represent the will or consent of any considerable proportion of the Russian people. It (Bolshevism) repudiates every principle of harmonious and trustful relation whether of nations or of individuals, and is based upon the negation of honor and good faith and every usage and convention underlying the structure of international law." Now chew that over, for it is God's truth.

Now comes the biggest joke of all. Emma Goldman, who with her friend Berkman, raised Cain and preached anarchy in this land for over a quarter of a century, was deported as an undesirable citizen to her beloved Russia some months ago. Emma longed for that gorgeous paradise of blood, disease and murder which she desired to force upon us. Well, Emma has been home some months and does not like her Soviet Russia for shucks. She is crazy to get back to the wicked old U. S. A. Here is what she thinks of Lenine and Trotzky's paradise: "It is rotten, so rotten that I am sick of it," and she adds: "Soviet Russia has taken away even the little freedom that man has under individual capitalism and has made him entirely subject to the whims of a bureaucracy which excuses its tyranny on the ground that it is all done for the welfare of the workers." And still the nuts want that red dope here. The British Labor Party, the oldest and most radical organization of its kind in existence, was invited to send a delegation to Russia. Of course, like all others who have been on official missions, they have been allowed to see only what little old Jew Trotzky thought was good for them to see, and in their report they say: "Soviet Russia could teach Western Europe nothing." And if ever socialism comes, "It will prevail in Great Britain long before it would in Russia." In 1920, the nationalized industries in Russia, even though the "free and noble working man" toiled with a gun pointed at his head, ran behind twenty-three billion roubles.

The travesty of government that exists in Russia today can only be upheld by force or favor. John Spargo, the greatest authority in this country on Marxian socialism, but as bitter an enemy of Bolshevism as I am, has written three remarkable books on Soviet Russia, published by the Century Company, New York. You ought to get them. Now, William English Walling, one of the world's leading socialist authorities, has written "Sovietism, the A. B. C. of Bolshevism," an authoritative and masterly work, which exposes the villainies of these red fiends. It is published by E. P. Dutton, New York. It would pay you extreme radicals to get this work, even if you have to pawn your silk shirts to do it. Both Spargo and Walling refrain from theorizing. They take Bolshevik documents and condemn these red villains out of their own vile mouths. For instance, Spargo, writing in the Century Magazine for May says: "One is staggered by the statement published in the Red Gazette, a Bolshevist organ, that in Ivanovo-Boznessensk, a town of less than 140,000 inhabitants, 41,000 persons are employed in the administrative department alone, while nearly 20,000 are connected with various public services, commissions and so on." Even our New York Hibernian Tammany Hall, with Charlie Murphy at its head (and "where did you get it" Croker in the distance), could hardly beat that. This always happens in a land terrorized by fanatics. Hordes of officials are given easy jobs and a gun to keep the masses of the people in subjection. Of this cancerous growth, which like the flu is spreading all over the world and which the bums, tramps and loafers want to introduce here so they can get at your Liberty Bonds, your savings banks, your women folks (especially those who have got painted faces and cootie garages over their ears), John Spargo says in May Harpers: "As one of the millions who have seen in socialism the hope and promise of a larger individualism, I frankly admit that I would rather be hungry in any capitalistic nation I know than be ever so well fed in such a servile Utopia. Better rags and a crust of bread with freedom than fine raiment and rich fare with servitude." So say all the socialists of the world, except the Milwaukee and Kansas bunch who find socialism a convenient medium for relieving the worker of his spare dollars. As a matter of fact, there is no socialism in Russia. Lenine got his ideas largely from the late Daniel De Leon, who headed an organization called "The People's Labor Party," and who was an old friend of mine.

You will doubtless wonder why Poland attacked Russia when in dire need of nearly everything that makes life worth while. Poland knew that with Dennikin disposed of she was to be overwhelmed. The plans were drawn for a campaign against her, so, knowing that the one who attacks has all the advantages over him who defends. Poland struck first. Those who have been in Russia and are most capable of judging say that Bolshevism has no economic, political or industrial basis. It is just a sect that regards religion as dope for the workers, hates God and all that we hold sacred and must continue its work of tyranny and propaganda for the benefit of the fiends who run the machine, for if that machine stops, Bolshevism will go to pieces. Kaiserism is a thing of the past, and if civilization is to survive, Bolshevism must be fought tooth and nail for it is as deadly a disease as the black plague which, by the way, is spreading along our gulf ports. Civilization is in danger. Keep a level head, and for pity's sake turn a deaf ear to all the mad fanatics who want to destroy your country and make you as crazy as themselves.

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers; the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.



Five Things Happen

When you brush teeth in this way

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Dental science has produced a new teeth-cleaning method. Millions of people have already adopted it. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

In effective ways it combats the film on teeth. And it deals with this tooth wrecker as was never done before.

The fight on film

Modern dentistry finds that most tooth troubles are caused by film. The film at first is viscous. You can feel it now. But it clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Very few people have escaped these film-caused troubles.

Ordinary methods do not end this film. So millions who brush teeth daily find they still discolor and decay.

A multiple attack

Now new ways have been found to fight film. Careful tests have proved them. High dental authorities approve them.

They are all combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It meets every modern requirement. And this new tooth paste is fast coming into world-wide use.

You'll know in a week

Some results of Pepsodent appear rapidly. Within one week the good effects will be amazing to you.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the films. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling. In all these ways it brings and maintains whiter, safer teeth.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare the results with your old methods. Then let those evident results tell you what is best. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.
The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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AURORA, OREGON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I would like to be a detective, although I am a girl. I have just completed my freshman year in High school. What studies would you advise me to take up? I want to be one of the kind that experiment in running down clues. Not those that follow the criminals. Please advise me. LOTTIE NETTER.

Lottie, it is quite refreshing to find a young lady who does not want to be a movie actress, a song, story or scenario writer, but, instead, wishes to devote her life to running down clues. You might study the works of Gaboriau and communicate with Conan Doyle, of Sherlock Holmes fame, who not only ran down clues in this world but is now trying to run them down in the next. When you have finished with these masters, you might go to Chicago and San Francisco and try to find a clue that will elucidate the mystery of the late presidential nominations. You might find, too, why a land which once produced great men has to fall back on mediocrities for its presidential timber. If you solve that mystery you will be the champion defective detective of the world. There is a great task, too, for you in running down clues regarding booze. Every time you hear an explosion that sounds like Verdun going into the air you will know someone has put a kick into a barrel of home-brewed beer that has demolished the neighborhood. Then you will have to get a clue to the culprit who applied the kick. It has always been a mystery as to where William Jennings Bryan conceals the billion horse-power mechanism that runs his oratorical jaw tackle. If you can discover that, you are on the road to fame. If William Jennings B. is ever kidnapped and forced by any of his thirsty opponents to swallow a wet plank, there will be millions in it if you can discover the perpetrators. If you can crawl into a German head and discover who is responsible for the mechanism which makes Fritz and Heinie, both here and at home, keep parroting that old dope, "Ve vos der victims of a conspiracy, der var vos vorsed on us," you are booked for a medal. If, too, you will run down the clue that will make known to a suffering world what it is that

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

Slothful Sylvia

by Maud Mary Brown



Presently he was asleep.



"Perhaps you wish you had not married me."



Betty's hands were in his and her ardent face was upturned to meet his eyes.



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THE eight-ten train was in when Manning reached the station, and, avoiding the club car, he ran down the platform and swung himself to the steps of a coach. Choosing a seat with an empty one behind it, he turned up the collar of his coat, slid to the end of his spine, and gave himself over to moody reflection.

He frowned darkly when two women, breathing heavily from their haste, sank into the seat behind him, and, fearing recognition, he drew his soft hat lower and buried his face in a paper.

For, two days earlier, Manning had won a bitterly fought and difficult case. Always moderately successful in his profession, this triumph had pitchforked him into legal prominence.

Yesterday he had been exhilarated by his victory, but today the inevitable reaction had set in and depression, like a clammy blanket, enshrouded him.

How in the name of high heaven had he done it? His logic, the brilliant phrasing of his plea, were utterly incomprehensible to him now. Almost he regretted his success for it had committed him to a standard which he felt powerless to maintain.

The conversation of the women behind him irritated him but in spite of himself their words trumpeted their way to his brain.

"My dear, she volunteers for everything!"

"I know. And she slides out from under every time."

Manning stirred, intrigued by the hauntingly familiar voices.

"You feel like rending her and directly you are ashamed, her alibi is so convincing. And that pained look in her eyes!"

"That pained look is a distinct asset," laughed the other.

Manning, his nervous brooding forgotten, was frankly listening, wishing devoutly that he could place those voices.

"And her son! The poor little tad! The children on the flats have better care."

"I feel so sorry for him. Mrs. Mason says that the doctor is in despair. He eats anything at any time. Meat at night, if you please, since he was three. No wonder his teeth have needed attention already."

Manning's brain had never been more alert. Of course it was a coincidence, but his own son had had a recent session with the dentist. And Peter was not quite four!

"For a college-bred woman," one of the voices was continuing, "her ignorance is colossal."

"I would say, rather, that her indolence was colossal. Oh, well, we can't make people over, but one has to pity the husbands and children of women like that."

The train drew in at the terminal and Manning, without a backward glance, hurried to the front of the car and lost himself in the crowd.

That morning he denied himself to all but one caller—the head of a corporation whose chief counsel had recently died.

To Brewster, Manning was his usual self—poised, dignified, confidence-inspiring. However, when he was once more alone, he slumped in his chair while beads of perspiration started on his forehead.

"Gad!" he ejaculated, disgusted. "I *am* a ghastly mess. I am as unnerved as a hysterical woman. I believe I'll see Mason tonight. This will never do."

Manning went out to Brookhurst in the late afternoon, faint from fasting, for at noon the thought of food had revolted him.

Sylvia was in the hall, telephoning, when he entered. She nodded to him, an unsmiling expression on her rather heavy face, a pained look in her blue eyes.

"But I am telling you," she was explaining with weary patience, "that I have not had time to prepare that talk." * * * * * * *

"I am aware that I promised, Mrs. Hatch. Naturally, I couldn't foresee Peter's indisposition. It is hard for you childless women to appreciate the uncertainty of a mother's time." * * * *

"Of course I can't give an impromptu talk on a subject like Americanization. I am sorry. Oh, wait a moment, please. My husband has just come in; he might help you out."

The transmitter pressed against her breast, Sylvia turned to her husband.

"Oh, Roger," she began in a hushed voice, "you are forever preaching Americanization; you might as well have an audience. Won't you speak before the club this evening?"

"I will not, Sylvia."

"Just to help me out, Roger! Mrs. Hatch is cross and I can't afford to offend her."

"Then don't. I infer that you promised——"

"But I planned to prepare that talk yesterday and Peter was ailing."

"He seems to be all right today. I just met him with the nurse. Why didn't you do it this afternoon?"

Again the pained look flooded Sylvia's eyes and her face, already florid at thirty-one, grew ruddier still.

"If you must know, I played bridge," she said sulkily. "Goodness knows I get little enough recreation."

Manning reached for the instrument. "I will speak to Mrs. Hatch," he said briefly.

"That's decent of you, Roger. I won't get caught this way again."

But Manning was not listening. In his pleasant voice he was telling Mrs. Hatch that his wife had reconsidered and would speak according to arrangement that evening. Having finished, he turned to meet Sylvia's surprised and frightened eyes.

"What do you mean?" she gasped. "I never heard of such effrontery. I haven't done a thing to prepare for that talk. I know nothing about the subject and I care less."

Her plump face was working in an effort to restrain her tears.

"I have a couple of articles in the library that will help you out," Manning told her quietly. "I fancy that you can absorb enough between now and eight o'clock to get by with a crowd of suburban women."

"I won't do it."

"You'll have to, Sylvia. You can't, without appearing ridiculous, explain that this is a matter of discipline. Brookhurst would rock with mirth at that."

"I can't do it," whimpered Sylvia. But she followed him to the library.

She sank into a chair, her sullen eyes following him as he found the articles.

"Here you are," he said, drawing a chair to the table. "Do your best for the honor of the Mannings, Sylvia."

"I believe that I am naturally a tyrant," Manning grinned as he went out into the sunshine, for the temperamental April day had begun to smile. "I haven't felt so fit today."

His son and a rather untidy nurse were coming up the walk. "Hello, Peter!" he greeted.

"Hello, fardie!" It was a weary little voice and the eyes in the child's pale face were unspeakably bored.

Manning regarded his son in interested silence, the boy enduring the scrutiny indifferently. His hair was too thin; his soiled legs shot out of his soiled socks like spindles. If the conversation between the two women of the train could have been said to have left Manning's mind, it returned now.

"You may go, Mamie; I will take care of Master Peter till dinner time," he said to the delighted nurse.

Peter's eyes flew open, and putting his soiled fist confidingly into his father's hand, he trudged with him down to the lily pond and sat down on a bench.

"Had a good time today, son?" asked Manning.

"No, fardie. Mamie's too old to play with boys."

"Mother?"

"Mother's busy every afternoon there is. And mornings she's asleep."

"I—see. Not a very exhilerating life for a youngster, is it, Peter?"

"Huh?" Peter responded drowsily as his head dug deeper into his father's side. Presently he was asleep.

Manning, a protecting arm about his son, felt his anger rising. Was Sylvia too blind to see that Peter was untidy and under-nourished? Was he blind, also—needing the sting of gossip to clear his eyes?

Sylvia had been a sweet, attractive girl when he had married her. His sister, whose college classmate Sylvia was, had, however, frankly disapproved when Roger had told her of his betrothal.

"Roger, you poor infant!" she had exclaimed.

"Simply," Jean had said when pressed for an explanation, "that Sylvia doesn't go under her own power. At thirty she will be soft and slumpy."

He had reminded Jean that Sylvia did not lag in her class.

"Pride," she had explained briefly.

"And why should not pride keep her from becoming slumpy, as you call it, after she is married?"

"Don't ask me why it shouldn't, Roger. It doesn't, that's all. A lot of women believe that their job ends at the altar. Why don't you marry Betty Holt?"

"That doll-woman!" he had scoffed.

"Don't fool yourself, old man; Betty is all there when needed. Go ahead and marry Sylvia," she had finished, "only don't call on me to bring up the children."

Manning was thinking, there by the lily pond, that Jean had not been altogether wrong. The dinner gong interrupted his revery, he gathered up the sleeping Peter and went up to the house.

Sylvia emerged from the library as he entered. "Where is Mamie?" she asked, seeing Peter in his father's arms.

"Why did you permit him to go to sleep? It only means that he will be wakeful tonight."

"The little beggar is all tired out. Doesn't he have naps, Sylvia?"

"Please remember that he is four. I don't interfere in your affairs; if you will grant me the same indulgence——"

"I have. And I don't like the result. Have you no pride?"

Peter stirred and woke. "Peter's pritty hungry," he confessed as his father set him down.

"Fine! How about some bread and milk?"

"Bul-ly," replied Peter gravely.

But there was no milk. "It soured," the maid explained sullenly.

"Peter can have what we have, Roger," Sylvia protested. "A little of that roast pork won't hurt him at all. And there is ice cream."

"Bring him a soft-boiled egg, Delia," Manning said to the maid, and Delia slammed out of the room, muttering.

"Now see what you've done!" cried Sylvia. I can run this house, Roger. I am very angry about tonight, but I am going through with it, but keep your hands off the house, please, and the management of Peter. I can't stand everything."

Dinner was finished in silence, and Manning went up stairs with his son. At eight, hearing Sylvia go out, and Peter being asleep, he went over to see Doctor Mason.

"Doctor," he began abruptly after seating himself in the office, "what is the matter with Peter?"

The doctor gave Roger a cigar and lighted his own. "Peter has a delicate nervous organism," he said.

"Rot! I don't want side-stepping, Mason. Why has he those blue circles under his eyes? Why is he so susceptible to colds? Why is he so thin? In short, what is the matter with Peter?"

"You want the truth, Manning?"

"Straight from the shoulder, please."

"He doesn't have the proper food. He was eating meat and pastries when his chief diet should have been milk."

"Go on."

"The rules that I laid down have been unheeded. And it goes a bit deeper than that. Peter isn't happy. Nobody plays with him. His energies aren't directed. Mrs. Manning believes kindergartens to be unnecessary. A bored child, Manning, is a sad sight."

"Mason,"—abruptly—"what is the matter with the modern mother?"

"Nothing. There has never been a time when the business of child-rearing has been carried on so intelligently."

"Then the fault is—individual."

He went home through the soft star-lit night and sat down to wait for his wife. She came at length and as she passed the library door, he called to her gently.

She entered, obviously nervous and ill-pleased. Manning looked at her hair, falling untidily from beneath her hat; at her frock, expensive enough, heaven knew. His eye caught a spot on the chiffon panel and Sylvia clutched at it nervously.

"Well," she said sharply. "I am tired even if you are not. If you have finished your scrutiny, I will go up to bed."

He never remembered having felt so sad and defeated.

"Sit down, Sylvia," he began quietly; "I want to talk to you."

"You have talked quite enough for one day," she returned.

"Sit down," he said again.

With a petulant gesture she sank into a chair. "Please get it over quickly," she said flintily.

"Very well. Sylvia, I don't like the way this house is run."

"Then why don't you try running it yourself?" she retorted insolently.

"Because, as it happens, that isn't my job."

"Oh!"

"I might endure the house with all its freshness wiped out as though with a smutty hand; I might endure the unspeakable food; what I refuse to endure is seeing Peter dirty——"

She rose with a belated air of dignity. "Roger, you are simply outrageous. Do you think I am going silently to endure this tirade?"

"You are not to go yet, Sylvia; I am not through with you. I wish to impress upon you that from tonight you are to manage our house and our son so that we cease to be subjects for gossip."

"What do you mean by that?"

He told her unsparingly and she winced under his words.

"Hereafter I am to have something besides weak coffee and burned toast for breakfast," he went on. "Peter's food and his clothes are to be taken care of. For eight years I have left this end of the partnership to you and I am not satisfied. There must be a change."

"The alternative?" she queried icily.

"I take it for granted that you will try. If you fail, I assume that it will be through inability to grasp the essential details, and I shall install an efficiency expert in the house to teach you."

Sylvia laughed unpleasantly. "Isn't that what Betty Holt Farriday has become? Perhaps you mean her."

"Perhaps."

Sylvia's arrogance broke at that and she buried her face in her hands and sobbed unrestrainedly. "You b-brute," she cried. "To talk to me like this! Didn't you marry me?"

"It was a mutual contract, Sylvia."

"Just because I haven't kept young and slender, you treat me like this! Your wife! And the mother of your child!"

"Motherhood is too universal for you to presume on that, Sylvia. The mere fact that you bore Peter doesn't be-pedestal you, though I'd like it to."

She lifted her tear-drenched face. Tears were not becoming to Sylvia.

"Perhaps you wish you had not married me."

"Not yet, Sylvia."

"Perhaps you wish you had married Betty Holt." She held herself motionless, waiting for his reply.

"Not yet, Sylvia!"

With a smothered cry she left the library and went up to her room.

During the next few hours Sylvia lay on her bed, her wide eyes staring into the darkness. One by one the bitter accusations of her husband came back to her memory and she writhed under them. She had returned from the club that evening humiliated enough at her indifferent success, but that was nothing to the humiliation of knowing that she was the victim of censorious tongues.

And what if Roger should carry out his threat? If he should place Betty Farriday in her home to teach her the elements of home-making, she would never again be able to hold up her head in Brookhurst. And she knew Roger. With that look in his eyes she could not doubt his determination.

As a widow Betty was far more attractive than she had been as a girl. What if he should fall in love with her? She had come to Brookhurst to live and they were thrown together often. Men did those things—even men like Roger.

The thought set her heart beating violently. She had not disrobed, and she rose, and, switching on the lights on either side of her toilet table, she gazed long in her mirror.

She was not very attractive—she admitted that. Her frock was crushed and soiled. She would get some new ones. And a new corset—one of those armor-plate things that nearly kill you. And she would have her hair curled. And she would see that Mamie kept Peter neater. She was still angry with Roger, but she admitted that she owed him that much for, professionally, he was a rising man.

If she did all these things, his crossness would subside. He was overwrought now, that was what was the matter with him.

Fright and the stirring of a primitive jealousy had headed her toward a shoddy reform, but the fundamental fact of her disloyal incapacity never occurred to her. Satisfied, she went to bed and fell asleep.

She was awake long before the house was astir the next morning but pride kept her in her room till Roger had left. Then she rose and slipped on a bedraggled negligee and went down to the kitchen.

"Delia, what did you give Mr. Manning for breakfast?"

"Same's usual, Mrs. Manning."

"Eggs?"

"Master Peter et the last one last night."

"Why do you let provisions get so low, Delia?"

"Wan pair of hands can't do everything. If you ain't satisfied——"

"That will do, Delia. And Sylvia fled to the dining-room and sat down to cold toast and coffee.

"There isn't any use reforming myself out of a cook," she told herself.

A note from Roger lay beside her plate and she picked it up with misgivings. Her face cleared, however, as she read it. He had forgotten to mention last night that they were invited by the Brewsters to motor into town tonight to see *The Underling*. It was to be a party. He would be out early and he wanted to see Sylvia looking her best. He finished by reminding her that he had been very serious last night.

Sylvia overlooked the warning in her pleasure at the invitation. The Brewsters were very exclusive and had a beautiful place on the edge of Brookhurst. If Roger should be appointed counsel for the corporation Mr. Brewster headed, why, they were made.

Peter came in and she kissed him fondly. "Mother wants you to keep very neat after this, Peter," she said.

"I'd rather play," stated Peter plaintively.

"Mamie, you must play with Peter." And Mamie, looking rather sulky, took him by the hand and led him away.

In the determination to look attractive that evening, Sylvia called up the Brookhurst hairdresser.

"I think you had better do it up yourself," the woman, having shampooed and dried, said dubiously.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Ryan; I haven't done my hair a new way for ages. Then I'll have a facial, please: and my nails need attention."

At five Manning came in, Peter at his heels. "Fardie walked with a pritty lady," he told his mother happily.

"Only Betty," Manning answered Sylvia's unspoken question. "She is to be one of the Brewsters' party tonight."

Sylvia's heart sank as she went away to dress.

A little later she confronted him, her eyes rather wistfully searching his face.

"Sylvia!" he exclaimed. "What in the devil is the matter with your hair? Was it to preserve that intact that you wore that veil over it when I came in?"

"Mrs. Ryan did it," she faltered.

"Well, for heaven's sake, straighten it out, can't you? And Sylvia, that dress is a mass of wrinkles. Surely you have something else you can wear?"

"It's all I have that's decent," Sylvia returned, sudden tears gushing to her eyes.

"That is very far from decent. I should think you might have found time to press it today."

"I won't go," she said sobbingly.

"Don't be foolish. I only want you to look as well as the other women. It means a great deal to us, Sylvia."

She was sobbing frankly now. "I am not going," she repeated. "You can tell them I am suddenly indisposed. It is true, too."

Manning regarded her in silence for a moment before seizing the telephone. "Mrs. Brewster," he said presently, "Mrs. Manning is not feeling up to going tonight. We are both very much disappointed."

Sylvia, her sobs hushed, was listening alertly.

"Yes, of course I will come if Mr. Brewster desires it. Good by."

"You are going without me?" There was an ominous calm in Sylvia's voice.

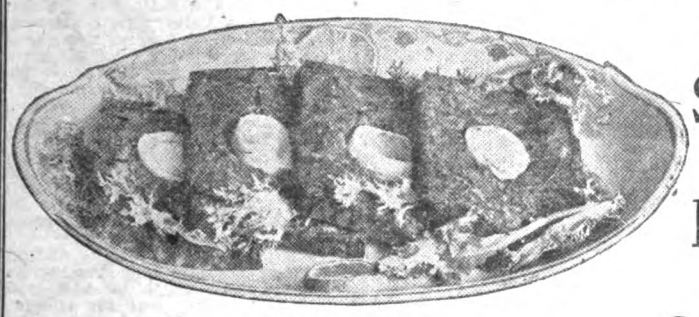
"I must. Brewster, it seems, wants a word with me before leaving for the coast at midnight. I must dress now."

Sylvia went into her room and, closing the connecting door, threw herself face downward on her bed. She heard dinner announced but she neither knew nor cared what her husband and her son had to eat. Roger knocked at her door but she refused to admit him. Presently she heard the murmur of the Brewsters' powerful motor: the pleasantly-pitched voices of the women floated to her ears—and they were gone.

Never in the course of her placid life had she been so shaken and frightened. Not for a moment had she thought that Roger would go without her? Was she losing him? Was this rupture

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

OLD-FASHIONED PICKLES AND OTHER SEASONABLE RECIPES



MEAT-HASH LOAF

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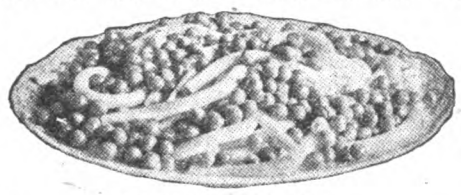
By Violet Marsh

Varied Uses For the Food Chopper

AMONG the many modern kitchen utensils, no single one is of greater service than the food chopper. For years my chopper was only used for grinding meat; I did not appreciate its all-round usefulness. Now it has an established place in the kitchen and few days go by that I do not use it for some purpose. Grinding sausage meat, cold meats for scallops and hashes, Hamburg steak, and vegetables for soups, are only a few of the uses a chopper may be put to.

Peanut butter can be made at home with the chopper, using the finest plate and returning the peanuts to the chopper just so long as there are coarse pieces. Raw peanuts can be roasted in the oven if one is willing to keep stirring them so they will roast evenly. A large wire basket is the best receptacle for holding them as the heat will circulate evenly through the open sides.

Bread dried in pieces and ground as needed is more satisfactory than when prepared in advance, as it is liable to become oily tasting. If cranberries are ground before being made into sauce or pies, they will not require so long cooking and the skins seem to almost disappear. This also applies to apples that do not cook up readily. In chopping raisins for cake, roll them in one tablespoon of corn flour to each cup of raisins before putting into chopper and they will not be in such a solid mass. Horseradish, cabbage for cold-slaw, cocoanut, orange and lemon rinds, can be prepared with the food chopper.



MACARONI WITH PEAS.

Be sure to use the right sized cutter. For instance, cabbage requires the coarse cutter, while cranberries are best cut with the finest. Rub the sides of the cutter very sparingly with butter before grinding sticky foods such as raisins or fresh orange peel. If the chopper slips, put a piece of coarse sandpaper under the table before screwing it to place. If it works hard, apply a little glycerine to the bearings. It is better than oil.

Other Cooking Helps

Dip the measuring cup into boiling water before filling with molasses, lard or butter, and less will be wasted.

Never let the cogs of your egg beater touch the dishwater, as it causes black specks, later on, to fall into the mixture you are beating. One drop of glycerine is sufficient to oil the beater.

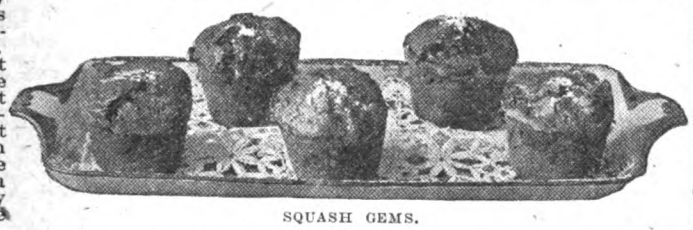
In washing spinach and other greens, try a little salt in the water and observe how it helps remove the grit.

If you wish to keep a piece of cut cheese for any length of time, brush it over with hot paraffin.

In handling drop biscuits or dumplings, dip the spoon each time into hot milk and the dough will not adhere to it. Hot water works nearly as well but the milk assists in giving the biscuits an even brown.

In preparing celery for the table, wash the leaves, and dry them for soups and stews during the winter.

When salt sticks to the shaker, do not mix with cornstarch, but when not in use, keep the shaker in a covered jelly glass in the kitchen.



SQUASH GEMS.

Insert tiny paper funnels into the cuts in the top crust in making berry pies to take care of the escaping steam. The juice will also boil up into these and prevent it from running out. If little scraps of pie crust are left over, cut them round and shape over the outside of round muffin-pans, bake and use for creamed fish or chicken.

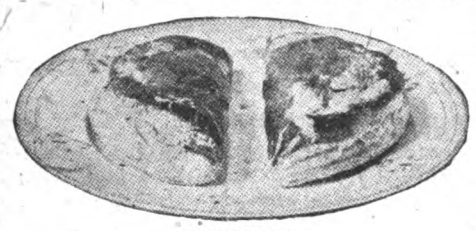
Extend your peanut butter, and at the same time make it into a pleasing consistency by soaking one teaspoon of gelatine in two tablespoons of cold water and dissolving it in one cup of hot lightly salted milk, and working it into one half pound of peanut butter. Press into wet moulds to harden. Too much should not be prepared at once as it will not keep as long as pure peanut butter.

If peaches lack flavor, crack a few of the stones and add the kernels to the syrup while it is cooking. Do not put the kernels into the canned fruit as in time they will give out too much flavor. Two whole stones may be added to each can of fruit.

Cranberries and sweet apples make a delicious combination. Try vinegar that has been used over beets when making vegetable salad.

Canning Mixed Vegetables

Not even a spoonful of vegetables need be considered too small an amount to be worth canning, for some of the most tempting dishes in winter are made from canned mixed vegetables. The vegetable salad is one; soups and scallops are others. A good combination is young carrots, string beans, peas and young onions. Another is celery, green peppers, small lima beans and onions. Beets are best canned by themselves, as they will color the whole mixture. Fill sterilized jars with layers of raw vegetables as closely as possible, then to overflowing with boiling water. Put on rubbers and tops and half seal. Cook three hours in hot water bath with water just to shoulder of jars, or 35 minutes in steam-pressure cooker under 15 pounds pressure.



TURNOVERS.

CORN AND TOMATOES.—Scald tomatoes one minute, plunge into cold water and remove skin and core. Cut into quarters. In cutting corn from cob, cut a little more than half the kernel off, and then with a strong knife scrape the cob lengthways, pressing out the milk from the remaining part of the kernel. Fill jars, using two parts tomato to one part of corn. To each quart jar add two teaspoons of sugar.

CONCENTRATED SOUP.—An excellent soup can be made from any desired mixture of vegetables. A tasteful combination to can consists of one quart of concentrated tomato pulp (tomato boiled down until thick), one pint of corn, or tiny lima beans, one pint of okra, one teaspoon of salt and three teaspoons of sugar.

To make the tomato pulp, cook together three quarts of sliced tomato, one small chopped onion and one half cup of chopped sweet red pepper. Put through a sieve and remove seeds and skins. Return pulp to kettle and cook down to about the consistency of catsup. Measure, add the corn and beans and okra which has been prepared for canning with seasoning. Cook all together for ten minutes and then fill hot sterilized jars. In hot-bath method cook two hours, or 35 minutes under 15 pounds steam pressure.

Old-Fashioned Pickles

There is nothing better than the pickles our grandmothers used to make; modern cookery cannot improve upon those old-time recipes. Following are some favorites.

SWEET PICKLED ONIONS.—Slice large onions, or use the small button variety. Cover with a brine heavy enough to float an egg, and let stand 24 hours. Make a pickle to the proportion of four quarts of strong apple vinegar, five pounds of sugar, and one cup of mixed mustard and celery seed. Bring the pickle to a hard boil, and pour it over the onions which have been drained from the brine and placed in a stone crock.

PICKLED PEPPERS.—Use one half of large green peppers and the other half of the red and yellow sweet varieties. In the side of each, make a small incision through which the seeds may be removed without breaking the peppers. Cover the peppers with a brine sufficiently strong to float an egg and let them remain 24 hours. Drain and let stand 24 hours longer in a fresh brine. Wash in plenty of cold water. To every 24 peppers allow one quart each of strong vinegar and water and pour it boiling hot over the peppers. When cold, drain and cover with a boiling pickle made to the proportion of two quarts of strong apple vinegar, one sliced onion, two tablespoons of grated horseradish and about a teaspoon of whole cloves.

BEAN PICKLES.—Soak beans 48 hours in a brine strong enough to float an egg, and rinse in cold water and put into stone jar. Make a pickle of four quarts of strong apple vinegar, three cups of brown sugar, one root of horseradish, two ounces each of whole allspice and cloves, one ounce each of whole peppers and mace and three ounces each of black mustard seed, white mustard seed, stick cinnamon. Bring to a hard boil and pour over the beans. Put a large plate over the beans and weight it with a clean rock to keep them under the pickle. Keep jar covered.

CHILI SAUCE. Peel and chop fourteen large ripe tomatoes, two good-sized onions and three large green peppers and one red pepper. Make a pickle of three and one half cups of strong vinegar, three quarters of a cup of brown sugar, two tablespoons of salt, one tablespoon each of ground allspice and cinnamon, two teaspoons of celery seed, and half-a-cup of nasturtium seed. Cook one hour and bottle. Take care that it does not burn.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Make a brine strong enough to float an egg, and into it put 175 small cucumbers as fast as they are gathered from the vines, leaving on a little of the stem and taking care not to bruise them. When ready to pickle, soak two days in fresh water, drain and wipe, and put into a firkin or crock and cover with boiling hot pickle made as follows: Use vinegar enough to cover cucumbers. Add one whole onion stuck full of cloves, two green peppers, a little ground horseradish root, a small bit of alum and a bag containing one and one half cups of mixed whole spice. Boil eight minutes.

TOMATO CATCHUP.—It is quite an art to make good catchup. Use red tomatoes that are thoroughly ripe. Cook as rapidly as possible, as long boiling has a tendency to darken the product. Use porcelain-lined kettle. Wash and cut up a quantity of tomatoes without removing the skins. It is not necessary to add water. Boil until soft and press through a fine sieve until only the seeds and skins remain. To each gallon of this liquid add three level tablespoons of salt and one-fourth tablespoon of red pepper. Return to kettle. For each gallon, allow two level tablespoons of whole allspice, four level tablespoons of whole white or yellow mustard seed, one level tablespoon of whole cloves two level tablespoons of whole celery seed, one ounce of stick cinnamon and three ounces of green ginger root. Put spices into bags. Add two large whole onions to the gallon. Stir frequently while the catchup cooks, as the tomato settles and will scorch easily. When the tomato has thickened, add two cups of vinegar and three level tablespoons of sugar to the gallon, and continue hard boiling until when a little is put in a plate the liquid will not run from it. Remove onions and spice and pour into hot sterilized bottles and cork tightly.

SQUASH PIE.—Cut the squash in several pieces, remove seeds, put into a cooker, or between two pans, and bake in the shell. Scoop out and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 74)



Great News!

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IRENE CASTLE

(Herself)

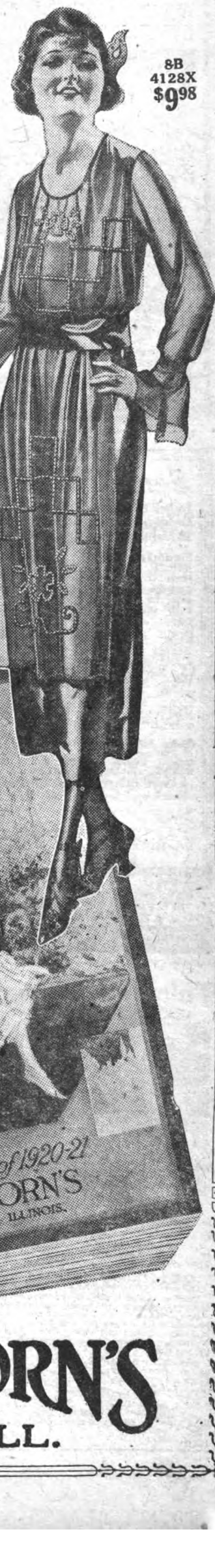
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DEPT. 318

CHICAGO, ILL.







The Beast of Blossom Valley

By Alice L. Whitson

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PART II.

TINY realized he had spoken truthfully when he said he was almost famished, by the way he ate, but she was ready for him, and as soon as the bowl of cream tomato soup disappeared she bore the empty dish away only to return immediately and set before him a Spanish egg omelet garnished with green peas and parsley.

He felt tempted when she brought that in to ask her to eat with him—her pale face convinced him she needed the food more than he did—but personal pride forbade him follow the dictations of his heart. She understood how to plan a meal as well as serve it, he realized when a delicious cheese salad on chilled lettuce leaves followed the omelet to the table. Then came a surprise in the form of an individual pie and a cup of steaming coffee—coffee such as John Brunnett admitted to himself that only an expert could make. She was a puzzle—this new housekeeper was—but she had proved herself a first-class cook; he couldn't help it—he wanted another cup of that wonderful coffee, and there was nothing to do but ask for it; when it was finished he pressed the call button.

Immediately Tiny answered in person.

"You have proven beyond a doubt that you can cook," the man said more amiably than he had spoken before, "and as soon as you eat, you can go."

Tiny expressed her thanks by a polite bow that wholly upset the man; he wished she'd be impolite, if nothing else, but she wasn't—in fact, her manners were as perfect as any one he had ever known.

"Don't worry about washing the dishes tonight," he said pleasantly as his eyes rested on her flushed face, "you can do them tomorrow or the next day, or—or—oh, hell," he stammered, "I don't care when you clean 'em up, so long as you feed me such food as I've just eaten."

Tiny turned back towards the kitchen, her heart beating with joy. It was pleasant to be praised for well-rendered service, no matter what sort of work it was. She cleared off a corner of the cook-table for her own supper. Scarcely, however, had she finished the soup when the man whom she must look upon as a beast, because he had branded himself thusly in her eyes, made his appearance in the door.

Brunnette was a queer man—he had always lived according to his own ideas of custom.

"I say, young woman," he said abruptly, "I'm feeling in such spirits now that I'm going to drive in to town for a little while myself, and I'll take you in with me if you care to go."

Tiny creditably expressed her appreciation for such a kind favor, and 'ere long she was seated in a comfortable roadster, speeding along at the rate of thirty miles an hour, beside a man that she would have given much to have met under more favorable circumstances—she wished he hadn't told her he was considered a beast, for, aside from his gruff, blunt speeches, she had seen no beastly indications. But why should she worry? She had agreed to keep his house in order for a whole year's time for a certain sum of money—for that period at least she must remain only a servant in his sight.

Once on the way in he reached over and tucked the heavy rug closer about the little woman at his side, but not a word did Tiny utter until she asked him to let her out.

Purposely she chose the corner of Fifth and Jupiter—the fame of Jupiter was far-reaching for its reasonably-priced boarding houses. Regardless of the fact that she was getting out at Jupiter Street, John didn't open the door until she had promised to meet him at the same spot on the following morning.

Tiny watched him drive away until he was lost among the thickly-moving vehicles, then she fell in line with the usual Saturday evening crowd and made her way down town to one of the best department stores in the city. There she spent her whole week's salary and considerably more for an outfit such as she thought advisable to have for her present position.

There was much to be done, and Tiny found the night fairly spent before she crawled between the sheets of her small bed to snatch a few hours' sleep to dream of a place where rose-vines ran at will over an old stone archway.

At ten A. M. the next morning she reached the appointed place and though a bit ahead of time herself, she found the Beast of Blossom Valley waiting for her.

He greeted her pleasantly as he opened the door for her to get in, but made no further motion to assist her. She remembered it wasn't customary for a gentleman to assist his servant, in time to save herself embarrassment, and after carefully placing her bag on the running-board, she climbed in beside him.

It was a wonderful morning; the cold, crisp air was invigorating, and the sunshine against the ice-bordered pools along the road were as fairy palaces to the girl who had so long been denied them. Yet she managed to suppress the words of joy that rose to her lips as they spun along the winding road with only the chu-chug of the motor breaking the silence between them.

When they reached Blossom Valley Lodge again Brunnett immediately showed her to her room—a big, comfortable room it was, too—with windows on two sides, one overlooking the wooded vales, and the other afforded a view of the hills—the wonderful hills by which her decision of staying was based upon—a room such as she had dreamed of having only when success had crowned her efforts—she could scarcely believe it was hers to occupy as a servant; she wondered what the rest could be like. She gave a hurried glance towards the white tile bathroom as she slipped into a blue gingham house dress; tying on a white apron, she descended the stairs and straightway made for the kitchen.

"I started on the worst thing first," she remarked to Brunnett when he came in later on in the day.

"I see you did," he returned in a tone that expressed his surprise. "I never expected to see it clean again, and you're making great headway on those pots and pans, too; it already looks like a different place," he continued pleasantly, "and—and—I'm ashamed to say it, but I'm beginning to feel hungry again for another good feed."

The good feed was soon prepared, and the battle against dirt continued, and when night came down, regardless of the day being Sunday, Tiny had the kitchen shining like a new pin from floor to ceiling; she was reveling in the beauty her own hands had performed when Brunnett again made his appearance.

His keen eyes swiftly took in the room.

"It's wonderful, absolutely wonderful," he declared, "what soap and water and two willing hands can do."

Tiny's face beamed—he couldn't help but see it.

"But I didn't come in to rave over what I'm paying you to do," he added suddenly. "I came in to tell you I've been called to the city for a few days—probably a week, and I'm just wondering if you'd be afraid to stay on in the house during my absence."

"It's a big, old house," Tiny answered slowly, "but I *will* stay if you like."

The man looked his surprise.

"I didn't expect it of you hardly," he answered frankly, "but you're such an unusual type of a servant, I guess I might have expected it."

Tiny winced at the name—she wished he could pronounce it with less force, but no spoken words came to her lips.

"I'd appreciate it very much," the man continued presently, "and would also consider it a great favor if you'd stay on in my absence—but I warn you, the place is lonely. What about inviting a friend out to spend the nights with you?"

He saw a flush of red dye the pale cheeks of the girl before him, then presently she raised her eyes to his—such honest blue eyes as they were—they reminded the man of placid waters he had known.

"If you don't mind," she said timidly, "I'd prefer very much hiring a good, strong woman to help me set the place in order while you're gone; besides," she added softly, "you don't know what sort of people my friends might be."

It was the man's turn to blush. In all the days of his forty years he had never met such a woman as was his present housekeeper; he hadn't thought of such a thing as leaving a strange woman in his old home—he had expected her to leave when he told her he was going—but now—well, not even staying alone had seemed to effect her seriously. Suddenly it dawned upon him that staying in the house was a clause in the agreement she had signed; probably she had remembered that.

"You're sure," he said presently, "that you'd rather hire a helper and stay on in the house while I'm away, than run into town?"

"Positively sure, Mr. Brunnett," she said sweetly, "that is," she added softly, "if you are willing to trust me."

Something new and strange stirred within the man's soul. Could he trust her? Why, he felt like telling her outright he could trust her to the ends of the earth, but common sense reminded him that he had known her only since yesterday, and, worst of all—she was a servant in his house, not an acquaintance.

"I shall leave my house in your hands," he said, trying hard to effect his voice a bit into the gruffness that he found so hard to use when speaking to her.

"And I'll guard it with my very life," she interrupted.

Her speech startled him; instinct assured him she was speaking truthfully—how he wished she were a friend instead of a servant.

"I—I think you'll find a good helper in Andy's wife," the man returned. "I'll speak to her before I leave."

So it happened that while John Brunnett was fighting the Bulls and Bears in the stock exchange in the city, Tiny Thaxton, with the assistance of buxom Judy, was fighting the dust and dirt of two years' accumulation in the house at Blossom Valley.

At the end of the fifth day it fairly shone in cleanliness from the brass knocker on the front door to the hinges on the back.

Tiny had thrown the blinds open to the winter sunshine, and cleaned with her own hands the dainty lace curtains that covered the windows. Look where you would, not a speck of dust or dirt was to be found.

A note from the master of the house had informed her that he would be home some time Saturday afternoon—just what time he would make his appearance she had no idea—but in order to leave nothing undone that would surprise him, she had the fire lit in the big fireplace and from the much neglected conservatory she had found enough flowers to add color to the scene, and then she curled up in the same chair in which she had sat when she signed the agreement just a week ago to become housekeeper for the Beast of Blossom Valley. She was as fresh and sweet in her simple little house dress as the old aristocratic house looked in its cleanliness.

The week, though a very strenuous one, was already proving beneficial; that tired, numb feeling that had been her constant companion in Leeds' office was gone from her brain, and though physically tired, she was spiritually happy; she hoped the Beast of Blossom Valley would be pleased.

Suddenly the door opened, and the man of her thoughts came in. An exclamation of joy escaped his lips when he beheld the transformation.

"Home—thank God!—it looks like home again," he said fervently as he bowed his head among the flowers.

"I—I—hoped you would like it," a voice interrupted, and turning, he came face to face with the one who was responsible for his joy.

"Like it!" he exclaimed, catching her small hand in his in a clasp of tenderness. "Why, it's like coming *home* to come in and find everything sweet and clean and flowery—it only lacks mother's presence of being perfect."

"I'm sorry that's impossible," Tiny said sweetly.

Suddenly the man realized with embarrassment that he was still holding her hands, and quickly he released them.

Tiny noticed the movement, but joy instead of shame thrilled her heart.

She drew a chair near the fire, into which he immediately sank.

"Now," she said pleasantly, "while you rest I'll run in and fix you something good to eat."

"Isn't Judy here?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes," Tiny answered, "but it isn't necessary to keep her longer; the hard work is done and I—I—like the cooking as—as well as the lounging chairs."

His eyes rested upon her for an instant in astonishment.

"I'm sure of that," Brunnett answered slowly, "but I had as well tell you now that I learned today that my business is going to keep me pretty well on the jump this winter." He didn't tell her, however, that he had of his own free will arranged it so, nor that he felt afraid of living in his own home with the woman he had hired to look after it.) "Of course," he continued, "I'll be dropping in most every Saturday, and since I can't leave you alone in the house, I've been thinking that Judy might stay on, and help you out."

"But what would I do," Tiny asked, "if Judy remains?"

"You—you—well—you might darn up my socks and mend my clothes, and read to me when I come home, like—mother used to."

"Is that a cook's duty?" Tiny asked.

"I didn't hire you to cook," Brunnett answered, "unless it was necessary. You're my—my—housekeeper, and I want you to be presentable at all times to go to the front door."

Tiny was puzzled; she hadn't expected anything like this.

"Can you read and write creditably?" Brunnett queried.

"I think so," Tiny answered. "I've had a little experience."

"Well," the man replied thoughtfully, "in that case you can be a lot of help to me—you'll do my correspondence."

"I might be able to type your letters with a bit of practice," Tiny added. "I studied stenography once."

John Brunnett wrinkled his brow in deep study.

"You're some woman," he said slowly, "but that's your business—and if you'll help me with my correspondence over Sundays, we'll retain Judy by the month for that part of your service."

"You're very kind, Mr. Brunnett," Tiny said sweetly. "I'll run in and give Judy the order for dinner."

"Tell her," Brunnett called after the retreating figure, "to set the table for two."

As Tiny had proved her ability as a housekeeper, she proved her worth as a stenographer. John Brunnett marveled at the rapidity of her speed, the correctness of her English—but, try as he would, not a breath could he learn of her past—she had come like a ray of sunshine into his old home, and her presence had kept it sunny ever since.

The winter was like a long, sweet dream to the Beast of Blossom Valley; no matter where business called him, he was never too far away to get back home for Sunday, and though Tiny kept herself in readiness to receive his guests, not a soul came during the winter—and, oh, what a wonderful winter it had been, too! With Judy to do the housework, she had found plenty of time for keeping Brunnett's wardrobe in perfect condition, for daily walks in the woods, and at nights the old home would ring with the music of her happy voice; the trembling was gone from her fingers, her cheeks would rival the red of any June rose; her eyes twinkled like the stars on a dark night, and she was happy.

While every day Brunnett, in spite of himself, had to admit that the girl was growing dearer to him; time and time again he had tried to learn something about her, but his efforts had all been in vain, though he had made a house-to-house canvass on Jupiter Street trying to learn something of her past. But at last he gave up—what did it matter, anyway?—she was his servant.

As the winter was giving way to the spring, however, love overruled his selfish pride, and he admitted to himself that regardless of who or what she might have been, he loved her, and that night he started home to stay.

It was late afternoon when he reached Blossom Valley, and failing to find the little woman in the house, he went to the garden. Just as he expected, he found her prying among the flowers, but, to his astonishment, he plainly saw traces of tears in her eyes when she greeted him.

"You're—not becoming dissatisfied, Tiny?" he asked anxiously as his strong hand caught her weaker one in a vise-like grasp.

"Not dissatisfied," she answered, "but heart-sick."

For a moment the man stood as though stunned from a heavy blow.

"There are so many things on this place that needs the attention of a loving hand," the girl continued falteringly, "that I can't decide which one to attend to first."

In a flash the man's arms were around her. "Tiny darling," he said tenderly, "you have spoken the truth, but I—I—need you more than anything else—won't you come to me first?"

Tiny looked up into the eager face?"

"You know very little about me, John, to offer me such an honor."

"I've fought that out, Tiny dear," he answered. "I don't care who you are or what you did before you came to me—I only know you came, and that I love you—and I want you forever."

Tiny hid her face on Brunnett's broad shoulder. "I've known that for a long time," she said sweetly, "but I didn't know whether you'd ever find it out yourself or not; and as for my past—well, dear," she continued softly, "it was absolutely colorless until I found——"

"The Beast of Blossom Valley," Brunnett interrupted laughingly as their lips met.

Old-Fashioned Pickles and Other Seasonable Recipes

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11.)

mash, and to each heaping cup of squash add one teaspoon of dry flour mixed with five tablespoons of brown sugar, half-a-teaspoon each of ground ginger, cinnamon, and salt, one fourth of a teaspoon of nutmeg, and one well-beaten egg. Stir thoroughly together and add one cup of boiling hot milk and about one tablespoon of butter. Beat well and pour into a deep pie plate lined with pastry made the same as for "turnovers." Bake in a very moderate oven until brown, which will take an hour or more. Slow cooking improves the flavor. If the pie boils, it will be spoiled.

TURNOVERS.—Stir three fourths of a cup of lard until it is creamy, and slowly add one half cup of ice water, and one teaspoon of salt. Add enough pastry flour to make a stiff dough, working it in with two knives. Dust board with flour, turn out the dough and flour. Do not handle more than possible. Make into ball and roll to about a half-inch thickness, working from the center of ball each time, first from you and then toward you. Lift from board and turn over if the pastry sticks. Make into a roll and cut enough pastry from the end for each turnover. Roll into a circle, put filling onto one half, wet the edge with cold water so it will stick together, fold over and press edges together. Make several tiny incisions in the top for the steam to escape through. Brush over with milk or water.

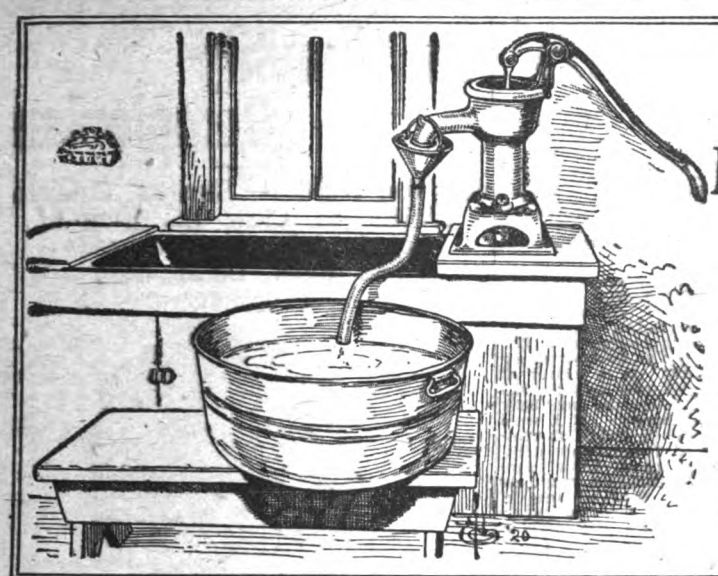
APPLE AND RAISIN FILLING.—Chop two cups of apple with half-a-cup of raisins. Season with three teaspoons of melted butter, quarter of a teaspoon of cinnamon and eight tablespoons of sugar mixed with two rounding tablespoons of flour. Use more sugar if desired.

SQUASH GEMS.—Warm three-fourths cup of dry sifted squash, add one-fourth cup of brown sugar and beat until dissolved. Add one well-beaten egg, one tablespoon of warmed butter and one cup of thick sour milk. To one and one-half cup of sifted flour and one-half cup of fine cornmeal add two rounding teaspoons of baking powder and one scant half teaspoon of soda, and stir into mixture. Beat hard one minute and bake in a fairly hot oven until brown. Sprinkle tops with chopped nuts if desired.

MEAT HASH LOAF.—Put through the meat chopper one cup of raw lean beef, one half of an onion, two potatoes, one beet, two carrots, one small turnip and a stalk of celery. Use raw vegetables. Make a white sauce the same as given for "Macaroni and Peas," and stir through vegetables with one cup of bread-crumbs. Season with salt and pepper. Press into a deep tin, cover with beef fat or drippings and bake in a moderate oven about two hours. Serve hot, cut into thick slices. A thin slice of hard-boiled egg on each slice of loaf and salad green makes an attractive garnish.

MACARONI WITH PEAS.—One or two vegetables mixed with macaroni forms a very nutritious dish as well as "tasty." Drop the macaroni into boiling salted water and boil hard until soft. Plunge into cold water to prevent it becoming pasty. Mix with peas, mashed turnip, beets and carrots cut into cubes, or boiled cabbage. Season with butter, pepper and salt, or pour over a white sauce made as follows: Put two tablespoons of butter into a saucepan and when it bubbles slowly cream in one rounding tablespoon of dry flour. Slowly add one cup of hot milk, or equal parts of milk and water, and simmer five minutes. Season to taste.





THE MODERN WASH DAY

By Ella Gordon

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THE majority of housewives today are doing their own washing and ironing. It is a true saying that "it is not the wear but the care of clothing that determines how long it will last," and this is why more and more women have joined the ranks of those who would save by doing their own laundering. Naturally, the buying of materials that wear the best and save ironing has resulted in crepe, seersucker and knitted garments becoming very popular. After washing, they require only to be pulled into shape.

Importance of Proper Equipment

If portable tubs are used, there should be three of them. A wash-bench high enough to stand straight at the hips, with back bending just



DOILIES SHOULD BE ROLLED BEFORE THEY ARE PUT AWAY.

enough to procure a purchase on the clothes. Cultivate washing with the arms rather than with the back. It greatly lessens fatigue.

If a kitchen pump is used, insert a large tunnel into the end of a length of hose, fastening the tunnel to the head of pump so it will come under the spout. (See illustration.) Fill tubs by putting the other end of hose into the tub and pumping water into the tunnel. If you have running water in the house conducted through pipes with faucet fittings, connect hose with the faucet. Do not unnecessarily lift water. If one has a perfectly clean sink, it can be used to rinse clothes in by cutting a large circle from the side of a discarded hot-water bottle, placing it over the sink drain and putting an inverted saucer over it. The suction will hold it in place.

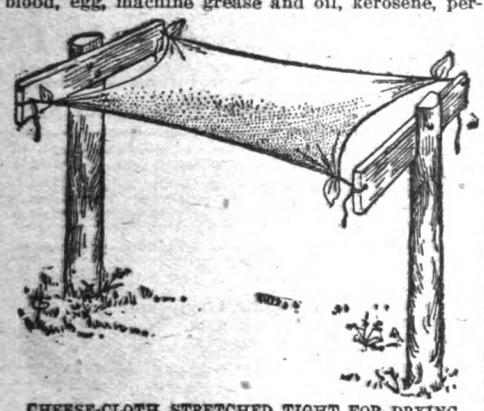
Use a washing machine if possible. The wear it saves the clothes will soon pay for it, to say nothing of the backaches it prevents. Use a wringer. Twisting clothes is destructive, besides the wringer presses out much dirty water that the hands cannot do. Keep the wringer oiled and cleaned. The rubber rollers will last much longer if the thumbscrews are loosened when wringer is not being used. Select a smooth, well-made washboard. Glass ones are the best. Wash and dry after using. Extend the life of your boiler by always washing and drying and hanging where it will not rust. Use a smooth wooden clothes stick.

How to Wash Clothes

The way clothes are washed has very much changed in the last few years. And with many, wash day has also changed. The clothes used always be put in soak Sunday night to be washed on Monday. There is a very logical reason for changing wash day to Tuesday, for Monday is the day when most housewives find the larder rather scant of cooked food, as little cooking is done on Sunday. So why not take Monday to get the house put to rights and a little cooking ahead before the big job of doing a washing is commenced? It makes the whole work easier.

Cold water combined with soap is a far better dirt solvent than hot. Stains common to the family wash are set by hot water and then must be rubbed out. The first step toward putting out a satisfactory washing, is to remove all fresh stains from the clothes. These include fruit and blood stains. Every household should boast of a full set of stain removers. They cost very little, last a long time, save work and the annoyance that the sight of a stained article always causes.

Cold water first, then soap will remove such stains as milk, cream and cocoa, meat juices, blood, egg, machine grease and oil, kerosene, per-



CHEESE-CLOTH STRETCHED TIGHT FOR DRYING SWEATER.

spiration and water marks. Grass, stove polish, shoe blacking and slight mildew will, when fresh, generally yield to cold water. If set, use denatured alcohol or Javelle water. Tea, coffee and berry stains are removed with boiling water. Ammonia, followed by a thorough rinsing in boiling water, will usually remove acid stains. Diluted, it can be used on colors and delicate fabrics. Iron rust and ink stains, if not too old, can be removed with citric or tartaric acid solution. Rinse immediately. Old blood stains and heavy mildew is removed by sprinkling with chloride of lime and moistening with vinegar or very sour milk. Rinse as soon as the stains disappear else the fabric will be weakened.

JAVELLE WATER.—One half pound chloride of lime dissolved in two quarts of cold water. One pound of washing soda dissolved in one quart of boiling water. Pour the clear liquid from the chloride of lime into the soda solution. Let the mixture settle and then strain the liquid through a cloth into bottles. Cork and keep in dark place.

A Simple Washing Process

One of the modern ways of washing is by the cold-pack process. Soak the clothes a few minutes in cold water. Press the clothes and drain off the water. Take each piece separately and rub over with soap jelly made by cutting into shavings a bar of soap and dissolving it in boiling water. After soaping, fold each piece and lay into second tub. The clothes can stand over night, but two hours is sufficient to start the dirt. Add fairly hot water and wash. Put into boiler with a little fresh soap, and after boiling commences, boil five minutes. Rinse through two or more waters, the last slightly blued.

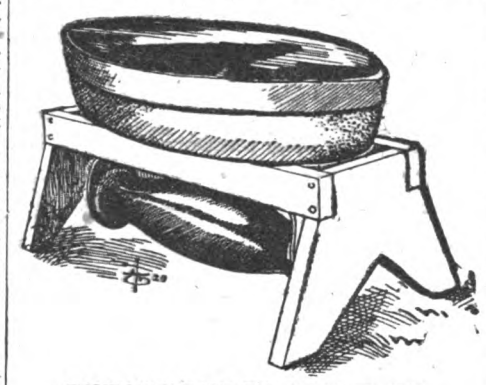
The Cause of "Gray" Clothes

There are many who put twice as much labor as necessary into washing, yet have "gray" clothes. The reason is simple. Strong bleaching powders are very difficult to rinse out, and are seldom necessary. If not thoroughly rinsed out in very hot water, after a few washings the clothes will be gray. Bluing grays clothes that are improperly rinsed. A hot iron also turns clothes dark that are not thoroughly rinsed. Hard water that has been softened should be strained before the clothes are put in, as the sediment is quite likely to give the clothes a dingy appearance.

Colored Clothes and Woolens

The washing of colored clothes is very simple. Use only fresh lukewarm water. Boiler suds is unfit and will cause fading. Cotton will stand more misuse than any other material, hence it is an ideal fabric for school wear. Carefully rinsed in lukewarm water slighted salted, dried in the shade, and ironed with irons not over-hot, it will wear and retain its color several seasons.

Woolens claim very different treatment. Washing in too hot or too cold water, rubbing strong



HOME-MADE RACK FOR INVERTED IRON.

yellow soap into the garments, hard rubbing and putting through a wringer are the usual mistakes which cause wool to "felt," and become gray.

Use only soft, tepid water, and enough wool or other white soap to make a suds. One tablespoon of ammonia to each pail of water is harmless and acts as a dirt solvent. Before putting woolen garments or blankets into the water, brush and shake out the loose lint. Soak about forty-five minutes. Wash by squeezing and working in and out the water. A hand washer or washing machine makes the work easy. Squeeze out the water and put into a second suds containing about one third as much soap and ammonia. After being put through the suds, rinse in clean tepid water. Squeeze by hand and dry in the open air. It is always well to put off washing wools until the day is bright and windy.

Drying and Ironing

In these busy days any housewife has a right to put away "rough-dried" many garments and household articles. Everyday sheets should be evenly hung to dry, folded smoothly and put away without ironing. This also applies to cup towels, other coarse towels, all crepe and seersucker undergarments, men's stockings, etc. Make the ironing of skirts and dresses easy by always hanging to dry on a straight of the cloth. If hung by a gored seam, or a bias grain of the cloth, the garment will be out of shape and require much pulling into shape, if it can be done at all.

Doilies, centerpieces and round articles are ironed by doing the centers first, the edges by always working the iron from the center across the edges. If the outer edges are done first in a round-and-round fashion, they will likely stretch and give a bulging appearance to the centers. Roll them on a table, or over a roll of stiff paper, as illustrated, after they are wound.

Every housewife is entitled to a good ironing board and a skirt board. They greatly lessen labor and are always ready for use. Use a fair amount of padding. An old blanket folded once, or in three thicknesses, is about right, but at first may seem thick. Too much padding prevents smoothness and quick drying, and too little will not show the fabrics to advantage. Iron linen and starched things dry.

Special Cleaning

In almost every house there are soiled garments and furnishings which cannot be washed in the usual way and which hardly seem worth the expense of cleaning by a professional. Hair ribbons, velvets, old curtains, etc., are among the

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)



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Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

our big spreading maple tree and talk and talk. Yes, I love cats, too.

Fair Locks, let me say that farm life is no rosy dream. It takes hard work to produce those golden fields of grain but let your heart decide, only don't mistake pity for love.

Molly-Joe, I'd like to talk with you and I'd love to go camping with Pearl Vesey and her kiddies.

Mrs. W. D. Ford, your girlie is sweet. What is her name?

Mrs. Wilkinson, would you like to spend the day with me? We'd pick strawberries, go fishing and maybe wade in the creek. Yes, and you could swing in my hammock or lawnswing. We have plenty of shade and will have lunch under the trees and you can have all the cream you want for your strawberries.

Oodles of love to all.

MERRY ROMPING PEGGY.

Peggy.—Isn't it too bad that people will refuse their share of life's sunshine when they would be so much happier if they'd only feel like this:

"Good morning, Brother Sunshine,
Good morning, Sister Song,
I beg your humble pardon
If you've waited very long.
I thought I heard you rapping,
To shut you out were sin,
My heart is standing open
Won't you walk—right—in?"

Thanks, Peggy, for the strawberries and cream and the good time promised me but are you sure the sisters wouldn't see us if we went wading? That isn't the most dignified conduct for a person of my years, you must remember.—Ed.

ALBERTVILLE, ALA.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I read with interest the many letters that appear in each issue of COMFORT. Some of them are so cheerful you feel just like a spring day after reading them, while others give you the "indigoes" and you feel just like a rainy day on the Fourth of July. I disagree with some of the sisters in pouring out their burdens of sorrow to the whole world. Why, I never worry my door-neighbors with any of my little petty troubles, much less faraway friends. A lady, once remarked: "You look as though you never had a care in your life." I have had, but why should I worry her with an open confession of all my little trials and tribulations. They have been but trifles, and if I can keep them buried in my heart out of sight from the world I'm sure it will take something more than a "busy neighbor" with her spade-like tongue to ever dig them out. I notice some of the sisters give remedies and recipes. I shall give the following remedy for the benefit of KNOCKERS:

Hide your little hammer and try to speak well of others, no matter how small you may really know yourself to be. When a stranger drops in, jolly him. Tell him this is the greatest town or community on earth—and it is.

Don't discourage him by speaking ill of your neighbors.

There's no end of fun minding your own business. It makes other people like you. Nobody gets stuck on a knocker.

I was married several years ago to an exceptionally good man. We have built us an "ideal home." The foundation is made of very substantial material—LOVE. It is bounded by four sides, KINDNESS, FAITHFULNESS, HELPFULNESS and CHEERFULNESS. It is covered with heavy roofing of SUNSHINE. Trust all you sisters and brothers have a home like ours, but if you do not, let me insist that you begin at once working together to repair the one you have.

Pearl Vesey, I like your cheerful letters and your

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



Daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment, promotes a clear skin, good hair and soft white hands in most cases when all else fails. Always include the exquisitely scented Cuticura Talcum in your toilet preparations.

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Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

The Pretty Girls' Club

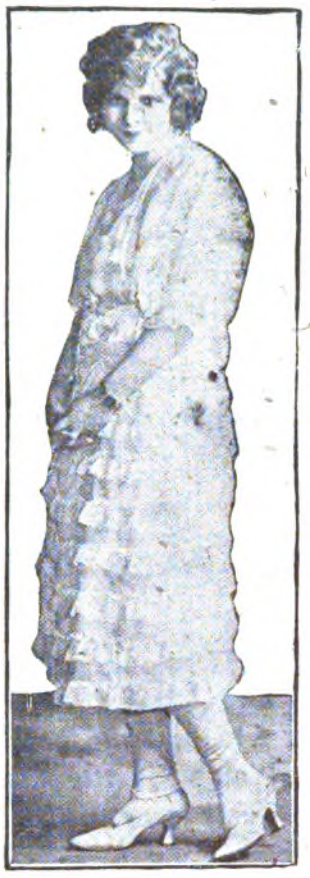
Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Little Things

SHE had on the prettiest dress in the room; her face was lovely, her manner charming, yet she failed to attract. Why? Ah, that's the moral I want to point out to my Pretty Girls this month. She just missed attraction by carelessness in the little things. You should have seen her stockings, my dears! Nobody could lay claim to being the belle of the occasion with ankles which looked like hers.

Oh, the stockings themselves were innocent enough, but the manner in which they draped themselves around her ankles would cure any observer of the admiration he had started to experience. For they were wrinkled in folds.

Now, there is no excuse for little lapses of the toilet like this. They simply mean that one is careless and not exactly nice about one's self.



A TOILET SPOILED BY WRINKLED STOCKINGS AND A CARELESS WAY OF STANDING.

And who can admire a girl who is not punctillous about her toilet?

"But," I hear some of my girls exclaim, "perhaps her stockings were too long in the leg and just wouldn't stretch smooth." There isn't any "just wouldn't" about matters of the toilet. It is up to the dainty young woman to see that defects of this kind are taken care of—and every such defect can be taken of, girls.

A good way to prevent wrinkled stockings is to wear two pairs of garters—or, rather, to wear side garters (which may be more than one pair, and probably are if they are attached to one's corset as they should be) and round garters as well.

Round garters should not be worn above the knee, where they impede the circulation, but below the knee. Side garters of proper length, attached to the corset in front, at the side and at the back (making three pairs of garters all together), will keep the stockings firm and smooth without the aid of the round garter, but the latter is an additional precaution besides being an attractive feature of one's toilet. The very last and tiniest wrinkle can be smoothed up and out of the leg of the stocking with the aid of the round garter.

Of course one may be very gay indeed as to one's round garters—they may be of shirred satin ribbon over elastic, or they may be of very narrow black elastic fastened with a rhinestone buckle, or they may be of black velvet, shirred, and fastened with a pink satin rose. Indeed, one may be as decorative as one desires. But, after all, the main point is that with them the stockings may be kept smooth and the ankles as trim and neat and dainty as possible. I hope all my girls will make up their minds to cast a last careful glance over their toilets before they leave their rooms, each time, and be sure that there are no wrinkled stockings, gaping hooks and eyes, frayed hems, or other shortcomings left unattended to.

I have told you before, and I repeat again, the girl who pays attention to all the little niceties that mark her as a dainty young woman has an attraction which beauty alone can never compete with; and a careful toilet makes up for many a flaw of feature and figure. Don't forget!

Answers to Questions

MARY A.—Oh, my dear, imagine anybody asking how to develop the hips! If you could only know the hundreds of women who are pining to reduce theirs! If I were you, I would let mine alone; they will, no doubt, put on flesh without any special aid, in time, and in any case slim hips are much to be desired these days. As a matter of correct measurement, however, your hips should be the same size as your bust, and your waist should be ten inches smaller. If your hips are thin, I should judge that your entire body is below the proper weight. You should eat fat-producing foods and chew every mouthful carefully before swallowing. The foods which put fat on thin hips are potatoes with butter, white bread and butter, rice, cereals with cream and sugar, macaroni, butter on your food, fat meats, gravies, sweet things. But, remember, that to produce fat, they must be digested properly. To take food which the stomach does not digest doesn't produce anything but indigestion and dyspepsia. So chew your food thoroughly, eat plenty of it, drink between meals, and watch your weight and your general condition. Drink plenty of milk. Exercise—for which you ask—will not put flesh on your hips, except indirectly. That is, it will stimulate the bodily functions and produce a more healthy condition, and from this may come added flesh, but it will not add flesh to your hips, and that is what you need. So make up your mind to eat to gain; to exercise to spur the body to do its work properly; to rest eight or nine hours out of every twenty-four. And you will soon find your hips filling out. As to clipping the hair every three or four months, I do not recommend it. If you have the patience to clip your hair, one hair at a time when it has a split end, that is perfectly sensible, but you should clip just above the split. To clip wholesale—that is, an inch or so off the ends of all the hair—shortens the hair and is seldom necessary.

MISSISSIPPI.—You did not tell me your weight, your height and other measurements, so I have no way of telling how much overweight you are and of advising you intelligently. I may say generally that the best way to reduce—in fact, the only way—is through regulating the diet. You must cut out the foods which make fat, and eat only those which give strength without producing fat. This means no potatoes, rice, sugar, macaroni, white bread, butter, cream, milk, candy, sweet desserts, fat meats, gravies, etc. But this leaves you plenty to eat. There is a book called "Eat and Grow Thin" which you would do well to read. Any book store can order it for you. Exercise active enough to make you perspire freely is also another excellent method of reducing, but must be helped out by the proper diet. There have been many answers given by me within the last three months to people who wanted to reduce, wherein I have planned out meals and given exercises. Practice any kind of exercise that you have found or may find in these columns, and be conscientious about adhering to the diet rules given. Then you will find yourself beginning to reduce.

PEARL.—I gave a freckle formula last month, also some advice about summer and winter freckles. Follow that advice, my dear. In regard to freckles, prevention is better than cure, and if you are careful next spring about your complexion, I think you will find the old freckles wearing away. You weigh enough for your age, and are a very good height. Later on, you will add ten or fifteen pounds, but it would be too much now.

AGNES.—You do not weigh any too much for your height, but if you would feel better to weigh somewhat less, note what I say to "Missssippi." However, there is one thing that you want to remember, and that is that a girl of fourteen needs lots of nourishment. Her body is undergoing changes and has to be kept strong and well-nourished to do its work. As a matter of fact, it is probable that the reason your hair is falling out and splitting at the ends is because your body is not furnishing it enough nourishment. If I were you, I would not attempt to reduce in weight at present, but would eat good healthful foods, drink milk, eat white bread and butter, lean meats, green vegetables and fresh fruits. As to the dandruff, your hair needs shampooing more frequently. Wash it once in three weeks, dissolving the soap you mean to use in hot water and pouring this liquid over your scalp a little at a time while you rub the scalp and lather the hair. Do not use a strong soap, as it cuts the skin and causes dandruff—which is nothing more or less than flaking skin. The white household soap will do, and you can shave it into the boiling water, letting it stand after it has been thoroughly dissolved, until you are ready to use it. Rinse the hair very carefully many times, for if you leave soap on the scalp or in the hair it will cause dandruff also. Brush the hair gently—not with strong, hard strokes—every night for forty or fifty times at the very least; and let it hang loose when you retire. In hot weather, it is a good idea to take the hair down during the day and let it air for ten minutes or so, especially if the scalp perspires. Massaging the scalp at night will stimulate it to healthy action. You no doubt read the directions last month or the month before in this department.

OKLAHOMA.—Yes, the milk diet means sweet milk. To gain by this method, you must drop solid food. For the first week, you are allowed an evening meal of simple, nourishing food, but after the first week no solid food at all. Each night put to soak half-a-dozen prunes in a tumbler of warm water. In the morning drink the prune juice, and eat the prunes, masticating them thoroughly before swallowing. Do this immediately on rising. If you rise at 7.00, take a tumbler of hot water at 7.20, and at 7.30 begin your milk, taking a glass and a half. Do not gulp this down, but drink it slowly, "chewing" each mouthful before swallowing. Take a glass and a half every hour until 3.30. Eat your supper at 6.00 or 6.30, then between that hour and going to bed drink two glasses of hot water. The second week, drink two glasses of milk each hour from 7.30 A. M. until and including 6.30 P. M. Take your prunes on rising and your glass of hot water as directed. Remember, you eat no food at all after the first week. The milk you are taking contains more nourishment than any amount of solid food you could possibly eat. Weigh on the afternoon of the first week, and weekly thereafter on the afternoon of the last day. You should gain from one to three or four pounds per week.

BROWN-EYED MARY.—Well, well, my girl with the changeable hair. I am sure I do not know what causes this, unless a difference in brushing. Although it is also possible that it is a "dusty color after shampooing, a "soft brown" as the oil gets spread out upon the hair once more from brushing, and "almost black" as it grows more and more oily between shampoos. The dandruff indicates that you are using too strong a soap in shampooing, too stiff a brush in brushing—thus irritating the scalp—or that you do not rinse the hair thoroughly at the time of shampooing. That is, any one of these three simple things might cause dandruff, as well as a general bodily condition. Before your next shampoo, oil the scalp at night—using a medicine-dropper and running it along a part from forehead to nape of neck, then along another part, and so on. Let the oil stay on all night, with the head tied up in a towel. Then in the morning shampoo thoroughly. Afterward, be sure that you brush the hair gently, and that your brush is not stiff. Of course, you never use a fine comb on the scalp, do you? This would break the skin and cause dandruff. Try massaging the scalp at night. About the occasional pimple on the face, you are quite right in thinking I will say it is from "your blood." Because that's where all pimples come from, except those which are caused by a blackhead festering. I wouldn't be surprised if yours are blackhead pimples, and get sore in trying to discharge their contents. You might try steaming the face when one of these appears—see my answer to "Mabel," although the best plan is to watch carefully and see that no



ANKLES THAT ARE GOOD TO LOOK AT.

blackheads form. I am glad you are so careful about your bodily habits. Do you drink six to eight glasses of water every day? Success to you!

HOPELESS.—Oh, indeed, my dear, you are not at all a "hopeless case." I should say that your whole trouble came from not nourishing your body sufficiently. You ought to weigh 115 or 120 pounds, and if you will build yourself up to that weight, I think you will find that your skin will whiten out of its own accord. At present you are not giving it the ingredients which make a fair skin. Do you see? You must regard yourself as a sacred trust. I know most women who are as busy as you are around the house get to feeling that anything will do for them to eat. But that isn't so! Read what I have said about foods, to the other people this month, and follow the suggestions. Remember, fruits and vegetables are the best kind of medicines, but that you need milk, meat, fish, poultry, bread and butter, eggs, to build up your strength. You must eat three good hearty meals a day, with *no fried foods*, cut out coffee and tea altogether (either of them, taken frequently, could give you that tan skin), drink plenty of water between meals, and see that your bowels move freely at least once a day. As to the hands which we want to whiten, I will give you a formula for a whitening lotion, but the thing you must do is to take as much care of them as possible in doing your work. If you would buy a pair of "house-gloves"—canvas gloves such as one uses in gardening—and wear them when sweeping, scrubbing, dusting, etc., it would make a great difference. Then if you will use a dish-mop in washing your dishes—and it is perfectly practicable, with plenty of good hot water—your hands will not suffer from this part of the work. Be careful about putting your hands first in hot water, then in cold, or putting them in hot water and then going into cold air. A little corn-meal in a covered bowl, kept on the shelf above the dishpan, and some of it rubbed on the hands to help dry them after wiping with a towel, is good for the hands. Bran water—water in which bran has been boiled, is softening. And of course, if you can get rain-water for your dishwashing and your toilet, it will help matters very much. Here is a good hand lotion:

For the Hands

One ounce glycerine, three ounces of rosewater, ten drops of lemon juice.

Or you can use just glycerine and lemon juice.

Another Hand Lotion

Glycerine, one ounce; lemon juice, one ounce.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

To Beautify Complexion

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You can now have back the hair of your youth with its original color restored. Kolor-Bak now makes this possible. Not a muddy, mussy, greasy dye or stain, but a scientific hair preparation that stimulates into renewed activity the fading pigments which give the hair its natural color. Clean, colorless and stainless. Absolutely harmless. Try it at our risk. If it fails you get your money back. Users say they never dreamed anything could restore gray hair to original color so quickly and with such wonderfully satisfactory results as does Kolor-Bak. Two applications guaranteed to remove dandruff. Stops falling hair. Keeps scalp clean, cool and comfortable—no itching, scales or soreness. No longer any excuse for gray, unlovely hair when Kolor-Bak is so easy to get and costs so little, with absolutely guaranteed satisfactory results. Write today for free book giving positive proof and full explanation. Hygienic Laboratories, 3334-3338 West 38th Street, Dept. 953 Chicago, Ill.

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A big fire-pot means more heat from less coal. The fire-pot of this heater is a big coal-saver; 16 inches diameter.



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Order No. K 2616.
Terms: $1 with Order, $2 Monthly. Total Price $21.85

ONLY $1 With Order

Only $2 Monthly

The fireside has ever been the symbol of everything that is clean and good and happy in the home. In childhood the best place in the world is in mother's arms near the roaring fire. In the days of our achievement, when we plan our own air-castle our first vision is the home-fire that will dissolve the day's cares into calm peace. And, when time ages our blood we seek again the magic of the fireside to conjure up the past and to contemplate the lessons in the dying embers. So, your fireside—your stove—must be a very good one; one that will last for years and satisfy you in Every Way. Such a stove is My "Silver Oak" Heater, which you can Try Before You Buy.

ALL YOUR Money Back

I want to send this superfine Oak Heater to you on 30 Days' Trial so you can be the judge of its Beautiful Colonial lines, its Delightful Ornamentation. I want to prove to your Entire Satisfaction that The "Silver Oak" Heater is a big Money-Saver, in that it gives more heat for less Coal, and that it requires Less Care than any heater you ever had. If you do not believe that this stove is first-class in every way, and that it is one of the Biggest Bargains you ever saw you can return it. I will refund your first payment and all freight charges. The trial will not cost you a penny.

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Be Sure to Read These Particulars

The Body: Made of heavy-gauge, high quality, wear-resisting, time-resisting blue steel that radiates a powerful heat and that takes and holds a brilliant polish. All joints are positively and permanently air-tight. They are made so by a combination of flange and outside bolts which cannot burn off. This feature guarantees fuel economy. *The Fire Pot:* Very strong, of extra weight and heavily corrugated. Will stand the hardest kind of use. *The Grate:* Improved Draw Center type, very easy to operate. Burns soft coal or wood; heats quickly. *The Ash Pit:* Unusually deep and large. Top part is in one piece; bottom part also in one piece, and made of 14 gauge steel. These features make for extreme durability. *Legs:* Built of 14 gauge steel.

Nickel Trimmings: Heavily triple-plated and highly polished; will not flake or peel. The following parts are Nickeled: Urn, Swing-Top, removable Side-Wings, Foot-Rails, Screw Drafts and Door Handles. These nickeled parts give the stove just the right touch to make its appearance rich and artistic.

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ONLY $1 With Order

The right kind of an easy chair seems to possess the magic of a good fairy. Embraced in its depths, the body becomes rested and the mind serene. Fears and worries give way to calm courage and blessed peace. And the older such a chair becomes the better it seems to be.

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Your first payment will be refunded and I will pay all freight charges. If you decide to keep it, send me the little payment of $1 monthly.

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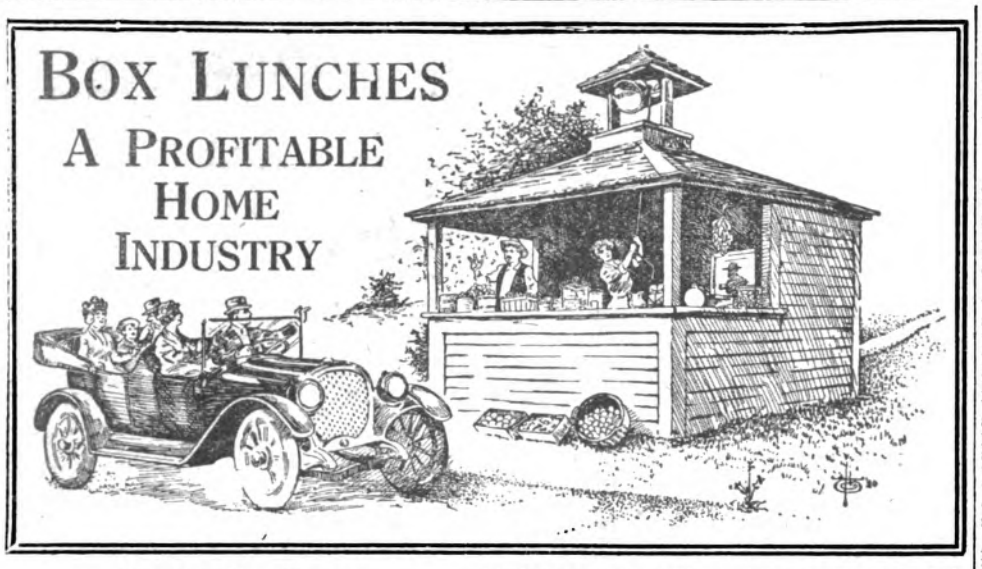
EVERYTHING SENT ON 30 DAYS TRIAL

A MONEY-BACK OFFER ON EVERY SALE

MY BIG CATALOG IS FREE

WRITE FOR IT TO-DAY

USE THE COUPO NOW



By Evelin Vance

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THERE are many and varied opportunities for an ambitious woman to earn money at home if she will do that thing at which she is most skillful. Assuming that many of our friends have been aided in becoming efficient cooks by lessons taught in COMFORT'S cooking department, let us talk about the money-making possibilities in providing box lunches for travelers who tour the country by train or automobile.

In view of the fact that dining-car and restaurant lunches at the present time are very costly and too often of a doubtful quality, their patronage is therefore avoided by many travelers who prefer the box lunches, which can be bought at places or stations along the road, and consequently the catering to this demand has become a growing business.

The Station Lunch

Thousands of people are traveling frequently over the same road, through thickly or sparsely settled localities, and when once they discover where they are sure to find a substantial and palatable box lunch, they will wait until they get to that place. Then there will be those who buy because they see others who seem to know it is a "good thing"; and, besides, people must eat.

Is There a Profit?

Taking into consideration the difference between the cost of raw material and a plate of food served in any public eating place, I will answer that there is. At home, there are no added overhead expenses by way of rentals or service. These are large items to the public caterer and the consumer must pay them.

In setting the price for any food, there must be an accurate reckoning of cost of all the ingredients used. Also figure the time of preparation, and allow yourself so much per hour. The expense of fuel is an item, as well. If supplies raised at home are available, such as milk, eggs, butter, jellies, nuts, etc., reckon these at the market price. There is an ample variety of food for box lunches on which a substantial profit may be realized, so do not make anything that does not pay.

Collapsible pasteboard boxes, waxed paper and paper napkins will be necessary, and if used in quantity any dealer will be glad to make a special price.

Contents of the Box Lunch

If you would gain a reputation for putting together satisfactory lunches, the contents cannot be chosen "hit or miss." Instead, study what will constitute a lunch that is digestible, appetizing and not too much sweet. The sandwich plays an important part in the lunch because it is easily managed and the endless variety includes those that are almost a meal in themselves. Avoid anything that soaks through, or will not hold its original condition until eaten as it might "turn" one against the entire lunch. Use some fruit, either dried or fresh, in every box. It is very refreshing to the traveler.

Neatness is half the battle in putting the lunch together. If, on opening the box, the general appearance is that of cleanliness and forethought, you have created a desire for the food that a slovenly, careless appearance would entirely dispel. One woman who did a box lunch business also grew flowers, and she managed always to tuck one into the box between packages where it would be the first thing to catch the eye. It was like a cheerful greeting. Kept in water over night, a flower will retain its freshness for hours.

Assuming that the lunch boxes will be sold from large baskets carried on the arm, it will be necessary to have four or more persons to handle them; one at each end of train working toward the center of train when it stops, and two at the center working in opposite directions. This, of course, applies to a fairly long train, while shorter ones can be handled by two working from each end.

Quick handling of boxes with no unnecessary words must be insisted upon if the boxes are to be disposed of, for most train stops are short. In fixing the price of lunch, make it even money so that making change can be rapidly done. Have ample change in an open pocket. In some instances, one selling lunches is allowed to board trains, but usually one must rely on being seen in a conspicuous position as the train pulls in and the passengers stepping onto the platform to make the purchase. With alertness the watchword, the quick-minded one will soon learn how to make sales.

A Wayside Luncheon Booth

In all directions throughout the country many women have developed a paying business by catering to automobilists who pass through their locality. This is usually done by some sort of a display that attracts the attention of the passerby.

The one here illustrated is the most unique I know of. A booth was built close to the roadside, just large enough for a counter across the front opening and shelves in back to hold the boxes of food. Displayed were soft drinks, milk, fruit, candy and cooked food neatly wrapped in paraffin papers. The crowning feature of the whole arrangement was the ringing of a large overhead bell just as each automobile came within hearing distance. The unexpected sound of the bell attracted attention, and in most instances would cause the driver to sufficiently slow down to find out what it was all about, with the result that if refreshments were in order they were quite likely to be bought then and there, as the novelty of the bell created a friendly interest in the booth.

The School Lunch

Let us depart a moment from the traveler's lunch to say a word about the school lunch which so many mothers are putting up every morning. In all sympathy, let me say that I appreciate the monotony of the daily lunch basket; but it is monotonous as well for the one who day after day must eat cold food. I am hoping that this article will help hundreds who put up school lunches as well as the woman who is searching for some way to make money.

Don't let the school lunch be merely something that will fill the lunch box in the morning and be only a "stay" for the child's appetite from noon until night. Make it a real contribution to the food which the children require to meet the needs of their growing bodies and active brains; to satisfy their appetite and keep them in health.

Remember, the cure for monotony is to be master of your job.



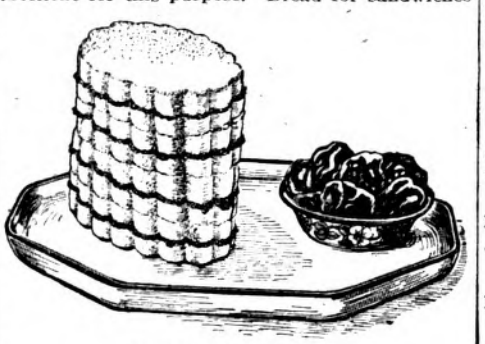
THE PASTEBOARD BOX AND SOME OF ITS CONTENTS.

Box Lunch Recipes

Sandwiches

Cut the bread evenly with a sharp knife kept for the purpose. Do not cut it too thick; three eighths of an inch is about right. Trim off any hard crust without cutting into the soft bread. wrap each sandwich in paraffin paper. Long tins can be bought purposely for the sandwich loaf which is long and square. These will be found economical as little trimming, if any, is necessary.

WHITE COMPRESSED YEAST BREAD.—Pour one pint of hot sweet milk over one tablespoon of good lard, and one teaspoon each of salt and sugar. Do not allow milk to more than scald, as boiled milk will not make as good bread. Cool to lukewarm and then add three quarters of a yeast-cake that has dissolved in one half cup of lukewarm water. Stir in four cups of bread flour and beat until smooth and full of air. Set to rise by putting the mixing bowl, covered closely, in a pan of hot water about the temperature the hand can be comfortably held in, changing the water as it cools. During the entire process the dough should be kept in a warm place sheltered from drafts. In about an hour, beat the mixture again and add the remainder of flour. An excellent test as to amount of flour is to have the dough keep a round shape when you stop stirring. If the dough flattens, stir in more flour. Cut through and through and stir in the bowl, then cover again and rise to double its bulk. Turn onto a floured board and with as little handling as possible shape into loaves that will not quite fill the pans half full. Rise nearly to double its size and bake one hour. The fire must be under control so that a fairly hot oven may be maintained during the first half hour, and slowly decreased the last half. Place baked loaves where the air will circulate freely around them but not in a draft. Cake coolers are excellent for this purpose. Bread for sandwiches



IDEAL SCHOOL LUNCH.

is best one day old. Where any considerable amount of bread is made, a bread mixer is a saving investment.

RAISED NUT BREAD.—Scald one pint of milk. Add one third cup of molasses and two scant teaspoons of salt. When cold, stir in two thirds of a yeast-cake dissolved in four tablespoons of lukewarm water. Use entire wheat flour, and proceed the same as in above recipe for white bread, working in one cup of chopped walnut or pecan nuts after the second rising in bowl.

YEAST BISCUITS.—Use White Compressed Yeast Bread recipe. Make into flat, round biscuits and bake in a quick oven until brown. Instead of making a sandwich, carefully cut out the top, not the sides, pull out the soft center and fill, then replace top.

Sandwich Fillings

BEEF TONGUE.—With a vegetable brush wash a perfectly fresh beef tongue through three waters. Cover with boiling water and simmer twelve minutes to the pound, adding plenty salt after it is about half cooked. When cold, skin and cut into thin slices. Use between well buttered slices of white bread.

PRESSED FOWL.—Dress, disjoint and half cover with boiling water. Cover tightly and slowly simmer until meat is tender and cleaves from the bones, turning occasionally so each piece will come under the liquor. Add a little salt one hour before done. Remove every bit of meat free from bones, gristle and skin. Chop fine and season with salt and pepper, and add one quarter the amount of boiled rice. When thoroughly mixed, pour over the liquor the fowl was cooked in which should be just enough to soften. Press into bread tin, cover with a thin board a very little smaller than the tin and put on a heavy weight. Keep cold and use the following day. Cut in thin slices.

BOILED HAM.—Soak over night in cold water if very salt. Scrub well and trim off any black hard part around the bone end. Cover with cold water, bring slowly to boil and simmer until done, allowing about half an hour to pound. Another way is to take ham from water one and a half hour before done, remove skin and bake, basting often with vinegar mixed with brown sugar. Use in thin slices, with a little of the fat.

CHICKEN LIVERS AND BACON.—Broil thin slices of bacon in a very hot oven. They may be laid separately in a biscuit tin. Drain. Put chicken livers in a covered baking dish with a very little water and cook slowly until done. Put bacon and livers through the food chopper together, season with salt and pepper and spread between slightly buttered white bread.

FRUIT AND NUT FILLING.—Put together an equal amount of raisins and dates, and one third the amount of nut meats, and grind all together in the foodchopper. Add a little water and cook to a paste. When cold, add a few drops of lemon juice.

Prepare the dates by covering with boiling water three minutes and then plunging into cold water. The skins will then peel off. Remove stones. The seedless raisins should soak about five minutes in boiling water and then be skimmed out so not to get any grit. Rinse in a second hot water and skim out. Dry in the air.

EGG AND HAM.—Cook eggs half an hour. Put through food chopper with an equal amount of broken pieces of boiled ham. Mix with salt, pepper and a little melted butter.

Cakes

RAISIN CAKE.—Two cups of boiling water, one pound of washed seedless raisins, two cups of brown sugar, four tablespoons of melted butter and one-third teaspoon of salt boiled five minutes after it begins to boil. When cold, add one even teaspoon of salt, half a teaspoon each of allspice and cinnamon and three and a half or four cups of pastry flour. Bake in a loaf about two inches thick in a moderate oven one hour.

FROSTED CUP CAKES.—Two thirds cup of butter or chicken fat, creamed with two cups of sugar. Beat in two well-beaten eggs, two teaspoons of vanilla or lemon extract. Sift four cups of sifted flour again with one even teaspoon of soda and two even teaspoons of cream of tartar, and add to mixture alternately with two cups of sweet milk. Fill gem pans about one third full of batter and bake half an hour in a moderate oven.

ICING.—Whites of two eggs and four teaspoons of lemon juice mixed lightly together. Gradually add two cups of powdered sugar and then beat hard five minutes. Spread on cold cakes.

OATMEAL COOKIES.—One cup of butter creamed with heaping cup of sugar until very light. Dissolve one teaspoon each of salt and sugar in three tablespoons of boiling water and then fill cup half full of cold water, and add to butter mixture. Mix together three cups each of rolled oats and flour. Beat half of this in until smooth and then add the remainder and stir smooth. Take small amount at a time and without kneeding roll thin and cut into rounds. Bake in fairly quick oven. These will remain crisp if closed tightly in tin pail.

IDEAL SCHOOL LUNCH.—Mince boiled ham and spread between slices of buttered bread. Usually children will not care for much seasoning and will prefer the ham plain. Combine with a dish of steamed prunes. Wash prunes and put in steamer over a good head of steam and cook until plump. Roll in sugar while hot and set to cool.

Other Acceptable Foods for the Box

STUFFED EGGS.—Boil eggs twenty minutes. Carefully remove shell and cut lengthwise. Remove yolks, putting the whites of each egg together so they will not get mixed. Mash the yolks very fine with enough softened butter, pepper and salt to flavor. Also use a little finely chopped pickle and a very little prepared mustard. When thoroughly blended, fill whites, press together and wrap each egg closely in paraffin paper.

Small packages of cleansed and dried raisins with a few nut meats are liked by everyone.

Stoned dates, filled with either cream cheese, peanut butter, half a walnut of pecan nuts, are equally good.

An apple, or orange in season, or a bunch of grapes are very refreshing.

Naming the Lunch

So there may be no mistake in the "brand" of lunch your customers are buying, and after you know your venture is going to be a success, it will be wise to name your lunch. Your own name may appear, or a name such as "Home Lunch from Blakely."

For an enterprising woman who lives near a school or a manufacturing establishment, the lunch box idea may be developed into a substantial business.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14.)

sunny disposition—may your tribe increase. Good by and good luck to all. SUNSHINE.

Sunshine.—Here's something to go with your philosophy of life:

"I've no doubt but I could double quite my quantity of trouble, but a trouble's but a bubble and soon vanishes from sight;
I could probably be tearful if I wanted to, or fearful, but I can as well be cheerful if I go about it right.
And I get each day a measure of quite philosophic pleasure just by laying up a treasure of the sunshine on my way,
That shall comfort me hereafter and attune my voice to laughter that shall ring from floor to rafter when it comes a rainy day."

—Ed.

STATESVILLE, N. C.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Here I am again rolling my wheel chair into your happy circle and you had better get your toes out of the way.

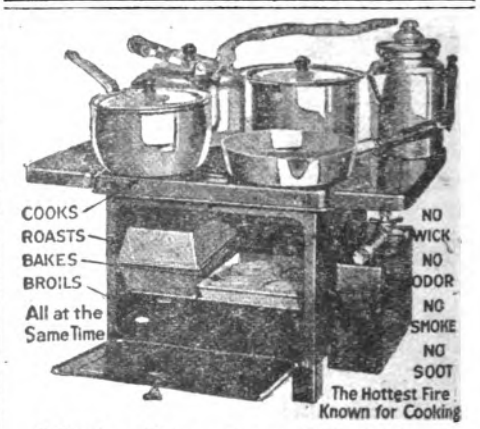
Really, I had no idea that my letter would ever get by the wastebasket, and I am hoping that the editor will have a little pity on me and publish this one at the earliest moment. Here is my reason for wanting it published as soon as possible: I have already received 527 letters in answer to mine printed in March COMFORT, and this is April 26th, and I am receiving from three to ten letters each day. Therefore, it is impossible for me to answer them all personally, which I would love to do, so I am writing this as an answer to all, and I hope that those who haven't heard from me will understand and accept my heartfelt thanks for their nice letters. However, I am keeping all the letters that I get, and I may find time to answer more of them later. Well, sisters, would you believe that you have a few among you who do not believe that the letters in your corner are real? Well you have, and here is a quotation from one of the letters that I have received: "I'm wondering if you are a trumped-up affair to fill space, or a real live boy." Also, "But the best way to break a soap bubble is to stick a pin in it and I'm going to stick a pin in you and see." I answered that letter and told the sister that she wasn't going to stick a pin in me if I knew myself, for I didn't fancy the idea of having a pin stuck in me to see what the effects would be. Say little sister over there, don't blush so furiously! I'm not going to tell your name or give your state, but if you keep up that blushing all the sisters will soon spot you as the one. If the sisters or any who have asked me to quote the prices on my pillow tops will read the rules at the beginning of this department they will see that I would be barred from this corner if I should do so, and of course I wouldn't want to take up the space that would be required for me to give the prices and different designs that I have should this be permitted.

I would like to make a few comments on the letters in this month's COMFORT, but I am real busy and haven't the time now, and, too, I don't feel that I should crowd out some one that is more worthy than I. However, I wish to say to E, that I don't see any reason why a man should not love a "divorcee" as well as a girl that has never had any matrimonial troubles, especially if the "divorcee" isn't responsible for the trouble.

I will have a birthday on the 19th of September and if any one wishes to write me a letter, will be glad to get it, but I cannot promise a reply. Many have asked me the cause of my invalidism, and I wish to say that I was thrown off of a wagon while hauling water for a threshing machine and the wheel passed over my spine. Thanking you one and all for your nice letters, Sincerely, CLARENCE BEAM.

Sorry, Clarence, that your letter couldn't have been printed before but by the time it was received the June and July COMFORT had been printed and the letters for August had been selected. Anyway, this is much nicer for we can all wish you many happy returns of the day. And to the 527 people who have written to Clarence, don't feel offended because he hasn't answered your letter. How would you like to write 527 letters? Besides, you wrote to him for *his* pleasure, not for yours, didn't you? In a recent letter from a Tennessee sister she said I was the "goddess and judge" of the Sisters' Corner and that she had been treated "like an unworthy culprit and with wholesale indifference," and that she should have been accorded recognition in some way if only to have been informed of the reason why her letter wasn't printed. How-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 25.)



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—o—

CARE, REPAIR AND REMAKING OF CLOTHING

—o—

By Caroline Ellis

WE are living in an age when time and energy are at a premium, and it behooves any woman to take a stock account of her time that it may be profitably divided. In families where one pair of hands perform many and widely varied duties, it is necessary to purchase some commodities on which all the labor has been performed, and it is right here that the wise woman will make a careful estimate of the money value of her ability that she may choose to do those things which pay the highest price for her time. For instance, the woman who can make hats and dresses for herself and family and knows the art of repairing, is nowadays a high wage earner and can ill afford time and strength for doing heavy washings. It takes several hours to do a family wash, and in this same amount of time experienced fingers will have a child's dress well along toward completion, and when the expense of hiring the washing done is compared with the price of as well made a garment, after deducting the cost of material, there will be no doubt that time spent in sewing is well spent.

And by "sewing," I do not refer to embroidering or the making of braided rugs. These things belong to hours of leisure, for it takes many of them. If my good friends will pardon personal reference, I will tell you that for years I have wanted to make a set of braided rugs and some very spacious bags are bulging with rug pieces that I have saved year by year. Sometime I shall give myself this great pleasure, but it will be when head and hands can no longer meet the pressing demands upon life, and my time is less valuable to others.



TO GET AN EVENLY HANGING SKIRT.

And now to return to the matter of clothes, which most women will admit is ever a problem. For those who can eliminate all other kinds of work and make a business of getting the season's sewing done, it is the ideal way, but with most of us the sewing basket is always full, waiting for attention.

Some Practical Rules for Dressing

It is not the number of changes that stamps a woman as well dressed, but having them all available all the time is the secret of getting along with a few. It is extremely wasteful to cast aside a silk waist because it is much soiled, with perhaps a reamed place under the arm and snaps lost or loosened. Three hours would be sufficient to put such a waist in order, so that the time spent would be worth at least half the cost of a new waist. First, darn the reamed place to a piece of silk cut from bottom of waist, or to a thin piece of muslin. Repair fastenings and then put the waist through two tepid waters in which a little white soap has been dissolved. Rinse twice, roll in heavy towel and iron when nearly dry. I have found that most silks are washable.

Children's clothes are plain in the extreme. Girls are wearing blouses and straight dresses, both with narrow belts worn well down toward the hips.

Conditions during the last few years have changed the viewpoint of most women regarding dress. During the war, the shortage of materials and labor caused patriotic citizens to buy as little new clothing as possible. The interest that this aroused in selecting and utilizing the wardrobe to the best possible advantage did not cease with the fighting. I have talked with many women who declare they will never return to the old thoughtless way of buying and utilizing. For better proof of their decisions, we have the evidence in the overall clubs and old clothes clubs which, through determined organization, have been a direct factor in bringing about the big reduction sales which are advertised throughout the country.



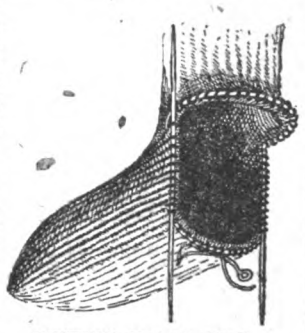
CHILD'S APRON MADE FROM SHIRT.

Wise spending for clothing, as for everything else, does not mean going without what we need or can legitimately afford. It means deciding definitely what we really want and how much we ought to pay for it, and then trying to procure it as economically as possible and to get from it the maximum of service.

Clothing should always be comfortable and healthful; it must protect the body from cold, heat and moisture, according to need, and must allow freedom in all bodily movements. Its lines should be in harmony with or improve the lines of the figure; it should produce a favorable impression of the wearer's individuality, and be suitable to the occasion upon which it is worn. The clothing problem for the individual or the family is how best to obtain this result with the money and the time that can be afforded.

Renewing and Remaking Old Garments

Before making extensive repairs on an old garment, see if the time would not be better spent in cutting out the least worn material and remaking it into a smaller garment. Worn underwear must be patched; the patches made large and finishing at seams if possible. After the patches are in place, cut away the entire section they cover. Often the tops of knitted union suits will wear beyond mending while there is considerable wear left in the legs. Cut these garments in two at the waist, and sew the lower parts onto the tops of partly worn vests. Sew the bottoms of vests into double squares for wash cloths.



KNITTING IN NEW HEEL.

Where there are little ones in the family, the tops of women's stockings are invaluable for caps. Unless for summer wear, make them of several thicknesses. To do this, cut long enough to cover the head and roll back at the edge. Use a bowl, or something similar in shape, over which to draw the several thicknesses so to make sure one will not be longer than the other and to get edges even. It is well to first draw over the bowl the stocking top that is to be worn for the outside. While still on the bowl, sew the edges together with a fairly loose stitch. Slip from bowl, lay flat and trim the cut ends even. Gather securely, roll back the edge and the cap is finished (see illustration).

A very useful sweater coat for a small child can also be made from stocking legs. Cut open lengthwise at the back and press evenly. For a cutting guide use an underwaist pattern that has sleeves, or the top of a dress pattern, first folding in any fullness. Possibly the sleeves can be cut from whole legs, thus doing away with the seam. The little coat will not rip if sewed by hand. Turn the edges once and go over with a single crochet stitch to finish. Fasten with buttons and loops. Several of these, so to have a change, are a great protection in winter. White stockings are preferable.

Colored cotton voiles, especially figured, will often fade, while the fabric remains as strong as new. Coloring seems to be the most satisfactory way of restoring voile, but it must first be bleached and then dipped in a shade of dye darker than any trace of the old coloring that may remain. For bleaching, in a porcelain dish dissolve a scant pound of sal soda in two and one half quarts of boiling water. In a separate porcelain dish, stir one quarter of a pound of chloride of lime with one quart of cold water until it is dissolved. There will be a little sediment, so strain the lime-water through quite thick cotton cloth that has been wrung out of hot water, and add it to the soda water. Boil eight minutes. When cold, carefully pour off into jars or bottles. Use one cup of this solution to five quarts of water, and boil the voile until the color disappears. Use a little stronger solution if necessary, of if the voile is to be bleached white. Change from kettle of solution to a kettle of clear boiling water and boil out the solution, as it is liable to make the voile tender if any remains. Rinse twice in hot water. It is now ready to color. Use soap dyes, or those in powdered form and follow directions.



FALL HAT FROM SILK OR VELVET.



STOCKING-LEG CAP.

For the child's apron, here pictured, the strong portions of a man's percale shirt was used. These shirtings are usually of fast colors and attractive designs, and well worth making into simple aprons or dresses after tops and wristbands are gone. A number of such garments are a great saving of labor to mothers, and for the same reason, too much cannot be said in favor of children wearing rompers and bloomers. For a quick finish to apron, use bias strips of the same; they also make a trimming.

When the edges of coat sleeves become worn, the hems may be ripped, the worn places carefully darned, and slightly deeper hems turned so as to conceal the darning. A worn lower edge of men's trousers may also be repaired by ripping the hem, darning the worn places, and facing the edge with a narrow strip of lightweight woolen cloth. If a piece of cloth is well darned to the seat of trousers before the threadbare parts break open, they will last as long again and will not show. Men who wear knee-length underwear find an inner lining to the knee of trousers very comfortable and that the trousers better retain the pressing.

Use ravelings of the material to darn with when possible.

In remaking for small children, especially a winter coat, care should be taken not to use material that is too stiff and heavy. It is better to use a lighter weight such as broadcloth or velvet and interline it with flannel.

A restless child is made very uncomfortable and often takes cold by the twisting and working up of its night-dress during sleeping hours. A remedy is found in sewing a double piece of cloth to the center back of the night-dress hem, which, when finished, will be about six inches on the hem, and four inches deep. Make three buttonholes in the outer edge and button it onto the hem of the center front, after the style of the envelope chemise.

Every mother finds it a problem to keep children's petticoats and dresses the same length, so this idea may help. Take a petticoat that is just the right length, button it to an underwaist and put it on a coat hanger and hang it up. Now slip over the dress that is to be hemmed and turn according to length of petticoat.

Bound buttonholes are featured in many of the best made garments and in all materials. They are very simply done and are a help to one not experienced in making buttonholes. Material the same as garment, or of a contrasting material and color, gives a trimming effect. Mark the buttonhole on the back. On the right side baste a patch of the material to be used, and stitch by machine the length of the buttonhole on each side. Cut the buttonhole and draw the patch through to the wrong side so that it leaves a piping on the right side. Hem down and press.

Much pressing as a garment is being made goes a long way toward its final good appearance.

For the one who crochets rapidly, scallops may be crocheted right into the material that has been turned into a very narrow hem. Night-dress tops and sleeves, children's waists, corset-cover necks and armholes, ends of towels, etc. At the same time a pretty trimming is made.

For a simple trimming on white dresses, stitch the hem on the machine and then with colored silk or mercerized cotton slip the needle under every other stitch of the machine stitching. White cotton on colored gingham is equally pretty. It is also a pretty finish for handkerchiefs, working on both sides of hem.

Hooks and eyes will not loosen if the needle is inserted first on one side and then on the other, crossing the stitches.

Prolonging the Life of Clothing

Brush clothing thoroughly before attempting to remove spots.

Bagginess at the knees of trousers or at the elbows of coats may in most cases be shrunk out by spreading each leg and sleeve flat on the board and, in shape, letting the stretched edges lay a little full. Cover with a cloth wrung dry out of hot water and press until smooth. Repeat if necessary.

"Shine" is caused by the wearing down of the nap and sometimes of grease. Remove by sponging with solution of one tablespoon of household ammonia to one quart of tepid water. Press over a white cotton cloth and brush up the nap with a stiff brush.

Brush silk with a piece of velvet or a very soft brush. A harsh brush may cut the silk.

If brown shoes are polished before being worn, it will prevent permanent stains, and the use of injurious cleaning preparations will not be necessary. Use only the polishing paste, after which, in case of mud or staining matter, it can be removed with a little cold water and white soap, then rinsed and repolished.

Wet shoes are first stuffed with soft paper to prevent permanent creases and then slowly dried. Change the paper as it becomes damp. Nowadays, a "true" leather sole is a scarce article, much composition being used in its place. If this becomes wet, the life of the shoe is greatly shortened. Rubbers are a matter of economy as well as comfort. Children scuff out the toes and heels of their shoes, and it is worth while to use the little aluminum plates which are not disfiguring.

Ravel and Save Yarn

Seldom is a knitted garment so worn but that by careful raveling a portion of the yarn will be found worth saving. If a part of it is weakened by one or two of the strands being worn, save it to darn with. Only the perfect yarn is worth the time of reknitting. A boy's slip-on sweater will usually first wear across the lower part of front and under the arms, and as soon as the first stitches drop, unless mended, will very soon become past mending. Where more than one child in the family, either boys or girls, are wearing this very useful garment, it is an excellent plan to make them all alike, as thereby parts can be raveled from two worn sweaters and reknit into one new one.

Four valuable uses for raveled wool are scarfs, which may be made of several colors, hoods for babies, bedroom slippers, and wristers. The Red

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

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Tatted Edge for Doily

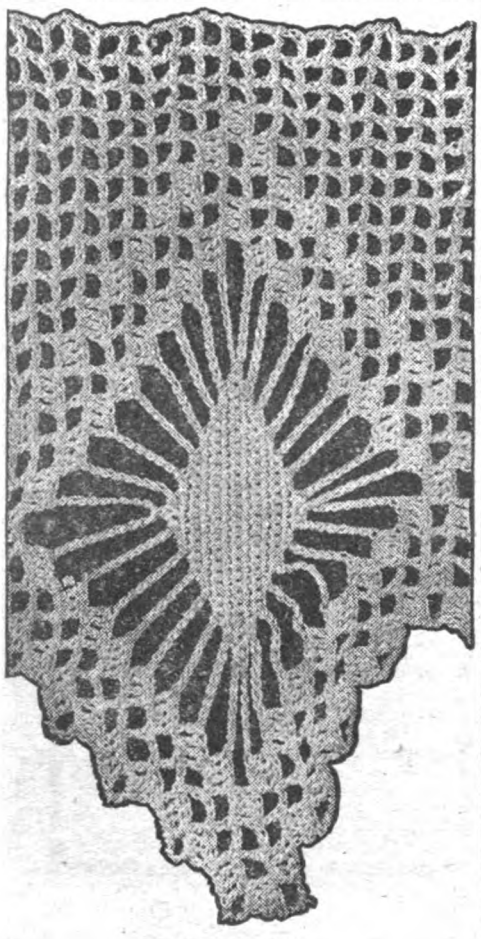
BUTTONHOLE the edge of a piece of linen and cut out.

With No. 40 cotton make first row of rings of 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close leave thread of three-fourth inch, repeat. When about right length, sew to edge of linen by center picot make required number of wheels joining the last to the first.

2nd and 3rd rows.—Small ring 3 d s join to loop of thread in previous row 3 d s leave thread as before and repeat.

4th row.—Ring 4 d s, join to thread, 4 d s, leave one-half thread ring 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, one-half thread another ring joined to last row, repeat.

Edge with two threads.—* Small ring 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close, ch 6 d s, join to p of ring in last row, 6 d s, 1 p, 5 d s, ring of 4 d s, join to last of small ring just made now 4 p



LACE EDGING.

with 3 d s between 4 d s, close. Ch 4 d s, 1 large ring, join to fifth p in last ring, ch 4 d s, 1 large ring, joining to last ring, 5 d s, join to p in first long ch, 6 d s, join to second ring in last row, 6 d s, repeat from *.

Lace and Insertion

Begin with ch 63 sts.

1st row.—1 d c in 6th st of ch, 3 d c in next 3 sts, * ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, ch 2, sk 2, 4 d c, once, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—11 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 20, 1 blk in next sp in last row, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 9, turn.

3rd row.—1 d c in 6th st, 2 d c in next 2 sts, 1 d c on d c, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 1 s c under ch 20, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—9 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 5 s c (2 s c under ch 10, 1 s c on s c, 2 s c under ch 10), ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 9, turn.

5th row.—Edge same as in 3rd row, ch 10, 9 s c, worked same as in 3rd row, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—7 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 13 s c, ch 10, edge as usual.

7th row.—Edge as usual, ch 10, 17 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 21 s c, ch 10, edge as usual.

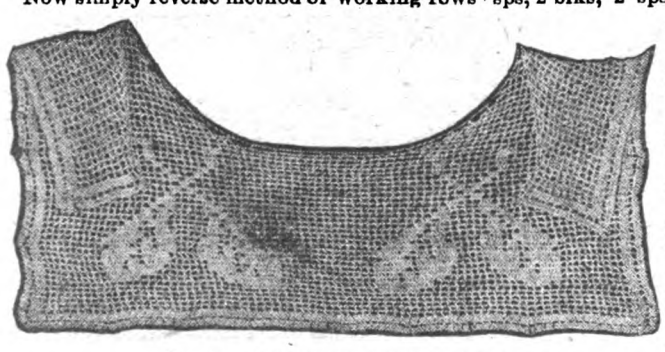
9th row.—Edge, ch 10, 25 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 29 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 25 s c (sk 1st on last 2 s c in last row), ch 10, 1 blk on last 4 sts, ch 10 in last row, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 21 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

Now simply reverse method of working rows



SQUARE COLLAR IN FILET STITCH.

to finish the points, for next point repeat pattern from 2nd row.

Insertion

Ch 81 sts.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c in next, making 9 sps in all, 4 d c, 2 sps, 4 d c, 1 d c, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 20, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—8 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 1 s c, ch 2), ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—6 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 5 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 9 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 13 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 17 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 21 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 25 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 29 s c, ch 10, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—Same as 9th row.

12th row.—Same as 8th row, and so on reversing pattern, then repeat from 2nd row.

Margaret Thornton.

Square Collar in Filet Stitch

BY BEATRICE JONES.

Materials. No. 50 white mercerized crochet cotton, suitable steel crochet hook.

Begin with ch 252 sts.

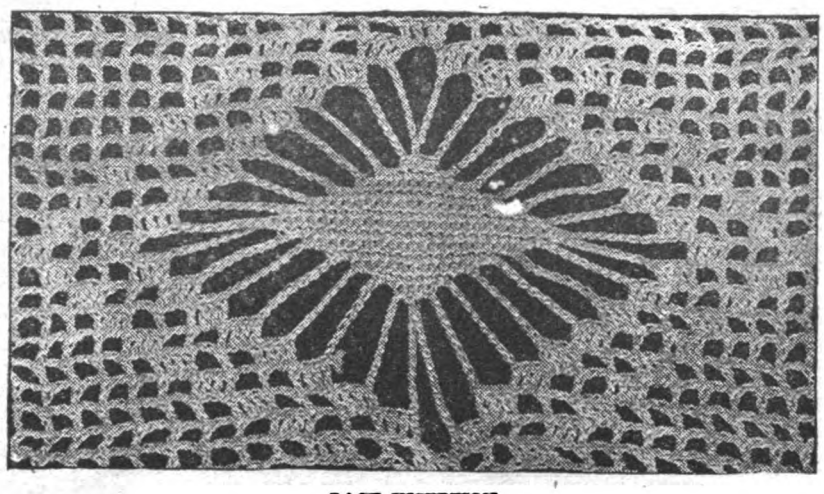
1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, this makes 1 sp, repeat, making 82 sps, in all, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 sp, now 1 d c on each d c and 2 d c under each ch 2, 1 sp at end of row, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 78 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

Next 5 rows same as 3rd row.

9th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 28 sps, 4 blks, 14 sps, 4 blks, 28 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.



LACE INSERTION.

10th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 4 blks, 12 sps, 6 blks, 14 sps, 6 blks, 12 sps, 4 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 6 blks, 9 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 14 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 9 sps, 6 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 7 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 14 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 3 blks, 7 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp. 3 blks, 6 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 15 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 6 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

14th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 5 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 14 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 5 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, 3 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

15th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 16 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 4 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

16th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 14 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 2 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

17th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, 4 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 16 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 1 sp, 4 blks, 10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

18th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, 4 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 5 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 18 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 4 blks, 11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

19th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, 2 blks, 3 sps, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 20 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 2 blks, 12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

20th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 22 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

21st row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 24 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 6 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 2 blks, 14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

22nd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 26 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

23rd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 28 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

24th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 17 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 1 blk, 30 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, 2 blks, 17 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

25th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 18 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 32 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 18 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

25th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 34 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

27th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 20 sps, 1 blk, 36 sps, 1 blk, 20 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

28th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 34 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, 1 blk, 19 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

29th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 18 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 32 sps, 1 blk, 3 sps, 1 blk, 18 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

30th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 17 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 30 sps, 1 blk, 5 sps, 1 blk, 17 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

31st row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps, 1 blk, 28 sps, 1 blk, 7 sps.

32nd and 33rd rows.—Same as last row.

34th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps, 2 blks, 26 sps, 2 blks, 7 sps 2 blks, 15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

35th row.—82 sps.

36th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 28 sps, ch 5, turn.

37th row.—28 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

38th row —1 sp, 1 blk, 26 sps, ch 5, turn.

39th row.—26 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

40th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 24 sps, ch 5, turn.

41st row.—24 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

42nd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 22 sps, ch 5, turn.

43rd row.—22 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

44th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 20 sps, ch 5, turn.

45th row.—20 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

46th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 19 sps, ch 5, turn.

47th row.—19 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

48th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 18 sps, ch 5, turn.

49th row.—18 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

50th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 17 sps, ch 5, turn.

51st row.—17 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

52nd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 16 sps, ch 5, turn.

53rd row.—16 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

54th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 15 sps, ch 5, turn.

55th row.—15 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

56th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 14 sps, ch 5, turn.

57th row.—14 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

58th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

59th row.—13 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

60th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.

61st row.—12 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

62nd row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

63rd row.—11 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

64th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

65th row.—10 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

66th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

67th row.—9 sps, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

68th row.—Same as 66th row.

69th row.—Same as 67th row.

70th row.—1 sp, 28 d c, 1 sp.

71st row.—11 sps. Fasten off. Join thread for other shoulder and work to match. At end of last row to tighten at neck, ch 6, 1 d c in end sp of 3rd row, ch 6, sk 2 rows, 1 d c. Now add finish by making 3 d c in each sp on edge of collar, with 6 d c in each corner space and the yoke is finished.

Baby Cap in Popcorn Stitch

Materials. Two spools of silkateen No. 10 and No. 12 steel hook.

Begin with ch 10, join in ring.

1st round.—Ch 6, 1 s c, in ring, repeat making 7 loops in all, slip st to center of 1st loop, ch 3.

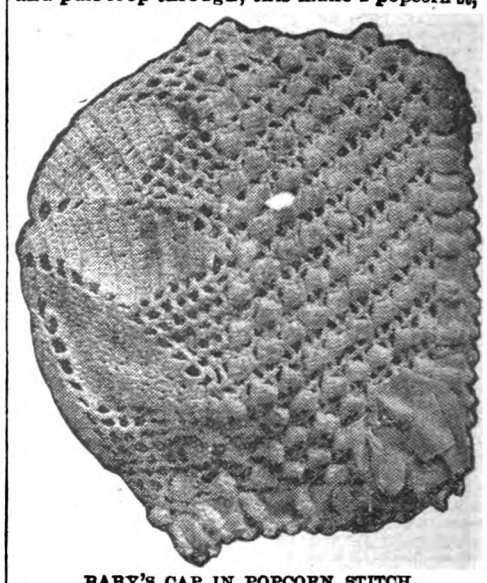
2nd round.—2 d c under same loop, ch 3, * 3 d c, under next loop, repeat from * joining last ch 3 to first group, ch 3.

3rd row.—2 d c on first double 2 d c on 2 d c, ch 3, repeat around, join ch 3. Next five rounds worked in same way increasing number of doubles by working 2 on each first double as directed in 3rd round. In 8th round make ch 4 between groups.

9th round.—Join ch over first d c, ch 3, 1 d c on each d c excepting the last ch 4, 1 s c under ch between groups, ch 4, skip first and last d c on next group and working 1 d c on d c between. Repeat around.

10th round.—Skip first and last doubles on each group and work 3 chs 4 between, repeat. Next 6 rounds doubles are decreased in this way by 2 on each group and chains between are increased.

17th round.—Ch 3, 1 s c under ch, ch 3, 7 d c in next ch, take hook out, insert in first d c, and pull loop through, this make 1 popcorn st,



BABY'S CAP IN POPCORN STITCH.

a ch, 1 s c, 1 popcorn st, repeat around. Break thread.

18th round.—Leave 10 loops of chains for neck, join thread and make chains 4, 1 s c when 7th petal is reached, turn.

19th round.—1 popcorn st between popcorn sts, ch 1 s c, repeat.

20th round.—All chains.

Repeat last 2 rounds until one has 9 or more rows of popcorn sts.

Then 1 round of chains to finish complete edge, ch 10 * 5 d, tr c, under ch, ch 5, 1 d, tr c, under next ch, ch 5, repeat from * all around. Picot edge, 4 s c, ch 5, 4 s c under each ch 5.

Run ribbon under groups of trebles and finish with rosettes. ELVINA HOPSTELLER.

Spider Web Pillow Top

Make a chain of 70 sts for each group of webs wanted, and as many spaces can be planned for in between as are needed to make work the size desired. Directions for one group of four webs, which can be made as a pattern, are as follows:

1st row.—23 sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—11 sps, 1 blk (4 d c) in next sp, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—10 sps, * 1 blk, ch 10, 1 blk in sp after blk in last row, 10 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—9 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 s c under center of ch 10, ch 5, 1 blk, 9 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—8 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 s c under ch 5, 3 s c on singles, 3 s c under ch 5, ch 5, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

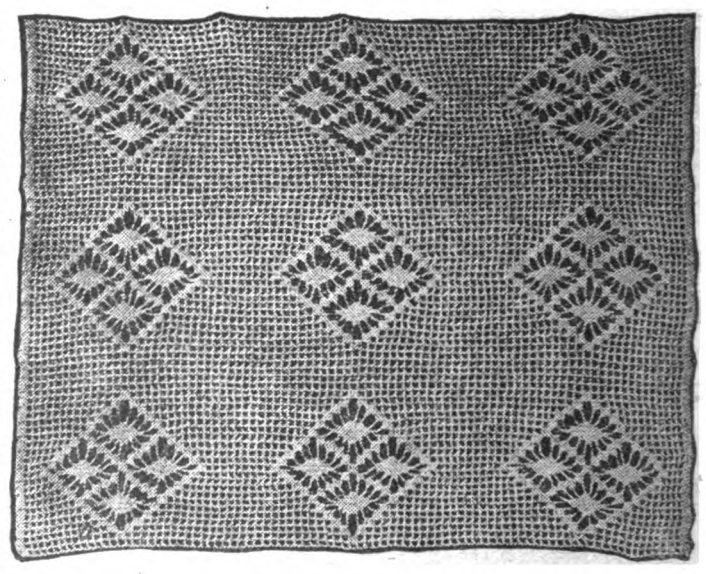
6th row.—7 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 s c under ch 5, 9 s c on s c, 3 s c under ch 5, ch 5, 1 blk, 7 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—6 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 s c under ch 5, 15 s c on s c, 3 s c under ch, ch 5, 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—5 sps, 1 blk, ch 10, 1 blk under ch 5, ch 5, 15 s c on 15 center singles, ch 5, 1 blk under ch 5, ch 10, 1 blk in 1st sp, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 s c under ch 10, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 5, 9 s c, ch 5, 1 blk under ch, ch 5, 3 s c under ch 10, ch 5, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 9 s c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 s c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 5, 9 s c, ch 5, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.



SPIDER WEB PILLOW TOP.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

The credit of the Door Panel in Filet Crochet illustrated in June COMFORT, was inadvertently given to Mrs. C. E. Smith. It was furnished by Mrs. C. E. Snyder.

Designs in Tatting, Filet and Roll Stitch

Effective Useful Design

Insertion

THE insertion showing two sections of this design which is especially good for a bedspread is made in separate parts which are afterwards joined.

Of finer cotton this design is suitable for towels or scarf ends.

Work is begun in the center with a ch 9, join in ring, ch 3.

1st round.—26 d c, in ring, join ch 6.

2nd round.—Skip 1 d c, 1 d c in next st, ch 3, sk 1, 1 d c, ch 3, sk 1, 1 d c, 7 d c in next 7 sts, ch 3, sk 1, 1 d c, ch 3, sk 1, 1 d c, ch 3, sk 1, 7 d c, join to first ch 6, ch 3.

3rd round.—2 d c under ch, ch 2, 3 d c under same ch. This makes a shell, ch 5, sk 1, 1 ch in last row, 1 shell 6 d c under next ch, 2 d c on first d c, 5 d c, 2 d c over group of doubles, 1 shell, ch 5, 1 shell, 2 d c, 5 d c, 2 d c, join to first shell, ch 3.

4th round.—Shell on shell, ch 1, 6 d c, ch 1, shell on shell, 2 d c, 8 d c, 2 d c, 1 shell, ch 1, 6 d c, ch 1, 1 shell, 2 d c, 8 d c, 2 d c. join, ch 3.

5th round.—Shell, ch 3, 5 d c, ch 3, shell, 2 d c, 11 d c, 2 d c shell, ch 3, 5 d c, ch 3 shell, 2 d c, 11 d c, 2 d c, join, ch 3.

6th round.—Shell, ch 5 or 6, 4 d c ch same length as first shell, 2 d c at beginning and end of double shell, ch, 4 d c, ch, shell. doubles as on opposide side, join, ch 3.

7th round.—Same as last excepting ends where chains following shells should be of about 7 sts according to how one works, then 3 doubles, ch of same length as first, shell, etc.

8th round.—On ends make ch of 10 or 12 sts, 2 d c ch same as first, shell and finish row as usual.

9th round.—Shell on shell, ch about 13 sts., 1 d c, ch, shell and repeat. Upon completing round break thread. These sections or parts are afterwards joined by placing the right sides of two together and making 1 s c under chains of two corner shells, ch sufficiently, 1 s c over two center doubles, ch, 1 s c in center of two corner shells. Break thread.

In making a bedspread after joining strips in this way, sew sides together placing the doubles opposite each other.

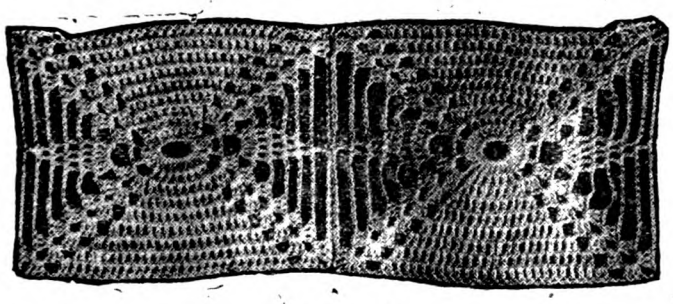
Edging

Begin with ch 9, join in ring, ch 3.

1st round.—29 d c in ring join, ch 6.

2nd round.—Skip 1 d c, 1 d c in next st, 7 d c in next 7 sts, * ch 3, sk 1 d c, 1 d c in next st, repeat from * 9 times, join to first ch 6, sl st over 3 sts of ch.

3rd round.—Ch 1, 2 d c on first d c, 1 d c on each excepting last double on which work 2 d c, shell of 3 d c, ch 1, 3 d c in first space ch 3, shell in third sp, ch 3, shell in fifth sp, repeat making shell in seventh, ninth and last sps, ch 2.



INSERTION.

4th round.—Group of doubles on doubles making 2 d c on the first and last, ch 2, shell on shell, ch 2, 6 d c under ch 3, shell, 6 d c repeat 3 times, shell, ch 2.

5th round.—Group doubles, shell on shell, 5 d c on 6 d c repeat ending with shell, ch 2.

6th round.—Doubles, shell ch 3, 4 d c, repeat ending with shell, ch 2.

7th round.—Group doubles, shell, ch 5, 3 d c, repeat, ending with shell, ch 2.

8th round.—Group doubles, shell, ch 7, 2 d c, repeat, ending with shell, ch 2.

9th round.—Group doubles, shell, ch 8, 1 d c, repeat, ending with shell.

Join by ch 9 from upper shells of two sections, 1 s c through corresponding single d c, ch 9, 1 s c on next two shells.

Spider Web Yoke

Materials. No. 70 mercerized crochet cotton, No. 13 steel hook.

This work is made in four pieces and joined. Pattern is begun at center point of our illustration.

Begin with chain 45 stitches, turn, 1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2 sts, 1 d c in next, repeat making 13 spaces in all, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—1 d c on d c, 5 more sps, 4 d c or 1 blk, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—5 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 blk, 5 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, ch 4, 1 treble in ch 3 in last row, ch 4, 1 blk, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—3 sps, 1 blk, ch 4, 3 s c, over treble, ch 4, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

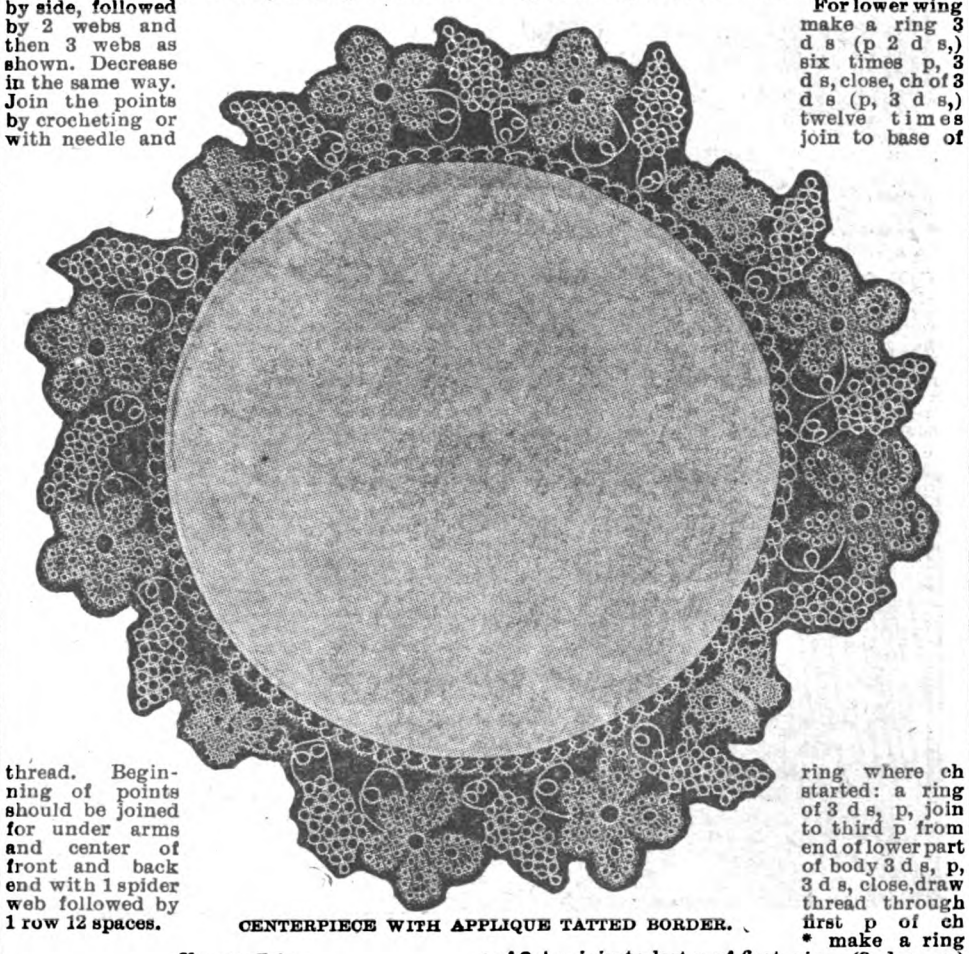
6th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, ch 6, 5 s c over 3 s c, ch 6, 1 blk, 2 sps, turn.

7th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 5, 3 s c over 5 s c, ch 5, 1 blk, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—4 sps, 1 blk, ch 4, 1 treble in center single, ch 4, 1 blk, ch 4, 1 treble, ch 4, 1 blk in sp at end of last row, ch 11 turn.

9th row.—3 d c in first 3 sts of this ch, 1 d c on last d c in blk, ch 3, 3 s c, ch 3, 1 blk under 3 times, 2 d s, join to end of first ch (ring of 6 d s, close and draw thread through end of the ch) 3 times (2 d s, p,) 3 times 2 d s, join to p, 1 d s join where ch on other side started and fasten off, sew the ch as ch before tr, ch 3, 1 blk under ch after tr, 5 sps ch 5, turn.

Now repeat pattern, decreasing the spaces on straight side of work and increasing on other side as directed in 8th row, making 2 webs side by side, followed by 2 webs and then 3 webs as shown. Decrease in the same way. Join the points by crocheting or with needle and thread. Beginning of points should be joined for under arms and center of front and back end with 1 spider web followed by 1 row 12 spaces.



CENTERPIECE WITH APPLIQUE TATTED BORDER.

Upper Edge

Fasten thread in chain at end of upper edge ch 6 fasten in next ch and continue around.

2nd row.—9 s c under each ch 6.

Beading for Bottom

Fasten thread in a space, ch 15, skip 4 sts, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c in 5th st, ch 10, skip 10 sts, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c in last st and fasten in top of sp ch started from.

2nd row.—Ch 3, fasten in next sp, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c under ch 2 in fan, ch 5, 1 s c under ch 10, ch 5, fan on fan, ch 3, turn. Two more rows same as 2nd then one same as first and repeat.

Mrs. B. B. Griffin.

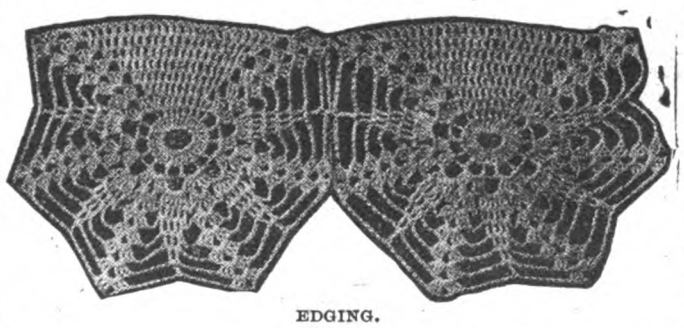
Centerpiece with Applique Tatted Border

BY KITTIE WRIGHT.

No. 20 mercerized cotton was used for the work illustrated.

After completing arrange the leaves, grapes and butterflies as shown around a linen center and fasten together neatly on the wrong side, with needle and thread.

Begin by edging a circle of linen with a tatted edge made as follows; Rings, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s close, chains, 3 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 3 d s. Repeat, join and overcast to hemmed edge by center picot of each ring.



EDGING.

Butterfly Motif

For the body make a ch 13 d s, p, 6 d s, close, ch (2 d s, p) six times, 2 d s, join to first d s, or first ch, 1 d s, p, 2 d s, p, 1 d s, join to same d s on other side (2 d s, p), six times, 2 d s, join at base of ring and fasten off with needle and thread. Whip the two outside chs to the first of center ch, completing the lower part of body; for the upper part of 7 d s, join at top of lower part make a ch to p of ch between 2 d s, part, 1 d s, join below (2 d s, p,) before for antenna make a ch of 34 d s, draw to form a curl at the tip and fasten out between first and second of the three rings at top of upper part, make the other antenna the same way, fastening between second and third rings.

For lower wing make a ring 3 d s (p 2 d s,) six times p, 3 d s, close, ch of 3 d s (p, 3 d s,) twelve times join to base of ring where ch started: a ring of 3 d s, p, join to third p from end of lower part of body 3 d s, p, 3 d s, close, draw thread through first p of ch * make a ring of 3 d s, join to last p of first ring (3 d s, p,) twice 3 d s, close, draw thread through next p of ch and repeat from * until you have made 13 rings in all joining last by middle p to first p of lower part of body fasten at base of first ring. For upper wing make a ring as for lower wing only of 9 ps a chain same as for lower wing but with 18 p joining at base of ring, then a ring as for lower wing joining middle p of upper part of body, draw through next p of ch, make a ring joining first p to last p of preceding ring and by middle p to next p of body. Make another ring joining to next p of ch and last p of preceding ring. Join middle p to first p at upper end of lower body, join middle p to middle p of the first free ring on the lower wing and another p joined to next ring of lower wing.

The next 6 rings are made thus; 3 d s, join to last p of preceding ring, 3 d s, p (2 d s, p), 4 times 3 d s, close, skip 1 p of ch, draw through next. Make a large ring joining first 2 picots to last 2 picots of preceding ring. Make 3 more large rings then finish off with 3 small ones, as at first, joining the last to the 3rd p of upper part of the body. To complete upper wing join to 2nd free p of second large ring, make a ch of 13 d s, p) 4 times, 3 d s, join to middle picot of next large ring, ch like the last, ring of 3 d s, p, 3 d s join to middle picot of next ch, 3 d s, p, 3 d s, k, close; a ch, a ring, a ch, a ring, joining 1st and 2nd picots to 3rd and 2nd picots of preceding ring, a ch, join to 1st free picot of sixth large ring. Make the other side and the upper and lower wings in same way.

Grapeleaf Motif

Use double thread for large center ring of 20 p, separated by 1 d s, close, cut thread. Center ring of leaflet, 7 p separated by 1 d s, close, cut thread. Now, 1 d s, p, 1 d s, p, 1 d s. Join to large center ring, 1 d s, join to next p in center ring, 3 more picots separated by 1 d s, join to 1st p in center ring of leaflet.

Make a ring of 7 p separated by 1 d s, joining to last p in 1st ring and 2nd p in large ring. Make 5 more rings in the same way, joining to center ring of leaflet and to last ring. Join to large center ring as the first small ring was joined.

Make center ring for second leaflet of 8 p, separated by 2 d s, close and cut thread.

Make another leaf same as the first, making 9 small rings around center and joining as before.

For third leaflet center ring make 10 p separated by 3 d s, close and cut thread. Surround this with 11 small rings, joining as before to center ring.

Make 4 leaflets like second and 5 like the first. Use double thread for chain which forms stem as shown in illustration. Draw stem to a curve and join between first and last leaflets.

Grape Motif

Bunches of grapes are made of groups of small rings, each of 8 d s, short p, 8 d s, p, 8 d s, p, 8 d s, close. Make 25 or more rings, arrange in bunches and with needle and thread tie together. Make a ch for the stem as shown.

Simple Filet Yoke

BY MRS. STELLA MINTON.

Materials. No. 30 crochet cotton, No. 10 steel hook. This yoke opens in front.

Begin with ch 66 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from hook, ch 2, sk 2 sts, 1 d c in next, repeat making 20 sps in all this row. Ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—9 sps in next sps, 2 d c, 1 p, 2 d c, 10 sps, ch 5, turn. All blocks in this pattern are made of 4 d c with picot between, as in this row.

3rd row.—9 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 9, fasten in end of first ch, turn as one adds the edge to the pattern as worked under ch 9, make 3 d c, 1 p, 7 d c, 1 p, 5 d c, 1 d c on d c end of last row.

4th row.—7 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 blk, 8 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—7 sps, 4 blks with chs between, 6 sps, ch 9, fasten in stitch of scallop before 2nd p, turn.

6th row.—Work under ch 9 as before, 5 sps, 5 blks with chs between, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—5 sps, 6 blks with chs between, 4 sps, ch 9, 1 s c in center st between picots in last scallop, ch 9, 1 s c between picots in 1st scallop, turn.

8th row.—Work under both chs 9 as before, then 3 sps, 7 blks with chs between, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—3 sps, 8 blks, 2 sps, ch 9, 1 s c in st before 2nd p in scallop in last row, turn.

10th row.—Work under ch 9, balance of row same as 8th row.

11th row.—Same as 7th row, ending with 2 chs 9.

12th row.—Work under chs, balance same as 6th row.

13th row.—Same as 5th row, ending with 2 chs, 9.

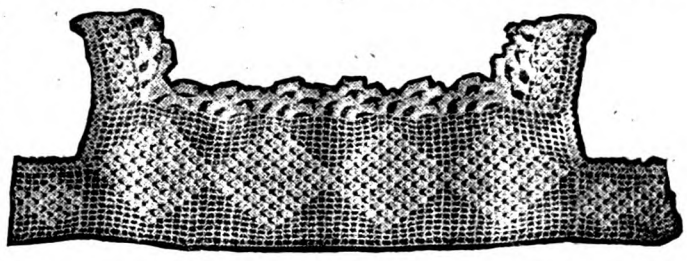
14th row.—Work under chs, balance same as 4th row.

15th row.—Same as 3rd, ending with ch 9, turn.

16th row.—Same as 2nd row.

17th row.—Same as 3rd row, ending with 2 chs. Repeat the pattern making 2 diamonds and omitting scallop on last 5 rows so as to allow for shoulder straps. For under arms, from lower edge make 5 sps, 1 blk, 4 sps, turn, 3 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, turn, 3 sps, 3 blks, 2 sps, turn, 1 sp, 4 blks, 2 sps, turn, repeat work finishing this diamond and making 1 more, break thread.

Join in end of last row over last diamond and working across ends of 5 rows where scallop was omitted, make shoulder straps as follows: 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, 1 s c in scallop, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, turn, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, turn, repeat, making ending 5th 2 sps, 1 s c in scallop in st before p, ch 3, 1 s c in 2nd st after p, turn, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn, 2 sps, 1 blk, 2 sps, making last d c in same st in scallop with single in last row, turn make 2 more rows, alternating the blks and ending 5 rows with ch 9, 1 s c in same st with others in scallop. Work under ch as usual, make 3 more rows of sps and blks ending 8th row with ch 9, 1 s c between picots in last scallop, ch 9, 1 s c in center of 2nd scallop on the front. Repeat until straps are required length. Break thread.



BACK OF FILET YOKE.

Make another piece of work for opposite front in the same way. Then a piece 4 diamonds wide for the back, omitting scallop until one has completed 11 rows of blks and sps, then ch 9, 1 s c between 8th and 9th rows, and when finishing work omit scallop on last 5 rows.

Join under arm pieces and shoulder straps to back with needle and thread.

Infant's Cap in Roll Stitch

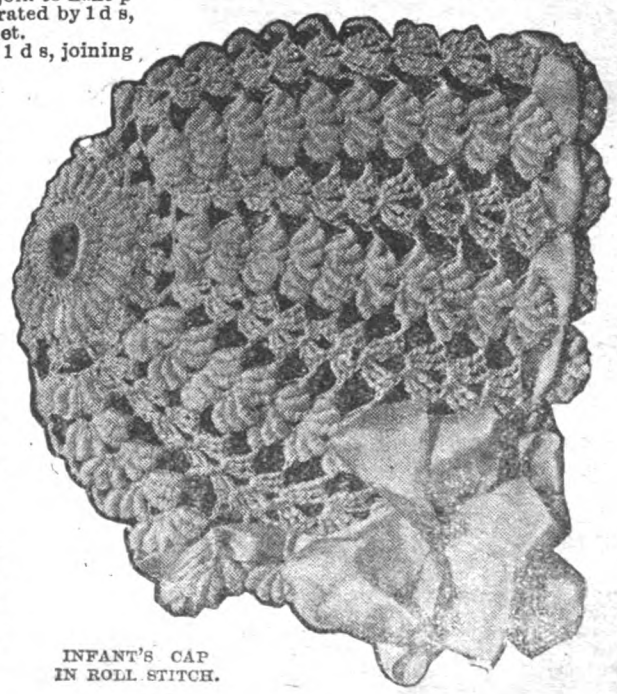
BY MRS. ALVA BAKER.

This cap is begun by winding soft finished mercerized thread, such as silkateen, around the finger or a pencil 7 times, fasten with single crochet, ch 3.

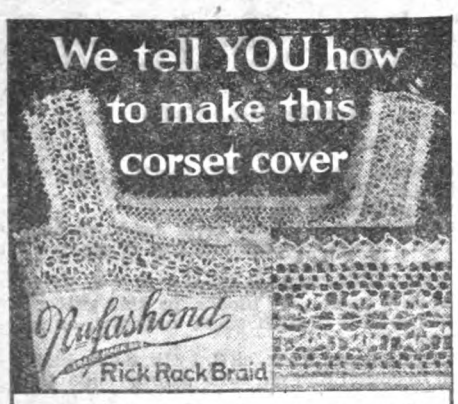
1st round.—Fill ring with 33 tr and join, ch 3.

2nd round.—1 r st (over 20 times) in each of 35 tr c, join to 1st r st, ch 3.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



INFANT'S CAP IN ROLL STITCH.



Clear and easy directions are given in the **Nufashond Rick Rack Book.** It also tells how to make many other beautiful and useful articles with Nufashond Rick Rack Braid. You can follow our designs or create designs of your own in making luncheon sets, centerpieces, doilies, guest towels, dress yoke sets, candle shades, scarfs, aprons, handerchiefs, insertions, edgings, etc. This book is a valuable manual for every needleworker, but it costs only **15 cents** because it helps to acquaint you with Nufashond Rick Rack Braid.

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Spider Web Pillow Top

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

11th row.—2 sps, 1 blk, ch 5, 15 s c, ch 5, 1 blk, ch 3, 1 blk, ch 5, 15 s c, ch 5, 1 blk, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—1 sp, 1 blk, ch 5, 21 s c, ch 5, 1 blk between blks, ch 5, 21 s c, ch 5, 1 blk, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

13th row.—Same as 11th row.

14th row.—Same as 10th row.

15th row.—Same as 9th row.

Continue reversing the pattern in this way until the fourth web is finished, then make several rows of spaces and repeat the group of four webs.

The pillow top illustrated has five rows of spaces between each group of webs.

This idea can be changed a little if one prefers by omitting the corner webs and also the center group and in its place working or darning in one's initial or monogram.

To copy this pattern exactly make 1 blk, 87 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, 29 sps, 1 blk, 29 sps, 1 blk, 13 sps, 1 blk, ch 3, turn.

3rd row.—1 blk, 12 sps, now copy directions from * in 3rd row as previously given.

Clemence McNiff.

Infant's Cap in Roll Stitch

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19.)

3rd round.—1 tr c between next r sts, ch 3, fasten in top of tr, ch 4, fasten in same place, ch 3, fasten in same place, thus forming a trefoil, ch 3, 1 s c between next r sts, ch 3, repeat from beginning of row, join, ch 5.

4th round.—Fasten in top of 1st trefoil, ch 5, 1 s c in next trefoil, repeat around, join, ch 4.

5th row.—2 d tr c in ch st just before trefoil, ch 1, 3 d tr c in same st, 3 r sts in center of ch between 2nd and 3rd trefoil, ch 1, 3 r sts in same st. Repeat around making 8 tr groups and 8 r st fans. Join to 1st d tr c, sl st to ch 1, ch 4.

6th round.—2 d tr c under ch 1, ch 1, 3 d tr c, ch 2, r st fan under ch 1 in center of fan in last row. Repeat around and join as in last row.

7th, 8th and 9th rounds.—Same as 6th round. These complete crown.

10th round.—The same until one has made 7 groups tr c and r st fans. Fasten off and break thread.

11th, 12th, 13th and 14th rounds.—Fasten thread on opposite side under ch, and 1st tr, ch 4, work same as 10th round.

Beading for Ribbon

Make 1 d tr c in center of each tr sh, between these and r st fans and in center of each r st fan, with ch 7 between. Repeat round.

Edge the front and neck with fans of 7 r sts each, worked in every other tr.

This cap may easily be enlarged by making the crown larger, or repeating the 6th round twice or more before commencing the front.

Vandyke Point Edging

This effective pattern is especially suitable for edging luncheon cloths or doilies, as it fits around a curved edge so nicely. Ch 10 sts, turn.

1st row.—9 d c in 9 sts, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 6, turn.

2nd row.—1 d c under ch 3, ch 2, 9 d c on 9 d c ch 3, turn.



VANDYKE POINT EDGING.

3rd row.—9 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 6, turn.

4th row.—2 under ch 3, 1 d c on d c, 2 d c in sp, d c on d c, 2 d c in sp, 1 d c on d c, ch 3, turn.

5th row.—9 d c, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—3 sps, 9 d c, sl st over 9 d c, ch 3.

7th row.—Same as 1st row, working 9 doubles as in the 4th row. Repeat pattern.

Points are pretty edged with color in single crochet.

Safety Skirt Hangers

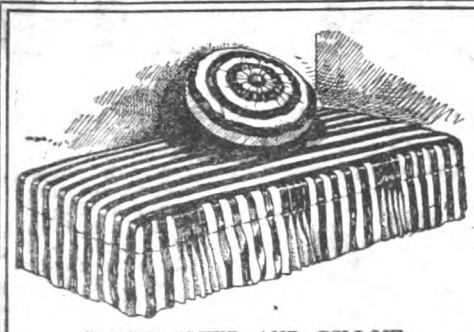
Material. One good-sized ivory ring, one spool silkateen, two large safety pins, crochet hook.

1st row.—Crochet closely over ring, join, turn, ch 5, sk 1, 2 d c, ch 2, sk 1, 2 d c, repeat, making 7 d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—2 d c in each sp, 1 d c on d c, repeat.

3rd row.—Ch 5, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat, making 7 sps as in 1st row.

Repeat these two rows until work measures one and one half inches, join to safety pin by making singles over the back of the pin. Two of these make a set or pair.



COUCH COVER AND PILLOW

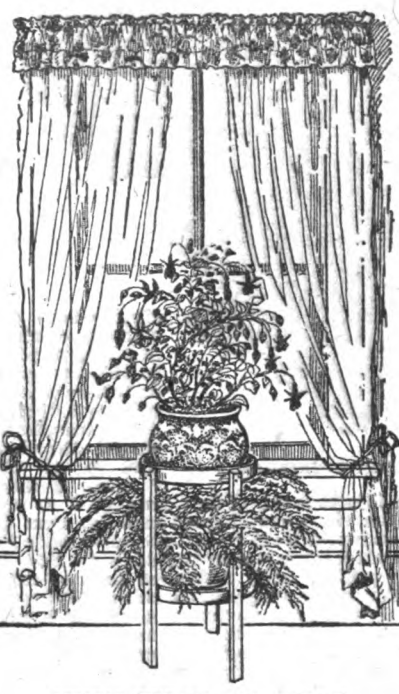
HOME-MADE FURNITURE AND FURNISHINGS

By Clara Huntington

Little Touches That Make a House Cheerful

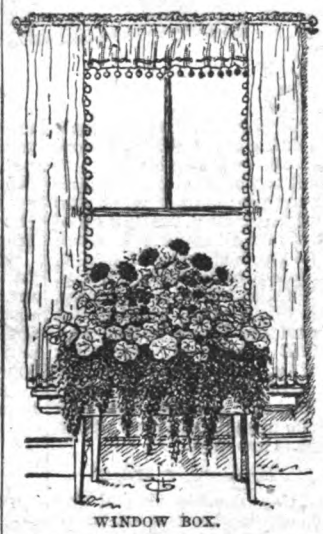
I CAN think of nothing that so pleases the eye or sends forth the same homelike atmosphere as a profusion of flowering and foliage plants in winter-time. Someone has said that plants have a "kindly spirit," and I believe it, for nothing responds so readily or gives so much in return for a little careful attention.

Before we touch upon the three window arrangements here illustrated, let us see if we are



ARTISTIC WINDOW ARRANGEMENT.

prepared to meet the fundamental requirements of house-plant life, which are good drainage, plenty of light and sun, fresh air and moisture. We all know that our finest specimens are grown right in the kitchen where they get the steam from the cooking and fresh air from the frequent opening of outside doors. For healthy drainage, a plant should be potted as follows: On the bottom of the flower pot put a broken piece from the side of an old pot, concave side down, so it will not lie flat over the hole; next put in a layer of charcoal in small pieces to prevent the earth from washing out when the plant is watered. Now a little earth is then put in, and then with one hand the plant is held in place with roots straightened, while with the other the pot is gradually filled with soil and lightly pressed around the roots.

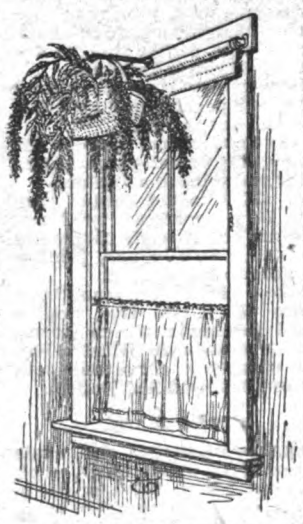


WINDOW BOX.

Most window-box failures are caused by the plant roots standing in water. Where the box itself is filled with soil, there should be in the bottom at least three inches of fairly fine charcoal. If care is taken to find out about how much water the soil will absorb, and then water with regularity, no difficulty will be experienced from too much water.

Many prefer to put their plants into individual pots before placing them in the window-box. Water standing in the bottom of jardinieres and becoming foul, will kill most plants. An excellent precaution is to put strips of wood in the bottom of jars and thus raise the pot above any water that may run through.

House plants also require an occasional spraying to keep them healthy. To do this, first lay a soft folded cloth over the earth and close to the plant to prevent a loss of plant food by washing it out of the soil. Use tepid water in a small watering pot, changing the angle of the plant so that the water will reach the under side of the leaves.



HANGING FERN BASKET.

Flowering plants for the house that best thrive under varying atmospheric conditions are begonias, fuchsias, geraniums, primroses, petunias and verbenas. Nasturtiums will also do wonderfully well in winter if kept in a sunny exposure. Train them along the edge of the casements and across the window tops. Gaudy jardinieres are to be avoided for the attainment of best effects, for they seriously detract from the plants themselves. Use only neutral colors with little if any decorations.

The first illustration shows an artistic arrangement of net curtains with valance of flowered silkateen, a jar of fuchsia, and underneath one filled with native ferns. The flower-stand is attractively made from two butter firkin covers which are held in position by three straight pieces of wood. The stand is given two coats of light gray paint which will prevent the covers from warping.

The window-box is made of pine and stained a dark green. Inside of the box is a lining made from zinc which is soldered watertight and the edge cut high enough to be turned back to cover the top edge of box. This will prevent water from getting between the box and zinc lining. The Colonial window curtains are made from muslin and trimmed with ball fringe.



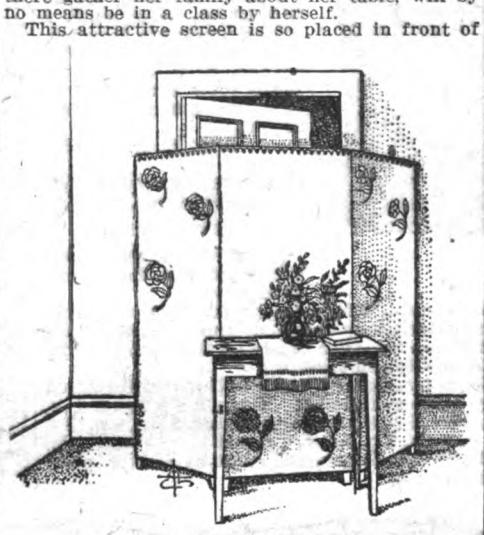
'NAH DOOR STOP.

The fern basket is hung from a bird cage hook which is screwed into the window finish. The basket is just the ordinary type found in most general stores. It is a little longer than wide and is painted a light moss green. In the basket are two shallow fer[illegible]s, each containing ferns of a different kind, and all hanging their fronds over the edge together make a handsome display. This window only gets the afternoon sun which is usually a very satisfactory exposure for ferns that are hung directly in the window. Here the sash curtain is used.

Screening the Pantry Door

This is a very happy thought for the wise woman who in winter time will close her dining-room and serve her meals in the kitchen. After all, many of the modern homes are built without the regulation dining-room, for we are living in an age where economy of space, fuel and labor are important considerations, and the woman who would make her kitchen an inviting spot and there gather her family about her table, will by no means be in a class by herself.

This attractive screen is so placed in front of

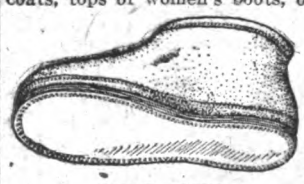


SCREENING THE PANTRY DOOR.

the pantry door that it gives the kitchen a "dressed-up" appearance and in no way interrupts a free passage in and out. A little ingenuity, some cotton material, and light strips of wood are all that is necessary for the construction of such a screen. For hinges that hold the two sides to the center section of frame, use heavy tape or two thicknesses of strong cotton cloth and tack them securely. Five are about the right number. The one illustrated was covered with plain, coarse gingham and decorated with a little free drawing in water colors which any school girl can do. An artistic effect is gained by placing in front a small table for a plant or for use as a serving table.

House Socks

An outfit of durable and warm house socks is a comfort in any household, particularly where there are children coming in with damp or cold feet, or to put on in the evening in place of their heavy school boots. Parts of old heavy overcoats, tops of women's boots, or various kinds of home-cured skins are among materials that are excellent for this purpose.



HOUSE SOCKS.

The best patterns for the soles are obtained by having the wearer stand barefooted on a sheet of brown paper, and with a lead pencil trace around the foot, allowing a little extra length at the toe. The tops are easily shaped from a stocking laid flat. Cut a little wider than the stocking, and the top large enough for the foot to slip through. Where skins are used, cut them from the back side with the point of a sharp knife. Sew edges together from the back as you would two selvage edges of a sheet. Use strong waxed thread. Line with some soft material. Where heavy cloth materials are used, as in picture, bind all edges and join top and soles by sewing only through the bindings. Inner soles of fur are very warm; also sheepskin or heavy cloth cut double. In cutting, make allowance for all linings and innersoles.

Decorative Door Stops

Devices for holding a door partly or way open are a desideratum in every home. Most commonly used for this purpose is a brick covered with carpeting, but they are awkward to use with-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21.)



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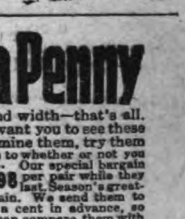
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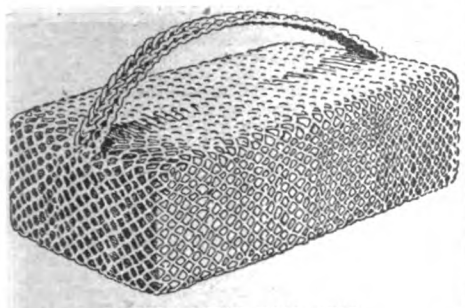
Name..... Size.....

Address .....

Home-Made Furniture and Furnishings

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

out a handle. The one here illustrated was first lightly padded with Canton flannel and then covered with khaki. Over this is a covering made from heavy twine which may be knitted or crocheted to fit. The handle is firmly crocheted from the twine. Each time across it is well to crochet it into the covering as it looks better than to make it separately and then sew it to place. The twine may be first made into a skein and then dipped into strong coffee and a color obtained that will harmonize with the khaki.



COVERED BRICK DOOR STOP.

Dinah as a door stop presents a very striking figure and she is often found on sale at church fairs. A tall quart bottle such as table syrups come in is the required foundation. The bottle is filled with dry sand to give the necessary weight, and the cork stopper is firmly driven in. The neck of the bottle is padded with cotton which shapes the head, and then the head and whole bottle are covered with black cloth. Arms with mitten-shaped hands are stuffed and sewed on at the neck. Eyes, nose and mouth are drawn out with water colors such as children use. If black curled hair is at hand, catch on a little to each side of the head, but it is not necessary as the head covering may be drawn closer around, and for this purpose a small red bandana is used. Fold the handkerchief cornerways, or if too bulky cut it in two. This leaves pointed ends which are tied in front. Select bright calico for the dress, and make an apron and kerchief for the shoulders from white muslin. The kerchief is cut three-cornered, which brings a point at the back, and the apron has sash-ends.

Couch Covering

A slip-cover is a very practical daytime arrangement for a bed couch, and striped materials make up most attractively. The one shown on Page 20 is made as follows: One straight strip begins with a hem at the floor, up to top and running the entire length of couch and down to the floor at the opposite end where it is again finished with a hem. This strip should be wide enough to fall over the back of couch about six inches. It is then closely squared or mitered at the two top back corners which holds the cover in place. The front edge of this strip joins a plaited flounce which extends to the floor and is hemmed. The two ends of flounce are sewed squarely to the front edges of strip that hangs over the two ends. A pretty way to arrange the fullness is to make a cluster of plaits deep enough to bring the darkest stripes together, and stitching them deep enough to form a boxing. This arrangement will always hold the cover in place.

The round pillow is made by seaming together a strip just long enough to easily extend around the pillow. It should be wide enough to reach from center front to center back. The two edges are then gathered, drawn tightly and finished with a button. For a pillow stuffing, cotton batting does very well. Cut it into small squares, put it into a tin and heat it in the oven until it is fluffy. Watch it carefully and stir it frequently.

A home-made wood box is a handy thing in the kitchen or sun porch.

Dress, Powder and Health

By Frances L. Garside

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A STATEMENT by Health Commissioner Copeland of New York City has set the feminine world agog, and a large portion of the masculine.

It was to the effect that low shoes and silk stockings, which women wear in winter, do not shorten their lives; that there are no bad effects from wearing thin waists and low-cut necks; that high heels work no harm, and that rouge and powder are not unbecoming.

This statement was followed by statements of women who agree with him, by women who don't, and by the decree of a vicar in Paris that entry to the church is forbidden women wearing low-cut waists and skirts that do not reach to the ankles. Everybody is having a hand in the discussion—except the men dressmakers who have made the fashions. They are keeping discreetly silent, perhaps for the reason that they are engaged on styles more atrocious and scandalous to bring out next season.



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DR. FLORENCE L. MEREDITH.

Women who are at the heads of women's departments in banks, offices and other big institutions are on record as saying that lack of proper dress for business is retarding the progress of the sex; that there is no hope for the advancement of the girl who comes to work wearing a very thin waist and a marshmallow nose. A woman journalist from Japan favors the American styles because they are more adaptable than the Japanese kimona, claiming that there are extremists in fashion in every country, and not more in America than in her own.

The woman speaking with the best authority is Dr. Florence L. Meredith, a girl health expert. She has made physical examinations of 12,000 girls in her experience, including four years of incoming freshmen in Wellesley, the employees of a large factory in Boston, and 700 business and professional women examined at a Y. W. C. A. Health Demonstration Center in New York City.

"I do not think," she says, "that Dr. Copeland speaks for the girl who is ambitious to make something of herself. He speaks for the girl who is so stupid and sex-centered that she will sacrifice anything, even the health of her body, to win the admiration of a man; the girl who is so ailing that she has to use rouge to present a counterfeit of health; who is so dirty that she has to use powder to cover up her unwholesome skin, who cares so little about being of use in the world that she is willing to cripple herself, falsely believing, as hundreds of girls have told me, 'that men wouldn't like to see them in what they consider unappealing clothes.'

"I do not think high heels or corsets are a cause of premature death. They merely lower efficiency. The woman who wears them is merely less alive. She is 75 per cent alive instead of 100 per cent.

"I do not know when I have seen a respectable foot or a girl with a good posture. The type of shoe and corset worn has been largely responsible. The girl who begins to get plump around the waist and hips, instead of exercising this excess fat off, or denying herself sweets, puts on a tight corset. The modern corset, it is true, is not the harmful invention it used to be. I object to it rather on the ground that it induces laziness and sloppiness of carriage.

"The high-heeled shoe is another matter. It is positively harmful, and it is the more insidious because the results do not show principally in the foot. Backaches, headaches and a long train of minor disabilities follow in the wake of the wrong posture which high-heeled shoes necessitate.

"My objection to thin clothes is not based on the matter of health, if it is such that the body can keep itself warm. My objection to thin clothing is a moral one.

"Most women have very vague ideas about their responsibility in the matter of tempting men away from what their own ideals would have them cleave to. They still believe in the old theory that perfectly innocent and unoffending girls are seduced by depraved men, and will not admit what they could observe with the greatest ease, that a good percentage of hitherto innocent and well-meaning boys have been carried to the point of loss of self-restraint by girls who should have known better. The word of countless men of every station is to the effect that clothes which women do, or do not, wear, make clean living a thousand times harder than it need be.

"I think most men, especially since the war, have got a different interest in women and girls, and I think they realize that if women have not reliable health they are of very little use in any sphere of life.

"And I think the best type of girl generally feels that if she has no way of interesting men except by deforming her feet and figure and painting her face, she will go husbandless—believing singleness would be blessedness in comparison to living with a man who could admire such a woman.

"Modern fashions are ruining the health of women. High heels are breaking down the arches; with narrow skirts, girls don't walk, they wiggle. Calsomined faces hide pasty complexions, sleazy near-silk stockings invite pneumonia in competition with sheer low-cut waists and iron-clad corsets that restrict lung action."

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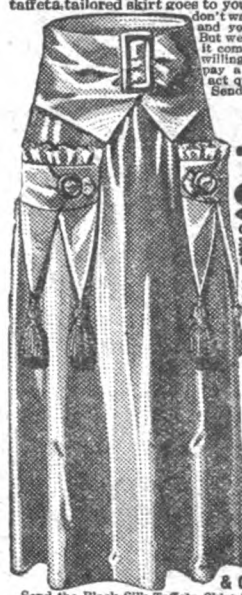
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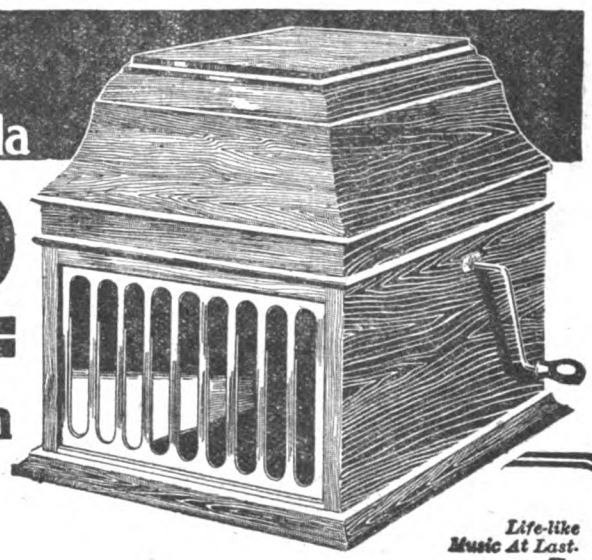
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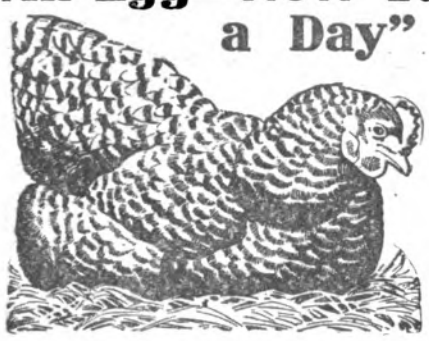
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During moulting your hens will need "More Eggs" to get them over the moult quickly and easily, to revitalize their organs and put them in fine laying condition. Just read the letters below telling how users actually got eggs during moulting! You, too, can make your hens moult fast, get eggs sooner and more eggs all fall and winter. This scientific tonic has been tried, tested and proven by over 400,000 chicken raisers. Try Reefer's "More Eggs" on my iron clad money-back guarantee of satisfaction.

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If you wish to try this great profit maker, simply write a postcard or letter to E. J. Reefer, the poultry expert, 3046 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo., and ask for his special free package $1.00 offer. Don't send any money. Mr. Reefer will send you two $1.00 packages of "More Eggs." You pay the postman upon delivery only $1.00 the price of just one package, the other package being free. The Million Dollar Merchants Bank of Kansas City, Mo., guarantees if you are not absolutely satisfied, your dollar will be returned at any time, within 30 days—on request. No risk to you. Write today for this special free offer.

Read These Letters Showing Wonderful Results of "More Eggs"

Makes Hens Moult Fast

I would not be without "More Eggs" if it cost $10 a package. It has hurried the moult for me and all my hens are now laying their full capacity.
JOE MARTIN, West Plains, Mo.

"Finishes Moult—Lays Quick"

I used E. J. Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic and I know it did my old hens good, for as they got through moulting they began laying. Please rush me a supply.
Yours respectfully,
H. G. McCALL, Williamsburg, Pa.

First Time Hens Laid During Moult

I have used your "More Eggs" Tonic since last fall and can surely say it has amply paid me. I have had chickens for 7 years and this is the first time they have ever laid through their moulting season. MRS. C. LUGINBUHL, Norwood, Ohio.

Loafers Before, Layers Now

My hens have laid through moulting this year. It is the first time since I had chickens. They have always been loafers until I used "More Eggs", now they are good layers.
MRS. H. J. SCHULZE, Pittsburgh, Kans.

Gets Eggs All Year

Have several friends that wish to use your "More Eggs" Tonic after seeing that I have been so successful in getting eggs all through the year and moulting season.
MRS. J. MEDARIS, Dale, Texas.

24 Eggs a Day During Moulting

Your "More Eggs" Tonic certainly puts hens in good condition for laying. I had 175 hens that were moulting and I began feeding them your Tonic and got nearly 2 doz. eggs a day.
S. J. FRANKENBERGER, Loganton, Penn.

$200 Worth of Eggs from 44 Hens

I never used "More Eggs" Tonic until last December; then just used one $1.00 package and have sold over $200 worth of eggs from 44 hens. "More Eggs" Tonic did it.
A. G. THODE,
Sterling, Kan., R. No. 2, Box 47

Send No Money!

Don't send any money; just fill in and mail coupon. You will be sent, at once, two $1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS." Pay the postman upon delivery only $1.00, the extra package being *FREE*. Don't wait—take advantage of this free offer TODAY! Reap the BIG profits "MORE EGGS" will make for you. Have plenty of eggs to sell when the price is highest. Send TODAY—NOW!

$1 Package FREE

E. J. REEFER, Poultry Expert, 3046, Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mr. Reefer:—I accept your offer. Send me the two $1.00 packages of Reefer's "More Eggs" for which I agree to pay the postman $1.00 when he brings me the two packages. You agree to refund me $1.00 *at any time* within 30 days, if *both* of these packages do not prove satisfactory in every way.

Name .....

Address .....

.....



BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

Work That Should Not Be Delayed.

THE fall is a very important time in the poultry world, as it is the pivot on which the winter's success balances. Neglect of any sort at this crucial time will invariably affect the supply of winter eggs, on which the real profit of the year depends. Poultry houses must be put into thorough repair and sanitary condition before the first of October, so that the birds may be placed in their winter quarters and not again disturbed.

It is my own custom to go over all the buildings in the chicken yard, mend any cracks or holes which may be found, and paint the roofs with liquid tar. The floors are scraped out to a depth of two or three inches, perches and nest boxes taken out, and the whole interior given a coat of hot whitewash. To make the whitewash, three quarts of fresh lime are placed in a pail and just covered with hot water. When the mixture commences to boil, it is stirred until the lumps are dissolved, and as it thickens, boiling skim-milk is added until it is of the consistency of cream. Lastly, a cupful of crude carbolic acid, a pound of whiting and a half pound of powdered glue are mixed in. This makes a wash which sticks almost as well as paint, and which, when applied hot, most effectually banishes vermin.

Cleaning a poultry house is a task which must not be done in a slipshod way. Before whitewashing the walls, floor and ceiling with a brush, if you have a garden spray, fill it full of the liquid mixture, and apply it to all the corners, kinks and crevices, for they are the places which harbor vermin, and cannot be reached with an ordinary brush.

When the whitewashing is all done and has had time to dry, the floors are covered with fresh lime, which burns out all the impurities, and, after a few hours, dry soil or sand is filled in to the depth of two or three inches. Windows are cleaned, inside and out, so that the sun may have free access; perches and nest boxes are thoroughly scrubbed with kerosene, whitewashed and replaced. When all this is accomplished, the biddies' home is sweet and wholesome.

I try to finish all this work before the fifteenth of the month, so that there will be no delay in getting the hens into their winter quarters. Any change of houses after pullets have once commenced to lay, invariably stops them, and should cold weather start in before they have regained their equilibrium, much time may be wasted.

Vermin are disagreeable enemies against which the poultry keeper must maintain a perpetual war. A good liquid exterminator is made by dissolving crude naphtha flakes in kerosene oil, using just as much of the flakes as will dissolve in any given quantity of oil. Paint the roofs, nest boxes, and any supports or frames about the house with the mixture. It does not take very long to do the work. Half an hour every Saturday will increase the birds' comfort and your profit.

Powder to use on the birds can be made for a few cents. Mix thoroughly, equal parts of finely-sifted coal ashes and tobacco dust, and moisten with the liquid exterminator. Allow it to dry, and put away in cans for ready use. Tobacco dust can be bought at most florists, and at all seed stores for twelve cents a pound. An empty baking-powder tin, with some holes pierced at one end, makes a good dredger.

The birds should be dusted with the powder before being placed in a clean house. Hold the hen by the feet, head downwards, and shake the powder well into the feathers. Use plenty of it, and with your hand rub it down into the fluffy part of the feathers near the skin, and especially near the tail on the body, and under the wings. If you have not been using any such precautions, or when you buy new birds, you ought to go over them every other night for a week. This will make it an easy matter to keep them free from the various vermin pests which seem to have been specially created for the undoing of poultry keepers.

My winter houses are one hundred feet long, twelve feet wide, and are divided into eight compartments, into each of which I put twenty-five layers. This gives them plenty of room for exercise, even when heavy snows necessitate keeping them shut up for days and weeks at a time.

If you have pullets and year-old hens, to secure the best results they should be kept in separate coops, as they require a different amount of feed. If you do not have a sufficient number of houses, it would be an easy matter to run a wire partition through the middle of one house, and so make two compartments.

I spend much of my time at this season of the year watching my hens, both old and young. I don't believe in keeping unprofitable birds through the winter, and birds which look mopy are consigned to the fattening pen. Even slow, dull-looking pullets are rejected, as I want only bright, energetic birds in the laying houses.

Lazy hens, although they do not produce eggs fatten easily, and bring as good a price as roosters. Close weeding out of unprofitable birds is really more than half the secret of success, and should be rigidly practiced.

Roosters are not allowed with the hens whose eggs are sold in the market, as infertile eggs are nicer for the table, and will keep fresh longer than fertile eggs. All the male birds are kept in one house and yard, so that they will become friendly and will not fight when distributed.

Hens intended to produce eggs for hatching are allowed free range until November; then they are divided into flocks of twenty-five, and four males are assigned to each flock, two being kept in a coop, two put with the flock, the pairs changing places every week. This prevents favoritism, which is the usual cause of infertile eggs. I make up my flocks in November, because I start the incubators in December, and like to have the birds running together for three weeks before using the eggs for incubation.

Exercise is of primary importance in the life of the laying hen, and every means should be taken to promote activity. The most natural way to do this is to provide a heavier covering of litter on the floor and to scatter small grain broadcast over this once a day, for the birds will scratch in it for hours at a time.

Straw or hay will answer the purpose, but both cost money and take time to cut; so, in October and November, before snow falls, we go into the plantation at the back of the barn and rake up the fallen leaves, placing them in bags and storing them in a shed near the poultry house. Twice a week, all through a bad winter, a bag is emptied into each compartment. The birds delight to work and scratch among them, which keeps them busy, and also breaks up and converts the leaves into fertilizer for spring use in the garden.

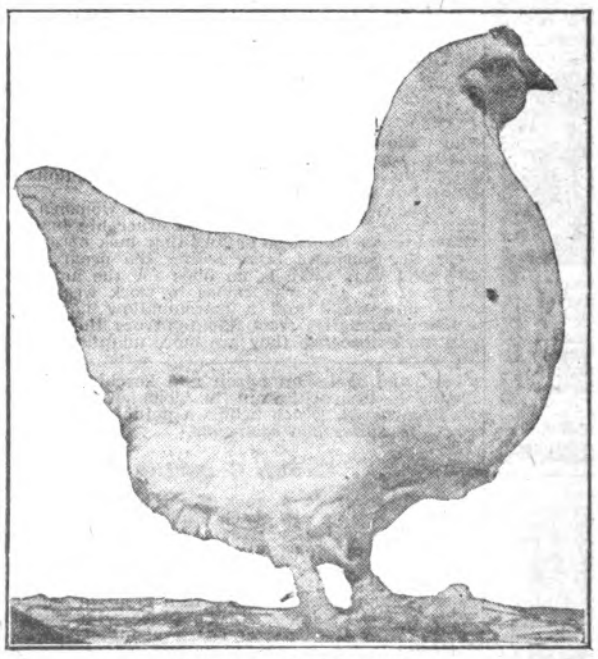
Buy Some Good Birds Now to Improve Your Stock

I want our readers to make a special effort and try to buy cockerels now to head their breeding pens next season, for this is the season of the year when the big breeders of thoroughbred stock commence to select their birds for the show season, and put them into separate coops to develop, take the young pullets off free range, and place them in permanent winter quarters and cull out the year-old birds, and divide them into flocks for next year's breeding pens. All this means that house room becomes so precious that they are willing—nay, anxious, to dispose of extra cockerels, and will sell good birds now for about half what they would ask for them in the spring. Such a golden opportunity should not be neglected, and I advise you to sell off all your old hens or your own young cockerels and use the money for the purchase of one or two really good birds, for if you have only mediumly fair stock, and mate a few of the hens to a good bird next spring, you are sure to get some youngsters who will more than pay you for your trouble. Look through the advertising columns for the addresses of well-known breeders of whatever variety you are breeding, and write them for prices of cockerels; or, better still, quote what price you can afford to pay; remembering always that you can't expect to get something for nothing, and that even a cull bird from a breeder who has for years kept nothing but full-blooded stock, is of more value to breed from than a splendid looking bird which may have all sorts of mixed and poor varieties among his ancestors. For, as I have explained to you, the individual bird or animal is not half so important as his parents and grandparents, as far as his influence is concerned on future stock.

When writing to breeders about cockerels, you should give a clear description of the hens you want to mate him to, because the breeder will then be able to select a bird, with such characteristics as will counterbalance the weak points in your birds.

To illustrate: If the hens happen to have legs rather too long for the breed they belong to, the male bird chosen to mate with them should have legs a trifle short, and, of course, the same throughout the points. There are very few perfect birds, so matings must be arranged to counterbalance the faulty points. And it is impossible to get perfection from one mating, so it is positively necessary to breed the pullets back to the sire, even to the third and fourth generation.

Now, many people run away with the idea that it is only conformation and plumage that one does such mating for, but it is quite as necessary when one is trying to build up a strain of heavy laying birds. Roosters must be the offspring of prolific layers, no less than the hens to which they are mated, and it is only by remating to the progeny of the original sire that the breed can be firmly established. Of course, the same is to be said if your ambition is to raise specially good table birds with deep breasts and heavily-meated thighs. So you see, even for the general-purpose bird, it is well to devote some thought to the subject, and be careful not only to select hens that are known to be good layers, but males that are known to be the sons of heavy layers; and once having established a good pen, it is well to be very careful how you introduce a strange male bird.



WHITE WYANDOTTE HEN.

I am emphasizing this subject now, because so many of my correspondents seem to be convinced that all there is to get good layers is to select their best hens. I use "hens" in writing, but of course the same principles apply to ducks and geese, and, to a smaller extent, turkeys. It is quite time to consider breeding flocks of ducks and geese now, for if strange birds have to be bought, it takes time for them to become accustomed to their new surroundings, and, as they are early layers, there should be no delay about the purchase.

Both ducks and geese are such easy keepers when they have a wide range that it is advisable for every small farm to keep a flock of either one or the other. Imperial Pekin ducks start laying in January, when hens' eggs are bringing very big prices, so the ducks' eggs are a great convenience and economy, as they can be used at home, and usually sell to neighbors for cooking purposes, even if they don't like to eat them. Ducks' eggs make better cakes and custards than hens' eggs, and people who are living near towns or cities can always dispose of any surplus quantity to confectioners and candymakers.

I give you this hint, as it is not advisable to hatch ducks before April in most localities, and by that time hens' eggs have gone down in price so that one does not mind using them in the kitchen. If you have raised any number of ducks or geese during the last season, now is the time to fatten and market them. Confine them in rather small yards; boil and mash any waste, green vegetables, small potatoes, and any other root crop that you may have on hand. When cool, mix about a quart of wheat middlings or corn-meal through a panful, and you will have a good fattening mash for twenty birds, and give them all the skim-milk you can spare in a dish they can only get their bills into, and they will be ready for market within three weeks.

Old ducks and geese which are to be kept for breeding in the spring, must have a dry place to sleep in, and good feed. Chopped corn-stalks or fodder, well steamed, and a little bran, make a good, inexpensive mash. If skim-milk is plentiful, give them some every day, to take the place of insects which they can no longer find for themselves. If there is no milk to spare, get some commercial meat scraps, and mix about a tablespoonful for each bird in a mash three times a week. Also, be careful that they get plenty of grit and water. Ducks and geese often suffer for water on a general farm after outdoor pools and troughs are frozen.

The care the birds receive now will influence their laying and the strength of the ducklings and goslings next spring. Don't lose any time in getting your young pullets into winter quarters. The sooner they are settled and winter rations started, the sooner they will commence to lay. Don't forget that, to produce eggs, they must have plenty of water to drink, and, as they have no teeth, need grit to grind the food after it passes into the gizzard—animal food, vegetables, and lime in some form. Brooks and outside drinking troughs are sure to be frozen, small stone and sand ditto. So when the farmer throws down the corn, which is greedily eaten, the hen profits little, for she cannot digest it properly, and, in consequence, is unprofitable. Insects (the natural animal food supply) are not to be had, nor is there any vegetable matter available. So the fowls return to natural conditions, which means no eggs until springtime, when they are again able to find the different ingredients from which eggs are formed.

Turkeys

I want to give you a few hints about the care of the old turkeys at this season of the year, in the hope that it may help in raising young ones in the spring, for during the past few years the number of letters telling about the loss of young turkeys in all parts of the country has been positively appalling, and it all springs from an intestinal disease commonly called "blackhead," which is spread through the droppings of infected birds. For this reason I want you to do a little doctoring right now to get the old birds in good condition if possible.

First of all, plow the yards or grounds where the turkeys have been in the habit of congregating and thoroughly disinfect the roosts or fences which they frequent; then once every week put forty grains of Epsom salts in half-a-pint of water, and place it where the birds are likely to drink from it in the early morning. And before you give them their feed in the morning, mix one grain of sulphate of iron and one grain of silicate of soda and make it into a pill with a little curd cheese or bread which has been moistened with milk. The above amount is for one pill, and each bird should get one of these. At night, again try to force them to drink the water with Epsom salts in it. Or if you only have two or three birds which are pretty tame and easily handled, give them a teaspoonful of castor oil night and morning instead of the salts. Sweep up and burn all the droppings from under the roosts as early as possible in the morning. Repeat this treatment once a week for four weeks. After that time, add seven grains of catechu to every two quarts of drinking water every day for another month. After the first of the year, give the turkeys some of the laying hen's mash every morning, and all through the winter give them a good feed of corn at night.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

I. D.—We have no stock nor eggs for sale. The price of eggs for setting varies, but you should be able to get eggs from pure bred birds for about three dollars a setting. Eggs from prize-winning stock, however, would range from five to twenty-five dollars a setting.

J. McK.—Perhaps you fed the chickens too heavily, or had the brooder too hot. Chicks must have plenty of exercise and fresh air. I think the chicks must have had some contagious disease, even if you did not notice any symptoms, as so many of them died. Feathering out quickly is generally a sign of strong, healthy chicks. But perhaps you mean that they only got their wing feathers quickly, which would indicate that the birds were weak, or had been forced too quickly.

L. P. M.—Please read answer to I. D. in this issue.

W. D. C.—From your description I should think the rooster had something in his throat, or perhaps sour crop. Without more knowledge of the case I can only suggest that you give him a tablespoon of castor oil every third night until he has had three doses, and feed lightly on mash. The oil cannot do any harm, and if there is no lodgment in the throat or crop it may remove it. At the same time spray throat and nostrils twice a day with permanganate of potassium.

E. E. M.—The birds have tuberculosis, which is a chronic and contagious disease characterized by the development of nodules called tubercles in various organs of the body, but most frequently in the liver, spleen and intestines. Tuberculosis is generally brought into the poultry yard with fowls that are purchased from infected flocks or with the eggs of diseased birds that are obtained for the purpose of hatching. If the disease exists in neighboring flocks, the contagion may be carried by small birds or animals passing from one yard to the other. A peculiarity of the tuberculosis of birds is that the liver and intestines are nearly always very severely affected, and that as a consequence the bacilli are very numerous in the intestinal contents and are scattered with the droppings everywhere that the fowls go. The introduction of a single diseased bird may, therefore, cause the infection of the greater part of the flock in a few weeks. In the same way, when wild birds contract the disease, the bacilli are carried and deposited in all the yards which they visit. The eggs of diseased birds frequently contain the bacilli, as has been proven by the inoculation of and the transference of the disease to rabbits and guinea pigs. The young chicks hatched from such infected eggs are diseased when they leave the shell, and, of course, soon infect the poultry with which they run. Moreover, since the sterile incubated eggs are often fed to chickens, it is clear that even the eggs which do not hatch may introduce the contagion unless they are cooked before feeding. Pigs, cats, rats and mice are especially liable to be infected with fowl tuberculosis from eating the carcasses of birds which have died, and these animals serve to keep up the contagion and may communicate it to other fowls. Even calves and colts are sometimes found suffering from this form of tuberculosis. Symptoms are not generally observed in the internal tuberculosis of fowls until the disease has reached an advanced stage of development. They begin with gradual loss of weight, wasting of the muscles, paleness of the comb, and toward the end, dullness, sleepiness and diarrhea. Very often there is at the same time a tubercular inflammation of the joints and of the sheaths of tendons, which is revealed by lameness, swelling of the joints of the legs, and sometimes by the formation of hard, external tumors of considerable size. Occasionally the skin over the swollen joints breaks, the interior of the joint is ulcerated, and a small quantity of pus, containing large numbers of tubercle bacilli, is discharged. Swellings and bony enlargements of the joints with fowls are invariably suspicious, and their nature should always be investigated by killing the bird and examining the liver and spleen to determine if these have any whitish or yellowish spots on their surface which when cut into prove to be tubercular masses. There is no treatment that will cure fowls which have been attacked with tuberculosis. When the disease is discovered, the effort should be to eradicate it at once by killing off the whole flock and thoroughly disinfecting all the houses and runs. As the great majority of the birds will probably be more or less affected, the chances are that any which are saved will have diseased livers and intestines, from which the bacilli will escape and keep up the infection of the flock and the runs. The danger of this is so great that no attempt should be made to keep any of the fowls that have been exposed to the contagion, no matter how valuable they may be. The bodies of the birds which have died or are killed, as well as all the accumulated manure, sweepings and scrapings of the poultry houses, should be completely destroyed by fire.

R. M.—This case looks like poison of some sort; the hens being let out for a short time in the evening, and being so ravenous for green stuff and insects, indicates that they will pick up anything. Have your neighbors been using a poison spray on fruit trees or potatoes? In such cases it is always advisable to give each bird a dose of castor oil, and use milk instead of water to drink. If your young birds seem all right, leave them on free range all the time. They will grow and develop much better than they would in yards.

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32x3½	6.90	1.90	36x4½	11.40	3.30
31x4	7.90	2.15	35x5	12.40	3.40
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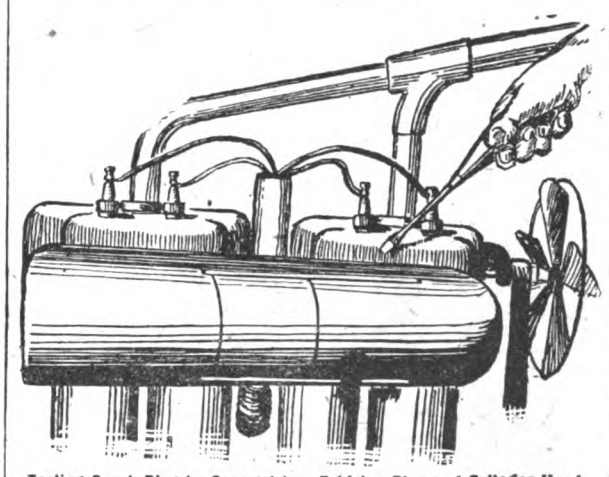
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When the Engine Goes "Dead"

THERE is an old anxiom which reads as follows: "There is a reason for everything." There are times when the automobile goes "dead," and invariably the owner will turn every adjustment within his reach in an effort to get the car started. There is no sense to such proceedure and when the car goes suddenly "dead," there is a systematic course for locating the trouble. It is safe to assume that 99 times out of the 100 the trouble can be located in the gasolene or ignition systems. If the car has been running along smoothly and suddenly stops, it is only reasonable to assume that either the gasolene is not reaching the cylinders or that the ignition current has failed.

A sticking valve or broken spark plug will cause a miss for one particular cylinder, but the engine will continue to run.

Let us assume that we are driving, the engine hitting on all cylinders, when suddenly it quits cold. There are no loud reports and the engine stops just as if the ignition switch was turned off. The chances are that the ignition current has failed. Before leaving the driver's seat, turn on the lights and if they burn, it would indicate that the storage battery is O. K. However, if



Testing Spark Plug by Screw-driver Bridging Plug and Cylinder Head.

the lights do not burn, then you should instantly direct your attention to the storage battery. A storage battery will deliver sufficient current for ignition purposes long after it is too weak to take care of the lights. Nevertheless, bridge the negative and positive terminals with the pliers and if there is no flashing of sparks, it is safe to assume that the battery is dead and requires replacing or recharging.

Now, we will take the opposite condition. The lights burn when switched on, and so we know instantly that there is current. If you have anyone with you in the car, have him turn the motor over with the electric starter or hand-crank while you hold the end of the cable which connects to a spark plug about a sixteenth of an inch from the cylinder casting. If a spark does not jump the gap when the engine is turned over with the ignition switch on, you should look for loose terminals and bare wires. In other words, you must direct your entire attention to correcting the condition which prevents the current from reaching the spark plugs.

There is another condition, the backfiring through the muffler and carburetor before the engine stops. The trouble, when accompanied by the above symptoms, is usually due to lack of gasolene. The first step is, of course, to determine that there is gasolene in the storage tank. Having made certain that there is sufficient fuel, try to flood the carburetor by pressing down on the primer plunger. If the carburetor floods readily, the indications are that a shortage of gasolene is not the trouble and it will be well to look for a short circuit in the wiring.

However, if the carburetor floods after holding the primer plunger down for some time, it would indicate that there is a stoppage in the gasolene line and that the motor is consuming the gasolene faster than it is being fed to the carburetor. The remedy is to clean out the gasolene pipe.

Providing the carburetor does not flood, make certain that the shut-offs have not jarred closed and then determine whether the vacuum tank is operating properly. If there is no gasolene in the vacuum tank, the tank mechanism and connections should be carefully inspected. You will probably find instructions which clearly describe the operating principle of the vacuum tank and will experienee no difficulty in checking up the mechanism.

The chief factor to bear in mind is that the trouble is undoubtedly due to a slight irregularity, either in the gasolene or ignition system, and, therefore, do not proceed to alter adjustments until you have located the cause.

Useful Pointers

Sticking Pistons

It is not an uncommon occurrence for the pistons in a motor which has stood idle for a long time to become "frozen" to the cylinder walls. In many cases the sticking pistons cannot be set free by pressure applied with the hand crank at the front end of the crank-shaft. The best proceedure known to the writer is to drain the cooling system and refill with warm water so as to cause the cylinder walls to expand a trifle. Remove the spark plugs and squirt gasolene through the openings. The gasolene will find its way between the pistons and the cylinder walls. Jack up a rear wheel so that it is free from the floor, engage the high gear, and apply considerable power to the jacked wheel by first turning forward and then backward; the pistons should break away. Before running the motor on its own power, inject thin lubricating oil through the spark plug openings so as to insure the lubrication of the cylinder walls.

Rail-Riding Tires

The smooth street car rails often appeal to a motorist, especially if by riding upon them he can escape a stretch of rough road. While it cannot be denied that riding the rails often adds considerable to the comfort of the passengers, yet if the owner is endeavoring to operate his car at a minimum expense, it must be pointed out that rail-riding has its effect on tires. Tires are constructed for the weight of the machine to be borne by the tread. However, when the car is run in the car tracks, the weight of the car falls to the side of the tires. This practice causes the plies of fabric to separate and the tread to loosen. Car tracks many times present razor edges, and more than one tire has been torn by running on a switch.

Inflating Tube

The B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co. advises that a tube should never be placed on the ground or floor when partially inflating it before insertion in the casing. This practice allows the tube to pick up particles of sand, cinders and oil which create friction and eventually tiny holes.

The right way is to place the tube over the left shoulder and pump with the right hand. Thus no portion of the tube will be allowed to touch the road or pavement. When the tube is well rounded with the air and free from wrinkles, it is ready for insertion in the casing, and then should be pumped to the prescribed pressure.

Road Commandments

The following rules for automobilists have been presented by the National Council of Industrial Safety:

1. Be considerate.
2. Go slow; first, passing children; second, passing vehicles; third, approaching crossings; fourth, turning corners.
3. Stop first at railroad crossings; second, behind standing street cars.
4. Use chain on slippery pavements.
5. When in doubt go slow or stop.

The council further requests all automobilists to obey to the letter these nine commandments of the road:

Don't run fast into or across main highways.
Don't take blind curves too fast.
Don't run on the wrong side of the road.
Don't pass street cars when passengers are boarding or leaving.
Don't fail to sound your horn before passing other vehicles.
Don't forget that a car or person may be just around the turn.
Don't forget that the other fellow may be dull, reckless or drunk.
Don't fail to look out for pedestrians.
Don't forget that children dash in the way unexpectedly.
Don't take chances. That's the simple embracing rule.

Gasolene Facts

U. S. Geographical Survey reports: 7,629,000,000 barrels of oil still in U. S. fields —enough for 20 years at present consumption rate. World's deposit, 60,000,000,000 barrels —enough for 168 years.

U. S. Bureau of Mines reports:
Reserve gasolene stocks in March reached 626,393,046 gallons, an increase in 30 days of 80,330,617 gallons.
Total production of gasolene in 1919: 3,957,857,097 gallons.

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31x3½	7.25	2.10	34x4	9.25	2.85	36x5	13.25	3.70
32x3½	7.50	2.25	34x4½	10.50	3.00	37x5	13.50	3.75
31x4	8.50	2.50	35x4½	11.50	3.15			

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New Ideas in Agriculture

AS the readers of COMFORT are well aware, the scientists in the various agricultural experiment stations are busy all of the time hunting for new plants, and facts relative to farming, livestock breeding, feeding, management, dairy farming, horticulture and all kindred subjects. It is our aim to give readers of this journal the benefit of scientific research from time to time as discoveries and conclusions are made public. This, to the busy farmer, should be of great assistance and value, but in addition, those who have time should have their names and addresses placed upon the mailing lists of the experiment stations of their respective states, so that they may be able to read more fully the "literature" particularly applicable to the districts in which they live and farm. We shall continue this service and try to make it even more effective than heretofore.

Combating Potato Bugs

Professor Milward of the Wisconsin station advises that arsenate of zinc used at the rate of two pounds to 50 gallons of water will give good results as a poison for the pestiferous potato beetle. It should be applied immediately after the eggs hatch, when the bugs are small. Hot, damp weather is bad bug weather. The young bugs are found in clusters on the upper parts of the plants. In such weather, poisons applied to kill bugs are most liable to burn the plants. Apply the poison solution by use of coarse nozzles. Completely wet down every portion of the young plants. Make two or three applications at close intervals. The best grades of potato spraying machinery should be used to give effective results. A machine that will serve for spraying against bugs early in the season at light pressure and later for leaf blight at high pressure is particularly desirable. Hand atomizers, knapsack sprayers and power outfits are types of machinery that are available and fit the needs of everyone, from the truck gardener to the commercial potato grower.

Poisoning Grasshoppers

Entomologists of the Wisconsin station advise poisoning as the only way of controlling the grasshopper situation. They advise to scatter bran mash over the fields early in the morning, using five to seven pounds to the acre. The poison bait is made by mixing together 50 pounds of bran, alfalfa meal, or middlings, two pounds of Paris green or white arsenic and two pounds of salt. Then take one ounce of the cheapest lemon extract and pour into a bucket of water. Stir this mixture into the bran poison, adding more water until the bran becomes thoroughly moistened and crumbly. Scatter broadcast over the infested field early in the morning while the dew is on the grass. Stock should of course be kept off the treated fields, and poultry also.

Killing Dandelions on Lawns

Experiments made at the New York station during the past eight years show that dandelions may be eradicated from lawns by proper spraying with a solution of one and one half to two pounds of sulphate of iron (also known as copperas or green vitriol) to the gallon of water. A gallon of the solution will suffice for 375 square feet and 175 pounds of the sulphate will do for one acre. Apply in form of fine mist sprayed well into the foliage. A compressed air spray, knapsack sprayer or similar apparatus will suffice. Strain the solution through a fine strainer or two thicknesses of cheese-cloth. Keep the spray from wetting clothing, sidewalks, building foundations, monuments, curbstones, etc., as it stains badly. Give the first treatment when flower buds are seen, but before they blossom. Follow with treatments at three or four week intervals during the spring growing season and one or two others in late summer or autumn. Fertilization of the lawn and frequent reseeding also is advised.

Success with Milking Machines

Observations at the New York station indicate that the methods of cleaning are more important than the type of milker in determining the germ content of milk and that high-grade milk can be produced with the milkers, provided they are cleansed and cared for twice a day for 365 days in the year by methods known to give the best results. This means rapid but careful washing of the machines by drawing successive pails of cold water, hot alkali water, and clear hot water through them *immediately after each milking;* immersion of the teat-cups and all rubber parts in a good sterilizing solution between milkings, supplemented by a very thorough weekly overhauling of the teat-cups and tubes; and daily scalding and thorough drying of all the metal parts that come in contact with the milk, except those parts kept in the sterilizing solution. The solutions referred to usually are prescribed by the maker of each type of milking machine.

Sunflowers Silage

On the Michigan experiment station farm a three-acre strip of sunflowers produced 30 per cent greater tonnage than an equal area of corn adjacent. These sunflowers were put in one of the dairy silos with corn silage above and below and the silage fed out to the dairy herd during the winter. Sunflower silage was found to be very dark colored, and has a strong odor and some of the cows refused it entirely on the start, while others ate it readily. As soon as they became accustomed to the sunflower silage they were fed the same amounts by weight as they received of the corn silage. When the herd changed from corn silage to sunflower silage a marked drop in milk flow was apparent and the cows began to lose condition rapidly. The feeding of clear sunflower silage was continued for 12 days, when it was thought best to make a change and the balance of the sunflower silage was fed with an equal weight of corn silage, after which the herd was fed straight corn silage. The grain and hay ration remained the same throughout different periods. The results are summed up as follows: Milk-flow dropped 11.65 per cent during the seven-day period on sunflower silage but recovered noticeably when corn and corn silage were fed in equal parts, dropping again when the herd changed back to straight corn silage. In the feeding trial, sunflower silage compared very unfavorably with corn silage. However, a drop in milk-flow when the cows were changed from mixed corn and sunflower silage to clear corn silage, would indicate that the mixture may be preferable to straight corn silage and work along this line will be continued during the present season.

Spray Sheep Against Gad-Flies

The Iowa station advises that sheep may be successfully sprayed during summer to keep them free from gad-flies which produce grubs that work their way into the upper passages and sinuses of the head, by way of the nostrils, and cause great distress and damage to the sheep. "The best way to fight the pest," says Dr. Stouder, "is to spray the head of the sheep with fly repellents or to place some good fly-chaser remedy near the salt-lick so that the sheep when going to get salt, will rub it with their noses and apply it themselves. The best cure is to prevent the pest from getting to the sheep, since they are hard to get out of the animal's head once they get there." The sheep gad-fly is a yellowish grey fly with brown hairs, about the size of a common house-fly. It is very active during the mid-day and causes the sheep to crowd together as it tries to get into their nostrils to deposit its embryo grubs or larvæ.

Sawdust as Cow Feed

What next? The Wisconsin station, collaborating with the United States Department of Agriculture, has successfully fed dairy cows upon sawdust treated by a new process perfected by Dr. E. C. Sherrard of the Government Forest Products Laboratory at Madison. Professor Morrison of the agricultural experiment station there has done the feeding work. He says that "sensational reports circulating to the effect that the saving in feed will be enormous and that the use of sawdust will revolutionize the dairy industry are false and misleading. No one," he adds, "can state whether or not it will prove of practical application." It would seem that cattle may be fed a limited amount of the new hydrolized sawdust. As a feed it contains only a negligible amount of protein and for that reason cannot be compared with barley. In both experiment rations fed at the station the protein was furnished by other feeds. Before attempting the manufacture of this new feed on a commercial scale it will be necessary to carry on much longer feeding tests to find out whether the sawdust has any injurious effects when its use is long continued. It seems likely, however, that in time scientists may perfect profitable feeding stuffs from sawdust and other now wasted materials.

The "Fat of the Land"

We often hear the expression that such and such a person is living off the "fat of the land," and generally it refers to some wealthy person who is able to buy the luxuries that a well-filled purse is able to pay for.

As a matter of fact, to trace the expression back to its source, it means the best the land or soil can be made to produce for the material sustenance of man. This being true, then every reasonably successful farmer can be living off "the fat of the land" if he is willing to put his time and effort to that effect.

Many farmers give too little time and attention to provide for the raising of the many special crops which make the difference between a real luxury in diet and an everyday sameness which no man can work his best upon, and which the family tolerate because they must. A farmer's living, or what he eats, can and should be of the best. In fact, he can have as much or better than a successful business man is able to buy. The only thing necessary is the thought and willingness to produce it.

The wife is too often expected by some hook or crook, or some trick of legerdemain, to "set a good table" and provide good, nourishing meals out of nothing. Too many farm women are at their wit's end to know how to place before their family an appetizing variety.

The Farm Garden

The farm garden is too often turned over to the wife for her to produce and do all the heavy back-breaking labor but the first plowing. All the busy farm wife should do about the garden is to help plant it and oversee its cultivation. A farm garden that has the necessary variety of vegetables and the proper successive plantings of all season crops, is too big and requires too much hand labor for any woman to attempt. The farm garden should be planted in rows and everything as far as possible cultivated like any other farm crop, by horse power. Too many times the farmer thinks that beets, carrots, turnips, parsnips and the other common vegetables is about all there is to a garden. For such a farmer a good, up-to-date reliable garden book will afford some mighty interesting reading. How much celery, head lettuce, asparagus, Brussels sprouts, cauliflower, kohlrabi, salsify, is found in the average farm garden?

Dairy Products

Suppose for the sake of argument the farm has a good vegetable garden of excellent varieties and of great abundance.

It must be remembered that some vegetables to be nourishing and appetizing need good whole milk, cream and butter to combine with them to be really satisfying and wholesome. A farm that is any farm at all need not stint on these necessities. A man need not be a dairy farmer to let his family have all the milk, butter and cream it can use. A family cow or two will supply an abundance and there is no food that can take the place of milk and milk products.

Orchard

There is no work that gives better returns than that spent on an orchard or fruit garden. One of the best crops a farmer raises is his fruit crop. A good big orchard of all the varieties of fruit his locality can produce is a wonderful money saver. In connection with the orchard should be a garden of small fruits—blackberries, gooseberries, grapes, currants, strawberries—in fact every kind of small fruit that it is possible for him to raise. It doesn't take much imagination to picture well-filled storehouse shelves of sauces, jellies and preserves that fairly make the mouth water as a result of a good orchard and fruit garden.

Meat

No farm table should be limited to fresh meat at butchering time and salt pork the rest of the year excepting when an occasional trip to town brings home a little fresh meat.

The farmer should have the very best of meat and he can if he puts thought and well-directed effort in it. He should make a study of the curing of hams and bacon, making and keeping of sausage, drying of beef, canning of beef and chicken, and so on 'til his meat supply is equal to that of his vegetables and fruit.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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May be worn open, or buttoned high.

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This snappy and attractive coat is what is known as a sport model but is becoming very popular for dress and all other occasions. The material is fine grade of rich, glossy, long nap furtex plush, strikingly near in appearance to fur and of splendid warmth, beauty and long-wearing quality. Fashion has stamped this beautiful fabric with approval. Large convertible collar of self material can be worn open or closed. Coat has shapely pockets and all-round belt of self material. Lined throughout with fine quality fancy twill sateen. Color, Tan Beaver *only*. Sizes 34 to 44. Misses, 16 to 20 Length 36 inches.

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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

TO the girls expressing a desire to "do something worth while," the best advice I can give you is embodied in the verse quoted below. I'm particularly fond of the line, "Find thy mission on the earth and leave the stars to light the skies." We are so apt to want to assist the stars to "light the skies" that we let the humble, everyday tasks pass by unnoticed. the humble, everyday tasks pass by unnoticed. —Ed.

"Do a little good in passing, sow some kindness every day,
Stretch a hand to help a struggler who has fallen by the way.
Flash a smile to cheer the mourner, plant a flower to bud and bloom,
Loose a ray of sympathy to pierce with sunlight the thick gloom;
Stop and counsel with the erring, help the fallen one to rise,
Find thy mission on the earth and leave the stars to light the skies;
Whisper comfort to the sobbing, let the sunshine struggle through,
And when Heaven's portals open there will be a place for you."

L. and J., Nebraska.—Is it proper for a girl to "dispose of" her little brothers and sisters when a young man calls on her? You sound as though you were speaking of kittens and intended to put them in a bag with some rocks and—but why go into murderous details? I've seen some little brothers and sisters that I thought a temporary drowning would benefit but maybe you'd better spare yours a while longer. Don't shoo them out first thing. Let them stay a little while and then have your mother send them to bed or "dispose of" them in some way. Mothers should understand such things without being told. (2) In days of old when knights were bold it would have been the proper thing for a man to lay down his coat a la Raleigh for his lady fair to walk upon, but in these days of $75.00 suits he would be very foolish to do that when he might carry her across a muddy place. A shoe shine costs only ten cents. I'll answer the rest of your questions some other time.

BROWN-EYED ELLA, California.—If I were a young girl of twenty, a man of forty would have to possess more material wealth than three horses and nine dogs before I'd think of marrying him. As you say, dogs make nice pets but you can't live with them. A man of that age, if he has spent his time and money wisely, should have a home to offer a girl. There was some talk a while ago of changing the calendar so as to make thirteen months and I think you'd better wait and select that month for your marriage.

MARY, N. C.—Why ask me for advice when you've got it all settled that you are to be married in September? If your father and mother approve of the man of your choice then I don't see as I can say anything unless I object on the grounds that you are too young to marry anyone. May all happiness be yours.

E. L. M., Ill.—He is a selfish person and an education will be worth more to you than six like him; in fact, selfish, dishonorable men, such as he has shown himself to be, should be tied in bunches and sold for six-for-a-quarter, though it would be a waste of money to buy them. Now I suppose you'll be cross and marry him just for spite; but you wanted my opinion and I have given it to you straight from the shoulder.

POSEY, Georgia.—Men aren't the shy creatures you picture them, and if he loves you, as you think he does, he won't try to keep you from knowing it. There's really nothing you can do to show your love for him any more than being sort of friendly-nice to him.

MRS. J. J. V., Montana.—A few months ago I made some flippant remark regarding correspondence school nurses and now one of them comes back at me with a very diplomatic call-down and tells me that practical nurses would do well to take a correspondence school course and that such a course would be of inestimable worth to mothers. 'Tis true, Mrs. V., and I'll take back all I said, only I reserve the right to hand my precious insides over to a regular honest-to-goodness trained nurse for inspection and repairs, or rather to assist the surgeon. Of course there are a great many cases where they can give as intelligent care as a trained nurse and maybe a t. n. could learn something from them.

PUZZLED GIRLIE, Michigan.—Your girl friend should have asked your consent before sending your name to a boy she didn't know, and your mother is right in refusing to allow you to correspond with him. It would be proper to write a letter of explanation, telling him the truth, and if he is the right sort he will respect you all the more for it, and if he isn't you don't want to correspond with him anyway.

SALTED ALMONDS, Okla.—You aren't more than a pound or two over weight; not enough to worry about. You are right in classing boys as "forbidden fruit"—particularly mushy ones. Why not study as much as possible instead of as little as possible. You are cheating yourself, and a person who does that is my idea of the biggest simpleton.

HILDA, N. C.—To live up to the advice given in the poem you should "stop and counsel with the erring, help the fallen ones to rise," but to do that doesn't mean that you must consider yourself engaged to a man who gets drunk. Don't drag yourself down to help him. Be kindly encouraging but not hopeful of anything more until he can present a new set of morals for your inspection with proper attention paid to the 18th Amendment.

MICKEY, Ga.—It is the custom in certain foreign countries for a girl to have a well-filled hope chest before becoming engaged, even. In fact, I believe there is a certain country where the girl is supposed to have enough underwear to last an ordinary lifetime—not only for herself but for her future husband, though that seems a rather indelicate subject, and, besides, how does she know they'll fit? All this, of course, in addition to household linen, etc. The majority of girls become engaged before they have hope chests. They aren't as popular as they were in our grandmothers' day, but they are mighty nice to have.

There, that's enough advice for one dose. Repeat, if necessary.

By, by, COUSIN MARION.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

ever, she promised "never, no, never again," to write to me and wouldn't have them only to tell me how "very, very unkind I was," etc., etc. I've written her a letter of apology but please don't add to Clarence Beam's burdens by any such wail of woe. If you really want to hear from him, a check or money-order for some of his work will bring you a reply.—Ed.

Ways of Doing Things Around the Home

To remove ring from swollen finger, dip in the finger in ice-cold soapsuds.

Raw potato juice will remove stains from the hands; also from woolen fabrics.

To brighten spoons and other silver, let them stay in buttermilk five or ten minutes.—E. M., Idaho.

Boil hooks and eyes in strong soda water before sewing them on garments and they will not rust.

If you have flowers planted in a dry place, try covering the soil with sawdust. It holds the moisture much longer.

When sheets are worn thin in the center, rip or cut open and sew the outer edges together.—INEZ PROVOW FITCH, Springville, Tenn.

Sprinkle a few drops of kerosene on broom a little while before sweeping and there won't be as much dust. —HAPPY-GO-LUCKY, Texas.

Put a new lamp chimney in a pan of cold water and let it come to a boil. Do not remove until water cools gradually. This toughens them.

When washing lettuce or greens of any kind, put a tablespoon of salt in the water and the dirt and grit will go to the bottom of the pan.—S. P., Luray, Va.

Try making window blinds of one and one half yards of Indian Head linen, thirty-six inches wide. Attach one end to roller and make hem in other for stick, or crochet edge for it. When the blind gets soiled it can be washed like any white cloth.—OLD SUBSCRIBER, Walton, Ky.

To remove white spots from furniture, caused by spilling of water, mix one part coal oil, and one part turpentine, using about two tablespoons of each with a cake of home-made lye soap, about one pint, and melt all together. Apply with soft cloth to white spots and it will instantly restore the color. I have tried this and find it good.—C. CLIFF.

Requests

Mrs. Horace G. Beckwith, Casper, Wyo., would like the February, 1920, issue of COMFORT.

Mrs. J. E. Haines, Burns, P. O. Box 240, Ore., would like to correspond with COMFORT folks.

Will return favor if someone will send me a December, 1919, COMFORT.—MRS. LIZZIE STAFFORD, Trezevant, R. R. 1, Tenn.

Will some kind sister please send me the January, 1918, issue of McCall's Magazine.—MRS. NORMAN E. Williams, Boyou Meto, Ark.

Will someone kindly send me The Illustrated Companion for December, 1918 and 1919.—MISS LOUISE LADD, Cerulean, Box 55, Ky.

I would like the poem beginning, "The earth has grown old with its burden of care," and "The Christmas Tree,"

"All withered and dead and cheerless
It lay in the city street;
It had had its day and glory
To be trampled 'neath the feet."

READER, COMFORT.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

Home Dressmaking Hints

Forecasts for Fall Fashions

By Geneva Gladding

THE new fashions are marked by novel features in materials, combinations of fabrics, colorings and trimmings. Of course the autumn season brings a scheme somewhat subdued from the gaiety of the summer lines, but we are to have bold plaids and blocks, and splendid two-toned effects, braid and bead trimmings and plaitings galore.

Separate skirts have a strong hold on popularity and as a rule the separate blouse for wear with a suit is of a contrasting color, the color of the skirt generally appearing in the blouse in a decorative way.

Tailored suits stand out in smart simplicity. Vestees of brocaded silk and embroidered linen are a usual accessory.

Skirts are short, or rather should be of a length becoming to the wearer, and short enough for comfort and grace.

Draperies are still in vogue, as tunics, puffs, plaitings and cascades.

Chemise and coat dresses are again to the fore with new style features.

Sleeves will be worn short well into the fall season, but many smart models show long, close-fitting sleeves.

The lengthened waistline is most popular and altogether pleasing though the straight lines of the figure have not been changed.

Description of Patterns Illustrated on Front Cover

ALL PATTERNS 15c. EACH
Unless Other Price Is Stated

3100—Practical Set of Infant's Clothes. Cut in *one* size and requires two and three eighths yards of 36-inch material for dress, two and one fourth yards of 27-inch material for petticoat with two yards of embroidery for ruffle. Slippers will require three eighths yard of 18-inch material, and the Barrie-Coat three eighths yard of 27-inch material for band and one yard 40 inches wide for skirt.

3137—Practical Apron Dress. Khaki, gingham, repp, poplin and percale are suitable for this style.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. For a medium size, four and seven eighths yards of 36-inch material will be required.

3216—A Popular style. The dress may be all of the same material.

Cut in four sizes: six, eight, 10 and 12 years. A 10-year size will require one and seven eighths yard of 36-inch material for skirt and two yards of 27-inch material for waist.

3249—Becoming Dress for Home or Porch Wear. Serge, gabardine, percale and chambray are good for this model.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. It will require six and one eighth yards of 36-inch material for medium size.

3243—Popular Suit for the Small Boy. Trousers may be of serge, cheviot, khaki or corduroy, and waist of drill, linen, percale or chambray.

Cut in five sizes: two, three, four, five and six years. Four-year size will require two and one half yards of 27-inch material.

3093—Smart Utility Coat. Mixtures, cheviot, tweed, serge, broadcloth, polo cloth and pile fabrics are all desirable materials.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires four and seven eighths yards of 54-inch material.

3120—Smart Coat Dress. Taffeta, velvet, serge, duvetyn or broadcloth are suitable for this model.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require four and one half yards of 44-inch material.

3018—Dainty Play Dress. One may have this in checked gingham with trimming of a plain collar or in percale with pique for collar, cuffs and belt.

Cut in four sizes: two, three, four and five years. Size three will require two and three fourths yards of 27-inch material.

3011—Becoming Frock for Mother's Girl. For this neat dress one could use gingham, chambray, drill, gabardine, voile, serge or silk.

Cut in four sizes: four, six, eight and 10 years. Size eight requires three and seven eighths yards of 27-inch material.

3027, Waist; 3004, Skirt—Costume for Home or Business. This suit requires two patterns. Order both numbers.

Waist Pattern (3027) cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require three and one half yards of 27-inch material. Skirt (3004) cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Two and one half yards of 48-inch material will make a 24-inch size. *Two* separate patterns, *price 30 cents* for the two.

3042—Girl's Dress with Surplice Waist. Serge, gabardine, voile, checked and plaid woolen and all wash fabrics are good for this style.

Cut in four sizes: eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 requires four and one half yards of 27-inch material.

3103—Comfortable Suit for Small Boy. Serge, cheviot, broadcloth, velvet, corduroy, linen, gingham, chambray and drill could be used for this model.

Cut in four sizes: two, three, four and five years. Size four will require two and three eighths yards of 40-inch material.

2990—Simple Frock for the Little Miss. One may choose gingham, percale or lawn for this style, or checked or plaid suiting.

Cut in five sizes: two, four, six, eight and 10 years. Size six requires two and one half yards of 36-inch material.

3026—Girl's Gymnasium Suit. For blouse one could use madras, linene, serge or flannel. For bloomers, serge, brillintine or sateen.

Cut in five sizes: eight, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires three and three fourths yards of 27-inch material for blouse and three and three eighths yards for bloomers, for a 12-year size.

3083—A Pleasing Model. This is a good style for satin, taffeta, serge, gabardine, plaid and checked suiting, gingham and chambray. The tunic may be omitted.

Cut in four sizes: eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 requires four and three eighths yards of 44-inch material.

3051—Popular Coat Style. This is a good model for cheviot and tweed mixtures, also for plush, corduroy and other pile fabrics.

Cut in five sizes: six, eight, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require four and one fourth yards of 44-inch material.

3084—New Frock for the "Little One." For this style one could choose soft silk, batiste or nainsook, for service and utility, check or plaid woolen, gingham or chambray.

Cut in four sizes: two, three, four and five years. Size four will require three yards of 27-inch material.

3035—Simple School Dress for the Growing Girl. This model is good for serge, gabardine, checked or plaid suiting and for all wash fabrics.

Cut in three sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 14 will require five and one eighth yards of 27-inch material.

3021—Smart Utility Coat. This style is good for wool velour, plush and other pile fabrics, polo cloth and tweeds.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 will require six and one half yards of 52-inch material.

3063—Very Attractive Dress. This is very good for gingham, chambray, lawn, drill, linen, serge, gabardine, voile, poplin, repp or percale.

Cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires five and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

3276, Waist; 3257, Skirt—Dressy Dress for the Matron. This dress requires two patterns.

Waist Pattern (3276) is cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Skirt (3257) is cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make the dress for a medium size will require seven and one fourth yards of 40-inch material. *Two* separate patterns, *price 30 cents* for the two. Order both numbers.

3044—Pretty Style for Slender Figures. This is a good model for satin, foulard, crepe, crepe de chine or for combinations of materials.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 will require three and one half yards of 44-inch material.

3166—Very Pretty and Stylish Model. One could have this in foulard, taffeta, duvetyn, satin and French serge.

Cut in three sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. Five and one eighth yards of 36-inch material will be required for an 18-year size.

3082—Lady's Dress. This style will make a smart street suit in velvet, duvetyn or broadcloth.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires five and one fourth yards of 44-inch material.

Waist, 3025; Skirt, 3008—An Attractive Costume. This costume requires two patterns. Order both numbers.

Waist Pattern (3025) is cut in six sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Skirt (3008) is cut in seven sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. To make this attractive style for a medium size will require five and three fourths yards of 44-inch material. *Two* separate patterns, *price 30 cents* for the two.

3045—Pleasing Bit of Lingerie. This model is lovely for crepe, silk, lawn or nainsook.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires two and five eighths yards of 36-inch material.

3056—Comfortable Negligee. For this attractive style one could use cotton or silk crepe, crepe de chine or China silk.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium will require four and one fourth yards of 36-inch material.

306 —Smart Blouse Style. Blue duvetyn was selected for this model with embroidered satin for trimming.

Cut in seven sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires three and three fourths yards of 36-inch material.

3062—Dainty Boudoir Set. For this pretty cap and sack one could choose China silk, crepe or crepe de chine.

Cut in four sizes: small, 32-34; medium, 36-38; large, 40-42, and extra large, 44-46 inches bust measure. Size medium requires five eighths yard for the cap and three and three eighths yards for the sack, of 32-inch material.

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Her Two Suitors

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

terest. They knew what was coming, the piece de resistance of the circus, Para in the lion's den!

A gong sounded, and instantly Para ran into the ring under the cage, a long, slender whip in his hand.

There was a roar from the entrance behind the cage, and the audience shifted uneasily, anxiously in their seats, their appetites whetted by the knowledge of danger.

A great lion, lashing his tail, rushed into the cage, a tiger followed, then another lion and a bear, then another lion, and so on until the ring was filled with animals.

The heat, or the change in Para's clothing, seemed to change the tempers of the brutes, for they were less manageable than usual, and Para was forced upon several occasions to cut one sharply with the whip. There was to follow another, though shorter act, where a female lion was made to ride upon the back of a horse.

The horse, with the single girth about his stomach, entered the ring.

Para cracked his whip gaily. He never allowed himself to become excited; but his success with the rather obstreperous animals, and the appreciation of the audience had pleased him infinitely, so in love is man with his own power. He sent the horse about the ring several times, then motioned for the entrance of the lioness.

A long, low roar, or, rather, growl, escaped her, quickly cut short by a sharp lash from Para's whip. She trotted once about the ring, turning her eyes upon him angrily; but he had seen her do that many times before, when the weather was especially warm, and paid little heed.

He seemed to have utterly forgotten the fact that he had changed his dress, and that Alice, the lioness, had not recognized it.

She obeyed him, however, when he forced her to the platform from which she was to make her spring to the horse's back.

She even obeyed when he demanded that she make the spring, and rode the horse once about the ring, leaping to the platform again as the horse passed under it, but as the horse came again, ready for her to make her second plunge upon his back, she did not respond.

Yet again he trotted around the ring, still with nothing more from her than an angry growl at Para. The third time he gave her a stinging cut from the whip, and, without further warning, she sprang, but not toward the horse, as Para had intended.

Quicker than thought, she was upon him, her long claws buried in his flesh, her glaring white teeth tearing at his neck.

Regardless of his own danger, Rudolph sprang into the cage. On the way he had seized a heavy club, and, swinging it about his head, brought it down with deadly effect upon the head of the enraged lioness.

She fell backward for a moment, glaring at him with fierce, bloodshot eyes, her mouth stained with the blood of the best friend Rudolph had ever known, and for a moment crouched to spring.

The club fell once more upon the animal's head. Another blow was not required.

She lay there, only a sharp jerking of the limbs showing that life was not quite extinct, lay helpless beside her silent victim.

Para was carried out.

"For God's sake, don't let Dorothy see him!" Rudolph whispered to some one.

But already the great, grief-stricken eyes of the girl had fallen upon the mangled remains.

She fell upon her knees beside the rude bier, and some one threw a piece of tarpaulin over the body.

The girl neither spoke nor wept. A stunned, stupid agony seemed to bewilder her.

Ten minutes before, Para as well and strong as he had ever been in his life, Para, loving and gentle and tender, had kissed her, Para in the full flush of his manhood, had been alive and well, and now—he lay there before her—how?

Some one lifted her up, but it was into Rudolph's arms that she fell, in a faint from which it seemed that they would never arouse her.

Rudolph was in his ordinary clothes when she opened her eyes to consciousness. She put up her arms and clasped them about his neck.

"What has happened to me, Rudolph?" she questioned feebly. "I feel so strangely, as if the very heart had been cut out of my body. I feel empty and utterly barren. What is it? Oh, don't answer me! I know—I know!"

They carried Para's body to the East, Rudolph and Dorothy severing their connection with the circus.

"I couldn't go on now," Rudolph told the manager. "The blow has been too crushing to permit that just at first. And then, too, I have Dorothy to think of."

"What shall you do with her?" the manager inquired.

"I don't know. I have not thought yet."

"Because you know," the man continued, "you can't go on in the old way of course, lest you would ruin the girl. She is not your sister, you know."

"What do you mean?" gasped Rudolph.

"Just what you must see when you have recovered a little more from the shock. As long as Para was alive it was all well enough, in our wild way of living, for you and Dorothy to live as you have; but now you can't go on like that. You must have some consideration for the girl. You must either leave her at home with some one, or you must marry her!"

"Marry her! Marry Dorothy!"

Oh, yes! He saw it clearly enough, now that it had been put to him. He was not Dorothy's brother. A strange tingling shot through him. He had never thought of Dorothy as anything but a sister, or an angel, until that moment.

He turned suddenly. She was just coming through a flap in the tent, white as a lily with a newly-broken stem.

For the first time in his life, he hesitated to approach her. For the first time an embarrassment seized upon him in her presence. And then the sweet, warm glow that passed through all his body told him the truth.

He loved Dorothy—not as a sister, but with the passionate ecstasy that colors all a man's after life.

CHAPTER III.

RUDOLPH'S AVOWAL.

Para was buried.

There was considerably more of an estate mentioned in his will than either Rudolph or Dorothy knew anything of.

"I don't feel as if I could ever look at tights and spangles again," Dorothy said, with a shudder. "I shall always hate the sight of a tent."

"I suppose I can do something else," he said doubtfully. "I have never tried in my life, you know; but one always finds a way if one only looks hard enough. I was born to it and brought up to it, and it seemed a natural consequence of things. Still, if you think you couldn't bear it—and it is quite natural you should, I know—why, I wouldn't distress you for all the world, Dorothy."

"But why should you?" she asked sorrowfully. "There is the money Para risked his life to earn."

"But that is yours. I wouldn't touch a cent of it for anything you could name. Suppose anything should happen to me such as happened to Para——"

"Rudolph!"

The word came so sharply, so hoarsely, that Rudolph caught her hand and pressed it tenderly.

"Forgive me!" he cried contritely. "I didn't think how it would hurt you. But I won't go back to the circus if you really wish it, dear."

"Oh, Rudolph!" she cried, clasping his hand closely and kissing it. "How good you are to me! Do you know, I have planned just the life for us! We will buy a dear little place somewhere on the river, where we shall have the country and the water, and we shall have the quaintest, prettiest little house, with ducks and geese and chickens and—and—things—horses, of course, with a boat to row on moonlit nights. Won't it be heavenly? Oh, how Para would have loved it! But—I forgot! I am always thinking of myself, and never of you, while you never think of yourself at all. You would miss the wild, roving life, the ring, and the excitement. You would have only me to look at, and you would grow horribly weary of that!"

"Indeed, I never should!" he cried eagerly. "You know better than that, Dorothy. You know that there could be no greater happiness for me than just the quiet little life you picture; but—it can't be, as—as we—are, Dorothy. You must see that, dear!"

"See what?" she ejaculated. "Why can't we be as we are?"

"Because—because, dear—you are not—not my sister—neither are you my—wife!"

"Well, of course, I'm not, and I wouldn't be for anything! Jack Haspard and his sister are always quarreling and saying nasty things to each other, and Walter Denton and his wife even fight. Don't you remember the day you knocked him down for striking her?"

"Yes, I remember, but—Walter Denton is a brute, dear. You don't think I could ever be like him, do you?"

"No, I don't think you could ever be like him. But what did you mean? If you wouldn't grow tired of me, why shouldn't we have our little house in the country?"

"I——I, oh, Dorothy, we lost more than either of us thought when dear old Para died. His presence made everything right. He was our father; but, dear—I am a young man, as far as years go, though I seem old enough to be your father. The world does not allow an unprotected girl like you and a young man like me, who are neither brother and sister, nor yet man and wife, to live beneath the same roof. It breaks my heart to tell you this, dear, and yet I should be doing less than my duty to you if I did not do it, Dorothy."

"What has the world to do with you and me?" she demanded hotly.

"Nothing now, perhaps, but some day you might curse me for not better protecting your innocence. You remember how you came to us, Para and me, Dorothy? Well, some day you may find your family, and when you do, dear, they will be wealthy and powerful. I am sure of that, from the quality of the little clothes we have so carefully preserved. When that day comes, there must be no stain, even placed there by innocence, upon your snow-white reputation. Dearly as I love you, deeply as it will grieve me, I must leave you, Dorothy, unless—unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless you should become—my wife!"

The words were whispered. He couldn't voice them, try as he would. His emotion seemed choking him, and yet he would not have influenced her by an exhibition of it for all the world.

"Oh, no, Rudolph!" she cried out hastily, flinging out her hands deprecatingly. "I couldn't! It would be like marrying my own brother! I couldn't do that! And you couldn't! Why, we should hate each other in a month! And I couldn't bear that, dear! I want to love you always, always! You and Nemo are all I have now!"

The last sentence, so plaintive that it ended in a little wail, seemed to pierce him like a hot iron. It told him so clearly, so concisely, so—hopelessly the truth. She clung to him because he and the wolf were all that was left her! She loved him, because she had nothing else under heaven that was human to love. She would have been as utterly alone, but for him, as if the earth contained no other presence than her own.

That was why she loved him, and only that!

He forced a smile to his lips, and leaned forward where she could not see his haggard face at all.

"And as long as Nemo and I live you shall have us," he answered softly.

"Then we may have the house in the country, Rudolph?"

"Yes, but not with me, dear. I shall come to see you sometimes; but, much as it will hurt me, much as I know you will miss me, I must consider your reputation first. Please don't ask me any questions tonight, Dorothy. I am very tired, and my—head aches so!"

"Good night, Rudolph. You are not annoyed at anything that I have said, are you?" wistfully.

"No; I could never be annoyed with you."

But as the door closed, shutting him out of her presence, the words Para had spoken on the afternoon that she came to him—spoken with death and destruction all about him—recurred to Rudolph:

"Pray God I am not hanging a millstone around your neck that will drag you to destruction some day!"

TO BE CONTINUED.



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No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Red Water

HEMOGLOBINURIA, commonly called "red water," is a comparatively common and serious ailment of cattle on some Pacifice Coast farms. We have received a great many inquiries regarding it from readers in Oregon and Washington and have had to tell them that no specific remedy has been found for the disease which has by some been attributed to acrid matters in the wild pastures and by more scientific investigators to micro-organisms known as protozoa. Affected cattle pass red-colored urine and gradually waste away and finally succumb, although they may manage to survive for a long time. In some cases the disease is acute; in others it tends to assume a chronic form. Popular remedies have been alum, powdered copperas (sulphate of iron), iodin and iodide of potash. They have been fairly effective in some cases.

Now come veterinarians of Holland and Denmark who have had experience with the disease and assert that they have found a better medicine combination than those we have mentioned. It would appear to be somewhat strong and dangerous, but they say it is safe; so our readers in the districts where the disease is experienced may care to give it a trial. The formula is as follows: Sugar of lead and camphor, of each three grams (a gram is 15 grains, or one-fourth dram powdered tormentilla and powdered alum, of each 15 grams. Mix and divide into six powders and give one night and morning, in water or feed. Affected cattle should, of course, be kept off pastures where the disease has occurred and it also would be well to pasture other cattle elsewhere while the disease is prevalent.

DEATH OF HORSE.—I had a very fine horse, six years old. I found him at three o'clock in the afternoon with white foam running from his nose and mouth. He wouldn't eat but wanted water, and staggered. He grew worse, dying at ten that night. It was the opinion of some that he was poisoned. J. M. F.

A.—One at a distance cannot make a confident diagnosis in such a case, but poisoning would be a possible cause of death. The horse may have got at lead or arsenic. Malicious poisoning is very rare in our experience, although commonly suspected.

ITCHING SKIN.—I have a mare that hasn't much mane; the longest is not over six inches and, under the mane it seems to be in a scaly condition and no hair growing there. Can you tell me what to do? (2) I have a mule, which in summer time has trouble with her eyes. They seem to be inflamed and run water and pus. Would flies cause this? Please give me a remedy. C. G. E.

A.—Perfectly cleanse the skin by scrubbing with soap and hot water, then rub in, every three days, a mixture of two ounces of flowers of sulphur, half an ounce of coal tar dip or disinfectant and one pint of cottonseed oil. (2) In such cases we usually find that the tear ducts are blocked, or partially so, and flies aggravate the irritation. A veterinarian could clear the ducts. Meanwhile, bathe the eyes three times daily with a saturated solution of boric acid, applied by means of clean absorbent cotton swabs, and once or twice daily apply iodoform salve to the skin under the eyes to keep the flies away.

BLACK TONGUE.—Will you tell me if my dog was poisoned or had some disease. He refused to eat or drink. In trying to drink, his tongue was affected in such a way that he couldn't lap the water. Soon after, he began slobbering, and on examination I found that his mouth was black but not his tongue. A bloody substance was emitted from the alimentary canal. When I poured water in his mouth it seemed difficult for him to swallow it, and he coughed after it. The slobbers became thick and yellowish and had a red tinge. He lived eight days. G. C.

A.—The dog, in all probability, died of black tongue which is common and malignant in the Southern states, but in all such cases it is highly important to have a veterinarian examine the affected dog as rabies (hydrophobia) may be mistaken for the other disease. There is no specific remedy for black tongue but good results have been reported from swabbing or spraying the mouth with water, tinged light blue with sulphate of copper, or pink with permanganate of potash. Borax, also, should be given in water to cut the phlegm in the throat.

AILING COW.—My Jersey cow, three years old, has her second calf. At times she is hearty and seems well, but every few weeks she loses her appetite and won't eat or drink and stands and grits her teeth. She eats green grass better than anything. MRS. L. C. D.

A.—Indigestion is a common cause of such symptoms but as tuberculosis is a probable cause it always is well to have the tubercular test applied by a veterinarian. Meanwhile, give her one half an ounce of aromatic spirits of ammonia, two drams of fluid extract of gentian root and three drops of fluid extract of nux vomica twice daily in a pint of thin gruel or flaxseed tea. Gradually increase the dose of nux but go back to the first dose if any alarming symptoms appear. Try feeding whole oats, wheat, bran and corn.

SNUFFLES.—When my rabbits are from two to four months old they take sick, hold their heads up high, fall over and die. Their bowels are loose and a jelly-like substance passes from the stomach and large bowel. I am careful about feeding them green stuff. Can you tell me what to do for snuffles? M. E.

A.—It is usual to destroy rabbits affected with snuffles and then start afresh with sound stock in new quarters. There is no medicinal remedy, but if you can employ a qualified veterinarian he may be able to do some good by use of a bacterin against the disease. The supposed indigestion probably is merely a complication or symptom of snuffles. We should advise you to move unaffected rabbits into new quarters with large runs or good grass pasture and then feed carefully.

LEAKING TEATS.—I have a cow seven years old that loses her milk. Is there a remedy for it and if so what is it? MRS. J. F. A.

A.—Milk three times daily; if this doesn't mend matter, apply melted wax or paraffin to the tips of the teat after each milking. As a last resort, apply flexible collodion in the same way until the skin becomes irritated when treatment should be discontinued for some time.



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For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Emma Robinson, Charlotte, R. D. 5, Box 32½, N. C., would like to know the address of her uncle, Jack Stoe, last heard of in Ennis, Texas. Anyone knowing the address of Mr. Stoe will confer a great favor by writing to his niece.

M. L. Butler, 107 Reed Ave., Everett, Mass., would like to know the address of Mrs. Starr Keyes, formerly of Somerville, Mass. Mr. Keyes was a lawyer in Boston. He died seven years ago. Mrs. Keyes has some important papers I should like to get.

Jack Wilcox of Allston, Mass., an ex-soldier, alone and lonesome for his people, would like to have all COMFORT readers named Wilcox, or readers who know any one by that name, write him full particulars. He has lost track of his people. Before his folks died they told him that he had a great many relatives and he is anxious to find them. He is particularly anxious to find out the address of his brother, Israel Knight Wilcox, who went to Seattle, Wash., in 1906.

My brother had bronchial pneumonia and died in France on Oct. 31, 1918, and I want to hear from the boy who wrote to my parents as I should like to learn more news of my brother, who was Wagoner Earl A. Smith, 6th U. S. Engr. Train, Third Division. I should be glad to hear from anyone who knew him. Address Mrs. John F. Brady, Oacoma, Box 35, S. Dak.

R. H. Wiseheart of Weldona, R. D. 1, Colo., would like to know the present address of his sister, Mrs. L. J. (Bertha) Hunt, of Carthage, Missouri, in 1916.

Will any COMFORT reader who knew Jane, widow of Benj. Penniman, formerly of 503 W. 23d St., New York City (1865), kindly write to Harry Johnson, Warsaw, Ill.

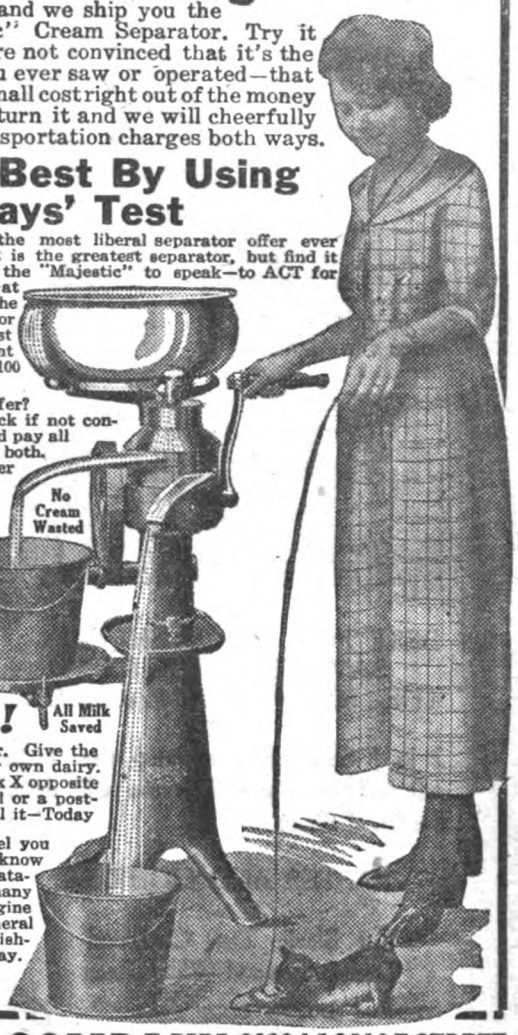
Mrs. Anna Maas: You can communicate with Mr. Henry Swerdtfeger at the Lehrmann-Higginson Grocery Co., Wichita, Kans. Will you kindly send your address in to COMFORT.

Mrs. Mary Culton of Rosalia, Wash., would like information of Andy Halsey, 58 years old, has black hair and blue eyes and is five feet, eight inches tall. Mr. Halsey was in Zanesville, Ohio, when heard from eighteen years ago.

Andrew Jack Robbinault, Dunning, Nebr., would like to know the whereabouts of Hank Robbinault. Last heard of in Taft, California; was running auto service. Age, 63; six feet, two inches tall; light complexioned; single; sand bag scar on head.

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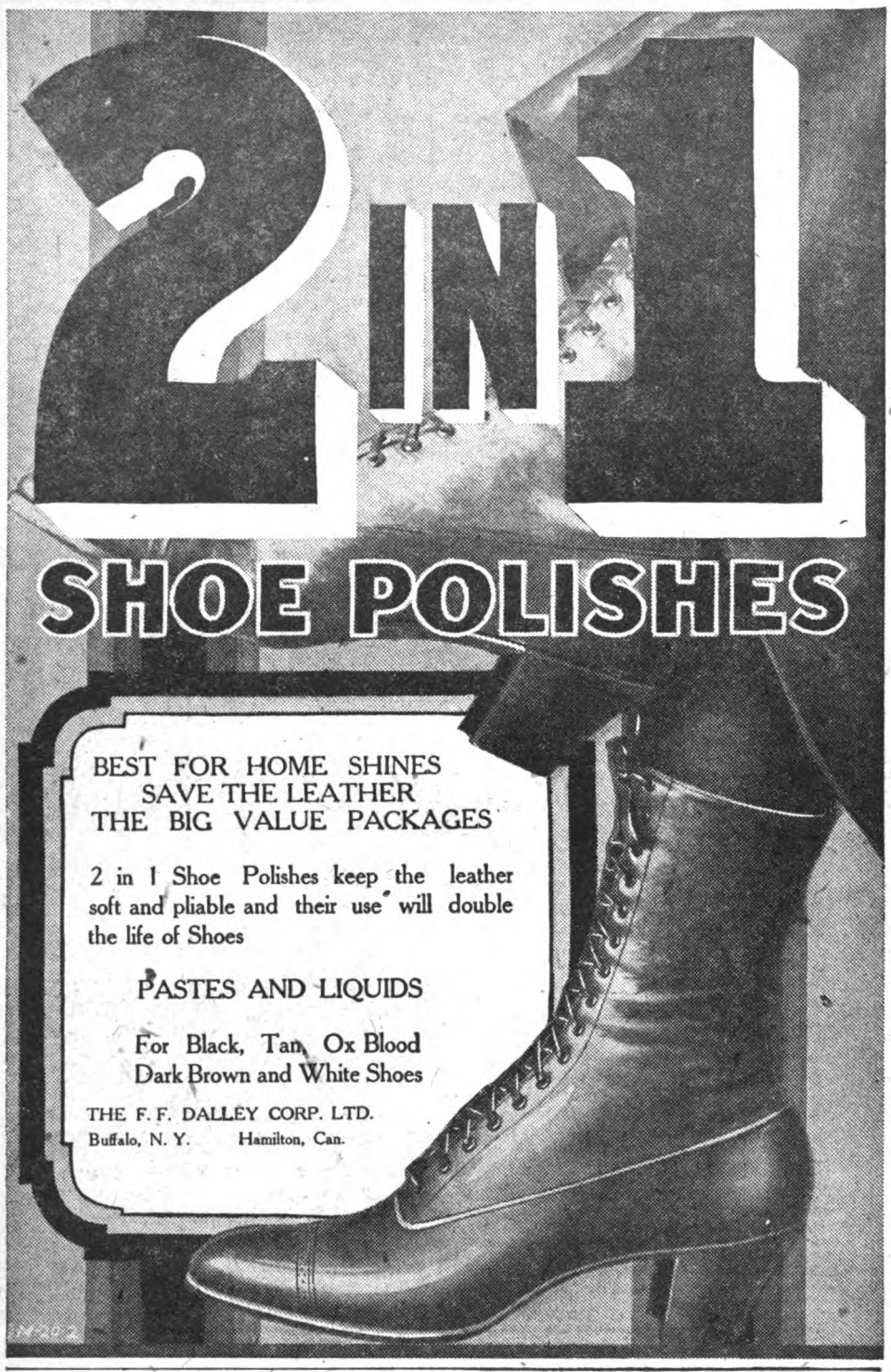
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Size..... Width.....
Name.....
Address.....
City..... State.....

She was up and dressed early the next morning but a blend of pride and anger kept her above-stairs till her husband had left. Then, as on the previous morning, she went directly to the kitchen.

"Good morning, Delia," she began. "Did you give Mr. Manning eggs this morning?"

"I did that. Him and Master Peter, too. I fried——"

"Delia! You know that I don't approve of fried things for Peter."

Delia began her familiar prologue: "If you ain't satisfied——"

"I am not," Sylvia cut in sharply. "Hereafter you will obey orders, Delia."

"I'll leave if——"

"Come to think of it, you will leave any way. You are discharged, Delia."

With Delia gone, Sylvia flew about the house with unwonted energy. "We'll see," she paused frequently to say, "whether Betty Farriday or any other female efficiency expert sets her foot in my house in the role of teacher. I'd like to catch one of them at it!"

She set the house to rights and marketed by telephone before retrieving Peter from the yard to superintend a bath.

Delighted with the attention, Peter was unusually responsive and Sylvia, yearning for any sign of attention to salve her bruised spirit, chattered with him gaily.

They ate a cheerful luncheon of bread and milk and, with the vegetables and a roast in the long disused fireless cooker, Sylvia raced for the train to town.

She was about to do something very distasteful. She had made an appointment with Roger's sister and was on her way to keep it. She knew intuitively that Jean had never approved of her, yet it was to her that she turned in her necessity.

She entered Jean's artistic bachelor apartment and stated her errand briefly. "And I don't want you to take the trouble to be kind," she finished.

"I have made a lovely mess of things and you know it. Roger has forged miles ahead of me. My task is to catch up and keep abreast of him. I shall lose my spiritual breath many times, of course. Honestly, Jean, what do you think of my chances?"

Jean looked at her, a new look of respect in her eyes. "Do you know what we called you in college?" she asked.

Sylvia shook a dispirited head.

"Slothful Sylvia! And Betty used to say that you were built without a self-starter."

"Betty!"

"You placed a whole hymn of hate in that one word, Sylvia. Just why?"

"I am afraid of her, Jean. Roger always liked her. As a young widow in business, she is adorable. She has come to Brookhurst to live and they are thrown together a lot."

Jean opened her lips to speak, thought better of it, and relapsed into silence.

"You know, Sylvia," she began after a moment, "if you accomplish anything, you'll have to fight like the devil."

"That doesn't frighten me, Jean."

"It may before you're done. You know you are rather a fright. Your clothes are all wrong and you are far too—ample."

"Thank you for not calling me fat," Sylvia smiled wanly.

Sylvia reached home first that afternoon and made painstaking preparations for dinner. When Roger came, he entered the dining-room frolicking with Peter to hide the fact that he was ill at ease. All day he had been calling himself a brute. If Sylvia had been in a melting mood he would have undone all that he had accomplished.

But Sylvia was unapproachable. She held up a cheek for his kiss and immediately placed herself out of his range.

"Our handmaiden decamped?" he inquired as she began to serve the dinner.

She nodded. "I am going to try getting along alone for a month," she returned.

The next morning Sylvia was up at daybreak. With teeth clenched, she went under the cold shower. After dressing carefully, she went below and opened the house. Spring, elusive for so long, was upon them. She stood for a moment at an open door, wondering what the budding season would bring to her.

That morning Roger mused uneasily on his way to town. "I seem to have started something," he thought ruefully. "But, anyway," he added, brightening, "that was a darned good breakfast."

That day Sylvia met Jean in town and together they went to a dressmaker. "It is obviously going to be expensive," the former said on coming out several hours later, "but if it does the business, it will be a bargain."

Jean bundled her into a taxicab and gave the driver the address of a famous physical director. "Just to get you started, you know," she explained. "I take it that you want speedy results."

The next few months were busy ones for Sylvia. She managed the house so that the most discriminating could find no flaw. She placed herself under Doctor Mason's direction in the care of Peter.

She golfed and cold-showered, and her flabby flesh grew firm as her body became slender. Her blue eyes took on the brilliance of sapphires and the golden lights were tempted to come out in her carefully-tended hair.

Nor was her gain all physical. She found what the club would study the next winter and did some advance reading on the subjects.

And she grew steadily in popularity. Roger was now identified with the Brewster forces and Mrs. Brewster had elected to be very gracious to her.

It was not a miracle that Sylvia had performed—it was what any woman could do by setting her sluggish mind and body at work.

But she was not happy. Her husband, she was convinced, had been unnecessarily cruel and she shut him away from her by an impalpable barrier. She repulsed his advances till hurt pride caused him to cease to make them.

She knew that he was seeing a great deal of Betty Farriday. Frequently Peter, going to meet him, would return with the news that "fardie was walking with the pritty lady." Often, between the two, she intercepted intimate smiles, came upon them in earnest conversation.

With all her woman's weapons, Sylvia fought stubbornly on. She would make herself as desirable as she could, but she would permit no upsurge of emotion on either side to bring him to her feet.

One night in late summer, Sylvia entertained. Betty, never more radiant, was among the guests. After dinner, Roger drew her into the dim library where Sylvia, a few moments later, came upon them.

Betty's hands were in his and her ardent face was upturned to meet his eyes. Silently Sylvia went back to her guests. The remainder of the evening was torment, but she took it with her chin up.

Her guests gone, she went wearily up to her room. She had fought the good fight. At what spiritual and physical expense no one guessed, she had overcome inertia. And to what purpose? What did it matter that the fog-blue frock that she wore became her so well? What did anything matter?

She wheeled and faced her husband.

"I don't know that you will be interested," he said from the threshold, "but Betty wants me to tell you."

"Indeed!" Her voice was cool and steady but there was a hideous stricture at her throat.

"She is going to be married next week to a man just home from reconstruction work in France."

Sylvia fell back a step, catching at a chair to steady her weak knees.

"You were splendid tonight, Sylvia; I was very

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

Slothful Sylvia

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

proof that they had reached the parting of their ways?

She lifted herself on an elbow and strained toward a mirror. Her plump cheeks, massaged by an inexpert hand, were red and tear-stained; her over-curled hair was grotesque. She settled back on the bed, whimpering.

After a little she went for comfort to the nursery. Peter looked warm and uncomfortable; heat and a too-indulgent attitude toward dirt had started a rash on his sensitive skin. With an upsurge of tenderness, Sylvia bent over and kissed him.

"You are all that mother has left," she whispered.

Finally she went to bed, but not to sleep. When she heard Roger's latch-key and his approaching footsteps, she lay breathless, listening. He paused for an instant before her door before going on to his room. Sylvia sobbed again, this time very gently.

Home Sewing and Millinery

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

Cross directions for a baby's hood was to cast on about forty stitches, using No. 5 needles. Knit a strip about fourteen inches long, or so that when laid over the child's head it will meet under the chin to within three inches, and bind off. Take up the stitches along one side, knit on about seven ribs, bind off and then turn back for front edge of hood. Sew together the other edge and the hood is shaped. Around the neck edge crochet a run for the ribbon and edge with scallops. With this idea in mind, the size can readily be changed.

One who knits socks will have no trouble in cutting out worn heels and knitting in new, and when once accomplished it is less work and far more satisfactory than filling in large holes with a darning stitch. In cutting out the worn part, cut only within half-an-inch of where the stitches are to be taken up, as this gives a chance to ravel back from the line of cutting. New toes may also be knitted on, making practically a new pair of socks.

After raveling wool, it is made into skeins, worked up and down in a lukewarm suds, rinsed in two waters of same temperature and hung to dry without wringing. This removes all the "kinks."

Millinery at Home

The milliners will tell you that home hat making has greatly cut into their business. Years back, this state of affairs would have been quite impossible, for hat making was hopelessly complicated, and it required a professional "maker" and trimmer to do the trick. Nowadays, it is quite another thing, for shapes that are designed for little trimming, frames to be covered that cost about thirty-five cents, or a band of buckram and some silk, makes up the majority of materials from which hats are made. Such hats are easily copied, and the home-made hat has come to stay for a time at least.

Some of the very prettiest hats are made by taking an old straw hat, cutting away the brim to within one inch of the crown and gathering onto either side of the inch of remaining brim, close to the crown, a frill of ribbon. It should be just wide enough to give the desired size of hat at the outer edge. Between the two thicknesses of ribbon, lightly tack here and there a piece of hat wire three-quarters as long as the ribbon is wide. This will hold the ribbon brim as the wearer may choose to shape it. Bring the selvage edges of the two ribbons together and lightly tack at intervals. If the crown requires freshening, brush, and color to match ribbon. Dyes that color straw can usually be bought at drug stores. The process is very simple.

For a becoming fall hat (see Page 17), make a band of buckram to fit the head. It should be cut slightly circular, so that when sewed together the top will be a little smaller round. It should not fit closely as the velvet will take up the head size. Bind both edges with a bias piece of muslin. Cover the top with velvet, letting it lap well onto the band. Fold a strip of bias velvet, and cut it about one and a half times as wide as the band is high. Seam together, turn, baste the two bias edges together and run in two strong draw threads. It will put on easier if separate draw strings are in each half. Sew the shirred edge to the inside of the band, letting the velvet lap well. Arrange gathers evenly. Cut a bias band of velvet to cover the buckram, wide enough to turn in on each side, and long enough to fit fairly smooth at the lower edge. Seam together. Run in two draw strings at the top edge with a fine stitch, and sew this edge to velvet top at edge of crown. It is best to baste the shirred edge flat on the wrong side and make a smooth seam through the first shirring. Turn down, put a long basting way around, turn under the lower edge and tack to place. This soft brim can be turned back, at the most becoming angle. Line with silk or cotton muslin, cutting an oval top and sewing on a bias strip much as the outside is made.

Brother's old felt hat was the foundation used in making the pretty style shown in the first illustration. Put the felt hat on the head after the sweat-band has been removed. If small, it can be considerably stretched, but if not large enough, cut off the brim and then cut four straight slits from outer edge of hat to about half way up the crown; one each side of front and back. Fit a loose, narrow band of buckram to the head and over it draw the hat, letting the slit places spread to fit, then pinning and later sewing them firmly. Use the cut-off brim from which to shape the one shown in picture. The back and sides are short, while the front is deeper. It will probably be necessary to slit and lap the brim at intervals to get the straight front. If the head size has been made larger, set pieces into the back part of brim where it is short. Cover the brim smoothly from bias strips. Cover the crown with a circular piece gathered at the edge. It should fit a little loosely onto the felt crown. Lap the crown onto the brim and sew together. Trim with ribbon band and finish with graceful bow.

On plain shapes, crocheted bands and flowers from worsteds are very popular.

When hat frames are to be covered smoothly, hold the covering in place with a large rubber band and arrange the folds under it. This holds them in place until sewed.

Hanging a Skirt

See Illustration

Unless a skirt hangs perfectly, it is without style. It must be about one quarter of an inch shorter in the back than in front. When skirts are made of checks or plaids, and the wearer takes them up evenly front and back, the skirt may be "lifted" a little higher into the belt at the back and thereby shorten the quarter inch. Or, the wearer may "take up" a skirt a quarter inch, and if so, by making it even length the same result is obtained. But for women who are large and cannot so easily hang a skirt, the home dressmaker must have assistance, and here it is.

Pull apart the dining-room table just enough to admit and hold a sharply-pointed piece of chalk. If this type of table is not available, lay the chalk flat on the table and hold it steadily with a flatiron. Have the skirt in the belt and finished. Put it on and stand against the chalk so that the mark will come well below the hips. If the table is too high, stand on a box or something steady that will bring the elevation right. Slowly turn until you have a connecting white line. Remove the skirt and lay it flat on the table. Measure the front to see what portion of the skirt length has been taken between the belt and chalk line, and deduct that number of inches from the entire skirt length to edge of hem. Whatever number of inches remain, take them as your guide and mark your skirt all the way around and turn hem on chalk mark. The skirt cannot help being even, as the skirt always "takes up" between the belt and below hips.

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MR. E. G. J., Jones, Ga.—Probably your universal pains are malarial. Try fluid extract of eupatorium, in teaspoonful doses, after meals.

MRS. U. M., Tate, Texas.—The solution of resorcin is not a hair dye in any sense. It is a hair tonic. Ten grains of the resorcin to the ounce of equal parts of rose water and grain alcohol is the proper proportion.

MRS. W. C. S., Moorhead, Miss.—You are rheumatic. Take five-grain doses of salicylate of soda three times a day after meals. Also drink two quarts of water daily. Avoid sweets of all kinds, including pastry. Live on green vegetables and skimmed, or buttermilk, for a while. For the pain in the back, apply a mustard plaster to the parts once a day.

MRS. J. S., Reeds Mills, Ohio.—The blue spots on face and body are due to thin blood. Try Basham's mixture, in tablespoonful doses, three times a day after meals.

MRS. B. K., Providence, Ky.—Eat good wholesome food and take Basham's mixture in tablespoonful doses after meals, well diluted. This should build you up.

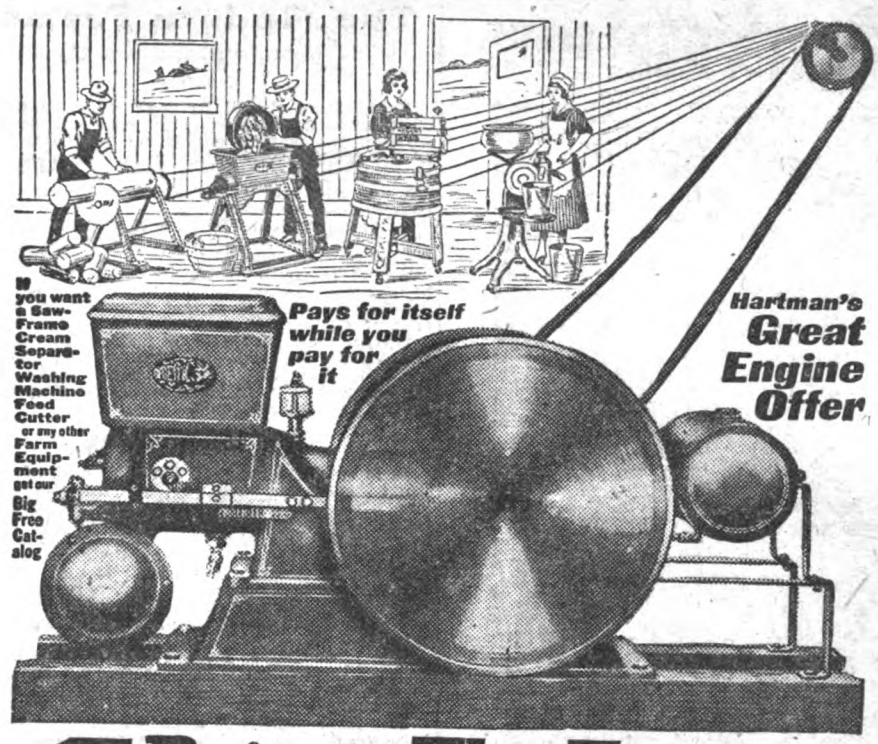
MRS. E. B., Casey, Ill.—You better have your blood examined for some blood trouble. In the meantime you can take five-grain doses of the iodide of potassium, in water, after meals. Apply to the scalp a two per cent solution of resorcin dissolved in equal parts of grain alcohol and rose water. Apply this lotion two or three times a day, for a few days, and then only once a day.

MRS. W. E. D., Richardsons [illegible].—You have an inflammation of the bladder and must have the bladder washed out, several times, by your local doctor. You may also take five-grain [illegible] of urotropin, three times a day after meals. The yellow spots are due to an autointoxication. The remedy above mentioned, including the bladder irrigation, and not the result in general.

MRS. C. E. W., Pahokee, Fla.—For the numbness of hand and forearm, nothing is better than massage, electricity, and 1-60 gr. tablet, three times a day, of strichnia sulph. after meals, to be taken only on your doctor's prescription.

MRS. W. B., Sharon, Pa.—For the bladder trouble, take five-grain tablets of urotropin after meals, three times a day, and drink plenty of good spring water, as well. A good tonic for your husband would be Basham's mixture, taken in tablespoonful doses after meals well diluted.

MRS. E. S., Okeechobee, Fla.—Try five-grain pills of assafœtida after meals for the nervous dyspepsia you complain of. Of course, avoid any food that is likely to cause distress in the stomach, such as sweets, pastry and the like.



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Slothful Sylvia

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28.)

proud of you. Don't you think I have been punished enough?"

"Was Betty telling you—that—when you were holding hands?" she asked weakly.

"Bless you, no! Jean and I have known it for months. Did you catch us holding hands, Sylvia?" he asked, smiling.

She nodded. "I nearly d-died," she confessed shyly.

"She was only thanking me for some business I have closed up for her. Betty is the kind of girl who can't thank you without holding hands."

"I nearly died," Sylvia repeated dazedly.

He reached her side at a bound. "Does that mean that you love me—that I am forgiven?" he asked eagerly.

"You must be very stupid if you have to ask," she faltered.

She found herself against his breast and felt his lips pressed to her shining hair.

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Following is reproduced a chart from page 32, Bulletin No. 22, 1917, of THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR which shows the actual cash value of education when it is continued to completion of high school training.

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Here is the Proof

Uneducated laborers earn on the average $500 per year for forty years, a total of.....$20,000
HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES earn on the average $1,000 per year for forty years, a total of.....$40,000
This education required 12 years of school of 180 days each, total of 2160 days in school.
If 2160 days at school add $20,000 to the income for life, then each day at school adds $9.02.
The child that stays out of school to earn less than $9.00 a day is losing money—not making money

NOTE—This chart was compiled in 1917, prior to the present high salaries. Today instead of $9.02 it would be between $15.00 and $20.00 a day.

If you have not completed your high school training then do so without delay. Already you have completed a large part of the 12 year work specified by the Government, **realize on the work you have done.** You can get a thorough, complete high school training in two years time—in your own home—during your spare time. Two hours a day is all you need.

Are you or your children making this extra $9.00 a day or losing it? Why waste money when it's yours for the asking? Write for details today.

American School of Correspondence
Dept H-617 Chicago, U. S. A.



FREE For 10 Days Wear

Send no money. Just ask us to send you either of these wonderful, dazzling, genuine Tifnite Gem rings to wear for 10 days. If you can tell it from a diamond, send it back.

No. 1. Solid gold mounting. Eight-claw design flat wide band. Almost a carat, guaranteed Tifnite gem.

No. 2. Solid gold Ladies' newest mounting. Has a guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem, almost a carat.

No. 3. Solid gold six-prong tooth mounting. Guaranteed genuine Tifnite Gem, almost a carat in size.

In sending, send strip of paper fitting around second joint of finger. If satisfied upon arrival send $4.50—then $3 monthly until the price, $16.50, is paid for either one. Otherwise return the ring within ten days and we will refund any payment made. This offer is limited. Send while it holds good.

The Tifnite Company, Dept. 933 Chicago, Ill.

Free Trial



Use the famous "VICTOR 51" Razor 30 days FREE. Then send $1.65 or return razor. Write

Victor Razor Co. Dept. 940 Webster Bldg., Chicago

Dont Send a Penny

For quick action, men! Tell us your size and we'll send the shirt. Biggest bargain you ever saw. If not satisfied send it back and it costs you nothing. Don't wait—send no money—only the coupon now—today.



Silk Shirt Bargain

Fine Tussah silk in novelty self stripe, solid colors—light blue, pink or lavender. Very classy, the latest idea. Cut full, well made. New French cuffs. Trimmed with pearl buttons. Size 14 to 17 inch neckband. (Order 1-2 size smaller than collar you wear and also state color wanted.) Order No. CX447. Send no money now. Pay only $3.98 for shirt on arrival. Then compare with shirts at $7 and $8, and make your own decision.

If not satisfied, send it back and we will refund your money. **SEND COUPON** Stock is limited and every shirt will be snapped up quick for this is a bargain such as you haven't seen since the war began. It's a world beater—so get your order in now. No risk to you. Send coupon or letter. **Give your size and color wanted.**

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 7144 Chicago

Send me Silk Shirt No. CX447. I will pay $3.98 for shirt on arrival and examine it carefully. If not satisfied, will return it and you will refund my money.

Size..... Color.....
Name.....
Address.....

Dont Send a Penny

Superb quality—smartest style—a bargain that seems unbelievable—simply amazing—and not a penny to send with your order. Don't miss it. Just send your size and we ship the shoes. If you don't think they are the most wonderful bargain of the year, return them and you are not out a cent. Only a limited number offered—so don't wait. Write today.



Amazing Bargain

These splendid shoes are made of beautiful black glazed kid finish leather, and are modeled on the most fashionable last. The elegant lines shown in the picture tell the smartness of the style. The fancy stitching also adds a touch of elegance. The soles are medium weight, very comfortable and give splendid wear. The heel is the popular Cuban model. Sizes 2 1-2 to 8. Think of getting such a shoe as this for only about half the regular value. Just compare with shoes at $7.50 and $8.00, and then you will realize what an unparalleled offering this is at our bargain price of only $3.98. No money. Pay the special price, **$3.98**, for the shoes on arrival. Examine them, try them on, and if not as elegant as you expect, if not just what you want, return them and we will refund your money.

$3.98 on arrival

Send the Coupon or a Letter

Don't delay. This is a special offering to bring us 5,000 new customers this month, and every pair will quickly go. Send today! **Give your size.**

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 7141, Chicago

Send the Ladies' Dress Shoes No. AX999. I will pay **$3.98** for shoes on arrival and examine them carefully. If not satisfied will send them back and you will refund my money.

Name.....Size.....

Address.....

$3.65 Brings these Classy Fine Worsted Made to Order PANTS

We prepay Express

Actual $7.50 Value



SEND NO MONEY Greatest bargain pants offer to prove that we give biggest values in clothes. Only $3.65. Made-to-order, exactly to your measure. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. No money now—just post card and we'll send measurement blank by which you get perfect fit. Swellest style. **We prepay express.** Hurry while low price lasts.

MAKE $2500 A YEAR

Coin money by our **wonderful sales plan.** And **get your own clothes FREE.** We'll tell you about this if you write now. Nothing like it.

FREE Greatest **Style Book** ever shown giving all particulars about plan—152 wonderful wool samples—magnificent fashion plates and—**men look here**—the most stunning pictures of movie stars in the most tantalizing, daring poses. Printed in colors. Think of it, a post card brings all this. You can't beat it. Send today.

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WONDERFUL BARGAIN IN 4-POUND BUNDLES

of beautiful Silk Remnants for fancy work, quilts, portieres, pillows, etc. Send **10 cents** for a big package of lovely silk, including free quilt designs and catalog describing our 4-pound silk, velvet, gingham, and other remnant bargain bundles; also instructions how to earn money at home by sewing.

AGENTS WANTED To sell our Remnant Bargain bundles.

UNION S. WORKS, 207 Factory St., BOONVILLE, N. Y.

AGENTS: $54 a Week



taking orders for *guaranteed hosiery* for men and women. All styles and colors.

Guaranteed One Year Must Wear 12 Months or replaced free

Often take orders for dozen pairs in one famiy. Big profits. Pleasant work. Repeat orders will make you steady income.

Mrs. McClure makes $2,000 a year

Whether you devote spare time or ull time it will pay any man or woman to handle this guaranteed line. Get started at once. Best season now on. Write for samples.

Thomas Hosiery, 5130 Elk St., Dayton, O.

Make Big Money Sawing Wood

Saw 50 to 60 Cords a Day



Help Save Coal

Ship At Once

Cash or Easy Terms

Coal shortage coming. Big demand for wood. Get your rig while we can make delivery. Write for direct low factory prices on Power Saws and Log Saws with BOSCH Magneto—Free.

WITTE ENGINE WORKS
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3646 Empire Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Only $2 DOWN ONE YEAR TO PAY



$44 Buys the New Butterfly Jr. No. 2½ Light running, easy cleaning, close skimming, durable.

NEW BUTTERFLY Separators are guaranteed a lifetime against defects in material and workmanship. Made also in four larger sizes up to No. 8 shown here; sold on

EASY TO CLEAN

30 DAYS' FREE TRIAL

and on a plan whereby they earn their own cost and more by what they save. Postal brings Free Catalog Folder. Buy from the manufacturer and save money. (21)

ALBAUGH-DOVER CO., 2182 Marshall Bl. Chicago

DOLLARS IN HARES

We pay $7.00 to $18.50 and up a pair and express charges. **Big Profits.** We furnish guaranteed high grade stock and buy all you raise. Use back yard, barn, cellar, attic. Contract and Illustrated Catalog Free.

STANDARD FOOD & FUR ASS'N
405 A. Broadway New York

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24.)

Poultry

Every farm should be equipped with a well-built henhouse, brooder pens and every necessity to keep the poultry supply up to the demands of the family needs. The farm wife should not be expected to care for a flock of poultry with old dry goods boxes or any old shelter she is able to nail up herself.

After all, with a big variety of vegetables, an abundance of milk, cream and butter, store shelves loaded with sauces and jellies, the curing room hung with ham and bacon and a big flock of poultry for fries, bakes and stews, is it any wonder that the farmer cannot *literally* live off the "fat of the land"?

He *can* and *should* if he makes the vegetable garden, the orchard, the fruit garden, the raising and curing of meat, the proper care of poultry as much a main issue of his farming as the raising of corn and oats.

Pin Money Crops

It is in these days of the high cost of everything the farmer must buy, and the comparative low price of what he has to sell that the farmer's wife likes to have an income, no matter how small, that she can really call her own, with which she can buy the little extras that may not be actual necessities. It may be some convenience or labor-saving device in the home, or some little luxury that she may think she cannot have if the money is to be taken out of the farm income.

The farm that is located near a town or city or on a good automobile road has an advantage in disposing of any surplus crop that the wife may have to sell.

The farm garden is a good source of income. In a good farm garden there are always times when there are more vegetables than the family can use,—particularly radishes, lettuce and the kind which do not admit of canning or storage. These the wife and children can prepare in an attractive manner and sell them either to the grocery in the city or by advertising the fact with a bulletin board in front of the house. The farmer's wife who lives near a large town can prepare hampers of vegetables for a few customers she may have. Town people are glad to pay extra for strictly fresh vegetables. If the farm wife lives on a farm that has a good fruit garden and orchard, extra apples or berries will prove a splendid pin money crop.

Save the Windfalls

So many farmers let the windfalls rot on the ground or turn their hogs in to eat them when with a little care they can be harvested to good advantage. Close watch should be made of the apple orchard and the windfalls picked up at once and sorted. Ready sale is realized if they are taken to a town market or sold to the grocer or to special customers. Many people in town are glad to get such fruit as it is usually sold below the price that is demanded for the later and more perfect apples.

If the farm is not located near enough to deliver the fruit often it can be canned and sold as "home canned fruit" at an exchange or grocery. In these days of the high cost of sugar, fruit can be canned for pies, unsweetened, and hotels, restaurants or boarding-houses are very glad to get it.

Sell Flowers

Flowers also can be made a source of income. In some groceries, flowers are sold as a side-line, and come from farms near the city. One can buy sweet peas, pansies, daisies, asters and such old-fashioned flowers for about half that is paid at the greenhouse. Also boxes of flowering plants are for sale in the spring, ready to set out without bothering with planting the seeds.

Market Herbs

An herb garden is also quite an addition to the "pin money" crops. Many varieties such as balm, fennel, horehound, lavender, pennyroyal, peppermint, sage, are perennial and require only the picking and care in drying.

We all know how hard it is to get good sage for meat dressings, or dill for pickles, or lavender for perfuming linen.

Some farms have a bulletin board in front of the house and advertise what is for sale.

Dispose of Vegetables

In planning for "pin money" crops, it is well to raise some vegetable or fruit or herb that there is generally a scarcity of. There is always a ready sale for slicing cucumbers, small beets, celery, head lettuce, muskmelons, sweet peppers, asparagus, egg plant or kohlrabi, almost all herbs, aromatic, savory or medicinal, are hard to get, and with any market at all, all kinds of extra fruit can be turned into a "pin money" crop.

Sell the Extra Berries

Blackberries are easy to grow and in many localities demand a good price. It's surprising how many blackberries can be raised from a small patch. A good big patch of hardy blackberries will mean a substantial addition to the "pin money" crop. They pack down very little after being picked and the boxes can be filled rapidly.

If the children are paid for picking them they will be eager for a big blackberry patch to add to the "pin money."

The thrifty housewife who lives near a town or city or on a good automobile road need not let any surplus fruit or vegetables go to waste. With the help of her boys and girls she may be able to realize quite a tidy sum at the end of the vegetable or fruit season.

Questions and Answers

KILLING CANADA THISTLES.—We have a lot of Canada thistles on our farm. Can you tell us how to destroy them?
W. P. S., Plymouth, Ind.

A.—When Canada thistles abound, the best plan is to plow very deep in autumn and then seed to rye or winter wheat that may be harvested early. After removing the fall-seeded crop, plow shallow, disk well and seed to corn or late potatoes that have to be cultivated or hoed. So far as possible, no thistle should be allowed to show above ground. So treated, they die out, but they will live indefinitely if some of them are allowed to bloom. Small patches should be plowed under and the land then kept so constantly disked and harrowed that not a thistle shows up for one or two years. We have smothered little patches by covering with tar paper and weighting the paper down with stones. Heavy mulching with sorghum straw also works pretty well. Saturating two or three times with a strong solution of sulphate of iron also may be tried.

AILING DEWBERRIES.—Our dewberries have very long stalks and the berries on the ends of them dried up before they were ripe. I would like to know whether the ends should have been cut off, and, if so, when is the proper time to prune them.
R. A., Escondido, Calif.

A.—The bushes should be well pruned by an expert in fall, or very early spring, and the land should be deeply cultivated, well manured and then heavily mulched around the bushes to conserve moisture. If the mulching cannot well be done, seed to a cover crop of buckwheat, clover or any crop that succeeds well in your district. We suspect that drying out of the root growths has caused withering of ends of stems. It would be well, however, to take the advice of experienced fruit growers in your district, as some local cause may be present and understood by such growers, or some plant disease be the cause and require special treatment. Meanwhile, apply to the state agricultural experiment station for a bulletin on cultivation of the dewberry.



Sales Agents wanted in every county to give all or spare time. Positions worth $750 to $1,500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 76 Bar St., Canton, Ohio



20-Year Guaranteed Aluminum Set

Only $1.00 Down

An amazing value. Each piece is made of heavy gauge pressed sheet aluminum of a grade never offered at this price before. **Seamless.** Not cast like ordinary aluminumware. Will not crack, chip or peel. Heats quickly. Polish can't wear off. As easy to clean as glassware. Cooks and bakes better than any other kitchenware. **All pieces (except the pie plates) are highly polished, made of genuine Manganese aluminum, extra hard, absolutely guaranteed for 20 years.** Yours for only one dollar down—then $2.50 monthly. Price $23.90. **Satisfaction guaranteed.**

NOTICE

Be careful in buying aluminumware. Some sets offered for sale are made of cheap, soft aluminum which bends easily, dents with every fall or knock and is not durable. Insist upon genuine, heavy gauge, hard, sheet aluminum. Set offered here is made of genuine Manganese aluminum, heavy and extra hard—guaranteed for 20 years.

Everything in the Kitchen of Pure Aluminum

Combination tea kettle and double boiler (3 pieces), 5 quart size, 8¾ inches inside, with a double boiler, 2 quart capacity; one Colonial design coffee percolater (2 pieces), 8 cup size with welded spout, dome cover, fully polished; 1 roaster consisting of 9 pieces, measures 10½ inches wide and 6 inches high. These 9 pieces have dozens of different uses, including bread or bake pan (7 pint capacity); stew or pudding pan (7 pint capacity); pudding pan or mixing bowl (4 pint capacity); egg poacher (5 eggs at a time); muffin pan; biscuit baker with 6 custard cups or jelly moulds; deep locking self basting roaster, double boiler cereal cooker or triple steamer. The outfit also includes 6-quart preserving kettle with cover, 2 bread pans, 1 lip stew pan (1 quart capacity), 1 lip stew pan (1½ quart capacity). Combination cake and pudding pans (2 pieces), consist of 2-quart pudding pan with cake tube; 2 9-inch pie plates; 2 9½-inch extra deep cake pans; 1 colander with 9-inch top, 5¼-inch bottom, and 2¼-inch depth (can also be used as a steamer). Shipping weight about 15 pounds.

All pieces (except the pie plates) are highly polished, made of genuine Manganese aluminum, extra hard, absolutely guaranteed for 20 years.

Order by No. A5439TA. Send $1.00 with order, $2.50 monthly. Price, 27 pieces, $23.90.

Easy Payments

Open a charge account with us. We trust honest people anywhere in the U. S. Send for this wonderful bargain or choose from our big catalog. One price to all, cash or credit. **No discount for cash—nothing extra for credit—No C. O. D.** Send the coupon today—NOW.

30 Days' Trial

Our guarantee protects you—if not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back—also any freight or express charges you paid.

Free Bargain Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, **stoves**, women's, men's and children's wearing apparel.

Send the Coupon!

with $1.00 to us now. Have this 27-piece Aluminum Set shipped on 30 days' trial. We'll also send our Big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon.

Straus & Schram Dept. 3046 W. 35th St., Chicago

STRAUS & SCHRAM W. 35th Street Dept. 3046 **Chicago**

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship special advertised 27-piece Aluminum Kitchen Set. I am to have 30 days trial. If I keep the set I will pay you $2.50 monthly. If not satisfied, I am to return the set within 30 days and you are to refund my money and any freight or express charges I paid.

☐ **27-Piece Aluminum Kitchen Set, No. A5439TA. $23.90.**

Name.....

Street, R. F. D. or Box No......

Shipping Point.....

Post Office..... *State*.....

If you ONLY want catalog put X below:

☐ Furniture, Stoves and Jewelry ☐ Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

causes a man who gets twelve dollars a day to do only two dollars' worth of work, and if you can discover what we are going to do for paint for houses if the ladies are going to insist on putting it all on their faces, you will have Sherlock Holmes backed off the boards and win the gratitude of a suffering nation. If, too, you can discover who it is that prevents the profiteers from getting shot, and why the gentlemen who want to free Ireland don't go home and do it and give the rest of a weary world a little peace, you will become the queen of the detective business. I tell you, there is a lot of money in this detective business, or there would be, but, alas, the tin Lizzie fans and flivver enthusiasts have run down about everything there is in this world that could be run down. However, Lottie, I think I have made some suggestions that will be helpful and given you some clues that even a flivver can't annihilate. A clue is something the detective finds when he can't find the criminal. We want people who can hunt down criminals, but that's dangerous and useful work. Like most young ladies, male and female, you only want a soft job. The risking of life, the carrying out of duty to the bitter end, calls for courage and sacrifice, and these are qualities that are rapidly becoming extinct. When it is a matter of facing a gun, it's a case of "Let George do it!" Poor George, he must be awfully tired.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for September

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

H. T. Byers, Monson, Calif. Invalid for many years. No means of support. Very sad case. Send him a greenback shower. Edward L. Potts, Owassa, Ala. Crippled for years. Has written a booklet embodying his experiences as an invalid. Lovely character. Would appreciate letters and postal cards. Mrs. Catherine Fraisure, Lulu, Fla. Widow. Sixty-two years of age. Invalid for many years. Needy and worthy. Well recommended. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Fulton R. Lowe, Sheppards, R. R. 1, Box 33, Va. Forty-five years of age. Bedridden for 4 years, sick, poor and lonely. Send him a greenback shower. Mrs. E. L. Mabe, Leaksville, N. C. Invalid. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)



$345.00 THREE YEARS TO PAY for this beautiful

MEISTER PIANO

and a guaranteed saving of $100 to $150

Eight exquisite styles to choose from and the one you select will be sent to you on

30 DAYS FREE TRIAL—ALL FREIGHT PREPAID

If you like the piano we will sell it to you on small monthly payments to suit your convenience as low as $9 per month. No cash deposit asked. No interest on payments. No extras of any kind. Stool free with piano. Write today for our catalog, illustrated in the natural colors of the wood. It's free. If you are interested in player-pianos send for free catalog. We have a fine selection. Rothschild & Co., Dept. 11, Chicago



Made-to-Measure

Express Prepaid $3.45

Pants cut in the latest style. Made-to-your individual measure. Fit, workmanship and wear guaranteed.

No Extra Charge for peg tops, no matter how extreme you order them.

Agents Wanted A good live hustler in every town to take orders for our celebrated made-to-measure clothes. Samples of all latest materials Free.

We Pay Big Money to our agents everywhere. Turn your spare time into cash by taking orders for our stylish clothes. Write today for beautiful FREE outfit.

WASHINGTON TAILORING CO. Dept. 314 Chicago, Ill.

MAKE MONEY **RAISE GUINEA PIGS** for us. We buy all you raise. Easy to raise—very profitable—big demand. Pay better than poultry or squabs. Particulars, contract, booklet how to raise FREE. Write today. CAVIES DISTRIBUTING CO., 3130 Grand Ave., Kansas City, Mo.

You can be quickly cured, if you

STAMMER

Send 10 cents coin or stamps for 70-page book on Stammering and Stuttering, "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering for 20 years.

Benjamin N. Bogue, 1620, Bogue Building, Indianapolis

FREE AMBITIOUS WRITERS of Photoplays, Short Stories, Poems, Songs, send today for FREE, valuable, instructive book, containing 65 helpful suggestions on writing and selling. ATLAS PUBLISHING CO., 411 Butler Bldg., Cincinnati, O.



Big Premium Budget 10c

17 Popular Songs with Music, 25 Portraits, Actresses, Presidents of U. S., 14 Complete Stories, 63 Magic Tricks, 56 Amusing Experiments, 15 Puzzles, 22 Rebuses, 60 Parlor Games, 150 Riddles and Conundrums, 100 Jokes and Funny Readings, 60 Money-Making Secrets, 84 Album Verses, Dictionary of Dreams. Send us 10c, and we will send all the above, and Big Novelty and Jewelry Catalogue.

E. J. Dempsey, Dept. C-1, 711 Boyd Ave., Woodhaven, N. Y.

ASTHMA

Why suffer? Dr. Kinsman's Asthma Remedy gives instant relief. 25 years of success. 75c. at all druggists. Avoid all substitutes

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

How Women Are Often Cheated Out Of Their Best Years

Physician Explains How Many Women Undermine Their Health and Wreck Their Happiness by Letting the Iron in Their Blood Run Low

Tells How Organic Iron, Like Nuxated Iron, Helps Strengthen The Nerves, Puts Roses In the Cheeks and New Vigor and Health In the Veins Of Pale, Careworn Women.



"Where Are My Best Years Going?" asks many a woman who sits indoors, too tired to play, too listless to enjoy the good things of life. Dr. Sullivan in the accompanying article explains how women may quickly regain their health and happiness by the use of organic iron—like Nuxated Iron.

Lack of iron robs the blood of its power to make firm and healthy tissue, brain, and muscle out of the food we eat and the oxygen we breath, and turns a woman with rosy cheeks, sparkling health and boundless energy into one who is pale, run-down, tired and hopeless. Her thin, watery blood, lacking strength-giving iron, undernourishes her body and brain and robs her of her natural energy and cheerfulness. She loses interest in life and cannot enter into the normal healthy pleasures of those about her. She is literally cheating herself out of the best years of her life, when she might, in most cases, quickly regain her strength and vitality by feeding her blood with organic iron—Nuxated Iron.

The alarming deficiency of iron in the blood of so many women of today has been explained by a number of doctors as being due to the abnormal hurry and strain of modern life, as well as worry and over-work, and our refined, unnatural diet. These all tend to drain the natural iron from the blood faster than the body can replace it without assistance. Under these conditions we should feed the blood with organic iron, and Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and Westchester County Hospital, explains below why organic iron, like Nuxated Iron, is administered to nervous and run-down women to make them stronger, healthier, and happier.

"Every woman has the right to years of vigor and health. But many a woman cheats herself of her best years by allowing lack of iron in her blood to undermine her health.

"To me the saddest feature of modern life is the number of unhappy, careworn women who might so easily regain happiness and health. Doctors' offices are filled with women who are constantly tired, pale, sickly, uninterested in life. I am convinced that many such women, by simply putting iron in their blood, might readily build up rich red blood, increase physical energy, and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost continually around us. To put the necessary iron in the blood, I have prescribed Nuxated Iron many, many times, and I have seen frequent instances where it gave renewed strength and energy, increased power of endurance, steady nerves, and the rosy bloom of health in about ten days or two weeks' time. I consider Nuxated Iron one of the foremost blood and body builders—the best to which I have ever had recourse."

MANUFACTURERS' NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, which is recommended above, is not a secret remedy but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products it is easily assimilated and does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. Each tablet of genuine Nuxated Iron is stamped as follows: N and the words Nuxated Iron are stamped into each bottle, so that the public may not be led into accepting inferior substitutes. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results to every purchaser or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

NUXATED IRON

For Anaemic, Nervous, Run Down People

The Modern Wash Day

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13.)

class of things which require care a little out of the ordinary, and the right treatment prolongs their usefulness. Many things are made to look like new when ironed or smoothed by being drawn back and forth across an inverted iron. A small home-made rack through which the handle of the iron slips will hold it securely.

Hair ribbons washed in a strong suds made from fine soap, and rinsed in two or more waters containing a very little soap, made partly dry by folding in a towel and finished by drawing across a moderately hot inverted iron, will look surprisingly well. Never rub ribbon, but cleanse by working it up and down in water. A strip of muslin held under the ribbon as it is smoothed over the iron gives even a better finish.

Often velvet looks worn when it is only defaced by dust and the nap being crushed. It can be restored by first thoroughly brushing with a soft brush, then laying a wet cloth over the back of the velvet, and lifting the two together and passing them slowly over a hot inverted iron, the wet cloth next to the iron. If any hard creases do not yield at once, do a little brushing as the velvet steams. Many materials are freshened by steaming over an inverted iron.

Laces and loose-stitch embroideries that the iron is liable to catch in should be done over an inverted iron.

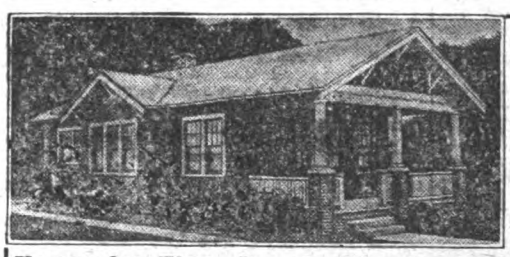
Washing Sweaters

So many sweaters are never wearable again after washing because it was not properly done. At least, they look so badly from stretching and twisting that they are not presentable for good wear. All this is unnecessary, for a sweater is very easily washed. First, taking white, gray, brown or dark blue, there is little danger of color changing. For such, make a strong, lukewarm suds and soak the sweater twenty minutes. Wash by squeezing with the hands or using a hand washer. Do not work up and down as the weight of water may stretch the wool. Make a second and third suds and put the sweater through without soaking. Put through tepid rinse waters until clear. When changing from one water to another, never wring the sweater. It may be squeezed a very little. There is really only one way to dry a sweater properly. It should be laid out flat on thin muslin or cheese-cloth stretched tight from four corners, hammock-fashion. The accompanying illustration shows such an arrangement. In this way the water drains out evenly and it quickly dries. Select a bright, windy day.

Where the color of a sweater seems doubtful, first soak in half-a-pailful of lukewarm water to which four tablespoons of turpentine and one cup of salt have been added. Wash as above described. It is well to sew up all buttonholes before washing sweaters.

Soap Bark Washing

A solution of soap bark is excellent for woolen dress materials, colored corduroy, woolen middy blouses, men's trousers, etc. It can be purchased cheaply at drug stores or general merchandise stores. Make a solution by boiling one cup of soap bark and one quart of water five minutes. Strain and mix with wash water. Rinse through several waters and hang to dry dripping wet.



SIX ROOM HOUSE

I WILL BUY THE LOT FREE

This means just what it says, I don't want your money. This is a true offer and I positively mean what I say. I give the house FREE, and if you don't own a lot, I will arrange for the lot for you. This is your chance to free yourself from the landlord's clutches. Rush me your name and address quick for a big picture and full description and plans of the home. You risk nothing.

PAY ME NOTHING

Now or Any Time. Remember, I do not want any of your money. The house is FREE. Address C. E. MOORE, Pres., Home Builders Club, Dept. 600, Batavia, Ill.

Dont Send a Penny

This season's most sensational waist model—such a wonderful value that we do not hesitate to send it on simple request without a cent in advance. Send no money. Just the coupon brings this exquisite sheer and beautiful creation for examination, try-on and comparison with silk waists costing nearly twice our low special bargain price.

Send coupon today for this **Beautiful Hand-Embroidered Pure Silk Georgette Waist**



This extremely smart and attractive waist is of pure silk georgette, the finest, sheerest, most beautiful fabric imaginable for this purpose. Front is artistically hand-embroidered with pure silk of contrasting color in heavy raised design usually seen only in high priced waists. Note the smart round effect with very good looking and stylish hemstitched collar of contrasting silk. Full length sleeve, very latest design tucked cuff. Closes on side with handsome pearl buttons.

All the Rage This Season!

Colors, white, flesh, peach or navy blue. Sizes, 34 to 46-inch bust.

Send Now Your name and address on coupon brings this splendid bargain—the wonderful waist that every woman wants! No money now. Pay only $3.98 for waist on arrival. Examine and try it on. Compare it with waists selling at from $6.00 to $7.50 and if you are not delighted with the stunning style and exceptional saving, return waist and we will refund your money. Order white by No. BX700; flesh by No. BX701; peach by No. BX702; navy blue by No. BX703; and be sure to state size wanted

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 7146 Chicago

Send me Silk Waist marked X in □ below. I will pay $3.98 for waist on arrival and examine it carefully. If not satisfied, will return it and you will refund my money.

☐ No. BX700 White ☐ No. BX701 Flesh ☐ No. BX702 Peach ☐ No. BX703 Navy Blue

Size

Name.....Bust.....

Address.....



Beautiful Silk Remnants

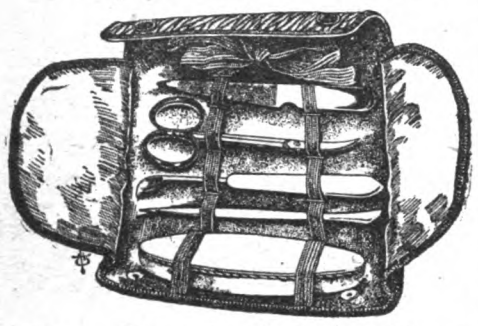
REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are **carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork."** We will send you a **package** containing more than **one hundred** of these beautiful **silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors,** also an **Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations** showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the **Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting.** All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

5-Piece Manicure Set

In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four

A PRACTICAL and beautiful set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 4-inch flexible polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4¾-inch cuticle knife with Ivory white handle, a 4-inch Ivory white nail stick, and a 3¾-inch nail polisher or buffer with Ivory white top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine black leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this manicure set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly **high-grade,** and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid manicure sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid five-piece manicure set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8014.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the **very best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. In this offer we give you **two dozen sheets white linen stationery** 10½x6¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery and Complete Writing Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set

Yours Prepaid For A Club Of Seven

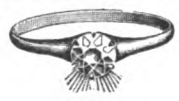


WE have in the past made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we **are** giving this set on liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value** we have offered and **we guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7397.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled



Guaranteed For 5 Years





Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Shaggy Teddy Bear



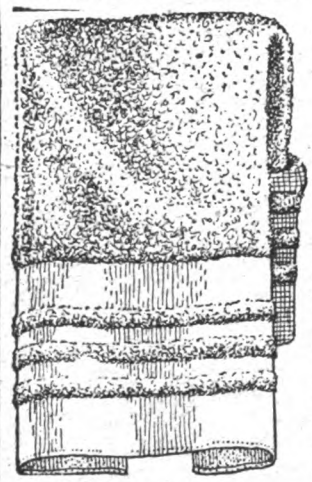
EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Premium No. 9472.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels

Good-Size Soft And Fleecy



AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bathroom, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8503.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Whose Little Girl Wants ME?



I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll in Toyland and You Can Have Me **FREE!**

YES, this beautiful, **curly-haired** doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she looks in the picture for she stands nearly **a foot high.** She has a **strong, durable, stuffed body,** and an indestructible head. You can make her **stand up, sit down in a chair** and assume all sorts of **natural positions.** Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug her, kiss her and take her out to play.** Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free,** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 8973.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Asparagus Plumosus** or "Lace" fern, the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SCRIM CURTAINS GIVEN!



THE price of cloth has advanced tremendously within the past few years, but that does not prevent us from offering these stylish Scrim Curtains for the ridiculous small club of six. We make no money profit on our premiums — that's the reason. They are full size, each side piece measuring **2½ feet in width** and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance," as it is commonly called, **is 1 1-6 feet wide and 2½ feet long.** The insertion is a 3-inch band of Filet lace. The color is White or Ecru—whichever you prefer. These Curtains are all the style now, so don't miss this wonderful opportunity to secure one or more of them absolutely free. And be sure to send in your order **at once** as our supply is limited.

Given To You. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these stylish Curtains free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7756.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Given To You

Three Beautiful PEONIES

WHITE - PINK - RED

GORGEOUS, yearly-blooming Peonies—the rival of the finest roses in size, form and color. The three varieties offered you here require but little care and attention after once being planted; they thrive anywhere, even in the coldest climates, and produce more and more flowers every season. We will send you the roots, packed in damp moss, direct from the greenhouse. You can put them in the ground **at once** and next summer you will know the pleasure and satisfaction of having a beautiful **garden of peonies** in the most glorious shades of **white, pink and red.** The three different varieties sent you free on this offer include

Couronne d'Or A **white,** semi-rose Peony that blooms in early summer, bearing immense, very full, imbricated, ball-shaped blossoms which are very solid and compactly built from edge to center. Their color is a **snow-white,** reflecting golden-yellow stamens that show through the petals when looking at the flower from the side. These stamens light up the whole flower with a **glow** that is simply indescribable and which suggests its name, **"Crown of Gold."** Delicate carmine pencilings also appear on the edges of a few central petals. This variety is incomparably lovely and one of the best and choicest Peonies in culture.

Mademoiselle Desbuissons A **pink** semi-rose Peony that blooms in mid-season. Its flowers are very large, full and elegantly shaped, imbricated and flat with extra large petals of a **tender, glossy pink** color. The center is a delicate **waxy white,** the guards a handsome **violet-rose** color. Flower lovers pronounce this one of the most beautiful varieties.

L'Ecletante A **red** Bomb type Peony that blooms well into the summer. Its blossoms are very double and full. The color is a **deep, brilliant, velvety-crimson.** This variety makes a stately and handsome plant, every flower standing up straight and erect, well above the foliage. It is considered as one of the finest **red** Peonies ever grown.

The roots of these plants are all **extra strong** and each one contains from two to five eyes. We guarantee that they will reach you in a healthy-growing condition, ready to be placed in the ground and that they will **positively** bloom next season. If for any reason they do not—or if they should otherwise prove unsatisfactory—we will replace them for you free of all cost.

As the best season for planting Peonies is **right now,** you should send in your order at once. We will send you these three above described varieties—one white, one pink and one red—**free** upon the terms of the following special

CLUB OFFER! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the healthy, well-formed roots of the three beautiful varieties of Peonies described above, free by parcel post, prepaid. They will be mailed, carefully packed, direct from the greenhouse, and delivered to you in perfect condition, all ready for planting. **Premium No. 8983.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Give You The Bag-Top —You Make The Bag!



THESE pretty home-made bags are all the go now. Their great popularity is due to the fact that as each woman makes her own bag it is sure to be **distinctive**—a little different from other women's bags. It is very easy to make and inexpensive. You probably have the material on hand right now—odds and ends of silk, velvet or moire, whatever you decide to use. The tassel on the bottom is not necessary but you can easily afford to buy one as they cost only a few cents. Or you can make it yourself.

The bag-top offered you here is seven inches wide, made of handsome oxidized metal with a very deeply embossed floral design. It is the "gate-top" style—that is, each side opens out in the middle so that it really has four sides as shown in the illustration. It is also perforated along the edge with small holes to take the stitches necessary for attaching the bag. The chain is fourteen inches long.

Our Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Bag-Top free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Let Us Send You A Suit



Made to your measure, payable after received, with the clear understanding that if the fit is not perfect or if you are not satisfied in every way, if you are not convinced you have received a fine, high grade, stylish, perfect-fitting tailored suit made to **your** measures and have saved $15 to $20, you are not under the slightest obligation to keep it.

Don't hesitate or feel timid, simply send the suit back, no cost to you. You are not out one penny. Any money you may have paid us is refunded at once.

SAMPLES FREE

Any man young or old interested in saving money, who wants to dress well and not feel extravagant is invited to write us for our free book of samples and fashions explaining everything. Please write letter or postal today, just say "Send me your samples" and get our whole proposition by return mail. Try it—costs you nothing—just a postal, get the free samples and prices anyway. You will learn something important about dressing well and saving money.

PARK TAILORING COMPANY
Dept. 256, Chicago, ILL.

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION

BETTER DEAD

Life is a burden when the body is racked with pain. Everything worries and the victim becomes despondent and downhearted. To bring back the sunshine take

GOLD MEDAL HAARLEM OIL CAPSULES

The national remedy of Holland for over 200 years; it is an enemy of all pains resulting from kidney, liver and uric acid troubles. All druggists. three sizes.

Look for the name Gold Medal on every box and accept no imitation

Doesn't Miss a Single Rat

When you use "Rough On Rats" you use the surest method of exterminating this dangerous, destructive pest. "Rough On Rats" gets them all in two or three nights. Mix it with one food the first night; change the kind of food the next night; use an entirely different food the third night. No more rats after that. Occasional use of "Rough On Rats" *keeps* them away. Druggists and general stores sell "Rough On Rats". Send for our booklet, "Ending Rats and Mice". Mailed free to you.

E. S. WELLS, Chemist
Jersey City, N. J.



ROUGH ON RATS

AGENTS: $12 a Day

NEW KANT-KLOG COAL OIL BURNER



Most perfect burner ever invented. Can't clog up. Burns 85% air and 15% gas. Turns any coal or wood stove into a gas stove. Pays for itself in a short time. Cheaper than coal. Big seller. Write for Agency terms and territory.

PARKER MFG. CO. 217 Coal St. DAYTON, OHIO

WALLPAPER

1,000,000 ROLLS 5C Per Roll

Write for Free Sample Catalog of 100 new designs and colorings.

Why use Paint when 98c will paper Room 12 x 14, 9 ft high

Martin Rosenberger, 47 Rosenberger Building Cincinnati, Ohio



BIG MONEY IN HOME WEAVING

No experience necessary to weave beautiful rugs, carpets, etc., on **UNION LOOMS** from rags and waste material. Home weaving is fascinating and highly profitable. Weavers are rushed with orders. Be sure to send for free loom book. It tells all about weaving and our wonderfully low-priced, easily-operated looms.

UNION LOOM WORKS, 272 Factory St., Boonville, N. Y.



"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

E. W., Thief River Falls, Minn.—If a boy is "mad" because you have rightly refused to allow him to kiss you, our advice is to let him remain just as mad as he likes and for just as long a time.

I. M., Hale Center, Texas.—You have a right to greet your fiancee with a kiss, but it would be best not to do this in so public a place as a railroad station. (2) You may make what gifts you wish to the girl you expect to marry, but it would be rather unusual for you to offer to pay for all her clothing unless she was financially unable to furnish her own wardrobe.

C. L. M., Warriot, Ala.—We were certain of your age before we found it stated at the end of your letter. It is always the girl of sixteen who thinks her own way must be better than the advice of her mother. You must obey your parents' wishes in regard to these automobile rides, and continue your education a few years longer until you are wiser than you now believe yourself to be.

POLLYANNA, Stanton, Tenn.—A young man who has asked a girl to marry him and then breaks an engagement with his fiancee in favor of another girl, should be placed on the unengaged and undesirable list as promptly as possible.

G. B., Boley, Okla.—You do not make your first question plain. (2) You may go with your friend to call on a girl with whom he is acquainted, even though this girl is a complete stranger to you.

CUTIE, Texas.—If this young man has told all your friends he "likes" you, it would seem possible that if you act just as nicely to him as you have been doing he may soon tell you that he "loves" you. (2) It would be best for you to keep your hands in front of you, despite the crowded condition of the automobile.

G. L. P., Ark.—If you are capable, as your letter indicates, of better opportunities and surroundings than your isolated life offers, we advise you to take some steps to get yourself out among people who might appreciate any brains or ideas which you have and help you forward. Save your money to do this, and in the meantime you will be growing a year or two older and more fitted to cope with new modes of life.

N. P. B., Kosse, Texas.—A girl of fifteen should have no love affairs but with her school books, and any time to be wasted in correspondence with boys should be spent on lessons in English and composition. We are glad your mother is wise enough to advise you correctly.

I. W., Collins, Mo.—Waiting for a man who talks much about love but nothing about marriage is discouraging and uncertain. If this suitor of yours was really serious in his protestations of affections, we believe he would have asked you to become his wife before this. Marriage is too important a contract to be based upon any other judgment than your own, but we can state decisively that any earnest would-be fiance in Oklahoma should be worth several fickle Missouri lovers such as the one you write about—and seem to love through all his fickleness.

L. H. R., Brookside, Ala.—There are many restaurants and cafes frequented only by men. In such places as these, many men do not remove their hats while lunching. In any eating-place, however, where ladies are present or may enter, a man must remove his hat.

A WEST TEXAS CAMPFIRE GIRL.—The average girl of your age is about five feet, one inch in height and weighs 106 pounds. For your unusual inches you should weigh about 144 pounds. (2) A boy should not "squeeze" a girl's hand at a moving picture theater, nor should she give him the opportunity to take this liberty.



Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

T. S. L., Middlebrook, Ark.—There are only 37,740 acres of vacant public land remaining in the state of Alabama. Doubtless the greater part of this is unfit for agricultural purposes without some form of reclamation. The one U. S. Land Office in Alabama is located at Montgomery, where Cato D. Glover is Register. Florida numbers 117,784 government acres. The only land office is at Gainesville and R. W. Davis serves as Register. Write to him for further information such as you ask of this department.

MRS. W. B. H., McCaskill, Ark.—Your meat must be kept free from all possible contact with insects from the time of butchering. Have each portion you prepare for storage carefully bagged in cloth which has been wet with a strong borax solution and then dried.

MRS. C. J. V., Vernon, Texas.—We cannot encourage your belief in the genuineness of your "old violin." We believe that this instrument is one in which a fraudulent inscription has been placed, and that it was not made over three hundred years ago by Antonius Stradivarius. Violin experts list only about thirty genuine "Strads." Have you never read what has been so often stated in this column regarding "old violins" and the faked inscriptions of unscrupulous dealers?

J. P. S., West Hartford, Ark.—There are simple metal devices to be obtained in any good hardware store which effectively prevent a cow from sucking her own milk or that of other cows. (2) We advise you not to embark in the retail fish business in western Arkansas.

R. T. B., Koshkonong, Mo.—See answer to Mrs. C. J. V., Vernon, Texas, in this column. There are not as many false Stainers as there are Strads—but there are a great many of them. We regret that we must regard your instrument as one of these imitations. Victor S. Fletcher, 500 Fifth Avenue, New York City, is an authority on old violins.

F. B., Scobey, Mont.—If you have your brother's former address at Fort Liscom, Alaska, write to him there—giving his company and regiment as part of the address. If you do this and fail of answer, write with full particulars to the Adjutant General's Office, Washington, D. C. Place your own address in the upper left-hand corner of any letter you may send to Alaska.

V. E., Monette, Mo.—You need no diploma to commence the keeping of books. What you do require is a proper knowledge of debit and credit and single and double entry. If you have this as a result of your high school course, you may set to work at once—if you can find any merchant willing to trust your ability and accuracy.

B. K., Spring Grove, Pa.—A girl must give her correct name at the time of marriage. Do not attempt to commence under false colors anything so important as married life.

MRS. L. M. T., Mich.—The root of the plant commonly known as Indian Turnip, is produced by nature in too large quantities to be commercially valuable.

MRS. C. J. K., Schulenburg, Texas.—The proportions of one, three and five of cement, sand and gravel, respectively, will make a satisfactory concrete. (2) We prefer not to give you instructions regarding the making of gunpowder at home. This is dangerous work. (3) An acre contains 4,840 square yards.

MRS. G. P., Albany, Ala.—There are many large hospitals where satisfactory applicants are received for training as nurses. Such applicants become "probationers" and are paid a small monthly wage. You would require at least two years of hospital work before gaining sufficient training, and it would much increase your success and future earning capacity if you could complete your high school education before commencing upon your prospective profession. We could not tell you if a hospital you might enter as probationer would consider treating your two-year-old invalid child. This would be a matter to be passed upon by the superintendent of the institution.

MRS. E. E. S., Kittery, Me.—The Illustrated Companion is published from 96 Chambers Street, New York City.

J. L. D., Tenaha, Texas.—See answer to Mrs. C. J. V., Vernon, Texas, in this column.

MRS. A. C., Billings, Mo.—We can only suggest that you submit your manuscript to periodicals whose pages contain stories of the sort you have written. Be sure and enclose stamps for return postage. It is much easier to turn out a literary product than it is to sell it—as thousands of other would-be authors can confirm.



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MRS. M. L., Missouri.—We do not think your neighbor has any legal right to divert the natural course of drainage of the water you mention so that it overflows your field and injures your property.

S. S., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, in cases where the parents are separated, the courts have power to award the custody of the children to whichever of the parents the welfare of the children would seem to dictate. If the evidence discloses that the father is a man of bad character the courts have power to award the custody to the mother, and direct the father to furnish support for the small children.

C. M., Arkansas.—If the deed of the property you mention stands in your father's name, we think that upon his death, without a will, your mother would be entitled to a dower interest of one third of the real estate for life and one third of the personal estate absolutely, the balance of the estate going to all of your father's children in equal shares.

MRS. J. P. McG., West Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the consent of parents or guardian is necessary for the marriage of females under 21 years of age.

MRS. R. F. C., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if the real estate you mention stands in the name of the husband alone, the wife has no perfected interest in the property unless she survives the husband, in which event she will be entitled to a share of the same from which he cannot bar her by will; if the property is deeded to the husband and wife as tenants by the entirety, the whole property upon the death of one becomes the sole property of the survivor.

MRS. H. W. S., Montana.—We can form no opinion as to the validity of your husband's title to the property you mention without an examination of the title and all the agreements and other instruments in connection therewith; we think in purchasing real estate you should have the title examined by some competent authority before taking title and before you pay for the property.

MRS. C. M. B., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the parents of the small children you mention can be compelled to support them in the proper court action or proceedings brought for that purpose, but it will be necessary to locate such parents before proceeding against them.

MRS. J. J., North Carolina.—There is no law providing pensions for Confederate soldiers or their widows.

MRS. J. H. M., Arkansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the deed of the husband alone would not convey good title of real estate belonging to the wife.

M. C. M., North Dakota.—We think you should communicate with the superintendent of schools of your county as to the requirements for school teachers in your locality.

MRS. E. D. McC., Iowa.—Under the laws of California we are of the opinion that if your brother left no will and left no widow, and no child or descendant, his estate would all go to the parent who survived him, in case one of the parents is dead.

MRS. T. M. D., Minnesota.—If the crime committed by the man you mention is of sufficient importance to be an extraditable offense, we think he can be brought back from Canada.

MRS. W. T., Montana.—We think that your creditor can enforce the payment of your debt to him against any property you may own, not exempt by law from levy under execution but that he cannot enforce the payment of this debt until the same matures or until there is some default in the payment due him when the same becomes due. We do not think he is limited in his collection of his claim to the property covered by mortgage given to secure the debt.

MISS B. R., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that both males and females become of full age at twenty-one years; females under twenty-one years of age, who may marry in accordance with the laws of the state, are deemed of full age at the time of marriage.

J. S. B., Missouri.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that, if your wife was legally adopted under the judgment or decree of a proper court in your state, she will have the same inheritance rights from the estates of her foster parents as the children born to the marriage, but if there was no court proceeding in connection with her adoption she will have no inheritance rights from her foster parents' estates unless some provision is made for her by will. We think that her foster parents can cut off by will any share she may be entitled to receive in case she was legally adopted, if they desire to do so.

R. W., Connecticut.—We think you should have your deed examined by some local attorney; we can form no opinion as to written instruments without an examination of them.

M. B. D., Nebraska.—We do not think the statement made by your son at the time of his marriage will affect his legitimacy nor will it affect the validity of his marriage.

Instant Bunion Relief
Prove It At My Expense

Don't send me one cent—just let me prove it to you as I have done for over 72,500 others in the last six months. I claim to have the most successful remedy for bunions ever made and I want you to let me send you my **"Fairyfoot"** treatment **Free.** I don't care how many so-called cures, or shields or pads you ever tried without success—I don't care how disgusted you are with them all—you have not tried my remedy and I have such absolute confidence in it that **I am going to send it to you absolutely FREE.** It is a wonderful yet simple home remedy which relieves you almost instantly of the pain; it removes the cause of the bunion and thus the ugly deformity disappears—all this while you are wearing tighter shoes than ever. Just send your name and address and **"Fairyfoot"** will be sent you promptly in plain sealed envelope. Write today.



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Biggest Value Ever Offered Beautiful pants to your order, of fine quality striped worsteds, through and through weaves for dress or business, guaranteed to give you two solid years satisfying wear or MONEY BACK, tailored any style or size—No Extra Charges—parcel post or express prepaid. **Biggest $8.00 value ever offered or money back.** Write for 60 cloth samples, **Free** Special THIRTY DAY TRIAL OFFER, one Pair to a customer . . **$3.48**

Make Big MONEY You can earn $25 to $50 a week sending orders for your relatives and friends. Your spare time will do. COMPLETE OUTFIT and simple directions in first mail FREE.

Send us your name TODAY.

Chicago Tailors Ass'n 515 S. Franklin St. Dept. J613, Chicago



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WE TRUST YOU NO MONEY NEEDED WE PAY FREIGHT

Sell 13 boxes of 7 cakes fine Toilet Soap, and with every box, give as premiums to each purchaser all of the following articles; a Pound of Baking Powder, Bottle Perfume, Box Talcum Powder, 6 Teaspoons, Pair Shears and Package of Needles and the **Dinner Set is Yours.** Many other equally attractive offers and hundreds of useful Premiums or Cash Commission given for your time. **Special Extra Present** of a 6-Pc. High-Grade Granite Kitchen Set FREE of all cost or work of any kind, if you write at once. You advance no money. You have nothing to risk. Write today for our **Big FREE Agents Outfit.** Act quickly—don't delay. **The Perry G. Mason Co.,** Established 1897. **725 W. Pearl St., CINCINNATI, O.**



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Easy, fascinating work with our SIMPLIFIED PLANS. We furnish blue prints, diagrams, motor, cabinet pieces, ready-built horn, etc. You don't need to be a cabinet maker. A few hours assembling and you will have a fine instrument at *one-quarter the regular retail price.* AGENTS MAKE MONEY making and selling these instruments. Write today for full details and our FREE OFFER. Address:—

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Wrist Watch Given

You can get this fine Wrist Watch or other beautiful watch guaranteed for 5 years. Also Lace Curtains, Rogers' Silver Sets, fine Lockets, La Valliers and many other valuable presents for selling our beautiful Art and Religious pictures at 10 cts. each. Order 20 pictures when sold, send the $2.00 and choose premium wanted, according to big list. RAY ART CO., Dept. 18, CHICAGO

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This month's Bulletin smashes the terms—boosts the quality, lowers the price. No security—no interest. We trust you.

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ADJUSTED —To Positions —To Temperature —To Isochronism —16 Size 25 Year Gold Filled Case.

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Only $18

American-made Long Model cornet, guaranteed correct pitch, with perfect scale and intonation. Including strong canvas case, $20. FREE instruction book with order. Only a limited number of these instruments. Order from your local dealer. If he cannot supply you, send order to us. Free trial. Money back if not fully satisfied.

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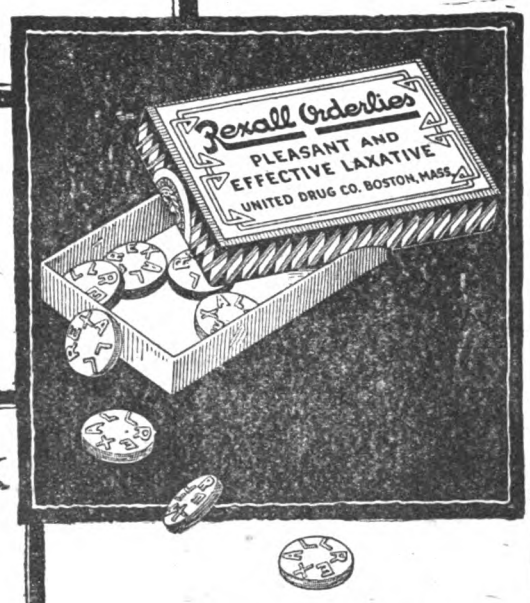
All this jewelry is yours for selling only 6 Boxes Menthol-Nova at 25 cts. Needed in every household. Sells easily. Order today. When sold return $1.50 and all 6 pieces are yours.

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START BUSINESS for yourself with our capital. Have steady income. Apply PARTOLA MFG. CO., 3218 6th Av., New York.

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At the 10,000 Rexall Stores only
8 for 10¢
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Address.....

Town..... State.....

(Com. 1)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

any assistance you care to send. Miss Myrta Eshbaugh, Tionesta, Pa. Invalid for many years. Aged mother her only support. Lovely character. Send her some substantial cheer. Mrs. Susie Collins, Davisport, Ky. Husband bedridden. She is in poor health. Well recommended. Send her some cheer. Pearl A. Knece, Laurelville, R. R. 3, Box 62, Ohio. Invalid. Unable to walk for 16 years. Aged father his only support. Well recommended. Send him some substantial sympathy. Mrs. Mary Curry, Spencer, R. R. 1, Box 1, Va. Widow. Sick, poor and needy. Has three small children to support. Give her a helping hand. Mrs. Lena Thompson, Pontiac, 413 W. Prairie St., Ill. Sick, poor and alone in the world. Send her some cheer. Carl Andrew Krembyow, Broken Bow, R. R. 1, Box 49a, Nebr. Nineteen years of age. Confined to his bed with heart trouble. Would appreciate letters and cards from the cousins. Mrs. Lucy Evans, Philpott, Va. Invalid. Would appreciate cheery letters and postal cards.

The poor souls whose names are listed above are in too desperate need to care for anything but substantial financial aid. Sympathy and cash do make a splendid combination, but sympathy without cash cuts no icicles. Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Read Uncle Charlie's Poems Around the Fireside!

The long winter nights are upon us, and the best fireside companion is a copy of Uncle Charlie's Poems. You will laugh, you will scream, you will yell, if you peruse its uproariously funny pages. This 160-page cloth-bound volume contains the best recitations in the world, also a deeply interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life and splendid pictures of him dictating his monthly talks to Maria. This book free for a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book is Just Grand!

So our readers say with monotonous regularity. It contains 28 of the dandiest songs ever written, coon songs, sacred songs, sentimental and story ballads. Full music for voice and piano. Five dollars' worth of music for only two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. A gorgeous song folio with superb cover on which appear some splendid pictures of Uncle Charlie at various stages of his career. Both volumes free for a club of five. *Work for them today!*

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Name "Bayer" means genuine
Say "Bayer"—Insist!

BAYER

Say "Bayer" when buying Aspirin. Then you are sure of getting true "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin"—genuine Aspirin proved safe by millions and prescribed by physicians for over twenty years. Accept only an unbroken "Bayer package" which contains proper directions to relieve Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Colds and Pain. Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost few cents. Druggists also sell larger "Bayer packages." Aspirin is trade mark of Bayer Manufacture Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid.

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Automatic Fiber Limbs
Easy Payments—Do Nature's Work.
AGENTS WANTED who wear Leg. Good Pay. FREE Fibre Sample. DESCRIBE STUMP TO
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Free Shoe Book Saves You $20



More than a million satisfied customers named our shoes "The World's Greatest." Don't think of buying any shoes until you get our 1921 shoe book. It shows the most complete line of lasts, styles and leathers for every purpose, no matter what your requirement. Saves your health and money. **Free 10-day try-on.**

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G. WOODS, Mgr., 200 Capital Bldg., TOPEKA, KANSAS

FORD CAR GIVEN

Solve This Puzzle. Win Fine Prize

9	23	1	14	20
1	6	15	18	4

The figures represent corresponding letters in the alphabet. Figure 1 is A, 2 is B and so on. The ten figures spell four words. What are the words?



To Men, Women, Boys and Girls

All can share in these EASY-TO-WIN prizes. Send the four words on a slip of paper with your name and address. Besides the Auto I am going to give away Phonographs, Bicyles, Gold Watches Silverware, etc. and cash rewards. Send your answer. Act quick.

Daune W. Gaylord, 537 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 30, Chicago

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. **TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.**



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Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Song Book 40 cents. Address
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Made from the purest, softest rubber. Six cups of faces render misplacement absolutely impossible. Endorsed by the medical profession. Send us $2.50 and we will mail you one postpaid in plain package. Money back if not entirely satisfactory. Write for descriptive circular. It's FREE.

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Don't Wear a Truss

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with every Brooks' Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No obnoxious springs or pads. Automatic Air Cushions. **Binds and draws the broken parts together as you would a broken limb.** No salves. No plasters. No lies. Durable, cheap. Sent on trial to prove it. Full information and booklet free.

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Comfort Sisters' Corner

Remedies

IRRITANT POISONS.—Such poisons irritate but do not corrode parts they touch. No staining; metallic taste; burning of mouth and throat and in stomach, straining, vomiting and purging. Shock.

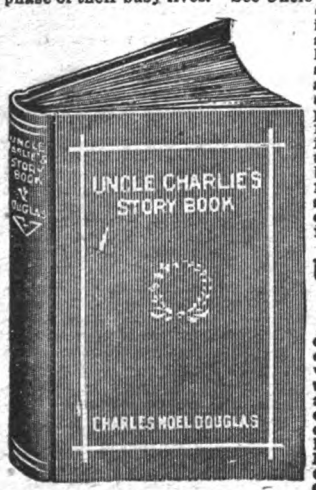
IRRITANT POISONS.—Those which do not stain and for which an emetic is given. Tartar emetic, blue stone, Paris green, lead, corrosive sublimate (antiseptic tablets), phosphorus and arsenic (rat poison and other vermin killers); poisonous plants.

Treatment:—
1. Emetic.
2. Dilute poison and soothe parts.
3. Stimulants.
2. To dilute and soothe: Give large quantities of water, milk, flour and water or eggs beaten up, or oils, such as olive, salad, sardine, linseed, castor or cod liver oil. Do *not* give oil in cases of phosphorus poisoning.
3. Stimulants: Strong tea or coffee, ammonia or alcohol.

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Uncle Charlie's Picture Book
Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, halftone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. **A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each**—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and **beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped.** Free for **three subs at 50c.** each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only **two subs at 50c.** each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid poems and song book will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.



Ford Auto

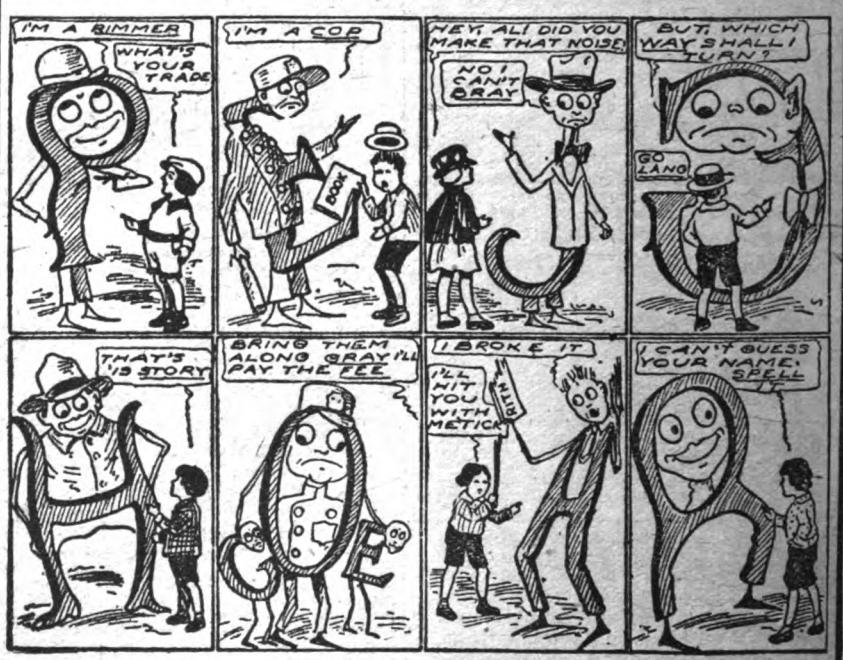
The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

SEND ANSWER TO-DAY

We not only give away this Ford auto, but hundreds of dollars in cash and scores of other valuable prizes. Bicycles, Guns, Watches, Talking Machines, something for everybody. Everyone who answers this can have a prize of some sort. There are no losers. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody wins. Someone gets this new 1920 Ford Auto free. Why not you? Address

FORD WILLSON, 141 West Ohio Street, Dept. 81. Chicago, Ill.

Answer Puzzle—Get a Prize



Names of Eight School Books Are Hidden in This Picture

Can you answer this puzzle? Here's one that will bring back your school days. You should be familiar with these books, having studied your lessons from them. Can you name them? Take your time in solving the puzzle—be sure you are right. With the answer to this puzzle you will be entitled to a prize and the opportunity to participate in the distribution of **$500.00 in gold given away free.** Your solution must be mailed at once to the address below.

PUZZLE MAN, DEPARTMENT 915, TOPEKA, KANSAS



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Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

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Agents: We pay $72 a week taking orders for Reversible Raincoats. Something brand new. Biggest and easiest seller ever introduced. No capital required. You take the orders, we deliver and collect and pay your commission on same day. Every man a prospect. Saves customer over $20. Act quick. Territory going fast. Write for agency. Thomas Raincoat Co., 1719 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sell Insyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents—Quick sales—Big Profits—Outfit Free. Cash or Credit. Sales in every home for our high class line of Pure Food Products. Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles etc. Write Today for Money-Making Plans. American Products Co., 2187 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Sell what millions want. New, wonderful Liberty Portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique; Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue Free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 452-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

The Prosperous agent is a Davis agent. Line up for the Big Rush—$40—$60 weekly. "Lucky 11" and our 27 other varieties cut store price ½-⅔. Worth 150% to 200% for you. Davis Products Co., Dept. 505, Chicago, Ill.

Agents: Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford-Beal Co., Inc. Newark, N. Y., Dept. D.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Agents—Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents: Reversible Raincoat. Two coats in one. One side dress coat, other side storm overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Not sold in stores. Big commission. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 117 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

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Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. J-130, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Orders in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Large book of samples free to agents. Write today for particulars. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. P P, 425 Broadway, New York.

Agents—With experience sell our famous $29.00 and $35.50 made to measure suits and overcoats. Big money maker. Big selling outfits furnished free. Midland Tailors, Dept. 9, 318 W. Washington, Chicago.

Agents Earn $50.00 a week and your own clothes free. Selling our famous made to measure suits and overcoats. Selling outfits free. Commonwealth Tailors, Dept. 14, Occidental Bldg., Chicago.

Guaranteed hosiery selling from mill earns $8.00 to $12.00 a day for our representatives, all or spare time. Credit. B. Weber Mills, Nicetown, Phila., Pa.

Big Money and Fast Sales. Every owner buys Gold Initials for his auto. You charge $1.50; make $1.35. Ten orders a day easy. Write for particulars and free samples. American Monogram Co., Dept. 64, Glen Ridge, N. J.

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Salesmen—City or Traveling. Experience unnecessary. Send for list of lines and full particulars. Prepare in spare time to earn the big salaries—$2,500 to $10,000 a year. Employment services rendered members. National Salesmen's Training Association, Dept. M167, Chicago, Ill.

Tobacco Factory wants salesmen; $125.00 monthly and expenses for the right man. Experience unnecessary, as we give complete instructions. Piedmont Tobacco Co., M-19, Danville, Va.

Sales Board Salesmen: We have the most attractive line of premium assortments on the market today—Commissions $5.00 to $20.00 per order, with Full Repeat Commissions. For a Live, Up-To-Date, proposition, write Today. Canfield Mfg. Company, 4003 Broadway, Chicago

FARMS FOR SALE

100 Acres, $3300. With 8 Cows, Horse, Crops, Tools. Big money-maker, prosperous community, all ready business; machine-worked fields, spring-watered pasture, wood, and fruit trees; 12-room house, basement barn, other buildings, fine shade; near R.R. station, high school; immediate buyer gets 8 cows, 4 yearlings, horse, machinery, tools, part growing crops; only $3300, part cash. Details this and another with 22 cows and 3 horses and growing crops, page 24 Strout's Big Illustrated Catalog Farm Bargains 33 States. Copy free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BG Nassau St., New York City.

Want to hear from party having farm for sale, give particulars and lowest price. John J. Black, Comfort St., Chippewa Falls, Wis.

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Stamp Names on key checks. Make $19 per 100. Send 25c for sample and inst. Either Sex. C. Keytag Co., Cohoes, N. Y.

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Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

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Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

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Breeding Stock. Hatched and delivered right. 23 varieties. Catalog free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box 204, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

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Free Booklet of 65 helpful suggestions on writing and selling photoplays, stories, poems. Atlas Pub. Co., 316 Cincinnati, Ohio.

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Best pre-school educational system in world, $5 cash and 3c a day. At home. Send 10c for literature. 219 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

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3 Wheel Chairs in August

566 Is COMFORT'S Total to Date

The three August wheel chairs go to Rolly Sherry, Bay City, Texas, 136: Allen Laricy, R. R. 4, Vidalia, Ga., 96; Mrs. Fannie Mitchell, R. R. 4, Box 106, Frankfort, Ky., 86. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Rolly Sherry, age six, can not walk or even sit alone. His right hand is paralyzed and his spine is affected, caused by sickness in infancy which left him in his present condition.

Allen Laricy, age 13, has been a cripple from birth. He can sit but cannot stand, and it is doubtful whether he has sufficient use of his hands to wheel himself about in a wheel chair.

Mrs. Fannie Mitchell, age 64, has suffered severely from rheumatism the past eleven years which has so crippled her that she has very little use of her legs and hands which are badly drawn and stiffened. Can not wash or dress herself or comb her own hair. Her husband,



FANNIE MARGARET BALL HAPPY IN HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

too, is an invalid afflicted with a bad lung trouble.

The COMFORT wheel chairs which I am sending them will prove great blessings to these three helpless cripples and very helpful to those who have to wait on them.

On our waiting list are many other



ANNIE LAURA LEWIS ENJOYING HER COMFORT WHEEL CHAIR.

helpless, crippled shut-ins suffering for a much needed wheel chair which they are too poor to buy; their only hope of getting one is through COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club. Do your bit this month to help them get one. Better still, get your name in next month's Roll of Honor.

You will be interested in the following letters of thanks and Roll of Honor.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Can Go Most Anywhere She Wishes in Her Wheel Chair

Hartford, Ala.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

Enclosed I am sending you a picture of myself in my wheel chair for use in COMFORT. Words can never express my heart-felt thanks to you and all who helped me get my chair. I can now enjoy myself outdoors and with its help I can go most anywhere I wish to. How I wish every shut-in could have the pleasure of enjoying one of your wheel chairs. Many, many thanks, again, to you and all.

Your loving little friend,

Annie Laura Lewis.

Enjoys Her Wheel Chair

McAdams, Miss.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

I received my wheel chair in May and I enjoy it so much that words can not express my appreciation of it. I would that every poor cripple in this Christian land had a wheel chair. May God bless you in the good work you are doing.

Very respectfully,

(Mrs.) Kiziah Scruggs.

Greatly Enjoys Her COMFORT Wheel Chair

Vienna, La.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

Enclosed is a picture of my little crippled girl, Fannie Margaret Ball, who was awarded a wheel chair through COMFORT last May. She greatly enjoys her chair, and we, her parents, are very thankful to COMFORT for making it possible for her to get the chair, and to her many friends who assisted.

Respectfully,

(Mrs.) K. E. Ball.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. Pattie Sue Oliver, Va., for Willie Ellis Oliver, 51 subs; Mrs. Ella Sherry, Texas, for Rolly Sherry, 47 subs; Mrs. Claude Halterman, Kans., for Hellen Gertrude Halterman, 42 subs and 25c; Mrs. Curtis Major, Calif., for Nicoline Amalia Henricksen, 40 subs; Mrs. Alice Stafford, Texas, for Rolly Sherry, 37 subs; Mrs. Elizabeth Bell, Ky., Own, 28 subs; Mrs. Nettie Maie Cannon, Ky., for Mrs. Sarah A. Dowdy, 27 subs; Mrs. S. M. Laricy, Ga., for Allen Laricy, 24 subs; Miss Alma Bell, Ariz., for Mrs. Elizabeth Bell, 21 subs; Miss Nannie Moore, Ky., for Fannie Mitchell, 21 subs; Mrs. S. C. Austin, Ark., for Edna Austin, 19 subs; Cathern Brown, Va., for James Brown, 18 subs; Mrs. Dessie Smith, Okla., for Maude Odell Smith, 14 subs; Mrs. Frances Smith, Ala., for Maude Odell Smith, 11 subs; Mrs. Barbara Keeler, Tenn., for Edna Keeler, 9 subs; Mrs. William E. Layne, Ohio, for Mrs. Mary A. Layne, 8 subs; Mrs. M. S. Bovee, Calif., for Edna Keeler, 7 subs; Mrs. Thomas E. Green, Va., for General, 5 subs; Mrs. Wesley Alderman, Va., for Jesse G. Cochram, 5 subs; Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Wood and Family, Pa., for Edna Keeler, $3.00; Mrs. E. B. Gaskell, N. C., for General, $2.00; Mrs. Ed Dean, Calif., for General, $2.00; Mrs. T. A. Bouroens, Nebr., for General, 2 subs and $1.00 cash; Mrs. Mary Simmons, Ill., for General, $1.00; A Comfort Reader for General, $1.00; Mrs. F. Hodgson, Colo., for General, $1.00; Mrs. J. B. Kent, Okla., for General, $1.00; Mary Jane Thornhill, Texas, for General, $1.00; Mrs. T. F. Butner, N. C., for Edna Keeler, $1.00; Mrs. Robt. Martin, for Edna Keeler, $1.00; Mrs. Olive A. Tobey, Maine, for Edna Keeler, $1.00.

A Good Shot

"I may be late home tonight, dear," said Jones. "You won't miss me, will you?"

"Not if I see you first," replied Mrs. Jones, as she glanced towards the rolling pin on the kitchen table. —*Portland Express.*



Freaks

One day we heard a sideshow freak
Most bitterly complain:
The broken glass he ate that week
Gave him a brand new pane.
—*Springfield Union.*

The touchy guttapercha man
Was heard to softly blubber:
"I like to peep where'er I can,
But folks will holler 'Rubber'!"
—*Youngstown Telegram*

And Zeke, the living skeleton,
Expresses his chagrin
That his one chance to gain a pile
Should be so very thin.
—*Richmond Times-Dispatch.*

And Mame, the fat girl in the show,
Alas did realize
Her only chance for easy dough
Depended on her size.
—*Portland Express.*

A Nasty Knock

Percy—"What would you do if you were a man?"

Phyllis—"I don't know. What would you do?"—*Portland Express.*

The Jealous Cats

"What makes Ina disliked so?"

"She received the most votes in the popular girl contest."

A Scanty Costume

Waiting only to slip on a pair of shoes the deputy hurried from the house with a double-barrelled shotgun.—*From our favorite newspaper of April 7.*

Good Place for the Kaiser

Lucy, as a special privilege for "being good," had been promised a trip to the Zoo. "What is the Zoo?" asked Lucy. "Why, dear," explained her mother, "that's where they keep wild animals, tigers and lions." "Oh," interrupted Lucy, "and will you show me the Kaiser?"

Not the Only One

Gladys—"So she was disappointed in love."

Gertrude—"Yes, before she married him she thought he had money."

No Wonder He Lost

LOST—A boneheaded man's umbrella in waiting room. Apply, etc.—*Adv. in Springfield Union.*

His Flattery Didn't Go

Hubby—"Your hair, my dear, is your crowning glory."

Wifey—"That's all right, but I need a new winter hat just the same."

Paradoxical Matches

Those penny safety matches—they now are all alike;
You pay two cents a box for them and none of them will strike.
—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

It seems to us a paradox—the way those matches shirk;
For if they are not on a strike, then why do they not work?
—*Portland Express.*

Quite Right

Creditor—"You couldn't ride around in your fine automobile if you paid your honest debts."



Debtor—"That's so. I'm glad you look at it in the same light as I do."—*Kennebec Journal.*

In More Ways than One

A belle is incomplete without a ring
When young;
Alas we find out later on she also has
A tongue.

He Was Wise Perhaps

Doctor—"Why didn't you call me before your husband became unconscious?"

Wife of Patient—"Because he wouldn't let me while he had his senses."



These Rugs Are All Full Room Size **9 ft. x 12 ft. Very Attractive Patterns**

Send Only $1

One dollar brings any one of the four wonderful rug bargains shown above for 30 days' trial in your home. If after a month's actual use of the rug you select, you are not delighted with the remarkable value and thoroughly satisfied to keep it at our low money-saving price, return it to us and we will not only refund your $1, but will also pay transportation charges both ways. If you decide to buy the rug, take nearly a year to pay—a little each month that you will hardly miss.

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It is practically impossible to do justice to these extremely handsome and attractive rugs by mere description and cold black and white illustrations as shown above. Ornamental design, luxuriant texture and rich colorings must be seen to be fully appreciated. That's why we offer to send your choice of any of these four beautiful rugs for 30 days' use in your home. Read the descriptions carefully, then make your choice for the 30-day trial test at our risk.

RUG No. 1 Genuine Gold Seal one-piece, seamless, Congoleum Art Rug. The name Congoleum is in floor coverings a positive standard of quality. This rug is guaranteed by Hartman as first grade Congoleum. Very sanitary. Contains no burlap. Water will not injure it. Damp mop keeps it clean and bright. Durable and wear-resisting. Lies flat without fastening. Sun and storm-proof. Wonderful rug for dining room, kitchen, sun porch, etc. The Gold Seal is pasted on its face as visible evidence that it is genuine, and name Congoleum is stamped on back. 9x12 ft. size. **Order by No. 51BBMA45. Price $19. Send only $1 now. Balance $2 monthly.**

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When you see any of these rugs on your floor, and study the splendid quality, ornate pattern and beautiful color scheme, you will be delighted. And when you compare it with other rugs selling at much higher prices, you will wonder how we can give such stunning values on such liberal credit terms. For we not only send the rug you select for only $1.00, giving you the use of it for 30 days, at our own risk, but we will also give you nearly a full year to pay, if you decide to keep it. This is your opportunity to buy just the rug you have longed for at a substantial money saving. Fill out and mail coupon today!

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Address.....

City.....State.....

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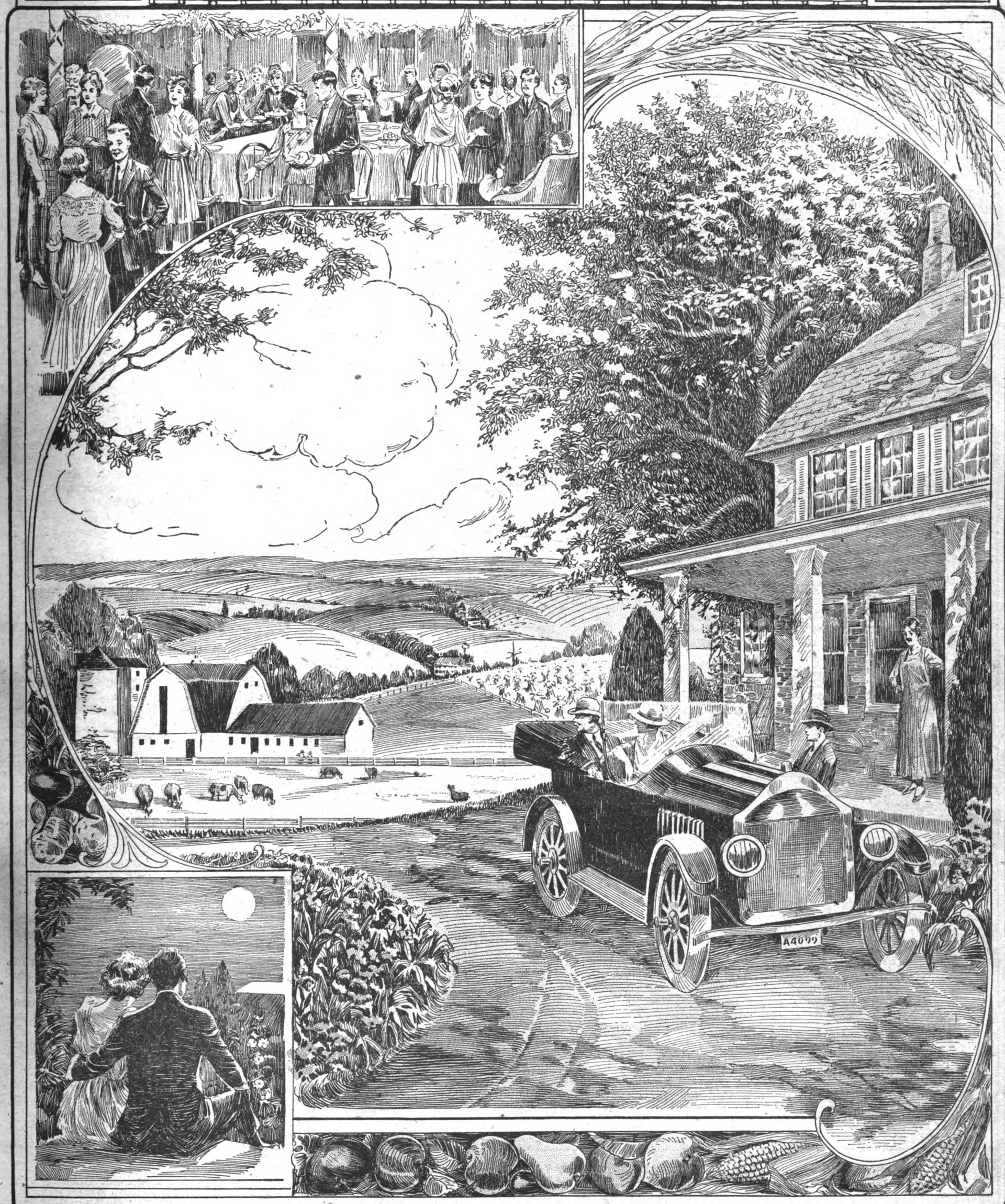
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NO. 12

HARVEST NUMBER

COMFORT

The Key to Happiness and Success in over a Million and a Quarter Homes

OCTOBER
1920



See Story on Page 10.

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COMFORT EDITORIAL

THOUGHTS THAT BREATHE AND WORDS THAT BURN

With the Arrest of Charles Ponzi the Biggest, Boldest, Wildest Get-Rich-Quick Scheme Ever Known Has Collapsed

Profiteers in Panic over Fall in Price of Sugar

IT is common knowledge, as previously explained in these columns, that President Wilson's neglect and refusal, a year ago, to permit the Sugar Equalization Board to take the necessary action to protect the interests of the people opened wide the door for all manner of speculation and profiteering in sugar, and is responsible for the outrageously high levels to which the price of that necessary article of food has been boosted. In the summer of 1919 under regulation of the Sugar Equalization Board granulated sugar retailed at eleven to twelve cents a pound, but in the fall, after the Board's authority had been withdrawn, the price began to rise and kept climbing until it ranged from twenty-five to thirty cents during the past summer in spite of numerous threats and some few feeble attempts at prosecution of profiteers.

This doubling and nearly trebling of price cost our people hundreds of millions of dollars which went to swell the enormous profits of producers and dealers in Cuba and in the United States who could afford to take the chance of paying a fine if caught. But in so doing they finally overdid the trick and overreached themselves, for they put the price so high—so very much higher here than in other countries—that, despite a world shortage of sugar, large shipments have been attracted from all sugar-producing countries, even those that never before sent us their product. These unexpected shipments began to arrive in late spring and increased through the summer. Another unexpected result of the excessively high price was that our people curtailed their consumption and, as in the case of high-price clothing, to a large extent stopped buying

Consequently about the middle of August the American market became glutted with an oversupply of sugar and the price began to drop under pressure of foreign competition, and a week later imported sugar was being sold in New York at fifteen cents a pound. Would-be profiteers who were hoarding sugar began to worry as they saw their expected profits vanishing or even a possible loss looming in the near future, and banks which are financing large sugar holdings are said to be getting uneasy over the situation and likely to curtail credits and thereby force such holders to dump their sugar stocks on the market.

Since the Sugar Equalization Board ceased to function at the close of last year Attorney General Palmer, at the head of the Department of Justice, has been trying to keep the price of sugar within bounds by prosecuting profiteers when discovered. This work has been under the special charge of his assistant, John F. Crosby, acting head of the Department's crusade to cut down the cost of living. On August 20 Mr. Crosby announced that sugar dealers had appealed to the Department officials to save them from breaking prices of the product. Experts declare that the sugar profiteers have brought these troubles on themselves. After the merciless profits they have extorted from the people it would be strangely inconsistent for the Department of Justice, which has boasted so loudly of its efforts to curb their greed, now to turn about and help them hold up the present exorbitant price of sugar. The people, who have suffered so much by the rise, will have little sympathy for them if in the fall of prices these hoarders, manipulators and speculators lose part or all of their profits, or even more, and would hardly tolerate any interference by the Government to prevent the natural action of the law of supply and demand from operating to reduce the price of food.

An official of a leading sugar firm in Boston says that the retail price of sugar will drop radically within a short time—quite likely to fifteen and possibly to ten cents a pound, the latter only in case of a stampede by overloaded dealers to unload. The Cuban producers achieved such success in raising the price last year that they had under serious consideration a plan to raise sugar prices again the coming season, as they thought the United States was dependent on them and at their mercy for its sugar supply until the sugar was poured into our market in such quantities from other countries the past summer. But this competition has caused the Cubans to drop instead of raising their price.

"Ponzied" Finance

IN mid-summer Charles Ponzi, with headquarters in Boston, blazed into sudden notoriety as the author and promoter of a get-rich-quick scheme that by its gigantic proportions, bold aggressiveness, extravagant claims and mysterious workings dazzled the public and amazed and puzzled the financiers of the world and worried, not only our State and Federal authorities, but also the principal European governments. This publicity precipitated a joint investigation of his scheme and business methods by the Attorney General of Massachusetts and the Post-Office Department with the result that about the middle of August his sky-rocket financial career was brought to an abrupt and disastrous close by his arrest and commitment to jail on criminal proceedings under both State and Federal laws; under the former charging him with obtaining money by false pretenses and under the latter alleging that he used the mails for fraudulent purposes. Immediately following this he was adjudged bankrupt and the court ordered his property and funds to be taken over by receivers to be administered for the benefit of his creditors. The work of searching for his assets in bankruptcy is progressing under authority of the U. S. District Court while Attorney General Allen, of Massachusetts, is gathering information as to his indebtedness. Data thus far obtained are reported to indicate liabilities of between five and six million dollars and comparatively small assets.

Ponzi is an Italian. He claims to be highly educated and of good family. In a published interview he is reported to have said that in his youth, though not wealthy, he was possessed of ample means but developed spendthrift habits in college which soon reduced him to the necessity of going to work for a living, and not wishing thus to humiliate himself in the eyes of his friends and acquaintances he emigrated to America, landing in Boston with only two dollars and a half in his pocket. He worked in various cities from Boston to Florida and at different occupations, mostly, it seems, as a restaurant or hotel waiter. Even up to eight months prior to his recent arrest he was clerking for moderate wages and had not become a capitalist. At about that time he conceived and began to put in execution his unique get-rich-quick proposition which in less than half a year brought into his possession and control millions of other people's dollars and made him for a few weeks the most conspicuous and most talked of man in the World.

Omitting details, the scheme which, according to his pretensions, was bringing him such quick riches and warranted his promise of such alluring returns to those who invested their money with him, may be summarized as a peculiar method, which he claimed to have discovered, of dealing in foreign exchange and foreign return postage coupons so as to realize tremendous profits by taking advantage of the depreciated values of the currencies of certain European countries. The inducement that he held out to the public was the promise of fifty per cent. profit for the use of a depositor's money for ninety days. From the start his proposition was favorably received by the Italian residents of Boston and money began to flow to him in an ever increasing stream. To each depositor he gave his note promising to pay in ninety days an amount fifty per cent. in excess of the sum deposited. However, he did not wait for his first notes to mature but in forty-five days called them and paid in full, including the fifty per cent. profit.

No more captivating proof of the success of his venture could have been devised and the fame of it spread like wild fire. His office became thronged by a crush of depositors eager to invest, and the money which they left with him soon mounted up into the millions. To accommodate his rapidly growing business he opened another Boston office and established branch offices in other New England cities. With millions of other people's money at his command he was soon reputed to be a multi-millionaire, and he adopted a luxurious style of living that measured up with his supposed wealth.

Such was the situation as to the public, and such the outward appearance of his affairs when the investigation by the State and Federal authorities cast suspicion on his business methods and called in question the legitimacy of his scheme. The first effect was to cause timid holders of his notes to crowd his offices and demand the immediate return of their money. Day after day during the early stages of the investigation Ponzi and his clerks met the demands of all customers that desired the return of their money before their notes were due by paying to each the amount of his or her deposit, but, of course, without the fifty per cent. bonus which was not due because the specified time of payment had not then arrived. Ponzi also gave repeated assurance that he had ample funds to meet all his obligations and leave him a substantial surplus over and above his liabilities. The confidence of his clients was soon restored, the run practically stopped and many new customers presented themselves for the purpose of investing their money with him. The State authorities refused to allow Ponzi to accept any more deposits pending the investigation. His arrest and the closing of his business soon followed, as previously described.

Another unfortunate consequence of this financial debacle is the closing of a Boston bank by order of the Massachusetts Bank Commissioner on the ground that it is involved in Ponzi's affairs to an extent that has impaired its capital. Last spring Ponzi bought a large interest in the capital stock of this bank and became one of the directors.

Ponzi still asserts that if allowed two months in which to straighten out his business he will be able to pay all his debts in full. But his statement carried no weight with the officials who are sifting his affairs because he fails to show them the resources or explain the means by which such a result could reasonably be expected to be worked out.

No one knows just what Ponzi's scheme was or whether he had any definite plan of investment or speculation. Financial experts say that there is nothing in the foreign exchange and reply coupon postage proposition which he represented to his clients as the basis of his great wealth-producing plan, and thus far no evidence has been discovered to indicate that he operated to any considerable extent on those lines. Since his troubles began he has not divulged any rational plan of investment or speculation that in the judgment of the State and Federal authorities would honestly warrant the representations and promises that he made to those who entrusted their money to him on faith. In fact they base the criminal prosecutions which they have instituted against him on the charge that he obtained money from his clients by fraudulent means.

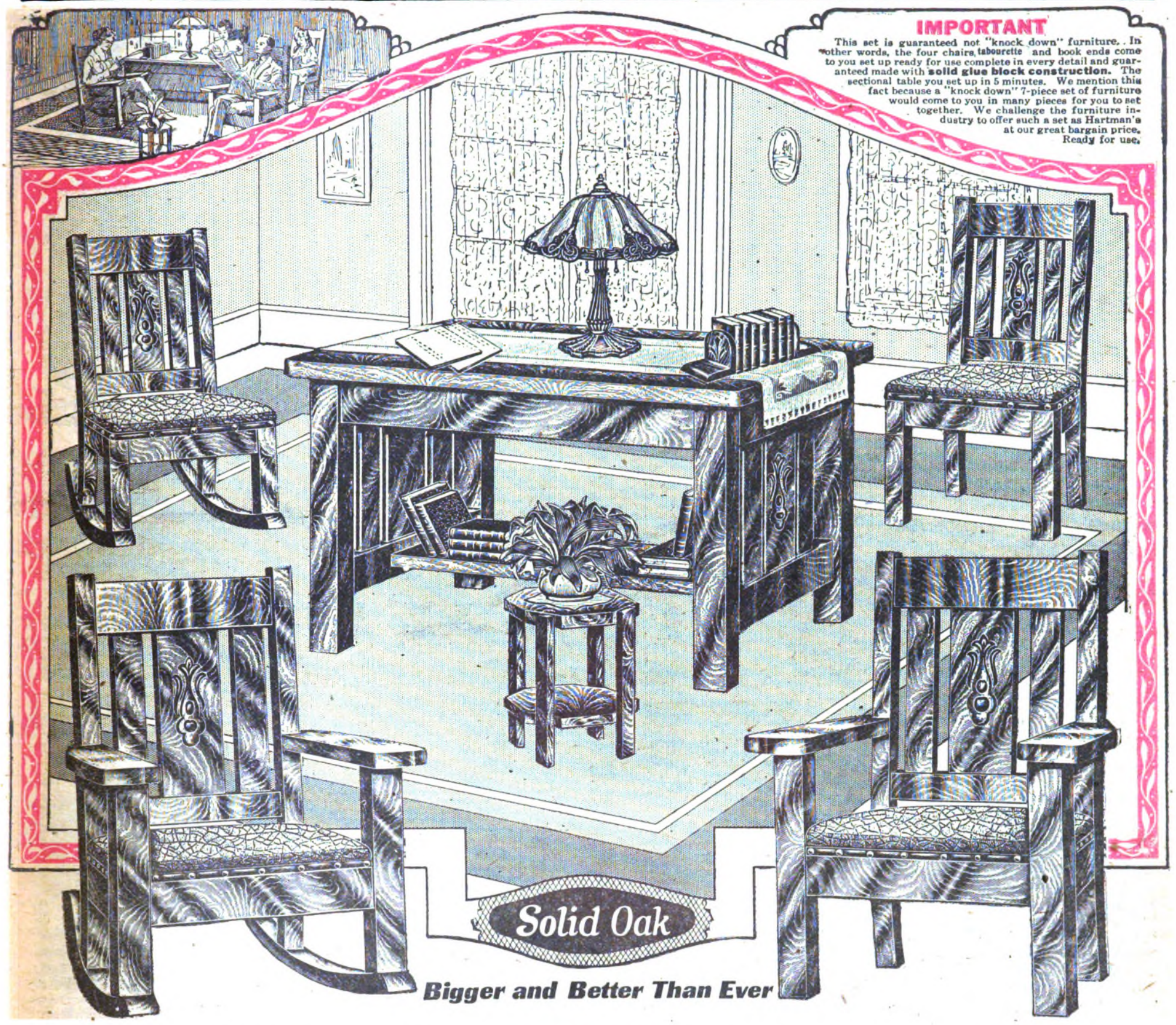
The enormous profits that he claimed to be making and the high rate of interest (50% for

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)

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Audrey's Recompense

by Mrs. Georgie Sheldon



"Who are you? What is your name?"



"Blue Blood!" She muttered, almost fiercely.



The letter was brief, but fairly worded.



"Wait" he said, until Audrey is eighteen.

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CHAPTER I.

WHAT AUDREY FOUND.

THE twilight of a midsummer day was setting over a quiet, beautiful town not far from the metropolis of New York.

A little away from the town there was an elegant residence—the pride of the whole country around—and this, with its finely kept grounds, which had something of the air of an English park, seemed almost like a paradise.

A rich, deep-toned bell upon a distant church-tower tolled eight musical notes, and as the last stroke echoed on the evening air, a slender, graceful figure, clad in somber black, arose from a rustic seat near a marble fountain, not far from the mansion and walked lightly across the green-sward to the smoothly graveled walk which led to the house.

The walk was bordered with magnificent trees and their heavy foliage, meeting above it seemed to enwrap Audrey Waldemar in sudden gloom as she came into it.

All at once she stopped and raised her head—a regal head it was, too—and the pose of her whole figure at that moment proclaimed the lady of noble breeding and high culture.

And such, in truth, was the only daughter of the late Hon. Dudley Waldemar, a wealthy gentleman, a retired politician, and a man of the noblest stamp.

"What was that noise? What did I hear?" she murmured, and the tone was clear and musical.

She stood listening for a moment, and a low, sobbing sound came distinctly to her ears. It seemed to proceed from behind a huge tree near by, and Miss Waldemar walked directly to the spot to investigate the matter.

She found there, at the foot of the tree, a little figure, lying prone upon the ground, and bitterly weeping.

Audrey Waldemar stooped and gently laid her hand upon the child's head.

With a frightened cry, he instantly sprang to his feet and stood trembling before her.

He was a little boy, perhaps five years of age.

"What is it, little one? What makes you cry so?" she asked.

"She slapped me—she called me a beggar, and told me to clear out!"

"Who slapped you? Who called you a beggar?"

"The woman with the big apron and cap," and he pointed toward Miss Waldemar's residence as he spoke.

"Why did she strike you?" she questioned, gravely.

"'Cause—I asked her—would she give me a bite."

"Are you hungry, little boy?"

"Oh, yes—so hungry!" he answered, plaintively.

"Come with me," Miss Waldemar commanded, in a low voice.

He instantly ceased his crying and went with her.

Miss Waldemar did not speak again until she had reached the broad granite steps leading up to the house.

Then she stopped beneath the great lantern which hung over them and which had just been lighted, and turning the child to the light, she asked:

"Who are you? What is your name?"

The boy lifted his head at the question, revealing a pale, pinched face, a pair of great lustrous black eyes.

"Rich," he said, in reply to her query, but regarding her with a wondering, delighted gaze, for the lamp disclosed to him a fair, beautiful face, a pair of sad yet tender blue eyes that looked at him from beneath a crown of sunny hair, which gleamed like gold between the meshes of the black lace scarf which she had thrown over her head.

"Rich?" she repeated. "That does not agree very well with the name which you say the cook called you a little while ago"—a smile flitted across her sad face at the thought—"Rich what?" she added, inquiringly.

"I don't know—that is all," he answered, briefly.

"Where do you live?"

"With Madge. Over there by the mill," he returned, with a motion of his hand to indicate some spot quite distant from the mansion.

Miss Waldemar sighed. It was evident that she could not obtain much information from him.

"Well, never mind, we must not forget that you are hungry," she said, and, turning, led him into the house.

A cry of wonder and delight burst from him as he entered the lofty, beautiful hall, with its inlaid floor, and rich rugs scattered here and there; its great chandelier all ablaze with light, and the rare pictures and carvings which met his view.

Evidently it was like an enchanted palace to this poor little waif, and a flush of interest lighted Audrey Waldemar's face as she marked his pleasure and appreciation of the beautiful things around him.

She led him up the richly carpeted stairs to the second floor, where she encountered a servant, who uttered an exclamation of amazement as she saw her mistress so strangely accompanied.

"It is only a little boy who is hungry, Martha," Miss Waldemar explained, adding: "Come and wash his face and hands for me, then I will take him down and give him something to eat."

The child did not demur, but submitted to the cleansing process as if he really enjoyed it, while he regarded his luxurious surroundings with mingled wonder and interest.

He searched the girl's face with grave curiosity, as if to find out whether she was kindly disposed toward him, and, somewhat reassured upon this point, he ventured to smooth her white apron, touching it almost affectionately, as if its spotlessness was a grateful sight to him; and when she had combed and arranged his tangled raven locks, and held him up to the mirror which was suspended above the bowl, and he saw there his own rosy face with its curling rings of hair lying thick upon his forehead, he involuntarily cried out:

"Oh! what a pretty boy!"

Miss Waldemar laughed aloud.

Her servant started and shot a glance of astonishment at her, for it was the first sound of the kind which she had known to escape Miss Waldemar's lips for long years.

"Yes, it truly is a pretty boy," she said. "But, Rich, did you never see yourself before?"

"Yes," he answered, with a sigh; "but Madge never made me look like that. Perhaps she didn't know how."

"Well, come now, and you shall have your supper," Audrey said; and turning, she left the bathroom, beckoning the maid to follow with the child.

Entering the dining-room, they came into the presence of a middle-aged woman, dressed in a genteel black silk, with a pretty lace cap on her head.

"Mrs. Allen," said Miss Waldemar, with a backward glance at her little *protege*, "I have invited a guest to take tea with us. I trust the little fellow will not be disagreeable to you. I found him in the avenue crying with hunger."

Mrs. Allen, Miss Waldemar's companion and chaperon, bestowed a glance of pity upon the child, then she said, gently:

"You have strange freaks, Audrey, my dear; but I am glad to see you interested in anything. But how happened he to be out in the grounds alone at this hour?"

"I will tell you about it some other time," Miss Waldemar responded, passing to her seat at the table, while she directed the servant to arrange a hassock upon a chair and lift the boy upon it.

Audrey kindly attended to his wants at once, for the hungry look in his great eyes went to her heart.

He was a remarkably interesting child, in spite of his coarse clothing and neglected appearance, and Miss Waldemar found herself watching him with increasing curiosity.

Suddenly Rich paused in the act of conveying a delicate morsel of chicken to his eager lips, and, looking up into the sweet face beside him, he said, earnestly:

"I wish Madge had come, too."

"You shall carry some to Madge when you go home, if you like," Audrey said, kindly. Then she asked: "Is Madge your mother?"

A puzzled look swept over the boy's face, then he slowly shook his head.

"No," he said; "she is nobody but Madge."

"Are you fond of her? Do you love her?"

"No," he replied, "I couldn't love Madge. She's ugly, and she shakes and whips me."

"Then why did you wish Madge could have some of this nice supper?"

"'Cause Madge gets hungry.

"Well, Rich, you shall never be hungry again while you live near me, and Madge shall not suffer, either."

The child's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

Rich grew very grave after this, and ate his custard in a very thoughtful mood. Suddenly he glanced up and around the room, his eyes lingering with a wistful gaze upon the beautiful things which surrounded him.

"I wish I could live here always," he said, at last.

What was it that made Audrey Waldemar's heart give a sudden bound within her, and an unwonted color leap into her cheeks?

Mrs. Allen, who had been quietly observing her all through the meal, smiled to herself as she saw it. She read her thought as plainly as if it had been printed in large type.

When supper was over, Audrey took her little guest into the drawing-room to let him feast his eyes upon the beautiful things there, and then sent for her coachman and told him she wished him to take the child home.

"It is too dark," she said, "for such a wee mite to be out alone, and," she added, in an undertone, "just take a look, Robert, at the woman with whom he lives, and see what you think of her."

"Oh, I know who she is, Miss Audrey," the man returned, "and it's a shame a fine little fellow should have to be brought up in such a way. The woman he belongs to is rather a respectable-looking person, but she has an ugly eye, and, I'm told, treats the child shamefully at times. They're evidently very poor, and she sends him out begging when they can't get enough to eat other ways; she takes in work from the mill when she can get it."

"Well, you can go home with him now, and tell the woman that I kept him to tea. Here comes Martha with a basket of good things as a sort of peace offering, so that she will not blame the child," Audrey said, as the girl appeared with the provisions which she had ordered to be put up for the woman.

"Rich," she said, "I shall have to send you home now, for Madge will be anxious about you."

"Oh! it is so nice here!" he said.

"Would you like to come again to see me?" she asked.

"*May* I come again?" he cried.

"Indeed you may."

"O-h!" and his little chest heaved with a half laugh, half sob, at the prospect.

Audrey was touched.

"Come now, dear," she said. "Robert is waiting for you; you have been a very nice boy; and to-morrow I shall go and see Madge, and ask her to allow you to come again."

The child bounded toward her, and, looking up into her face, he said in a low, earnest tone:

"Good, kind lady, I love you dearly."

Then he turned from her, walked quietly to Robert, and slipping his hand confidingly into his, he signified his readiness to go home.

CHAPTER II.

THE DAWN OF A BETTER LIFE.

True to her promise, Miss Waldemar went the next day to see her little *protege*, and to ascertain, if possible, something regarding his history.

Margaret Fox, for such was the woman's name, lived in a tiny house of only three rooms—two below and one above. The floors were bare, though clean. The windows were curtainless, but every pane of glass was polished until it shone like crystal. There were only two chairs, a small stove, and a table in the room into which Audrey was shown.

The woman, herself, was perhaps thirty years of age, of good figure, and possessing a not unattractive face, if it had not been marred by an ugly frown. She had dark eyes and hair, and regular though somewhat coarse features, while her manner was repulsive in the extreme.

There was not the slightest resemblance between her and Rich, who was delicately formed, and possessed a peculiar beauty. He was not visible when Miss Waldemar paid her visit, a circumstance which was very satisfactory to her, as she had come with the intention of asking Madge some very pertinent questions, which she preferred not to put in his presence.

"I am Miss Waldemar," she said, by way of introduction, "and I have come to apologize for keeping the little boy so late last evening. I hope you did not blame him."

"No; he's welcome to stay wherever he's treated well and can get enough to eat," answered the woman, curtly.

"I became greatly interested in the little fellow," Audrey pursued. "He appears to be very bright and intelligent for one of his years."

"Yes, he's bright enough," responded her companion.

"Have you ever sent him to school?"

"No."

"Perhaps you think he is too young; but I should say it was about time for him to begin his education."

The woman gave a short, harsh laugh at this.

"Education?" she repeated, scornfully. "Precious little education *he* will ever get, I'm thinking."

"But surely you would like him to go to school and learn like other children?" Audrey asked, gently.

"I've never thought much about it," was the indifferent reply.

"Is the child a relative of yours? He told me you were not his mother."

"No, he's neither kith nor kin of mine. He's a young one who fell to my care, and because I didn't dare do anything else, I've fed and housed him," Margaret Fox replied, unfeelingly.

"And have you no affection for the child?" Audrey asked, flushing with feeling. "He is a dear little fellow, and it is a pity that he should not be surrounded by love and kindness."

"My experience has taught me that precious little of either of these elements exist in this world," the woman retorted, bitterly.

"I am afraid you must have led a very hard life to make you feel like that," Audrey returned, "Would you be willing to let me do something for Rich?"

"What do you want to do for him?" was the curt query.

"I should like to send him to a nice little private school. I will clothe him properly and provide him with books. I will also, if you like, procure some employment for you, and thus help you to make your life more comfortable and agreeable."

A queer change passed over the face of Margaret Fox as Audrey said this. She grew suddenly crimson, her dark eyes blazed savagely for a moment, and her lips twitched nervously. Then she became cold and calm again, and, after a moment of awkward silence, responded:

"I want nobody's help; Madge Fox is able to take care of herself. As for the boy, I'll think about your offer and let you know."

"Thank you," Audrey said, courteously. It will give me employment and an object in life, if you allow me to provide for Rich's education. By the way, what is the rest of his name?"

"Richmond Fox," was the laconic response.

Audrey regarded her inquiringly.

"But you told me he was not a relative of yours," she said. "Won't you tell me something of the little fellow's history?"

"No; I will tell you nothing. If I accept your offer, you will have to be content to bestow your charity upon him as simple Richmond Fox. If your aim is merely to do good and to surround an unfortunate child with the influence of your 'love' and 'kindness,' it need not matter to you what his name is, nor what his antecedents are."

"Well," Audrey said, with a sigh, "I cannot of course compel you to tell me anything about him; but indeed I have become strangely interested in the boy, and I really desire to befriend him; and," she added, with great kindness, "if you need anything for yourself at any time, I hope you will make it known to me. Good morning."

"Good day," curtly replied Margaret Fox, as she followed her visitor to the door of her poverty-stricken cottage, and watched her drive away.

"Blue blood!" she muttered, almost fiercely, as she turned and went back into the house.

She threw herself into a chair, where she remained sitting in deep thought for a long time.

"I wonder if I dare do it?" she said, at last; and her face was very pale, a wild look in her eyes. "Why not? She is rich; she would never feel it, and—it will end that business forever!"

* * * * * *

The next morning Audrey Waldemar was sitting upon a side veranda of the house, when, all at once, a slight sound attracted her attention and turning toward it, she found little Richmond Fox standing beside her.

"Why, Rich! how did you manage to get here so quietly?" she asked, holding out her hand to him.

"Madge sent me."

"Madge sent you, did she?" Audrey repeated, "Does Madge wish anything particularly?" she added, after a moment.

"She told me to give you this," and he produced a letter and laid it upon Audrey's lap.

The letter was brief, but fairly worded and fairly written.

"MISS WALDEMAR," it began, "I send you the boy this morning—you may have him and welcome. He is nothing but a burden to me, and when you read this, I shall have left the place and the child in your hands, to do with as you may see fit. This much I will tell you of his history. He is of honorable parentage, and of good blood—that he shows in his make-up. His name is not 'Fox'; the 'Richmond' belongs to him, and you can call him whatever else you like. This is all that I shall tell you, and you can make the most of it. Perhaps your heart is so large, and so full of the 'milk of human kindness,' that you may be prompted to adopt him, and surround him with that 'love and care' of which you discoursed so sweetly yesterday, but of which, as a general principle, I know nothing, and have no faith in.

MARGARET FOX."

"What a queer letter! What a strange creature!" murmured Audrey.

"Rich!" she said, softly, and the child's black eyes were fixed upon her lovely face with an almost adoring expression. "Come here, Rich," she added.

He instantly arose and went to her side.

"Rich, how would you like it if Madge should give you to me?" Audrey asked, reading his face earnestly.

"To be *your* little boy *always?*" he cried, eagerly.

"Yes, for always."

"*Would* she?—would she do it? he asked, breathlessly.

"Yes; she says in this letter that I may have you."

"And you will never, *never* let her have me back again?—I may stay with you all the time?—*live here?*—see *you* every day?"

"Yes, dear, you are to be my little boy," Audrey answered. "I will never give you back to Madge, and you are to stay with me always, if you are good, until you grow to be a man and wish to go away from me. Madge has gone away," she continued, "she will never come back to the cottage any more. She says your name is not Richmond Fox, but something else, which she will not tell me. So I am going to name you Richmond Waldemar, and you are to call me auntie, or Aunt Audrey, whichever you please. How will such an arrangement suit you?" and Miss Waldemar held out her hand invitingly to her small *protege*.

The child seized her delicate hand in both of his plump brown ones, and threw himself upon his knees beside her, burying his curly head among the folds of her dress, while the hot tears rained over his face.

Audrey drew him gently to her, an increasing tenderness for him filling her heart—a sort of mother-love, as it were, thrilling her.

CHAPTER III.

A GLANCE BACKWARD.

In order to make our story complete, we must turn our glance backward and scan the history of a few years previous to its opening.

Audrey Waldemar was the youngest of five children. Four noble boys had been given to the Hon. Dudley Waldemar, but one after another had drooped and died in early life, thus blighting the hopes of the fond parents.

Their home had been desolate indeed until there had come to them a fair, blue-eyed little daughter.

Audrey was an exquisite little piece of humanity from her earliest infancy. She was like a flower in beauty and in fragrance, too—the fragrance of a sweet and lovely spirit—while in intelligence and precocious wisdom she was a marvel.

Every luxury and advantage which a full purse and a lavish hand could supply was showered upon her from the beginning.

At seventeen, having completed a thorough course of study, and her health suffering somewhat in consequence of persistent application, Mr. Waldemar's family physician prescribed change of scene and a year of travel.

To the fond parents, everything was of minor importance compared to the welfare of their beloved child, for their hearts were trembling with fear lest she, too, after all these years of watchful love, should slip from their grasp and vanish from their sight.

Mr. Waldemar committed his fine estate to the care of a faithful steward, closed his elegant residence, excepting that portion of it devoted to the couple of servants who were to keep it in order, and then, with his wife and daughter, repaired to New York, whence, after two or three weeks spent in sightseeing, they were to depart for the Pacific coast.

Mr. Waldemar had many friends in the great metropolis. The earlier years of his life had been spent there, and he had been a great favorite in fashionable society; therefore, as soon as it became known that he was stopping for a season in the city, he was besieged with invitations and attentions from various quarters, and for a month they were kept whirling in the very vortex, as it were, of fashionable life.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 17.)



This Department is conducted solely for the use of COMFORT sisters, whereby they may give expression to their ideas relative to the home and home surroundings, and to all matters pertaining to themselves and families; as well as opening a way for personal correspondence between each other.

Our object is to extend a helping hand to COMFORT subscribers; to become coworkers with all who seek friendship, encouragement, sympathy or assistance through the interchange of ideas.

Any abuse of this privilege, such as inviting correspondence for the purpose of offering an article for sale, or undertaking to charge a sum of money for ideas, recipes or information mentioned in any letter appearing in this department, if reported, will result in the offender being denied the use of these columns.

Do not ask us to publish letters requesting money contributions or donations of any sort. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate, it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.

Please write only on one side of the paper, and recipes on a separate sheet.

Always give your correct and full name and address, very plainly written; otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

Address MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, CARE COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

QUITE appropriate to the month is the photograph below of Marshall Fairbanks McIntire though it seems that his name should be Peter, Peter." Now that we know what a comfortable place a pumpkin can be we can think more kindly of the original Peter we knew in childhood days who put his wife in a pumpkin shell.

So many photographs have been received, over two hundred so far, that some of them will have to be returned but as many as there is space for will be used.—Ed.

WEST LIBERTY, OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Here I come to pay you another visit and bringing with me a picture of our other little boy. His name is Marshall Fairbanks McIntire and he is four months old and a brother to the boy whose picture appeared in the July 1919 COMFORT. The pumpkin he is sitting in weighed fifty-nine pounds. We raised a lot of nice pumpkins last year. My husband brought six from the field that weighed from forty-seven and one half pounds



MARSHALL F. MCINTIRE.

to sixty and one half pounds. They are fine pumpkins.

I wonder if any of the sisters know a song entitled "The Black Sheep." I would like so much to have a copy of it.

Your COMFORT sister,
MRS. GEORGE B. MCINTIRE.

IOWA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I come in answer to Mrs. W's call for letters telling how to make our homes more attractive. I moved into a new home last spring and, as usual, nothing "fit." My dining-room was a dark, dreary room with a very rough floor that had been smoothed at the sides and painted as a border for a rug. But I had no rug and no cash with which to buy one and to make matters worse my furniture was scratched and marred and some of the chairs, which had veneered seats, had holes through them. So I set my wits to work. First I removed the veneer from the chair seats and sandpapered the foundation until smooth. Gave all the furniture a coat of stained varnish. Then I took a number of burlap sacks which I washed and dyed a dark blue. These I cut perfectly straight and sewed part of them together for a rug. I padded the floor heavily with paper and then tacked my rug down. I tacked light boards on the chair seats and padded them with excelsior and scraps of cotton batting and covered this with the burlap. I also made a scarf from the burlap for the china cupboard, ravelling a two-inch fringe at the ends. My white curtains were good but too short so I made them into sash curtains. When this was done and the table covered with a clean white table cloth (made from four 100 pounds sugar sacks) and with a bowl of roses in the center, no one would ask for a prettier room in which to eat his pork and beans. And all this for the sum of $1.35.

I am now planning to use more burlap sacks, dyed dark green, to cover my living-room chairs and couch. I am making a hammock of sacks, dyed, using barrel staves padded with cotton and excelsior in the ends.

Can any of the sisters tell me how to make the so-called "monkey" which hotel cooks use in making brown gravy? The only ingredient of which I am certain is burnt sugar. If I am asked to call again I will tell you of some of the inexpensive gifts which I make for Christmas and birthdays. I almost forgot another request I wished to make. Can any of the sisters tell me if it is possible to make tuti-fruti without the use of brandy?

Love to all. HOME MAKER.

Home Maker.—Yours is a most interesting letter and I can almost picture you in your delightful little home. How proud you must be of it and your husband must be even more proud of his clever wife. Yes indeed, do tell us about the Christmas gifts you make. Judging from the originality you have already shown they will be worth while. The recipe for coloring soups is given in regular recipe column.—Ed.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

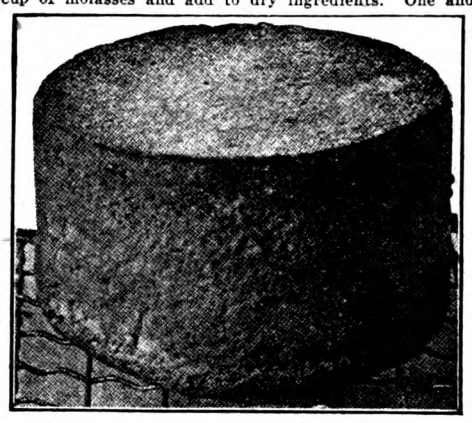
As I am confined to my bed for a while I have read and read all the latest COMFORTS and thought I'd write and tell you that I think our paper was rightly named. I got much good out of each paper. The short stories are particularly fine and I can't tell you how much I enjoy the Sisters' Corner, also the Talks With Girls. I often tell my daughter that a girl could not go wrong by taking the advice given in that column. I have two children, a boy of eleven and a daughter of

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

Comfort Sisters' Recipes

HOME MAKER, from Iowa, tells us how she made her dining-room a thing of beauty and a joy forever, as well as a delightful place in which to eat her daily bread—and "pork and beans," and below is given a recipe for brown bread, real New England brown bread. Not only is a recipe given but an illustration as well, showing exactly how it should look as to shape and size, but the color and frangrance cannot be shown. That you will have to find out for yourselves.—Ed.

BOSTON BROWN BREAD.—Sift together one cup of rye meal, one cup of corn meal, one cup of Graham flour, one teaspoon of salt, and two and one half teaspoons of soda. Stir into two cups of sour milk three-fourths cup of molasses and add to dry ingredients. One and



BOSTON BROWN BREAD.

three fourths cup of sweet milk may be used, but the sour is better. Beat thoroughly to make the bread fine grained. Put mixture into tightly covered mould or pail and steam four hours. Remove cover and bake half an hour in hot oven.

SOUP STOCK.—A piece of lean beef cut small, the bones broken; add any scraps of cooked or uncooked meat. Allow a quart of cold water to a pound of meat. Set in a cool place an hour, or until the juices of the meat color the water. Heat slowly; when it boils gently, keep it where it will just simmer, five or six hours; stir often and skim carefully. Strain the liquid and set it in a cool place. Next day take the cake of fat from the top, strain it again. Stock prepared in this way may be used for any kind of soup, gravies or hash.

CARAMEL FOR SOUP OR GRAVIES.—Heat one cup of granulated sugar in an iron pan, stir it until a dark brown; add slowly one cup of cold water; let it boil until a little thick. When cool it should be as thick as molasses. Put it in a wide-mouthed bottle. It will keep a long time. A teaspoonful will give a rich color to soup.

BROWN SOUP.—Two quarts of stock, two small turnips, two carrots; season with salt, pepper, Cayenne, and a blade of mace. Boil gently half an hour, then skim out the vegetables; keep them hot to serve with the soup. Add dumplings and cook twelve minutes. Add one teaspoon of caramel just before serving, to give it a rich color.

HALIBUT AU GRATIN.—One pound boiled halibut, one pint white sauce; with one half teaspoon onion juice stirred into it. Pull fish apart lightly with a fork, and season with salt and pepper. Put a tablespoon of sauce into each scallop shell, then a layer of fish, and another of sauce; sprinkle bread crumbs on top and pour over one teaspoon of melted butter. Bake a light brown. This quantity is sufficient for six shells.

WHITE SAUCE.—One tablespoon butter, one tablespoon flour, one half teaspoon salt, one cup milk, one quarter teaspoon pepper. Put the butter in a saucepan, when boiling stir in flour, salt and pepper; then add slowly the milk which should be just scalded; lastly the onion juice.

FISH BALLS.—Take dry cod fish, put to soak in cold water; when it is well soaked bring to a scald, but not boil it. Have good mealy potatoes cooked. Take two thirds potatoes and one third fish chopped fine. Then add a small piece of butter, a little pepper and salt if it is required; two eggs and enough cream or milk to mould easily. Roll the cakes in flour, and fry in boiling pork fat.

WHITE FRICASSEE OF CHICKEN.—Free a cooked fowl of skin, bones and fat, and cut it into small pieces. Season with salt and pepper. Put three tablespoons of butter into the frying pan, and when it becomes hot, add two tablespoons of flour. Stir until smooth and frothy, then gradually add a pint of the water in which the fowl was boiled, and season with salt and pepper. When the gravy boils up, add the cut meat and simmer for ten minutes; then add half a cup of cream or milk, and allow the fricassee to boil up once. Serve on a hot dish, with a garnish of toast.

CHICKEN PIE.—Two chickens boiled tender in just enough water to cover them; when done, line a deep dish with rich pastry, then lay the chickens in, alternating the white and dark meat. When full, slice three hard-boiled eggs and lay over the top, and quite a quantity of butter cut fine, then turn over all the juice of the chickens and some rich stock thickened, and flavor to suit the taste. Cover with rich pastry and bake two hours.

BAKED EGGS.—Rub small cups with butter, and break one egg in each cup. Then pour on one tablespoon of milk, and season with salt, pepper and a small bit of butter. Set cups in hot water and bake in oven until done to suit. Serve in the cups.

RELISH.—Boil eggs very hard; cut lengthwise, then take yolks (without breaking the whites) and pass them through a sieve with as much grated ham and butter, a little pepper, and mustard, if one wishes, mix well together, and refill the eggs, then put them in the oven until browned. Serve hot on toast.

APPLES WITH MARSHMALLOW.—Wash and wipe four large apples. Remove the core and press into cavity two marshmallows cut into pieces that will pack closely. Place apples in a deep agate pan and pour over them a sauce made by boiling together one half cup



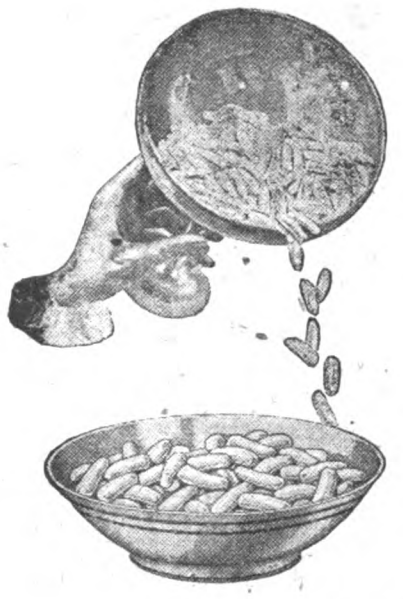
APPLES WITH MARSHMALLOW.

of sugar, one quarter of a cup of corn syrup, one third of a teaspoon of vanilla, and one third cup of chopped raisins. Bake in a moderately hot oven until soft all the way through. Remove from oven, top each apple with one whole marshmallow and return to oven until marshmallows are lightly browned.

CORN CAKE (THIN).—One cup of yellow corn meal, one quarter cup of sugar, one half teaspoon of salt, one cup of flour, two teaspoons of baking powder, one egg, one cup of sweet milk, one tablespoon of melted butter.

JOHNNY CAKE.—One cup of granulated corn meal, two cups of flour, two thirds of a cup of brown sugar, one egg, two teaspoons of cream tartar, one teaspoon of soda, four tablespoons of melted shortening, a little salt and cold water to make a thin batter.

SOUR MILK BISCUIT.—Take one quart sifted flour, sift one and one half teaspoons soda, one and one half teaspoons cream tartar and salt through the flour. Butter or lard the size of an egg. Stir in enough sour milk to knead; bake in a hot oven.



The Finest Dish

Breakfast ever brings

Grains puffed to bubbles, eight times normal size. Made into food confections which, with cream and sugar, seem like fairy foods. Never were cereals made half so delightful.

Queen of All Grain Foods

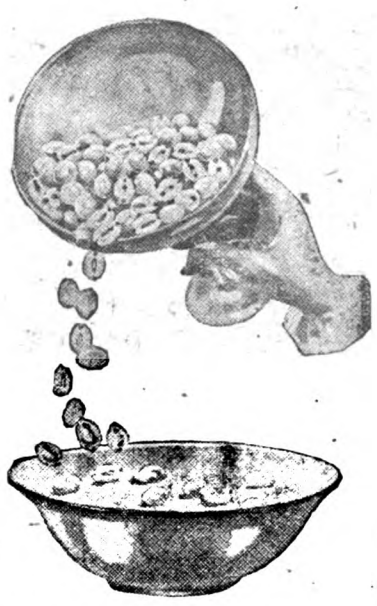
The three Puffed Grains form the greatest foods one can imagine. The texture is dainty—bubble-like, crumbling at a touch. The flavor is nut-like. Blending with cream there is nothing so delicious.

The three grains supply variety. The ways of serving are endless. And, unlike most good things, their use need never be restricted.

The Perfect Dish

At supper or bedtime

Puffed Wheat in milk—a practically complete food in its most enticing, most hygienic form. Whole wheat in native form, toasted, flavory, flaky—four times as porous as bread.



Supreme in Nutrition

Puffed Grains are also the scientific grain foods. They are made by Prof. Anderson's process. Every food cell is blasted by steam explosion. Digestion is made easy and complete.

Here are all the whole-grain elements so treated that every granule feeds. Each delicious serving brings a child the utmost in a food.



Puffed Rice with fruit

A Delightful Blend

Mix Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs with your fruits, to add what flaky crust adds to a short-cake.



Like Salted Nuts

Crisp and lightly douse with butter for hungry children to eat like nut meats in the afternoons.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

All Bubble Grains—Flimsy, Flaky, Flavory

And now a new delight

PUFFED RICE PANCAKE FLOUR

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

Her Two Suitors

by Wenona Gilman



Purposely he permitted her to ride down the road ahead of him.



Dorothy sighed and touched them with her lips.



"I won't kill you, but I'll do worse."



"I think you have fallen into a soft snap."

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

The first scene of this story is laid in a prairie village where a circus is given. Para, an expert animal trainer, is selling patent medicines from his wagon, and assisted by Rudolph, a handsome boy thirteen years old. Beneath the wagon is Nemo, a coyote. A terrible cyclone comes suddenly, tents are torn from their fastenings, cages overturned and animals too frightened to escape. The storm ceases. Rudolph, calling Para, they go to the wagon where, beneath it, they find a golden-haired girl, three years old, soundly sleeping. She is the gift of the storm from a wrecked train, and Rudolph begs Para to keep her. Fifteen years later and the circus is still in existence. Nemo, an old wolf now and still loving Rudolph but devoted to Dorothy, who traveling with them, but never permitted to enter the ring, leads a care-free life, living for herself and the three dear to her, Para, Rudolph and the coyote. Rudolph appears in a new suit of spangles, and while Dorothy is complimenting him, Philip Hastings enters dressed in tinsel, and her approval of his suit repays him for the expense, and with a new light in his eyes he asks Dorothy to be his wife. Refusing him, he forces her face toward him and kisses her. Striking him, she causes the blood to flow and she knows she has made him her enemy for life. The performance begins and the audience wait for Para in the lion's cage. The animals are less manageable and he sends the horse around the ring and motions for the lioness; she makes one round and refuses the second. With a cut from Para's whip, the lioness springs, burying her claws in his neck. A blow from Rudolph and she is dead beside her victim. Rudolph and Dorothy leave the circus. Dorothy wants a little home where they can be happy together. It cannot be unless she becomes his wife, which to her would be like marrying a brother, and to shield Dorothy he leaves her.

CHAPTER IV.

A COMPANION FOR DOROTHY.

IT was something like three weeks later when Rudolph succeeded in finding a companion for Dorothy, and, incidentally, the house in the country for which she had so longed.

He found a quaint little woman, speaking English with a decidedly French accent, ladylike in appearance and deportment, and with a manner which attracted him strangely. She was rather older than he would have chosen, her hair being white as snow, but one can't pause for defects like that. And, after all, age lent greater respectability. She explained to him her desire for the position by saying:

"For nearly twenty years I was the companion of a lady who was more my friend than my employer. I don't think it ever occurred to either of us that she would die and leave me quite alone in the world at my time of life, with a living to get. We led a very quiet and retired life in a very beautiful place, known as the Peak Castle. She was wealthy, and I had been accustomed to share her competence with her, so that it never dawned upon either of us that there would come a time when I should be in the depths of poverty. But so it is. She neglected to make her will, and, in consequence, the property goes to the next of kin, a male heir, whom I have never seen, and whom she had not seen since his early boyhood. We had lived so exclusively in our books, and for each other, that we had few friends, neither of us caring for society, so there was no one to whom I could go. I should be very glad of the companionship of a young and lovely girl."

"She is very lovely," Rudolph said quietly, "and the life you describe is one she longs for. She has never known anything of society, either, and wishes now to settle in some quiet nook, where she can have the advantages of country life. I have been looking about for a place for her, though I have not found it yet. We are not wealthy, and cannot afford a very extravagant home. It is more a nest that I desire to secure for her than a residence."

"I know of such a lovely one—not expensive, but for sale at a real bargain, quite close to Peak Castle. It is a cottage, vine-clad and ideal, surrounded by the most exquisite little rose-garden—a miniature Garden of Eden. She would revel in it, I know."

"I will go and see it if you will give me the address."

"And I should be very glad to accompany you, if I can be of any service."

It was arranged that they should make a little pilgrimage together—Rudolph, Dorothy and Madam Delpre—the two latter having taken a decided liking to each other.

They found the cottage exactly as madam had represented it—a veritable Garden of Eden in miniature, with a price not above what Para had made it possible for them to pay, so that the purchase was recorded in Dorothy's name, and the furniture selected with a care that gave Dorothy occupation for several weeks.

And during that time Rudolph thought not of himself at all. As they sat together upon that last evening she slipped her hand in his and lifted her great, saddened eyes to his face.

"I feel, somehow, as if I were losing you as I lost Para, Rudolph," she said, her lips trembling. "You won't forget me, will you?"

"Forget you, Dorothy!" he repeated, his voice choked with emotion. "Good God, child! If you knew how much a part of me you are, you would not need to ask that! Don't speak like that, little one!"

He had said so much more than he meant to that he was startled at himself, and, rising suddenly, he went to the window and looked out.

Dorothy looked at him earnestly, seeing only his back. How handsome he was!

She went up to him and slipped her hand through his arm, looking up into the beautiful face, with its great, dark eyes, still singularly like they had been in boyhood.

"I shall miss you so, Rudolph," she said softly, pressing her curly head against his shoulder. "It will be our first separation. If—if I—couldn't bear it, and—and should telegraph for you to come—would you do it?"

He looked down at her quickly, half-incredulously. The swift color had rushed to his sun-tanned cheeks. It receded slowly.

"You will not miss me like that, Dorothy," he said, forcing himself to speak quietly.

"But if I should?" she persisted. "If I should?"

"If you should need me, or want me, I would come from the ends of the earth," he answered passionately. "You have only to send one little word, only one, Dorothy, and not death itself could keep me from you. But you will not miss me like that."

"I don't know, Rudolph," she stammered. "I was never so—so unhappy in my life as I am tonight, and it is all because you are going tomorrow. I almost wish tomorrow would never come for either of us. And you will want to see me, also, just a little, won't you?"

"I shall want to see you every moment of my life, and I shall see the face in my heart, little one. But you must not think of this parting as if it were forever. Remember, I shall come every month."

She sighed.

"A month may not be long to you, but it is thirty whole days to me—thirty long, endless days, and I never went an hour in my life without seeing you. You don't love me as I thought you did, Rudolph."

She turned away and left him, a sigh in her throat, and he let her go. Let her go because he dared not detain her, lest he speak the wild, passionate words that were trembling upon his lips, lest he beseech her to let him remain forever. But he knew that she would refuse, and he should accomplish nothing beyond destroying her beautiful confidence in him, her sweet and loving trust. He knew that he would only give her pain, and she had far better suffer this little sorrow.

He didn't believe that it would be so great as she anticipated, but he was very white as he offered his hand to Madam Delpre at parting.

"I am trusting you with more than my life!" he said to her chokingly. "Take care of my little treasure. Remember, she is all I have in the world!"

He looked back as he reached a turn in the road, and saw her lying upon the grass, with her face buried in Nemo's back, sobbing as if her heart would break, and he, unselfish as usual, would have comforted her if he could even for his absence.

Madam Delpre looked at her intently as she came into the pretty drawing-room half-an-hour later.

"You have cried until your pretty eyes are quite spoiled," she said gently. "Your Rudolph would never forgive me for that. How he loves you, *cherie*."

"Yes," answered Dorothy, her lip still quivering ominously. "We have only each other. I was his storm-gift, you know. Rudolph told you of it, didn't he?"

"Yes. It was very pretty and very romantic. He has left the circus now, hasn't he?"

"Yes. I couldn't bear it after Para's death."

"Left it forever?"

"Oh, yes."

"Then, *cherie*, if I were you, I would let that chapter in my life be closed and hermetically sealed."

"Why?" queried Dorothy wonderingly.

"Of course, you were brought up with a circus, and don't know much of any other life, but—you won't mind if I speak quite plainly? You won't let me offend you? Remember, I speak only through interest and love of my new ward."

"I shall not be offended. Go on."

"Then, dear, the world calls the circus—*low!* Of course, there are in it noble men and women, as we find them in every walk of life, but by the world they are shunned. You are very beautiful, child, and very ladylike. No one would ever dream that you were not to the manner born, as you may be; who knows? In the years to come it would ruin your chances in life if it were known that you had ever been connected, even remotely, with a circus, or with circus people. The new people you are liable to meet have very likely never heard of Para or Rudolph, and would never meet any of those who have known you in the past. It would be the greatest possible advantage to you if you could induce Rudolph never to speak of it either to you or to any one."

"Rudolph would never speak of it if I requested him not to!" exclaimed Dorothy, her cheeks flaming as the shame of it all touched her for the first time.

"Then do so by all means. Do you know that I have never even heard your last name?"

"And I don't know it," answered Dorothy, the crimson deepening. "Para used to call me by Rudolph's name sometimes—Dorothy Griswold. He is Rudolph Griswold, you know. Para did it because he said I belonged to Rudolph."

"Then it is quite settled that the circus is to be a thing of the past, buried in Para's grave?"

"And it isn't like forgetting Para?"

"Dear child, no! Why do you suppose Para saved his money and willed it to you? Why, foreseeing this hour. It is as he would wish it, and as Rudolph would wish it when he understands. You see, while my patroness and I lived a very quiet and secluded life, there were necessarily a few friends made, and I was her friend, her associate, so that, in spite of my poverty, there will be those who will remember. I was connected with Peak Castle, and that is the grandest estate for hundreds of miles about here. People will not forget that. They will want to see my new charge, and they will call. There is no reason why you should not make a sensation in the world if you so desire it, child."

"I?"

"Yes. I have already told you you are beautiful. You are refined, and you possess a manner that a duchess might not be ashamed to own. It isn't necessary that you should speak of your past—there is no real disgrace in it, you understand, only if the world knew you would not be more shunned if you were afflicted with a plague. What shall you do, *cherie?*"

"There is—no—reason why the—the world should know," she faltered.

CHAPTER V.

THE BIRTH OF AMBITION.

Peak Castle was, as Madam Delpre had said, the show place of the community. It was a magnificent estate, the castle having been built originally by one of the early settlers who landed on those shores from the celebrated *Mayflower*. Not that it was a castle then, by any means. The original building, however, had been added to and surrounded; first by a long, low, rambling structure, with a beautiful quadrangle in its center, then gradually elevated until its turrets were to be seen for miles around. It was situated on the highest peak of the mountainous range adjacent, and from that had derived its name.

The park surrounding it was famed far and near for its broad acres, its magnificent trees, and its wonderful deer and antelope, which were as tame as dogs, eating from one's hand with a confidence not often possessed by wild animals.

Madam Delpre had taken Dorothy to see the superb old place until Dorothy knew it almost as well as madam herself, who had spent the best years of her life beneath the historic roof, but on their last visit they were notified that the new heir was expected. Madam sighed. It seemed to her that that new heir had wronged her in some way, though she could scarcely have told how, as he certainly had the best right to a property which had belonged to his family for generations.

"He is married, I suppose?" she questioned of the old butler, whom she had known for more years than he remembered.

"I think not, madam," he answered. "He has written me that he was coming, and to have a room prepared for him—any room I might select—and he could make his own choice after his arrival. He certainly said nothing of a wife, and he would most likely have mentioned at least a suite if a lady were to accompany him."

Madam Delpre said nothing. She glanced critically at the girl beside her, seeing a tall, stately young creature, graceful as one of the undulating saplings in the park beyond, her exquisite red-brown hair tossed slightly by the breeze, her complexion rivaling any perfect rose in the garden, her darkly fringed eyes brilliant with the health and joy of youth.

An expression of extreme satisfaction crossed madam's face. She had never seen any one so lovely as Dorothy Griswold, and madam was a connoisseur of beauty, in spite of the quiet and almost uneventful life she had led.

"Peak Castle is a grand old estate," she said to Dorothy, as they drove homeward in Dorothy's pretty, picturesque pony-carriage. "If Kenneth Cameron is not married, there will be a sensation among the marriageable girls in this vicinity. I shall hope to have you meet him, my dear."

"Why?" questioned Dorothy.

"Because," she answered quietly, "it is well that young girls should be thrown in the best society possible. Kenneth Cameron comes of one of the finest families in America. I know that he can be nothing but a gentleman. He has lived the greater part of his life abroad, receiving his education at some of the famous colleges of the world. I shall be very glad to see what the young man is like."

Dorothy gave no intimation of any curiosity upon the subject.

"The park is beautiful!" she said gravely. "Charming as the house is, I prefer the park. How I should love to own those perfect deer."

Madam smiled.

"Do you think they would become friendly with your Nemo?"

"If not, I should dislike them!"

And, apparently, she would dislike anything that came in contact with her pet, for her devotion to him was perfect.

In the evening she would sit upon the broad piazza, in a low chair, with Nemo at her feet, playing upon her guitar, her sweet voice making the very wild birds envious, while Madam Delpre sat beside her, thinking how charmingly life had changed for her, and how much more youth a young companion put into one's veins than an old one, no matter what the old associations had been.

And they were sitting like that one evening, enjoying the exquisite moon and the music, when a young man paused in the shadow of a tree.

He waited until the song was finished, until she had thrown her guitar aside and buried her lovely face in the long, shaggy hair of the wolf's back, and then he came forward.

Nemo received him with a low growl, but Dorothy lifted her face, and slapped him lightly, gently, where she had kissed him before.

"Silence, you inhospitable fellow!" she exclaimed. "You never growl unless there is a stranger on the premises. Now, where is he?"

"Here!" answered the young man, coming more fully from the shadow. "Will you pardon the intrusion, ladies? This is Madam Delpre, I am sure. I have taken this informal hour because it is the very first I have had, and because I felt that I should be more likely to find you alone, and I wanted so to apologize for all I have cost you. I am Kenneth Cameron, dear madam." She arose and held out her hand, smiling graciously, and looking at him with quick, critical eyes.

He was tall and fine of mould, almost as tall as Rudolph, and almost as well proportioned.

His face was classic in cut, the line of his mouth being exceptionally fine and unshaded by any hirsute appendage whatever.

His hair was blond, almost golden, and his eyes blue as those of a boy.

It was a frank, open, handsome face, and one that a person instinctively trusted.

"How kind of you to call upon me so soon!" Madam Delpre exclaimed. "I assure you I did not expect it. I am so glad. Will you permit me to present you to my young charge, Miss Griswold?"

The boyish eyes were turned with open admiration toward Dorothy, who held out her beautifully shaped hand to make him welcome.

"I should have been in America before if I had known how charming my new home was to be made by my neighbors," he exclaimed smilingly.

"Will you come into the drawing-room?" madam asked. "I will ring for lights."

"Please don't, if I may have my choice!" exclaimed Cameron. "May I sit down here? I feel quite like a friend of the family in this informality. I came purposely to persuade you to return to Peak Castle. You loved it and I did not! I heard of you and of all that you had lost by my inheritance at the same time that I heard of the inheritance. Of course, there was a little natural curiosity to see it, and so I came, hoping that I might persuade you to return and live there just as you had for so many years, and I find you with a home of your own infinitely more attractive. I asked Hopkins about you and he told me how I should find you. The night is so magnificent that I walked over."

"How very kind of you, Mr. Cameron," exclaimed Madam Delpre. "I can't tell you how I appreciate it. I am very happy here with my new charge, and as the estate does not really need me any longer, I should feel more comfortable earning my living in some way, though Heaven knows it is the pleasantest and easiest way that ever a living was earned. Am I to understand that you are going back at once, then, as soon as you have become acquainted with your estate?"

"That was my intention," he answered, with a glance at Dorothy and an emphasis upon the verb. "Now, however, I think I will remain and learn something of my native country. I have not been in America since I was a boy of ten."

"Really? Then you have many pleasures in anticipation. You have some charming neighbors."

"I am quite aware of it, though I arrived by the four-o'clock train this afternoon. I can imagine the castle could be made a very delightful place if only there were a woman to brighten it and make it habitable. It is deadly lonely now. Are there many young people in the vicinity, madam?"

"Yes. It is a neighborhood of wonderfully good families—extremely select—and you will be repaid for a stay among them."

"I thought of giving some sort of entertainment at the castle, that is, if you will assist me—you and Miss Griswold. The labor of it would not bother you at all, if you would not consider making out the invitation-list for me a nuisance. Will you, madam?"

"Why, with all the pleasure you could imagine! I am sure it would be the greatest delight to us both. Miss Griswold is an orphan, without relatives entirely, save one young man who is almost a brother to her. He is not here, however, and it is lonely for her, very."

"Then, perhaps, you would let me come and take you to ride sometimes!" exclaimed young Cameron eagerly. "You ride, do you not?"

Dorothy remembered the circus and colored.

Suppose he knew that? Would he be so anxious for her society?

"Yes," she answered softly, "I ride."

"Better than any one I have ever seen," supplemented madam serenely. "I don't think there is a fence in the neighborhood that her hunter has not taken."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Cameron. "I feel that I am an old acquaintance of Madam Delpre's, Miss Griswold, and therefore can presume further than most fellows who have known you but a single day. Won't you let me come tomorrow morning, and won't you show me the country? Remember that I also am a stranger."

"I should be very glad to go," answered Dorothy simply.

"Thank you so much!" murmured the young man, with infinite satisfaction. "And now the concession emboldens me. Won't you sing again? I never heard a voice so fresh and pure and true as yours. I can't tell you how beautiful it sounded as I stood among the shadows. You will forgive me for playing eavesdropper, will you not?"

Dorothy only smiled and took up her guitar.

And then her sweet, rich voice rolled out, the notes of the guitar blending under her practiced hand, until the soul of Kenneth Cameron was enslaved.

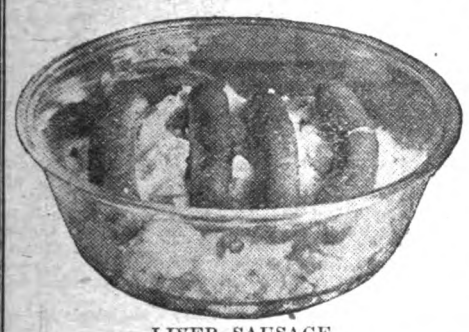
CHAPTER VI.

A PROPOSAL.

Madam Delpre was not slow to recognize the impression which Dorothy had made. She sat very silent for a time, even after Cameron had

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 18.)

FALL CANNING AND COOKING



LIVER SAUSAGE

CANNING MEATS, APPLE SYRUP, FRUIT BUTTERS, OTHER RECIPES

By Violet Marsh

IT is not necessary to partially cook meat before canning; in fact, it is better not to, for thereby much flavor is lost. Meats may be canned instead of corning or smoking, or corned meat may be canned. With grain so high, many will can their chickens and fowl reserved for family use instead of feeding them through the winter.

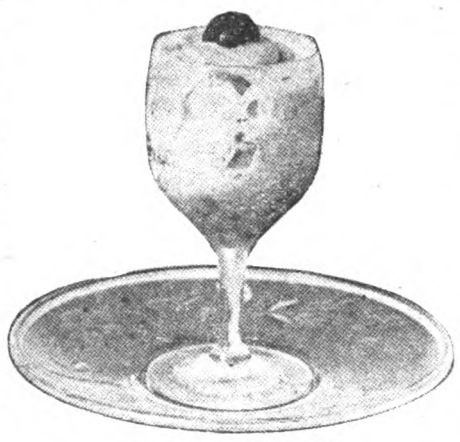
Be sure that meats for canning are in perfect condition. Remove all parts that are not edible, such as bone, gristle and fat. Cut into pieces to fit the can, sear in fat, or scald in boiling water and pack at once. Fill jars to overflowing with boiling water or meat liquor, add an even teaspoon of salt to each quart jar of meat. In canning tough meats, or old fowls, it is well to boil them half an hour before canning.

Too high a temperature injures the flavor, destroys the texture, and shrinks meat, and for this reason the hot water bath for meats is preferable to a steam outfit.

Raw beef, poultry or pork should be cooked in the jar four hours. If half cooked before putting into the cans, two hours is required.

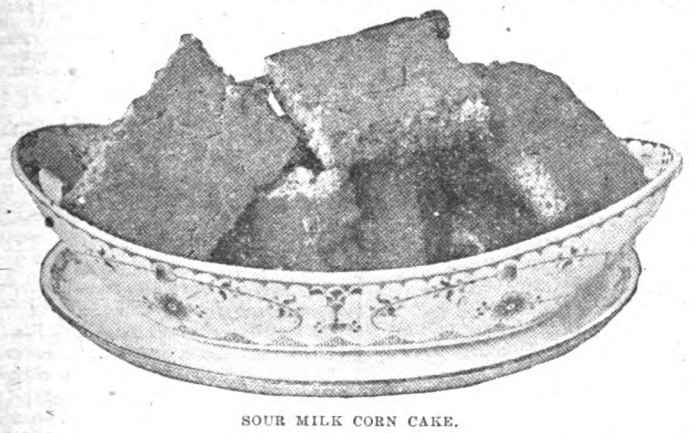
Bones from which the meat has been cut for canning should be cracked with a cleaver, and all odd pieces of meat added that could not be canned. Cover with cold water, bring near the boiling point and then simmer until the meat falls from the bones. Strain, season and can as soup stock, or add vegetables, rice or macaroni and cook in jars three hours.

Sausage meat can be made into small cakes lightly fried in rather deep fat, placed in jars and cooked.



COFFEE BLANC-MANGE.

CANNED LIVER SAUSAGE MEAT.—Use hog, beef or veal liver. Clean in plenty cold water removing the membranes and large blood vessels. Let stand in cold water two hours. Cover with boiling water and bring quickly to boil. Skin, set on back of stove and slowly cook until done. Put through meat chopper, using the fine cutter. By weight use half as much fat pork as liver; boil and chop, using the coarse cutter. Mix liver and pork thoroughly. To three pounds of liver and one and a half pounds of pork, add five teaspoons of salt, one scant teaspoon of cloves, one medium-sized onion chopped fine, one level teaspoon of pepper, and half a teaspoon of thyme. Mix until the spice and onion is well incorporated. Fill jars, adjust rubbers and half seal. Set into boiler with water to shoulder of jar. Boil hard three hours. Remove from boiler and complete seal. If sausage casings can be procured the meat is stuffed into them before canning, and after being put into the jars they are filled to overflowing with the water in which the livers were boiled. Liver sausage meat on buttered mashed potato put into the oven until the potato is well puffed, is a tasty combination.

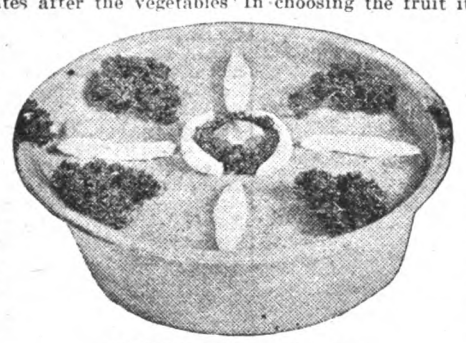


SOUR MILK CORN CAKE.

Other Tested Recipes

GOULASH.—Chop two onions very fine and fry in two tablespoons of beef fat until they are a very pale brown, stirring continually. Add two pounds of beef cut into two-inch cubes, stirring so that it will boil, and sear a few minutes. Now add one cup of boiling water, one cup of tomato, one chopped green pepper, one stalk of celery cut fine, one chopped carrot, one and one-half teaspoons of salt, and two teaspoons of sweet paprika. Cook slowly for two hours, adding a little water as it boils away. If goulash is to be canned, cook fifteen minutes after the vegetables are added, and then two and one-half hours in the can.

CALF'S HEAD—Take out the brains and tongue and cover with cold water. Scrape and wash the head, removing all the dark membrane from the inside, and the gristle around the eyes and nose. Soak one and a half hours in tepid water. Put the tongue, heart and head on to boil in cold water and skim several times. Tie in a piece of cloth a few sage leaves, two bay leaves and a few summer savory, thyme and marjoram leaves and cook with the head; also add one-quarter of a teaspoon of pepper and one level tablespoon of salt. Wash the liver in cold water, then cover with boiling water and let it stand fifteen minutes, putting it into the kettle when the head is nearly done. When done, remove the pieces of meat from the head, and with the tongue, heart and liver place in a shallow baking dish, cover well with buttered bread-crumbs and brown in the oven. Serve with brain sauce.



CHICKEN WITH MACARONI.

BRAIN SAUCE.—Wash, remove the red membrane and soak in cold water. Boil fifteen minutes in water enough to cover, adding one tablespoon of vinegar and a little salt. Drain, cover with cold water and drain again. Chop fine and add to one pint of white sauce.

CHICKEN WITH MACARONI.—Break into small pieces one-half pound of macaroni and drop into boiling salted water. Cook until soft, keeping the water boiling hard. Pour into strainer and then plunge strainer into a pan of cold water to prevent the macaroni becoming sticky. Mix with two cups of boned and chopped chicken meat, add about four tablespoons of grated cheese, four tablespoons of cream or chicken liquor, two well-beaten eggs, a scant half teaspoon of salt and a little cayenne pepper. Stir the mixture thoroughly and pour into baking dish. Cover closely and set into a pan of water and bake one and a half hours. Serve with tomato sauce.

MINCEMEAT.—Clean beef hearts thoroughly in cold water, removing the membranes and any clots from the arteries and veins. Boil slowly until tender and put through the meat chopper. To one quart of meat add three quarts of chopped tart apples, four cups of brown sugar, three cups of white sugar, two cups of molasses, seven cups of seeded raisins, five cups of washed currants, the liquor from the beef heart, which should measure about one quart; eight even teaspoons of cinnamon, two even teaspoons of cloves, one pint of strong apple vinegar, and four even teaspoons of salt Cook slowly seven hours, stirring frequently. If kept in a cold, dry place in a covered stone crock, this mincemeat need not be sealed.

SPICE CAKES.—Beat one egg well and then beat into it two-thirds cup of molasses and two-thirds cup of sugar. Add two-thirds cup of warmed shortening and one cup of milk. Measure two and one-half cups of sifted flour and sift again with one rounding teaspoon of soda, one level teaspoon of cream of tartar, one teaspoon of cinnamon, one-third of a teaspoon of nutmeg, one-third of a teaspoon of mace, and a pinch each of cloves and allspice. Stir flour into first mixture, and, lastly, thoroughly stir in one tablespoon of vinegar. Bake in a moderate oven until the cakes are brown and slightly shrink from tins. Add one cup of seedless raisins if desired.

COFFEE BLANC-MANGE.—Mix together one even half cup of corn-starch, one half cup of granulated sugar, one quarter of a teaspoon of salt, and wet it with one cup of cold strong coffee. Stir slowly into three cups of scalding hot milk in a double boiler, stirring constantly. Cook twenty minutes after it thickens, stirring occasionally. Remove from fire and beat in one teaspoon of vanilla and the white of one egg first beaten until stiff and dry. The heat of mixture will cook the egg and make the blanc-mange fluffy. When cold, fill glasses, and top with a little whipped cream and a spoonful of sweet jelly, or it may be poured into a wet mould and served on plates.

Home-Made Grape Juice
Apple Syrup and Fruit Butters

Unfermented grape juice is exceptionally valuable for appealing to the sick, and is a wholesome, appetizing beverage for young and old alike.

The cold-press method is more easily managed at home, and local grapes should be used that they may be pressed while fresh from the vines. In choosing the fruit it is important to use that which has fully ripened and developed its maximum sugar content, flavor and color, but which has not begun to dry up or decay. The grapes must be clean and sound.

Best results are obtained if grapes are picked from stems before crushing. In crushing, aim only to burst and mash the pulp, for if the seeds are crushed the juice will be hard, astringent, and difficult to filter. What is known as the "free-run" juice is the best.

If a fruit press is unobtainable, the grapes may be pressed with a potato masher, or put into a strong muslin bag and squeezed by hand. Clarification should start as soon as the pressing is finished and is accomplished by letting the juice stand undisturbed over night. In the morning drain off the juice so as to leave all sediment in the bottom, and strain it through a double cheesecloth. Make a second straining through flannel first wrung out of warm water.

Have jars or bottles thoroughly sterilized and fill at once with the strained juice. Sterilize one hour after the water begins to boil, following

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)



UNEEDA BISCUIT and N. B. C. Graham Crackers, Butter Thin Biscuit and Zu Zu Ginger Snaps, together or alone, have come to be requisites of every household. Every pantry shelf is lonesome without them. Every appetite misses them when they're absent. No better way to assure general satisfaction than to serve all four on every social occasion. Oven-fresh to your table, insured by the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Cubby Bear Visits Busy Beaver

By Lena B. Ellingwood

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"I HAVE something sad to tell you, Cubby Bear," said Busy Beaver one morning; "Brother Binney Beaver and I must leave our home, where we have been so happy, and go somewhere else to live."

"Oh, I am sorry for that," said Cubby. "But why must you go?"

"As you know," answered Busy Beaver, "we must have poplar trees, and we have used up all that were growing near. We use the poplar logs, the small branches, and even the twigs, to build and keep in order our dams and lodges, and we gnaw the bark from them for food. So we must move, but I hope we shall not have to go far away from this neighborhood."

"I hope not," said Cubby, "for I like you, Busy Beaver, and should miss you and Brother Binney if you went where I could not see you."

"I came to ask you to go with us this morning to look for a new place to build," said Busy Beaver. "We shall follow the Big Brook, and look for a poplar grove, for we do not want to move to another stream."

Cubby was delighted to go exploring with the beavers, and ran into the house to tell Mamma Bruin about it. Then he and Busy Beaver went to the beavers' home, where Brother Binney was waiting. Together the three started down stream, one beaver going on each side of the brook, and Cubby Bear, sometimes with one, sometimes with the other or wading in the water where the bottom of the brook was not too rough.

They had gone about a mile when Busy Beaver called to the others, "Come here! See what you think of this!"

"Look," he said, when they drew near; "I have found a beautiful little grove of poplars here. See how prettily their leaves flutter! There is only one trouble with this place that I can see."

"It is farther from the Big Brook than I would like," objected Brother Binney Beaver.

"Yes," agreed Busy Beaver, "that is the trouble—we will have to dig a long canal to float our sticks to the Big Brook, but we do not want to go further from the friends in our old neighborhood than we can help."

"Oh, let me help you in digging the canal," offered Cubby Bear. "I love to dig."

The course of the canal was carefully laid out by the two beavers, who threw off their hats and went to work with a will.

Cubby worked, too, digging where his friends told him, and had a beautiful holiday. By night a great deal had been accomplished, and they went back home together, well satisfied with the day's work.

"I am glad you started today, so I could go with you," Cubby told them, "for tomorrow I have to go to Mr. Wise Owl's school again."

At school Cubby Bear told his friends about the moving of the beavers, and how he had helped them to start their canal.

"We will all go to visit them some day," Wise Owl promised his pupils, "and your lessons for that day shall be about logging operations, canals and other water courses, and the scientific construction of dams and aquatic lodges. Yes, yes! when the beavers have had time to get their work well under way, we will spend a day with them."

"I wish Mr. Wise Owl would talk so we could understand him," complained Slimy Snail to Tillie Turtle, privately, "and not use such big words."

"Why, bless you, child," said Tillie, "haven't you seen the beavers' old place, time and again? They won't have anything different, and Wise Owl just means that we'll see how they make their dams and lodges and canals, and gnaw down their trees. It will be nothing new to us, but we shall have a good time, so I mean to go with the others."

It was planned that they should all meet at the old sugar-house where the school was held, on a morning some time later, and with Mr. Wise Owl as leader, march to the beavers' new home. When the day came, Wise Owl called the roll, and everyone answered "Present," excepting Wollie Woodchuck, Tillie Turtle and Slimy Snail.

Wise Owl rumpled his feathers in a vexed way.

"I do not like this," he said. "I expressly told the whole school to be present."

"I can tell you where they are," chirped little Chickadee Chirrupee, who was hanging, head downward, from a maple twig, near the schoolhouse. "Wollie Woodchuck ate too many hot griddlecakes for supper, and is sick this morning, and as for Slimy Snail and Tillie Turtle, they started last night, so the crowd would not leave them behind."



"HERE IS OUR LODGE," SAID BUSY BEAVER; "IT WILL BE DRY AND COZY INSIDE WHERE WE SHALL LIVE."

Busy Beaver and Brother Binney Beaver were delighted to see their visitors, and welcomed them gladly. Slimy Snail and Tillie Turtle were already there.

The beavers had finished their canal, which was now filled with water, and small grayish logs from the poplar grove floated on its surface.

Mollie Muskrat, Minnie Mink and Chirpy Chipmunk had a merry game of tag on the bobbing logs.

"It must have been a vast amount of work to dig so long a canal," said Mr. Wise Owl. "Why, I never could have done it, with all my knowledge."

"Here is our lodge," said Busy Beaver; "it will be dry and cozy inside, where we shall live, even though the lower part stands in water."

"Here is our diving hole and dock," said Brother Binney. "We have worked hard on that, for we like a chance for a deep plunge, and built the dock high and firm."

"Over here," pointed out Busy Beaver, "is our sun parlor. One reason why I liked this spot was because of this dry, white sandy strip on the shore."

"I see you have a fine dam started," said Racky Coon. "However have you done so much work in such a short time?"

The Bunny Babies had a nice ride in their cart, but the Little Badgers had walked, and were tired. The oldest Little Badger crawled out over the partly built dam to where a little hollow had been left, and curled down for a nap.

"Come, Cubby Bear," called Racky Coon, "let us see what we can do to help our friends. That dam needs to be built much higher. I will put on some fresh mud, and you bring up a piece of poplar from the canal to go atop of it!"

Racky splashed his load of mud into the hollow which the eldest Little Badger had taken for a bed. He did not waken. But when Cubby Bear dropped a big stick into place, a howl arose, which so startled Cubby Bear that he tumbled over backward in the water.

"Where, where is my child?" shrieked Betty Badger, in a panic of fear.

The Little Badger was soon dug out, and the mud carefully washed from him in the Big Brook.

"It's in my eyes!" he whimpered. "And it's in my mouth—and it's in my nose, so I can't breathe!"

"A pretty piece of business!" growled Betty Badger. "Throwing mud and logs on a poor innocent! How would they like it themselves?"

"I am sorry," said Cubby Bear. "I did not mean to hurt him."

"Here," offered Racky Coon, drawing something from his vest pocket; "here is a piece of real maple sugar—taste it and see how sweet and good it is!"

The oldest Little Badger seized it in both forepaws, and began eating it greedily.

The four other Little Badgers stood watching their brother enviously.

"Why should he have all the petting and maple sugar?" they asked each other. Putting their little heads together, they made a plan, then went to the dock beside the beavers' diving hole. "One, two, three—all together!" they whispered.

A sudden splash was heard, and a cry went up, "The Little Badgers! They are in the plunging hole!"

A crowd gathered round, and watched while Busy Beaver and Brother Binney dashed into the water. They soon came out on the shore, each of them carrying two dripping Little Badgers.

The wet little creatures were crying loudly, but casting triumphant looks at each other.

"Now where is *our* maple sugar?" they demanded.

"They *meant* to fall in!" declared the oldest Little Badger. "I saw them planning together."

"I have no more sugar," said Racky Coon, turning his pockets inside out.

"They deserve none!" said Betty Badger severely. "Giving us a fright like this, and spoiling the party! Come with me!" she added sternly, and drove them before her to a thicket near by, from which loud cries were soon heard.

"They're getting spanked!" said their brother solemnly.

By the time Wise Owl and his pupils were ready to leave the beavers' new home, it was long past school hours, and it was decided not to go back to the sugar-house, but to their own homes instead.

"Ah, me!" sighed Betty Badger. "We have so far to go—my children and I. They will be so tired I can never get them to school in the morning!"

"Come home with me," said Cubby Bear. "Mamma Bruin would love to have you stay all night at her house.

"Come and see us again, all of you," said Busy Beaver and Brother Binney Beaver, as they shook paws with their visitors and bade them good by.

Mamma Bruin welcomed Betty Badger and her five children kindly.

"The Little Badgers are tired and sleepy," she said. "They must go to bed as soon as supper is over."

They were laid in a row in Cubby Bear's bed, to sleep, but just before their mother put them to bed, Cubby Bear took the four younger ones into a corner and gave them each a bit of beautiful wild bees' honey, which Mamma Bruin kept in a jar, to comfort them for the sugar they had expected, but did not get.

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NOVEMBER COMFORT

our thirty-second Anniversary Number, suffice it to say, will be fully up to the standard of our previous November issues and will carry a load of interesting, helpful reading matter. The following are a few of the

Special Features for November

"The Spirit of Thanksgiving" An inspiring romance of city and country life that illustrates how the first love never ceases to tug at the heart strings.

"Saint Cecilia" Facts about the beautiful patron saint of music and the wonderful legend of her service and sacrifice.

"Thanksgiving Entertainment" Tells how to give a unique food party for Thanksgiving night—full of fun and jollity.

"Little Mothers" An illustrated account of how the little daughters of working women in the large cities have to mother the babies while the mothers are out to work.

"Curious Remedies" Two strange but simple and effective remedies for two common ills.

"Thanksgiving Cooking" A special article on cooking for Thanksgiving, including other seasonable recipes.

"Home-Made Christmas Presents" Pictures and describes how to make a variety of pretty and useful articles for Christmas gifts.

"Cubby Bear Has a Strange Playmate" A Thanksgiving experience he did not like.

If the number over your name on the wrapper on this magazine is 384 it means that your subscription expires with this present issue and that you will not receive November COMFORT unless you renew your subscription at once—we can not send you a single copy, after expiration, until you have renewed. Don't miss November COMFORT

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October 1920.

Crumbs of Comfort

Work and win.

Make no enemies.

Unbelief starves the soul.

Worrying is the slowest way.

Self-possession doubles ability.

A landscape is a mood of the soul.

Step after step is a ladder ascended.

Finish every day and be done with it.

Industry does not need to make wishes.

Life is expenditure, and is not for misers.

The joy of others is a great part of our own.

We are often kept in the right road by a rut.

The mind seeks but it is the heart which finds.

If you make a bad bargain, hug it all the tighter.

Love will always dream and faith will always trust.

Laziness begins with cobwebs and ends with chains.

Death is a friend without whom life would be impossible.

The most beautiful ideas are those that are not yet made.

Quarrels would never last long if the fault was only on one side.

The slave has only one master, but the ambitious man has many.

Conversation is the art of listening always and speaking sometimes.

Most people are about as happy as they make up their minds to be.

Society is a troop of thinkers, and the best heads among them take the best places.

How many a man has dated a new era in his life by the reading of a new book.

The reason so many promises are broken is because new ones are so easily made.

Life is a grindstone that sharpens the intellect of some and dulls the brains of others.

A politician is one who operates for himself; a statesman is one who operates for society.

Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much; wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

If it gives you pleasure to see the work some man is doing, if you like or love him, tell him now.

The learned societies, the rulers and the great men of Assyria are not very well remembered today.

If our tomorrows are to be brighter than our yesterdays we must see that we stay more in the sunlight.

In proportion as we simplify our life all laws of the universe will become more intelligible and less complex.

Every dollar in existence stands for one hundred cents' worth of labor or products resulting from brain or muscle.

The life in us is like the water in the river; it may rise this year higher than we have ever known and flood the very uplands of the soul.

At least one-half the misery which meets us daily might be removed, if those who suffer by it would think it worth their while to be at any pains to get rid of it.

Love someone, for this is a part of the bread of the inner life without which a part of you will starve and die; and though you feel that you must be stern and even hard in your life of affairs, make for yourself a corner, somewhere in the great world, where you can unbosom and be kind.



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 55 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.
ADDRESS all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. See Instructions at the close of this Department.

DEAR COMFORT: Is it too late to boom Uncle Charlie for President on an Independent ticket? There must be men smart enough to get him nominated. I would love to see him in the White House. He can lie in bed and guide the government the same as President Wilson has. We are getting sick of the times we are having. It is nothing but strikes and hard times with us. The rough and scum of the old countries are coming in and they must have a pull as they are taking up the good jobs on the farms. I think Uncle Charlie would clean them out and give us a good government as the last few years farmers have only made ends meet. They took our boys (those that did not enlist got drafted) and left us farmers without help and now they want to help the people over there. Let them go to work and help themselves, they have done damage enough. Let them work instead of fighting among themselves and let the government give us a chance to make a living and get on our feet again. They have taken all we have for taxes, bonds, school tax and they even went into the cellars and wanted the canned fruit. How are we to do our canning this fall if we don't have sugar? Get a hustle on Mr. Gannett and boom Uncle Charlie as we all love him and his writings are so good. I am just an old lady and an old subscriber. MRS. GEORGE BOLSON.

Dear Friend, I thank you for the honor you would confer on me, but I would not accept the job at any price. In your letter you have allowed your emotions to run away with your judgment. Your view of conditions is similar to that held by the average individual, but the average person has little time to read or study, and he would not think if he had the ability and if he did think he'd probably think wrong. All he is certain of is that things do not suit him because he is not in a mood to be suited, not even if you gave him the earth, and he would rather kick, howl and destroy than say a cheerful word or do some constructive work. The faith you place in my ability to bring order out of chaos is touching and beautiful, but, my dear lady, the world is suffering from a thousand ills, and if you would read and study as I have to do you would know that no living soul on earth and only God Almighty in His heaven could bring about ideal conditions, which, if they suited you, might displease everyone else..

The human vision is so limited and few try to enlarge it, and it takes a broad mind and a far-seeing eye to visualize, understand and interpret the motives of the various contending elements that make up our social system. Some of these elements build and others destroy, and those who would upbuild are constantly menaced by those who would tear down. Now is the time to show fortitude and patience, to boost and not to knock. You can't go through hell without being singed and burns do not heal in a minute. It cost money and blood to down the Prussian menace and it will take money and blood to down the Bolshevist menace. We should not kick for we are only paying in money what other people have paid in oceans of blood. Before you can have ideal conditions you must have ideal people, people who think as much of the general as they do of the individual good. You will only find those conditions in a Christ world, and people don't want a Christ world; they want a jazz, a flivver and a fool, crazy, bughouse world. Before the war the world was gradually forging ahead toward better conditions, and though millions were discontented, as they always will be, people realized that work had to be done and did it as a matter of course. There were radical parties but their desire was to rebuild and not to destroy. People were in the mood to discuss anything that seemed to hold a promise of progress and betterment. Five years of war brought out all the heroic and also all the vicious tendencies in human nature. People are crazed and hysterical, they are suspicious of everybody and their only thought is to give as little as possible in return for value received. Before the war, men had, or thought they had, a definite goal they were striving to reach. War madness, the breaking down of old ideals and ideas have had a vicious and demoralizing effect on the masses as a whole. The war made it necessary to loan billions, borrow billions and spend billions. All our standards of value went overboard and with them went moral standards as well. People showed their patriotism, not by settling down to steady work which alone could defeat the enemy, but in rushing madly to every section of the country in quest of the job that paid the highest wage. On Monday a fifty-cent man got ten dollars for holding a monkey-wrench in his left hand and gazing at the scenery. On inquiring what he should do the next day he was told to shift the monkey-wrench into his right hand and draw another ten. Then he drew his pay and loafed for the rest of the week. Our greatest orators left their pulpits to inject pep and patriotism into men who could not visualize the menace of the German terror or rise above the level of mere bellyism. The fact that labor could not visualize this menace, however, is not surprising when we consider that one of our presidential candidates failed to see anything in the sinking of the Lusitania that affected us, our honor or safety, and to please his German-Americ-Hun supporters filled the columns of his newspaper with dope that must have made the Kaiser's heart leap with joy.

Some day I hope we will reverse things and if we are called on to fight, let the men on the firing line, gassed, slaughtered and mangled; smothered in filth, vermin and slime; let these get the ten dollars a day and give thirty dollars a month to the gentlemen who were picking their teeth with monkey-wrenches and sleeping in comfortable beds far from the scene of slaughter and danger. It was the billions poured out by ourselves and other nations during the war and that were spent far behind the battle line, that turned men's heads and has upset the whole foundation of our economic and financial system.

Suppose they did take the canned fruit out of your cellar, my dear friend (and they did not do it without paying you for it), wasn't that better than having the Germans take it and hitting you over the head while they were doing it? Pity people can't see straight on such a simple proposition. I don't want the rough and scum of the old countries here, but these people have to pay a big price for transportation, eighteen dollars a head to get in, and if we did not have them to dig our sewers, build our railroads, bridges and tunnels and do the rough work our American aristocracy of labor simply will not do (but would do darned quick if I were President), we'd be in a much worse fix than we are now. Remember most of us were rough and scum immigrants once. Why do you object to having our boys drafted? Would you have preferred them to stay home and raise crops for the Kaiser? If the war had not been fought over there it would have been fought over here and your farm would have been the scene of some of the bloodiest battles. In helping the people "over there," as you call them, we are simply applying the first principle of human nature and that is self-preservation. We are not helping them from any philanthropic or altruistic motives, and what they get they will have to pay for later on. It's a business proposition—that's all. Those that can work are working, but millions are so undernourished and underfed they have not the ability or ambition to work, and what is more they have no raw materials to work with. There are people in Europe, delicate, refined, invalid ladies, who have been eating that vile stuff called war bread for nearly five years—two invalids I know of, one very low with consumption, had only an ounce of butter a week between them during the whole war period. It was only in Ireland they were able to live on the fat of the land. There they were neither drafted, rationed nor bombed by Zeppelins and war brought little suffering.

You can't reorganize vast sections of a continent inhabited by races thousands of years older than our own; conciliate all contending factions, satisfy all ambitions and get people who have been shell shocked by the most horrible war in all history working like bits of machinery in a single day. Here is an opinion expressed by Marshal Foch, which bears upon the matter we are discussing. In an interview given to a correspondent of the New York Times, the world's greatest soldier and the greatest man the war produced, spoke thus: "It is most likely that the United States is partly responsible for the present uneasiness of the world. By keeping apart from us, America has helped to produce disorders in Central Europe and prevented the establishment of the economic equilibrium. At the same time it (the U. S.) gravely prejudices its own interests." In our anxiety to keep down expenses which were not kept down, and to bring the boys home to satisfy fond parents and doting relatives, we scuttled out of Europe before conditions were stabilized. We went over to help cut the cancer of militarism out of the Old World, but you can't eradicate a cancer without getting at the roots, and these, which needed drastic treatment, were left to be exorcised by the incantations of a well-meaning idealist who displayed little knowledge of, and less ability to deal with, European problems. The roots naturally started to grow, and instead of disarmament the whole world is forced again to arm to the teeth, and it is in this appalling atmosphere of disease, starvation, suffering, doubt, despair, taxation and mental and physical torture that Bolshevism finds a fertile soil, and Bolshevism is a pestilence and not an idea of government, degeneracy instead of democracy, fanaticism instead of faith and morals, a scourge instead of a blessing, tyranny instead of freedom, slavery instead of liberty. Our relations with the Old World are so closely interwoven, politically, socially, financially and racially (for we all came from over there, we are the fruit of Europe's loins, the child of her maturity and are linked to her by a million ties) that whatever deeply affects her sooner or later affects us. German frightfulness did not hit California very hard and many people on the coast could not see the necessity of fighting the German menace. Now the shoe is on the other foot; California has a Jap menace and cannot understand why we in the East are not arming to fight Japan. Such is human(?) nature, alive only to its own selfish interests and indifferent to that of others.

We shall forever be confronted by menaces of various kinds until the law-abiding, peace-loving peoples of the earth put their heads together and evolve some scheme by which international problems can be discussed and adjusted. These problems can usually be settled by conciliation, arbitration or by drastic economic pressure (for no nation is entirely sufficient unto itself), and if these correctives failed, then by overwhelming force. If such a force had been in existence there would have been no Kaiserism, no Bolshevism and no fears of worse terrors that may yet engulf humanity in seas of blood and thrust us back into the jungle. We must hang together or hang separately We are sailing uncharted seas, and all good men and true of this and every nation should do their level best to keep the good ship Civilization from being submerged. Don't talk about isolation, "there ain't no sech animile," and if there were, God Almighty would not allow such a selfish animal to exist. Prussia did not invade our shores, but the Prussian flu did, and the monkey-wrench Germany threw into the machinery of the world, and the madness of Bolshevism, have so upset the whole universe that Mrs. Bolson finds herself short of sugar, my bed is still a leg shy and all our people are acting as though, instead of abolishing prohibition, we had soused them to the gills with wood alcohol and explosive beer. There is no panacea, no cure-all for human ills, for what pleases one man is sure to displease the other and there is no one big enough to rectify in one day all the damage that has been done by the war, and no electric pushbutton that will usher in the millenium; only evolution slow and painful will bring us to the land of our dreams.

Let us be thankful someone is taking the jobs on the farms. If Americans won't produce food, let the foreigner with the enthusiasm of the pioneer do it. It is the lack of this enthusiasm, the lowering of our moral and spiritual standards, the ugly spirit of greed and graft which animates all classes, and which is part of the aftermath of war, that is causing the troubles that affect not only you but all of us. Complaining and whining will get us nowhere, nagging, snarling and fighting will do no good. We have a man's job before us and the only way to complete it is to take off our coats and go to work, quit agitating and grouching and go to producing, for work is the only cure for the ills that beset this or any country. Please remember things have been smashed to pieces and you can't put them together again in a minute. As one writer puts it: "With the end of hostilities there started the world war of theories, ideals and idiosyncracies, the composite mind of the world (and we had such a mind before the war) in breaking up and getting ready for peace is like the breaking up of a hard winter and getting ready for spring. In the latter case there is neither winter nor spring; in the former, neither war nor peace. At this stage the fogs of false doctrine retard the hopes of better days." Stand fast in the faith, do your bit, fight evil in every form and open wide your hearts so that the Christ may come in, and all may yet be well."

Don't forget that Uncle Charlie's four wonderful books may still be had. Start in at once to obtain them—they cost you no money, only a very little time and effort—and keep at it until you have the entire set. The book of Poems is beautifully bound in ribbed silk stiff covers; the Story Book is bound in two styles, the one in ribbed silk stiff covers like the Poems, the other in paper covers! the Song Book is bound only in heavy paper covers, and the Picture Book in handsome stiff covers. Poems or the Story Book in ribbed silk covers, either one for a club of three subscriptions; the Song Book or the Story Book in handsome paper covers or the Picture Book in pretty stiff covers for a club of only two subscriptions. These four books are a library of endless joy and merriment, the best medicine to drive away the blues and the best gifts in the world.

My Picture Book, too, has started a deluge of inquiries: Is Billy the Goat my daughter? Is Maria her ma? Is there an Aunt Charlie? Is the big boy in the Picture Book my only baby? I have had a little leaflet specially printed answering all these questions fully, and those who are interested will find the same in every copy of the four Uncle Charlie books sent out this season.

Now for the letters.

DECATUR, Brown Co., OHIO.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Will you kindly give your opinion of the endless prayer chain letters. I enclose a sample sent me so you can see how they read. The country is full of them. I would greatly appreciate your opinion of the enclosed specimen. Please give me a piece of your valuable advice. E. J. ADAMS.

Friend Adams, I have given my opinion of the endless prayer chain business many times in these columns. What a pity so many of you are afflicted with poor memories. I don't know the party who is responsible for reviving this particular exhibition of lunacy. If I did, he or she would at once be taken out and shot. Such letters when they reach people of education and enlightenment are immediately consigned to the waste-paper basket. As these prayer chain letters, however, contain a threat, the ignorant and superstitious, dreading that something may happen to them if they break the chain, copy them and pass them on to terrify others as superstitious and ignorant as themselves. If those who write these letters realized that it means five years in the Federal prison for copying and mailing them, they would be less terrified of what God *might* do to them, than of what Uncle Sam *would* do to them. Uncle Sam a few years ago had to jail a lot of people before he could put an end to this prayer fake pestilence. If these letters come to any of you unsigned, burn them. If a signature is attached and the writer's address given, forward the letter to the Postmaster General, Washington, D. C. The post-office inspectors will do the rest and, believe me, when they get through with the prayer chain fanatics they will look like Belgium after the Germans went through it or a small section of Ireland after the Sinn Feiners and Orangemen have held a prayer meeting not of the endless variety. We are constantly pestered by fanatics who importune us to publish a prayer that is supposed to have been found at the foot of the cross. No such prayer was ever found and this is only another specimen of fakes that terrorize the weak and superstitious mind. It takes nine thousand spruce trees to get out the daily newspapers in New York, and a thousand more beautiful trees must bow their heads daily to supply paper for the endless prayer chain fanatics. In the old days of the cave man, if he wanted to write you a polite note informing you that he was coming around to knock you on the head, carry off your wife and make a meal of your children,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 16.)



Never Sleep

With a film-coat on your teeth

All statements approved by authorities

Millions of people on retiring now combat the film on teeth. They fight it day by day. And those glistening teeth seen everywhere now form one of the results.

You owe yourself a trial of this new teeth-cleaning method. Dentists everywhere advise it. The results it brings are all-important, and they do not come without it.

What film does

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. Feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. And dentists now trace most tooth troubles to it.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So, despite all brushing, much film remains, to cause stain, tartar, germ troubles and decay.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Ways to combat it

Dental science, after years of research, has found effective ways to fight film. Able authorities have proved their efficiency. Together they bring, in modern opinion, a new era in teeth cleaning.

These five methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent—a tooth paste which complies with all the new requirements. And a ten-day tube is now sent free to everyone who asks.

Watch the teeth whiten

You will see and feel results from Pepsodent which brushing never brought you heretofore. A week's use, we think, will amaze you.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest all starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Watch these effects. Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Note how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The book we send explains all these results. Judge what they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

PAT. OFF. Pepsodent REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.

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10-Day Tube Free

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Only one tube to a family.

The Missing Princess of Bengal

by W. W. Hatfield



His eyes were roving past them, through them, over them, around them, searching.



Without further hesitation, he took to his heels.



"The Prince of Persia!" gurgled Mary and sprang to meet him.

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"GOL darn the luck anyhow!" growled the Prince of Persia. "It's no use—I'll never see her again. This is a heck of a Hallowe'en!"

It was minight. As far as the eye could reach, the street was still thronged with indefatigable mummers. Fair damsels there were from the four corners of the earth. Cleopatra beckoned to him from behind the curtains of a sedan chair carried by four Australian bushrangers—Morgiana danced before him with her tabor and a poised, glittering, rubber poniard—Lucretia Borgia cast sheep's eyes and confetti upon him—the Queen of Sheba tooted a tin horn in his ear; but the Prince of Persia saw them not. His eyes were roving past them, through them, over them, around them, searching—the thousandth time that night—for the missing Princess of Bengal.

"No use!" he repeated disgustedly. "I'll go chew the rag with Cobb a while."

Heavy hearted, he shouldered his way through a jamb of clowns, red devils and Charlie Chaplins, and turned his steps toward the home of his grand vizier, a sedate, unromantic, young, struggling physician who had been the bosom friend of his college days.

Ten minutes' walk, through streets deserted and dark, brought him to a decrepit brick house, flanked by tottering brick neighbors, fronted by an ancient, dying elm, and labeled with a dingy, brass nameplate bearing the words "Dr. Kincaid Cobb." A cat, hidden in the branches of the elm, rendered a vocal malady in an appropriately cracked voice.

The house was forebodingly dark. Pervaded by a premonition, Prince Feroze-shah hesitated, then turned away—a second too late. A heavy object swished through the branches of the elm, struck him on the back of the head, and felled him.

The door of the house opened. A figure, clad in white, emerged cautiously, with furtive glances up and down the street. Keeping in the shadow of the elm, it crept toward the Prince.

After an amazing interlude of stellar attractions, Feroze-shah got slowly to his hands and knees and picked up the object which had struck him. It was a shoe, a large, heavy man's shoe, somewhat worn, but still good—and people do not throw good shoes at innocent bystanders without good reasons, even on Hallowe'en. Assault? Again premonition visited the Prince. His quick ear caught the rustle of dry leaves. Turning his head, he glimpsed the white-clad figure creeping upon him from the shadow of the elm.

Without further hesitation, he took to his heels. The figure bounded forward, clutched at him, missed, and slunk back to its hiding place.

Three blocks away Feroze-shah stopped, panting, under an arc light. He was still clutching the shoe. The light shone into it, revealing on the lining, a blotch of red. Closer examination resolved the blotch into letters and words, whose blurred, indistinct outlines and irregular spacing suggested that they had been put there with great pains and a blunt instrument dipped in red ink—or blood. The Prince's mouth fell agape as he spelled them out:

FRED HELP
1820 Camden Ave
KIN COBB

Within the purple, royal robe of Feroze-shah, Prince of Persia, the Hallowe'en heart of Fred Shaw, shoe salesman, doubled its pace.

"If it were anybody but Kin," he gasped, "I'd say it was a Hallowe'en trick. But Kin's too darn solemn. Gosh! Wonder whether that's ink or blood?"

A vision of Cobb, imprisoned in a darkened room, scrawling the message with splinters of wood dipped in his own blood, flashed before him.

"Gosh!" he repeated, wiping cold sweat from his forehead.

Then came a flicker of doubt.

"How in thunder did the darn shoe get over here?" he questioned. "Let's see—1820 Camden—Cobb's number's 1819 Campbell—Camden's one block east—that would make 1820 right in the rear of Cobb's place. If they had him in a backroom, upstairs, he could—gosh—that's what he'd done—he's throwed that shoe clean over the house. No wonder it hit hard."

With a rueful rub at the back of his head, he stuffed the shoe into his robe, walked swiftly up the cross street and turned into the alley between Camden and Campbell. Here, as he made his cautious way, he reflected on the identity of the white-clad figure.

"Probably one of the holdup gang," he decided. "Saw Kin throw the shoe and beat it over to pick it up. Lucky I lit out when I did. Kin must have figured I'd be there a little after midnight," he went on, again rubbing the back of his head, "but I wish he hadn't figured so darn close."

As quietly as a wooden Indian, he traversed the three blocks of alley. In the rear of 1820 Camden he paused, pondering his next move and searching his pockets in the hope of discovering something that would answer the purpose of a weapon. In his hip pocket was a bill-fold. In his vest pocket he found a diamond ring, of the variety worn by young ladies as a symbol of impending matrimony. This latter article he had purchased shortly after last Hallowe'en, with the serious intention of bestowing it upon the finger of a young lady who had masqueraded at that time in the costume of the Princess of Bengal. Only he had never been able to find the young lady.

"Darn fool that I am!" he said to himself as he thrust it back in his vest pocket. "Talked to her for three hours and never even asked her name."

The rear view of 1820 Camden was of a two-story, brick structure, wrapped in darkness and story and two in the second, all heavily shuttered.

The vines were thick and heavy, and Shaw was an agile young man. He found a foothold and began to climb. In his dark purple robe, and with the moon—now in its first quarter—fitfully obscured by clouds, he was all but invisible.

He reached the second-story window on the right and tapped lightly on the shutter. Receiving no answer, he worked his way across to the other window and repeated the signal. There was no response here; so, after a short wait, he continued the ascent until, after a hard scramble at the eaves, he managed to gain the roof. This feat involved noise, so much noise that, lying flat upon that part of the digestive system which a snake uses for crawling, he spent fully five minutes in breathless expectation of an outburst below him; but nothing happened.

Reassured at length, he started on a hands-and-knees voyage of exploration. Near the peak of the roof he found what he sought—a trap door, into which an iron ring was fitted.

The rusty hinges creaked a shrill, doleful alarm as he raised the door. Again he flattened himself and listened, certain that he must have been overheard. And again he was encouragingly disappointed. A fitful wind was now blowing, the sough of which, he hoped, had drowned the unfortunate creak.

By judicious use of the sense of touch, he discovered the top rung of a ladder. Keeping his hands on this, he squirmed about until he sat with his feet dangling into nothingness. The very position gave him a feeling of insubstantiality and shivers. The pit of intensified, Stygian blackness that yawned beneath him repelled him with a thousand imaginative terrors. The absolute silence of the place was a torture to his nerves.

"Gosh!" he breathed noiselessly. "This is a heck of a Hallowe'en! If it were anybody but Kin, I'd beat it."

Very gingerly, he entrusted his weight to the ladder. Step by slow step he descended, until his feet rested upon the beams of an unfloored attic. Then, suddenly, the freakish October wind howled across the roof, banging the trap door with a detonation that reverberated through the house like thunder. From somewhere below him came a woman's shrill, drawn-out scream of terror—then silence, tense, absolute, almost tangible silence.

It seemed to Shaw that he stood there for ages, mopping the clammy sweat of fear from his forehead, waiting, waiting, waiting for something to happen. Yet nothing did; and, after a while, courage, or at least a satiety of darkness and inaction, came to him. He struck a match.

The tiny point of light stabbed feebly into the blackness of the great attic. Old furniture, old clothes, old books, old magazines—all those indescribable odds and ends which accumulate in attics of long-used houses—leaped into vie out of all proportion to their size. A path of boards, laid loosely across the beams, led into the proximate oblivion. Striking another match, Shaw followed the boards.

He came, in time, to a steep, narrow stairway. Here he sat down, removed his shoes, and hung them around his neck. Then, on tiptoe, he descended.

The little door at the bottom led into a hall, on each side of which were two closed doors, and, at the end, another stairway leading on down to the first floor. He tried the first door to the right, found it unlocked, and pushed it open. The room was empty. He continued the investigation. All four rooms were empty.

Growing bolder, he descended to the first floor, striking matches as he went. He found the room at the foot of the stairs as bare as those he had just visited, and through the open double door, could see that the front room, or parlor, was also innocent of furnishings.

In the kitchen he came across the first signs of habitation—a stove, but no fire, a table, a rickety chair, a cupboard containing a few cracked dishes, a work-bench and a miscellany of shoemaker's tools. To all appearances, the place had been the abode and workshop of a cobbler, but the absence of finished or unfinished shoes, as well as the disarray of the tools, indicated that he had gone. Provisions of an edible nature had also established a complete alibi. Even a coal-oil lamp, which held out a moment's promise of a better lighting system, proved to be dry.

In one corner of the cupboard were two opened envelopes, addressed to Mary Phelps, 1820 Camden Ave. One contained a bill, dated three days before, for eight dollars and forty cents, from a nearby grocery, together with a curt note informing Mary that positively no further credit would be extended until amount due was paid. The other was a formal notice from the sheriff, to the effect that the property at 1820 Camden Avenue would be sold at auction on the following day, to meet demands of the creditors of the estate of the late Frederick Phelps.

There remained for investigation but one room—that adjoining the kitchen. Striking his last match, Shaw turned the knob. The door was locked.

The last match was flickering. There was no time to be wasted on conservative methods of ingress. He pointed one broad shoulder to the jamb and lunged. The flimsy bolt was torn from its socket. The door swung inward.

Again, a shrill, long-drawn scream of terror rang in his ears. He had a fleeting, confused glimpse of a woman, swaying, wildly, by a low cot from which, it seemed, it had just risen, and falling—falling—then the match burned his fingers and went out, immersing him in total darkness. He heard the woman fall, heavily, to the floor.

After the first brief, inactive moment of breathless surprise, Shaw groped his way to the window, opened it and flung wide the heavy shutters. His mind was a bubbling cauldron of ideas, that of escape struggling to boil over first.

Straight ahead of him, a light shone from an old vine. There were two windows in the first upstairs window. It was the bedroom window of Dr. Kincaid Cobb. While Shaw gazed, Cobb, himself, clad in a nightshirt, came to the window, placidly removed from his mouth and tossed away the glowing butt of a cigar, and extinguished the light.

"Holy horned owls!" burst out Shaw. "Safe and sound at home—and me tryin' to rescue him!"

Again he saw the scene in Cobb's front yard—the shoe—the white-clad figure creeping upon him, and revelation burst upon him in the shape of a nightshirt.

"It was him," he exclaimed, ungramatically ferocious, "him—in his darned old nightshirt—that chased me down the street. Oh, yes! Kin's too darn solemn to play a Hallowe'en trick! Hump! I'll drag him out of bed and make him eat this shoe."

Almost, in his sudden revulsion of emotion, had he forgotten the woman. Now, as he turned and saw her, by the faint light that struggled in through the window, huddled upon the floor, a sudden spasm of fear gripped him. One of her hands stretched out limply, grotesquely, to his very foot. He gathered enough courage to touch it. It was cold, clammy, but still feebly pulsing. Stooping, he lifted her easily, in his arms.

"I'll just pack her over to Doc's," he grunted, as he groped his way to the kitchen door.

Gingerly, in his sock feet, he picked his way across the alley and pounded lustily at Cobb's back door.

"Open up," he bellowed, "you darned old resurrected fossil of a Hallowe'en joker!"

A leisurely pattering of footsteps within the house followed this demand. In a few moments Cobb, in dressing gown and slippers, opened the door. He eyed Fred and his burden without a glimmer of curiosity. If a pink rhinocerous had strolled into his office carrying a kangeroo with the toothache, Kincaid Cobb's face would not have lost its matter-of-fact expression.

He took the lady from Shaw's arms, carried her into the next room, and laid her on a couch.

"Turn on that light, Fred," he ordered.

"Hump!" he grunted, as the light came on. "It's Mary Phelps. Fred, go out to the ice box and get a glass of fresh milk and a glass of port."

Shaw complied. While he was rummaging for the articles he heard the woman gasp with returning consciousness.

"The burglar!" she exclaimed, weakly. "Where is he?"

"He's gone," answered Cobb, in the tone one reserves for delirious people and mild lunatics. "What did you have for supper, Mary? Don't lie, now!"

"I didn't have any," confessed Mary.

"Nor any dinner, nor breakfast, nor anything all day yesterday," supplemented the doctor. "I thought so. Broke?"

Silence.

"Lost your job?"

More silence.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

Still more silence.

"See here, Mary. When your father died, I promised him I'd look after you, but I've sort of fallen down on the job. Of course, that was only a couple of months ago, and I thought he left a little money. Besides, there's the house, and the furniture——"

"I sold the furniture to pay debts," interrupted Mary. "The sheriff's gonna sell the house to pay the rest of 'em tomorrow. I can't hold a job because I don't know how. Father never would let me learn. He always said a woman's place was in the house."

"It is—eventually," protested Cobb. "Your father's ideas were better than his shoemaking. Not but what he was a good cobbler, but his ideas were better than a cobbler could afford to have. I think you've inherited the disease. Here's this high-falutin' idea you've got about marrying that scion of nobility you met last——"

A protracted sniffle interrupted his tirade.

"Fred, confound you," he went on, placidly, "hurry up with that stuff. This girl's starving."

Shaw had been standing at the door, listening. He now made a hasty entrance, a glass of milk in one hand and a glass of port in the other. The girl was sitting up on the couch. At sight of the royal milk-bearer in his sock feet, with his turban askew and his shoes hanging around his neck, her pale cheeks first went paler, then blossomed into a pinky red. She put one hand to her heart.

The tumblers dropped from Shaw's hands. He took a step forward and stood, arms outstretched, sock feet dabbling in an oozy puddle of milk and port.

"The Princess of Bengal!" he exclaimed dramatically.

"The Prince of Persia!" gurgled Mary, and sprang to meet him.

"Humph!" grunted Cobb. "Scion of nobility! Humph! His head's made out of the carcass of the Hindu's wooden horse."

He retrieved the tumblers, which had been saved from destruction by the thick rug, carried them to the kitchen and refilled them. But, instead of returning immediately, he stood in the door for a moment, watching the tableau, after which he decided to go and put on his shoes before he caught cold, and climbed the stairs to his bedroom. He could only find one shoe, and when he had put that on he lit a cigar, which he smoked, placidly, sitting by his window, until the fiery end of the shortening weed threatened destruction to his mustache. Not until then did he toss the glowing butt out the window and creep back down the stairs. He reached the door in time to see Feroze-shah fumble in his vest pocket and produce a diamond ring, with which he encircled the third finger of the left hand of the blushing Princess of Bengal, sealing the act in the manner approved by convention.

"Drink this," ordered Cobb, in his sharpest professional tone, extending the glass of port to his patient.

Mary unwound herself from Fred's arm and obeyed.

"And this," following it with the glass of milk.

"Now," he commanded, when the milk had disappeared, "upstairs to bed with you. Fred and I'll bunk on the couch and watch for burglars."

Laughing, Mary tripped up the stairs. When she was gone, Cobb turned to Shaw.

"Well," he drawled, "how did it all happen?"

"Little innocence, ain't you?" mocked Fred, fumbling beneath the voluminous folds of his robe. "Here's your darn shoe."

Cobb turned the shoe over thoughtfully.

"Humph!" he grunted. "I threw that thing at a cat about two hours ago, and when I sneaked down after it in my nightshirt some guy was streaking down the street with it. How did you get it?"

"Likely story!" Shaw commented. "And that writing on the lining? I suppose that just crawled in accidentally—eh?"

"Writing?" Cobb's face puckered into a grin as he spelled it out. "Humph! Funny I never noticed that. Real funny! So that's how you found her—eh? Well—well!"

Altogether imperturbed, he took off the other shoe and examined the lining.

"That writing," he observed, "was put in there with a rubber stamp by the fellow that made the shoe. The same thing's in this shoe, but there aren't so many letters worn out. Read it."

Shaw craned his neck over his friend's shoulder and peered into the second shoe. These are the words that he found:

FREDERICK PHELPS
1820 Camden Ave.
KING OF COBBLERS

The Harvest They Chose

By Joseph F. Novak

See front cover illustration.

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YOUNG Howard Gilpin stood upon the station platform of the little town of Red Fern, gazing with expectant longing down the track. Just beyond lay bounteous fields with great regiments of corn-shocks marshalled in marching order with here and there golden pumpkins mellowing in the sun.

This evidence of Nature's blessing did not interest him. No, it was a sight he had too often seen and one which he now vowed he would not look upon next year. For it meant that, living in that neighborhood with his post-office address as "Red Fern," he was simply a farmer and he longed to be a city man.

His dress indicated this for he was clad in a most becoming suit of clothes, and his hat, shoes, tie and silk shirt made up a faultless *tout ensemble*.

For some time he paced up and down the station platform, then at length a smothered wail told of the approaching train. A little longer wait, then the click upon the rails became more distinct and finally the iron monster dashed up with a braggadocio quite forgivable.

There were but two passengers for Red Fern, a well-set-up man in his early thirties who alighted from the parlor car, and a dainty wisp of a girl who came from the passenger coach.

Young Gilpin waved to the man, but hurried to the girl, nevertheless.

"Hello, Amy," he said boyishly, "I'm so glad you came."

In the moment he had "sized her up" from her trim white shoes to the top of her chic woven-straw hat which was also white. Her traveling dress was of a green silk-poplin, its style a reflection from fashion's glass.

This decidedly citified young woman was Amy Colvin, Amy who had gone to the city a few years before and now came back with all the earmarks of having made good.

She smiled happily into his eyes as she returned his greeting.

"I've got to see that man, Amy, he's my brother Chester's friend, Earl Stewart, and he's coming to stay with us for a while. I'm to bring him home. I've got our new Spread Eagle car, though, so I'll set him down at the house and then take you home. You remember Earl Stewart?"

"Oh, yes," she returned.

"Chester thinks there's no one like him and I can't blame him for he's been a mighty good friend to my brother. Come, we'll join him," and accordingly they did.

"I'm glad to see you, Earl," Howard began, "and sorry to have made you wait, but——" he stopped significantly.

Mr. Stewart laughed.

"Always favor the lady, especially if you wish to win her favor——" and now he suddenly paused for from the attitude of the couple he saw that he had referred to a status between the two which apparently did not exist.

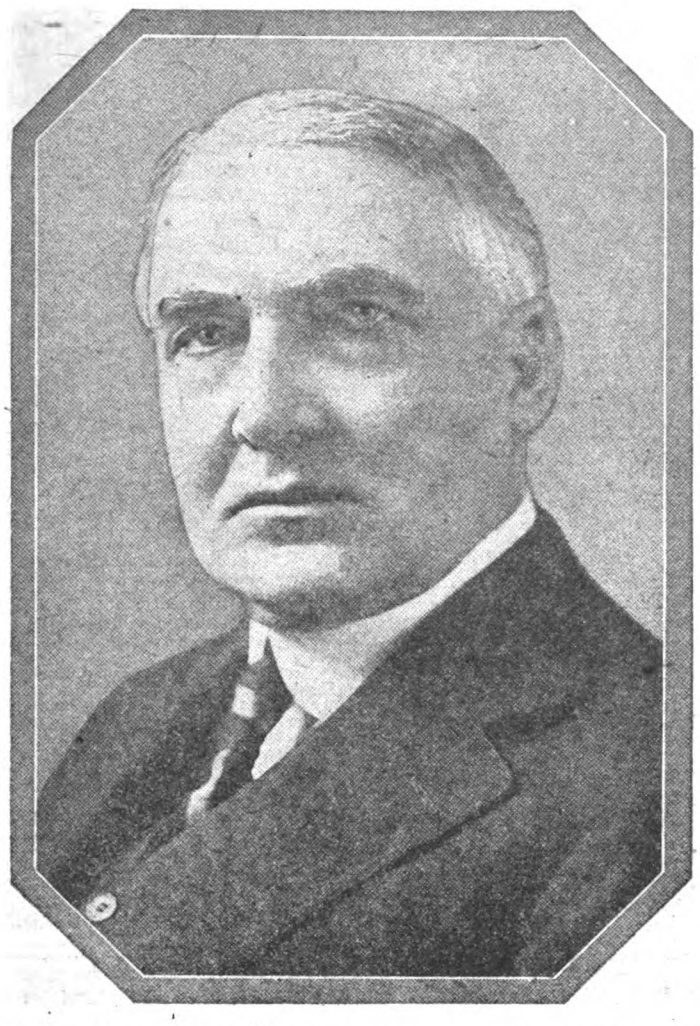
"I beg your pardon if I have been rude," he said quietly.

"Oh, that's all right," Miss Colvin replied indifferently.

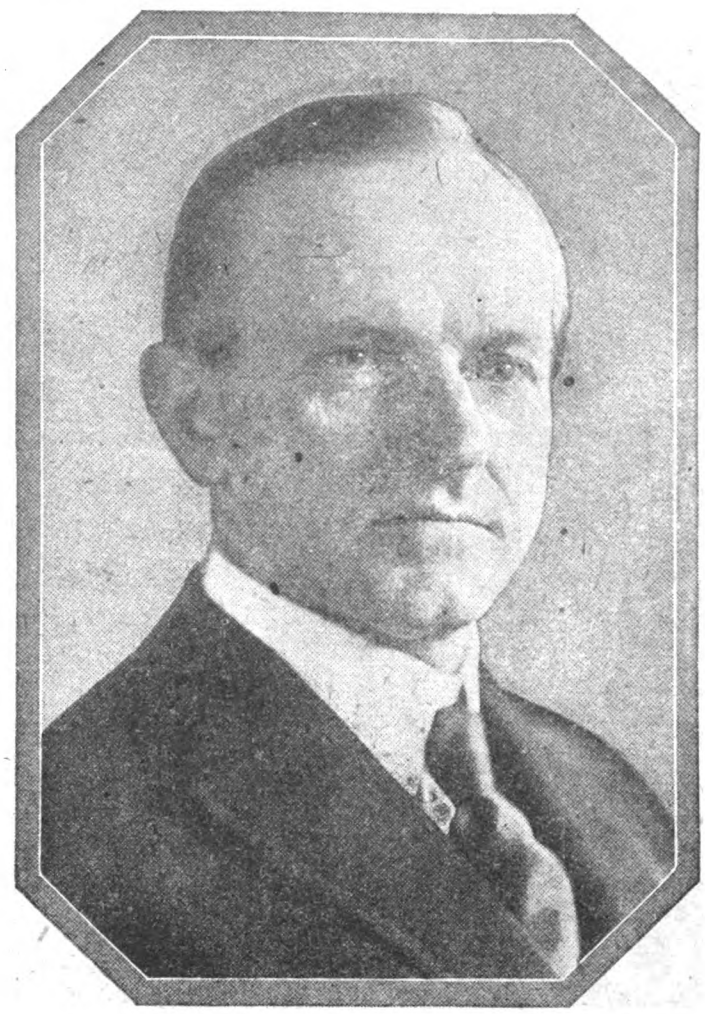
Her tone struck coldly upon Howard's heart.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 12.)

Political Advertisement



"I believe in holding fast to every forward step in unshackling child labor and elevating conditions of woman's employment."
—WARREN G. HARDING



"Look well then to the hearthstone. Therein all hope for America lies."
—CALVIN COOLIDGE

Women! For Your Own Good

Vote the Republican Ticket

From the beginning of time woman has been the enemy of War.

From the beginning of time she has been its most unhappy victim.

In proportion as woman's influence molds the politics of nations wars will diminish.

For woman is for peace.

* * * * * *

American women are being asked in this campaign to vote for the Democratic candidate for President because he is pledged to the *Treaty of Versailles* and the *Covenant* for a *league of nations* contained therein. They are told this covenant creates the league of peace of which good and great men have dreamed through many centuries. They are told it is a covenant of peace that will end all war.

Four years ago the same party asked for votes for the Democratic President because "he kept us out of war." He got them and five months later the United States entered the world war.

Is it wise to recall that, now that we are asked once more to vote for a Democratic candidate because he will commit us to a covenant that will keep the world out of war?

The American woman asks

The American woman asks of her country:

That it be a secure place for her home and for her children and that it be security with honor.

That it give her children opportunity to lead their lives even better than she and her husband led theirs.

That it be just in its relations with other nations and merit the pride which the best of its citizens have in it, in its history and its ideals.

A policy which has these purposes will have the support of American womanhood and American motherhood. That is the Republican policy and has been Republican policy from the days of Abraham Lincoln.

The Republican policy is to protect the security of the United States by preserving its right to make decisions regarding its action in the future as events in the future demand. The Republican party is unwilling to pledge now that it will protect European boundary lines and to deprive congress of the power to say in each case what the action of the United States will be.

The Republican party believes that to be dangerous to the children of the nation who will be of soldier age in years to come because it prevents them, through the congressmen they elect, from deciding what they would do and say now that they then will defend European territory.

Mothers' duty to their sons

No mother would make that pledge for her son when he was two years old and have it rest upon him when he was twenty-one. No wise woman would have her nation make that pledge and have it rest upon the citizens of the next generation who are children today.

Citizenship is a trusteeship and such a pledge is a violation of the rights of a ward. The American scheme of government, which has made this a land of freedom and security, provides that decisions shall be made by congress. That protects the people who must act.

* * * * * *

If Harding and Coolidge are elected no such pledge will be made. The United States will enter an association of nations to promote peace and humanity but the sons of no American mother will go to war unless the representatives elected by the people and responsible to them say that it is necessary. In that case mothers will give their sons. In no other case ought they to give them.

* * * * * *

The making of war is a solemn and terrible duty when it comes. Some mothers may be mistaken. They may be misled by the false promises of the Democratic party. They may think that the league of nations will stand between their sons and rifles. There is greater probability that it will put rifles in the hands of their sons. President Wilson's covenant pledges American boys to every war in Europe and Cox upholds that covenant.

The Republican party insists upon protecting the security of the American home and the future of American children. Every war in Europe is not necessarily an American war. Let congress in each case decide, without a pledge in advance.

Fair deal and fair chance

The second point in a woman's concern is that her children should find conditions of life encouraging, inspiring and fit to produce comfort and character. The Republican domestic policy is for the strengthening and protecting of all elements which keep life on a high plane. It has been under Republican administration that this country has been an asylum for the less happy peoples of Europe, the land of promise and a haven.

The Fair Deal was the Roosevelt doctrine. The Fair Chance is the Harding doctrine. That is what the American woman wants for her children—the Fair Deal and the Fair Chance.

Under Republican administration the United States has been just in its relations to other nations and its ideals are the ideals of peace and humanity. A Republican administration freed Cuba. A Republican administration freed Porto Rico. A Republican administration gave the Filipinos a system of self government with free schools and the advantages of peace. A Republican administration gave back the indemnity to China when other nations held her financially responsible for the Boxer rebellion.

Our only war of conquest

The only war we ever fought that could in any sense be called a war of conquest, the war with Mexico, was declared by a Democratic President and Congress.

The Republican has been at all times a party of honorable peace, but it has always stood and stands today for the independence of the United States and puts its trust in the righteousness of the American people to serve the cause of peace in their own way, according to the dictates of their own conscience and in the exercise of their own free will.

Your needs demand a change

You demand a change in the White House in Washington.

You demand this change in the interests of your overburdened life, your overtaxed purse, your overanxious mind.

You know how you have fared under this Democratic administration.

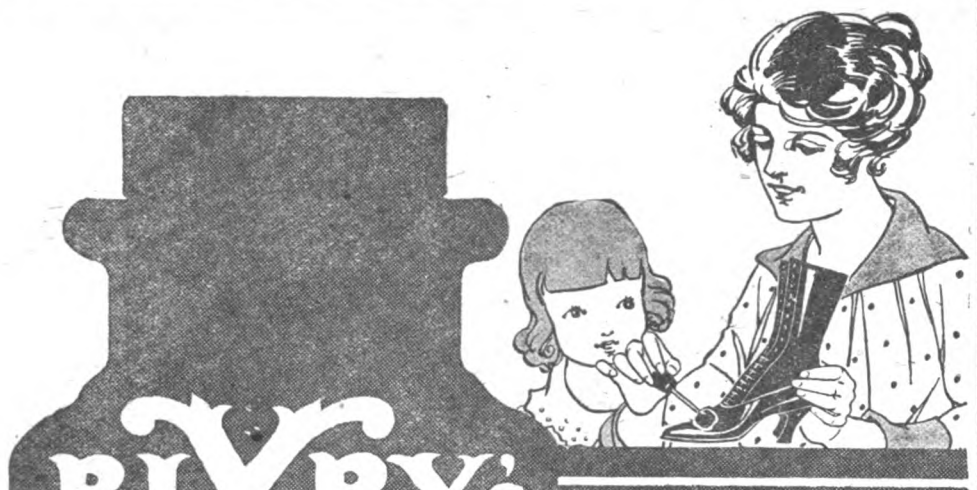
You know how doubly hard it has been for you as manager of the family funds.

Yours has been one constant struggle trying to keep the home and the table supplied—trying to pay big bills with little dollars.

You know we have always had good times under Republican management of our public affairs.

Your interest as a woman, your interest as a mother, your interest as a citizen, your interest as the financial manager of the home, combine to require the return to Republican principles.

Republican National Committee



BIXBY'S JET-OIL SHOE POLISH

EASIEST TO USE

A Dauber is Attached to Each Stopper

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Quickly applied with the dauber without soiling the hands or clothing.

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Also Manufacturers
Bixby's Shu Wite, A A Brown and Jet-Oil Paste Shoe Polishes



B-14-20-5

The Harvest They Chose

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10.)

He was young and very much in love with Amy and in addition to his natural restlessness, Amy's being in the city made him want to leave the farm the more to become a city dweller.

More determined than ever now to go back to the city where Amy did, he led the way to the new car.

"What a splendid machine!" the girl exclaimed.

"Yes. Father paid four thousand dollars for it," Howard answered.

Mr. Stewart eyed it admiringly also.

"You farmers are lucky dogs, now. If I could give up my business and go farming, I would."

"That's the way all city folks talk when they come out to visit their farmer friends," Howard replied bitterly, "but in their hearts they despise us and call us rubes."

"Is that so?" queried Stewart. "My son, do you know the definition of a 'rube'?"

"A farmer, of course," Howard responded.

"Oh, no. A rube is a ninety-five dollar forty-two hour a week city man, who thinks a farmer who raises foodstuffs is going to sell it to him cheap."

Miss Colvin laughed merrily and Howard, perforce, joined.

"Pretty good!" he exclaimed.

"Yes, rather neat, I think. It's not original with me, though." Stewart disclaimed credit for the epigram.

They got into the machine, Miss Colvin on the front seat with Howard, and Mr. Stewart lounging in the rear. And as they started off, Mr. Stewart went on:

"Don't think, Howard, that the city people despise the farmer. If they ever did, they don't now. Just let the farmers strike and see what would happen. The high cost of everything has opened the eyes of the city people to their dependence upon the farmer and they can well tremble at the thought of a farmer's strike. Praise be, though, the farmers as a class are of such generous heart that there probably isn't much danger from that source and to no one do I begrudge the increase in return for his product than I do to the farmer. But come, I guess you don't want to listen to me expound. You two probably have a great deal to talk about, so I'll keep still and rest and enjoy this peaceful landscape."

The car rolled along smoothly and soon reached the Gilpin place. It was a farm as near perfection as could be. All the barns and out-buildings were in fine condition, fields were properly fenced, and everything about the place indicated the close study of a mind that looked upon farming not as an employment fit only for the "rube" or "hayseed" but an honorable employment fitted for the best of minds and talents.

Most of this was due to the unceasing efforts of Chester Gilpin, Howard's brother, who managed the farm for his parents. Howard had just become of age and it was Chester's hope that the young man might go into partnership with him. Not one of those old-time partnerships wherein two families become interested and then find the farm is not big enough for both, but one where each takes from the common store and is charged up with every item just as if it had been purchased from strangers, so that at the end of the season, the produce of the farm is reduced to an actual monetary basis and such a share as each had used, with such an amount had he been charged.

But to this business-like arrangement, Howard had not shown any special enthusiasm—his ambition was to follow Amy Colvin to the city, marry her and live where he could enjoy the lights and pleasures of town. He did not realize that although there is a great deal going on in a large city all the time, the average city man does not partake of much of it; that it is the occasional patronage of the many that keeps the theaters full and the restaurants crowded.

He might have considered it, though, had not the other attraction crowded it out, but to bring Amy back to Red Fern to live on a farm after she had lived in the city for several years was folly to even contemplate, set aside asking or expecting it.

Stewart was soon set down and the car sped on.

"Your farm was always one of the best kept in the vicinity," Amy remarked, "but it seems to me it never looked better before."

"Yes, Chester is the backbone of it. He wants me to go into partnership with him."

"And you are going to do it?" the girl asked, a little eagerly.

"No," he replied slowly. "I'm sick of the farm. I—I—hate it!" he burst out passionately. "I'm going to the city as soon as your vacation is over, Amy. I thought maybe I'd take the same train back with you."

"Oh," she replied, a faint shade of disappointment in her voice.

He noted it and misconstrued it.

"Of course, I don't expect you to try and find me a job or anything like that," wondering if she thought he wanted her to use her influence with her employers. "It's—it's just to have your company, you know."

"I understand. But I was thinking what a fine opportunity you have here. In the city wages are high, of course, but things are horribly expensive so one can't save much. Clothes, food and household furnishings—I don't see how a man dares to get married!"

Why was she discouraging him? Didn't she care for him? He had never spoken a word of love to her, but in all the time she was away, they had corresponded, though never had they exchanged a sentimental word.

They reached the Colvin place at last, though Howard had made the way a circuitous route. Amy's parents lived with a married son who had taken over the farm. Frank Colvin was another of Chester Gilpin's stamp and he fortunately had secured a wife who loved the farm even as he did.

For a moment or two longer, the couple chatted, then Howard extended an invitation:

"The church is going to have a Harvest Supper tonight, Amy. May I take you to that? I'll call for you with the machine—just like city folks," he hazarded jokingly.

"I'd love to go," Amy enthused.

"All right, then. I'll be around at eight," and Howard drove away with a certain elation in his heart. He felt certain that Amy would be the most attractively dressed girl there and he thrilled at the thought of escorting her.

But when evening came, although Amy fulfilled his every expectation, still when they arrived at the church, she did not outshine the others to any appreciable degree, for the idea that country girls are gawkish and tasteless when it comes to dress is *guff*. Many of the dresses worn by the young ladies at the Harvest Supper were expensive creations, for farmers have asserted themselves and shown that "anything is good enough for the country" is a rank fallacy—at least for dress wear.

The Harvest Supper was an old-fashioned one, but it alone was old-fashioned. The partakers might have been a crowd of city people enjoying a frolic of the sort to judge from the automobiles parked outside the church. The collection would have done credit to an automobile show for it contained everything from the great eight-cylinder seven-passenger tonneau to the nifty sport roadster.

When Howard and Amy arrived, Chester, Miss Barbara Lester, a graceful, dark-haired girl of handsome mien and dignified manners, to whom Chester was engaged, and Mr. Stewart were already there.

Mr. Stewart was talking animatedly, for he knew many of the people. But he did not stand head-over-shoulders over the rest of the men.

In a short while the summons came to supper and they all sat down. Here was a banquet indeed. No banquet in name only with more dishes than food. There was plenty and everyone could eat to his heart's content (without the distressing thought of whether his bill was going to leave anything for carfare home, which is often the predicament of city chaps!)

When it was all over, Chester sought out Amy.

"We're going to have a little outing to Spirit Lake tomorrow, Barbara, Mr. Stewart and I, and we'd like to have you and Howard come. Howard can take you home tonight and get your other things and you can spend the night at our house and mother will chaperon you and Barbara who will also stay. That will give us an earlier start as your folks' place is in the other direction from the lake. Will you come?"

Amy's eyes glowed.

"Indeed, I shall. I thought I was going to dawdle around and do nothing, but here's my second engagement and I've been here only since morning."

"Oh, farmers have gotten away from the idea of keeping their noses to the grindstone all the while. We're quite progressive now. All right, then, I'm glad you'll come. We'll wait up for you even though we are farmers and you're a city lady," he finished mischievously.

"I don't know that you'd notice the difference particularly," she replied as her eyes wandered over the various groups upon the church lawn, all in tasteful dress.

"Well, Red Fern isn't such a way-backer village," he laughed, and with the words he got into his own car, a beautiful Westmorland, and was away.

Howard then helped Amy into his car and drove to her home and shortly returned. True to their promise, Chester, Barbara and Stewart were awaiting them.

The man from the city sat upon the porch steps, his face upturned, lit up by the heavenly moonlight. That face had the city-look, tired, a little drawn and pale, but handsome withal.

"You're enjoying the night, Mr. Stewart?" Howard began.

"Indeed I am. Have you never listened to the music of the night air? Hear that babbling, coming faintly from the creek, and notice how that dog's bark blends with the silence of the night. You never hear sounds like that in the city. There, were it earlier, you'd hear screeching phonographs or the music of the hurdy-gurdy."

"Give me the hurdy-gurdy, the clang of street-car bells and the noises of the city. You may have this if you want it," restlessly came from Howard. It was on nights like this that he realized how lovely the country was.

"So you'd like to be a city man, would you? Well, you'd soon tire of it. Why, boy, deep in every man's heart is an inherent love of nature. If this is not so, tell me why it is that when Sunday comes, the city man who owns an automobile jumps into it and seeks God's great outside? Or, if he hasn't a machine, he packs his brood of children into a jammed city street car and goes to the discomfort of standing perhaps several hours to get to the country? Why? So that his little children may rejoice in the green of Nature. Is it not so, Miss Colvin? You've lived in the city long enough to know. And didn't you yourself sometimes wish yourself back in the country during some of those sweltering days we had in town last summer?"

Howard watched the girl's face and saw her lips tremble a bit. Ah, could he have seen her mental picture then! For in contrast to this peaceful night, she saw the office in which she labored like a part of a great machine—true, she was well paid for it—where she was not supposed to have a soul, where men considered that she, being in business, must strangle all her finer sensibilities and be even as a man. She saw it all in an instant in all its hurry and relentless grinding.

"You're right, Mr. Stewart. And the more fools we that leave the country of plenty to labor for what? Simply to be city people! And what do we get for it? An occasional evening at the theater, a movie show once a week, and, by dint of hard saving, perhaps a few dollars in the bank. Oh, I get so sick of it!"

"Do you really, Amy?" queried Howard, breathlessly.

"Yes, as sick as you say you are of the farm. But if you go to town, you'll regret it."

"But I shall go, nevertheless," replied Howard.

"Why? Because of the high wages?"

"I can't tell you why with all these people around," he added significantly.

"Then I think we'd all better *beat it!*" exclaimed Stewart, whereupon he rose and went into the house, followed by Chester and Barbara.

"I want to go because you are there, Amy, but if you'll consent to stay here, I will, too."

"But what excuse can I give for not going back?" queried Amy. "You probably recall how I boasted about my success in town and that I'd never come back."

"You can tell everyone that I want you to stay here; that I love you and want you to be my wife."

"Are you sure, Howard?" Amy asked in a low, serious voice. "Do you really love me?"

"I always have, dear, and it was because you were in town, more than anything else, that I wanted to go there. Listen, dear, shall we choose this harvest?" and he waved his hands toward the shock-stacked fields where the harvest moonlight lay in dazzling refulgence, "or the few dollars which by dint of hard saving, as you say, is the average city man's harvest?"

She looked up in surrender and he caught her to him. She snuggled to his breast. "Of course, it will be Nature's own harvest, dear," she whispered.

Some Movie Ads

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EVERY NIGHT THIS WEEK.
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"MOTHER I NEED YOU"
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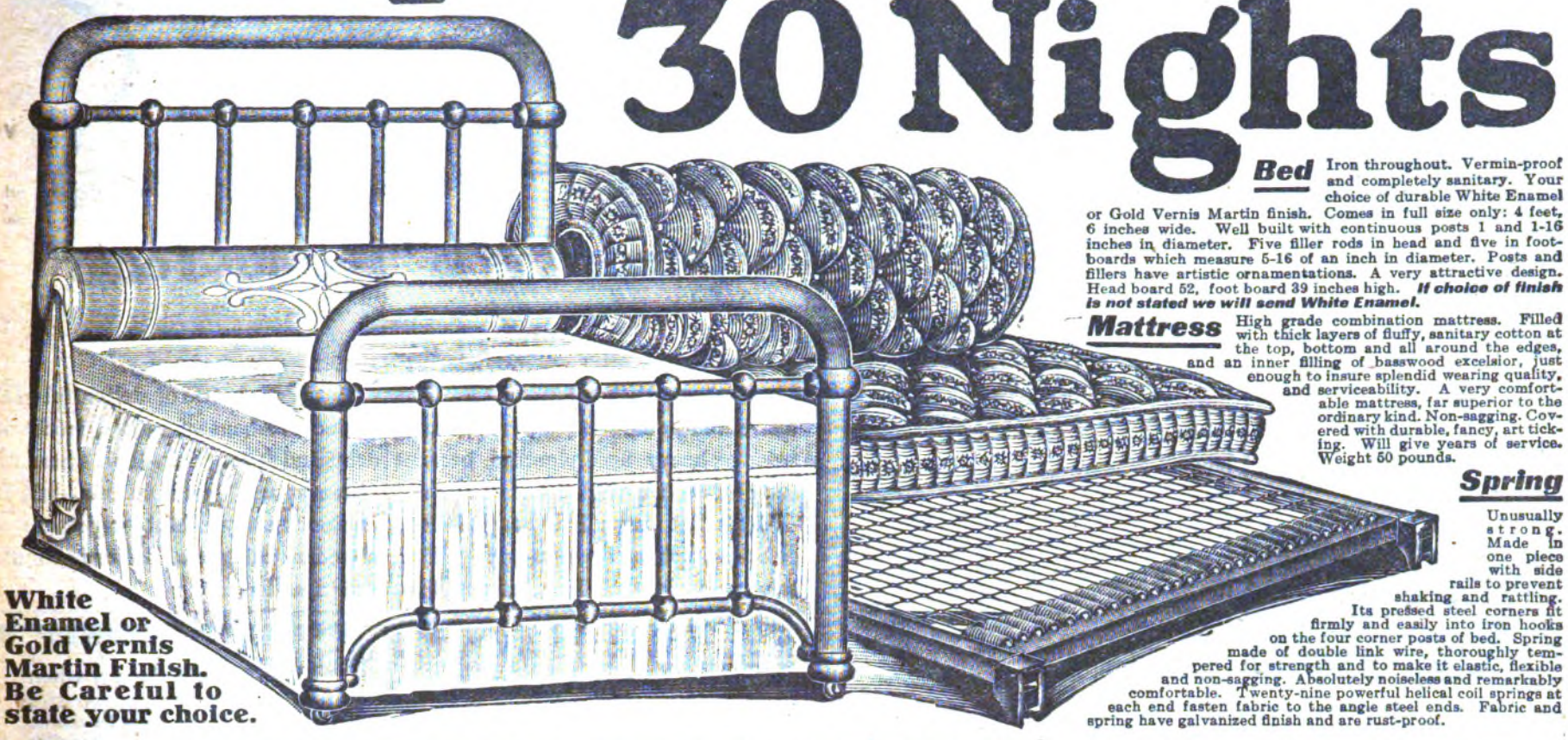
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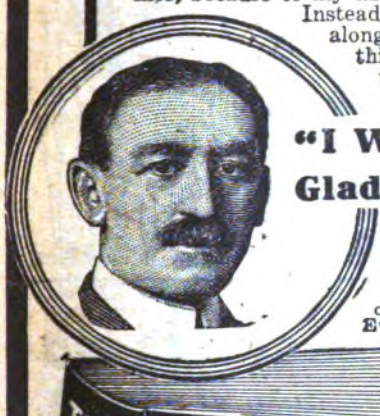
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The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

Some Important Corners

WHEN I tell you I am going to talk about corners, you will be sure to think I have my mind on elbows. But no, indeed! There are other corners even more important. You may have a sharp-pointed elbow, not at all beautiful to look upon, but you can cover it with the prettiest of sleeves, and even if it is left uncovered the chances are ten to one that nobody will notice it. But the corners I mean can't possibly escape notice! They are



THE HABIT OF SMILING INWARDLY GIVES A LOVELY LINE TO THE MOUTH.

the corners of your mouth, and what you do with them has everything in the world to do with whether you look happy or unhappy, pleasant or disagreeable. Yes, sometimes I think it even has something to do with whether you *are* happy or unhappy.

The corners of the mouth should turn up. Will you keep that in mind? Up! Look at yours at once in the mirror. Do they droop a little, even ever so little? Then get to work at once and begin to train those drooping corners. The best way I know to acquire a beautiful mouth and a lovely expression is to practice smiling inwardly. Involuntarily the corners of the mouth will curve up ever so little, and as they do so the eyes will take on a different expression. I defy anybody's eyes to look sad or unpleasant while the corners of the mouth are curving upward. Upturned corners keep away the suggestion of age, as well, so if you want to keep young, begin right now to train that mouth to curve in the right direction.

A mouth with upturned corners will keep away the deep wrinkles and sagging cheek muscles which come with increasing years. It is difficult for a cheek muscle to sag when the upturned corners of the mouth relieve the cheek of strain. A nervous headache may sometimes be driven away in a short time by the mere mechanical raising of the corners of the mouth. Involuntarily the tightened temples relax, as do other muscles and nerves, and soon the headache is gone. So, for health as well as beauty cultivate the upturned corners.

My girls are always asking me how to make a large mouth small, or a thick mouth dainty, etc. How you hold the mouth may make just the difference between small and large. A large mouth may be made to appear infinitely smaller by the simple method of smiling up at the corners—it shortens the line of the lip; while a thick-lipped mouth looks thinner when upturned corners tighten its fullness a trifle.

And let me whisper something else, girls. If you will practice smiling inwardly and turning up your mouth at the corners, you will find that your disposition as well as your appearance will benefit thereby. You simply can't be cross or impatient while your mouth curves upward, and after you have shown yourself what a difference a smiling mouth makes in your personal appearance you will be very careful about risking your good looks just to be able to say a cross word or two.

So here's to the upturned corners—may all my girls acquire a pair!

Answers to Questions

UNION.—Large pores can be contracted by being careful not to use hot water on the face, except at night before going to bed, and even then the face should be rinsed in warm water afterward, and then in cool, ending with cold water dashed on the skin to close the pores. In the daytime, you should wash the face in tepid water and rinse in cool or cold water. Be sure the face is perfectly clean always before using cold water on the skin, otherwise the pores may contract with dust in them and cause pimples or rough skin. Never wash the face in hot water, then dash cold water on, for the difference in temperature is too great and the skin is apt to chap or roughen; be sure to go from hot water to warm, from warm to tepid, from tepid to cool, and from cool to the final cold dash. Anything you use to take off freckles, such as you mention in your letter, will make the skin sensitive, as freckles are under the skin and to remove them one must remove the outer skin. The new skin left exposed is of course tender and apt to chap, roughen and freckle again. About the eruption on the hands, this is a matter for a doctor's prescription, but in any case you should be careful of your diet, drink plenty of water, and see that the bowels move once or twice a day. You will of course be careful to take a daily body bath, thus keeping the skin free from impurities and giving it every chance to become healthy.

LUVENA L.—I am glad you like the Pretty Girls' Club, and indeed I do feel like a friend to all of you. About those freckles, see what I said just above to "Union." If your freckles are summer freckles, I should let them alone, as they will fade out in the winter; and then I should be very careful of my skin when next spring comes around, wearing big hats, and rubbing in cold cream before going out in the sun. If, however, you are sure your freckles stay all winter long, I should wait until late fall, when there was no more chance of a hot sun, and then would use a freckle remedy on my skin, taking good care of it afterward, keeping it softened with cold cream and protecting it from rough winds. Just a few freckles aren't considered a blemish, and sometimes I think it much better to put up with them than run the risk of making the skin sensitive by using a remover. Bathing the face in buttermilk sometimes removes freckles. While an excellent remover is as follows:

Horseradish Freckle-Remover

One teaspoonful of grated horseradish, one cupful of sour milk. Let the horseradish stand in the milk for six to eight hours, then use the liquid as a wash for the face.

Another good way of removing freckles is to use a small camel's-hair brush, like a tiny paint brush, and touch the spots with the following lotion:

Freckle Lotion

Glycerine, one half ounce; lactic acid, two ounces; rosewater, one fourth ounce.

About dressing your hair, it is somewhat difficult to prescribe a becoming way when I do not know how you look. A good many girls like to part the hair above the ears on both sides, then comb the hair straight down over the ears, carefully turning it under, pinning it firm, then pinning the ends in the middle of the back of the head. The front hair, above the two side parts which were made, is combed back rather loosely, and the ends fastened also low down in the middle of the back of the head. The back hair should have previously been tied with a bit of shoestring close to the head. Now that hair is coiled in a round coil, covering the ends of the other hair and almost at the nape of the neck. The front hair, in being combed back, falls over a little and covers the two side parts, and the hair over the ears is puffed out quite a little. The hair can be fixed in this way with the front hair parted on the side or in the middle, and drawn a little down on the forehead. Indeed, the way to dress hair becomingly is to experiment, and find what suits one's face best. It is never a good plan to comb the hair away from the face steadily for any considerable length of time, as it is apt to make the forehead high. Change your forehead line, your parts, your way of dressing your hair, frequently so that the forehead may not be made too high, parts too wide, or other defects encouraged. Yes, you do not weigh enough for your height, and should try to gain. However, let me whisper that when I was at your age I weighed about the same. Try to get plenty of sleep, at least eight hours, with your windows open, plenty of outdoor exercise, good substantial food three times a day, but not between meals, and be sure to chew your food thoroughly, as well as drink plenty of water.

FLORA.—I am sorry I cannot answer inquiries by mail, but I hope an answer in these columns will help you. The best cure for blackheads is soap and water. That is, blackheads are nothing more or less than dust in the pores which has not been entirely removed and so has hardened and become a blackhead. Get yourself a camel's-hair complexion brush at your druggist's or from some mail-order house, and at night fix a bowl of hot soapy water and with the brush gently scrub your face all over. If you haven't a brush use a Turkish toweling wash cloth. Do not rub soap on the face, then or ever. After your face is thoroughly clean, rinse it many times. Do not use cold water on your face in these nightly baths until you have disposed of the blackheads. When that time comes, always follow your nightly face bath with a douche of cold water to close the pores. Be sure to take a body bath daily, that the pores may be kept open and the body free from impurities. And do not eat too many sweet things.

DOLORFUL B.—The way to have "clear, sparkling eyes" is to have perfect health—there is no other way, my dear. You must keep the body perfectly bathed, the eliminative functions normal, must eat sensible food at mealtime but nothing between meals, get plenty of sleep, outdoor exercise, drink quantities of water, never drink tea or coffee, be careful never to read in poor light—and if you do all these things you may be reasonably sure that your eyes will be clear and sparkling. Rolling the hair on bits of stocking should not break it, unless you roll it too tight to the head and pull it, or unless you are careless in unrolling it. Your hair will improve in color and health as you care better for your entire body. At fourteen, however, the body is undergoing changes and a lot of bodily energy is devoted to those. You need lots of nourishing food, sleep and outdoor air. Let your eyelashes alone—they will improve as you improve your health. The eyebrows may be brushed gently each night or morning with a tiny brush like a baby's toothbrush. Do not use peroxide on your hands and arms. At fourteen the best thing one can do is to let them alone, as they will soon bleach out of themselves. Do not use any tonic on your hair, but be careful about food, etc., as I have prescribed. Then shampoo once in two weeks, and brush the hair gently every night before going to bed, braiding it very loosely. Don't rough your hair, as that breaks it. As to the colors that would be becoming to you, you should be able to wear pale blue, pale green, white, brown (golden brown would be the most becoming) and navy blue. I think you could also wear corn color well. And if your cheeks have a good deal of color you could wear lavender.

INTERESTED SUBSCRIBER.—The best way to get rid of the forehead wrinkles caused from weak eyes is to have the eyes fitted with good glasses and to wear them. Then massage the wrinkles by dipping the fingertips in cold cream and rubbing *across* the wrinkles, not up and down them. The blackheads and



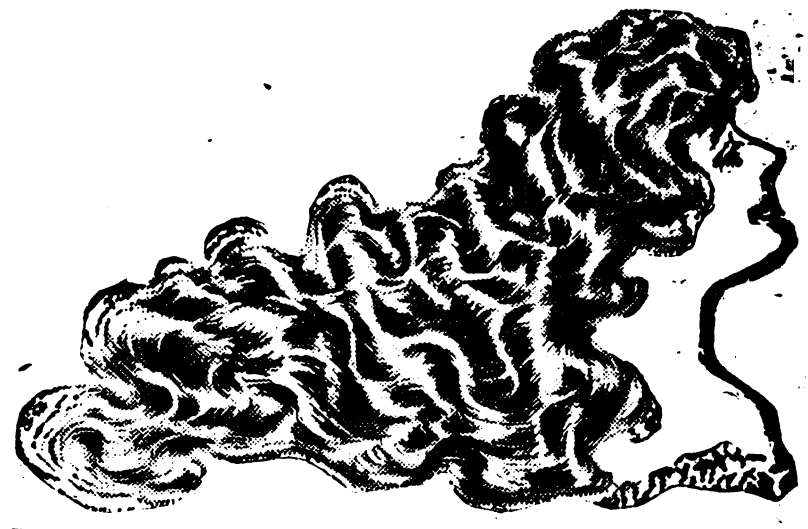
CHEEKS ARE KEPT SMOOTH AND YOUTHFUL BY TURNING UP THE CORNERS OF THE MOUTH.

open pores should be cared for as directed in my answer to "Flora" and "Union." Never bring the hair back tight from the forehead, but let it be rather loose. At night the hair should be as loose as possible—in fact, if it is left even unbraided and hanging free it is the best way of all. Your yellow elbow needs daily scrubbing with a complexion or nail brush and good soapy water. A little peroxide in the rinsing water may be applied to the elbow. The dark circles under your eyes may be from some bodily disorder, or from your nerves not being sufficiently strong. See that you get nine or ten hours sleep at night, and that you drink plenty of water. Rest may do away with the black circles—if not, go to a physician and see if there is some other trouble. First, however, try what an extra amount of sleep will do for you.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

RECIPE FOR GRAY HAIR.

To half pint of water add 1 oz. Bay Rum, a small box of Barbo Compound, and ¼ oz. of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It will gradually darken streaked, faded or gray hair and make it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.—Adv.



Danderine is "Beauty-Tonic"

Immediately after a "Danderine" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful, because each hair seems to fluff and thicken.

Don't let your hair stay lifeless, colorless, plain or scraggly. You, too, want lots of long, strong hair, glistening with beauty.

A 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" freshens your scalp, checks dandruff and falling hair. This stimulating "beauty-tonic" gives to thin, dull, fading hair that youthful brightness and abundant thickness. All drug counters sell "Danderine."

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Cuticura Soap when used for every-day toilet purposes not only cleanses, purifies and beautifies but it prevents many little skin troubles if assisted by occasional use of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. Cuticura Talcum imparts a delicate lasting fragrance leaving the skin sweet and wholesome.

Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Sold throughout the world. For sample each free address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. S, Malden, Mass."
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

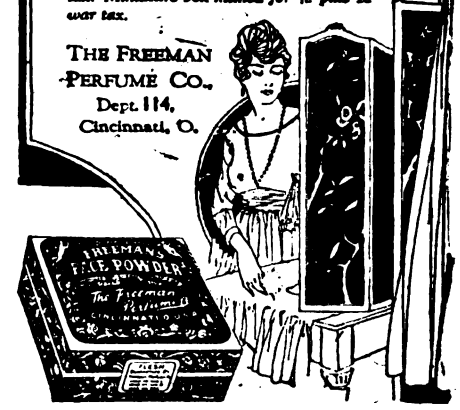
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Of enchanting fragrance—won't rub off. A favorite for 40 years.

All-tints at all toilet counters 50c (double the quantity of old 25c size)—plus 2c war tax. Miniature box mailed for 4c plus 1c war tax.

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How I Make Money —Right at Home!

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"I made this money easily and pleasantly—in the spare time left over from my housework and the care of Bobby and Anne, my children. In fact, they helped me to make it. I make as much, and often more every month.

"Before I found this new, easy way of making money right at home, in privacy, freedom and comfort, my husband's salary, while sufficient to meet our absolutely necessary expenses, was really not enough to give us any of the little extra pleasures that mean so much to a family. Everything we eat or wear has gone up so high, and salaries haven't kept pace!

"But now we have *more* than the necessaries—we have beaten the terrible old H. C. of L.—and *we have our little luxuries and amusements too.*

"How do I do it? Simply by knitting socks. No, not by the slow old process of hand-knitting, which took almost a day for one sock, but by using *The Auto Knitter* a marvelous, but very simple, easily-operated machine. It turns out fine, seamless wool socks with almost magical speed. Now that I have gained practice with the *Auto Knitter* I often make a sock in 10 minutes!

"And the best part of it is that I have a *guaranteed, constant market* for every pair of socks I make, at a *guaranteed price.* The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company of Buffalo has contracted to take every sock I can make. I simply send them the finished socks, and back comes my check by return mail, together with a new supply of yarn to replace that used in the socks sent them.



"Free Yarn Sent with the Machine and They Pay Me For the Socks"

The Auto Knitter Hosiery Company is an old, firmly established American corporation, engaged in the manufacture of high-grade seamless socks. They have always preferred home manufacture to factory production. They believe in the independent employee, and know from experience that the best work is that done by well-paid, contented people, working in happy homes.

"The Company's world-wide business connections give them an enormous market for socks—everybody, everywhere, needs them—and the company constantly needs more workers to make socks in their own homes. They need *you.*

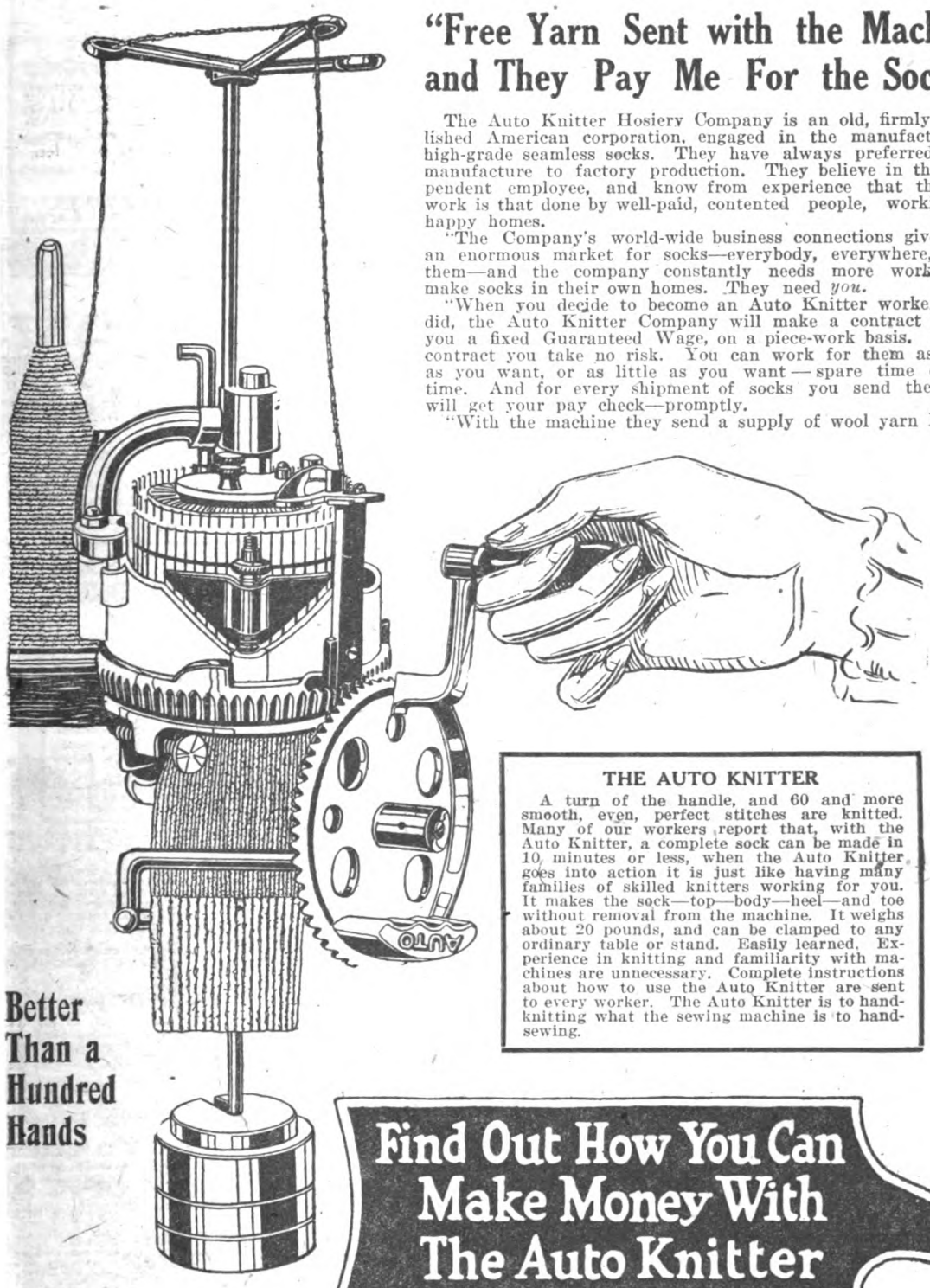
"When you decide to become an Auto Knitter worker, as I did, the Auto Knitter Company will make a contract to pay you a fixed Guaranteed Wage, on a piece-work basis. In this contract you take no risk. You can work for them as much as you want, or as little as you want—spare time or full time. And for every shipment of socks you send them you will get your pay check—promptly.

"With the machine they send a supply of wool yarn FREE. They also supply FREE the yarn needed to replace that which you use in making the socks you send to the company.

"The yarn supplied is the well-known Qu-No Quality Brand, made especially for the Auto Knitter. It is the softest, the warmest, the strongest, and uniformity in quality, weight and shade are always obtainable. You receive a Free Shade Card that contains samples of Qu-No Quality Yarns.

"You are, of course, at liberty to dispose of the output of your Auto Knitter as you see fit; you can also use the Auto Knitter to make, at a remarkably low cost, all the hosiery your family needs—wool or cotton.

"But remember this: There are absolutely no strings tied to the Wage Agreement; it is a straight out-and-out Employment Offer at a Fixed Wage on a piece-work basis—a good pay for your services alone."



Better Than a Hundred Hands

THE AUTO KNITTER

A turn of the handle, and 60 and more smooth, even, perfect stitches are knitted. Many of our workers report that, with the Auto Knitter, a complete sock can be made in 10 minutes or less, when the Auto Knitter goes into action it is just like having many families of skilled knitters working for you. It makes the sock—top—body—heel—and toe without removal from the machine. It weighs about 20 pounds, and can be clamped to any ordinary table or stand. Easily learned. Experience in knitting and familiarity with machines are unnecessary. Complete instructions about how to use the Auto Knitter are sent to every worker. The Auto Knitter is to hand-knitting what the sewing machine is to hand-sewing.

Read What Satisfied Workers Say

The Auto Knitter gives you the opportunity to make money during your spare time. It also gives you the chance to devote your entire time to the business, and thus to be independent of bosses, rules, time-clocks, working-hours, etc. The Wage Contract is in no sense a disguised "canvassing scheme," "agency" "or open a store" proposition. Here is the proof—read the evidence from some of our workers.

More Than Two Dozen Pairs a Day

The Auto Knitter has proven very satisfactory. The work done on the machine cannot be surpassed. The only requirement is to learn the work and then work. The Auto Knitter is very speedy and any person of good judgment can knit from one to two dozen pairs of socks a day, and if they want to push the work they can turn out more. The treatment by the Auto Knitter Company is the best, and I have found them to be absolutely reliable. Berlin, N. Y.

Promptness Appreciated

Am sending you today a shipment of half hose. I wish to compliment you on the promptness with which you return replacement yarn and check.
Gays, Ill.

Pleased with Treatment

I have received my replacement yarn and check. I am well pleased with my machine, and your treatment of me.
Maxdale, Tex.

Getting Along Fine.

I am sending you another lot of socks today. I am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosiery.
Limestone, Tenn.

Thanks for Attention

I have just sent you a lot of half hose made by my Auto Knitter with yarn supplied by you. I am glad to avail myself of this opportunity to tell you how much pleased I am with the machine and what pleasure it gives me to work it. I also wish to thank you for the courtesy and prompt attention you have always shown me. Buffalo, N. Y.

A Steady Worker

In this same mail I am sending you 74 pair of half hose. Hope they will reach you all right. Please send replacement yarn, and wages, and I will send another shipment soon.
State College, Pa.

Regular Prompt Pay

I am sending by express three dozen and 9 pair of half hose, being the product of ten pounds of yarn. Please send me 10 pounds of replacement yarn, and wages. Milton, Wis.

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Write Today for Our Liberal Wage Offer

No matter where you live we want you to know all about The Auto Knitter. We want to tell you of the pleasant and profitable place ready for you in our organization, and the future you can make for yourself with The Auto Knitter.

We want you to compare our work, and the money that is in it, with what people are paid for long, hard, grinding toil in office, store, mill and factory. We want you to know the substantial amounts that even a small part of your spare time will earn for you. Then we want you to read the glowing statements of our perfectly satisfied workers, and learn how, if you desire, you can have your own home factory, and sell your output both wholesale and retail.

Remember that experience is unnecessary, that you need not know how to knit. You do not have to even know how to sew. The Auto Knitter does the work.

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Dept. 1010K **821 Jefferson St.,** **Buffalo, N. Y.**

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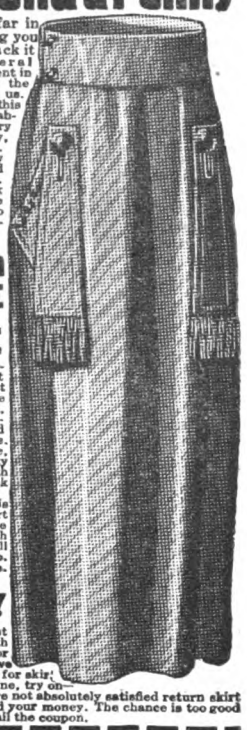
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Send serge skirt as marked X in [] below. I will pay $3.98 for skirt on arrival. If not satisfied after examination I will return it and you will refund my money.

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Name.....

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GAIR MFG. CO. Dept. 1A CHICAGO

Children's Happy Hour

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Harold's Hallowe'en

HAROLD went to a Hallowe'en party and had a splendid time but on the way there he met with a queer adventure. He was in his father's buggy, all dressed up in his big man suit, with a rose on his coat lapel, a cane in his hand and a derby on his head, when suddenly, the horse took fright at a Jack-o-lantern that hung over the road, and ran away. Harold was thrown out of the seat, but luckily fell upon a pile of long grass and was not hurt. His clothes were torn however, and he was pretty badly scared.

The horse kept running till he was clear out of sight so our little friend found himself alone on a dark, country road.

The Jack-o-lantern that had caused all the trouble seemed to be grinning at him and Harold, throwing a stick at it, shouted:

"Go away you mean old ghost."

To his horror, the Jack-o-lantern seemed to float directly towards him and finally came to rest only a few feet away.

"Please do not blame me," it said, "a boy hung me over the road, and I tried hard not to scare your horse. Any way he is not hurt and will easily find his way home."

"Yes, but how will I get to the party, and who is going to mend my torn clothes?"

"I will take you to an old witch who comes to life on Hallowe'en and she will provide a suit in place of the torn one."

"How can you take me any place?"

"Sit upon me and see."

Harold climbed on top of the pumpkin and it floated into the air like a toy balloon and kept going till it landed him at the side of a large oak tree.

He heard a voice saying, "Knock three times on wood."

Harold struck the tree trunk three times with his knuckles and the Jack-o-lantern disappeared and in its stead stood a little old lady.

"What can I do for you?" she asked.

"I want a suit for a Hallowe'en party," he answered, "if you please." Just then he heard a noise in the tree and looking up saw an immense wild cat about to spring upon him. Shaking with fear, he tried to yell but could not.

"There is nothing to be afraid of, my boy," said the witch, 'this wild cat is going to give you his skin for your party suit."

Our little friend did not quite understand but the old sprite soon made her meaning plain.

Seizing the animal she pulled the hide clear off him as easy as you would peel a banana, but strange to say another furry coat grew on him right away and he scampered along without being hurt a particle.

"Here is your costume," she said to Harold and with deft fingers, soon had him dressed to look like a cat.

"Now," she ordered, "you must walk along the road until you see the farmhouse lighted up and hear the music."

"I am afraid to go alone," he confessed.

"There is no need of that," said the witch, if you see any one on the road or any animal, get down on all fours and they will think you are a big cat and run away."

This reassured him and he started bravely out. Not a soul did he meet except one boy dressed like a clown. Harold got down on his hands and knees and meowed like a cat and the scared clown boy ran screaming to the house where the guests were. Harold followed him closely, and everybody yelled when they saw what they thought was a large wild cat, leap straight into the dining-room. Soon our friend made himself known to the company and then all enjoyed a good laugh. My, but they had a good time playing games after that.



Cut-Out Doll Directions

Paste the whole picture on smooth cardboard and rub with hands from the center towards the edges to press out all wrinkles. Use boiled flour paste. When neatly pasted put it in a big book for at least one day or night to dry. Next cut out each figure, hat and suit with scissors and color them with crayons, chalk or water colors. To put the hats on, cut a slot where the dotted lines are and push them down on the head. The extending flaps are bent back to hold the costumes on. The doll will stand alone if the ends of the strip under it are bent back at right angles.

"Ponzied" Finance—Editorial

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

three months, at the rate of 200 per cent a year) that he promised ought to have aroused suspicion in any sensible person's mind. The proposition appeared to be preposterous on its very face, and anybody should know that legitimate investments even of the speculative class do not pretend or promise anything like such large returns. Nevertheless more than twelve thousand people hold Ponzi's notes for large and small amounts aggregating millions of dollars. Some of them are wealthy or well-to-do and will not be distressed by the losses which now seem inevitable, but with many a one the Ponzi investment represents his or her little all, the loss of which will be a dire calamity. There are millions of suckers in this country who draw money from the savings banks, mortgage their homes or sell their liberty bonds to invest in get-rich-quick schemes which turn out to be fraudulent promotions or financial pipe dreams. Thus, despite the preventive efforts of the Government, the easy marks are swindled out of hundreds of millions of dollars each year.

Strange as it seems, it is a fact that there are many who still have confidence in Ponzi despite the recent disclosures which point to the conclusion that he had no plan of profitable investment but simply used the money of later depositors to pay the holders of earlier notes, and in the face of proof positive confirmed by his reluctant admission that he was convicted of forgery in connection with a swindling scheme in Montreal in 1908 and served a prison sentence of three years therefor, and that subsequently he served a term in the Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, for smuggling aliens across the Canadian border in violation of the U. S. immigration laws. These trustful dupes belong to the class known as "once a sucker always a sucker." Don't be a sucker.

COMFORT'S EDITOR.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

he laboriously hammered out his message of love on a piece of rock, or he made a beautiful tablet of clay which reminded you of a headstone in a cemetery and deposited it at the mouth of your cave or the granite arch of your mud hut. He did not put a few postage stamps on it and ask Mr. Burleson to carry it by parcel post. He did not seek to hide his identity by the cowardly methods adopted by those who use our mails. He delivered his missive in a manly manner. He knew that his billet doux would be recognized as a challenge and like a man he waited while you read what he had to say and then he invited you to tread on the tail of his endless prayer chain coat, bedad. Ah, those were happy days. The cave man was quite some in the superstition line, but he had the courage of his convictions, and he did not, like a measly cur, frighten people half to death while hiding behind a miserable two-cent postage stamp. Get after the endless prayer chainers and swat the life out of them. There is enough ignorance and superstition in the land without a recurrence of this particularly loathsome plague.

STAPLES, MINN.

UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a country boy of sixteen years of age and have read with much interest your articles on Bolshevism. My opinion is this—I do not believe you know what Bolshevism is. The American word for it would mean majority. The Russian people, longing for freedom, overthrew the tyrannical government of the Czar and set up a government of their own under which every man could be his own master and say what he wanted to say. Lenine and Trotzky thought that every man should be equal, that every man should be his own master, raise his own food and manufacture his clothes. They did not believe that men should have modern conveniences such as railroads and factories but all that is changed, they were mistaken. They started to build nationally owned factories and railroads. They have opened their ports to the common goods of the world. They are giving the Russian people more freedom than they ever had before. There are no profiteers as there are in this country who suck the people of all they produce. They believe every man should have an equal share of the wealth he creates. Is this the condition in our own country? GUS ——.

Gus, your letter is a diabolical conglomeration of stupidity, nonsense and downright lies, but it is dope that is very popular in certain sections of our country where people have been fed for years by the foreign and lying sheets with venomous stuff satanically devised to poison the mind of those who get a fat living in this country, and who hate the land that educates and protects them. Of course I do not know what Bolshevism is. If I wanted to know I'd have to go to Chicago, Milwaukee, and scour the hyphenated colonies of the Northwest "alretty yet." You, a child of sixteen, have the audacity to tell a man who has spent his life in study and who knows personally some of the world's greatest evolutionists, revolutionists and radical thinkers that he knows nothing about the hideous thing that is destroying Russia and will destroy you if you

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)



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$2.48 for a pair of real honest built work shoes. Sounds impossible but it is true and the best part of it is that you do not have to send any money to prove it. Thousands have been satisfied

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for two spare hours

Following is reproduced a chart from page 32, Bulletin No. 22, 1917, of THE UNITED STATES DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR which shows the actual cash value of education when it is continued to completion of high school training.

Study this chart carefully—it means money to you

Every Day Spent in School Pays the Child Nine Dollars

Here is the Proof

Uneducated laborers earn on the average $500 per year for forty years, a total of.....$20,000

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES earn on the average $1,000 per year for forty years, a total of.....$40,000

This education required 12 years of school of 180 days each, total of 2160 days in school.

If 2160 days at school add $20,000 to the income for life, then each day at school adds $9.02.

The child that stays out of school to earn less than $9.00 a day is losing money—not making money

NOTE — This chart was compiled in 1917, prior to the present high salaries. Today instead of $9.02 it would be between $15.00 and $20.00 a day.

If you have not completed your high school training then do so without delay. Already you have completed a large part of the 12 year work specified by the Government, realize on the work you have done. You can get a thorough, complete high school training in two years time—in your own home—during your spare time. Two hours a day is all you need.

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Audrey's Recompense

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

It was like a new world to Audrey.

She blossomed all at once into new beauty—a beauty which caused her fond parents to marvel, and threw the gay world upon which she had flashed like a dazzling star into a flutter of excitement and admiration.

Among their many invitations there was one requesting their attendance at a reception to be given by the Governor of the State, and this was checked for acceptance.

Great care was bestowed upon Audrey's toilet for this occasion—far more care and thought than any one would have deemed possible over a costume so wondrously simple.

It consisted of white lace made over cream-white silk. The silken corsage was made low, and the sleeves short, leaving only the filmy material of the over-dress to protect, though it did not conceal, the pure, white neck and rounded arms of the beautiful girl.

A fairy-like fringe of maiden-hair fern was laid around her shoulders where the corsage of silk ended, thus enhancing the dazzling whiteness of her skin.

Not an ornament gleamed anywhere about her; but her fair, sweet face, with its high-bred features, azure eyes and ruby lips, needed no adornment; while her girlish figure, with its beautiful curves and symmetrical lines, seemed animated with the poetry of motion.

Yet the young girl was so unconscious of her own loveliness and the admiration she excited, that it only enhanced her charms.

"Do tell me who that vision of beauty is."

The request was put to a middle-aged gentleman by a young man of fine appearance, who was standing near when Audrey, with her father and mother, were presented to the Governor and his wife.

He was dark and handsome, possessing a frank, noble face, dark hazel eyes, full of truth and honor, and a gentle, almost feminine, mouth, with its delicately curved lips, but having much of strength and decision in it also.

His gaze was fixed with wondering admiration upon Audrey, as, with girlish grace, she bent a sweeping salute before her host and hostess, and his companion smiled at the deep earnestness of his words.

"Are you, too, going crazy over the new beauty?" he asked, adding: "That is Miss Waldemar, daughter of the Honorable Dudley Waldemar, formerly of this city."

"Do you know them?" was the eager query.

"Yes, well. Dudley Waldemar is an old and highly esteemed friend of mine."

"Will you introduce me?"

"Yes, Arthur; but you must look out and not get your wings singed. All New York is raging over Miss Waldemar, and I see another enthusiast is about to be added to the list."

"Never mind," replied the young man, with a note of impatience in his tone. "I must know her—I must hear her speak. If her voice corresponds with her appearance it must be music indeed."

"Tut, tut, boy; don't get sentimental," laughed the other. "I have always given you credit for being above such fol-de-rol. But come on, if you wish to be introduced; they are moving this way."

Three minutes later Arthur Halstead was bowing before Audrey Waldemar, a strange thrill running through his heart, an unwonted flush upon his cheeks, as her innocent blue eyes met his and he clasped the daintily gloved hand she frankly extended to him.

What need to tell that the "old, sweet story" began over again, then and there? that those frank, hazel eyes made mischief in the heart of the blue-eyed lassie?—mischief that time could never undo. Before they parted that night each soul instinctively knew that it had found its mate.

The fortnight which followed was one never to be forgotten.

Every evening found Arthur Halstead by Audrey Waldemar's side, where, looking into her eyes, listening to her voice, he forgot time, place, everything, save that he was in her presence; while to her he had become a king among men, a hero to honor and revere.

Only two short weeks thus went on, and then they both knew the full meaning of that sweet old story—they loved.

But no word as yet had been spoken to confess it: heart had only spoken to heart—eye to eye.

But it was casually mentioned in Arthur Halstead's hearing one day that Mr. Waldemar and family would leave New York the following week, and with a sudden shock at the announcement, he resolved that he would settle his fate before another day elapsed.

And forthwith he repaired to the hotel where that gentleman was a guest, and in his frank, straightforward way requested a private interview.

It was unhesitatingly granted.

Mr. Waldemar had been much pleased with the young man, and had been in no way disturbed by his marked attentions to his daughter.

He knew that he belonged to an unexceptionable family, his father being a wealthy gentleman residing in a neighboring county, and also had been at one time a United States Senator. He considered the son a young man of brilliant talents and great promise. He knew that his child must choose some day one with whom to spend her life, and why, if her young heart had gone out to him, should it not be Arthur Halstead?

In a manly fashion the young lover made known the object of the interview, and craved permission to win the maiden whom he loved.

"My daughter is very young to enter into an engagement," Mr. Waldemar replied.

"I know it, sir," replied Arthur Halstead. "I will not ask her for that just yet; only grant me your permission to win her love if I can. I—I am sanguine enough to believe that she does not regard me unfavorably."

Mr. Waldemar smiled, for it needed no expert to tell that Audrey's heart had already been won; and feeling that he could offer no reasonable objection to the lover's plea, he gave his hearty consent.

Fair Audrey Waldemar was too pure and true to practice coquetry; and when Arthur Halstead told her with passionate earnestness how he loved her, and begged her to give herself to him to brighten and beautify his life, she simply and trustfully laid her two small hands in his, and trembled with the great joy that had thus come to her.

"We will brighten and beautify each other's life," she murmured, softly; "and you know that I love you, Arthur."

And they both believed they held "the chief of all love's joys, only in knowing that they loved each other."

Mr. Waldemar smiled indulgently when informed of the result of this interview, although he would not consent to a formal engagement just yet.

"Wait," he said, "until Audrey is eighteen and you have attained your majority, which, you tell me, will be in about six months; then, if you are both of the same mind, I will put no obstacle in your way."

The lovers submitted to the probationary decree with a very good grace, happy in the present, hopeful for the future.

They were not to meet under six months, but were to be allowed to write as often as they chose, and when the stated time had passed, Arthur was to join the family, wherever they might be, and their engagement could then be formally announced.

"Six months will seem like an age if I am to be separated from you all that time," the young lover sighed, on the evening before the Waldemars were to depart.

"It will soon pass," Audrey said, cheerfully, "only, I suppose, we must not mope over it, but improve the time as best we can; so let us be patient, for I know that papa thinks he is acting for the best in insisting upon this delay."

So they parted, fondly, trustfully, hopefully.

CHAPTER IV.

"AM I MISLEADING HER?"

When Arthur Halstead arrived at his home he found visitors there—a whole houseful of friends, who had come to spend a few weeks before the family returned to Albany, where they usually spent their winters.

It was the last of October and everything in nature was clothed in its most gorgeous attire; the weather was delightful, everybody in the gayest possible mood, and Arthur received the most enthusiastic welcome from his family and friends.

The visitors consisted of Mrs. Halstead's sister, with her three daughters and young son, and a former intimate friend of Mr. Halstead, Sr., with his wife, two sons, and a lovely daughter.

Augustine Montrose and Richard Halstead had grown up side by side. They had gone to school together, played together year after year, and finally entered and passed through college together. They had always loved each other like brothers, though of late years, business taking Mr. Montrose to a distant portion of the country, they had met very rarely.

Now, however, he had come at a special invitation from his early friend to make a "good, old-fashioned visit."

Ida Montrose, his only daughter, was a lovely, dark-haired, creamy-complexioned girl of nineteen. She had great, lustrous, almond-shaped eyes, the features of a Greek goddess, a mouth that was a scarlet line of beauty, its dreamy smile haunting one with its wondrous sweetness. Every motion of her perfect form was one of grace and elegance.

When she was presented to Arthur there were two in the room who watched with eager eyes to see how they would meet—Mr. Richard Halstead and Augustine Montrose.

"She is beautiful," Arthur said to himself, though adding, with lover-like enthusiasm, "but she will not compare with Audrey."

What Miss Montrose thought of him it was hard at that moment to determine.

She bent one lingering look upon him, gave him her hand with languid grace, and then turned to speak to her mother, who was sitting near.

Several weeks of gayety and pleasure followed, and Arthur found that much was expected of him, as the son of the host, in the matters of entertaining the company and acting as escort upon all occasions; while he was not long in discovering that it seemed to be tacitly understood that Miss Montrose was to be his special care and companion upon every excursion.

He longed to have a private talk with his father, and confide to him the fact of his having formed an attachment for Audrey Waldemar, and that it was his intention to marry her at no distant day; but it seemed he could find no opportunity to do so.

So day after day went by, and he was the almost constant companion of beautiful Ida Montrose; and soon he began to notice the significant glances which were exchanged by different members of that gay household when they were together.

"Can it be possible that they all think I have fallen in love with the fair girl?" he asked himself. "Do my attentions to her savor of that appearance, and am I misleading her in the same way?"

He began to be very much afraid of it as he marked the shy drooping of her lids whenever he addressed her, and the delicate flush which came and went in her creamy cheeks when her eyes chanced to meet his.

"I must put a stop to this at once," said Arthur to himself, greatly distressed; "people must not be allowed to entertain such false ideas, and I will take measures to undeceive them without delay."

That very evening some one proposed that they make up a party, and take a short trip to Florida, before separating to go to their several homes.

The idea was eagerly seized upon, discussed at some length, and finally adopted, and it was arranged that they should start the day but one following.

The party was to comprise Mrs. Copeland, Mrs. Halstead's sister, and her two eldest daughters, Mr. Montrose and family, Mr. and Mrs. Halstead, and Arthur.

But Arthur resolved not to go.

It would be just the opportunity he wished for, to escape from the web which seemed to be closing about him, and he at once intimated that it would not be convenient for him to accompany the party.

A general clamor was instantly raised about his ears.

Everybody protested that he would spoil everything if he remained at home, his father and mother insisted that he must go, and finally, so much having been said, he reluctantly consented to make one of the company.

He resolved, however, to have a talk with his father before starting; tell him everything, and insist that his position be made known in a quiet way, to his friends, and thus avoid all mistakes in the future.

But there was no opportunity. Everybody was full of hurry and bustle, and there was no time for any private conversation with any one.

The party started at the time appointed, and, after a most delightful trip, arrived in St. Augustine just at sunset, one lovely day, and took rooms at one of the principal hotels for a month's sojourn in that ancient town.

And then there began another round of pleasure. Of course there was the usual sightseeing to be done, drives to take, and excursions to make, and it all happened just as Arthur feared; it fell to his lot to be the companion of Ida Montrose wherever they went.

"I cannot help it," he said to himself, "I am as true as steel to Audrey; I can never be compelled to make love to Miss Montrose, and I may as well submit gracefully to this uncomfortable state of affairs. I will treat her as well as I can, in a friendly way, and let things go as they will."

And, having arrived at this conclusion, he strove not to worry about the future.

One day they were to visit a beautiful lake a number of miles from the city. A large party had planned to go; they were to spend the entire day there, and return by moonlight.

Some were to drive, others ride.

Miss Montrose, being an excellent horsewoman, preferred to ride, and, of course, Mr. Halstead was in duty bound to accompany her.

The morning was charming; everybody experienced the most delightful anticipations, and even Arthur himself felt a sense of exhilaration as the horses were brought around to the door, and Ida, more beautiful than he had ever seen her before, involuntarily turned to him and put out her perfectly gloved hands to him for assistance in mounting.

She made a perfect picture, mounted upon her shining chestnut steed, a tremulous smile upon her scarlet lips, a tender, half-conscious light in her wonderful eyes, as she bent slightly forward to receive her whip from Arthur Halstead's hand.

A thrill of pain shot though his heart as he looked upon her, and then caught sight of his own and her father standing upon a balcony above, watching them; and a hot flush mounted to his brow as he saw them turn to each other, speak a few words, and then clasp hands, as if already they were congratulating themselves upon the speedy consummation of their hopes.

"Audrey, Audrey!" his soul cried out, yearningly, as if somehow he felt her slipping away from him, "I am true to you—I shall come for you—I shall never swerve a hair's breadth from my allegiance to you."

The ride to the lake was delightful, the road

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

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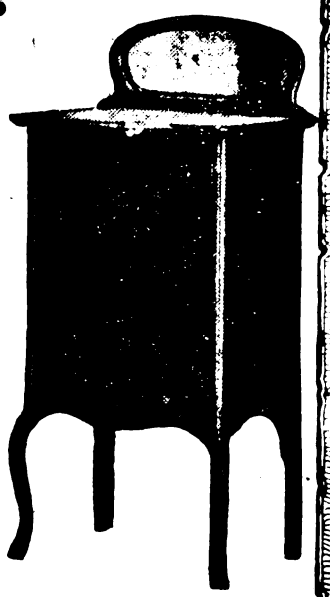
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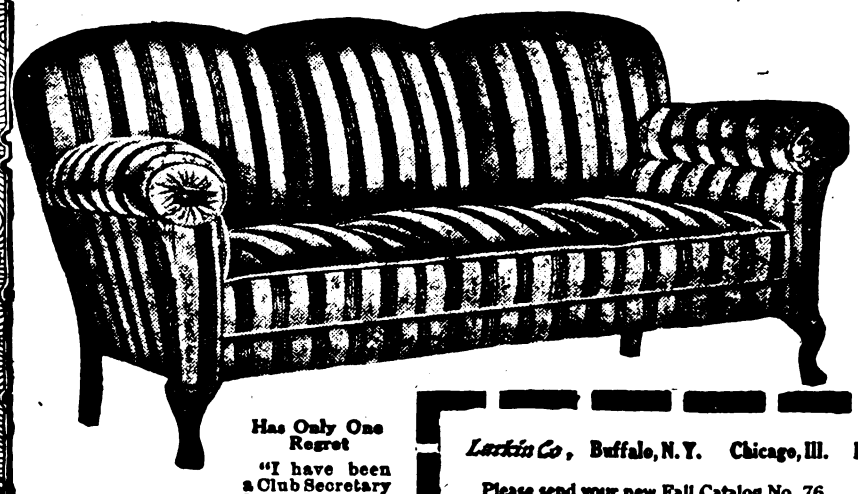
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Her Two Suitors

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6.)

gone, thinking what a pleasant thing it would be for this lovely charge of hers to be the mistress of Peak Castle and all its broad domains, not to speak of the vast properties that had so enriched this young man that he could afford to speak slightingly of the inheritance he had received. She knew perfectly well, also, that she would be domiciled in the castle for the rest of her life, and in the twenty years that it had been her home Madam Delpre had learned to cherish the magnificent old place.

"Kenneth Cameron is a singularly handsome man," she said, breaking the silence that had fallen upon her and Dorothy.

"Singularly handsome," agreed the latter.

"The girl who becomes his wife will be a most favored woman. Ah, Dorothy! a quiet nook in the country is all very well for me, but for a young thing like you with all her life ahead of her to be lived, it is quite another matter. There are such beautiful things to be seen in the great world outside, such marvelous things, of which you know so little. And there is society—the great world of kings and queens to be captured, and which would be laid willingly and gladly at the feet of one so lovely as you. I have seen the world, Dorothy, from one end to the other; I have been in the presence of princes, but I have never seen any one so exquisite as you would be gowned in laces and diamonds."

"Oh, madam!"

"It is quite true, child. I know how little vanity you possess, or I should never dare say these things to you. Kenneth Cameron thought as I do!"

"But would he—if he—knew?"

"There is no reason why he should ever know. That chapter is closed. There are very few of us, *cherie*, who have not something to conceal in our lives. Yours was no disgrace to you, but only those connected with you. You needn't be afraid. Those of your past who would shadow your life are never liable to even hear of you again, and if they should there is no reason for them to desire to injure you, even if they should recognize the name. You are as completely apart from them as if you were on another planet. Keep your secret, Dorothy, and if Kenneth Cameron proposes to you—think well before you refuse him."

Dorothy's eyes were open, looking out into the moonlight, long after she had gone to her room and to bed. For the first time ambition had been fired within the girl. She wanted to see the world! She wanted to be received socially, to know people above the standard of those with whom she had so far come in contact. The hour she had passed with Kenneth Cameron was one which stood out in her life never to be forgotten. He was so gentle so dignified, so refined! Not more so, perhaps, than Rudolph, but Rudolph had been the single exception in all the years that had passed.

Was Kenneth Cameron pleased with her as madam had said?

She remembered the expression of his handsome eyes as he had looked down at her while she sang, remembered now he had pressed her hand at parting. It had been only an hour, but—It would be very delightful to be loved by a great man such as the master of Peak Castle.

She had never looked more exquisitely beautiful than on the following day as she came to the piazza to meet Kenneth Cameron, dressed in a riding-habit that fitted her round, supple figure to perfection. The roses were blooming in her cheeks and the color in Kenneth Cameron's deepened as he arose and pressed the little gauntleted hand she held out to him.

"How good of you to consent to go with me!" he exclaimed. "I was half-afraid you might change your mind, but I see dear madam would not permit you. Madam Delpre, I wonder if you would allow me to take the possession of you that your long residence in the castle would warrant my doing?"

"How do you mean, Mr. Cameron?"

"Suppose I take Miss Griswold there to luncheon with me and you meet us there at two! Please do! You see I am as eager as a boy. The two hours' ride will not be too long for you, will it, Miss Griswold?"

"I almost live in the saddle and never tire."

"Then you will meet us, madam?"

"Yes. It will be very gratifying to lunch at the castle again."

"I am glad of that, for I shall hope to keep you there a great deal! Come, Miss Griswold."

The horses were in front of the piazza, champing nervously at their bits. Cameron's own groom was at their heads. Cameron offered his hand to receive Miss Griswold's foot, and threw her lightly into the saddle. She had scarcely touched it, than she reached her horse's back, as gracefully and airily as a bird. Cameron was enchanted. Purposely he permitted her to ride down the road ahead of him, then he cantered up to her, admiration plainly gleaming in his eyes.

"Who taught you to ride?" he cried. "In all my experience I never saw a woman with so perfect a seat."

She colored deeply, wondering what he would think if she should show him some of the wonders she could perform with that same horse, but answered quietly:

"The gentleman taught me of whom you heard madam speak last night—almost my brother—Rudolph Griswold."

"Oh, yes, I remember, and an artist he is. Shall I have the pleasure of meeting him?"

"I hope so, if you remain at the castle long enough."

He looked at her and laughed.

"I think now my stay there will be indefinite," he said gaily. "Shall I tell you something? When I came to America it seemed an awful bore to me. I only came because I felt that I had swindled your poor Madam Delpre out of the earnings of her lifetime, but now—will it be necessary for me to tell you why I shall not go back for many weeks, Miss Griswold? May I tell you? I have found in America what I never found in any section of the world, though I have searched continent after continent. I have found the woman I—love! Don't be angry with me, please, Miss Griswold! I know that I have no right to tell you that, when I have known you such a short time, but indeed I can't help it! I could no more remain in your presence and not tell you that I love you than I could prevent that love from bubbling through my heart. I think I loved you before I had ever even heard your name, while I stood concealed upon your lawn like a burglar, listening to the exquisite tones of your voice; and then, when I looked into your beautiful eyes, it was hopeless. I may seem impulsive and foolish to you, but I can't help it. If there is no hope for me, I had much better hear it now, in the beginning, though it is already too late. Is there any one else, Miss Griswold?"

The question was put pleadingly, his anxious eyes still striving to see her, though her face was turned farther from him than ever.

Still no answer.

"Have I offended?" he continued entreatingly. "Please answer me. You don't know what the suspense is! I don't ask for your love yet. I know how impossible that would be with a fellow who has so little to recommend him as I have. You couldn't fall in love with me on the spot, as I have with you. I shall be quite content with whatever probation you may put on me, if you will only give me the smallest hope—if you will only tell me that there is no one else who holds your heart or your promise."

Once more he waited, and that time the very small voice reached him.

"There is—no one—else!"

"Miss Griswold—Dorothy! I may call you Dorothy, may I not, when we are quite alone? It is such a quaint, beautiful name, and so suited to you. Oh, I can't tell you how happy even that small concession has made me. It has lifted me straight into heaven. Don't cast me out again. I wish you would tell me that you are not quite indifferent. I wish you would tell me that you would consider being my wife. I know I am not much for such a lovely girl as you to love, and it seems like the very greatest presumption that man was ever guilty of, but 'faint heart never won fair lady,' and if I wait I may lose everything"—humbly. "I have won so much already that I am emboldened. Dorothy, just look at me, won't you, dear? Just let me see what your eyes have to tell me and I will try—I will try to be satisfied."

She was smiling; he knew that by the dimples that were playing about the side of her mouth, which he could see. And then she forced herself to look at him.

It was not a very romantic expression, the one he saw, but there was no discouragement in it. Instead of being satisfied, he seized her hand with the one he could spare from his bridle and carried it to his lips.

"Oh, Dorothy!" he exclaimed rapturously. "It isn't 'no' that I read there. Thank God for that! You are not altogether indifferent, though there isn't the love that I hope to find there one day. How strange it seems that I—Kenneth Cameron, who have wandered all over the world in search of a wife—should find her right here upon my native shores within two days after my arrival. What a happy man you have made me, Dorothy. And how proud I shall be of my own lovely wife. I wonder if you will regret having taken me when you are worshiped by the great world as you will be?"

"But I have not promised yet!" she urged.

He laughed happily.

"Your eyes have not refused me, and that is enough. I shall do the rest. I don't expect that you should love me. That would not be possible yet. But I will win, Dorothy. You have given me the right to your society. You know what it is I am seeking, and I shall find it, dear. I am the happiest man on all the earth. Don't either dampen it or take it from me. Have pity upon me, my beautiful one!"

CHAPTER VII.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

There was great excitement over the arrival in America of Kenneth Cameron. Mothers with marriageable daughters made haste to welcome him.

He had more invitations that he could have accepted if it had been his intention of remaining in America for a year, and when it became known that he was to give a ball at the castle, dressmakers were harassed almost to death by the demands that were made upon them and the difficulty of pleasing their captious patrons.

His betrothal to Dorothy had not been announced because she would not have it that a betrothal existed.

"Not until Rudolph has been told," she urged, "and I can't *write* to him concerning it. We must wait until he comes and has seen you. Then I must tell him myself—not you."

And with that Kenneth Cameron was quite content, for it practically admitted that she recognized the pledge.

She had written, urging Rudolph's presence at the ball, but he had declined, saying that important business detained him, and that he was not intended for balls, anyway, assuring her that he would much prefer having her to himself for the few days that he could remain than attending balls with her, and so while he declined, he did it good-naturedly, sending her a string of pearls to wear which cost him much self-sacrifice.

Dorothy sighed and touched them with her lips when the dainty case lay open upon her knee.

"Dear Rudolph!" she murmured. "I wonder if you will be pleased when you hear the news I have to tell? And I wonder if Kenneth Cameron will ever give me a present which I shall love as dearly as I do these little beautiful things? They mean tears! I wish Rudolph had not given me tears just at this time."

Nevertheless she wore them to the ball—just that simple string about her white throat, round and soft as that of a lovely child.

Her gown was less elaborate than that of the simplest maiden present, and yet none of them could vie with her in beauty.

She was all in white—her half-mourning for Papa demanding that—without any other jewels than the ones Rudolph had sent.

Cameron had provided a magnificent bouquet of white orchids, and nothing could have looked lovelier or more appropriate in her beautiful hands.

She and Madam Delpre were the first to arrive, as madam was to receive Kenneth Cameron's guests, an honor which every woman in the vicinity envied, but one which they yielded was just because of madam's long residence beneath that roof.

He went forward to greet them as they entered, taking both Dorothy's pretty hands and kissing them passionately.

"Isn't she beautiful, madam?" he asked, turning laughingly toward her chaperon, but allowing his enraptured eyes to wander back to Dorothy at once. "I have always considered you the most beautiful woman I ever saw, Dorothy, but you are beyond that tonight."

"Oh, Mr. Cameron, how absurd you are!" laughed Dorothy. "I shall believe by and by that you are simply making sport of me if you are so extravagant. Please let me believe you, and I cannot when you speak like that."

"It is every word Gospel truth, and I have proof of it if you will only take the trouble to look. But, haven't you been able to either persuade or command her to call me 'Kenneth' yet, madam? I thought I had a firmer ally in you than that."

"Not until after Rudolph comes," returned Dorothy, shaking her head at him reprovingly.

"I suppose I shall have to wait then," he said, with a mock sigh; "but I shall be growing horribly jealous of Rudolph if I am always to be put aside like this for his approval of everything. At least I may have your card, may I not? Of course, I shall open the ball with you."

Madam's eyes expressed her delight. What mother could do better for her own child than she had done for Dorothy?

She was enchanted with her success and watched them as she might if her own fate had hung in the balance.

The guests began to arrive after a little and the scene grew exciting.

The place was made for such scenes as that, and Cameron whispered to Dorothy that they would have it filled eternally when she was mistress there.

She observed with pride how he was almost caressed by the haughty dames present, and how charming they were to her after Kenneth Cameron had opened his own ball with her.

There was nothing that Kenneth Cameron had spared to make the affair a success, for it was practically in honor of his betrothed wife, and the truth was noised about that night, in spite of the fact that Dorothy had not permitted it to be proclaimed.

"We understand that we are to congratulate you shortly," one lady said to her sweetly, showing her white teeth in a smile that was not altogether genuine. "The castle is a magnificent property, but it is not the greatest of Mr. Cameron's possessions. It will be a most fortunate thing for any girl."

Dorothy colored. What could she say in reply,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

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Appealing to Club Women

By Frances L. Garside

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IF you were asked, "What has made the greatest change in the past five years?" you might reply, "The map of the world."

With reason, but has it made greater change than the character of the women's clubs of the United States?

Kings have tumbled, boundary lines have been moved forward, backward, or perhaps obliterated; prominent personages have sunk into obscurity, and obscure persons have taken their place, all so speedy and so confusing that it has been like



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MISS FLORENCE SPENCER.

watching a game of cards played so rapidly only those engaged in it knew what was happening.

The change in the character of women's clubs has been just as bewildering. In their influence on the future of this country and the home, they have been just as important. Perhaps more so, for the change has been of a more stable character.

Some years ago women's clubs were for recreation only; bridge, high five, embroidery, gossip, or perhaps the members put out a High Brow sign and went deeply into some ism. It was always something very remote from the needs of the present; Greek art, or Ancient Rome, or the Occult; something that made mother bind up her head with a wet towel while she dipped into the encyclopedia, and father smile behind his hand when he saw her laboriously writing her "paper" to read when her club met.

But what a change these days! The women no longer meet to kill time; they meet to devise ways to best improve it. They discuss politics, prohibition, the industrial situation, health insurance for employees, plans for interesting the girl in sane and safe paths through girlhood; every economic question, public and private, domestic science—oh, the list of things which interests women these days is long and glorious! It is worthy of being printed in illuminated text.

Because women's clubs have changed in character, and are no longer frivolous or uselessly intellectually dull, the Government has fallen into the habit of appealing to them when in need of assistance in some urgent matter. Just now, through Miss Florence Spencer, it is making an appeal to them to check-up in this mad gallop of waste and extravagance into which the nation is plunging.

Miss Spencer is chief of the Women's Division of the Government Loan Organization and also chief of the Children's Division. In her appeal for assistance she is reaching out in three ways: To the women's clubs, to the home circle, and to the child in the school.

She is first vice president of the National Federation of Business and Professional Women's Clubs, and through this position is urging all women club members to join in an organized movement for thrift.

"There is no club in the most remote country hamlet," she says, "that is too small or too remote to be reached. I am in hopes that every woman's club in the country will join us by organizing within its members a Thrift Club, and devote a part, if all is not desired, of the time of its meetings to devising ways for making the family budget afford a savings margin.

"If a woman hears economy in her club, she will practice it at home. She must have a budget; she must keep an account; she must know where every penny goes. That is as much her job as it is of her husband to know where every penny comes from. Home Circle Thrift Clubs will bring all the members of the family closer together. If every evening there is a discussion of the ways and means committee, of which every one in the family is a member, the father gets a kinder vision on what the child wants, the child learns that the father's purse has its limitations, and that it may have a part in making the purse hold more.

"We are interesting the school children. They are saving pennies that formerly went for all-day suckers, toys, ribbons, popcorn, the movies, etc. We find they are reaching through this saving a higher plane of thinking. A library ticket opens greater possibilities than a tin top, and the library ticket costs nothing. The rare visit to the movie is enjoyed more because of its rarity, and the attraction selected with more discrimination.

"The child reached through the school, and the family through the Home Circle Thrift clubs, mean more in the future of this country than one can say, and while both are important, they do not afford the opportunities for learning ways of thrift that may be learned when many women meet and contribute their varied experiences.

"So it is to the club women that I am making my appeal. There are human interest possibilities in a gown to be dyed and made over not found in the lives of early Persian monarchs; there is something to keep alive a sense of humor in a hat to be re-trimmed if all the members of a club made a Hat Day an attraction for a spring meeting; there is the spirit of competition so essential to success if club women vied with each other in the buying of Thrift and Government Savings stamps. Why a prize for making the most points in a silly game of cards, and not a prize for the woman who can show the greatest saving in her household expenditures in the previous month?

"Why be extravagant when there never was a time when there was such urgent need for economy? Why be drunk with a craze for spending when the times demand that every one be sober?

"The Government is placing great hope on the results of this appeal to women. It says that it is through the women the reform must come. As a nation we are famed for extravagance. We must slow down and save as systematically and sanely as we have spent foolishly and wildly, or there will be a bump up against something hard that will hurt every mother's daughter of us, and our children, and our children's children."

The slogan for all women's clubs throughout the nation is "Think Before You Spend."

Give Your Nose a Chance

By Dr. H. M. Smith

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KEEP yourself free from colds, pneumonia and grippe this winter by giving your nose a chance to perform its functions properly. If you cannot breathe freely through it, if you have an almost constant cold or breathe through your mouth when you sleep, this condition requires attention. You probably are suffering from what used to be called catarrh.

Catarrh is sometimes called the American disease because it is so prevalent in this country, but as a matter of fact catarrh is not a disease at all but a symptom and it is no more common in the United States than it is in Europe, about the only difference being that on the other side of the water they do not call it by that name. In medical practice any unusual amount of discharge from any part of the body is called a catarrh. Thus we have catarrhal disturbances of the stomach, liver, intestines, or any surface that is lined with mucous membrane, but what the average person means when he refers to this disagreeable affliction is nasal catarrh. Doctors tell us that this condition is mainly due to repeated infections, which, in the language of the street, means a succession of colds. Lack of proper care of the nose and throat in childhood will also bring about this condition, so do not neglect the children's cold. Any disease anywhere in the body that lowers its vitality, lowers the resistance of the nose against the attacks of the germs that are responsible for catarrh, for it is the chief duty of the nose to warm and strain free from dust and germs all the air that enters nostrils. Instead of having two straight passages into the head as most people imagine, the nose thrusts out from each of its walls three elastic cushions, one above the other called the turbinated bodies, composed of coils of blood vessels covered with soft mucous membranes. In any emergency these bodies swell up and almost completely close the nostrils. In chronic catarrh they remain constantly about half distended. They cannot expand to bar out a sudden rush of cold air or irritating vapor or contract to allow free passage of pure air into the lungs. Dust and germs that accumulate on the mucous membrane, instead of being washed away, remain until they produce cracks and sores. Breathing through the nose becomes difficult so mouth breathing is resorted to, which sometimes brings on sore throat and hoarseness or deafness or trouble with the ears as well, for the ears are closely connected with the nose and throat by means of the Eustachian tubes. Inflammation will close the mouths of these tubes so that air can no longer be sent up to them to keep the ear drums properly inflated and so the outer side of the drum is pushed in and a sinking or thickening results which is the beginning of deafness. All of which goes to show that a chronic catarrh should not be neglected, but attacked at once by every means in our power for it is not simply a comparatively harmless hang-over from a cold, but an active menace. More than half the causes of deafness or even chronic bronchitis could have been avoided if the nose had only been given proper treatment before the trouble began.

If you want to overcome your tendency to catarrh, the first thing to do is to build up the general health in every way you can by means of a sensible nutritious diet, regular exercise in the fresh air and eight hours of sleep every night in a room with the window open. A mildly antiseptic wash or spray which any druggist can prepare for you, should be used morning and night, but if this does not bring about improvement the nose should be examined by a doctor to see if adenoids or other growths are present or if the turbinated bodies are unduly swollen. Both these conditions can be corrected either by simple operations or proper treatment.

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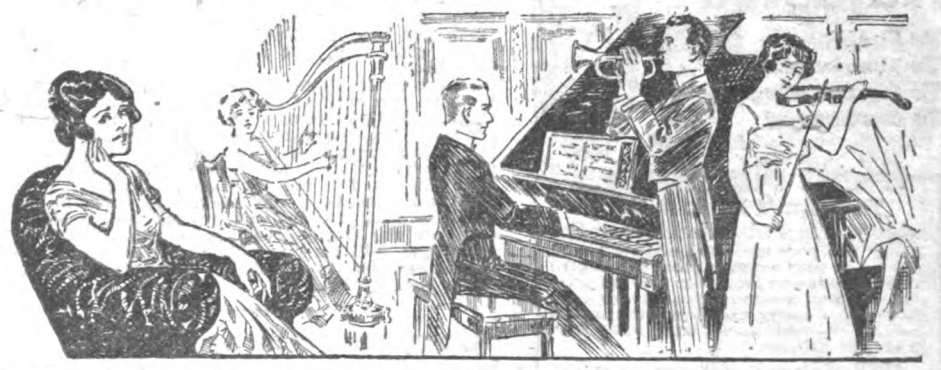
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Fall Canning & Cooking

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

the same process as in canning fruit.

APPLE SYRUP.—To seven gallons of sweet apple cider or juice add five ounces of powdered calcium carbonate (carbonate of lime). Boil the mixture vigorously in preserving kettles for five minutes, and then pour into jars. Let stand eight hours, when it should be perfectly clear. Pour the clear liquid into clean preserving kettles, add one teaspoon of calcium carbonate and stir thoroughly. Boil rapidly until the amount is reduced about one seventh, when it should have the consistency of maple syrup when tested in cold water. Pour into jars and place where it will cool very slowly. When cold, fill fruit jars or bottles and sterilize fifteen minutes in hot bath. Seal. Use on hot cakes, in sauces, cookies and desserts.

APPLE BUTTER.—Make three gallons of apple sauce. Add one quart of cider vinegar and five pounds of brown sugar. Cook slowly on back of stove about ten hours, or until it is thick and of a dark color. There will be about two gallons when done. Just before removing from the fire, season to taste with cinnamon. Frequent stirring while cooking is necessary as fruit butters scorch easily.

PEACH BUTTER.—Pare, pit and slice fifteen pounds of peaches, put in a preserving kettle and bring to a boil in their own juice. Cook forty-five minutes and add five pounds of sugar. Cook fifteen minutes longer, add the juice of one lemon and boil one minute longer. Cook slowly and stir frequently. Put into jars and sterilize ten minutes. Seal.

PLUM BUTTER.—Wash the plums, place them with a little water in a preserving kettle, and cook until soft. Then separate the skins and the pits by rubbing the pulp through a colander or a coarse wire sieve. In the case of large freestone plums it will be easier and quicker to dip the fruit into boiling water a few seconds until the skins crack, then dip in cold water, so that the skins can be readily slipped off, the flesh split open and the pits removed. If the plums are very juicy, the pulp put through a colander will be quite thin and ought to be boiled down to thicken it somewhat before the sugar is added. For each measure of pulp, whether put through the colander or not, use a half to three fourths of a measure of sugar and cook slowly with frequent stirring until the butter is as thick as desired. If a tart butter is favored, less sugar should be used. Cinnamon, allspice and cloves should be added to suit the taste when cooking is finished. Sterilize and seal same as peach butter.

GRAPE CONSERVE.—Squeeze skins from three pounds of grapes and put them through the meat grinder. Cook skins separately in a little water until tender. Heat the pulp in another kettle until the seeds have separated and then strain them out in a colander. Remove the pulp from two large oranges eliminating any fibrous parts and seeds. Grind one-fifth part of one orange peel, also one-half pound of raisins, using fine cutter. Put all together, add one pound and a quarter of sugar and cook about one hour over a slow fire, stirring frequently. Add one-half pound of finely ground pecans and cook five minutes longer. Fill sterilized jelly glasses and when cold cover with a thick layer of hot paraffin. Excellent for school sandwiches.

SPICED PICKLES.—Slice four onions, two large green peppers, and four quarts of green cucumbers. Place in layers in a large dish and sprinkle each layer with a little salt. Over the whole sprinkle one cup of finely grated horseradish. Let it stand for four hours, drain and put into preserving kettle with one quart of apple vinegar, one cup of brown sugar, one teaspoon each of powdered cloves, tumeric powder and white mustard seeds, and two teaspoons of celery seed. After it begins to boil, cook twenty minutes.

APPLE ROLL.—Chop one-third cup of lard into one and one-half cup of flour mixed with one teaspoon of salt. Wet with cold water until it is right to roll. Without kneading, cover and set in a cold place until the next day. Roll into a thin sheet, and spread with four fairly tart sliced apples, top with one-half cup of sugar, one-half teaspoon of mixed nutmeg and cinnamon and one rounding tablespoon of butter cut into bits. Roll, put into a long tin and bake one hour.

SOUR-MILK CORN BREAD.—Beat hard until smooth two cups of corn-meal, two cups of sour milk, two tablespoons of butter, two tablespoons of sugar and one fairly rounding teaspoon of salt. Cook in a double boiler ten minutes. When cool, add two eggs well beaten and one teaspoon of soda dissolved in one tablespoon of water. Bake half an hour in a hot oven. If there is not time to cook the mixture in the double boiler, put all the dry ingredients together, beat the eggs well, add the sour milk to the eggs and beat again and add to the drys. Omit water. Bake in a shallow pan.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5.)

fourteen. They read COMFORT and enjoy it as much as I do. I began taking COMFORT when it was only ten cents per year but I think it is well worth the price charged for it now and I had much rather have it than other high-priced magazines.

Now I will tell you something of myself and surroundings. I have two children and a dear good husband. We are both thirty-nine years old, but I guess I look older than my husband for I have been sick so much. I weigh only 95 pounds. I don't give up and go to bed very often but this is one time I had to. I am thankful that I am able to keep things going most of the time and I love to work among my pretty White Leghorn chickens. We came to San Antonio nine years ago and I fell in love with the place then. Everyone is sociable and ready to help in time of trouble. The climate is fine too, although it is changing and we have much more rain now than when we first came. San Antonio is a growing city and is being made more beautiful every year. There are many tourists here. People come a long ways to see our dear old Alamo. There are several of the old missions still standing. We have beautiful parks, the largest being Brackewridge Park. The river winds in and out and there are many rustic bridges, sunken gardens laid out with lovely flowers, with thousands of lights that make it bright at night. Then there are all kinds of wild animals and birds; in fact, everything is there that it takes to make a park attractive.

I'll join in regards to Uncle Charlie and wishing him happiness and success. I enclose thirty cents, ten cents apiece from my children and me.

Love to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters.

MRS. NELLIE MATHIS.

Mrs. Mathis.—It will be a pleasure for me to show your letter to Cousin Marion, even though I do not know her so very well, and I am sure your appreciation of her work will make her very happy. And now just a word to you, little woman. Don't be so proud of the fact that you never give up and go to bed when you are sick. I knew a woman once who felt that way but she isn't living now.—Ed.

CAPE GIRARDAU, MO.

MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

But few men, so far, have invaded the Sisters' Corner. I expect that I will be welcome for I have come to champion the old maids. Who am I that I should be so bold? Oh, nobody in particular, but you've all heard of male egotism.

I read the letter from "Three Butterflies," in July COMFORT with disgust. In the first place men, real men don't want butterflies or cooks or housekeepers nor do they want someone to protect. What they want and what hundreds of clean, decent men are searching for, are pals and companions. They are right in accusing old maids of being self reliant and sensible. The poor, painted, bepowdered, peroxided butterflies that one sees on the streets would never be accused of being either. I have read somewhere that an oak encumbered with a clinging vine is invariably dead at the top; but the poor specimens of manhood who want someone to protect are usually in need of protection themselves. I know some of them myself, poor, pale, emaciated apologies for men who, nevertheless, think that men were meant to protect and rule women. Heaven help the women! But to get back to the old maids; they are the most abused class on earth. Thoughtless creatures like the butterflies, judging others by themselves, think that they are crazy to marry any man who will have them. The fact is old maids want to marry but they are hard to please. They want clean men who are their equals and the tragedy of life is that although there are many decent men and decent women, they so seldom meet.

BASHFUL YOUNG MAN.

CREAL SPRINGS, ILL.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

How nice and comfortable this corner is. I certainly think this paper deserves its name.

Three Butterflies, I agree with you. I have seen girls of eighteen mope around as though they were forty years old and they were always slighted in society and often wondered why. You were asking for a new method of collecting money to pay for your Victrola. Well then, listen to this: Give a shadow social. It is more fun than hard-time socials or box suppers. Do as follows:

Make a stage. Cover the opening with a large white sheet stretched so as to make a screen, with plenty of room behind it. Over this screen hang a dark, black or green curtain so that it can be drawn back when the social starts. Have all the girls bring baskets of food as for box suppers, and when all are seated in front of the curtain have the lights turned out with the exception of a strong light behind the curtain. The girls bringing boxes of food will, one by one, appear between the light and the screen, thus making a lovely shadow which is revealed as the dark curtain is pulled back. The men bid on these shadows instead of the boxes and then eat supper with the "shadow." The girls could be dressed as clowns, fairies, Scotch Highlanders, Indian princesses, etc.

Love to all.

FLORA CARR.

Flora.—Now I know that forty is the age when people are old and begin to mope around, because Flora says so. Dear, dear, and I've always regarded forty as almost young. Thanks for the shadow-social idea. I wish more of the readers would send in suggestions for socials and entertainments.—Ed.

BYNUM, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

So many mothers are sending their babies' pictures to dear old COMFORT that I wonder if you would print my baby boy, too?

He was ten months old when the photograph was taken and I think you will all agree with me that he is very sweet. One dear old lady told me he would be pretty if he just had some clothes. However, he wears them once in a while. His name is Aristo.

I hope to raise him to be a true and noble boy and to live my life before him so that when he grows to manhood he need never blush over a single deed of mine.



ARISTO LANDERS.

I read a lot and also do considerable fancy work and sewing and earn my pin money that way. I try to be busy at something all the time as I have found from experience that work will kill time and trouble better than anything else on the market.

Will come again some time if baby and I are welcome this time.

MRS. NINA LANDERS.

Mrs. Landers.—Clothes or no clothes, little Aristo is a darling baby and I know just how proud you are of him.—Ed.

ON KANSAS TRAILS.

HELLO THERE EVERYBODY:

Enclosed you will not find that picture of me as I didn't enclose it. I only looked "so so" anyway and now I look "more so" for since I "flu" I've lost all my hair and if you will imagine a peeled onion balanced on a six foot pole you won't need the picture.

We are living out in the fresh air again for a few weeks and, of course, you want to hear about it.

We left Kimball, S. Dak., June 3rd and arrived in Kansas the 19th, making a record trip, and the big black team enjoyed it as much as we did. We have fish poles, saddle pony, camera, hammock and a box of magazines along—also a bird. We picked him up in the country where someone had lost him from a box and he took to camp life right away. I rather enjoy being an old hen; I am getting so I can cluck perfectly and have stepped on him only twice. I think he is a White Rock.

Yesterday we came to a nice place to camp, among some peach trees, and as another man and team were needed, Mr. Vesey hired out to thresh—threshing is in full swing in July in Kansas.

Now for the news!! A man tore his trousers and I sewed 'em for him. He is about five feet, ten inches tall, sandy complexioned, well traveled, sharp eyed and a man one would choose for a friend. Can I keep a secret? I'll make you guess his name. He told Daddy that he wrote to our Corner and signed himself "Bachelor Bill." He hasn't even a wart on his nose for us to make fun of so we may as well decide to like him as he is. I found out that he has a mother whom he loves dearly, and that he also likes cats and other pets. I'm not certain whether he likes bachelor girls, but he calls 'em "old maids" and he doesn't look cross when he says it. In fact, I don't believe he could get real cross, though he might try to appear dignified or stern on occasions.

Isn't the world small?

Being a COMFORT sister is like belonging to some great lodge and when we camp near people who read COMFORT—most of them do—and they find out my name it is difficult to get away and when we do start they ride a mile or so with us, and COMFORT has added a few more friends to our list.

Roads, weather, camp grounds, scenery, people and our health were fine all the way through. I liked the big river crossings best of all. We came over the Missouri at Running Water, S. Dak. on a gasolene ferry boat. The river is very wide there and the high overhanging rocks on the north shore were covered with birds' nests and hundreds of little eyes were peeping out.

If any of you find a fat Collie dog near Downs, Kansas,—a dog that wags both ends when you call her Gyp—please put her out of her misery for she will never be quite contented without the kiddies. We lost her or she lost us, or she may have been stolen but I think she was out after prairie dogs or rabbits.

I am watching the pretty things along the way that I may copy them when I have a "homesick" again; the window boxes, hanging baskets, arches, vine arrangements, gates, etc. Some very beautiful places are spoiled by an untrimmed tree, roadside weed patch,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 29.)

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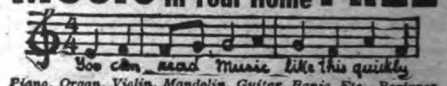
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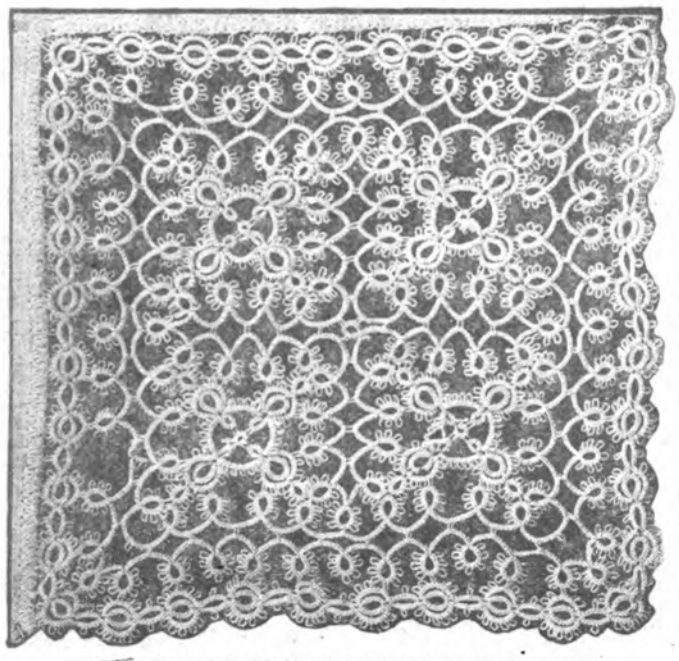
Cross Motif

Begin with c r 3 d s (p 3 d s) 3 times, ch 6 d s p 6 d s, r 2 d s (p 2 d s) 3 times, join r at end of d r of square motif, 2 d s (p 2 d s) 3 times, * ch s p 6 d s p 6 d s, r 2 d s (p 2 d s) 3 times, join to same p as before 2 d s (p 2 d s) 3 times. Repeat from star * around and join ch at base of first ring.

Next row, r 2 d s (p 2 d s) 7 times, ch 6 d s, r 2 d s (p 2 d s) 7 times, ch 6 d s join to 3rd p of corner ch of last row, 6 d s, r 2 d s (p 2 d s) 7 times, ch 6 d s join to next ch, 6 d s, repeat on around and join last ch at base of 1st ring.

Edge, r 9 d s p 9 d s, turn, ch 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to middle picot of corner ring, 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to p of last ring made, ch 4 d s p 4 d s, r 9 d s p 9 d s, ch 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to middle p of next r, 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to p of l r, ch 4 d s p 4 d s, r 9 d s p 9 d s, ch 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to middle p of next r, 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to l r, ch 4 d s p 4 d s, r 9 d s p 9 d s, ch 2 d s (p 2 d s) join to middle p of 5th r, 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, leaving one free ring, ch 4 d s p 4 d s, r 9 d s p 9 d s, ch 2 d s join to middle p of 6th ring, 2 d s (p 2 d s) 4 times, join to p of l r, ch 4 d s p 4 d s, r 9 d s p 9 d s, ch 2 d s (p 2 d s) 4 times, join to middle p of 8th r, 2 d s join to p of l r, ch 4 d s p 4 d s, r 9 d s p 9 d s, ch 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to middle p of 9th r, 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to p of l r, ch 4 d s p 4 d s, r 9 d s p 9 d s, ch 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to middle p of 11th r, 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to p of l r, ch 4 d s p 4 d s, r 9 d s p 9 d s, ch 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to middle p of next r, 2 d s (p 2 d s) twice, join to p of l r, ch 4 d s p 4 d s. Repeat from beginning and join at base of first ring but do not break thread, * make a chain of 2 d s (p 2 d s) 5 times, join to p of l r, ch 4 d s p 4 d s. Repeat around and join at base of large ring. Make 8 of these squares.

Now take a piece of Indian head or Linen 21 inches square and place each tatted square in place on cloth and cut out to fit the squares. Then buttonhole or blanket stitch all around the cloth and sew in squares.



DETAIL PATTERN OF INSERT FOR CENTERPIECE.

Infant's Cap in Irish Crochet

BY MRS. JAMES WITMYER

Materials: No. 40 white mercerized crochet cotton, No. 12 steel crochet hook. Begin crown with ch 6, join.

1st round.—12 s c in ring, join, ch 6.

2nd round.—Sk 1 s c, 1 d c in next, ch 3, sk 1 s c, 1 d c, in next, repeat making 6 sps, in all, ch 3 join to first ch.

3rd round.—1 s c, 5 d c, 1 s c under each ch 3, sl st to first petal.

4th round.—Ch 5, sl st between petals, repeat around.

5th round.—Under each ch 5, 1 s c, 8 d c, 1 s c.

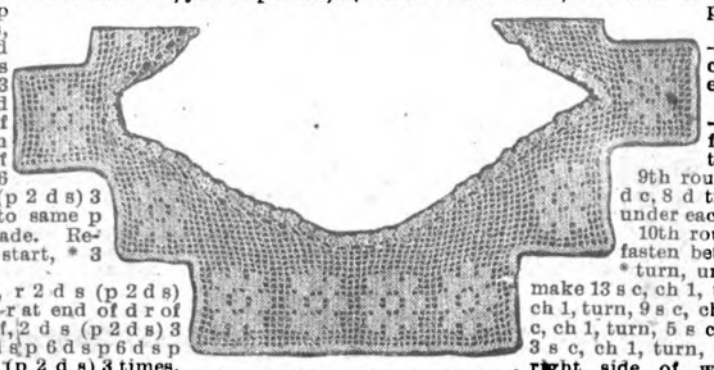
6th round.—6 chs, 7 sts each fasten between petals.

7th round.—1 s c, 12 tr c, 1 s c, under each ch 7.

8th round.—6 chs, 9 fasten between petals.

9th round.—1 s c, 3 d c, 8 d tr, 3 d c, 1 s c under each ch 9.

10th round.—Ch 11 fasten between petals * turn, under this ch make 13 s c, ch 1, turn, 11 s c, ch 1, turn, 9 s c, ch 1, turn, 7 s c, ch 1, turn, 5 s c, ch 1, turn, 3 s c, ch 1, turn, 1 s c, with right side of work turned toward you sl st down side of * fasten between petals, ch 11 and repeat from star, all around, making 6 leaves around the rose.



CHILD'S FILET CROCHET YOKE.

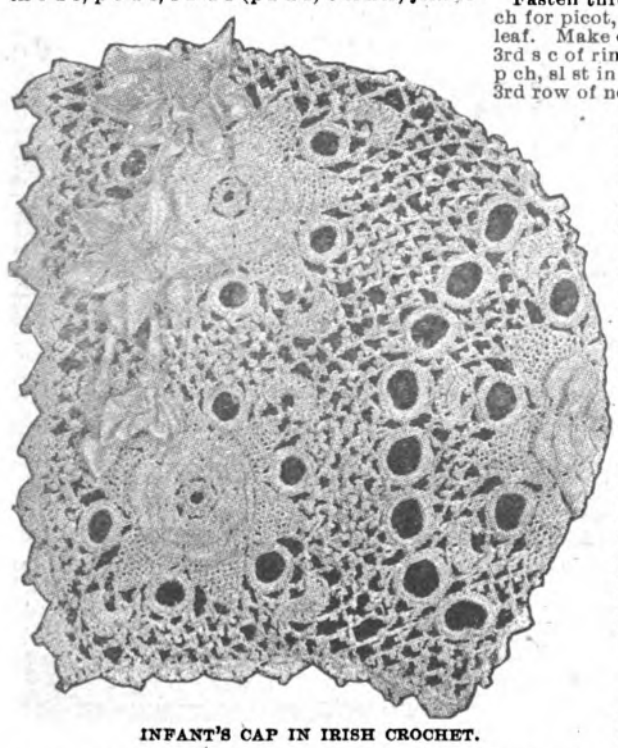
To Make Rings

Wind thread around first finger 10 times, slip off, under this ring make 15 s c, ch 1, sl st to 5th row of leaf, 10 s c in ring, ch 1, sl st between 2 first leaves ch 1, 10 s c, join to 5th row of next leaf, break thread and fasten securely. Make 5 more of these rings and join as directed.

Fasten thread in top of leaf, ch 7, sl st in 5th ch for picot, ch 7, 1 p, ch 2, sl st in 3rd row of leaf. Make one picot ch. Make 1 p ch, sl st in 3rd s c of ring 1 p ch, sl st in center of ring, 1 p ch, sl st in next 5th s c of ring, 1 p ch, sl st in 3rd row of next leaf, 1 p st, sl st in point of p, repeat all around, fastening last ch where first starts, ch 3.

Sl st in center of next p ch, having ch behind the p, 2 p ch, ch 8, * s c in next p ch, turn, 10 s c under ch 8, ch 3, turn, 10 d c on s c, 5 p chs, ch 8, repeat from *.

1 picot ch fasten under next ch, 1 p ch, fasten in first d c of shell, 1 p ch fasten in center of ch, 1 p ch fasten in end of ch, 4 p chs of chs, 2 over next shell and repeat all around. Break thread and fasten securely. Wind thread for ring, 10 s c under ring, ch 1 fasten to center of first p ch over shell, 10 s c in ring, ch 1, fasten to second p ch, 15 s c in ring, join, break thread and fasten. Wind thread for ring, 5 s c fasten to first ring 5 s c fasten to next picot ch, 10 s c fasten to next picot ch, 15 s c in ring, join, break thread. Make a round of 18 of these rings joining the last to the first. 2 picot chs over each ring and 1 between each ring. Next three rows picot chs joining to chs in previous row.



INFANT'S CAP IN IRISH CROCHET.

Medallions for Front of Hood

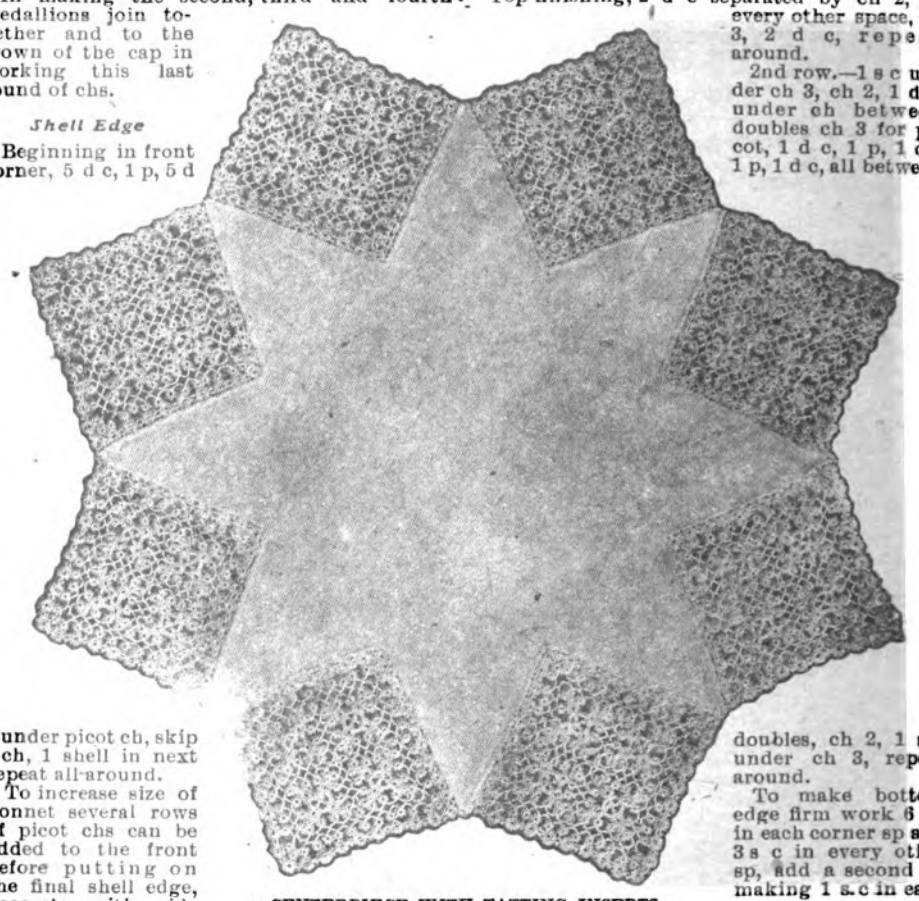
Make four medallions working as directed for rose in center of crown making 3 rounds of petals in each rose, then six leaves with six rings between. The next round is all p chs with 1 shell over the second ring, 1 shell over the 3rd leaf, 1 shell over the 4th ring and one over the 6th leaf, make 1 more round all of picot chs and break thread and fasten.

In making the second, third and fourth medallions join together and to the crown of the cap in working this last round of chs.

Shell Edge

Beginning in front corner, 5 d c, 1 p, 5 d c under picot ch, skip 1 ch, 1 shell in next repeat all around.

To increase size of bonnet several rows of picot chs can be added to the front before putting on the final shell edge, decorate with side rosettes or ribbon trimming across the front as shown in our illustration.



CENTERPIECE WITH TATTING INSERTS.

Child's Filet Crochet Yoke

BY CYNTHIA LOOMER

Ch 48 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th st from ch, ch 2, skip 2 1 d c, repeat making 14 sps in all, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—14 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—6 sps, 7 d c on 2 blocks over next 2 sps, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

5th row.—3 sps, 8 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—Same as 7th row.

9th row.—Same as 6th row.

10th row.—Same as 5th row.

11th row.—Same as 4th row.

12th row.—Same as 3rd row.

Next 2 rows all sps. This makes the square or block shown on the shoulder.

Next ch 48 sts, turn, 14 sps, on ch and 6 sps over sps on first blk, ch 5, turn, 20 sps, ch 5, turn, 6 sps, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn, 8 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn, one continues to copy the design worked in center of first blk, keeping the lower edge even and on the neck edge turning with a ch 5, as directed so as to lessen this side by one blk.

After completing design make 2 rows all sps, then ch 48 sps for the front, turn.

1st row.—Front 14 sps on ch, 13 sps over sps, ch 5, turn.

2nd row.—27 sps, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—6 sps, 2 blks, 18 sps, ch 5, turn.

4th row.—15 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 3 sps ch 5, turn.

5th row.—3 sps, 8 blks, 14 sps, ch 5, turn.

6th row.—15 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, ch 5, turn.

7th row.—2 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 12 sps, ch 5, turn.

8th row.—12 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 3 blks, 2 sps, ch 5, turn.

9th row.—4 sps, 2 blks, 2 sps, 2 blks, 13 sps, ch 5, turn.

10th row.—12 sps, 8 blks, 3 sps, ch 5, turn.

11th row.—3 sps, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 1 sp, 2 blks, 11 sps, ch 5, turn.

12th row.—14 sps, 2 blks, 6 sps, ch 5, turn.

Next 2 rows of sps, repeat design lessening 1 sp on neck edge until one reaches a width of 16 sps (counting spaces and blks) after making 2 rows of sps in center of the front, increase by adding 1 space at a time to the neck edge to correspond with decreasing.

After completing 4 designs for the front, stop working over 14 sps from the lower edge. After completing side design at the neck edge add a ch 29 sts, turn, 8 sps on ch, 6 sps over sps, ch 5, turn, 1 row 14 sps. Repeat design for shoulder. Break thread. Join to end of ch 29 and ch 48 sts, now make side design, 4 center designs and a side design as before, thus making front and back exactly alike.

Top finishing, 2 d c separated by ch 2, in every other space, ch 3, 2 d c, repeat around.

2nd row.—1 s c under ch 3, ch 2, 1 d c under ch between doubles ch 3 for picot, 1 d c, 1 p, 1 d c 1 p, 1 d c, all between doubles, ch 2, 1 s c under ch 3, repeat around.

To make bottom edge firm work 6 s c in each corner sp and 3 s c in every other sp, add a second by making 1 s c in each s c.

Crocheted Yoke

BY NYLEPTHA MCLANE

Begin with ch 6, join in a ring.

1st row.—Ch 6, 1 d c in ring, ch 3, 1 d c in ring, repeat until there are 5 d c in ring, ch 3 join.

2nd row.—1 s c, 7 d c, 1 s c under each ch.

3rd row.—1 s c over d c, ch 5, 1 s c over next d c, repeat around making ch back of petals.

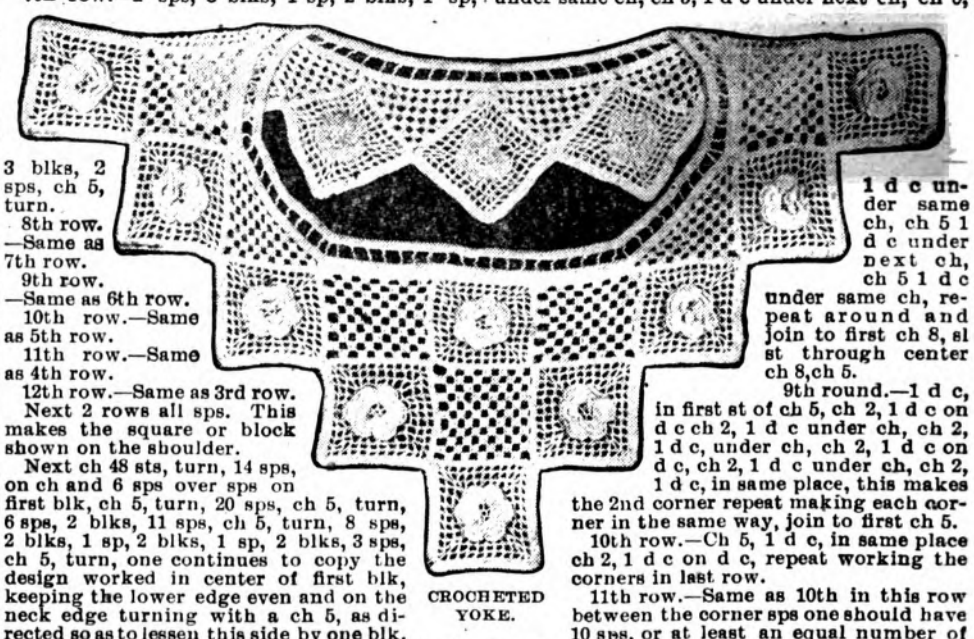
4th row.—1 s c, 14 d c, under each ch.

5th row.—Ch 7 back of petals.

6th row.—1 s c, 20 d c, under each ch.

7th row.—1 s c under s c between 1st and 2nd petals working on the back of the rose, repeat around, join.

8th row.—Ch 8 1 d c, under 1st ch, ch 5, 1 d c under same ch, ch 5, 1 d c under next ch, ch 5, 1 d c under same ch, ch 5 1 d c under next ch, ch 5 1 d c under same ch, repeat around and join to first ch 8, sl st through center ch 8, ch 5.



CROCHETED YOKE.

9th round.—1 d c, in first st of ch 5, ch 2, 1 d c on d c ch 2, 1 d c under ch, ch 2, 1 d c, under ch, ch 2, 1 d c on d c, ch 2, 1 d c under ch, ch 2, 1 d c, in same place, this makes the 2nd corner repeat making each corner in the same way, join to first ch 5.

10th row.—Ch 5, 1 d c, in same place ch 2, 1 d c on d c, repeat working the corners in last row.

11th row.—Same as 10th in this row between the corner sps one should have 10 sps, or at least an equal number of sps on each side of the square. Finish with one roll of 1 s c, in each st, break thread.

For the checker-board blks, begin with ch 40 sts, 1 d c in 9th st from hook, 2 d c in next 2

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 28.)

Altar Cross Lace

Ch 56 sts, turn.

1st row.—1 d c in 9th from hook, ch 2, sk 2, 1 d c, repeat, making 17 sps, 1 extra d c, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—2 d c, 13 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, ch 5, turn.

3rd row.—3 blks over blks, 13 sps, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

4th row.—Same as 2nd row.

5th row.—5 blks, 5 sps, 2 blks, 4 sps, 2 blks, ch 3, turn.

6th row.—Same as 5th in reverse order.

7th row.—Same as 5th row.

8th row.—2 d c, 1 sp, 15 blks, 1 sp, ch 3, 1 d c on end d c, ch 2.

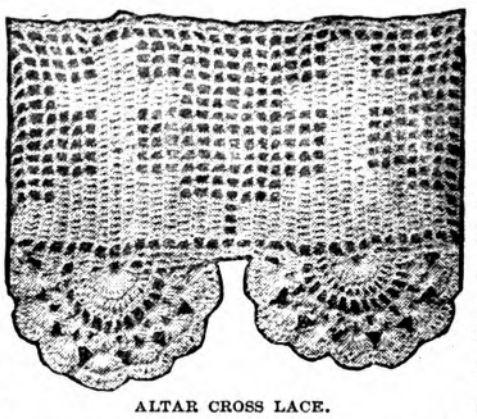
9th row.—15 blks, 1 sp, 2 d c, ch 3, turn.

10th row.—15 blks, 1 sp, now under ch 3 at end of last row make 16 d c, 1 sl st in end 7th row, sl st to 6th row, turn.

11th row.—1 d c on d c, ch 1, repeat around scallop and finish blks and sps as in 5th row.

12th row.—Same as 5th row to scallop, then 1 d c, ch 2, repeat, making 14 doubles on scallop, sl st to 6th row, turn.

13th row.—3 d c, ch 1, 3 d c between 1st and 2nd doubles, sk 2 doubles and repeat making 7



ALTAR CROSS LACE.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 23.)

Centerpiece and Doilies in New Designs

Tatted Pineapple Doily

DESIGNED BY MINNIE HUSTON

FOR the diameter use linen about five inches in diameter. Single crochet into edge and to this adding 2 more rows of singles.

For the tatting use No. 30 mercerized crochet cotton.

1st row.—Ring of 4 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 4 d s, close, repeat making 55 rings in all joining side picots.

2nd row.—Fasten thread to second p of first ring, draw thread through third p, draw thread through second p of second ring, make 1 ring draw thread through third p of second ring and second p of third ring, make 1 ring. Repeat making 4 rings. Draw thread through second and third picots of next ring and second p of ring following, make 4 rings as before, repeat around.

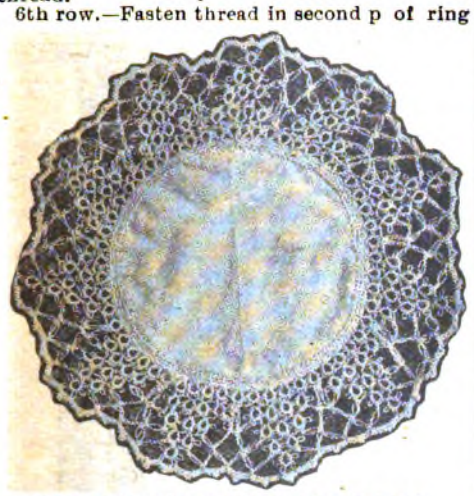
3rd row.—Draw thread through second p of first ring, with crochet hook draw thread out and make 1 knot st, 1 k st in next p, 1 k st in second p of first ring in second row. Drop hook and draw thread through next p of same ring. Make 3 rings above 4 rings as in last row.

With hook make 2 k sts in picots on ring between groups, 1 k st in p of first ring in next group of 4 rings, repeat. In ending draw thread through third p of last ring in last group of 4 draw out, 1 s c in k st, 1 s c in next k st, 1 k st, fasten in second p of first ring in 3rd row.

4th row.—Draw thread through next p in same ring, make 2 rings, fasten in last p in third ring of last row, 1 k st, 1 s c on k sts, 1 k st, fasten to second p of first ring in next group of 3 rings, make 2 rings, repeat, fasten at end to third p in third ring in last row, 2 k sts, 1 s c, in k st, 1 k st, fasten to second p of first row in group of 2.

5th row.—Draw thread through next p of same ring, 1 ring thread through 2 sps of next ring, 1 k st, 1 s c, 1 k st, 1 s c, 1 k st, fasten to next group of 2 rings and repeat. Break thread.

6th row.—Fasten thread in second p of ring



DOILY IN TATTED PINEAPPLE DESIGN.

in 5th row, ch 3, sl st to next p, ch 6, 1 s c in k st, ch 5, 1 s c in k st, ch 5, 1 s c in k st, ch 6, 1 s c in p of next ring, repeat. The chains of 5 and 6 may be longer or shorter as seems best according to the individual worker.

7th row.—3 s c, ch 3, 3 s c, under ch 3, 6 s c, ch 3, 6 s c under ch 6, 5 s c, ch 3, 5 s c under next two chs 5, 6 s c, ch 3, 6 s c under ch 6, and repeat.

Sew edge neatly to crocheted edge of linen.

Altar Cross Lace

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

shells in all, finish blks and sps as in last row.

14th row.—2 d c, 13 sps, 3 blks, 1 sp, shell of 9 d c on each shell, join and turn.

15th row.—1 s c on each d c, 1 sp, 3 blks, 13 sps, 2 d c.

16th row.—Same as 2nd row.

17th row.—All sps.

Now repeat pattern from 2nd row.

Pineapple Centerpiece

BY ELLA GOBER

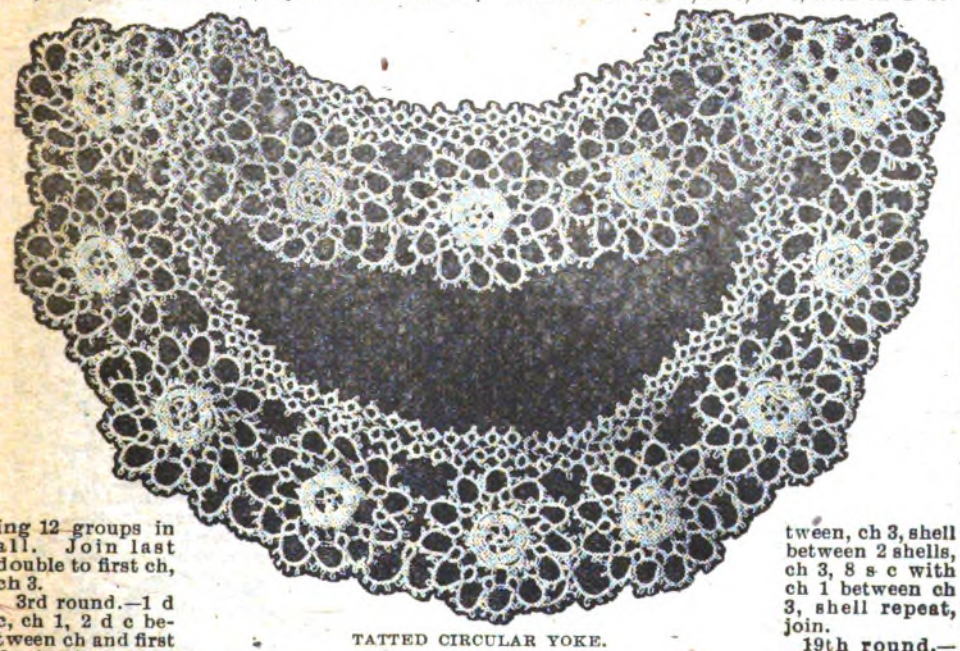
Materials: No. 30 white mercerized cotton and suitable steel crochet hook. Finished centerpiece will measure about 24 inches in diameter.

Begin with ch 8, join in ring, ch 3.

1st round.—23 tr c in ring, sl st to top ch 3, ch 4.

2nd round.—1 d c in first tr c, * 1 d c in 3rd tr c, ch 1, 1 d c in same st, repeat from * making 12 groups in all. Join last double to first ch, ch 3.

3rd round.—1 d c, ch 1, 2 d c between ch and first double in second round, 2 d c, ch 1, 2 d c over each of 11 other groups, join to first ch 1, sl st over 1 double ch 3.



TATTED CIRCULAR YOKE.

4th round.—2 d c, ch 1, 3 d c, between first and second doubles, 3 d c ch 1, 3 d c, over each of 11 other groups, join to first group, sl st to center, ch 3.

5th round.—2 d c, ch 2, 3 d c (1 shell) between second and third doubles in last round. 10 d c over next group of doubles, 1 shell of 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c. Repeat making 6 groups of 10 d c and 6 shells, join to first shell, sl st to center, ch 3.

6th round.—Shell on shell, ch 2, 10 s c over doubles, ch 2, shell on shell, repeat around. Ch 2, sl st to center first shell, ch 3.

7th round.—1 shell, ch 3, 10 s c, ch 3, 1 shell, repeat around, join as usual.

8th round.—1 shell, ch 3, 1 s c between first singles, ch 1, 1 s c, repeat making 8 s c in all, ch 3 1 shell, repeat and join.

9th round.—Over shell make 2 d c ch 1, 3 d c, ch 1, 3 d c, ch 3, 1 s c under ch 1, ch, 1 s c repeat making 7 s c in all ch 3, 1 shell of 3 d c, ch 1, 3 d c, ch 1, 3 d c, repeat around, join as usual.

10th round.—1 shell under first ch 2, ch 3, 1 shell under second ch 2 this making 2 shells on shell of 9 d c, in last round, ch 3, 6 s c with ch 1 between ch 3, 2 shells on next shell of 9 d c, repeat around, join.

11th round.—1 shell, ch 2, 6 d c, ch 2 1 shell ch 3, 5 s c, with ch 1 between, ch 3, 1 shell, repeat, join.

12th round.—1 shell, ch 2, 6 s c, ch 2 1 shell, ch 3, 4 s c with ch 2 between, ch 3, 1 shell repeat, join.

13th round.—Shell 2 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 2, 3 d c, ch 2, 5 s c with ch 2 between, ch 2, shell of 9 d c, ch 3, 3 s c, with ch 1 between ch 3, shell 9 d c, repeat and join.

14th round.—Shell under ch 2, ch 3, shell under ch 2, ch 3, 4 s c with ch 1 between, ch 3, 2 shells on shell of 9 d c with ch 3 between, ch 3, 2 s c with ch 2 between.

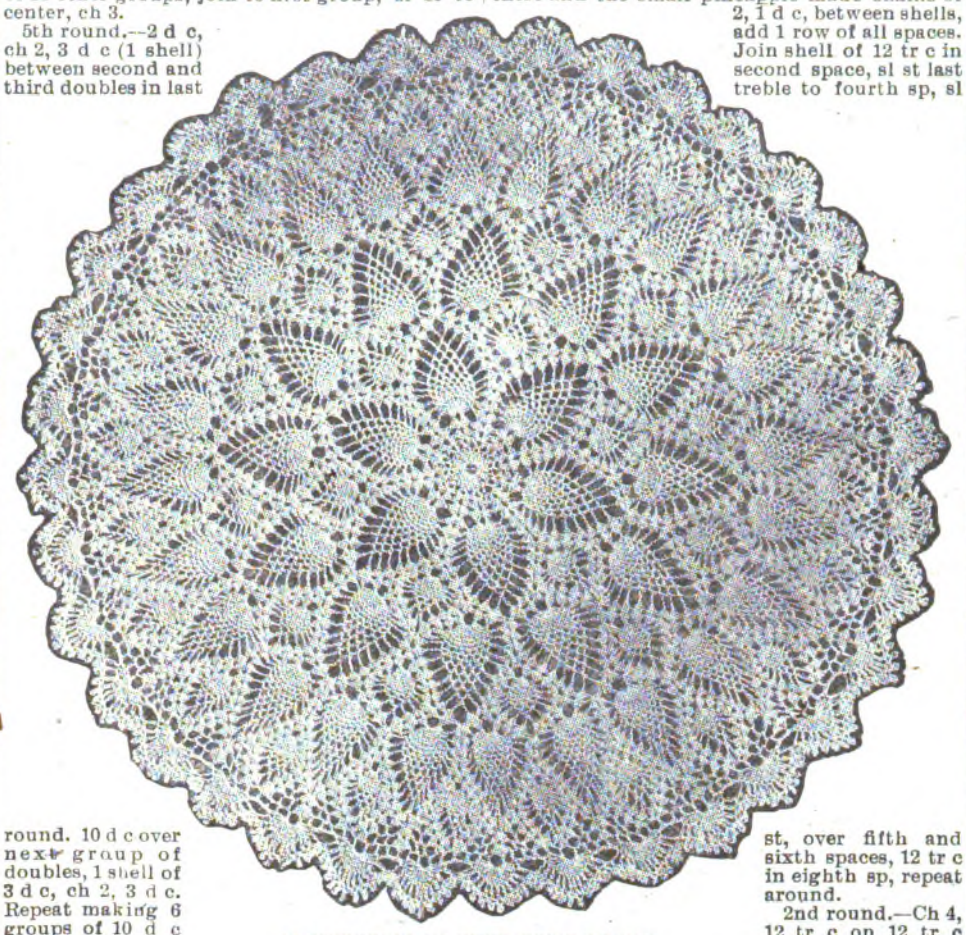
15th round.—Shell, 10 d c under ch 3, shell, ch 3, 1 s c, ch 3, shell 10 d c under ch 3, shell, ch 3, 3 s c, with ch 2 between ch 3, shell, 10 d c etc., repeat around and join.

16th round.—Shell between last 2 shells ch 2, 10 s c, ch 2, shell, ch 2 1 s c, ch 2, 1 s c, ch 2, shell, ch 2, 10 s c, ch 2, shell between 2 shells, repeat around, join.

17th round.—Shell, ch 3, 9 s c, ch 3, shell, ch 2, 1 s c, ch 2, shell, ch 3, 9 s c, ch 3, shell, ch 3, 9 s c, ch 3, shell, repeat, join.

18th round.—Shell, ch 3, 8 s c, with ch 1 between, ch 3, shell between 2 shells, ch 3, 8 s c with ch 1 between ch 3, shell repeat, join.

19th round.—Begin with 8 d c, shell to start another pineapple; one should now be able to copy the pattern from the work already finished.



CENTERPIECE IN PINEAPPLE DESIGN.

Border. After finishing the last large pineapple make 2 shell directly over it and between these and the small pineapple make chains of 2, 1 d c, between shells, add 1 row of all spaces. Join shell of 12 tr c in second space, sl st last treble to fourth sp, sl st, over fifth and sixth spaces, 12 tr c in eighth sp, repeat around.

2nd round.—Ch 4, 12 tr c on 12 tr c with ch 1 between, repeat around.

3rd round.—14 picot chains over each scallop.

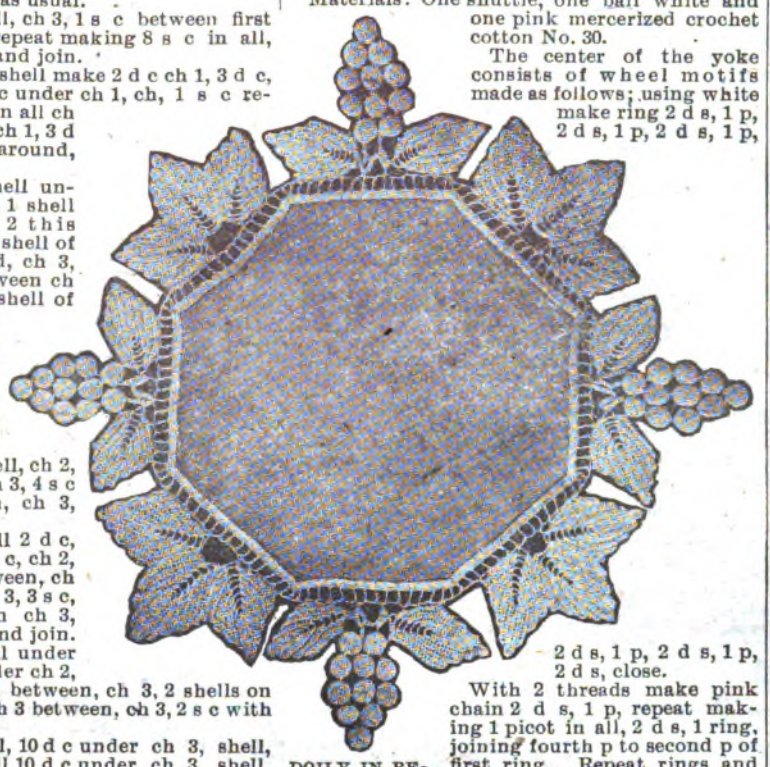
Tatted Circular Yoke

BY THEO RICHARDSON

Materials: One shuttle, one ball white and one pink mercerized crochet cotton No. 30.

The center of the yoke consists of wheel motifs made as follows; using white make ring 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, 1 p, 2 d s, close.

With 2 threads make pink chain 2 d s, 1 p, repeat making 1 picot in all, 2 d s, 1 ring, joining fourth p to second p of first ring. Repeat rings and chains until one has 9 of each, join and cut thread.



DOILY IN RELIEF CROCHET.

In making second wheel join center p of sixth ch to center p of first ch in first wheel.

For yoke for medium size person 20 wheels will be sufficient. Join first to last wheel.

With white make a ring of 9 p with 2 d s, between, join third p to center p of above chains which join wheels, join sixth p to center p of corresponding ch on next wheel, make 3 more picots, 2 d s, close ring and cut thread.

Fit rings in between the wheels on both sides in this way.

Bottom Finish

With white make rings 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, join to first p of white ring between wheels, 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close. Leave thread about one-quarter inch or long enough so as not to draw in bottom of yoke, 1 ring joining first p to last p of first ring, second p to last p of white ring between wheels, 1 ring joined to second ring, 1 ring, joining second p to center p of first free pink chain, 1 ring, 1 ring joining to center p of next pink ch, 1 ring, next 2 rings joined as before to white ring between wheels. Repeat all around.

Top Finish

With white make ring 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, join to 1 of white ring between wheels 3 d s, 1 p, 3 d s, close, with pink make ch 2 d s, 4 p, 2 d s, 1 ring, joining to first ring, 1 ch, 1 ring joining to pink ch of wheel, and last ring. Repeat around.

Child's Band

For the child with outstanding ears and to be worn during sleeping hours, use frilled on shirred elastic one and one-fourth inches wide. Measure around head starting at center of forehead, over upper part of ear and back of head. Care should be taken not to get band too tight. Lap ends and fasten. Cover lap with loops of inch-wide ribbon.

Knitted Striped Bedspread

BY BERTHA ENGLUND

For a bedspread about 70 inches wide use No. 10 knitting cotton, No. 4 needles.

For a strip cast on 365 stitches.

1st row.—Purl to end.

2nd row.—Knit plain.

3rd row.—Purl.

4th row.—K 2 tog, repeat 4 times, * throw thread over needle, k 1, repeat 8 times, k 2 tog 8 times.

Repeat from * making half strip on edge or k 2 tog and repeat only 4 times, same as in beginning of this row.

Now repeat pattern from 1st row until the length desired.

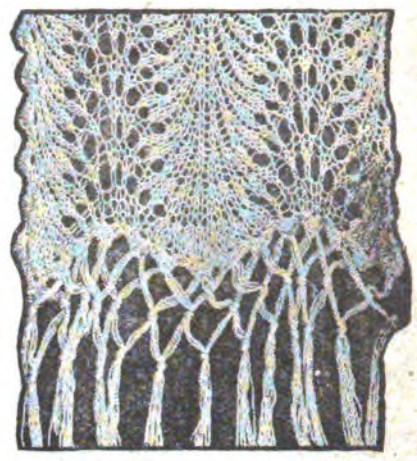
Then bind off. Fringe bottom and to make other edge firm finish with 1 row single crochet.

Doily in Relief Crochet

BY ELLA DAVIS

Use No. 40 cotton.

Cut a piece of linen octagon shape and finish the edge with one row of single crochet.



KNITTED STRIPED BEDSPREAD.

Each of the eight sides of the pattern illustrated measures about five inches and a pattern of alternate grapes and leaves is arranged as shown. The row around doily is of trebles with ch 3 between on each turn or corner making the trebles in every other stitch to give the necessary fullness.

For Group of Three Leaves

Use No. 40 cotton.

Ch 15 1 s c in each st, 3 s c in end st, 1 s c in each st down opposite side of ch, ch 3, 1 s c in each s c on first side working always through further loop of each st only, 3 s c in center st on point, 1 s c, in each s c down opposite side ch 3, 3 s c under ch 3, 1 s c on each s c to within 3 sts of the point, ch 1, turn 1 s c on each s c, 3 s c under ch 3, ch 3, 3 s c under ch 3, 1 s c on each s c, turn as on opposite side and work back. Continue in this way until one has 7 chains through the center, work from point to center of 7th ch and finish off. Join leaves by sewing together.

For Leaves and Grapes

Make leaves in the same way. For grapes ch 3, join in ring fill with singles, then work round and round making 2 s c in 1st as is necessary to keep work flat, until grapes are about the size of a cent, join as they are made or sew together.

For Stems

Make ch and cover with singles arranging in two loops joined to leaves.

Sew these motifs in place to the edge of work around the center.

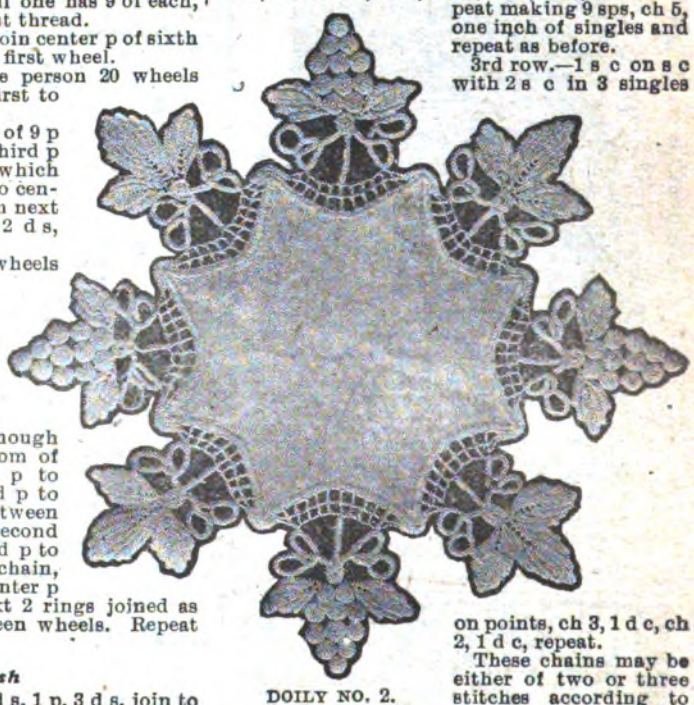
Doily No. 2

Cut a piece of linen octagon shape, and the curve in each of the 8 sides, finish with 1 round of single crochet.

2nd round.—From a point s c for one half inch, then ch 5, sk 5, 1 d c, ch 3, sk 5, 1 d c repeat making 9 sps, ch 5, one inch of singles and repeat as before.

3rd row.—1 s c on s c with 2 s c in 3 singles on points, ch 3, 1 d c, ch 2, 1 d c, repeat.

These chains may be either of two or three stitches according to how one works, they should not be short enough however to pucker the linen.



DOILY NO. 2.

To Perfume Lingerie

If you want the most delicate odor of violets to pervade handkerchiefs, collars and waists use a little orris root when laundering. A small piece can be added to the clear water in which they are boiled.

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Trappers of Marsh and Hill

By Richard K. Wood

CHAPTER I.

CAMP AND TRAP LINE PREPARATION.

IT was a sunny day up New York State the first of November, when young Bill Sively and his companion, Roger Bailey, hauled in the last load of corn, which ended the fall harvesting on the Sively Farm. The potatoes had been dug, marsh hay hauled in and every preparation made for the long winter days.

"Now, Roger, in the morning we can load our duffle in the buckboard and beat it to Sugar Hill camp. It's the trail and trap line for us hereafter. You know, Pa said yesterday after the corn was gathered we could go for the winter. He's already hired a man to do chores. Hooray!" and the elated young farmer-trapper tossed his hat high into the air, making an effort to catch it on his head. Roger showed his delight by whipping the horses to a trot through the rocky field.

Bill and Roger had been chums all their life, of neighborship "up-state." They had fished, hunted, trapped, played and occasionally fought together for a dozen years. Lastly, they had "got through" the local public school together, finishing their studies with credit. Now, with a year of intermission they were planning on entering a "down-state" college together. Being raised on a farm and each only one in a large family, it was necessary for them to at least partly provide their own means to get collegiate expenses. Their parents had agreed to share "crop money" with them provided they secured an equal amount by their own sole efforts. This amount they had elected to get by trapping and hunting the fur bearers indigenous to the marshes and hills of St. Lawrence County.

With these plans in view they had at leisure time during the summer repaired a sugar-grove camp for fall trapping and built an entirely new camp in the foothills of the Adirondacks, close to the haunts of semi-wilderness animals. For several months they had planned trap lines, invested money in equipment and studied the trappers' guides issued by fur houses. Traps of the latest designs had been ordered, a new rifle purchased and other necessary accessories acquired by divers means.



THE DUFFLE WAS UNLOADED AND STORED IN THE CAMP.

* * * * * *

The sun shone bright on an auburn and sear farm land. Overhead, ducks and geese were honking their way southward. On the ground was thickly spread a carpet of brown and red leaves, soon to be pinned secure by blankets of snow. Along the old stone fences red squirrels were scurrying with jaws crammed full of nuts, eager to cache them in crevices for winter use. Once a brown weasel, with tail black-tipped and fur in the process of changing to its customary winter white, glided from under an old barn and darted for the stone wall. Its fur glistened in the weak morning sunlight with a healthy radiance common to all farm-fed fur bearers.

The weasel had reached the protecting shelter of the stone fence and turned to glance back when a bullet from a 22 rifle spatted close to its head. With chain-lightning rapidity it disappeared and a disappointed young hunter went his way.

"I saw a weasel this morning, Roger, and it was nearly white. That means that furs are soon going to be fully prime. They are now being quoted by New York and St. Louis fur houses at prices never attained heretofore. Yes, shot at the weasel but scored a miss—that's nothing, just one more to trap when its fur is entirely white," Bill exclaimed the morning of their leave for camp.

At the Bailey farm, adjoining Sively's, there was much hustle and boisterous talking as two young lads crammed loose odds and ends of camping paraphernalia into an already overcrowded one-horse wagon. Bedding, a cook stove, axes and a saw, provisions, traps and fur-stretching boards sufficient for a two-months' trapping trip, filled the buckboard to overflowing. By an hour of sun, the boys bid their parents good by and started on the twenty-mile drive to the Sugar Hill camp, near the St. Lawrence River marshes. A younger brother of Bill's accompanied them to drive the horse back home.

The journey was made without mishap or incident worth mentioning, except that Bill, the more skilled of the two as a hunter, left the wagon within a mile of camp to take a "short-cut" through the fields in search of a bunny for supper. He carried a light double-barrel, sixteen-gauge shotgun, and was fortunate enough to pepper a cottontail with number six chilled shot before reaching camp.

The camp was found in good shape, except for the nests of a few peewits clinging to the rafters. The boys had not even overlooked a broom, which was obviously useful in sweeping the floored end of the camp. The other end had a ground floor and was used as a "wood-pile." A door opened into the woodshed.

The duffle was unloaded and stored in the camp. A few cross words were necessary to get the stove set up and pipe properly installed, but this finished, things got down to a smooth routine of camp duties. Bill contracted to do the cooking while Roger gathered wood and brought water from a nearby spring branch.

Spuds and meat brought from the farm were prepared for supper, which were keenly enjoyed amid much joshing about the cook. After the tin dishes were washed and dried, the boys gathered around the stove and discussed trapping subjects. Bill had brought a copy of the game laws, and this was read over carefully to acquaint themselves with any new laws or changes in old ones. They did not want to violate the game laws, knowing their purpose is calculated to benefit the trapper and hunter in particular and the country in general.

"It's now just one week until the trapping season opens," exclaimed Bill, who did most of the initiative work, "and we are not here a day too early. There's trap lines to be laid out, dens, haunts and trails of fur bearers to look up, some more boards to make, perchance, and a two months' supply of wood to cut. We can't afford to stop during the best of the trapping season to do work that might have been done beforehand. If signs are good, the chances are we will be busy from daylight till dark tending traps and stretching the furs.

Daylight the next day found the two boys at downright hard work, sawing dead wood and splitting it into sticks of suitable size for the camp stove. They had secured permission from the landowner to cut any dead timber near camp, the falling of which was a protection to the camp. It was hard labor, the sawing and splitting of knotty trees, but the boys worked like beavers, pleased to see their woodpile increase in size. Never had they worked so industriously on the farm, but then there wasn't such an obvious inducement held out. An hour of sundown each day they quit sawing to stack their wood under the shed. When the shed was filled they stacked several cords just outside in easy reach of the door.

Three days of wood gathering made a big showing, indeed several cords were accumulated, so that the boys decided to quit and devote the rest of the week to prospecting for fur signs and laying out trap lines.

Directly in front of the camp was a stream, the natural runway of mink, raccoon and muskrats. Its fountain was near a marsh on the St. Lawrence River and six miles below camp it emptied into an inland lake. For at least a mile above the mouth of the creek was a marsh inhabited by muskrats galore; so there was a marsh at each end of the stream. The boys agreed to each taking an end of the stream, running a long circle line from camp in each direction, first along the stream for water animals and back through the sand hills for skunks.

Never were there two more highly elated boys than Bill and Roger, the morning they started out from camp on the fur prospecting trip. Each carried a small rifle, belt, axe, knapsack and lunch, prepared to spend the day by stream and in the woods. The boys parted near the camp, one going up stream and the other down, each to look up his own trapping grounds.

Here and there the young trappers stopped to closely inspect the bank of the stream near the water's edge, where numerous tracks indicated the presence of fur bearers. Sets of tracks with a tail mark between were readily recognized as those of the muskrat, for it is the only small fur animal that drags its tail in the mud. Drifts and stumps leaning over the banks were examined carefully for signs of mink and 'coon. Where the banks sloped rather abruptly into the water, the boys dug holes into the bank, beginning at the water level and continuing upward until the back end was high and dry and a foot from the water. Later the young trappers intended to bait these holes with fish to attract the mink and 'coon. Being accustomed to finding a "free lunch" at these natural appearing holes, the slyest fur bearers would be totally off their guard when the traps were properly set.

In the marshes the boys waded around in their hip rubber boots, hunting runways and counting muskrat houses. In this way they estimated closely the number of traps necessary to properly guard a certain piece of marsh.

Bill had taken the lower end of the stream, for at this end it had been calculated there rested greater responsibility and Bill was the more experienced trapper. While fur returns were to be divided equally at the end of the trip, the boys had planned to each assume duties at which he was most proficient. So it fell to the lot of Bill to select the best trapping grounds and devote most of his day to trapping; while Roger, not so expert at the keen art of luring animals to their untimely end, was to take a short line and return to camp in time to skin and stretch the previous day's fur catch and prepare supper on the little box stove.

Roger got back to camp by the middle of the afternoon, highly pleased with his prospects for trapping. He had come back through Cedar Hills, almost every sand-knoll of which harbored a skunk family. However eager he was to impart his discovery to his partner, he was even more interested in hearing Bill's report on the lower end. The marsh around the mouth of Whitehouse Brook, as their trapping stream was called, had been considered the best trapping section in the county.

Bill opportunely stepped into camp as the baked beans were done to a Boston brown and set upon the goods box table by his helpful partner. He did not wear his customary smile and Roger immediately sensed something wrong. He sat down to the improvised table and sipped tea without speaking and the cook followed suit.

"Well, how's prospects," Roger's impatience at last gave in.

"'Fair to middlin',' as Hank Dunker says, except the lower marsh has been poached. There are traps in there now, half a hundred, or so, and they've been there a week or longer. Whoever set them used a boat to cover his deeds. Tomorrow morning we'll be waiting at daylight to meet the outlaw, and he'll vacate immediately or take the consequences of unlawful trapping."

The young trappers retired to their bunks having decided to get up in time to be down at the lower marsh early the following morning to meet the "out-of-season" trapper.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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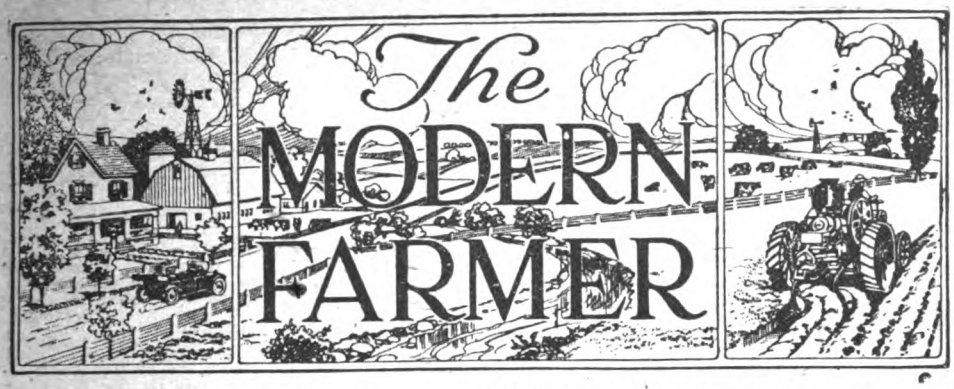
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The Garden in October

THIS is the season of the year when sweet herbs are sold. Such crops include thyme, marjoram, sage and summer savory. They are grown to good advantage and profit in market gardens around New York and might well be made a feature of such gardening elsewhere. Some of the growers receive $400 or more per acre for such crops; or used to do so. Today the prices may be a bit higher, but we have no information as to that at this writing. The plants are certain of a sale if in the green state. They are shipped in open crates, so arranged by divisions of slats that not more than eight or nine inches of a layer come together. So packed, they can, according to Peter Henderson, be shipped in cool weather distances requiring 50 to 60 hours in transit. Cut out only every alternate row, as it gives the crop time to grow, so that the remaining rows spread sufficiently to fill the space.

Crops planted in September must now be kept clean by constant hoeing. Chickweed, so much relished by canaries, now is plentiful and a nuisance. It should be fought by every known method, for it is a bad and expensive enemy. Lettuce, cauliflower and cabbage plants may now be pricked out in the cold frames. The sash should face south or southwest. Shelter from the northwest is necessary. Let it be a board fence six feet high, if that can be managed. Keep the plants hardy; not spindly things by forcing and too much heat and covering. They will stand considerable frost. Sashes may not have to be put on the cold frames for several weeks after the plants have been set. Plenty of ventilation will have to be allowed throughout winter. Hardiness is imperative and it can only be insured by such means.

Earthed up celery now sells well. That which is not sold must be kept well banked until next month when it is trenched. Cauliflower, if sufficiently matured, now brings a good price, as it is scarce. Usually, however, the crop needs some more moist weather to make it ready for the market. Plots that have been cropped now should be deeply spaded after rough manuring; or they may be plowed deeply and let stand for manuring in spring.

The Menace of Canada Thistles

We wonder if farmers generally have awakened to the terrible danger there is of Canada thistles ruining large areas of fine, fertile land in some of our farming states? Recently we traveled 500 miles by auto through a grand farming country in one of the northwestern states and were astonished and affrighted by the prevalence of the horrid pest mentioned. It was harvest time. The fields were filled with ripe and shocked grain; and, alas, in some districts the air was filled with thistledown flying in every direction and settling upon fields in which we saw no weeds of that sort. Actually, some fields of oats and barley looked to be scarcely worth cutting on account of thistles. Some shocks appeared to be a solid mass of thistles; at least more thistle tops than grain heads showed in the shocks. Worse still, we saw lots of ripe and shedding thistles along the roadside, in orchards and farmyards, and even in the gardens about farmhouses. People living in these districts apparently had become inured to the presence of the pest, or else they had given up the fight against them in disgust and concluded that it was hopeless.

But what of the county and township road commissioners and weed inspectors? And what of the laws that are supposed to require the eradication of noxious weeds, or at least the cutting of them so that they shall not ripen and shed their seeds to contaminate the land of innocent neighbors?

The trouble is that the statute books of every state are bursting with laws, some of which are foolish, unnecessary and therefore of little importance today, but hundreds of them, well worthy of enforcement such as those relating to weeds, are not well enforced. Farmers must take such matters into their own hands. It is dangerous to ignore the growing menace of Canada thistles and other noxious weeds. Each infested district should at once seriously tackle the problem and deal with it as though an enemy had invaded the land or a scourge descended upon the community. Only by immediate, concerted, vigorous, persistent action can Canada thistles be coped with successfully and we know of no more important and necessary work in districts where they are prevalent. We should like to hear from readers of COMFORT relative to this subject and to learn from them what methods of eradication have succeeded best in districts which have been overrun by the pest.

Medicated Wallows for Hogs

Answering the question of a reader, it may be stated that crude petroleum is the most suitable and effective medicament for hog wallows. The purpose of medicating the hog's bath is to destroy lice and mange mites, and crude petroleum not only is effective in that way but specially suitable in that it floats upon the surface of the water and readily spreads over the bodies of the hogs.

Experts of the Department of Agriculture have studied this subject and advise that wallows for hogs should be shallow. For pigs weighing from 40 to 80 pounds the wallow should be charged with liquid to a depth of about three inches. For hogs weighing from 80 to 150 pounds about four inches of liquid is sufficient. The depth may be increased to five or six inches for heavier hogs, but the medicated liquid in the wallow should not be so deep that the hogs will be afraid to lie down in it. When only one wallow is available for a mixed lot of hogs of various sizes, from three to four inches of liquid will give better results than a greater depth. The water should always be shallow and no medicine should be added until the hogs become accustomed to using the wallow. After the habit of using the wallow is well fixed, which usually requires three or four days, the depth may be increased, if necessary, and the medicament added.

The amount of crude petroleum to use is one pint for each pig and about one quart for each hog. Add more oil if it is seen that the bodies of the hogs using the wallow are not well coated with oil. Crude oil is distasteful to hogs and therefore the animals do not drink any of the water in the wallow.

The oil floating on the surface of the water limits or prevents evaporation and if the wallow is exposed to the direct rays of the sun during the hot summer months the water becomes heated to such a degree that the hogs will not lie in it. Wallows, therefore, should be shaded and the oil added in the evening. When added then it usually is carried out on the bodies of the hogs before noon of the next day. All wallows should be drained and cleaned as often as necessary to keep them and the surroundings in good sanitary condition.

Plans and directions for the construction of concrete hog wallows may be had by applying to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C. Ask for Farmers' Bulletin 1085.

Profitable Hog Husbandry

Some men are making fine profits from the breeding and feeding of market hogs. The production of pure-bred, pedigreed hogs is a different and special business requiring peculiar aptitude, executive ability and much experience. Comparatively few can succeed in that enterprise, but every farmer may make market-hog production profitable, or much more profitable than it often is on the average farm.

The Wrong Hog to Raise

A ship or locomotive may be supplied with hundreds of tons of the finest possible Welsh steam-coal, but if it have a defective or wasteful boiler or inefficient engine the energy of the coal will not be fully utilized, speed or endurance will be deficient and profits correspondingly lessened. In exactly the same way the farmer who is well supplied with good farm-raised grain and fodder and feeds it to the wrong kind of hog loses possible profits which the wiser possessor of the right type of hog earns and puts in the bank. First, therefore, let us see what is the wrong sort of hog.

All hogs of the so-called "razor-back" type are wrong for use by the man who owns good land that will produce standard crops of corn, clover or alfalfa, forage crops and small grains. There possibly is a place for the razor-back on wild lands that cannot be cultivated and where a modern, domesticated hog would starve to death, but the "railsplitter" hog is out of place and unprofitable on all farms where the well-bred, lard or bacon hog might thrive. The pattern of hog that cannot prove ideally profitable lacks smoothness, uniformity and fullness throughout. It is tall, slim, sharp along the backbone, where it should be wide and full, and light in the hams, like a dairy cow. It is built for speed and fighting and rooting ability rather than the putting on of flesh and fat. No hog of that sort utilizes expensive feed to good advantage, nor will it cut up a profitable carcass on the block.

The Right Type of Hog

The hog that comes soon to maturity, on the least amount of feed, and carries its flesh and fat upon the most profitable parts of its frame, is the one the packer wants and every farmer should try to produce. Breed is not the chief factor in obtaining such good qualities. It is absolutely necessary, however, that a pure breed of hogs should be used as the foundation of the farm herd, but one pure breed is about as good as the other, if its representatives are of first-class quality. The art of production comes from choice of such representatives for breeding and the development of the offspring by correct methods of management and feeding.

In the corn belt "lard-back" breeds, as they are termed by some, should be chosen for breeding, as they turn corn to the best advantage. The Poland China and Jersey Red, or Duroc, are the chief representatives of that type and both are magnificent animals when properly bred and fed. Then come the Berkshire, Hampshire or Saddleback hog, and the white breeds, including Chester Whites and Yorkshires, some of which are excellent for bacon, but the Tamworth probably leads the latter class of swine. Crosses among these breeds also make fine feeders. Many farmers like a cross between the Poland China and the Berkshire, or with a white Breed, but in the long run it is the better policy to start with one distinct breed and keep it pure by persistent, consecutive employment of males of the same breed year after year. The progeny need not be registered, but purity of blood and good selection will keep the herd up to standard type. Crossing, on the contrary, destroys breed character and prepotency and should not be resorted to if the females produced are to be used for breeding.

Hints on Market Type

Experts who have studied the markets and especially the packing house requirements, as the ultimate end of the farm-raised hog, have determined certain matters that should be as well understood by hog raisers. Some of these may well be mentioned here.

Regarding *quality*, it is advised that over-finished, extremely lardy meat is too fat for the best trade. At the same time, thin unfinished pork lacks the substance and maturity which is preferred. Moderate to good finish is most desirable and as a general thing will sell for the higher prices. Killing hogs should show the character we have already mentioned. Heavy shoulders and shallow, narrow hams yield too great a proportion of bone and shank to suit the consumer. Low, narrow backs cut out a pinched loin which produces smaller amounts of pork chops. Soft, wrinkled and seedy bellies never yield the trim, firm, attractive strips of bacon.

The Desirable Weight for Market

The best trade desires pork from good hogs which have been fattened at weights under 250 pounds. A 16-pound loin cuts chops weighing around one half pound each. An eight to nine-pound loin will yield four chops to the pound. Most families will pay more for a pound of pork containing four chops than for a pound containing only two. This naturally puts a premium on the lighter loins. The six to 10-pound bacon strips carry a more popular proportion of fat and lean than do the 14 to 20-pound bellies as cut from 300 to 350-pound hogs. The 10 to 14-pound hams are more nearly "family size" than is the 18 to 20-pound average.

The Grades of Pork

In the market, pork is divided into fresh pork, four grades of smoked meat, dry salt meat, mess pork, etc., on the basis of quality and weight. These various classes then are diverted to the trade which will absorb them at the highest possible values. The hogs which produce the choice handy-weight fresh cuts and the best quality of smoked meats naturally command the higher price on foot.

An Expert's Opinion

According to Dr. DeLoach, an expert economist of the Chicago Stock Yards, sudden demand for light English sides or for lard and provisions naturally causes some variation in the kind of hog which tops the market. However, the smooth, well-finished butcher hog which weighs between 190 and 250 pounds is the one whose pork generally finds the broadest outlet. "The ideal farmer's hog," he adds, "must be a combination of good breeding, good feeding and good killing qualities." The coming fairs and shows will give every hog man an opportunity to see the various types and judge the best kind suited to his needs. The most suitable type of hog should have stretch enough to be prolific; bone and size enough to feed economically, and character enough to produce the more popular kind and weight of pork."

A Word on Management

Given the right breed and type of hog, the modern farmer should understand that quick development is necessary to health, or avoidance of disease and worm invasion, and to insure the greater profit in the market. To these ends, then, the sow and boar should be in healthy, muscular condition at mating time, and the pregnant sow should be adequately fed mixed rations and be made to take abundant exercise every day that she may farrow easily and have plenty of milk for her pigs which should come strong and active. Then the pigs with their dam should have a clean colony house on green grazing crop, a succession of which should be provided from early spring until autumn. Milk should form an important part of the ration and instead of stuffing hogs on an all-corn diet, mixed rations should be supplied, including clover or alfalfa hay, when green crop is not available, and some digester tankage from a self-feeder. Sanitation is much more necessary and effective than drugs in preventing disease. Worms may be prevented by rotation of crops and clean feeding and drinking utensils, but vaccination will be necessary in districts where cholera is prevalent.

Success with Alfalfa

With the farmer in the irrigated section the growing of alfalfa is an easy problem to solve. But throughout the more humid sections, particularly in the Northern States, this very desirable crop is hard to grow.

WHY BOTHER WITH ALFALFA?—If alfalfa is hard to grow why not grow clover or timothy for hay, or some other hay crop? Why bother with a crop that is hard to grow? These are very natural questions for the farmer to ask. The answer is to be found in the fact that alfalfa is the best hay feed known—nearly twice as good pound for pound as clover, and five times as good as timothy. By this statement is meant that alfalfa contains the most protein of any hay crop, and protein is necessary to the growth of young animals and for the production of both meat and milk. Pound for pound, alfalfa is nearly as good as wheat bran which at the present price is worth fifty-three ($53.00) a ton. A hay that is worth fifty dollars ($50.00) a ton as a feed is certainly worth growing, and alfalfa hay has seldom been sold in the big markets in recent years for less than thirty dollars ($30.00) a ton. *But* alfalfa is hard to grow.

WHY ALFALFA WINTER KILLS.—In the Northern States, alfalfa often kills out during the winter and blue grass comes in to take its place. In a few years little alfalfa is left. Why does this happen? Because the right seed is not used. Southern-grown seed, unused to the hard climate of the Northern States, cannot stand up under severe winters. Hence Northern States should use northern-grown seed.

GRIMM ALFALFA BEST.—The Grimm variety is one of the best. Next to it stand the other Russian strains such as the Cossack and the Baltic. These strains come from a cold country and have stood up under severe winters for many years, hence do not easily kill out during very severe weather. The place to begin success with alfalfa, then, is in the purchase of the right variety of seed.

WHAT NEXT?—Alfalfa will not succeed on sour soil. Old soils that have been cropped for many years are usually sour. Sour soil is indicated by the kind of weeds that grow on it. Sour soil favors sour plants. Look for "sour dock," "horse sorrel," "sheep sorrel," "snake sorrel" and "horse tails"—all plants with a sour taste. An abundance of these weeds is a pretty sure sign that the soil is sour. Don't waste high-priced alfalfa seed on sour soil until you sweeten it with lime.

KILL THE WEEDS.—Young alfalfa plants are very tiny and start slow. On a weedy ground the weeds will choke and kill the plants before they get a good start. Don't plant alfalfa on weedy land. Kill the weeds by using a cultivated crop, then follow with alfalfa. If weeds bother after the alfalfa gets a start, run the mower over the field before the weeds have had a chance

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 30.)

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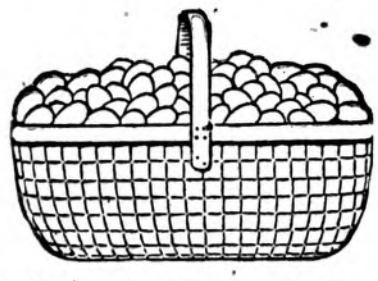
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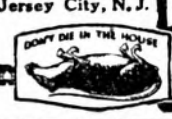
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BY KATE V. SAINT MAUR.

How Eggs Are Formed and Produced

I AM asked so frequently why hens lay soft-shelled eggs, eggs with blood specks in them, eggs that are odd shaped, etc., that I am going to give our readers an explanation of the formation and process of producing eggs, and some of the causes of the abnormal results which surprise amateur poultry keepers from time to time.

Anyone, upon opening after death the body of a hen, will find a cluster of eggs in formation much like a bunch of grapes, and called the ovarium. These, however, are but rudimentary eggs, and are in size from a pinhead to the full sized yolk of an egg. Each of these eggs is contained within a thin transparent sack and attached by a narrow pipe or stem to the ovary, and during the laying period of the hen these eggs are maturing and thus keeping up the supply of eggs which she lays.

These rudimentary eggs have neither shell nor white, consisting wholly of yolk, on which floats the germ of the future chicken, and as they become larger they arrive at a certain stage when, by their own volition, weight, or other cause, they become detached from the bunch and fall into a sort of funnel leading to a passage called the oviduct, this organ in the hen being from 22 to 26 inches long.

During the passage of this egg or ovum to the outer world, it becomes coated with successive layers of albumen—the white—which is secreted from the blood vessels of the oviduct in the form of a thick, glairy fluid, and is prevented from mixing with the yolk by the membrane or sac which surrounded it before it became detached from the cluster. It is also strengthened by a second and stronger membrane, formed around the first immediately after falling into the funnel, and having what is like two twisted cords, of a more dense albuminous character, called by anatomists chalazes, which pass quite through the white at the ends, and being, as it were, embedded therein, thus preventing the yolk and germ from rolling about when the egg is moved, and serving to keep the germ so that it may best receive the heat imparted during incubation.

It is during the passing of the egg through the lower portion of the oviduct that it gets covered with the two skins which are found inside the shell. These, although lying close around the egg, at the thick end become separate, and form what is called the air bubble or chamber. This, in newly laid eggs, is a mere speck, and is that portion which shows the results of the evaporation previously referred to. This speck of air space becomes daily larger as the egg becomes older, and is frequently equal to one quarter of the entire egg. This egg chamber, if perforated with the finest needle, will prevent the egg from hatching.

When the egg is advanced more than half way down the oviduct, it is still destitute of a shell, which begins to be formed by a process of secretion, and when about completed, the various shades of brown and tinted coloring matter are imparted in those breeds in which colored eggs are peculiar. When the shell and coloring are complete, the egg continues to advance along the oviduct, till the hen goes to the nest and lays it.

Eggs are produced from the surplus food, which is that over and above what is required for the sustenance of the hen, and if such is too stimulating, or given in excess quantities, the result is is that in the former case the ova are produced so rapidly that sometimes two of them drop into the oviduct together, which results in the eccentricities which frequently puzzle the poultry keeper. These ova travel along together through the passage and receive the white separately, but become enveloped in one shell, and when laid are commonly known as double-yolked eggs, but more properly it is a double egg, the white being duplicated as well as the yolk. Should these yolks be fertilized and the egg hatched, we get the occasional four-legged or other chicken monstrosity.

A further result of stimulating food is varied from the above when the ova mature in excess of one day. In place of falling into the passage in pairs, as above, the two drop in separately, but on the same day. This results in soft eggs, not from the want of shell forming material, but rather because the shells cannot be formed as fast as the mature egg is ready for such covering.

Crooked eggs are no uncommon thing in the poultry yard, and are attributable as follows: Twenty-four hours are usually sufficient for the formation of a perfect shell, but when by stimulation a second ovum falls close on its predecessor, reaching it before laid, the second egg, which up to this time is soft and is lying against the hard one, becomes covered with a shell, and when laid presents a flat or crooked side, the result of its position against the hard one.

To overfeeding is also attributable the further irregularity of one perfect egg being found within another, and caused by irritation of the oviduct, which, contracting in front of the perfectly formed egg, instead of behind it, forces it back until it meets another yolk, when the two join and become again coated with the white and the shell, thus producing another wonder. Other abnormalities are occasionally seen, and particularly in the smaller poultry yards. Sometimes when the ova are nearly exhausted by continuous laying, the secreting organs may be the most active, which results in small marble-sized but perfect-looking eggs, which are merely a shell covering a portion of albumen. Such "eggs," when laid, have the peculiarity of never having been at any stage attached to the ovary, but are a product only of the oviduct.

To the internal fatness of the hen are due other eccentricities than those mentioned, including the apparently paradoxical feat of laying rotten new laid eggs, this being a not infrequent occurrence. The egg, being unable to force its way through the fatty oviduct, is retained two or three days near the mouth of this organ, and, if a fertilized one, the heat of the hen's body tends to putrefy it, and when ultimately laid it is an addled condition. To other causes, but principally diseased organs, is due a departure from normal in the way of color. A hen which lays white or brown eggs, in rare occasions produces one almost black, and in most instances the shells are rough, wavy, corrugated or otherwise irregular. Then there are instances of foreign matter being found in eggs, clots of blood being nothing unusual. This is the result of the breaking of a blood vessel internally, and again, possibly the result of overfeeding.

Fowls from whatever cause producing any of the above misshapen or otherwise faulty eggs, should at once be got rid of, for although in some cases a reduced diet may bring them back to their normal production, still the slightest cause will frequently prompt the organs to their previous irregularities.

Keeping Eggs for Winter Use

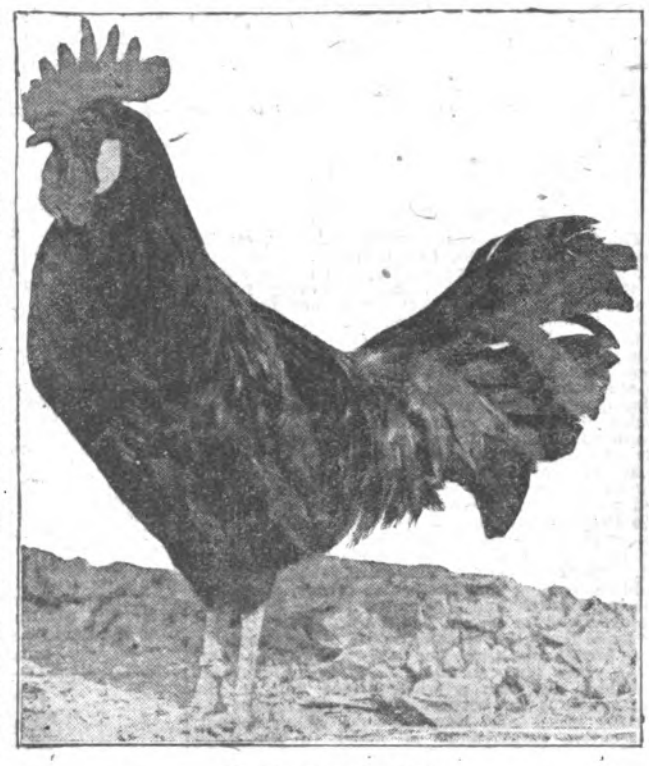
First, the egg should be infertile, and quite fresh. Don't use eggs from "stolen" nests, or any that you are not sure are positively fresh, and without testing them. Candling is the safest way of testing them. Do this in a darkened room. If you have not a tester lamp, put a common lamp, lantern, electric bulb or any other light into a box. Have a hole in the box smaller than an egg and directly opposite the light. The box should also have a hole at the top to release heat and smoke.

Hold the egg with the large end up, close to the lighted hole. If the egg is perfectly fresh and good it will look clear, its yolk but faintly outlined. The air space will be hardly visible, only one eighth to three sixteenths of an inch in depth. If this air space is larger, with a movable lower line, it means the egg is stale or becoming weak and watery. Any small, dark spots that may be seen are usually blood clots. If heat or germination has been doing its work, large dark spots, blood rings or shadows will appear. A very dark or black egg with a large, fixed air space is a fertile one with a well-developed chick. When dark and with a large air space showing a movable lower line, it has become that famous old-time political weapon—a rotten egg.

Keep the nests clean, and gather eggs twice a day to prevent the shell being soiled. Washing in soapy water is injurious, for it removes the substance which fills the pores of the shell and protects the egg from germs. Should an egg get slightly soiled, cloth dampened with vinegar will remove the stains without injury. But if it is very dirty don't try to preserve it. It is hardly necessary to say that a cracked egg is not fit for packing.

The question of a container comes up next. The best is an earthenware or stone crock or jar. It won't leak or rust or taste—it keeps the eggs in fine condition.

A five-gallon crock will hold fifteen dozen eggs. Clean it thoroughly, scald and dry. Put into it nine quarts of water that has been boiled and cooled. Add one quart of sodium silicate or water glass, which you can buy at the drug store. Stir well together. Set the eggs carefully in the crock. If you have not enough to fill it at once, put them in from time to time. Be sure the solution always covers them by two inches. Close the crock with a tight lid or waxed paper tied down, and set in a cool, dry place.



BLACK MINORCA COCK.

Carefully selected eggs laid down in this way will keep from six to twelve months. The authorities admit that they are likely to deteriorate a little after the sixth month. We are assured that for that length of time they are good enough to serve in any form. But if you boil them, they will crack because of the expansion of air in them. To avoid this, puncture the large end with a pin before putting the egg into the water.

Water glass solution should not be used a second time unless it has kept quite clear and is free from odor and thick sediment.

Correspondence

Subscribers are entitled to advice of our Poultry Editor, free, through the columns of this department. Address Poultry Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. BE SURE to give your full name and address, otherwise your letter will receive no attention.

A. J. J.—For one hundred laying hens the house should be about 25x14 feet. The following rations are recommended by the government for laying hens, and you can select the one best adapted to your local conditions and prices. Feeds not included in these rations may be added or substituted on the basis of their comparative analysis, provided the meat scrap or animal protein feeds are not replaced by cottonseed meal or other high vegetable protein feeds. All changes in the feed should be made gradually, as sudden changes may decrease egg production materially.

Ration No. 1

Mash.	Scratch Mixture.
6 lbs. corn meal,	1 lb. cracked corn,
6½ " meat scrap,	1 lb. wheat,
1 lb. bran,	1 lb. oats.
1 lb. middlings.	

Ration No. 2

2 lbs. corn meal or barley meal,	1 lb. meat or fish scrap.
	2 lbs. cracked corn,
1 lb. bran,	1 lb. oats,
1 lb. middlings,	1 lb. wheat or barley.

Ration No. 3

3 lbs. corn meal,	2 lbs. cracked corn,
1 lb. meat scrap.	1 lb. oats.

Ration No. 4

9 lbs. corn meal,	2 per cent bone meal,
5 lbs. middlings,	2 lbs. cracked corn,
4 lbs. bran,	1 lb. wheat,
2 lbs. cottonseed or gluten meal,	1 lb. oats,
2 lbs. meat scrap,	1 lb. barley.

Ration No. 5

1 lb. corn meal,	2 lbs. cracked corn,
1 lb. bran,	1 lb. wheat,
¾ lb. meat scrap,	1 lb. oats,
1 lb. middlings,	1 lb. barley.
1 lb. ground oats.	

Ration No. 6

3 lbs. corn meal,	2 lbs. cracked corn,
1 lb. bran,	1 lb. wheat,
1 lb. middlings,	1 lb. oats.
½ lb. meat scrap.	

Feed with table scraps or cooked vegetables.

Ration No. 5 is especially adapted for yearlings or old hens of breeds inclined to get too fat, such as the Plymouth Rock, Orpington and Wyandotte. As corn meal, fed with the meat scrap, is very fattening, those two feeds are cut down in the ration.

With Ration No. 6 feed all table scraps available, or vegetables at the rate of five pounds daily to thirty hens.

Five per cent of bone meal may be used in any of these mashes and the quantity of meat scrap reduced accordingly, or two per cent of bone meal may be added without changing the mashes.

The scratch mixture should be fed twice a day, preferably scattered broadcast on litter three to five inches deep on the floor of the henhouse. Give about one third in the morning and two thirds in the afternoon, which means giving them only what they will eat up clean in fifteen minutes; in the evening enough to fully satisfy them. Mash, either dry or moist, must be fed in addition to scratch grain. Dry mash is kept in a hopper constantly before the hen. Most mash is fed only once a day, preferably in the morning or at noon, and only as much should be given as the birds will eat up clean in fifteen minutes. A moist mash is more convenient and profitable for a small home flock, as all table scraps and cooked vegetables can be mixed with it. Most mash is improved if mixed with milk instead of water. The quantity of the meat scrap mixed in the mash can be reduced in proportion to the garbage and milk used. A light feed of moist mash sometimes may be fed to supplement the dry mash to pullets in the fall, if they do not eat the dry mash freely.

If hens show a tendency to become too fat, make them work longer for their feed by feeding the scratch grains in a deep litter; feed less scratch grain and reduce the quantity of meat scrap in the mash. It is sometimes necessary to close or hang up the dry mash hopper until noon to make the hens work harder for their feed. Feed the same rations or combinations of feeds throughout the year and do not try to force the moult prematurely by special methods of feeding or by abnormal rations.

Quantity of Grain to Feed

The feeder must use his own judgment in deciding how much grain to give the hens, as the amount of feed which they will eat varies with different pens and at different seasons of the year. They will eat more feed in the spring when laying heavily, than in the summer and fall when laying fewer eggs. A fair general estimate is to feed about one quart of scratch grains and an equal weight of mash (about 1½ quarts) daily to thirteen of the general purpose breeds, such as the Plymouth Rocks, Rhode Island Reds, or Wyandottes, or to sixteen hens of the smaller or egg breeds. This would be about 7½ pounds each of scratch grains and of mash daily to one hundred Leghorns, and about 9½ pounds of each to one hundred general purpose fowls. If hens have free range or large yards containing green feed, a general purpose hen will eat about 75 pounds of feed in a year, and a Leghorn will eat about 55 pounds, in addition to the green stuff consumed.

Meat Feed Makes Eggs

Meat scrap or some other animal feed high in protein is the one essential constituent of the mash which cannot well be omitted. In our experiments a pen of pullets, on free range, which did not get meat scrap or any other animal protein feed, laid only 90 eggs each in a year, compared with yields of from 125 to 150 eggs from pens fed rations containing meat scrap. The eggs from the pen where no meat scrap was fed cost 2.2 cents more a dozen for feed than when the meat scrap was included in the ration. Fish meal or fish scrap can be used to replace the meat scrap and compares favorably with a good grade of meat scrap containing the same per cent of protein. Skim-milk or buttermilk, either sweet or sour, is excellent for replacing part or all of the meat scrap. The milk may be used in mixing the mash if a moist mash is fed, or it can be kept before the fowls as a drink. If clabbered and fed thick or like cheese, hens will eat enough of it to replace all the meat scrap needed. A little bone meal makes an excellent addition to the mash, or it can be used to replace part of the meat scrap. Green cut bone if fresh and sweet, will also take the place of meat scrap if fed at the rate of one third to one half ounce daily per hen. If too much is fed it will give the fowls diarrhea or looseness of the bowels.

High vegetable protein feeds do not entirely replace meat or animal protein feeds to advantage, but in sections where they are produced may be used to replace one fourth to one half the meat scrap. Of the high vegetable protein feeds, cottonseed meal has given us the best results, followed by peanut meal, soy bean meal, and velvet bean meal, named in the order of their values. Not more than one tenth of the mash should be composed of cottonseed meal, as the use of a large proportion of the cottonseed meal cuts down the egg yield materially, and may affect the quality of the eggs, producing spots and blotches on the yolks which make them look bad. Other high vegetable protein feeds which can be used with success for poultry are gluten and linseed meal.

Green Feeds Grit and Oyster Shells

Green feeds should be supplied to hens confined to small yards, and also to all hens during the winter, when no green feed is available in the yards. Free range or large yards kept in grass will furnish ideal conditions for green feed, and where smaller yards have to be used, they should be divided into two parts and used alternately, planting the vacant section two or three times a year with a quick growing green crop, such as wheat, oats, rape, rye or barley. This method furnishes green feed and also helps to keep the yards sweet and clean, which is a very important consideration.

Good kinds of green feeds are alfalfa meal, chopped alfalfa and clover hay, cabbages and mangel beets. In ordinary cellars cabbages do not keep so well as mangel beets, so they should be used up first. Cabbages may be hung up in the poultry house; the beets are usually split and stuck on a nail on the side wall of the pen about a foot above the floor. Vegetables which have been frozen can be thawed out and fed to the fowls, but do not keep well after thawing. Clover and alfalfa may be cut into one quarter or one half inch lengths, or they may be bought in the form of meal.

Keep oyster shells and grit before the hens all the time. These substances are an inexpensive but quite necessary part of the ration. Hens will eat about two pounds of oyster shell and about one pound of grit each in a year.

S. R. S.—It is impossible to diagnose such a case without personal examination of the carcasses, but as nearly as I can judge from your description there must have been some injury or malformation about the egg organs. Please read the first part of the department this month. As you have three other hens which show signs of being out of condition, there may be some other solution of the trouble, such as lime, commercial fertilizer or poisonous spray material. Are any such things being used around the farm? Such strong irritants are liable to affect the digestion and entrails if fowls can get at them.

D. E. S.—The hen must have eaten something which burned her throat and affected her bowels. Please read the latter part of answer to S. R. S. Castor oil is the best thing you could have given her. Vinegar, soda and permanganate of potassium are about the worst for they will only aggravate the trouble. If her throat and crop are still sensitive, she will not want to eat, and so you must continue to feed her, but instead of the corn-meal gruel, give her thick rice-water mixed with the white of an egg—about equal parts of each.

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Automobile and Gas Engine Helps

Questions relating to gasolene engines and automobiles, by our subscribers, addressed to COMFORT Auto Dept., Augusta, Maine, will be answered by our expert, free, in the columns of this department. Full name and address is required, but initials only will be printed. That we may intelligently diagnose your trouble please state the year in which your car was made.

Acetylene Gas

APPROXIMATELY ten years ago the automobile had progressed to a point where manufacturers were using acetylene headlights as standard equipment. In many instances acetylene starters were used, but these did not become so popular as the acetylene gas lighting system. The earlier cars made use of a generator to produce the acetylene gas but this system was superceded gradually by a cylinder which stored the gas under pressure. The objections to the generator were the odor and work involved in maintaining a clean tank. Many trucks still use the acetylene headlights but for passenger cars this system has been superceded by electricity.

The cylinder or tank in which the gas is stored is not a hollow shell into which gas is forced under great pressure. The tank is filled with a porous packing which is saturated with a liquid chemical. This chemical in turn has the peculiar property of absorbing twenty-five times its own volume of acetylene for each atmosphere of pressure applied during the charging process.



Cross Section of Acetylene Cylinder showing porous filling.

Due to the presence of this liquid chemical, the tank should not be placed with the valve down. Such a position would allow the chemical to flow from the tank, obstruct the flow of gas and discolor the flame. The tank should always be installed with the valve in the uppermost position.

The correct acetylene flame for lighting purposes should be as high as possible without blowing, and nearly level across its top. If the burner has two openings, the gas should not be turned down so that the two points of the flame do not meet. The points must meet, otherwise the openings in the burner will carbonize and become clogged.

There are several types of gauges attached to acetylene tanks. Some register in atmospheres, others in pounds, while some gauges register in both atmospheres and pounds. If the gauge registers atmospheres only, the pounds may be estimated by multiplying the pressure in atmospheres by 15.

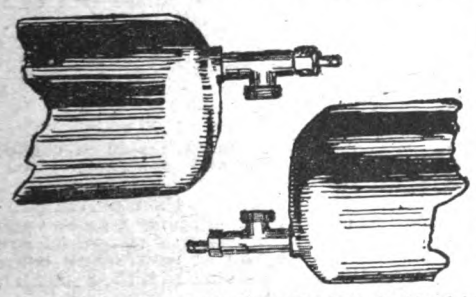
Acetylene gas pressure is affected by heat and cold. For example, let us consider that the pressure of a fully charged tank is 225 pounds at 60 degrees Fahrenheit. The car is driven out of the garage and allowed to stand in the hot sun. The pressure in the tank may rise to 315 pounds or 21 atmospheres. Take the opposite condition, exposing the tank to a low temperature and the gauge may show only 135 pounds pressure. However, the contents of the tank are determined in weight and not by volume. The gauge which registers pressure is not an accurate record of the gas and is intended for the user's convenience so that he may determine the approximate amount of gas in the tank.

Align Front Wheels

Due to having traveled over rough roads and subjecting the car to more or less abuse, it might be a good plan to check up the alignment of the front wheels. If the wheels are misaligned the tread will wear off the front tires. As a rule, manufacturers recommend that the distance between the wheels at the front should be from one eighth to one fourth inch less than the distance between the wheels when measured at the back.

Pick Ups

The state of Oregon has deviated from the usual custom of placing a tax on automobiles according to the horse-power rating. The owners



Due to the presence of the liquid the tank should not be placed with the valve down.

are assessed one cent a gallon on gasolene and one half cent a gallon on distillate.

One third of the motor vehicles registered in this country are owned by farmers.

In the old days a person convicted of horse stealing would be sentenced from eight years to hanging. The automobile thief is released with a light fine or short confinement in jail.

Automobiles and agricultural machinery are now being manufactured at the Krupp Works at Essen, Germany. During the war this firm was the chief source for German cannon.

Mary Garden, the opera singer, is using five motor trucks to carry her wardrobe and other accessories on a brief tour of southern France.

Questions Answered

USES TOO MUCH OIL.—I have a 1917 Ford that uses too much oil. It has new piston rings, Inland rings on top, and does not foul the plugs or smoke much. Do you think the oil could go to the differential, and if so, how can I stop it? I can't keep oil from coming out at the wheels and I never fill the differential, for when I take the plug out oil comes out as if under pressure. N. L. P., Indian School, Phoenix, Ariz.

A.—Although you state that your car uses too much oil, you have failed to advise as to the exact amount consumed. It might be a good plan for you to wash the motor with gasolene and then run the engine for a few minutes. You should then have no difficulty in determining whether any oil is leaking out. The writer has found it helpful to remove the cylinder block and drill about four three-sixteenth inch holes in the skirt of each piston. Providing the cylinders are pumping oil, the holes provide channels of escape for the lubricant back into the crank-case. The holes can cause no damage to the motor. The writer prevented lubricant from running on the rear wheels by removing the wheel and taking out the roller bearing. Force the old felt washer behind the bearing and use a new felt washer for the wheel end of bearing.

CARBON TROUBLE.—My wife has taken your magazine for a long time and I always take a look at your Auto Department. I would like to know why I have had to take the cylinder heads off my Overland car about every six months and clean the carbon out. If I do not the engine will pound, and yet there is not more than four or five level tablespoonfuls of carbon. Last fall I had one of the new-fangled rings on each piston, but I can't see that they have done a bit of good in the matter of compression or keeping the carbon out. When I cleaned out the carbon the last time I took hold of the pistons to see how loose they were. I could move them just a trifle. I don't see how larger pistons could be got in, but that is what they try to make me believe I ought to have. I told them I could not see why larger pistons should be required as I have had the car only three years and it has been run only 2,400 miles, and at that only when the roads were good. I have had six or seven blow-outs in the three years and always when the car was standing still. Can you give me any helpful information?

F. B., Wall Lake, Iowa.

A.—Even under the best of conditions some carbon will collect in the cylinders and require to be removed every 1000 to 1500 miles the car is run. If with proper care your car has been run only 2500 miles, neither the cylinders nor the pistons should show any appreciable wear. It takes about 1000 miles run to smooth and glass the cylinders of a new engine. Unless you are a mechanic experienced in the handling of fine work it is almost impossible for you to determine the fit of a piston in the cylinder. Cast-iron pistons are usually allowed .003 clearance on the skirt while aluminum pistons are given about .005 inch clearance. A .005 to .008 inch clearance for a cast-iron piston would be considered a "sloppy" fit. The only way to determine accurately the clearance existing in your cylinders is to obtain a set of steel gauges often referred to as "feelers." These gauges are of different thicknesses and you should insert the different ones between the cylinder wall and piston until you find one that is a snug fit. If the clearance is great you undoubtedly will require new pistons or if the bores are worn oval shape it will necessitate their regrinding and fitting with new pistons before relief will be obtained. On the other hand, you may be using an oil which is heavy in carbon. You might try changing the brand of oil. Be sure to clean out all the old oil so as to give the new brand a thorough test. If an improvement is not noted and you do not find the clearance in the cylinders to be too great, would suggest drilling about four three-sixteenth holes in the skirt of each piston. These openings will afford channels of escape for the excess lubricant. It is almost impossible to give any advice from this range regarding the condition of your tires. The tires may have been injured on the road so as to leave the casings in a weakened condition. Providing you carry full air pressure, it might be possible that the sun caused the pressure to rise sufficiently to force the tire plies apart. If you believe that road conditions in your vicinity are such that better mileage should have been obtained from this set of tires, we would suggest taking the matter up directly with the tire manufacturer.

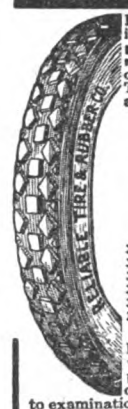
MIS-FIRES AND STOPS.—The engine of my 1916 Studebaker Six runs well while idle, but after I start the car it may run for an hour all right and then begin missing and finally stop. It does this at times for two or three miles and then maybe it will run all right for 10 or 15 miles. I have had the car only a few days so I do not know how long it has been doing this. Information and advice will be appreciated.

L. R. C., Coffeyville, Kans.

A.—Remove the carburetor, gas line and vacuum tank and clean them thoroughly. It might be that dirt or other foreign matter is impeding the flow of fuel. Go over the wiring for loose connections and make certain that terminals do not touch each other.

Even though it may be true that the motor-driven vehicle has begun to put the farm horse "on the run," there is no evidence that he has developed much speed, and his total value still compares favorably with other classes of farm animals. On January 1, 1920, the Bureau of Crop Estimates of the United States Department of Agriculture estimated the total value of horses on farms in this country at $1,993,000,000, or just a little below the value of milk cows, which was $2,022,000,000.

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32x3½	6.90	1.90	36x4½	11.40	3.30
31x4	7.90	2.15	35x5	12.40	3.40
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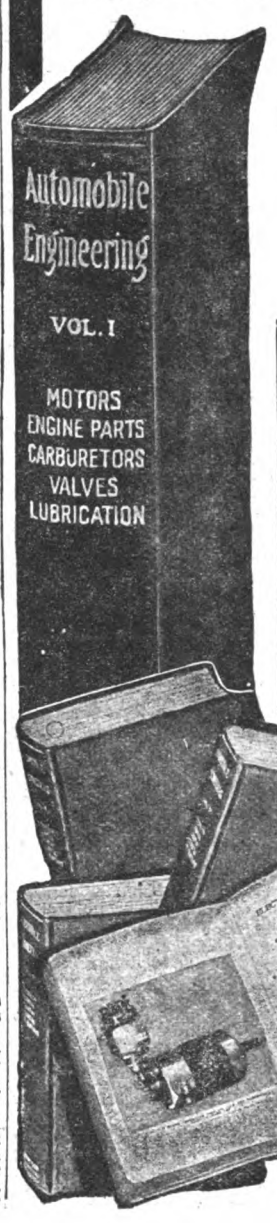




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Conducted by Cousin Marion

In writing this department always sign your true name and give your address; if not, your letter will receive no attention. Name will not be published.

THIS "blue October weather" is apt to make dreamers, day dreamers, of the best of us, so remember, girls, that it is the doers and not the dreamers that get ahead in the world. If you are at school, don't dream of leading your classes but dig in and do it, or try to, which is next best to succeeding. This applies to the girl in the office, at home or in any walk of life. Dreams are good things to have, though, if you'll work to make them come true. Maybe it is a dream of mine to help the girls that come to me with their troubles, so I'll begin with

FATTY AND SLIM, Florida.—No, I don't think a young girl should "bum a strange young man for a dope"—whatever that means. It doesn't sound respectable. A suit of underwear would hardly be a suitable birthday present for a young man from a girl. Can't you think of something equally useful and that will bear no suggestion of indelicacy?

LUCY, S. C.—There are some people so constituted that if they can't or won't be happy themselves they don't want anyone else to be, so don't let anything they say worry you. If you can get along without quarreling before you are married it looks reasonable to suppose that you have a better chance of getting along without quarreling after you are married, despite what your friends say to the contrary. Don't pay any attention to them but devote all your energy to so living that there won't ever be any quarrels. They are ugly things and no amount of making up quite takes away the scar.

BERNICE, Georgia.—Matrimony, my dear, is a serious thing and I don't like to advise for or against it without knowing more of the facts than you gave in your letter. There must be some reason why your people do not like him; but if there isn't you needn't let that stand in the way. You say you will have to work for your living until you marry. That's what a lot of girls think and nine and one-half times out of ten they find that their work is at an end when they marry—but it's the beginning end instead of the finish end. That doesn't hurt them either if the man they marry is the right sort.

D. E. B., Massachusetts.—Such expressions as "I'll tell the world," "I'll say so," and "You'd be surprised," are all right if that is the extent of one's vocabulary, but I'm sure you aren't obliged to resort to such means of expressing yourself. An ignorant or an ill-bred person might, but you are neither.

Blue Eyes of Illinois tells me that she is almost seventeen years old and has never been allowed to go with boys and asks me what I would advise her to do. Read some of the back numbers of COMFORT, the sorrows of girls her age who are in love, or not in love with the right one, or the right one doesn't love them, and then thank your lucky stars that your parents have kept you from being heartbroken or world-weary at the age of almost seventeen. That means, sixteen years, one month and fourteen and one-half days.

TOPSY, Mo.—'Tis sad but true that nobody loves a fat man. Here's a model young man, with an automobile and everything, but Topsy doesn't like to go out with him because he is fat. Is he naturally and chronically fat, Topsy, or is it a result of wrong diet and not enough exercise? If it is the former, you might as well give up now for he will only get fatter and fatter, but if it is the latter, exercise and diet will work wonders. Anyway, fat men are almost always good-natured and I'd rather have a good-natured fat husband than a grouchy thin one, though I don't care so much for very fat men myself—but I suppose I'd be grateful for any kind.

Florence of Colorado, wants to know if it would be all right for her beau to give her a pig for a birthday present. Dear, dear, such funny questions as you girls have asked this month—fat men and pigs! What will you think of next? If you are rooming out in a little two-by-four room, a pig would be a most inappropriate and inconvenient gift but if you are at home on the farm and have a nice clean pen all ready for piggie, it would be a valuable gift, with the price of ham and bacon soaring so high that we are inclined to believe it was a pig and not a cow that jumped over the moon. I'm not so sure it is the proper thing but I'd hate to have anyone offer me a nice pig on my birthday unless he meant it.

MIRIAM, Virginia.—My dear, you are only a little girl in years even if you are larger than I am, and little girls of fifteen don't fall desperately in love with anyone, least of all their very own sister's husband. You'll just have to get over such nonsense, if you haven't already, and in a little while you will laugh at yourself, and feel a wee bit ashamed, too, for being such a silly. Get outdoors and play and don't read so many trashy magazines.

E. F., Illinois.—Don't "manage" to get acquainted with any man. Let him do the managing, if he wants to, and if he wants to you may depend upon it that he will. The fact that you are both musical should provide a common topic for conversation. It would be only courteous for you to ask him to call.

WIDOW JANE, Iowa.—You aren't really a "widow" if your husband just disappeared, and you have no proof of his death. I'm not positive as to the legal side of it, so don't take my word for it, but am of the impression that you'll have to wait seven years before being free to marry again. Make certain before marrying anyone, young or old, rich or poor. That you will have to decide for yourself—you know what they say about being an "old man's darling or a young man's slave."

GREENIE, Wis.—"Is it fashionable for a girl to wear a fan to a picnic or dance, and should it be tied around the neck and shoulders or the neck only?" If it is a very wild and woolly fan and you think there is any danger of it escaping, I'd advise you to tie it around your neck and shoulders both, otherwise, the neck alone might be sufficient. Seriously, my dear, I'll have to put aside my dignity and go to a dance and find out for sure, but I rather think fans are carried, not worn, only on quite formal occasions, with evening gowns. The fans the shops are showing are so beautiful and expensive looking they would appear out of place at an ordinary dance. The only fans I've ever seen used at a picnic were the palm leaf variety. (2) It would be less embarrassing for you if you could take a few private lessons in dancing before attempting it in public. You are old enough to learn if your parents are willing.

BROWN EYES, N. Dak.—If the "sun is just coming up" when you are returning from a dance it would be proper to invite your escort into the house—for breakfast; otherwise he shouldn't expect to be invited, and, anyway, that's too late-early to be out. (2) If he wants you to write to him when you move out of town he will ask you to, though it would be proper enough to send him, and other friends, a card. (3) Don't deliberately exhibit your photographs to young men unless you want them to ask for one.

KITTY, S. C.—If you don't know what to say when a clerk says "thank you" as he gives you your package, you might beat him to it and say "thank you" first and let him do the worrying. Just a pleasant little smile would answer the purpose all right, I should think. Don't be afraid of thanking anyone for any service, be it ever so slight. Politeness is the one thing that doesn't cost anything, no matter how much we have to pay for everything else. (2) Ask your boy friend why he is "mad" at you and tell him you don't want to have anything happen to break up your friendship. That should give you a chance to clear yourself of any falsehoods told against you. Then if he still persists in being mad, let him have a good time and get as "mad" as he wants to. (3) I'm sorry, Kitty, that you are such a "solm" looking girl and the best way I know of to make yourself look pleasant is to smile. There are ever so many funny things happening every day and pleasant things as well, and I'm sure you have your share of both, so turn the corners of your mouth up instead of down. Smiles, like politeness, don't cost anything. Have one on me.

That's all for this time and now I'm off for a long walk to get up an appetite for turkey—Thanksgiving will soon be here.

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Audrey's Recompense

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

winding now through fairy glades, now over picturesque hills.

Never had there been a gayer, happier, or more buoyant party, as they alighted by the margin of the beautiful sheet of water where they were to spend the day, not one dreamed of the sad drama which would there be begun, to result in long years of bondage and sorrow to one, at least of their number.

They were to take boats for a sail, and to visit a large island and some ruins, which, tradition said, had once been a Spanish castle, and which attracted romance-loving visitors in large numbers every year.

There were two boats awaiting them, managed by experienced boatmen, and these were quickly filled by the pleasure-seekers, and when Arthur Halstead and his companion, who had been a little behind the others, owing to one of the horses getting a stone in his shoe, arrived on the spot, they found that there was not an inch of room to spare in either.

"What are we going to do?" he asked one of the boatmen, his tone betraying something of the annoyance which he felt.

"Can you row?" the man asked.

"Like an old sailor," promptly responded Arthur Halstead.

"Well, then, I've got a little boat down yonder," pointing to a tiny craft which was rocking upon the water not far from them. "I call her the Fairy Queen, and she's just big enough for the two of ye. You can take this key, go and get her, and come after us.

Arthur gave one glance at his companion's face. It was like the after-glow of sunset upon snow. Then he turned away and strode toward the little boat more disturbed and angry than he would have cared to have shown, while the other boats pushed away from the shore with their merry freight.

Arthur found the Fairy Queen a dainty little craft worthy of her name, and, having assisted Miss Montrose to enter, he grasped the oars, and with swift, unerring strokes, he sped lightly over the water and soon overtook his companions.

Arriving at the island, everybody was soon ashore, and it was the work of only a moment to pass the chain of the little boat around a post of the landing, turn the key in the padlock attached to it, and thus fasten it securely, as Arthur thought, and then he followed his companions up the hill toward the ruins, where they were to lunch.

But he had not fastened the boat securely—he had not turned the lock at all, and as the Fairy Queen danced lightly upon the waves the padlock worked itself loose—the chain gradually slipped until it freed itself from the staple, and then, like a mischievous sprite, she floated stealthily away, until far down the island a gust of wind swept her into a little vine-covered cove, where she nestled cozily beneath the cool shadows, and lay like a fairy asleep and wholly unconscious of the harm that she was thus bringing upon two innocent people.

For an hour the party wandered about, exploring the ruins, gathering vines and grasses and flowers, and then they had their lunch.

During lunch, Ida had descried, hanging from the rude wall of a portion of the old ruins, a cluster of bright scarlet flowers.

"Do you suppose we could get them?" she asked, calling Arthur's attention to them.

"We can try," he answered, willing to gratify so slight a request, and so they had wandered away after dinner to see what the prospect was for securing those coveted blossoms.

They found a place where several huge blocks of stone had fallen from the wall, making a sort of rude staircase, and, with a little dextrous climbing, they thought they might accomplish their purpose.

"Let me go alone and get them," Arthur urged.

"No, please let me go, too—I shall like the adventure; besides I have a notion that we shall see something fine from the top of that wall," Ida returned, with animation.

But she was panting with fatigue when she at last stood upon the summit.

"You are tired—it was too much for you," Arthur said. "Sit here," he added, "there is a stone higher than the others, and it will make quite a comfortable seat for you."

"Yes, I am tired," she assented, sinking wearily upon it. But, oh!" she exclaimed, with a sudden delight, her creamy face taking on that rosy after-glow again, "what a view! I told you I thought we should find something fine up here."

And truly it was a scene to be long remembered.

The ruins were upon a hill, and the lovely island, surrounded by the sunlit waters, seemed like an emerald set in silver; while beyond, the mainland stretched away, on one hand to verdure-clad hills, on the other to green meadows and orange groves.

Arthur Halstead's face kindled as his fine eyes roved over the scene.

"It is worth climbing for," he said.

He leaned over as he ceased speaking, plucked the flowers,—a great, massive cluster of deepest crimson—which she had coveted, and laid them in her lap.

"Oh, thank you; they are very beautiful," Ida cried.

Suddenly they heard their names called from below, and looking over the wall, Arthur asked what was wanted.

The party was going to visit a grotto about a mile up the island, and they wished him and Miss Montrose to accompany them.

"Will you go?" he asked, turning to Ida.

She glanced up at him, flushed slightly, hesitated, then answered:

"If you do not mind, I would prefer to sit here and enjoy this view until they return. But," she added, "do not let me keep you. I shall not mind staying alone, and the place may be of interest to you."

"No; I shall stay with you," he answered, quietly, but feeling very uncomfortable, nevertheless.

It would seem ungallant, he thought, to leave her there alone, even if it would not be absolutely unsafe.

He turned again to those below and called out: "Miss Montrose is weary and not equal to the long walk, and so we will remain where we are, while you are gone."

"All right," was the response from below, "only it will take us some time to go, and we shall return, the guide says, by the way of the Witches' Glen."

"Very well; then we will meet you at the boat-landing," Arthur returned; then, as their friends trooped away, he seated himself near his companion, and they fell to talking of various things.

Miss Montrose had been an extensive traveler; her power of description was vivid and inspiring, and Arthur soon found himself listening to her with an interest that was absorbing.

"What a beautiful, talented girl she is!" he said to himself, but no tenderer sentiment than admiration thrilled him. He simply admired her as a lovely, gifted woman.

The time flew by on magic wings, until the sun began to slip down behind the distant hills, and warned them that they ought to have gone to the boat-landing long ago.

TO BE CONTINUED.



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Crocheted Yoke

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22.)

sts, ch 2, sk 2, 3 d c repeat making 5 blks, and 6 sps in this row, ch 3, turn.

2nd row.—1 blk, 1 sp, repeat making 6 blks, and 5 sps, ch 5, turn. Repeat these two rows making 11 rows in all, finish with 2 rounds of single crochet.

For Half Checker-Board Squares

Make the first row as for a full square turn 6 blks, 1 d c, in last st of blk in first row, ch 3, blk in sp beyond last blk make 4 more blks in this row turn, 5 blks, 1 d c, in last st of end blk in 2nd row ch 3, and repeat in this way diminishing the blks in each row, until one ends with 1 blk, in the 12th row single crochet around three sides. Six of these half squares will be needed. Five checker-board squares and 15 rose medallion squares. Join by hand or crochet on the back as preferred after which finish the edge all around each medallion with two rows of single crochet, add three rows to neck edge join, ch 9, sk 6 s c, 1 double treble in next st, ch 5, sk 6, 1 d tr c in next repeat all around join to next ch 9, ch 1, 5 s c, under each ch 5, join ch 1, two rows s c, break thread.

Knit Slipper

Once across is a row.

Cast on 15 sts of color.

K 4 rows.

5th row.—Widen st on each side of center st by knitting the front and back of st.

6th row.—Knit back plain.

7th row.—K 3 sts of color, then put in contrasting color and knit, slipping 1 st on each side of center st, k to within 3 sts, which are knit with another ball of contrasting color (keep the ball on this side to k the 3 sts with each time on this row).

8th row.—In coming back, k to the sl st, bring thread forward, then sl 1, thread back, k center st, thread forward, then sl 1, thread back k to border. Repeat until size required. Bind off all sts, on one side, leaving 9 center sts, take these off on safety pin for tongue. Bind off any remaining sts and k 20 sts for desired length. Now take up sts left for tongue, making 2 of color on edge. Knit the same as slippers until you have 3 ribs of contrasting color. On last white narrow on each side of center st, row of k, 2 rows color, you should then have 11 sts. Bind off.

Turnover. Cast on 18 sts of color. K 6 rows. On 7th row, k 3 sts of color, then put in contrasting shade and k to end of row. K desired length having 3 sts of color on one side and 6 rows at each end.

A useful little cushion can be made of the round pasteboard bolt which comes with ribbon. A bolt from No. 5 ribbon makes a very good size. Put several layers of wool over one end of it, and over that stretch a piece of unbleached muslin, pasting it to the edges of the bolt with good library paste. When it is dry, cover the cushion in the same way with a piece of brocade or cretonne and around the edge paste a gold or silver braid.

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"Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners."—Bishop Middleton.

Through the columns of this department free information pertaining to Etiquette, Personal Appearance and kindred subjects will be given in answer to questions by our subscribers, but not more than two questions the same month by any one subscriber. Address Etiquette Editor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and give your own full name and address. Name will not be published.

J. B. M., Cashiers, N. C.—A few broad rules regarding introductions are as follows: As a general custom, a simple naming, in a distinct voice, of both parties suffices. Gentlemen are always presumed to be introduced or presented to ladies and the lady's name is thus mentioned first: "Miss Blank, Mr. Dash," or, more formally, "Miss Blank, I want to present Mr. Dash." Of the same sex, the younger person is introduced to the older. Exception to this rule and the others given might occur in the case of some distinguished man to whom it would seem best that other guests should be presented, as: "Senator Blank, this is Miss Dash." No set forms are needed or desirable in acknowledging introductions. It is not necessary to shake hands although men always do this. It is pleasant and best we think for a lady to extend her hand with a bow, a smile and a simple "how do you do." Other conversation may be then left to follow as it may among the persons present.

SEMI-BLONDS, Grandview, Ark.—At any wedding, and more particularly at a formal church ceremony, the duties of the "best man" consist in aiding the groom in every possible manner. He looks out for all details of the ceremony which properly devolve upon the groom—such as the carriage and train in which the happy couple depart; he accomplishes all necessary messages and errands; he has the ring ready during the ceremony, and he may be left by the groom to fee the clergyman. The duties of a bridesmaid are not so complex. While technically she is an attendant and aid to the bride, in actuality there is little for her to do but look as charming as possible as she accompanies the wedding party up to the altar.

V. O. R., Dennis, Ky.—Read the reply to J. B. M., Cashiers, N. C., in this column. Do not say: "Miss B meet Miss C."

SWEET SIXTEEN, Camden, Ark.—It is more courteous for the girl to offer her hand and we think she should do this when receiving a caller in her own home. (2) It is best that a girl should ask into the house any young man who calls to escort her to dance or party. She should, however, have so timed her preparations that her escort has not long to wait.

L. G., Manito, Ill.—In eating prunes, the pits are removed from the mouth by the spoon and placed upon the saucer or plate containing the fruit. (2) You may properly sit by the roadside while awaiting the mail carrier if such waiting does not expose you to unpleasant publicity or comment from passersby.

R. E. R., Sharpsburg, Ga.—The conventional costume for a bride is white or cream colored silk or satin trimmed with lace. A veil may or may not be worn. Many brides are married in a "going away" gown, which may be a plain tailored costume with hat and gloves to match. But it is properly and fortunately a long road from the sixth grade to the altar. (2) All shades of tan and brown, and many shades of blue, are harmonious colors to be worn by a "girl with light red hair." Avoid red and all shades of pink and green.

CHUMS OF WEST VIRGINIA.—The answer to your question depends upon what you mean by "young man." A schoolgirl of your age may have boy friends among her schoolmates, but she should in no way receive attentions from young men as the term is generally understood. (2) You may have these friends to dinner if your parents have no objection and are themselves present.

BROWN EYES, Concord, N. C.—If a boy is deliberately rude to you, you may as soon as possible leave him and decline any acquaintance with him in the future unless he makes full and satisfactory apology for his conduct. (2) There should be no unchaperoned automobiling at night.

I. L., Parrish, Ala.—If this young man has obtained a proper decree of divorce and he is in every way acceptable both to you and your parents as a fiance, we see no reason why you should let any feeling against his first unfortunate marriage stand in the way of your love and happiness. You should make sure, however, regarding the conditions of the divorce and for what reasons it was granted.

C. J. G., Vincent, Ala.—It is proper that you should raise your hat and say some phrase of farewell when leaving a lady with whom you have been conversing. (2) When offering assistance to a lady, you should raise your hat. It is not always necessary to reply to thanks given for certain courtesies you may have offered. If you wish, you might say: "I am very glad to have been able to help you."

TWO LONELY GIRLS, Concord, N. C.—Although you may not think so now, we can assure you that it is much better to be "lonely" than to be disobedient. You are schoolgirls yet, and your parents, very sensibly, wish you to make your education your first thought. There will be time enough for "movies" and boys a year or two from now. A young girl needs the protection of a good home and careful parents; she is doubly fortunate when she has these—which are much better for her than anything the streets, "movies" or dance halls can offer.

BROWN EYES, Andalusia, Ala.—It would be the best sort of plan, if the weather permitted, for you to place on the veranda some of the tables used at your party. It would be correct for you to aid in the serving of your refreshments—which may be suitably placed on the separate tables you suggest. You should ask two or three of your most intimate girl friends to assist you in serving your guests.

A. B., Willisburg, Ky.—The bride's glove is not removed, but is turned back over her wrist so that the wedding ring may be conveniently placed upon her finger. (2) The bridesmaid is supposed to care for the bouquet of the bride.

M. K. P., Hollis, Okla.—The best sort of frock for traveling would be one plainly tailored of brown tweed or homespun. With this wear a small close-fitting hat to harmonize with your suit. A sailor of brown straw would also be appropriate. Any purse or handbag you may carry should be made of brown leather of a shade to match your frock. (2) Fortunately, "picture hats" are not much worn nowadays—and certainly not by "college graduates," as you seem to think. A "picture hat" is a wide-brimmed, expensively-made millinery concoction and is most properly seen, if ever, at formal luncheons of a kind where pearl necklaces may be also in order. You ask more questions than our regulations permit us to answer.

R. H., Hettinger, N. D.—This boy had no reason to show displeasure because you accepted another boy's supper invitation during the dance. He should have asked you earlier, or taken you to the dance, if he wished to have any prior claim on your company. We should regard him as an ill-mannered suitor who needs to be taken down a peg or two.

G. I., White Lake, S. D.—Of course you must not meet secretly any man whom your parents object to your receiving in your own home. Such conduct is disobedient and dishonest and can only result in trouble and unhappiness. (2) You can only be certain that a man cares for you "more than as a friend" if he tells you so. And we regret to say that this rule is not without many exceptions—man being a most fickle creature and lips being more easily stirred than hearts.

SAD AND LONELY, Princeton, Ky.—A boy is supposed to be able to care for his own hat, and a girl should not hold his headgear for him. (2) It makes absolutely no difference which speaks first—the boy or the girl.

B. R., Rockaway, N. J.—Regardless of the length of your absence, you may take a small trunk if this is more convenient than a suitcase. (2) You may tell a caller where he may place his hat, but you should not take it from him.

L. B., Jamestown, N. C.—It was correct for you to ask the young man to remove his arm which he had placed about you when driving.

D. L. S., Brattleboro, Vt.—When a man who is accompanied by a lady meets another man, it is correct that the men raise their hats in greeting each other. (2) The "third finger of the left hand" upon which the engagement ring is placed is not the middle finger but the one next to the little finger.

E. S., Benhams, Va.—A girl may say anything which seems suitable at the time when a man is introduced to her. Usually the one making the introduction says something which may be used to "break the ice." (2) It makes no difference who speaks first after an introduction.

M. D., Winston-Salem, N. C.—A girl should not write a letter "introducing herself" to a boy. Wait until some friend can properly present this boy to you.

BLUE EYES, Oxford, N. C.—This boy's class or college pennant should not be hung in your parlor, although you may have it placed on the wall of your own room if you wish.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

sagging gate, poorly kept lawn, an unpainted shed, or tin cans. Last week we came through the prettiest little timbered village, on a river's bank, but junk was strewn along the streets, paper and rags were blowing around, and how I did want to stop and appeal to the little boys to form a "Booster Club," and make that town look like the others we came through, but I can't do such things. I write better than I talk. Tell all your boys about it and make some badges for them and you will be surprised how much they can and will do. Our kiddies have picked up and burned every scrap of paper that blew near our path, from S. Dak. to Kansas.

We found many beautiful flowers enroute, and saved a slip of cactus from each state. They were all different and the Kansas cactus has a large orange and yellow blossom.

So far we have seen only one covered wagon. Even the gypsies have cars nowadays, but we have had to help some of the cars through the ruts and too, we can boil and bake in our little range as we move along. In that wagon were an old, old couple—over eighty I should judge—and the man was an old soldier. We had a guest that day, also an old soldier of eighty-odd years, and we rested the horses and listened to the greeting and old-time tales that passed between those two comrades. It was interesting indeed. Our old man had been robbed of his money and pension papers, and the Government could not give him new ones for six months, for some reason. He had had no food for hours so we fed him bread and milk, a little at a time, until he seemed stronger. I wanted to take him to a Soldiers' Home but he was afraid of them so we took him as far as we went on his way, and I gave him the little wad of money I had been saving for chickens. I had rather never have another chicken than to have let him go that way. He is too old and feeble to work and I am sorry we didn't keep him with us. If he or anyone knowing him sees this, write me, at Kimball, S. Dak., and we'll give him a home—such as it is—until he gets help, for we too may be old some day—hope so for I don't feel a bit like kicking the bucket—and we need a grandfather anyway. He was going to Militare, Neb.

For a week back we have been on a trail called "The Golden Belt," I suppose because of the golden grain fields it passes through. It is very rich soil and a part of Kansas worth seeing.

Thank you for the many letters sent me. I can't answer all, but will do my best.

Did I tell you about our circles? I chose twelve sisters who lived far apart and numbered them. No. 1 wrote a letter to No. 2, who added some more and sent it to No. 3, etc. When they came back to No. 1 she removed her first letter, added a new one, and started the ball rolling again. We sent pictures, recipes, news, market prices, etc., and kept in touch with the country from coast to coast. It is great fun but if any of you get up such a circle I'd advise you not to put in anything of value as two of our circle packages went astray and I lost several pictures and crochet patterns that I wished to keep.

Sonny built a wonderful bridge and I sat on it. Just now it tipped the ink bottle, my ink and me into the dark Kansas soil, and I'm trying to remember how to remove ink spots.

I will have mail forwarded from Kimball, S. Dak., as "I don't know where I am going but I'm on my way.

Sincerely, PEARL VESEY.

Pearl.—Some time I'm going to pack my thread and needle and thimble and go Out-where-Bill-lives and sit around and wait and maybe he will lose a button and ask me to sew it on for him and thus I'll become acquainted with him. Wasn't he a lucky person and aren't you both fortunate to have met each other? Write again and tell us more about your interesting trip.—Ed.

WESTERNHEIM, N. DAK.

DEAR COMFORT EDITOR:

Yesterday (June 30th) when my mail came, dear old COMFORT was handed to me. I opened it and found my letter in it and read the footnote at the bottom, your own words. You asked if "seconds" of fruit would be appreciated. They certainly would and yesterday I got a box of delicious cherries and before that I had three packages of dried apples, peaches and prunes sent to me. They were fine. My worst trouble is that so many of the dear COMFORT sisters send me packages of fruit, clothing, papers and even money and sign only their initials and some parcels have the names entirely erased before they reach me. In the last three weeks I have had over 600 letters in all and they still come. Yesterday's mail brought me 66 letters and three packages of clothing with the addresses so blurred that I can't thank the senders, and I am trying to find these "givers" through COMFORT. My big girls,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 32.)

Have Beauty Without Effort

Let Stuart's Calcium Wafers Do the Work to Rid Your Face of Pimples and Such Blemishes.

Instead of those futile efforts of steaming the face massage, creams, lotions, etc., that have



brought only disappointment, suppose you leave it to the wonderful action of calcium.

There is but one way to remove pimples, blackheads, and such blemishes—through the blood and skin. In Stuart's Calcium Wafers, taken at meals, the wonderful calcium serves to supply the blood with one of the most remarkable actions known to science. This is its activity in keeping firm the tiny fibres that compose even such minute muscles as those which control the slightest change of expression. It is this substance which acts upon the skin, keeps it healthy and drives away impurities. Get a 60-cent box of Stuart's Calcium Wafers at any drug store.

DON'T STAY GRAY.

Neglect, nearly as often as age, brings on hair unloveliness. If from either or both causes your hair is turning gray, getting thin, brittle and scraggly, you should at once begin using KOLOR-BAK which quickly brings back natural color to gray hair. Results will astonish you! Improvement from first application. Two applications guaranteed to banish dandruff. Not in any sense a dye or stain but a scientific preparation that restores gray hair to original color by stimulating production of the microscopic pigments which give hair its natural color. So don't waste your time with mussy, greasy, muddy hair dyes and stains. They do no lasting good and may injure the scalp. KOLOR-BAK is clean, colorless and stainless. Easy to apply. Puts scalp in clean, healthy condition, free from itching; makes it cool and comfortable. Write for book giving proof and facts about our wonderful FREE TRIAL offer. Money back if Kolor-Bak fails. Hygienic Laboratories, 3334-3338 W. 38th St., Dept. 1053, Chicago.

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Just send your name, address, size and color, and we will send this fashionable sweater to you. You don't pay one penny until the sweater is delivered at your door by the postman. This is a wonderful opportunity to get a $5.00 sweater for $2.98. Our price is an amazing bargain. Compare it with others and see for yourself.

Fashionable Serviceable Sweater

This is a very beautiful sweater, made of heavy yarn woven in fashionable shaker knit stitch. Has a large shawl collar, two serviceable pockets and a broad, loose belt. Sweater can be worn without belt if desired. A good heavy weight sweater, excellent for chilly evenings or winter wear. Sizes to fit misses or ladies 32 to 46. Colors, **navy blue, maroon, red** or **gray.** When ordering, be sure and give size and color.

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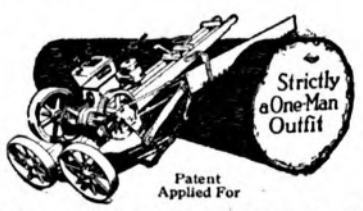
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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT subscribers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions addressed to this Bureau. They will thus save time, labor and postage.

No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

MRS. J. HOSLER, Allen, Pa., is in search of a book entitled the "Life Story of Lawrence Dennis." We have never heard of this work. Perhaps some COMFORT reader can aid and will write to Mrs. Hosler.

W. F. T., Kiser, Tenn.—The owner of a pleasure car cannot carry passengers for hire in his automobile without securing a proper license.

G. D., Thomasboro, Ill.—The Federal Government would have no provision applying to the support of yourself and family. Under our system of government all such relief is furnished locally.

K. B. S., Winfield, Texas.—We do not believe that as a commonsense reader of COMFORT you can think it possible that anyone is buying canceled postage stamps and paying for them at the rate of one cent each.

A COMFORT READER.—Toilet ammonia is an inexpensive preparation which can be obtained from any modern drug store.

A. A. B., Cleveland, Tenn.—Science does not recognize the existence of such a mysterious mineral product as a "mad stone." There would be no authority, therefore, to whom you might submit your find for a test as to its curative powers.

B. L., Equality, Ala.—Any paint store would be able to supply you with what is known as "varnish remover." Use this upon your mahogany chairs which have developed an inconvenient sticky quality. After you have removed the present defective finish, we advise you to re-finish your chairs with a dull oil-rub process. You should be able to obtain the directions for this from the shop which sells you your varnish remover. This oil finish, which is much more handsome and suitable for your mahogany, will not be effective unless you have completely and most carefully freed your chairs of the defective varnish before applying the oil.

MRS. J. G. B., Waldron, Mich.—As we have often stated in this column, there is no truth in the claims made for so-called "mineral rods" which are said to have the power to locate hidden minerals. We would very much like to have you and other sanguine COMFORT readers become the finders of "gold and other things" such as you describe, but we can assure you that you will have to use other means than "mineral rods" to secure your wished-for wealth of treasure.

H. R., Newark, N. J.—You may secure a copyright for your book by addressing the Register of Copyrights, Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. An application and full particulars will be sent you. The fee will be a small one. Books of verse by young amateur poets are but a drug on the always crowded literary market. You could only obtain the publication of your effort by paying yourself for such printing and binding as would be needed. The cost of this would depend upon the size of your volume as planned, and the style of binding you might desire. You would have to consult printers for estimates.

W. A. B., Kensington, Ga.—Generally speaking, Colorado is a state of abundant sunshine, dry atmosphere and light rainfall. It is this climate which makes life in the state health-giving for many invalids who have tried European resorts without success. Although much of the land in Colorado will always be better suited for grazing than for other agricultural uses, the cultivated area of the state increases each year. The eastern section of the state—once an immense plain devoted solely to the raising of cattle—is now being gradually developed into a splendid agricultural section. There are 8,251,297 acres of vacant public land in this big and desirable state. This land would be unimproved and would necessarily be without buildings such as you suggest. There are ten U. S. Land Offices in Colorado to any one of which you might write for particulars. The most important of these offices would be those at Denver and Pueblo. Mrs. M. Dargin is the Register at the U. S. Land Office in Denver, and G. M. Dameron fills the same position at Pueblo.

MRS. A. C. B., Purdy, Mo.—Information regarding the plant known as swamp cabbage or skunk cabbage was published in this column in the July issue of COMFORT.

C. B. A., Clifton, Texas.—There would be but a slight premium on a three-cent piece of the date of 1851.

S. P., Perryton, Texas.—Gen. Cornelius Vanderbilt, perhaps the best known of that wealthy family, may be addressed at 57th Street and Fifth Avenue, New York City. John D. Rockefeller, who is of advanced age and consequently rather secluded and inactive, is best addressed at Pocantico Hills, N. Y. A letter sent to 26 Broadway, New York City, will find his son, John D., Jr.

MRS. T. D. L., Ark.—As near as we can describe it in print, the Spanish name Juanita is pronounced "Hwaneeta." The accent is on the second syllable and both a's have about the same sound as is gained by the same vowel in the English name Arnold.

MRS. A. L. E., Mabel, Minn.—There is no stone which you could cut with a knife for the purpose of carving statuettes or other articles. A small steel chisel would be much more suitable for any articles to be carved from stone. A soft wood, such as pine or cypress, would be the best material for you to try your amateur hand upon. All sculptors make use of clay, and you can find plenty of Minnesota schoolboys who will be able to point out to you spots where this simple earthy compound can be found. Any clay which is too dry may be reduced to the proper molding consistency by the addition of water. And as for putty, that can be purchased at any paint store—or made by the simple process of mixing powdered whiting with linseed oil and a little white lead.

M. H., Detroit, Mich.—We could not tell you how long a time might pass before the mining corporation you mention would declare a dividend. We can tell you, however, that Uncle Sam is paying prompt interest on his Liberty Bonds twice a year, and that they can be purchased now at figures netting about six per cent—which is a good enough rate of interest for anyone. And six per cent from the hand of our Government is worth many times this rate in the bush of newly-formed companies.

MRS. W. L. T., Baton Rouge, La.—Whether there would be any sale for your song poem after it had been set to music would depend upon the quality both of your words and the melody which had been furnished them. No company or individual would do any sort of musical composition without being fairly well paid. We do not believe you could expect to have what you wish done for any less sum than the prices you name as having been already quoted you. Whether you choose to pay such a price must depend upon just how badly you wish to place your composition before your friends—and a friendly or unfriendly public.

MRS. A. P., Callao, Mo.—Addres Street & Smith, who are publishers at 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Enclose a stamp for reply.

M. W., Stewart, Va.—A girl may be married at the age of twelve years in the state of Tennessee.

MRS. E. B. G., Militus, W. Va.—The U. S. Weather Bureau reports Florida as having the highest average temperature in the U. S.—this being 74 degrees. The highest monthly average is 81, the lowest is 64. The bureau records the greatest annual rainfall as 60.2 inches. Necessarily the winter climate of Florida is very mild and frost is of rare occurrence. An increasing number of tourists, fleeing the northern winter, come to the state each year. In any consideration of Florida it must be remembered that the entire state is practically level—the highest point being only 301 feet above the sea. This department regards Arizona or parts of New Mexico as offering superior advantages to health-seekers. We cannot give you the subscriber's address which you desire, but you can obtain interesting literature concerning Florida by writing to the office of the Florida East Coast R. R. at 120 Broadway, New York City.

The Modern Farmer

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25.)

to go to seed. When once the alfalfa gets a start, it will take care of the weeds.

BE SURE TO INOCULATE.—Unlike corn and grain, alfalfa grows little nodules on its roots which are the homes of "germs" which help feed the plant. If these germs are not present in the soil you cannot succeed with alfalfa. How get the germs into the soil? Put them there by "inoculation."

There are two ways to inoculate soil. One is to get the germs for inoculating direct from your State Experiment Station or from the U. S. Department of Agriculture. They will be sent sealed in a bottle, with full directions as to how to inoculate the seed.

The other method is to get a wagon load of dirt from an old alfalfa field and spread it over the land. This dirt contains the necessary germs.

WHAT SOIL FOR ALFALFA.—Alfalfa will not grow well on poor soil. Neither will it grow on wet land, even Grimm. Alfalfa needs sweet, fertile, well-drained soil, free from weeds, and properly inoculated. These are a lot of things to think about at once, but without all these necessary conditions you cannot expect "Success with Alfalfa."

Questions and Answers

FEEDING RABBITS.—We are starting in the business of breeding tame rabbits with the object of feeding them for the market. Many people tell us different methods of feeding and we are at a loss just what to do. Can you give us any advice on the subject that can safely be followed? We know that many have had bad luck with tame rabbits and would like good guidance that we may escape the same disaster.

M. E. D., Conn.

A.—Our observations lead us to conclude that most of the failures with rabbits and Belgian hares have come from overcrowding, in-and-in breeding, failure to change the strain of blood frequently so that constitution may be maintained, lack of outdoor exercise and sanitary surroundings and proper and sufficient feed. It is of vital importance to start with strong, healthy stock. Do not buy or keep a single rabbit that sniffles or has a discharge from the eyes or nose. Such rabbits are afflicted with "snuffles" (coccidiosis) and that disease is practically incurable and the bane of the rabbit raising business. As to rations, give adult rabbits of medium size, hay three ounces; roots, eight ounces, and one to two ounces (dry) of a mixture of equal parts of bran, soy bean meal, or bean meal or pea meal or linseed meal or maize gluten, mixed together with sufficient water to form a crumbly mash. As to green feed, in summer an adult rabbit of medium size will consume from two to four pounds of fresh-cut meadow grass a day and during the midsummer months will require little else, but after August the grass should be supplemented until the full ration is reached in October. A mixture of any of the common garden vegetables may be given with advantage, but the vines of potatoes and runner beans should be omitted. Feed twice daily. Vary the food. Give mixed vegetable leaves; not one kind only at a time. Wet tea leaves are appreciated. Keep fresh water before rabbits at all times.

SALVEY BUTTER.—Our cow's butter is so oily that it is impossible to handle it. I have tried churning with the cream as cold as possible but cannot improve this condition of the butter. Please advise me what to do.

MRS. P. L. C., Hillsboro, N. C.

A.—Feed cottonseed meal, freely to help firm up the butter; also wheat bran and ground barley, rye, oats or gluten meal. If, on the contrary, cottonseed meal and hulls have been the major part of the concentrated feed, stop such feed entirely and give an entire change of feed. Obtain a "starter" from the local creamery man, or buttermaker, and take his advice as to temperatures for souring and churning in your district as he is acquainted with local conditions and so has had the necessary experience in such matters.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16.)

don't watch out. I do not care what *you* think, but I would like to get hold of and hang the men who poisoned your childish mind. Theoretically Bolshevism may mean majority, but as a matter of fact it means minority, for there are not a million genuine communists in all Russia. Actually Bolshevism means the rule of a couple of fiendish hell hounds and their merciless satellites and Chinese executioners. The man who says there is freedom in Russia lies. Russia is a military despotism, governed by pitiless tyrants who have thrown over every principle of socialism, democracy and all else that make for decency. Russia's Red soldiers go into battle singing "We have sent God into retirement." The Patriarch of the Russian Church who anathematized these fiends is a prisoner. Every man cannot be his own master. We are all interdependent and subject to law. Your doctrine is anarchy and anarchy is hell. Russia was trying to set up a democratic government when Lenine and Trotzky, unscrupulous fiends, paid agents of Germany, mad, crafty schemers, seized power. Instead of giving the people land, bread and peace, they gave them starvation and bullets. Russia under the Czar was heaven compared to what it is now and most of the peasants pray silently for the return of the "Little Father," their murdered Czar. When Mrs. Philip Snowden, wife of a socialist member of the British House of Commons, went to Russia, she was hailed as "Comrade," but when she began to ask searching questions she was called "Madam" and given the gate. The brilliant writer, Bertrand Russell, British radical and pacifist who was imprisoned during the war, after viewing Communism at close range wants none of it. He thought before he went to Russia, that Communism would solve the troubles of the world. He came back utterly disillusioned. When they have a political convention in Russia the Bolsheviki take control. The people for miles around who are disgusted with conditions and who want to vote are not even allowed to get on the trains. They have no secret ballot but vote by a show of hands. The man who fails to raise his hand in approval of the reigning terror is a marked man and soon a corpse. Russia is a land without religion, hope or morals. She has been broken on the wheel of a murderous fanaticism. Her Red Guards, led by German officers, may sweep all Europe and push civilization back a thousand years. Listen to this cry of desperation from a Russian patriot: "The workmen in factories, mills and other works are virtually prisoners and thousands of Red Guards play the role of overseers and force these unwilling wretches to toil. That kind of work never covers expenses. Russia is terrorized and dishonored, the church undermined and ridiculed by the official movies. All the savings of the country made during long centuries are plundered by a horde of criminals." What used to be the Empire of Russia is today but a huge madhouse, a country of graves. The leading socialists of the world recently had a meeting at Geneva and they condemned Bolshevism unmercifully. All the leading American socialists have withdrawn from the so-called socialist party in the U. S., which is simply a German-Jew combination. Now let me plead with every one of you who can scrape up the money to send to the Harpers Publishers, New York City, for a work by John Spargo, entitled "The Greatest Failure in All History." Spargo's work is compiled from Bolshevist official documents. Don't

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 31.)

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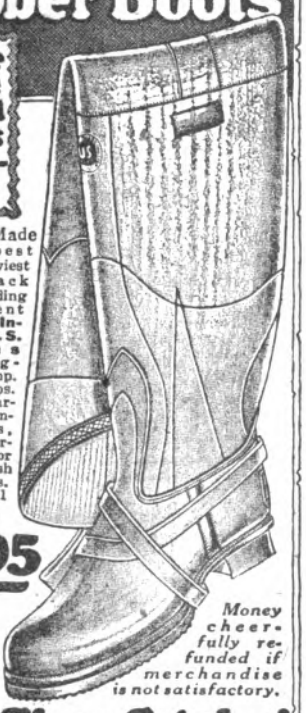
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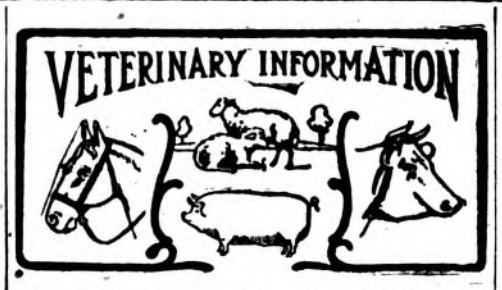


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No attention will be given any inquiry which lacks the sender's full name and address, but we will print only initials if so requested.

Lump Jaw of Cattle

WHEN a lump apears anywhere upon the head, face, jaw, throat or even the neck of a cow, bull, steer or calf, it is common for the owner to jump at the conclusion that it is due to actinomycosis and therefore is true lump jaw. That often is erroneous, therefore a little exact information on the subject should prove instructive.

Actinomycosis takes its name from the Latin name of the ray fungus (actinomyces) which grows on grain seeds, hull, beard, leaves and stalks. The disease is not directly contagious. It is invasive, which means that the spores of the fungus are carried into the tissues by an infected seed hull, beard or other part of a cereal plant. It is not caused by contact of an affected animal with one that is sound. Neither is it spread by the air, or feed contaminated by pus from a lump jaw abscess. Such pus, however, conveys the disease infection to plants, such as grass or grain, and the spores then develop and are capable of causing the disease if they find entrance to wounds or abrasions of the skin of the head, or mucous membranes of the mouth. Often they enter at the root of a split or diseased tooth, or infect a wounded tongue, causing "wooden tongue," which usally is curable if taken in time.

Very many of the tumors, enlarged glands or swellings of the throat and jaw are tuberculous; therefore in all cases the first step should be to have the tuberculin test applied by a veterinarian. If tuberculosis is not proven present, the lump then should be dissected or sloughed out and then the animal should quickly recover. If the bones are badly involved, treatment seldom pays. It is unsafe to cut out a tubercular tumor in a cow stable. By so doing, the disease germs may be spread to well cattle. Do all operations on clean grass, by preference.

So long as lump jaw has not caused emaciation, ill-health and discharging sores which enter the mouth, the meat of an affected animal is not condemned by the veterinary inspectors in slaughter houses. If internal evidences of the disease are found, the carcass is condemned. The disease is not hereditary nor is it carried by the milk of an infected animal; but milk into which pus has fallen should, of course, be rejected. If a fat steer is seen to be developing the disease it should at once be killed for meat.

Treatment consists in dissecting out the diseased mass, cauterizing the wound and giving two or three drams of iodide of potash daily in water. Wooden tongue necessitates scarification of the hardened parts, followed by daily applications of tincture of iodin. The internal treatment with iodide of potash also is imperative. Where cutting cannot well be done, the mass may be deeply incised and a wad of absorbent cotton saturated with a 10 per cent solution of peroxid of chromium should be then packed into the wound and cotton or oakum inserted to hold it in place. It will soon cause sloughing of the mass and that should be followed by healing. Corrosive sublimate, arsenious acid, or a large crystal of sulphate of copper (bluestone) may be inserted in place of the chromium caustic. All such work should be done by a veterinarian. When one cannot be employed, good results often follow the proper use of a proprietary lump jaw cure.

REPLY.—If the horse has heaves there will be expulsion of gas from the rectum during spells of coughing, as well as escape of gas from the mouth.

CATTLE DYING.—Will you advise me what to do for my cattle. They are dying rapidly. First there is looseness of the bowels and in a day or two they become restless and unable to walk steadily. They strain as though there was a desire for movement of the bowels. Before death they become unconscious. They are in a good pasture and drink fresh well water from a trough. What is the matter and what can I do?

R. A. W.

A.—Hemorrhagic septicemia is to be suspected as the disease present, but an investigation and post-mortem examination would be necessary to a confident diagnosis. At once keep the remaining cattle off the pasture where the disease has occurred and have a veterinarian make the necessary investigation. If he finds the disease we have mentioned he should at once vaccinate against it. Lead poisoning would be another likely cause of such symptoms. Affected cattle show a blue line around the teeth some time before death. See that the drinking water is not contaminated in any way and that the cattle are not finding access to paint, or lead in any form.

ABNORMAL HOOFS.—I have a mule three years old and his hind hoofs grow so long that he walks on his hocks. I have had them trimmed but they soon grow out again. When they are trimmed he walks on his feet. Is there a cure? R. W. W.

A.—Founder often causes such abnormal growth of the hoofs; but it usually affects the fore feet. The joints you refer to are no doubt the fetlocks. The hocks are in the position on the hind legs corresponding to the knees of the fore legs. We should advise having the hoofs trimmed to proper proportions and shod. Then put the mule to steady work in harness and have the shoes reset every three or four weeks. Keep the mule on a dry floor. Wet or filth will tend to keep the hoofs soft.

ROARING.—I have a colt two years old. He had a cough last spring, and when it stopped and he laid down he held his breath and let it out with a groan.

MRS. J. R. L.

A.—We fear that strangles (distemper) has caused roaring (laryngeal hemiplegia), and if so that can only be remedied by a difficult and expensive operation upon the membranes of the larynx; or a veterinarian might insert a permanent silver tube in the windpipe. Take the colt to a qualified veterinarian, for examination. Possibly he may find some other cause of abnormal breathing, such as pus in the gutteral pouches, or growths (polypi) in the nostrils, and these conditions might also be relieved by operation. Without an examination we are unable, however, to give a perfectly confident opinion as to the exact cause of the condition described.

CONVULSIONS.—Will you tell me what was the matter with my calf? He was two months old and in perfect health one-half hour before death. The first symptom was whirling around to the left, then frothing at the mouth and bellowing. (2) I have a sow four years old that won't breed. She has had three litters. Will keep her from becoming pregnant? J. P.

A.—The calf died in convulsions or fits, and these commonly are induced by indigestion from overfeeding and lack of exercise. Apoplexy in fat calves is another possible cause. It leads to rupture of a blood-vessel in the brain, and that is fatal. A much more common cause, however, is too fast drinking of milk by a hungry calf. A spasm of the gullet results and convulsions may follow. (2) A change of food may help the sow. Turn onto good pasture. Stop feeding slop, but allow a little middlings, shelled corn and tankage from a self-feeder. Two or three times a week flush out her vagina with lukewarm water containing 30 grains of permanganate of potash to the gallon.

RINGBONE.—I have a horse that stuck a thorn about three or four inches above the hoof on one of the front feet. It broke off. I got part of it out. I had a veterinarian cut where it entered but he didn't find anything. I think a ringbone has developed. Can you tell what will cure him? T. H.

A.—We would advise clipping the hair from the entire hoof-head and blistering it two or three times at intervals of two or three weeks. As a blister, use a mixture of two drams each of cinlodide of mercury and powdered cantharides and three ounces of lard. Put it in for fifteen minutes, a little at a time, and then smear some of it upon the blistered surface. Tie the horse up short so that he will be unable to bite or lick part. Wash the blister off in 48 hours and then apply a little lard daily. If an opening forms and discharges pus, the veterinarian will have to treat it as a case of quittor.

STIFF HOCK JOINT.—I have a mare, sixteen years old, that is stiff in the knees of her hind legs, which are slightly enlarged. She is a splendid worker and in good condition. MRS. D. S.

A.—As the mare is well advanced in years and both hocks are affected, it is improbable that treatment will do much good. Try the effects of 10 per cent iodin petrogen or vasogen rubbed in once daily. If that does not suffice, use reducine according to directions given by the manufacturer. You can buy it at a drug store.

LAMENESS.—What is the trouble with my horse? He is lame in his left front leg. When he trots he hits the ground hard. His shoulder is sore if you touch or pinch him. MRS. J. C. W.

A.—We are unable to determine the location or cause of mysterious lameness without making a personal examination. If the shoulder is affected, the toe will be dragged and the horse will have difficulty in stepping over a sill or other obstacle. If the foot is thrust forward when the horse rests, the lameness is located there. If you are certain, however, that the shoulder is the seat of the lameness, it would be well to clip off the hair and apply a mild blister.

SLOBBERING.—I would like to know what causes horses to slobber and what is the cure for it. L. McG.

A.—Slobbering or salivation may be due to sharp or irregular teeth requiring the attention of a veterinarian. More often it is due to irritants in feed. White clover, for instance, is well known to cause slobbering, and feeding burdock leaves is a popular remedy. A solution of alum also is helpful and particularly so if there are ulcers on the lining membranes of the mouth.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30.)

let the Reds in this country fool you. Spargo in writing this great work was inspired by no other purpose than to tell the truth and prevent honest progressives from being the victims of the most damnable conspiracy to ruin and debauch the human race that was ever conceived in the mind of devils, who, if we are not careful, will plunge the whole world into a sea of anarchy while they and their mistresses riot in the palaces of the murdered Czar. P. S. Russia has nothing to export. Her peasants are robbed of their grain or it is "paid for" in worthless, dirty paper. Trotzky and Lenine are the world's champion profiteers, they have sucked dry the greatest country on earth. Bertrand Russell also said: "If Bolshevism were made universal, it would submerge civilization for a thousand years."

DALLAS, GA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

I am a single lady and am tired of a single life. I want a husband between 28 and 45 and apply to you, for there must be a man somewhere for me. I am ready to answer all letters and tell of my life and you hold my name and send letters to me. Good by, good luck. Thanking you for your kindness,

REDBIRD.

You boys and girls seem determined to make me a matrimonial agent, but you are wasting time, as I have told you a score of times, I am not in that business. Redbird, you would not be a real woman if you did not want to be a chimney star to a "sengall man." The young man of today does not marry because you girls have spoiled him. Dr. Hibben of Princeton recently repeated what I have already told you many a time: "There is no aura of mystery about woman today, nothing is left to the imagination." Men do not buy what they can get for nothing, and many of you girls have been far too free and easy in displaying whatever charms you possess, and in allowing man to put over on you what the great Spanish author, Blasco Ibenez, called "the cave man stuff." Some women like the knock down and carry out method of wooing but they forget that primitive man was a brute, a human gorilla, and the cave-man lover does not respect those who submit to his methods, and without respect love languishes and dies. You forget that the man who indulges in the cave-man stuff judges woman by his own standards, which are too often little higher than those of the jungle or the barnyard. He becomes satiated with conquest, and all the respect he acquired at the family hearth for womanhood soon vanishes. What was once the most priceless and dearest of human possessions has now depreciated and become as cheap as a Liberty Bond, and for the same reason—you have thrown the priceless

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 42.)

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30x3½	7.25	1.95	33x4½	12.50	2.85
32x3½	8.75	2.15	34x4½	12.90	3.00
31x4	9.45	2.25	35x4½	13.25	3.15
32x4	9.90	2.40	36x4½	13.90	3.40
33x4	11.25	2.50	35x5	14.90	3.50
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114	30x3½	9.65	2.70	150	34x4	14.95	3.75
110	32x3½	11.85	2.85	32	34x4½	16.85	4.35
128	31x4	12.85	3.20	20	35x4½	17.75	4.45
92	32x4	13.25	3.35	8	35x5	18.75	5.45

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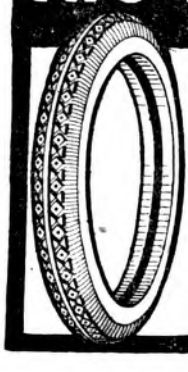
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Size	Tires	Tubes	Size	Tires	Tubes
30x3	$7.25	$1.75	32x4½	$13.25	$2.70
30x3½	7.95	1.95	33x4½	13.45	2.85
32x3½	8.85	2.15	34x4½	13.95	3.00
31x4	10.25	2.25	35x4½	14.50	3.15
32x4	10.95	2.40	36x4½	15.25	3.40
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34x4	12.95	2.60	37x5	16.25	3.75

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Comfort's Home Lawyer



Through the columns of this department subscribers may have free advice from our eminent legal adviser on all questions of law except divorce matters.

Address Home Lawyer, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

R. A., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we do not think the husband of the woman who died has any interest in the estate of his deceased wife's grandmother unless his wife survived her grandmother. (2) We think the signature of both the widow and children will be necessary to convey good title of the real estate belonging to the man who died, leaving no will.

K. S. P., Kansas.—If, as your letter indicates, your father is still living, we do not think you are entitled to any share of his property; we think if you survive him and he does not disinherit you by will, upon his death you will be entitled to a share of whatever property he may leave, after the payment of his debts.

J. C., Tennessee.—We think that almost every locality in this country provides for some form of public schools, but we do not think any public school in this country has a course of training for the stage.

M. W., Kentucky.—We are of the opinion that the value of the widow's dower interest in the land you mention would depend upon her age and probable length of life figured upon the life insurance tables; her interest is one third for life, and by taking one third of the value of the property and multiplying the income thereof, at a rate of interest fixed as reasonable by your courts, by the probable number of years she has to live as fixed by the life insurance tables, you can arrive at a fair value of her dower interest in the land. We think the land can be sold by the joint deed of the widow and all the other persons in interest.

Mrs. A. H., Ohio.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving a surviving widow and children or descendants, the widow would receive dower of a one-third interest for life in the real estate, and one half of the personal estate up to $400, and one third of the balance in excess of this amount, the balance of the estate going in equal shares to his children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share; if there be no child or descendant, and the property did not come to the decedent by descent, device or deed of gift, the whole property would go to the surviving widow; if the property came to the decedent by descent, device or deed of gift of an ancestor or former wife, the share of the surviving widow would be reduced.

L. L., Georgia.—We think you should employ some local competent lawyer to prepare your will for you and attend to the execution of the same; you should, however, if you desire your wife to have the whole property, be sure to appoint her sole executrix of such will, as the appointment of an outside executor would only create additional and unnecessary expense to the estate.

O. O. N., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving no child or descendant, the whole estate would go to his surviving widow if the same does not exceed in value the sum of $15,000; if it exceeds this amount, one half of such excess would go to the surviving widow, and the balance of such excess to the decedent's parents in equal shares or to the survivor if either be dead; if both are dead and the estate does not exceed $25,000, the whole estate goes to the surviving widow, if in excess of this amount, the widow would receive one half of such excess, the balance of such excess going to the brothers and sisters of their descendants, depending upon who is left.

E. W., Michigan.—If you can substantiate by the proper evidence that the man who purchased your hay released you from your contract, we do not think he can collect damages from you for your failure to carry out your contract; if you are unable to substantiate the fact that he released you from the contract, we think you are liable to him for such damages as he can prove he suffered by reason of your failure to carry out your contract with him.

H. H. F., Wisconsin.—We think the owner of the property you mention should have his deed to the property recorded before attempting to convey same.

Mrs. M. W. N., Oklahoma.—Under the laws of Arkansas, we are of the opinion that the statute of limitations bars actions for the recovery of real estate within seven years, with a saving clause of three years after removal of disabilities in favor of infants.

Mrs. F. L., Michigan.—As you will observe by reading the heading of this column, we do not give opinion in matters relating to divorces.

Mrs. C. B. D., Indiana.—Under the laws of Illinois we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, the widow would receive one half of the real estate and the whole of the personal estate; if he leaves no kindred, the widow would receive the whole of the estate. In Indiana, if there is no will and no child or descendant, we think the widow takes the whole of the real estate if the same does not exceed $1,000 in value.

J. M. B., Pennsylvania.—Under the laws of your state we are of the opinion, (1) That your neighbor has no legal right to divert the natural course of the water running over his land in such a manner as to cause it to drain upon your land and damage your property. (2) That your neighbor has no legal right to take building stones from your property without your consent. (3) That your neighbor has no legal right to allow his chickens to trespass upon your property.

Mrs. V. E. C., Ohio.—We think there is a National Home for disabled volunteer soldiers at Dayton, Ohio, and State homes for disabled volunteer soldiers at Sandusky and Madison, Ohio.

Mrs. D. E. P., Missouri.—We do not think the omission of your middle initial in the deed of your property to you would invalidate your title to the property; we think, however, in conveying or mortgaging your property it would avoid confusion for you to sign your name in the same manner as it was recited in the deed to you.

M. A. S., Kansas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the signature of the specific legatee under the will of the man who died will not be necessary for the sale of the real estate devised in the residuary clause of the will, provided proper evidence is produced to show that the specific legacies have been paid.

Mrs. T. J. T., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that all property acquired by the husband and wife by onerous title during the marriage is considered common or community property and upon the death of either party one half of such property goes to the survivor and the remainder to the child or children of the deceased; we think that a second wife would only share in the husband's share of the community property of a former marriage; we think that upon the death of the first wife the husband's share of the community property became his separate property and that upon his remarriage and subsequent death his widow would receive one third of his separate personal estate absolutely and a life estate in one third of his separate real estate in addition to her share of the community property of their marriage.

Mrs. E. M., Virginia.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if you were legally adopted under the proper judgment or decree of a proper court you would have inheritance rights in the estate of your foster parent, unless cut off by will or unless your adoption has been legally revoked.

Mrs. H. A. O., North Dakota.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of a married man, leaving no will, and leaving a surviving widow and more than one child, his widow, in addition to homestead rights, if any, and certain small allowances from the personal property, would receive one third of the real and personal estate, the balance going in equal shares to the children, the descendants of any deceased child taking the parent's share.

Mrs. E. M., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that a married woman holds her real and personal property and all the profits therefrom absolutely as her separate property, and they are not liable for her husband's debts, but she cannot alien or incumber her real estate nor enter into any executory contract therefor unless her husband joins in the conveyance or contract, but may sell her personal property without his consent; the separate deed of the husband conveys no interest in his wife's land. We do not think the husband can acquire any interest in his wife's separate property through a divorce action.

C. A., Kentucky.—We think it will be necessary for you to ascertain the location of the mining claims in Alaska left by your uncle, before you will be in a position to learn whether they have any value.

C. H. B., Georgia.—We think that an examination of the title records of the property you mention, and a knowledge of the facts in connection therewith will be necessary to determine the validity of the title conveyed by the deed you mention.

Mrs. E. M. Y., Indiana.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that the rights of the widow against the children, where the husband dies without a will, are $500 in goods or money and in addition thereto, if two or more children survive the husband, the wife takes one third of the real and personal estate absolutely; if one child survives, the widow takes one half absolutely; provided, however, that if all the children surviving are children by a former wife, the children are the "forced heirs" of the widow, and she cannot alienate her interest so as to prevent these children from inheriting it from her; and provided, further, that real estate descending to a widow is rendered inalienable during her life by her remarrying while any of the children or descendants of the marriage by which she received the real estate are living, unless the children or the descendants, when of full age, join in the deed.

J. F. T., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that if your mother's will has been legally probated, and no contest of the same is pending, your interest in her estate is limited to the $1 left you in the will, and your signature is not necessary for the sale of her real estate.

Mrs. M. J. B., Kentucky.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that children born to a woman lawfully married and living with her husband are presumed to be legitimate.

Mrs. A. G. D., Alabama.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that you cannot compel your husband to return the property you turned over to him; we think you can, by will, reduce his interest in your estate, in case he survives you, but you cannot bar him from receiving a share in your real estate.

Mrs. B. P., Arkansas.—If the terms of your lease provided that the tenant was to plant, attend to and harvest the crop for a stipulated share therein, we think he should attend to the harvesting, but that, of course, is dependent upon the terms of your lease, and you supply no information as to that.

Mrs. E. L. D., Texas.—Under the laws of your state, we are of the opinion that upon the death of your stepfather, leaving no will and leaving no child or descendant, your mother, if she survives him, will receive all the community property and all of his separate personal property and one half of his separate real estate; in case she predecease him, we think her children by a former marriage will receive her share in the community property, but will have no other inheritance rights from his estate, unless some provision is made for them in his will.

Mrs. G. W., Wisconsin.—We think it is customary to allow a few minutes, after the time stated in a notice calling a school meeting in a country district, before proceeding with the meeting in case all the members are not present at the time set for the meeting.

B. F. C., Arkansas.—We do not think marriages between first cousins are forbidden in Alabama, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Idaho, Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, New Mexico, New York, North Carolina, Rhode Island, South Carolina, Texas, Virginia and Washington.

Mrs. H. I. L., Kansas.—We do not think it matters who drew your renting agreement if the same is drawn to properly protect your interests; we think if you have your lease recorded, any purchaser of the property would have notice of your prior claim on the property.

J. A. B.—In some states, we think women acquire all property rights upon their marriage before arriving at full age, but we do not think this rule is extended to males.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29.)

Violet, seventeen years old and Della, sixteen, are at home for a few days on their vacation and we've all three written letters of thanks for all parcels received and answered 465 letters besides and we are still doing it, with the exception of those parcels that contain no addresses or dimmed ones. We have mail three times a week at our little Westerheim post office and I've had more than a wagon box load of reading matter sent me and probably two or three wagon boxes full of clothing. I hope the sisters won't lay it up against me for not thanking them for goods sent as we tried our level best to thank all.

My boys, Howard, thirteen years and six months, is our sheep herder, Norman, six and one half years, Eugene, four and one half years and Eloise, eighteen months, are our other children and they received clothes through the mail and new cloth besides.

Prospects look better for a crop this year than they have for four years but we are so far behind that I'm afraid we'll never catch up again.

I certainly enjoyed the COMFORT sisters' letters and am saving every one to reread next winter when blizzards come. I do hope those who sent me money or parcels and received no letter of thanks will see this letter in print and understand why I did not write to them. I wouldn't be ungrateful enough not to express my gratitude in writing if I had a chance.

Whenever the mail comes and we start opening "bundles," the three little children just swarm around and can hardly wait to see if there is candy, gum, playthings or shoes or some other article of dress for them. They think Santa Claus comes every day of the week now.

I think the COMFORT sisters are properly named. I'd just love to shake hands with all those dear friends. The paper, stamp and envelope for this letter was furnished by them. We've had many nice meals, with dried fruit made into sauce, that otherwise would have been pretty bare, for many times all we had was bread and gravy or Johnny cake and milk or some very simple thing.

Thanking our dear Editor and COMFORT sisters once more I'll begin answering letters again.

EDITH WAIT MELLIS.

Mrs. Mellis.—Look again and maybe you'll find a typewriter and a stenographer, with notebook and pencils, in the bottom of the largest package. You will need one if you have over 600 letters to answer. Isn't that a glorious proof that we really are one big family?—Ed.

ST. JOSEPH, Sta. A, Box 64, Mo.

DEAR SISTERS:

After reading E's letter in April COMFORT I could not refuse to enter the corner again even though I had promised not to. And that promise evoked a storm of protest from all points of the compass, but these protests would have looked better had they appeared in the corner rather than to me, personally. I'll bet Bachelor Bill says I never got them.

Now to answer E's question. E, you answered your own question when you said, "Probably this feeling against the divorcee depends on the circumstances which brought about the divorce." Most assuredly it depends entirely upon the circumstances. Men, I'll admit, are inclined to look rather askance at the divorcee but where the cause of the divorce is not the fault of the woman I think they may have the same respect for her as for one who has never been married. You did not give us any of the circumstances connected with your separation from your husband, consequently it is a bit hard to advise you. However, when the right man comes along who truly loves you, you will find the fact of you being a divorcee will make no difference to him. But don't make a recluse of yourself and don't be morbid. Go out and enjoy yourself and don't think that you need to blush for the making of one mistake. If the man was unworthy, don't let his unworthiness wreck or embitter your whole life. The best of men are unworthy a pure girl's love but you seem to have chosen one of the kind that is not even appreciative so just forget all about it and him and be more careful

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 33.)

12 Months to Pay

Enjoy your 1921 "Ranger" at once. Earn money for the small monthly payments on Our Easy Payment Plan. Parents often advance first small payment to help their boys along. FACTORY TO RIDER wholesale prices. Three big model factories. 44 Styles, colors and sizes in our famous Ranger line. DELIVERED FREE ON 30 DAYS TRIAL. Select bicycle and terms that suit—cash or easy payments—you take no risk. TIRES lamps, horns, wheels, parts and equipment, at half retail prices. SEND NO MONEY—Simply write today for big FREE Ranger Catalog and marvelous prices and terms. Special Offer to Rider Agents.



MEAD CYCLE COMPANY Dept. C-5, Chicago

START BUSINESS for yourself with our capital. Have steady income. Apply PARTOLA MFG. CO., 321P 6th Av., New York.

Dont Send a Penny

While they last, we offer these well-made serviceable striped worsted trousers as positively the season's most astounding pants bargain. Prove this entirely at our risk! Send for a pair to examine and try on. Not a penny no? Just the coupon, —that's all—and we will mail these wonderful pants—then it is up to you to keep or return them. Just see them first—then decide!



Amazing PANTS Bargain

Such a wonderful pants saving as this comes in mighty handy at any time. Even if you don't need them right now, it will pay you to lay in a pair or two anyway, as men's clothes are going up right along. Made of very substantial, closely woven worsted cloth, designed for either work or dress. Double sewed throughout; full sized side, hip and watch pockets, neatly finished and trimmed; loops for belt. Fit, style, material and workmanship absolutely guaranteed. Color, dark gray striped; goes well with any color coat. Sizes: 30 to 42-in. waist; 30 to 34-in. inseam. Order No. CX735. Be sure to give size.

Quick! DONT DELAY!

Make sure of at least one pair of these remarkable bargain trousers before they are all taken by shrewd buyers. Send no money. Only the coupon now. Pay only $2.98 for pants on arrival. Inspect them critically—try them on—compare with pants selling up to $6.00—and if you have the slightest hesitation about keeping them, return to us and we will promptly refund your money.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO. Dept. 7443 Chicago

Send me Trousers No. CX735. I will pay $2.98 for trousers on arrival and examine them carefully. If not satisfied, will return them and you will refund my money.

Size—Waist.....Inseam.....

Name.....

Address.....

GEARHART MAKES MONEY FOR YOU

MAKE MONEY IN YOUR OWN HOME

You Knit—We Sell and Make Big Profits for You

THOUSANDS of women, and men, too, are making **good money at home** helping us to supply the **big demand** for woolen hosiery. We offer *you* this same opportunity. It's your chance to make extra money, pin money, or to keep up the family income during a slack period.

HERE'S OUR PLAN FOR YOU

Knit All-wear Hosiery for us. All-wear is our standard brand of woolen socks that brings top market prices. **We furnish the yarn**; you do the knitting, for which the demand enables us to guarantee you a fixed rate per dozen pair for knitting alone, and obtain for you the **highest market** prices additional when sold.

This is Easy, Interesting Home Work, Done on the

MAGIC GEARHART FAMILY KNITTER

—the simplest, fastest, lightest knitter you can buy, although it costs but half the price of heavier machines—and it's so simple a **child quickly learns to run it.** Knits a pair of socks in 20 minutes; **lasts a lifetime and is fully guaranteed.** Over 150,000 in daily use to knit the woolens that the family needs; pieces that otherwise would have to be bought at fancy prices at the stores. Fill orders for local dealers and neighbors if you choose. **But we guarantee an all-year market if you supply us with All-wear Hosiery under our Good-Profits Guarantee.**

Let us show you that knitting is as pleasant and as profitable as we claim.

Send 10c for samples of knitting, profit guide book and other particulars.

GEARHART KNITTING MACHINE COMPANY

Department CO-621, Clearfield, Pennsylvania

SUITS made to your measure ONLY $18.00



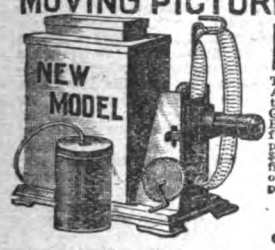
Sent on approval delivery charges prepaid for you to try and examine before you decide to keep it.

FREE. A big lot of cloth samples from which to choose. All fast color and guaranteed quality, the finest, most durable and beautiful patterns that money can buy. The most wonderful tailoring bargains in America. Send us a card at once.

AGENTS WANTED. American tailoring easy to sell. No experience needed. Start in your spare time. New Mexico man did $7,000 in five months. Georgia man $436 first month. Send card or letter today for our special sample suit offer to agents, to wear and show their friends, our big, new heavy sample outfit and full instructions. All free and postpaid.

AMERICAN WOOLEN MILLS CO. Dept. 1597 CHICAGO

MOVING PICTURE MACHINE FREE



This genuine New Model American made Moving Picture machine with film—ALL GIVEN for selling 24 pckgs. Bluine at 15c. a pckg. Write for them. We send them postpaid. When sold return $3.60 and we send machine, film and extra premium free of set of admission tickets, postage prepaid.

BLUINE MFG. CO., 502 Mill St. Concord Junct., Mass.

STEM WIND AND RING WATCH FREE



American Watch, stem wind, stem set, accurate timekeeper, fine polished case. Handsome Ring. ALL FREE for selling 24 pckgs. Bluine at 15c. a pckg. Write for them today.

BLUINE MFG. CO. 502 Mill St., Concord Junction, Mass.

UKELELE FREE



Fine Ukelele, mahogany finish, 4 gut strings, brass frets and instruction book. ALL given for selling 25 Jewelry Novelties at 10c ea. Write for them today.

EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 536, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

Baby Betty

Reward No. 7595

Beautiful Lifelike **Sleeping Doll** Given For A Club Of Only Five!



BETTY is a darling—one of the handsomest, sleeping dolls ever created. She is **over a foot tall,** with an unbreakable bisque head, strong, durable, stuffed body, deep blue eyes **that open and shut,** rosy lips and glossy brown hair that clusters in curls about her pretty face in a most charming manner. Her round, plump cheeks and hands are tinted a natural flesh color and her head, arms and legs are movable, being jointed at the neck, shoulders and hips. Our illustration shows you how childish and lifelike **"Baby Betty"** looks in her cute dress and with **a real stocking cap** perched jauntily on her brown, curly head.

Children go into raptures over this new sleeping doll wherever it is seen, so we decided to purchase a quantity and give them as rewards to our own little girls whose mothers are COMFORT readers. We could not secure very many of them owing to unsettled labor conditions and ever-increasing prices and we are not sure that we can get any more **so please send in your club-order at once.**

Our Free Offer! For a club of only five one-year subscribers to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this beautiful, life-like, sleeping doll—"Baby Betty"—free by parcel post, prepaid. **Reward No. 7595.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Missing Relatives and Friends

For the convenience of its subscribers, COMFORT reopens the "Missing Relatives' and Friends' column.

To the readers of COMFORT is extended the privilege of inserting three-line notices in this column if they will secure only one new yearly subscriber to COMFORT at 50c. If you wish to find a missing relative or friend you can insert a three-line notice containing not over 22 words in this column by securing only one new subscription at 50c. If a longer notice is required send one 50c subscription for each additional seven words.

Any information concerning John M. Goins, son of Bluford Goins, and last heard of in Benton Harbor, Michigan,— would be gratefully received by his sister, Mrs. Chas. Wilson, Wekiwa, Okla.

Mrs. Rosalie Hall, Newton, Ala., wishes to know the whereabouts of her brother, Robert Randolph Pitcher, last heard from in Iowa Park, Texas, September, 1919.

Any information regarding D. B. Wilson will be gladly received by his wife, Mrs. D. B. Wilson, at Jonesboro, R. R. 3, care of W. B. Harvey, Ark.

Any one knowing the whereabouts of my father, John Henderson, and brother, George, please write Effie Smith, Healdton, Box 605, Okla. Father is 60 years of age, gray hair and mustache, blue eyes, stooped. George is fourteen. Left my house at Sapulpa, Okla., four years ago. Never heard from since. Do write if you know two people of this description.

Mrs. Birdie Dowell (nee) Birdie Crugan of Delray, Fla., would like information of her uncle, Joseph B. Foster, last heard from eight years ago at Deadwood, Calif.

Mrs. Mary Betts, Rickland, N. Mex., wishes to hear from her uncle, Andy Caddle, or from Eva Hamilton, last heard from in Dryden, Ark.

Mrs. N. L. Irby, Rockdale, R. R. 6, Texas, desires information about Will Chelt and Lum Mathews, both dark complexioned men. Last heard from in Oklahoma about 1915.

Anyone knowing the whereabouts of Robert R. Pitcher, last heard from in Iowa Park, Texas, kindly notify his sister, Mrs. J. E. Thweatt, Newton, R. R. 2, Ala.

Will any COMFORT reader knowing the whereabouts of J. McHatton or his stepdaughter Emma, last heard of in Ashburn, Missouri, kindly write to C. W. Cain.



The Family Doctor

The remedies and advice here given are intended only for simple cases; serious cases should be taken to your local doctor.

Address The Family Doctor, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine. Sign your true name and give your address. Name will not be published.

MISS M. B., Hildreth, Nebr.—The blood should have a rather dark red color and coagulate readily. If your blood is light red in color, you are probably anemic and need an iron tonic. There is no better tonic for the blood than Basham's mixture. Take one tablespoonful after meals, well diluted. This preparation must be made fresh by your druggist, as it loses its character if not put up fresh and also kept in a cool place.

MRS. J. D. S., Dutton, Ala.—Change of climate is the one best remedy for asthma. The other, that has been exploited as a cure or remedy, is a combination of thyroid extract and adrenal extract with nuclein. Of course this treatment must be begun and followed up by your family physician.

MISS O. S., Maysville, N. C.—The best way to cure your catarrh is by having your tonsils and adenoids removed at once, and then spray the nose and throat with Dobell's solution three times a day. You will have to remain in the hospital for a week probably after the operation and can have the superfluous hairs removed at the same time. The electric needle is the only way to permanently remove the hairs.

MRS. M. M., Horte, Mont.—For your stiffness of limbs, joints, etc., the best remedy is massage daily. A cool douche to the spine, with a brisk rub after the douche, is also indicated. As a tonic you might try Basham's mixture in tablespoonful doses, well diluted, after meals.

MR. A. F. M., Saltillo, Ind.—Apply to the rash on body a saturated solution of aluminum acetate. There is no preventive medicine for poison ivy.

MRS. S. R. T., Mt. Washington, Mo.—For your lassitude, take one teaspoonful of Warburg's tincture three times a day after meals. This remedy will help you and remove your gloomy forebodings, complained of.

MISS A. K., Fries, Va.—There is no danger in having moles removed in the proper way. Chemicals should not be used in any case; but the actual cautery is to be preferred in every case. Removed in this way, there is no danger from a new growth and the result is more than satisfactory as to scar and from every standpoint.

MRS. V. B., Tip, Okla.—Some "cross-eyes" can be straightened by lenses or glasses only; if lenses do not correct the defect, then an operation is indicated in every case, almost, except possibly in paralytic squint. Even in cases of paralytic squint, in many cases an operation will correct the convergence or divergence, and make the cometic effect almost perfect. Operation for strabismus can be performed at any age, the success of the operation depending, of course, on the skill of the operator.

MRS. J. D., New York City.—For the insomnia, try a hot foot bath just before retiring. Use the bath as follows: Stand in hot water and at the same time spray the spine with a cold spray and immediately dry the body with a rough bath-towel, rubbing the body severely in order to bring the blood to the surface all over the body. In this way you draw the blood to the surface and away from the brain. Go to bed immediately after finishing the bath, which should only require about five minutes to accomplish. You might also take, on retiring, a ten-grain tablet of bromide of soda. Of course you must avoid tea and coffee at night, and possibly during the day, as well as other stimulants.

MRS. F. P. O., Peru, Nebr.—Do not interfere with the growth on your husband's forehead, but consult some good surgeon and have it removed by the electric cautery. Chemical cauteries are always inefficient and more or less dangerous. Besides, they leave a more or less disfiguring scar.

MISS C. L. D., Plattsburg, Mo.—For the excessive fat and size of breasts, try the diet so often mentioned in COMFORT. Skimmed-milk diet.—On alternate days drink one glass of skimmed milk, four times a day, only. Let this be your only food and on the other days live on a simple diet free from starchy foods. This diet will reduce you in every way.

MISS M. S. B., Ashboro, N. C.—For the watery and muco-purulent discharge from the nostrils, use Dobell's solution three or four times a day. Use the solution in an atomizer, and spray the nose often. Do not "snuff-up" the solution in the nose; use only as spray.

MRS. J. B. B., Cape May, N. J.—Your trouble is of malarial origin and the best remedy for you is fluid extract of eupatorium. Take one teaspoonful of the fluid extract, well diluted, after meals. Of course for the present and some time to come eat only such foods as you are sure will agree with you.

"Pink Cheeks" or pale cheeks will get no answer to their queries if they do not conform to the rules of this department. Kindly note that all letters must be accompanied with the address and full name of writer. However, as the request seems urgent, the best way of getting rid of the mole is to have it removed by use of the actual cautery in competent hands. This is a sure way and will not leave any scar.

MISS M. H., Raymilton, Pa.—Continue the urotropin tablets as heretofore and have the bladder washed out. For this purpose have your doctor use a solution of permanganate of potassium. Strength should be about a teaspoonful of a saturated solution to a pint of hot water. Use the douche every day for a short time.

MRS. A. L. B., Sellersberg, Ind.—Lassar's Paste can be obtained at any drug store of repute, as it is an official remedy.

MRS. B. P., Jersey City, N. J.—Have your daughter's throat and nose re-examined for adenoids and enlarged tonsils. Probably she has adenoids remaining which were overlooked at the first operation. Besides, the adenoids must have been reproduced since her first operation. This is possible and has occurred in several cases on record.

You have given no address, so this will have to appear in COMFORT instead of sending a reply directly to you as requested. No name or address: The operation for appendicitis has had no effect of the enlargement of neck or busts. You may be anæmic, need rest, so would advise the taking of ten drops of iodide of potassium syrup well diluted after meals.

MRS. C. E., Leesville, La.—Keep the bowels regular and apply, locally, to the piles compound gall ointment.

MISS L. E., Rule, Texas.—Get Dobell's solution and also liquor antisepticus, mix them half and half and use as spray and gargle. You should use this mixture three or four times a day, indefinitely, for your throat and nasal catarrh.

MRS. J. S., Phila, Miss.—You must have your eyes examined for any defect in sight. In many cases all your symptoms come from the need of proper glasses—eye-strain. For tapeworm use male fern. This remedy is dangerous and must be used only on and by the advice of your family doctor.

MRS. J. L., Oakland, Cal.—Apply to the throat a mustard plaster at night. Keep the plaster on only four or five minutes, just long enough to redden the skin. You might also take some good tonic, such as Basham's mixture. A tablespoonful after meals, well diluted.

MRS. J. M. S., Wainright, Okla.—Exercise and diet will help your circulation and have a marked effect on the dark lines under your eyes.

MRS. G. R., Oak Harbor, Ohio.—Have your son operated on for adenoids and tonsils at once. This will help, if not cure, him.

MISS E. L. I., Laverne, Okla.—You must consult an eye specialist and have your eyes fitted with proper lenses. If you do not do this your eyes will be permanently injured.

What is the difference between the death of a sculptor, and a barber? The barber curls up and dies. The sculptor makes faces and busts!

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32.)

in the future. Now, sisters, while we're on the subject let's discuss it among ourselves. As E says, being a divorcee is a position every girl is ashamed to be placed in but after all isn't it largely your own fault that you are so placed? Didn't you know that your husband was "a little wild" before you married him? That he had a glib tongue and could talk for an hour without saying anything, and that point appealed to you, didn't it? And he had plenty of nerve, was not timid in the least and simply could not be discouraged. It never occurred to you that that kind of a man was nothing but a conceited puppy and after having won you he would soon tire of you and sigh for other hearts to conquer. A true, manly man is aware of his own unworthiness and does not try to carry a girl's heart by storm but feels tongue tied in the presence of his adored one; and so the puppy usually wins, and the next thing is the divorce court.

Winnie, Aucilla, Fla., I have a notion to go down there and spank you. You surely are the most teasing little pest I ever heard of. Next time you write sign your full name and address or I won't read it.

Thanks and many of them for your good letters, sisters. Sorry I couldn't answer every one personally but that is impossible. I will be glad to call occasionally if Sister Wilkinson does not expressly forbid me. As she refrains from even commenting on my visits I feel like the man at the party who was welcomed by the guests but ignored by the hostess.

Best wishes, from your brother,

GEORGE L. GARRISON.

George.—Reading letters constitutes, in my mind, a handshake of welcome so I haven't ignored you. The only reason I haven't made further comments on your visits is that you were so very popular I didn't have the courage to push my way through the crowd of sisters surrounding you. Any way, I'm glad you are with us, even if I get only an occasional look-in.—Ed.

GRAHAM, MONT.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND COMFORT SISTERS:

I am writing to you for the first time. I don't see many letters from Montana girls. It must be that they are too busy.

I would like to have the song, "Mother Is in Heaven," if some one will send it to me. Mrs. Wilkinson has my address.

I am only thirteen years old. Am I too young to be a sister?

Here are a couple of poems that I hope Mrs. Wilkinson will use:

To a Five Dollar Bill

"Crinkle, crinkle, little Bill,
Goodness gracious you look ill.
Are you losing all your power?
You look weaker hour by hour."

Bill

"Now prices are so high,
I'm so tired I could die.
I just circulate all day,
No one dares put me away."

"And no matter where I go
People disgrace me so.
I don't seem to count for much,
'Mong the profiteers and such."

The Person

"Bill, take heart, your luck may change,
I'll admit the times are strange,
Though you're weak, I love you still,
Crinkle, crinkle little bill."

"There was a crooked man,
He walked a crooked mile,
He found a crooked nickel
Against a crooked stile.
He smiled a crooked smile,
And winked a crooked eye,
Says he, You may stay there,
For there's nothing you will buy."

MISS R. P.
OHIO.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

My daughter sends COMFORT to me and I enjoy reading the sisters' letters. I am a worried mother and coming for advice. I have seven children and the next to the youngest, a boy of thirteen, worries me so much. He does not want to go to school any more, although he always did well in his studies. He is in the seventh grade. We have recently moved to a community where all the boys have a deck of cards and play. He wants to play at home and as I have never allowed cards played in my house I don't feel like having it done. He says he will go elsewhere and play. I have a horror of cards, knowing the trouble they have caused. Will you please tell me whether I am doing right or wrong in not allowing him to play at home?

Best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and the sisters.

MRS. G.

Sisters, what advice are you going to give Mrs. G.? What did you do in a similar case or what would you do if it were necessary for you to make such a decision? Any helps as to how you keep your children interested in school work or home entertainment would be of benefit to many mothers.—Ed.

NEW JERSEY.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I am a teacher in a rural school, and after the busy routine of the day's work, I enjoy reading COMFORT,

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 34.)

Dont Send a Penny

Just your request—and this startling shirt bargain is yours. Mail the coupon with size and we will send TWO of the finest, best fitting shirts you ever saw. If not satisfied send them back. No sale unless you are satisfied. Men, you must not miss this—it's a special offer to bring new customers. Don't wait—send no money—just the coupon NOW.



Coupon Brings 2 Shirts

Two beautiful percale shirts at a bargain price. The pick of our new stock sent absolutely on approval. Made of splendid material which we want you to compare with shirts priced twice as high elsewhere. Each shirt is of exclusive, snappy and stylish design, perfect fitting, full cut and expertly tailored. Cuffs, sleeves and front made in the latest and most popular style. The long wear and dressy appearance the shirts give you will be a constant reminder of Leonard-Morton's wonderful values and that is why we offer this special lot at such a sensational bargain price. Order shirts 1-2 size smaller than collar you wear. Sizes 14 to 19-inch neck band. **Order by No. CX402.**

No Money NOW!

Not a penny now—just the coupon, and we ship the shirts. When they arrive pay only $3.95 and postage. If after examination and try-on shirts are not a startling bargain and just what you want, send them back and we'll refund your money. This for quick action. **Be sure to give your size.**

Fill Out and Mail Coupon Today.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 7440 Chicago

Send me the two handsome percale shirts No. CX402. When they arrive I will pay $3.95 and postage, and examine them carefully. If not satisfied, will return the shirts and you will refund my money.

Size.....(½ size smaller than collar worn)

Name.....

Addr ss.....

$1.00 Down Brings You the Famous "Winter King" 16-in. Men's High Cut Shoe



Just send the coupon and $1.00 and we will send you this splendid high cut shoe on approval. If you are not delighted when you see the shoes, send them back and your money will be returned instantly without a question. You take no risk. See for yourself the strength and tremendous wearing quality that are built into these shoes. The stock is limited. Send coupon now.

Chrome Tan Leather Throughout

16 inches tall. Every inch selected, softest, pliable, tough, storm proof, solid dark chrome tan leather. The best wearing leather in the world and at the same time pliable and easy on the feet. Full oak tanned double soles. Solid leather heels. Bellows tongue, same superb quality tan leather. Full vamp, runs all the way under toe cap. Leather counters. Leather insoles. Back seam reinforced. Two straps and buckles. Positively the best shoe in the world for work or hunting.

Sizes 6 to 11. Order by No. F-4. Be sure to give your size. $1.00 cash, $2.35 monthly. Total $14.95.

Six Months to Pay

Learn to buy the Elmer Richards way as thousands of well satisfied men are doing. Six full months to pay in low monthly sums so small you will never notice them. No charge for credit—not one cent discount for cash. These shoes are a big special bargain. Don't miss this chance; send for pair on approval now.

Send Coupon

Don't be too late. The stock is limited. Send the coupon now with a dollar bill or a $1.00 P. O. order. You take no risk. Money back instantly if you ask for it. Send coupon now.

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 3047
W. 35th Street, Chicago

Write your name and address here. Cut it out and mail it

Elmer Richards Co., Dept. 3047 West 35th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Gentlemen—I enclose $1.00. Please send Men's 16-inch High Cut Shoe, No. F-4. Size.....
If I am not satisfied when I receive the shoes, I can return them and get payment back with charges. Otherwise, I will pay advertised terms, $1.00 with coupon, $2.35 monthly. Total price, $14.95.

Name.....

Address.....*State*.....

Dont Send a Penny

Superb quality—smartest style—a bargain that seems unbelievable—simply amazing—and not a penny to send with your order. Don't miss it. Just send your size and we ship the shoes. If you don't think they are the most wonderful bargain of the year, return them and you are not out a cent. Only a limited number offered—so don't wait. Write today.



Amazing Bargain

These splendid shoes are made of beautiful black glazed kid finish leather, and are modeled on the most fashionable last. The elegant lines shown in the picture tell the smartness of the style. The fancy stitching also adds a touch of elegance. The soles are medium weight, very comfortable and give splendid wear. The heel is the popular Cuban model. Sizes 2 1-2 to 8. Think of getting such a shoe as this for only about half the regular value. Just compare with shoes at $7.50 and $8.00, and then you will realize what an unparalleled offering this is at our bargain price of only $3.98. No money. Pay the special price, $3.98, for the shoes on arrival. Examine them, try them on, and if not as elegant as you expect, if not just what you want, return them and we will refund your money.

$3.98 on arrival

Send the Coupon or Letter

Don't delay. This is a special offering to bring us 5,000 new customers this month and every pair will quickly go. Send today! Give your size.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 7445, Chicago

Send the Ladies' Dress Shoes No. AX999. I will pay $3.98 for shoes on arrival and examine them carefully. If not satisfied will send them back and you will refund my money.

Name.....Size.....

Address.....

Send No Money



Snap this bargain up right now before it is too late. Only limited quantity. Amazing underwear bargain. Greatest offer ever made. **Two Guaranteed $4 Each, Wool Unionsuits $5.75.** **Save big money on your underwear.** Send postcard or letter today—this very minute, for these 2 beautiful perfect fitting heavy weight gray elastic rib unionsuits. Full cut. Seams reinforced and overcast. **Send No Money**—pay only $5.75 on arrival, no more; we pay delivery charges. **We Guarantee to refund your money** if you can match these 2 wonderful **wool** unionsuits for $8.00. Order this amazing bargain this minute before it is too late. Just give name, address and breast measure.

BERNARD-HEWITT & COMPANY
Dept. U-5310, 900 W. Van Buren St. Chicago, Ill.

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Her Two Suitors

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.)

and with Kenneth Cameron's laughing eyes fixed upon her?

"I shall be very glad of your congratulations when the betrothal is announced," she said quietly.

Kenneth took possession of her after that, and drew her for just a moment into the dimly lighted, flower-scented conservatory.

"That was heavenly of you!" he exclaimed. "You look so lovely I simply could not keep it to myself, and I was so afraid you would disown me that I was paralyzed. Let me thank you! Let me show you how passionately I worship you!"

He took the sweet face between his hands and kissed it, kissed it for the first time full upon the lips warmly, lingeringly.

She looked into his eyes without reproof and he slipped his arms about her.

"It is done, Dorothy, at last! Without Rudolph's consent! You are mine, my very own! I have no further fear!"

Once more he pressed his lips upon hers, and then she slipped away from him.

He made no effort to follow, but returned to the drawing-room, but too willing that his guests should share his happy secret, while she slipped out into the grounds.

She knew them already quite as well as he, having lunched there on several occasions with him and Madam Delpre, not to speak of the occasions upon which she had visited it before his return.

She remained for a time out in the garden where she could cool her hot cheeks and think what it was she had done.

There was no regret! She was only exultant that she had won the man who stood preeminent among his fellows.

Her ears had been open that evening, and she was not slow to see how he was regarded among men.

But she could not remain long away from the guests in that house in which she was not yet at home, and so, not desiring to make her return alone to the drawing-room conspicuous, she slipped through the library window which opened upon the balcony.

The room was dimly lighted, and as she entered she saw a shadow slink behind a portiere.

Knowing no fear, and really suspecting nothing wrong, she turned up the light and went directly to the portiere, pulling it aside.

To her surprise and horror she came directly upon a masked man.

She was about to scream out when a hand was clasped suddenly over her mouth and a voice which she recognized whispered in her ear:

"Be quiet! If you scream or attract any attention whatever, your hour is up! I won't kill you, but I'll do worse. These people shall know who it is that is masquerading among them as a lady! They shall know that she is the alleged daughter of Para, the lion-tamer, that she was a circus performer, traveling with Buxton's Circus for fifteen years. They shall know that she has no right to the name she bears, which is that of the man with whom she lived until she grew tired of him! Will you be quiet and let me get away?"

It was not needful that he should be unmasked. She knew Philip Hastings as well as if he had stood revealed before her, knew that he had entered the home of her future husband for the purpose of robbery! And she also knew that unless she would have that story of a disgrace and shame which Madam Delpre had innocently made her feel so keenly known to all the world, she must let him go unexposed.

She couldn't have spoken at first if her life had depended upon it, and as he ceased and released her she fell back against the wall helplessly.

Those people in there knew already of her betrothal to Kenneth Cameron. Could she face their scorn and his desertion?

"I have no desire—to—punish you!" she stammered. "Leave the house and I shall say—nothing!"

"That is sensible! I always thought you had more nerve than most women."

As he spoke he lifted a heavy traveling-bag from the floor and started from the closet into which he had stepped at her entrance. She caught at it convulsively.

"What have you there?" she gasped. "Do you think I will permit you to take anything—anything from this house? Leave that, Philip Hastings, and go!"

"Are you mad?" he sneered. "I have known of this ball for days and have bided my time, only I didn't count upon being discovered by you of all people. No, pretty one. You will have quite enough when you are the wife of the master, without these trifles. I am going to take them with me!"

"You shall not!" she cried excitedly. "Leave them, or—"

"Sh!" he whispered. "You are speaking too loud! Some one will hear you, and——"

"Then leave them and go!"

"No, I won't! You go back to your new swell friends and leave me to myself. I promise you that I will take nothing further."

"I'll do nothing of the kind. Give me that bag, do you hear? If you refuse, I will alarm the house. You shall be taken prisoner and——"

"You would never be such a fool. Do you think Kenneth Cameron would rather stand the shame of it than lose these few trifles, which are nothing to him, after all? They amount in all to less than his cigars would cost for one little week. Go to your friends!"

"Never! I——"

"Dorothy! Dorothy! Where are you, love? Oh, there you are! I have looked everywhere for you. What induced you to come to this somber old room? Why, you are trembling, sweetheart! Why?"

Philip Hastings had slunk behind the portiere into the closet among some old armor that had been rusting for ages.

He listened intently for her reply to Kenneth Cameron, who had called from the garden, then from the piazza, and had entered the room, crossing to her and taking her into his proudly possessive arms. And it came at last, that reply which meant so much to her after-life, the first step in the deception which she had willfully practiced.

"Nervousness, perhaps," she answered falteringly. "I shall be all right again when—when we are in the—the drawing-room with the others. Oh, Kenneth, have you told them?"

He looked down at her laughingly, and kissed her again while he drew her hand through his arm with a dignified air of proprietorship.

"Yes!" he said authoritatively. "Without Rudolph's permission, and you have called me 'Kenneth' without Rudolph's permission. Now it would kill me to lose you—now that I have looked upon you as all my own with no one's permission but your own—my love, my little, beautiful wife! Come, Dorothy! They are waiting in there for the enchantress."

They left the room and Philip Hastings came out of his hiding-place and watched them.

"I think you have fallen into a soft snap, my dear fellow!" he said to himself calmly as he lifted his bag and made his way from the room unseen.

TO BE CONTINUED.



Get The Book FREE! If you would like to read the whole of this wonderful story at once and learn its happy conclusion, rather than wait for the monthly installments as they appear in COMFORT, we will be glad to make you a present of the complete story in book form. Send us only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, and we will send you a copy of the book free and postpaid.
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33.)

which plainly reveals its name to every one.

My school is in the agricultural section of New Jersey, although dairying is extensively carried on. Silos are being put up rapidly by the progressive farmer. Poultry is with many people a specialty, too. Various lines of thoroughbred stock are seen on the different farms. Tractors are used and we are really becoming a "New West."

We are mid-way between Trenton and Easton, two progressive cities. We also enjoy several state roads which add much to the value and comfort of rural homes.

Those who are interested in schools and their needs may like to know of "our doings." Consolidation is agitated, and its present attitude is towards the proposition. We have a "helping teacher" who exerts her influence on the schools by giving positive suggestions. This supervisor is a broad-minded person, college graduate with ten or more years of previous experience, and meets with approval. Our pupils are given a chance to develop their thinking powers by what we call "Socialized Recitations." This meets with success, although many teachers do not approve of this method as discipline is more difficult, but where a teacher has full control of her pupils (I say her because men teachers are rarely seen in a country school), the results are far-reaching. Hot lunches are served in two thirds of the one-room schools. Preparation, cooking and clearing away is always done by older pupils, the teacher being in the background. Victrolas are used in many of our schools. They add to the charm of the schoolroom and are essential in teaching music and cultivating an appreciation for it. "Scarcity of Teachers," the "nation's cry," is a grave and serious situation that confronts us.

I shall leave my name and address with Mrs. Wilkinson and if any one wishes to correspond, I shall be glad to write.

BACHELOR GIRL.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I am going to you for sympathy and help and I hope our dear editor will print this. If she will I'll promise never to bother her again.

I am a girl of twenty-one. My mother is dead and I am living in town with my married brother and work in an office but I was raised in the country and coming to a strange city I am so lonesome. Sometimes I feel that I can't stand this life much longer. Of course I have made a few good friends while I've been here (a little over a year) but I want to find a place with some dear old lady as companion. I believe there is such a place among you that I could fill. I don't like public work at all but I think I could be happy if I could only find some such place. In losing my mother I lost my best friend. I have married brothers and sisters but no one to take her place. I have always wanted to be a companion or a child's governess and think I could do either if I had a chance. If anyone in this big band of sisters needs that kind of help, please write to me. I will leave my address with our editor.

RUBY.

KANSAS.

DEAR EDITOR AND ALL COMFORT READERS:

This is my first attempt though I've often thought I'd pay you a short visit. I enjoy your letters, dear readers, and once in a while there is a correspondent I'd love to have a quiet hour with. When E wrote I felt that I must speak.

Pearl Vesey, I read and reread your last letter. I feel as though you have suffered some of the bitter pangs of life but with your good hard-working husband and lovable children and your sunny disposition, the hardships would fly like the "nubbins."

Knot Head, about a year ago I made this remark to several ladies with whom I was spending a few hours: "I believe a woman will stoop lower to thrust a contemptible remark than a man," and to my surprise most of them agreed. I got my insight from various telephone conversations, so be careful, dear lady readers, how you bare your inner woman over a telephone line.

George Garrison to my mind you are preaching good sense. I have had some experience in voting; it so happened that my husband was of one political party and I of another and when the morning of election came he said to me: "Now you vote for Mr. So, and So for this and Mr. So and So for that." I listened carefully and he selected his whole party for me to vote for. I turned to him and said: "Now Mr. ——— I have lived with you for seventeen years and I have never meddled with your politics and you can't meddle with mine. You must expect me to look for principle and not party on either side." The curtain fell so kind reader don't let these trifling things come into your life; let each one do their own thinking and acting in politics. If you are of different views don't let a quarrel into the game; it isn't worth it, be fair to each other.

E, you expressed my situation and thoughts so much that I felt an impulse to answer. It was not politics that caused our separation. Never would I have allowed such a little matter as that to interfere. I feel that you are a real woman and I also think you are younger than I am. If your case was as justifiable as my own I see no reason why you should not attempt another home. Your neighbors know whether you are real or not. I married my husband with as pure a love and devotion as any girl ever did, counting on a home and all of home accompaniments and the joy of helping but after twenty years I met myself at the Cross Roads and it had to be. Divorce followed and to me if men criticize it is all right. I am cautious of some divorcees myself. There are too many hasty marriages.

E No. 2.

PENNSYLVANIA.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

I have been reading many interesting letters in COMFORT and want to write and tell you a little about myself. I am twenty-seven years old and have been married ten years to one of the best husbands in the world. We both love children but have not been blessed with them. At present we are living with my father-in-law and get along pleasantly. I am not strong but am better than I have been for several years. I love farm life and lived there seven years and would be there had I had better health but the farm is no place

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 36.)

Complete Crochet Outfit Given



THIS offer is for the woman and girl who "loves her crocheting" and insists upon having the **best of everything** to work with. In this outfit we give you any desired quantity of **Dexter** Cordonnette "Silko" crochet and tatting cotton, and three of the highest grade crochet needles. There is no better crochet and tatting cotton than **Dexter** "Silko"—a fact already known to thousands of our women readers. It is made of the best Sea Island cotton with a twist that makes it lie flat, is highly mercerized and actually improves with washing. It is smooth to the fingers and will not kink. With **Dexter** "Silko," crocheting is more easily done—and the finished pieces are far more beautiful and useful than if made with cheaper grade cotton. **Dexter** "Silko" for crocheting comes in all the popular colors—white, ecru, pink, rose pink, light blue, delph blue, king blue, sapphire and sea green, and in sizes 3, 10, 30, 50 and 70. The tatting cotton comes in the same colors and of the size always used for this work.

The three steel crochet needles are the finest made, 5 inches long, nickel plated, perfectly formed and balanced, with flattened finger hold, and a nickel cap that slips on over the end, protecting it when not in use. This cap also prevents the sharp point from doing any damage when carried in the pocket, handbag or work basket. We give you three different sizes of needles—8, 10 and 12.

We believe that our crochet workers will appreciate this offer, as it means a considerable saving to be able to secure such an outfit as this without expense. We will send you this complete outfit, also additional quantities of the crochet and tatting cotton free upon the terms of the following special offers.

Offer No. 8563. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the three crochet needles, one ball of **Dexter** "Silko" crochet cotton and three balls of **Dexter** "Silko" tatting cotton free by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8563.**

Offer No. 8251. We will furnish you with extra balls of the crochet cotton at the rate of two balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to give color and size wanted. Premium No. 8251.**

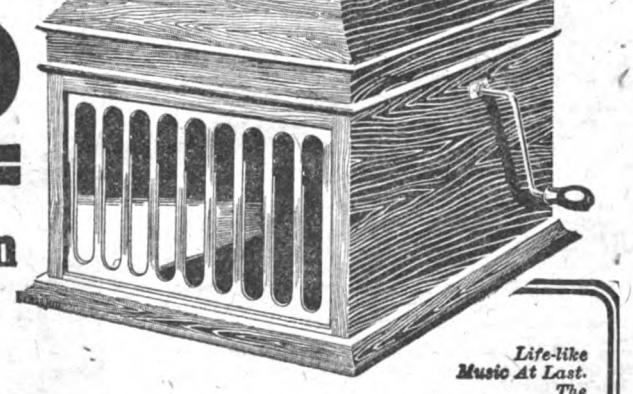
Offer No. 8261. We will furnish you with extra balls of the tatting cotton at the rate of four balls for one one-year subscription (not your own) at 50 cents, sent by parcel post prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 8261.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Mr. Edison's Great New Diamond Amberola



Only $1.00 Down



Life-like Music At Last. The New Edison Diamond Amberola!

Yes, the New Edison Diamond Amberola—Mr. Edison's great new phonograph with the Diamond Stylus reproducer and your choice of all the brand new Diamond Amberol Records will be sent on trial. Only $1.00 down. Now you can have the finest, the best that money can buy at a price very much less than that at which imitations of the genuine Edison Diamond Amberola are offered—**a rock-bottom offer *direct* from us.**

Rock-Bottom Offer—Direct Let us send the New Edison Diamond Amberola to your home on this trial. Entertain your family and friends with your favorite records—everything from Grand Opera and the good old fashioned melodies to the latest city songs, comic vaudeville and roaring minstrel shows—then, if you choose, send the outfit back to us at our expense. But if you wish to keep Mr. Edison's superb new instrument, pay the balance on easiest kind of monthly payments. Don't miss this offer. Send the coupon.

FREE Catalog Get our New Edison catalog. Your name and address on a postcard or letter (or just coupon) is enough. No obligations in asking for catalog. Find out about this offer today—**while this offer lasts.**

To **F. K. BABSON**
Edison Phonograph Distributors
3707 Edison Block, CHICAGO

Gentlemen:—Please send me your New Edison Catalog and full particulars of your trial offer on the new model Edison Diamond Amberola.
(Print or write your name and address very plainly.)

Name _____

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F. K. BABSON, Edison Phonograph Distributors, 3707 Edison Block, CHICAGO, ILL.
Canadian Offices 338 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

A Little Convict of My Own

By Frances L. Garside

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THE childless women of New York are divided fashionably into two classes: Those who put on spring styles in mid-winter, and those who know nothing about clothes save as a protection from the elements, but who lead in all sorts of altruistic schemes and reforms. The former are legion, but they are never interesting to any one but the dressmakers and tradesmen. The latter are always interesting, sometimes ridiculous, and invariably human. My friend whose enthusiasm plunged me into the affair was of the latter class.

She was the first woman in America to make a kit for a soldier in the European war, and as she is a spinster, and her acquaintance with man's needs is meager, we hoped the man who got it had a sense of humor. She was the first woman in New York to adopt a Belgian baby, and when she gave it up because it failed to thrive under her too enthusiastic care she took to psychic analysis to find out what ailed her soul. New York women of this class talk of the ailments of their souls as glibly as an Englishman talks of the diseases of his liver.

Then, after she had scoured her soul, she adopted a convict!

"You must adopt one, too," she said, brimming over with enthusiasm. "I will write to Washington and get a convict for you, one who needs special cheering up. It is the latest fashion in altruistic reform. After you have his address, you must write a weekly letter to him, putting sunshine into every word."

"But suppose——"

"I will find one for you who will take you out of yourself; one who needs the sunshine and encouragement of bright, cheery words! Think what it means to spend one's days and nights in a dark, lonely cell, eating out one's heart and coarse bread and no flowers, and never a magazine, or a ray of sunshine to brighten the midnight hours! Oh, it makes my soul sick."

"But suppose——"

"Suppose nothing. Think of his immortal heart-sick soul. Think of his empty, hungry, anguish-filled heart. Think of his lonesomeness."

The appeal to help one who is lonely was irresistible. I had resisted all her other philanthropic schemes. I fell for the convict, and a desirable one was at once applied for.

I had insisted that he be located a long way off. She found him in a cell in Texas. I had also insisted that he be sent up for life. If I had to adopt a man, I wanted him safely behind prison bars. She found a man serving a life term for killing his wife.

"But you mustn't refer to that," said my friend. "After all, that doesn't concern you."

I agreed with her. If it had been one of my own kin he had killed I might have the right (casually, of course, and in an off-hand manner) to mention it, or I might hint at it delicately in a postscript, but as he was no kin to me, and the superabundance of women is going to be the world's next big problem, I had no right to remind him of his ignorant attempt to solve it. He was a Russian, aged thirty-one, and had served ten years. He had killed his wife because she was untrue to him. This, at least, was more human than if he had killed her because she refused to be content with the backbone of the chicken, or had failed to sew on his buttons. It showed, at least, that he had a heart.

For many weeks the correspondence was conducted with great difficulty upon my part, and indifference on his. There was so much I could not say. I could not write of the past, and he had no more future than a rabbit in snow-time. The present is never interesting. I tried the weather, but after I had censored one letter till there was nothing left but "Dear Ivan, It is cold today," I decided such a letter wouldn't remind him of his soul, and tried poetry. Poetry, because no one reads it, is always safe. I sent him a poem about "The Spirit on Its Wings."

"Say," he replied, "do you take me for a school teacher? I don't believe I like this being adopted nohow."

Then one day, in desperation over my failure as a sunshine dispenser to his soul, I wrote him a funny little story. His reply astonished me; he said he had laughed, the first time since he was sent up. After that, I made a systematic collection of every funny story, joke and conundrum I could find, and for fear I might forget I carried with me a special notebook bound in stripes of black and white.

My methods of bringing sunshine into my ward's life were not approved by my friend. She said I failed to appeal to his soul. Undoubtedly I did, for never once did he write that my letters made his spirit soar.

Her convict wrote her:

"Your letters are an inspiration. They stir my soul to its profoundest depths. Dear Soul Mother, will you send me all of that poem by Shelley from which you have quoted the line, 'A star which moves not 'mid the moving heavens alone?'"

My convict wrote:

"Say, Miss, that was a good one about the cured ham that had a relapse, and, say, where did you get that about what we would see if Hell were turned upside down; "Made in Germany" on the under side. I laughed over that till I got called down something fierce in chapel. And say, we don't know anything about high prices in here, but it must be fierce outside if that is true about the woman telephoning to her butcher for a dollar's worth of steak, and telling him if there was no one home to poke it through the keyhole. Meat must be high if a dollar's worth can be poked through the keyhole. Do you know any more riddles? I'm right smart at guessing riddles."

My friend objected so strongly to the lack of uplift in my letters that in the next one I dropped a lot of beautiful sentiments I found in a book of poems. They were so inspiring I could eat no supper after writing them. To be hungry in such exalted moments is a vulgarity.

"Say, Miss," he replied, "Cut that. I hain't no Harvard graduate."

A stress of work caused my end of the correspondence to lapse, and after several months had passed, the letters ceased, and the affair dropped from my mind. One day there was a knock on the door. I opened it, and found myself facing the wickedest looking piece of humanity I had ever beheld. I can't describe him. I know I never saw a more brutal countenance.

"I want to see her," he said roughly, pushing his way by me into my parlor. He took a dirty envelope from his pocket, drew out a sheet of paper, unfolded it, and showed me my signature, over which were the words, 'Your guardian and friend.' "And I want to see her quick. None of your fooling now. Where is she?"

I looked from my signature to the address on the envelope. It was my convict! Then I took another look at the man and trembled.

"She—she—" I stammered—"is gone."

"I'll wait till she comes back. She's adopted me and I've come home. Say, has she any money?"

"She will never come back," I managed to say.

I suppose I looked overcome with emotion. I know I was never more frightened.

"You don't mean," he burst out with an oath, "that she is dead?".

I shook my head to give assent. I don't know what he replied; I know I had never heard such a string of oaths.

He got up to go. "That's just like you women," he said, with a curse, "to die just when you are needed. I thought I had struck it soft for life."

Then I collapsed.

Some one on that prison board in Washington had blundered, and instead of cheering a man sent up for life I had been scattering sunshine over a common thug with less than a year to serve.

My friend, to whom I told the story, laughed. She had forgotten all about her convict and was engaged in a wild search for her aura. I couldn't understand what she would do with it when she found it. But I was not surprised to learn that she had one and that it was very important that she find it.

Lots of New York women are just like that.



Six Aids to Beauty

By Madame Maree

Simple Methods, that Never Fail. Wonderful Results Noted in a Few Days, When These Helps are Used for Complexion or Hair.

A Lily Skin in a Few Days

THERE is but one thing you need to beautify your skin and bring it to a condition of incomparable loveliness in a short time. This has been used by thousands of women with extraordinary success. By the use of this you will soon find that all red spots, freckles, all muddiness and sallowness will have disappeared completely, leaving the skin pure and clear as a lily. You cannot get this result except by mixing yourself at home, in a very few moments, one ounce of zintone with a little glycerine and hot water. The zintone costs fifty cents at the drug store. This makes a remarkable cream, which, when used liberally, will not fail to give you the results.

Hair Stops Falling, and Grows

You can easily prevent hair from falling, and you can make it grow thick and luxuriant by a very simple method, which is far superior in results to that of any so-called hair tonic you can buy. You will notice the difference in your hair in a very few days, and it will take on a vigorous lustre besides, and thin spots will at once begin to fill with new hair. This is done by simply adding one ounce of beta-quinol to a half pint of water and a half pint of bay rum. If you prefer you may use a full pint of witch hazel instead of the water and bay rum. The beta-quinol may be procured for fifty cents at any drug store. Try this and you will no longer find handfuls of hair coming out on your comb and brush, and your hair will be the envy of all your friends.

A Sure Way to Remove Wrinkles

It is really inspiring to know that removing wrinkles now depends almost entirely upon yourself. Just a few minutes' trouble at the start, and more than half the battle is over. It will take but a few moments for you to make a mixture of two ounces of eptol, a little water and glycerine. The eptol can be obtained from your druggist for fifty cents. This cream produces startling changes in the skin in a short time. It renders the skin plump and youthful, very girlish, and the result is that wrinkles fill out and disappear. It will make you look many years younger if you will only use it faithfully.

Secret about Washing Hair

Every scalp has constantly forming on it a thin, invisible film of fatty accumulations which soap cannot remove, not even with hard rubbing. The one way to remove this film, and let your hair breathe is to dissolve it. This is done by the use of a teaspoonful of eggol dissolved in a half cup of hot water, and used as a shampoo and headwash. This unseals the pores, and it will surprise you what a tremendous difference it produces in the appearance and growth of the hair. There is no more luxurious head-wash possible, and it is, besides, very economical. In a twenty-five cent package of eggol, which can be secured at any drug store, there is enough to supply you with over a dozen of these shampoos.

To Remove Superfluous Hair

There is a very remarkable way to remove superfluous hair. This is becoming exceedingly popular, because it is as easy and pleasing to use as a face lotion, and dissolves away the hair instead of burning it off as many other depilatories do. Simply moisten the hairs with a little sulfo solution. The hairs begin to shrivel. You can see them dissolve, and then with just a swish of the finger, all the hairs can be rubbed off clear and clean. It leaves the skin thoroughly free from all superfluous hairs, not leaving even a suggestion that you had any superfluous hairs at all. It is glorious. Every woman should have some sulfo solution on her dresser. It will cost one dollar at any drug store, and will last for a considerable time.

Blackheads Go in a Few Minutes

It is only a question of a few moments to get rid of blackheads. The only thing that will do this is neroxin. You sprinkle a little neroxin on a wet cloth or sponge and rub the blackheads with this for a few moments. Looking in your mirror, you will find the blackheads gone. This is a very remarkable article, and you need no longer use tonics, face-steaming, and pinching, and other useless methods for many months at a time. For fifty cents you can get the neroxin from your druggist.

NOTE—The articles mentioned herein have come into such demand because of their effectiveness that you can obtain them at any drug store. But if your druggist cannot supply you, arrangements have been made to send any of these articles by mail, charges paid, on receipt of price, by addressing "Secretary to Madam Maree, 600 Thompson Building, Chicago.



Ford Auto

The letters of the alphabet are numbered: A is 1; B 2; C 3; D 4, and so on. The figures in the little squares to the left represent four words. (20 is the letter "T"). What are the four words? Can you work it out? If so, send your answer quick. Surely you want this fine, new Ford auto. Send no money with solution.

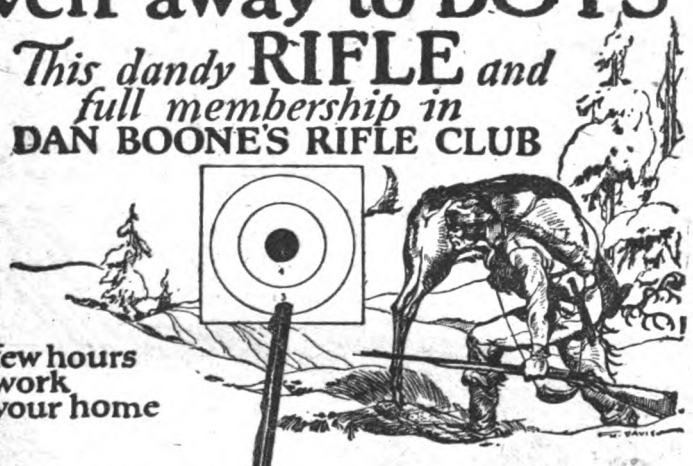
SEND ANSWER TO-DAY

We not only give away this Ford auto, but hundreds of dollars in cash and scores of other valuable prizes. Bicycles, Guns, Watches, Talking Machines, something for everybody. Everyone who answers this can have a prize of some sort. There are no losers. Nothing difficult to do. Everybody wins. Someone gets this new 1920 Ford Auto free. Why not you? Address

FORD WILLSON, 141 West Ohio Street, Dept. 82, Chicago, Ill.

Given away to BOYS

This dandy **RIFLE** *and full membership in* **DAN BOONE'S RIFLE CLUB**



For a few hours easy work near your home

You know the story of Dan Boone—that brave pioneer—fearless of all danger with his steady aim and trusty gun.

Wouldn't you like to belong to Dan Boone's Rifle Club—no dues or payments to make—a national boy's shooting club—and learn to shoot like Dan Boone himself—quick—steady—sure!

To have this dandy, bullet-shooting, bull's eye hitting .22 rifle all for your very own!

To wear the proud Dan Boone pin, shown below—a badge of honor!

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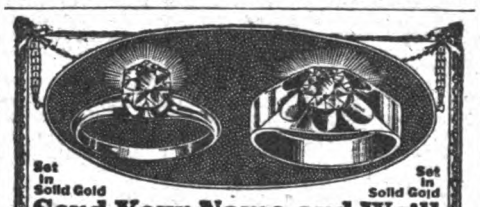
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DON'T send a penny. Just send your name and say: "Send me a Lachnite mounted in a solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $4.75 with the postman and then wear the ring for 10 full days. If you, or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back. But if you decide to buy it—send us $2.50 a month until $18.75 has been paid.

Write Today Send your name now. Tell us which of the solid gold rings illustrated above you wish (ladies' or men's). Be sure to send finger size.

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Your credit is good here. We trust you. Wear the suit or overcoat while paying for it. No risk to you. If not satisfied return the clothes and we refund your $1. That shows that our garments and work must be best—otherwise we could not make such an offer. Could any house be more liberal?

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Save $15 to $25

Yes, you keep $15 to $25 (or more) in your pocket when you order a suit or overcoat from us. See our stunning styles and classy tailoring and learn how to save a lot of money. Get in on this now, and save that cash for yourself. You send only $1.00 and your measurements and tell us which cloth you want. We make the suit and ship quick—no delays. Send clothes back if not all or more than you expect.



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Town..... State.....

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Just send coupon stating size and width—that's all. We'll send the shoes by mail. We want you to see these shoes at our risk. Examine them, try them on—and then decide as to whether or not you wish to keep them. Our special bargain price is **$3.98** per pair while they only last. Season's greatest bargain. We send them to you, not a cent in advance, so that you can compare them with any $7 or $8 shoes. If you don't think this the biggest shoe bargain you can get anywhere, send the shoes back at our expense. You won't be out a cent.



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Just the coupon. No money now. Wait until they come. Pay when shoes arrive. Keep them only if satisfactory in every way. Be sure to give size.
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Stem wind & set 5 yr. guarantee, also other watches, musical instruments etc. Free for selling Mentho-Nova Salve at 25c (great for cuts, burns, etc.). Order 12 boxes return $3.00 and select premium according to our 24 page book.
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FREE BOYS AIR RIFLE

This fine Rifle free for selling only 25 pieces of our Jewelry at 10c each. Jewelry and Rifle sent prepaid.
EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 349, EAST BOSTON, MASS.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34.)

for a weak, ailing woman when it is impossible to get competent help. There are so many things to be done and if a man has to work indoors, and out too, it is too much for him. And on the average farm the work isn't made any easier for women. So many of them do not have any conveniences or labor-saving devices. Of course all farms can't have electricity and gas but on the majority of farms the work could be made considerably easier for the woman and so many who are not able to do their work do not have the help and kindness I had. My husband could (and did when I was not able) wash, iron, churn, cook, sweep and scrub and did it willingly and cheerfully. But when he was advised to take me to a different place for my health he also did that cheerfully.

In regard to Bachelor Bill paying his wife like a hired girl, that would be far, far better than expecting her to get along without any money at all as some men do, but I think the one pocketbook plan is the best. But the woman should know how to spend the money to good advantage when she has the privilege of using it. When my husband gets his pay he gives it to me. I use what I need and so does he. What we don't need goes into the bank and when he gives it to me he knows I will not spend it foolishly. If I did I could not expect him to trust me with it.

Someone said she didn't iron her towels, winter underwear and such articles. You're not the only one, sister. Many a time I do not and I'm not ashamed of it, either. When we know we must make our work easier or suffer for it we would be foolish to choose the latter, yet some will it seems.

To the sister who thinks of leaving her husband I would say she should consider it well before doing so and make sure she will be happier. Of course some men are almost impossible to live with, because they are thoughtless and do not understand, but no woman should be treated like a slave.

Love to all. HOPE.

GARY, 315 Marshall St., IND.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON AND SISTERS:

Since writing to dear old COMFORT we have moved from Decatur, Indiana, to this city, which is called the "Mushroom City" on account of its rapid growth. There is every kind of work here for men. Girls, too, can make a good living.

The homes here are controlled by The American Bridge Company and are occupied by the employees of that company. My husband is a rivet maker. We have a lovely five-room flat in a two-apartment house. Have separate basement and furnace so are under no obligations to the other party. Have gas and electric lights, with bathroom. Rent is $22.00 per month. Living is no higher here than it is any place. A man that can't make good here needn't think of trying anywhere else.

It is rather nice to welcome the brothers into our circle. But boys, be careful, this is leap year and in our circle there are some—old maids, shall we call them? Anyway, I have received letters from two of them ever since my first letter was published and they are fine girls—just lovely unmarried women who never happened to meet Mr. Right. But there is a mate for everyone somewhere and if it is God's will that they go through life single it is because he has some special work for them to do that they can do better than some other woman. For one thing, there is that work of love—nursing. It is as noble a profession as there is. Should death separate my husband and me (and that's

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 37.)

Naughty, Naughty Greenwich Village

By Frances L. Garside

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HISTORIES of New York City relate that the first settlement of white men on Manhattan Island was in the neighborhood of the Battery, and the second was two miles above, originally a collection of Indian tents called Sappolkanican, but later settled by the whites and renamed Greenwich Village.

There were beautiful lawns, fine country homes and flowers, and in 1816 a stage line was established connecting the city of New York with Greenwich, and the blowing of horns on the approach of the stage occasioned the town's greatest excitement.

But while New York was progressing in one direction, it was backward in many ways. Its sanitary conditions were deplorable, and a climax was reached in "the yellow fever year of 1822." All who could get out of the pestilential hole moved on foot, in carts and in carriages up Broadway to the more healthful Greenwich Village. Consequently, Greenwich Village grew like magic, but it grew in its own peculiar way, and, later, when New York reached it, absorbed it, and passed on above it, its streets, having followed a direction of their own, could not be made to harmonize with those of the new town. Which explains why West Fourth and West Tenth Streets in Greenwich, instead of running parallel, cross each other, and why other streets are as uncertain in their course as the trail of a wobbly-legged calf.

Though a little triangular piece of green called Abingdon Square is all that is left of the original town, the people who live there continue to call a collection of quaint, tumbledown houses Greenwich Village, and, like the streets, to defy every tradition in the manner in which they conduct their lives.

Originally, a settlement of retired aristocrats, it has become, in the topsy-turvy trend of the years, a haven for the artistic, the temperamental, the reformer, the misunderstood, and the bomb thrower. Every one who despises the old order of things, from the dedication on the household altar of Monday to the wash-tub, to the insistence that father married mother, drifts into Greenwich Village, begins to talk in a loud voice and to look with scorn upon those who live up-town, who get married by a preacher, who keep their stockings darned, and who do other sacredly commonplace things.

They have cook stoves in their apartments in Greenwich, but as a cook stove represents one variety of the shackles they abhor, they do not cook as women cook in more sane sections, but get most of their meals in greasy, smoking, underground restaurants. This eating away from home does not threaten the life of the family tie, for the reason that there are no family ties in Greenwich.

These restaurants boast of no napkins nor tablecloths. That would be too clean and too conventional. They are usually down a flight of steps that are never swept, and one reaches the eating-room through a long, dark passage, knocking against ash-filled garbage cans on the way.

In the summer the eating place is in a tiny back yard, where one may look up, as from the bottom of a well, to the back windows of adjacent tenements, with their collections of red peppers, mops, dish-pans, etc., cluttering a fire escape, on which is printed in large letters: "Any one placing any incumbrance on this balcony will be fined ten dollars." Washlines float out to a pole in the center, and Father's unpatched underwear flaps beside the silk camisole of his daughter. At least, this is the inference of those who do not know Greenwich Village. Those who know it, know that Daughter, as soon as she reaches the mature age of sixteen, leaves the home nest, and rents an apartment of her own.

"I find," said a girl of seventeen, who had done this, and who told of it as indifferently as if leaving home meant nothing more than an errand to the corner grocery, "that I can be my own individual self in my own home. Parental authority is so stifling to individuality, don't you think?"

And of course, one might go farther, and add that the silk underwear is not Mother's, either. Not many fathers figure in Greenwich Village, and if they do they are of the wild-eyed sort who leave mother away up town.

The menus at these restaurants are written in a hand so foreign it is difficult to decipher what one is getting to eat, but it makes little difference for everything is equally poor. Noodles appear on every bill of fare; usually written "nudels," and though tradition demands that they be cut as fine as thread, Greenwich Villagers scoop theirs into their mouths with their knives, unseeing that their "nudels" are cut as wide as a woman's hose supporter, a comparison that would fall flat on their ears for the reason that the women of Greenwich Village do not support their hose. They wear socks, like the men, when they cover their limbs in winter, and in summer they go, as a rule, barelegged with sandals on their feet.

A girl of sixteen at these tables talks to the man who sits next to her, though she never saw him before, on any subject that comes to her mind, and she talks like a parrot, and doesn't know it. Birth control seems to be a favorite topic in Greenwich. If one asks where are the mothers of these too-progressive young things, one is reminded that that is a terribly old-fashioned question, and that one never asks it in Greenwich.

All the women talk a great deal about the spiritual freedom of living their own lives. They cut their hair short, smoke cigarettes, adopt unconventional attitudes in perching on tables and chair backs, and show a length of leg never equalled on Fifth Avenue, with this amusing difference: the hosiery in Greenwich is sexless. Coarse cotton socks, that usually have holes in them, and that won't stay up, remind one more of a boy than of a girl, and have none of the allurement of perfectly fitting silken hose in straighter-laced sections.

The women do their laundry work on Sunday, being too busily engaged in stewing over the world's soiled linen throughout the week to attend to their own. Most of the villagers regard a church as a relic of barbarism, but they are unfailingly kind to the man in trouble, which atones for their lack of religion in some measure. It is in Greenwich where a man will give a friend all the money he has, and as that is usually very little, will throw in next week's pay check, and borrow money to go on himself till another pay day comes around.

Greenwich Village is the place where the women think that if a woman wants a child, she need not wait for marriage to give her the privilege of child birth. Just select the man, and rent an apartment in Greenwich, and be fully as respectable as those on the floor below.

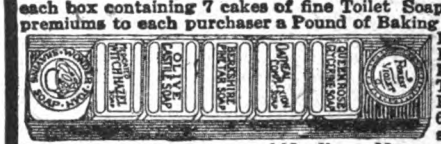
They are the sort of people there who blame the power of the man higher up for their own failures, and despise him for his success. They are artists who never sold a picture; poets who never sold a poem; anarchists who think a soap box on the street corner is the foundation of freedom. Not many of them are really bad, but they think they are very, very wicked, and enjoy the thought that they have broken away from the "narrowing" influence that condemns their opinions.

They are a people who are intoxicated with their own emotions, and think it is the big world outside of Greenwich that is drunk.



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on Soap, Dinner Set and Premiums, allowing plenty of time to examine, deliver and collect before paying us one cent. Send now for our Big FREE Agents Outfit. No money needed. A stamp or post card is your only expense. WRITE TODAY.

THE PERRY G. MASON CO., 829 Canal & Main, Cincinnati, Ohio. Est. 1897.



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No Pain at All



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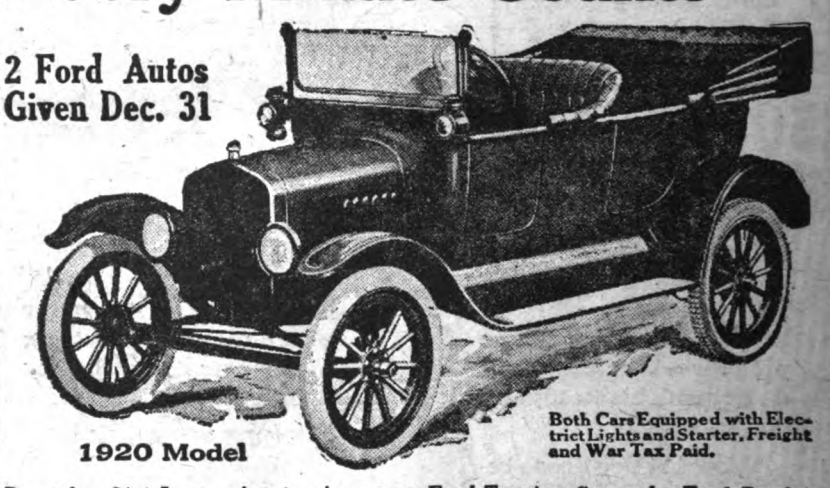
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Both Cars Equipped with Electric Lights and Starter, Freight and War Tax Paid.

December 31st I am going to give a new Ford Touring Car and a Ford Roadster to two people who are prompt and energetic in following my instructions. No matter who you are or where you live you may have an opportunity of owning one of these splendid cars by answering this ad today. I will send you full instructions telling all about it. Send no money.

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In the picture are a number of hidden faces. See how many you can find. Some are looking right at you, some turned sidewise. You will find them upside down and every way. Mark each face you find with a pencil, write your name and address plainly on the lines below, clip out this coupon and mail to me now. If you find as many as five of the hidden faces I will enter you in this contest and credit you with 1,000 votes. Send me this coupon today SURE.

D. W. BEACH, Contest Manager,
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WE GUARANTEE to refund money if not as represented and biggest value you ever saw.

Send no money, just name and address, colors preferred and size, and we ship at once, parcel post prepaid. **Pay only $4.39** when received, no more. Order this minute. Don't forget neckband size.

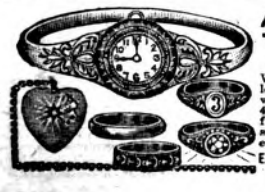
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EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 124, East Boston, Mass.

Our Presidents' Pet Names

By Carl Lowden.

THE champion nickname-holder among our Presidents was the man who lived in the White House when North and South battled. George Alfred Townsend, a Philadelphia newspaper man, originated the title of "Father Abraham." The slaves he freed called him "Marsa Linkum" and "The Great Emancipator," whereas the public affectionately designated him as "The Rail Splitter" and "Honest Abe."

"No other terms than unconditional and immediate surrender," General Grant told the commander of Fort Donelson, and thereby obtained the sobriquet of "Unconditional Surrender," of which the beginning letters coincided with his name of Ulysses Simpson. He was also known as "Fight It Out All Summer," "Old Three Stars," and "The Hero of Appomatox."

The only President who never essayed the hazard of matrimony was James Buchanan. "The Bachelor President" fit him snugly. Some persons referred to him as "Buck," and he himself in a message bestowed the name of "Old Public Functionary."

The panic of 1837 caused Van Buren's defeat as a candidate for a second term as the nation's executive. Though he fell from public favor, his adherents continued to call him "Matty," "Little Van," "The Little Magician," and "The Wizard of the Kinderhook," which was the name of his birthplace in the state of New York.

As a debater and orator, John Quincy Adams had few peers; he was therefore justly entitled to the name of "Old Man Eloquent." Friends also dubbed him "Publicola" and "Tribune of the People," which harked back to the Roman era.

Isaac Hill, of New Hampshire, first gave the sobriquet of "Old Hickory" to Andrew Jackson, who in an arduous campaign set his men the example of eating hickory-nuts rather than suffer from lack of food. To the Indians he was "Pointed Knife" and "Sharp Arrow."

"Old" is often used to designate admiration, so President Zachary Taylor became "Old Zach." His victory at Buena Vista in the Mexican War resulted in his soldiers calling him "Old Buena Vista" and "Rough and Ready."

A tall man was Thomas Jefferson, and this personal characteristic found expression in "Long Tom." His wisdom and his policy of government were reflected in "The Sage of Monticello" and "The Father of Expansion."

Washington became known here and abroad as "The Father of His Country." Certain wits featured the fact that he married a widow, who had children of her own, and therefore they humorously nominated him, "The Stepfather of His Country." Byron, the poet, alluded to him as "The Cincinnatus of the West."

"Tippecanoe and Tyler too," was the campaign slogan of 1840. William Henry Harrison, a valiant Indian fighter, won the battle of Tippecanoe and became popularly known under that name. After thirty days in the White House, Harrison died. He was succeeded by Tyler, who shared the title of "Young Hickory" with Polk, who followed him as President.

Because he had been in the days of his youth a mule driver along a Canal, James A. Garfield bore the name of "Boy from the Towpath." Chester A. Arthur, his successor, was a handsome personage whom his friends called "Prince Arthur" and "Our Chet."

"The Man of Destiny" and "The Stuffed Prophet" were bestowed upon Cleveland. Benjamin Harrison, grandson of Tippecanoe," certainly looked the part of "Little Benny," as the distance from the sole of his feet to the top of his head did not exceed five feet and four inches.

Theodore Roosevelt organized a regiment of cowboys and adventurers who participated in the war with Spain and earned for him the title of "Rough Rider." While in office he was known as "Wielder of the Big Stick," and now everybody readily comprehends "The Colonel," "T. R.," and "Teddy."

As he resembled the fighting Frenchman, his friends called McKinley "The Napoleon of Canton." Among his associates, William Howard Taft answers to the name of "Bill."

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36.)

the only thing that ever will) and I am young enough to enter a hospital for training, that is where you will find me, unless my father should want me to keep house for him. I could content myself to do that, for next to husband, in one way, and better than all in another, he is the dearest on earth to me.

Sisters, while some of you are watching the faults of your husbands grow larger, turn your eyes on yourself awhile. Go to husband and ask him if there is any trait of character about you that he would like to have different. I have heard women say when telling about a quarrel they had with their husband, "I saw afterward where I was wrong but I wouldn't let him know it for the world." Why not? "Nine times out of ten" if she would go to husband and admit she was wrong and ask to be forgiven he would gather her in his arms and tell her he was a brute to quarrel with her and that she is the sweetest little woman in the world. Try it and see. And for goodness sake, don't go to your neighbors and tell your troubles for it will never stop there but keep spreading and getting larger and finally it will reach husband's ears—then what will he think of you? Just what he ought to think; that you are nothing but a gossip yourself. If a woman tells unkind things about her husband and still keeps on living with him, he certainly can't be so bad and she isn't worthy of his support. If she has to do the supporting it is a different thing, if he is able to work and won't. Support yourself and babies (if any) and let him hunt up his own eats. But if he is ill, do all that you can for him and then some. I also think that if a woman can do some kind of work that will bring in extra money and can do it without injuring her health or neglecting her home it is all right for her to do it and husband will strive all the harder when his wife is pulling by his side. And what shows more love than to share the troubles, joy and sorrow of those we love? When my husband comes home at night he is tired and hungry and I always try to have some little extra dish for supper that he likes but wasn't expecting. He carries his dinner.

I received a great number of interesting letters in response to my other letter and would be glad to hear from others, but those writing to ask for money or old clothes needn't write. I have given away everything I have to give and I don't know whether you are really in need or not, unless you send a statement signed by some responsible person. I don't see how any one can expect a soldier's wife to have very much money or clothes even if he has been discharged.

Yes, Ed, I would be just as jolly if my name were Cross. It is the person that makes the name, not the name that makes a person.

Sincerely your COMFORT sister,

CELIA JOLLY.

FREEPORT, TEXAS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I wouldn't attempt to write a letter for the public to read if I didn't hope it would influence some one else to help build a home for Uncle Charlie. I had intended to help but it is so easy to put off doing the things we should do, and when I learned that the Home Fund had been revived again I decided to write and send my contribution, five dollars, at once, and if five hundred COMFORT readers will give that much apiece I'll send five dollars more. I am a widow and working for myself and twelve-year-old daughter.

I enjoyed the descriptive letter from Salt Lake so much that I'll tell you about Freeport and how it helped Uncle Sam win the war, although it isn't on the map yet.

It is a beautiful little town in the southeastern part of Texas, on the Brazoz River, three miles from where it empties into the Gulf of Mexico. The largest and most important sulphur mines of the world are here which made this a very important place during the war. It was well guarded, for Uncle Sam needed the sulphur to make ammunition and all kinds of explosives. They run steam down to the sulphur in the ground through pipes and melt it and then it is forced to the surface in liquid form and into vats about the size of a large two-story brick store-room, where it becomes as hard as rock and has to be blasted before it can be shipped.

A man whose business it is to build the sulphur vats told me they kept them a few planks higher than the sulphur and when they get ready to blast the planks are taken away. This morning the sun is shining on two mounds that have been stripped of the planks and it looks like pure gold. It is refined here too and made into round sticks or cakes to be shipped away.

This is a healthy country and the gulf breeze is delightful. Flowers bloom all winter. What cold weather we have is biting because the air is so salty that it makes you think you are in an ice cream freezer. It lasts only a few days though and a very little fire will make a room comfortable. Last winter we used only coal oil heaters and then only a few times.

We have a magnificent schoolhouse and four nice churches, Episcopal, Baptist, Presbyterian and Methodist and the Catholics are going to build a church soon.

I wish I could describe the clouds here, which are beautiful.

Sincerely, MRS. D. F. BROWN.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

DEAR MRS. WILKINSON:

I want to impress the simple "Thank you" on some of our readers. It costs nothing to say it yet how often it is forgotten. Some years ago I had a letter in COMFORT and as a result I was showered with letters, about 300 is putting it mildly. In reply I sent to several, books, patches of all kinds, magazines, clothing, seeds and even small sums of money. Would you believe that not one of them acknowledged the remembrance with a simple thank you?

Has everyone read the first line of the story in January COMFORT on page 16? Try it and see if it does not work wonders.

Mrs. W. C. G., you want to know the art of china painting. I started to paint when fourteen years of age and have painted for fifteen years. You cannot learn china painting in any other way than to be taught by some experienced teacher. You must have "china paints," oils, firing china and a kiln for firing. China, as well as some of the materials, were scarce during the war, as these came from foreign countries. China painting is very interesting work and the main object is putting the colors on lightly as they fire out hard. According to the objects, flowers, scenes and fruit, the china must be fired several times, painting over each successive time. It is very different from either oil or water colors, as I have been doing all three and one must have more or less knowledge for sketching.

Almost everybody tries in some way to reduce the high cost of living. Here are my suggestions: Instead of using butter for shortening in cakes, I take six pounds of beet fat, rendered, and while still warm add one pound of butter, or less. This can be used on top of coffee cakes and is better than a butter substitute. In all ordinary cooking I use plain beef fat.

In spring I put up eggs for winter use. This is a suggestion for city folks as those on the farms are supplied with fresh eggs the year 'round. I put them in water glass and they are still "fresh" in a year.

Even though I live in a large city I make my own soap out of drippings, fats off the gravies, candle ends, etc. It's lots of fun and though it takes a long time to save fats it pays in the end as home-made soap lasts longer than ordinary soap.

My best wishes to Mrs. Wilkinson and all the COMFORT readers.

A WISCONSIN SISTER, M. B.

HARDWICK, VT.

HELLO GIRLS:

I do love the Sisters' Corner and the interesting letters and Mrs. Wilkinson's replies.

Pearl Vesey, I know you are just the dearest little mother and companion ever and your homey little cabin

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 39.)

NOT MORE THAN ONE FREE TRIAL BOTTLE TO ANY FAMILY

I will send anyone anywhere one free Bottle of my Syrup Pepsin—What is Your Address?

THERE is someone in every family who is constipated, bilious, dyspeptic. They need my Syrup Pepsin and will be better off for using it. It may be a woman, an old man, a tiny baby. Syrup Pepsin is as effective for grownups as it is safe for babies. Thousands of mothers can testify to that.

Perhaps you have reached the stage where you take pills every night and think there is nothing else for you to do. Don't believe it! No matter how chronically constipated or dyspeptic you are, Syrup Pepsin will regulate you. It is a combination of simple laxative herbs with pepsin that acts on the stomach and intestines, and in a short time trains the digestive organs to do their work naturally and without help.

YES. I TAKE MY OWN MEDICINE!

I know what old people suffer with their bowels for I have been a family physician in my county since 1875, and I am old myself, past 80 years of age; born 1839, and still strong. I don't know of a remedy that is better for old people than my Syrup Pepsin, and I'll tell you why: It is mild and gentle in action; it doesn't gripe, and it doesn't lose its effect when you take it regularly. I know this by using it myself, by prescribing it since 1875 and by manufacturing it since 1892. You can form your own opinion by sending for a free trial bottle.

WHO NEEDS SYRUP PEPSIN

I want to send a free trial bottle of my Syrup Pepsin to anyone who suffers from one or more of the following: Constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, belching, bad taste, bad breath, dizziness, drowsiness, and the many other symptoms of sluggish bowels. If you have children who suffer in this way write for them.



DR. W. B. CALDWELL
"As I Am To-day"

SEND FOR A FREE TRIAL BOTTLE

In spite of the fact that my Syrup Pepsin is on sale in every drug store in the U. S., I want you to become acquainted with it at my expense, and then, if you find it as I claim, buy it of your nearest dealer. Just now send me your name and address in any way most convenient to yourself, by filling out the coupon below, by postal or letter. I have given many thousands of these bottles away and I know you will appreciate it as keenly as others have. Address me today.

Dr. W. B. Caldwell,
553 Washington St., Monticello, Illinois.
I want to try your Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. **Kindly send a free trial bottle to the address below, all charges prepaid.**

Your name.....

St. or R. F. D. .....

Town and State.....

Reliable TUBE FREE

Good for 10,000 Miles



For a limited time only we are offering absolutely Free a tube with every purchase of one of our famous Reliable Double Tread Tires which could be easily guaranteed for 5,000 miles and often give from 8,000 to 10,000 miles.

2 Reasons for Buying This Bargain Offer
1—Save Money on Tube!
2—Save Money on Tire!

Price Includes Tire and Tube

Size	Tires	Size	Tires
30 x 3	$ 7.25	34 x 4	$11.35
30 x 3½	8.35	34 x 4½	13.00
32 x 3½	8.95	35 x 4½	13.25
34 x 3½	11.00	36 x 4½	13.75
31 x 4	10.20	35 x 5	14.50
32 x 4	10.55	36 x 5	14.75
33 x 4	11.00	37 x 5	14.90

Free Reliner With Each Tire

In ordering be sure to state size wanted—also whether s. s., clincher, plain or non-skid. Send $2.00 deposit on each tire, balance C. O. D. subject to examination; 5 per cent discount if you send full amount with order. **Rush your order TODAY.**

Reliable Tire and Rubber Co.
3418 Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

FREE TRIAL



Let us send you this famous **"Victor 51"** razor on 30 days' free trial. If you like it, after trial, send $1.85. If not, return razor. Order now.

VICTOR RAZOR CO.
Dept. 1040 Webster Bldg., Chicago

Send NO Money!



Simply send your size and these wonderful **Army Work Shoes** will come to your home at once. Built solid full of wear. Genuine oak leather soles. Note the splendid extra quality leather! Enjoy their blessed comfort! The rik is ours—these must delight you or no sale. Pay only $4.29 on arrival for this splendid bargain.

We guarantee that these shoes are $7.00 to $8.00 values; that they will give satisfactory wear or we will send a new pair FREE.

Mail Carriage Paid Only

ONLY $4.29 On Arrival

Army Work Shoe
Save profits. Buy direct from Factory Headquarters!

Boston Mail Order House, Dept. 890VK, Boston, Mass.
Send shoes on approval. My Money back if I want it. Risk nothing.

Name..... Size.....

Address..... Color.....



Beautiful Silk Remnants

REMNANTS of real silk, in all shapes, sizes and colors. They are carefully trimmed and just what you need for making up quilts, tidies, pillow tops and all kinds of "crazy patchwork." We will send you a package containing more than one hundred of these beautiful silk pieces and 5 skeins embroidery cotton in different bright colors, also an Instruction Book with eight full-page illustrations showing how to ornament seams of crazy patchwork and other work where fancy stitches are used, also how to work the Outline and Kensington Stitch, Arrasene and Chenille Embroidery, ribbon work, plush or tufted stitch, also directions for Kensington painting. All this is yours free upon the terms of the following special offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one package of these Silk Remnants free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 5561.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Camera Given

A SPLENDID Camera, either for yourself or to give as a present to someone. It is the pocket "Premo," made by the Eastman Kodak Company, and it takes beautiful pictures 1¼x1¾ inches in size. Fitted with Meniscus lens and automatic shutter which allows you to take either snap-shots or time exposures. Uses the regulation roll film cartridge containing six exposures and this film may be put in the camera in broad daylight. Anybody can take good pictures with this camera. It is so simple to operate that even a child can use it.

CLUB OFFER. We will send you this Premo Camera with one six-exposure roll film cartridge and instruction book free and prepaid for four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. **Premium No. 7944.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



SELF-FILLING

Fountain Pen

For A Club Of Three

HERE is a fountain pen that we can positively guarantee. Perhaps you have had some experience with fountain pens which never **would** write well and continually leaked ink all over your fingers. If so you will certainly appreciate this opportunity to secure a fountain pen that has none of these defects. Our illustration is of course greatly reduced in size. The pen offered you here is 6½ inches long, made entirely of hard rubber, finely finished, and the pen point is genuine 14-K gold. The feeding device is perfect, permitting a uniform flow of ink and **it will not leak.** Also please notice that this is a **self-filling** pen. You can fill this fountain pen **in less than 10 seconds** by pressing down the spring on the side, then placing the pen point in a bottle of ink, after which you release the spring and the pen is instantly filled with ink to its full capacity. If given proper care this pen should last anybody for years. If you will accept the following special offer we will send you one of these self-filling fountain pens with a positive guarantee that if it fails to prove satisfactory in any way you may return it to us and we will replace it with a new pen **free of charge.**

Club Offer. For a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this guaranteed self-filling fountain pen free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8873.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Box Of Initial Stationery



Latest Style Monogram

IT is now the **height of fashion** and evidence of the very **best taste** to use stationery with **your own monogram initial or "crest"** on it. In this offer we give you **two dozen sheets white linen stationery** 10½x6¼ inches in size, **each sheet beautifully embossed in colors with any monogram initial you desire and two dozen envelopes.** Just think how nice it will be when writing to your friends to have your own **letter crest monogram initial embossed in colors** on this high-grade **fine quality stationery.** Remember you get **one full quire** of choice paper and **twenty-four envelopes** in this complete writer's outfit. Don't hesitate to send for this premium today because you will surely be delighted with it.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you a box of this Initial Stationery and Complete Writing Outfit free by parcel post, prepaid. **When ordering be sure to specify what monogram initial you want. Premium No. 9482.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Four Lovely Ferns



THEY are the largest, handsomest varieties ever grown for house culture—the **Asparagus Plumosus** or "Lace" fern, the **Roosevelt,** the **Boston** or "Fountain" fern and the **Whitmani** or "Ostrich Plume" fern. We guarantee these ferns to be strong, healthy and well rooted, and that they will reach you in perfect condition, ready to pot. If any of them fail to grow, we will cheerfully replace them free of charge. We are able to illustrate only one variety, **"The Roosevelt,"** but remember you get **all four ferns free on this offer.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the above described collection of **four beautiful ferns** free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8581.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Gold Filled



Guaranteed For 5 Years





Gold Birthstone Rings

THE most popular ladies' rings worn today are these beautiful birthstone rings. Not only is it considered lucky to wear one of them but they are now and always will be exceedingly stylish. We are able to illustrate only three of the rings but there are **twelve** in all—a different stone for each month of the year, and of course you should wear the stone that is symbolical of the month you were born. The following is a list of the twelve rings, names of the stones and the month to which they apply:

No. 8411, January, Garnet. **No. 8421, February,** Amethyst. **No. 8431, March,** Bloodstone. **No. 8441, April,** Diamond. **No. 8451, May,** Emerald. **No. 8461, June,** Agate. **No. 8471, July,** Ruby. **No. 8481, August,** Sardonyx. **No. 8491, September,** Sapphire. **No. 8501, October,** Opal. **No. 8511, November,** Topaz. **No. 8521, December,** Turquoise.

Each ring is guaranteed genuine gold filled, which looks exactly like solid gold and will wear for years. **In fact we absolutely guarantee each ring for at least five years.** The rings themselves are perfectly plain, the stones are solitaires and perfect imitations of the real gems. The setting of each ring is the ever popular "Tiffany" style. As a Christmas, Birthday or all-the-year-round gift for wife, mother, sweetheart or sister, nothing could be more appropriate and acceptable than one of these beautiful guaranteed rings set with the birthstone of the person to whom it is given. We will send you one of these rings free upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you one of these beautiful gold-filled Rings by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to give size and number of ring wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



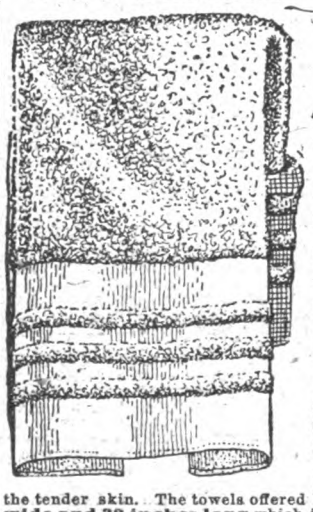
Shaggy Teddy Bear

EVERY little boy and girl wants a Teddy Bear and here is an opportunity for every father or mother who reads COMFORT to get one without expense. "Teddy" is a plump, shaggy fellow, 10 inches tall, made of brown plush, carefully stitched and finished, and his head and legs are jointed in such a manner that you can place him in almost any position. He will stand up, sit down, stand on his head, walk on all fours, in fact he gets himself into all kinds of positions, so comical and lifelike that it makes the children scream with delight just to look at him. Teddy is so well made that he cannot easily become broken, and with ordinary care should last for years. We will send you Teddy free if you will accept the following special offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Teddy Bear free and prepaid. **Premium No. 9472.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Two Turkish Towels



Good Size Soft And Fleecy

AFTER bathing there is nothing quite as fine as a good **rub down** with a **Turkish towel,** in fact it is the **best** towel for all purposes, whether for the bath-room, guestroom or everyday family use. They absorb the water much more readily than other towels and the **soft fleece-like surface** imparts to the body a delightful feeling of warmth and well-being. They are also fine for **baby's toilet** as they will not hurt the tender skin. The towels offered here are **15 inches wide and 32 inches long** which is a good convenient size for all-round family use, and are of good weight, well made and finished. We will make you a present of **two** of these towels upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one pair (2) of these fine Turkish Towels free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 8503.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Whose Little Girl Wants ME? I Am The Cutest, Sweetest Baby Doll in Toyland and You Can Have Me FREE!



YES, this beautiful, curly-haired doll is **free** to any little girl and on such **liberal terms** that we expect to give away **thousands** of them during the next few months. Don't think she is so small as she **looks** in the picture for she stands **nearly a foot high. She has a strong, durable, stuffed body,** and an indestructible head. You can make her **stand up, sit down in a chair** and assume all sorts of **natural positions.** Her beautiful brown hair hangs in **luxuriant curls,** her eyes are **blue as the sky,** she has on a pretty trimmed dress with sash, and taken altogether she is certainly the **cutest** and **sweetest baby doll** in all toyland. **Fathers and Mothers**—just look at this beautiful doll as she sits **smiling** with arms outstretched waiting for someone to pick her up, **hug** her, **kiss** her **and take her out to play.** Don't you think your little girl would just love to have her for her own? We will send her to you **free,** packed in a strong box so she cannot possibly get broken, if you will accept the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome Doll, exactly as described free by Parcel Post prepaid. **Premium No. 8973.**

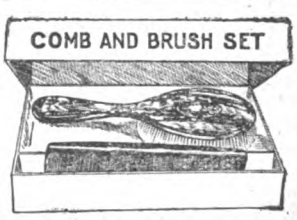
Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Pearl Necklace

FORTUNATE is the woman or girl who possesses a pearl necklace, as they are exceedingly stylish and growing more popular every day. The one shown is made of beautiful **imt. pearls** of uniform size, **is sixteen inches long** and fastens with a **gold-filled** "Torpedo" snap. As these necklaces are not made in this country they are becoming scarce and prices are going up, so we consider ourselves extremely fortunate in having a supply purchased **at a before-the-war price.** However, we may not be able to secure more **at any price,** so please send in your order at once. You could not possibly select anything more stylish or attractive. This necklace can be worn with **perfectly good taste** with any dress at any time and on all occasions.

GIVEN! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you one of these Pearl Necklaces free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7752. Address COMFORT Augusta, Maine.**

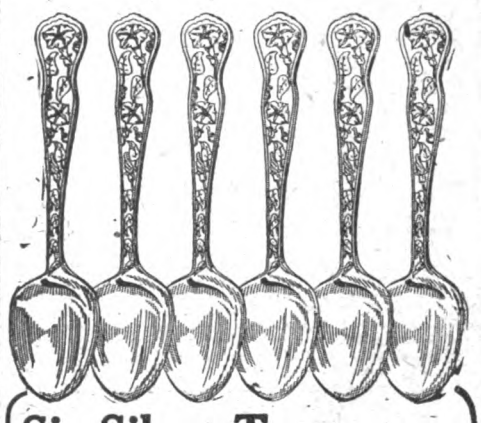
2-Piece Toilet Set



THIS is a good grade Toilet Set, consisting of comb and brush. The comb is seven inches long, with coarse and fine teeth, and comes in the new popular "Malachite" green finish. The brush is nine inches long, two and a half inches wide, with firm white bristles, and is finished in the same beautiful "Malachite" green, with a silverine shield on the back. We have given away thousands of these sets and it never fails to please.

Given To You! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Comb and Brush Set free and prepaid. **Premium No. 8483.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Six Silver Teaspoons

The Beautiful "Morning Glory" Design

BY buying in large quantities we are enabled to offer our readers this handsome set of six teaspoons for the ridiculously small club mentioned below. They are six inches long, silver plated on a white metal base, so there is no brass to show through, and they will never have that dingy or tarnished appearance even after years of constant use. The design is the beautiful **"Morning Glory"** deeply embossed on the handles which are finished in soft, elegant **French grey.** The bowls of the spoons are perfectly smooth and bright polished.

The rich design and splendid wearing qualities of these teaspoons combine to make this the most attractive premium offer in years. Our illustration does not do them justice. They must be seen to be appreciated. We know they will exceed your highest expectations.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you **six** of these fine Silver Plated Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9682.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Given To You Three Beautiful PEONIES

WHITE - PINK - RED

GORGEOUS, yearly-blooming Peonies—the rival of the finest roses in size, form and color. The three varieties offered you here require but little care and attention after once being planted; they thrive anywhere, even in the coldest climates, and produce more and more flowers every season. We will send you the roots, packed in damp moss, direct from the greenhouse. You can put them in the ground **at once** and next summer you will know the pleasure and satisfaction of having a beautiful **garden of peonies** in the most glorious shades of **white, pink and red.** The three different varieties sent you free on this offer include

Couronne d'Or A white, semi-rose Peony that blooms in early summer, bearing immense, very full, imbricated, ball-shaped blossoms which are very solid and compactly built from edge to center. Their color is a **snow-white,** reflecting golden-yellow stamens that show through the petals when looking at the flower from the side. These stamens light up the whole flower with a **glow** that is simply indescribable and which suggests its name **"Crown of Gold."** Delicate carmine pencilings also appear on the edges of a few central petals. This variety is incomparably lovely and one of the best and choicest Peonies in culture.

Mademoiselle Desbuissons A pink semi-rose Peony that blooms in mid-season. Its flowers are very large, full and elegantly shaped, imbricated and flat with extra large petals of a **tender, glossy pink** color. The center is a delicate **waxy white,** the guards a handsome **violet-rose** color. Flower lovers pronounce this one of the most beautiful varieties.

L'Ecletante A red Bomb type Peony that blooms well into the summer. Its blossoms are very double and full. The color is a **deep, brilliant, velvety-crimson.** This variety makes a stately and handsome plant, every flower standing up straight and erect, well above the foliage. It is considered as one of the finest **red** Peonies ever grown.

The roots of these plants are all **extra strong** and each one contains from two to five eyes. We guarantee that they will reach you in a healthy-growing condition, ready to be placed in the ground and that they will **positively** bloom next season. If for any reason they do not—or if they should otherwise prove unsatisfactory—we will replace them for you free of all cost.

As the best season for planting Peonies is **right now,** you should send in your order at once. We will send you these three above described varieties—one white, one pink and one red—free upon the terms of the following special

CLUB OFFER! For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you the healthy, well-formed roots of the three beautiful varieties of Peonies described above, free by parcel post, prepaid. They will be mailed, carefully packed, direct from the greenhouse, and delivered to you in perfect condition, all ready for planting. **Premium No. 8983.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Handsome Stamped Pillow-Top With Back and Fringe

A DESIGN that will appeal to all lovers of home. A comfortable, old-fashioned farmhouse, the well with the "old oaken bucket," and a cluster of handsome American Beauty roses. The stamping is done in natural colors on tan art crash, 17x21 inches, these colors acting as a guide to the embroiderer. Or, if desired, the whole design may be simply outlined in black. If embroidered, the roses should be worked in red and pink, using the outline stitch for all but the light part, which should be worked solid. The leaves are to be outlined in green, the stems in brown. Work the house, well and surroundings in outline in colors corresponding to those stamped. The words "Home Sweet Home" are to be done in black in solid embroidery and outline stitch. We will send you this handsome stamped pillow-top with back and fringe upon the terms of the following offer:

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Pillow Top with back and fringe free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9242.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Genuine Aspirin

Bayer introduced Aspirin to physicians over 20 years ago.



"Bayer Tablets of Aspirin," marked with the safety "Bayer Cross," can be taken without fear because you are getting the true, world-famous Aspirin, prescribed by physicians for over 20 years, and proved safe by millions.

Always buy an unbroken package of "Bayer Tablets of Aspirin" which contains proper directions to safely relieve Colds, Headache, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuritis, Joint Pains, and Pain generally.

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Handy tin boxes of 12 tablets cost but a few cents—Larger packages.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

Best Way of Doing Things Around The Home

To remove mildew, use soap and powdered chalk after wetting garment.

Use a putty knife for scraping food from dishes. —BILLY, Middlebranch, Ohio.

A stubby old whisk broom is a great help in washing pans and kettles and never injures the dishes.

After making ice cream, empty the cracked ice into a sack and when it melts nearly all the salt will remain to be used again.

Wash linoleum with either sweet or sour milk and it will look better than when washed with soap and water.—O. P. COBB, Calif.

Make small platforms with castors on them for your meal and flour barrels and you will find it easier to clean around them.—LONESOME GIRL, Juno, Tenn.

To remove iodine stain, moisten a piece of bread and place it on the stain; repeat several times; soak in cold water half hour and wash.—WESTERNER, Albin, Wyo.

When gathering goods on sewing machine lengthen the stitch instead of loosening tension. After it is stitched, pull under thread. That makes an even gather.

Cold doughnuts or biscuits may be made to taste fresh by sprinkling lightly with cold water and putting into a paper bag and placing in hot oven for a few minutes.

If a recipe calls for sour milk and you have none, add two teaspoons of vinegar to cup of sweet milk, and as much soda as you would with sour milk.—MRS. STELLA BOYD, Winfield, Ark.

If you are planning to set away the tea or coffee pot for some time, first put in a lump of sugar. This will prevent a musty taste next time the dish is used. —HAZEL HASKINS, New Auburn, Wis.

Four wooden tipped bumpers for a door, screwed into the legs of a chair or small table will make it higher, if not right height to be comfortable for your work.—MRS. ROBERT GOLDEN, Cornell, Wis.

To get rid of cabbage worms, sprinkle the cabbages while wet with dew, with pulverized red pepper, three or four mornings in succession. This kills the worms and keeps away the moths that lay the eggs.—JOE MORGAN, Monticello, Ga.

Requests

How to gather and prepare pine needles for cushions. —WESTERNER, Albin, Mo.

Mrs. Ruth French, Rineyville, R. R. 1, Ky., would like book, "Outside Her Eden."

Will someone please send me the April, 1920, number of McCall's Magazine. Will return favor.—MARGARET GEMS, Baker, Oregon.

Will someone please send me the January, 1920, number of COMFORT. Write first. Will pay postage.—MRS. DOCIA HINTON, Agness, Miss.

Mrs. M. A. Wilson, Fruita, R. R. 1, Box 79, Colo., a wheel-chair cripple, would like to have leaves or slips of cactus and century plants.

Would like to exchange 12 numbers of People's Home Journal, year 1919, for books. Send postal first.—MRS. O. R. PIERSON, Pittsboro, Box 84, Ind.

Will someone who has the Illustrated Companion for October, 1919, and January, 1920, please write to me. —MRS. RICHARD NELSON, Clatskanie, Oregon.

Will someone tell me how to put away roasting ears for winter, using grape leaves. Are the ears partly or completely husked?—MRS. STUART M. ANDERSON, Canon City, R. R. 1, Box 205, Colo.

Words of the hymn "Sailing Home." Also "Fifty Miles of Elbow Room." Will return favor in any way possible.—MISS ELLA STRAHL, Soldiers' Grove, R. R. 3, Box 18, Wis.

Will someone please send me January and February, 1919, numbers of the Metropolitan; also songs, "Mickey" and "Missouri Waltz."—MISS CHRISTINE JOHNSON, Nokomis, R. R. 3, Ill.

Mrs. J. W. Rearden, Bessemer, 234 Jefferson Ave., Ala., wants a COMFORT reader to send her the December number of "The Household."

Wanted: To hear from people living in Southern States, about land, schools, churches, living conditions, etc., with view to making home in South.—FRANK ALLEN, Alton Bay, Box 105, N. H.

Remedies

Nerve poisons do not stain. Two classes:
1. Narcotics. Produce deep sleep and insensibility.
2. Convulsants. Produce convulsions, twitching, delirium and suffocation. (Some poisons are both irritant and nerve poisons.)

1. Sleep producers: Opium, morphine, laudanum, paregoric, soothing syrups, powders, chlorodyne. At first very sleepy, later insensibility, pupils of eye very small, breathing deep, slow and snoring, face first flushed then livid, breath may smell of the poison.
Treatment:
1. Emetic.
2. Keep awake, strong coffee. Slap with wet towel. Walk up and down, supporting on each side.
3. Artificial respiration.

2. Convulsants: Strychnine, belladonna, prussic acid. Strychnine is far more common. Is found in some vermin killers.
Treatment.—In all these poisons one must work quickly. Emetic. Do not wait for it to be prepared but tickle back of throat with finger and keep it there until vomiting occurs. Artificial respiration if breathing stops.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

where I first met you and your "Homeshack" make me wild to get out and share it with you. Just give me a wee bit of encouragement and see how quickly I'd swoop down upon you. Yes, and I believe Mrs. Wilkinson would like to join me. We would have a delightful outing so you'd better put on your best bib and tucker for we are liable to drop in any time. Won't we have a lovely time? Please brush up a little on your music and we will make the woods ring. Did you tell us how many kiddies you have? If you did I have forgotten and wish you would tell us again, also names and ages.

Bachelor Bill, here is another "roast." Let the "long dimmed bright eyes" still shine on you in troubled dreams for otherwise I think the "bright eyes" would have shed tears and become dimmed as your wife. As for the babies whose "concerting" distress your peaceful soul, God bless 'em. What would we do without them? You were a baby once yourself and suppose you were married and Friend Wife had babies to care for, would your conscience allow you to shirk all responsibility onto her shoulders? A man, of course, is privileged to provide or not provide as he sees fit, to dress neatly or slouchily, according to his inclinations, but wife must always be neat and clean, sweet tempered and cheerful, no matter if she has to make one dollar do the work of ten or no matter how sick or fretful the babies are or how hard she works. She is the mother. Why do mothers have babies to look after anyway? And as she is the mother she must keep eternally sweet and neat and charming, but you as her husband, could shirk all responsibility. I'm glad I'm not your wife. I don't doubt but you are a very charming companion for an hour or two and probably as agreeable as the most of us and I'd really like to meet you but don't make the mistake of getting married for you are a confirmed bachelor.

Mrs. Wilkinson is holding the door open for me to go and may God be with you till we meet again.

A LOVER OF OUTDOORS.

Lover of Outdoors.—This is a secret so don't tell anyone, and I may be wrong anyway, but it is my personal opinion that Bachelor Bill is one of the henpecked husbands we read about and that he takes most of the care of their children—their seven children. The things he says to us are the things he'd like to say to his wife but doesn't dare to. And I don't think he is in any danger of losing his scalp for I feel sure he has a shiny bald head. I also think that he is a good kind man, one the neighbors like and trust and children and dogs make friends with, and that, you know, is one test of a good man.—Ed.

Sure Relief



6 BELL-ANS
Hot water
Sure Relief

BELL-ANS FOR INDIGESTION



FREE WATCH & RING
This handsome stem wind & stem set Watch, fully Guaranteed, also a Fine Ring for selling only 25 Jewelry articles at 10c each. Write for them. EAGLE WATCH CO., Dept. 537 EAST BOSTON, MASS.



Every Quilter

should have our book of **450 designs**, containing the prettiest, queerest, scarcest, most grotesque patterns, from old log cabin to stars and puzzle designs. To introduce this wonderful 25c book and catalog of beads and needle work material we mail both for 20c. No Stamps. Our Cross Stitch Book of over 100 designs and above 25c.

LADIES' ART CO., Block 18, St. Louis, Mo.

CARDS, Dice, Magic Goods, Novelties, Catalog Free. D. M. SMYTHE Co., Newark, Mo.

THIS IS "Dimples"

The Doll With Long Golden Hair

Reward No. X9722



NEARLY ONE FOOT TALL

For a Club Of Two

WE named her **Dimples** because she is always smiling and so sweet and lovable—just the kind of doll every little girl wants to cuddle in her arms and sing to sleep with tender lullabies. **And her hair!** You should see her beautiful gold-bronze tresses falling in the dearest curls and ringlets way below her shoulders. As a rule, only the most expensive dolls have such lovely hair. You will never tire of combing it, and **just think**—you can **braid** it, too, and fix it all up pretty with ribbon bows.

Dimples also has a strong, indestructible body, with jointed arms and legs so that she will stand up or sit down, just as you please. She is nearly a **foot tall**, or almost four times as large as she appears in the picture. She comes dressed in a neat, simple one-piece garment but of course she will need a lot of other pretty dresses and you will have just the best fun in the world making them.

We will send **Dimples** free to any little girl upon the terms of the following special offer.

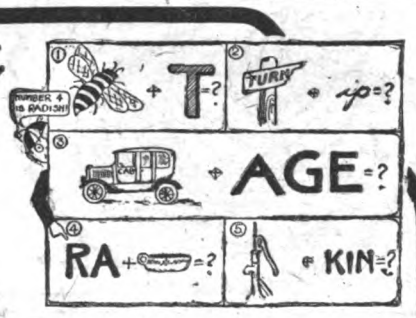
Given To You. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this beautiful golden-haired doll free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. X9722.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

SOLVE this PUZZLE

Win Free Auto or $1000

This Puzzle Picture represents the names of five common vegetables grown in almost every garden. Number 4 is "Radish." Can you solve the other four names? If you can you may win a brand new Overland Touring Car or $1000 in Cash.



Only 150 "Points" Wins Auto

For each vegetable name that you solve correctly you will receive 20 "points" or 100 "points" in all if you solve the five names correctly. You can gain 25 more "points" by "Qualifying" your answer, that is, by proving that you have shown a copy of our paper, the Weekly Rural American, to five people. Samples are FREE. The final 25 "points" will be awarded by three prominent, independent judges, for the neatest handwriting, (10 "points), most unique style (10 "points"), and correct spelling, (5 "points") of puzzle solutions received by the Rural American. The answer gaining 150 "points," which is the maximum, wins the Overland or $1000 in cash. Second highest number of "points" will win $250 Diamond Ring and so on down list of 25 valuable prizes. In case of a tie for any prize both winners will receive same prize, just as if there had been no tie. Contest closes November 27th, 1920.

No Costs—You Can Win

You will not be asked or expected to subscribe for the Weekly Rural American in order to win. We have given away over 100 autos and thousands of dollars in other valuable prizes. You may be the next lucky auto winner. Write your solution on one side of paper,—your name and address in upper right hand corner. Do not write anything else on the sheet. Solve the Puzzle now and send your solution to

Puzzle Editor, WEEKLY RURAL AMERICAN, 601 News Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

Save Your Body

Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

"I Would Not Part With It For $10,000"

So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm," says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

THE NATURAL BODY BRACE

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of MEN and WOMEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings restful relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.

Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; replaces and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; straightens and strengthens the back; corrects stooping shoulders, develops lungs, chest and bust; relieves backache, curvatures, nervousness, ruptures; constipation, after effects of Flu. Comfortable and easy to wear. Keep Yourself Fit. Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our liberal proposition.





For Boys and Girls Also

HOWARD C. RASH, President Natural Body Brace Co.
379 Rash Building, Salina, Kansas

Dont Send a Penny



These Len-Mort Work and Outdoor Shoes are such wonderful values that we will gladly send them to you by mail, **no money down.** You will find them so well-made and so stylish and such a big money-saving bargain that you will surely keep them. No need to pay higher prices when you can buy direct from us. Why pay $6.00 or $7.00 for shoes not near so good? This shoe is built to meet the demand of an outdoor city workers' shoe as well as for the modern farmer. Built on stylish lace blucher last. Special tanning makes the leather proof against the acid in milk, manure, soil, gasoline, etc.

Great Shoe Offer

They outwear three ordinary pairs of shoes. Very flexible, soft and easy on the feet. Made by a special process which leaves all the "life" in the leather and gives it a wonderful wear-resisting quality. Double leather soles and heels. Dirt and waterproof tongue. Heavy chrome leather tops. Just slip them on and see if they are not the most comfortable, most wonderful shoes you ever wore.

Pay only **$3.98** for shoes on arrival. If, after careful examination, you don't find them all you expect, send them back and we will return your money.

SEND your name and address, and be sure to state size you want. You be the judge of quality, style and value. Keep them only if satisfactory in every way. Be sure to give size and width. **Order No. AX18068.**

LEONARD-MORTON & CO. Dept. 7447 Chicago

Send the Men's Work Shoes No. AX18068. I will pay $3.98 for shoes on arrival and examine them carefully. If not satisfied, will send them back and you will refund my money.

Name.....Size.....

Address.....

2 FLANNEL SHIRTS $3.69

DIRECT FROM FACTORY



SEND NO MONEY

Two wonderful Susquehanna Broadcloth Flannel Shirts only $3.69. Direct from factory. No middlemen's profits. Would cost $6 or more elsewhere. Perfectly tailored. Cut extra full. Comfortable fitting. Winter weight. Coat Front Style. Soft turn down collar. Two extra strong, large button-down flap pockets. Double stitched throughout. Thoroughly shrunk. For work or semi-dress. An amazing bargain. Send no money. Pay postman only $3.69 plus postage after arrival. Then try them on. If not pleased, return at our expense; your money returned at once. Order by number A101FS. State size. Specify gray or blue. Only two shirts to a customer on this special offer.

WAREWELL COMPANY
Dept. A101FS PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FREE WRIST WATCH & RING



We positively give this Genuine Guaranteed Stylish & Serviceable Wrist Watch & Handsome Ring Free for selling 24 easy selling pictures at 15c. Order today.

Prepaid GAIR MFG. CO. Dept. 1B CHICAGO

MOVING PICTURE STARS

Artistic photographs of the world's Greatest Motion Picture Stars from their "original negatives." These pictures are produced by the Originators of Film Stars Photos; Beautiful black and white finish; Now offered at the following low prices. 3 ½ x 5 ½ size, 6 for 50c; 25 for $1.00; 60 for $2.00; 8 x 10 size, 50c each; 3 for $1.25; per dozen, $4.25; Agents Wanted.

FILM ARTISTS PHOTO CO., Dept. C., 645 N. Gramercy Place, Los Angeles, Cal.

LATEST FALL FASHION GUARANTEED ALL WOOL SERGE SKIRT



Greatest Bargain Ever Offered!

Guaranteed ALL WOOL Double Warp Serge Skirt for the phenomenal price of **$3.98** Sent Free!

Picture falls to do it justice. You simply can't begin to appreciate this skirt until you see it for yourself and feel the quality of the all wool double warp serge. The fact that it is made in our own factory, under personal supervision, backed by 25 years manufacturing for best retail stores, makes it possible for us to offer such remarkable values. This perfectly tailored garment, closing on side, is made with set in pockets under double flaps, trimmed with black buttons. Separate belt has flaps to conform with pockets. This skirt is beautifully gathered all around, effecting easy fit. Bottom basted so that you can adjust length to your liking. Sizes: Waist—24 to 30. Lengths—34 to 40. Colors: Navy Blue and Black. Price, $3.98. Extra Sizes: Waist—32 to 40. Price $4.55.

Don't Send a Penny. Just your name. Mail This Coupon Today!

MERIT-WEAR MFG. CO.
Dept. S, 905 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send me at your expense dress No. 2017 on approval. I pay only $3.98 on arrival. My money back if I want it.

Waist..... Length..... Color.....

Name.....

Address.....



New Crochet And Sweater Books

HUNDREDS of new, lovely designs for COMFORT crochet workers. The very latest patterns in edges, beadings, insertions and laces, crocheted and knitted sweaters, all with complete directions and illustrated by large, clear photographs of the finished work. Each book is 8 by 11 inches in size, printed on the finest paper, handsomely and durably bound. Following is a brief description of what each book contains:

Book No. 20 shows **sixty-two** beautiful edges and insertions, both narrow and wide, for every conceivable use, also some handsome crocheted tumbler doilies and medallions. All are illustrated by large photographs, with full directions.

Book No. 21 contains **fifty-seven** pretty designs in edges and insertions, entirely different from those shown in Book No. 20, all fully illustrated, with full directions. Many of the illustrations show towel, handkerchief and napkin corners complete and there is also a complete alphabet, and an all-crochet plate doily that is simply lovely.

Book No. 22 presents **fifty-two** new designs in Filet crochet, illustrated, with directions. In this book you will find handsome edges, corners and insertions that you never saw before, alphabets, finished towels, luncheon cloths and napkins, sheets and pillow-cases, dining-room sets, tidies, curtain edges and corners.

Book No. 23 contains **seventeen** alphabets in various styles and sizes for cross stitch and filet crochet, also wreaths, corners and medallions where the letters are used. Illustrations are all full-page size and very easy to follow.

Book No. 24 contains **fifteen** artistic yokes shown in large photographic illustrations, with complete instructions. Filet patterns, small medallion schemes, and in braid for round, square, pointed, corset-covers, camisole, night-gown and children's yokes.

Book No. 25 tells how to make knitted and crocheted ripple sweaters and jackets with and without sleeves. **Thirteen** different styles to choose from and every one a beauty. The stitches are shown in full-page photographs, with full instructions, while the finished articles are also shown by photographs on living models.

Book No. 26 shows **thirteen** lovely new yokes in filet and fancy crochet with complete instructions and photographic illustrations over one-half actual size. The patterns consist of clover, medallions, filet, knot-stitch, pin-wheel, poinsettia, scalloped filet, and there is also shown one of the new shapes in a filet collar.

Book No. 27 illustrates and tells how to make **twelve** elaborate medallion arrangements in camisoles and yokes. A feature of this book is the two-page photograph of a beautiful Brassiere or dress trimming. The motifs for yokes include a pretty squared daisy, snowflake, round knot-stitch, pin-wheel, leaf and cross, pineapple, poinsettia, star flower, sunflower, square knot-stitch and round daisy.

Book No. 28 shows how to make filet sweaters, illustrating **fourteen** handsome designs on living models. These are to be crocheted in dainty light colors for summer wear. Every motif is also pictured by diagram, thus making it very easy to follow the printed instructions.

Book No. 29 contains photographic illustrations and descriptions of tatted yokes and camisoles—**fifteen** lovely arrangements of medallions in different handsome patterns of pointed, rounded and camisole styles. The illustrations are over half actual size and the directions are full and complete.

Book No. 30 shows **seventy-two** patterns in edges and corners and insertions. Edges are in all widths—from one half to two inches—and include such novelty designs as "Kiddies' Jumping Rope" and "Little Maids in a Row." Many lovely designs in corners are shown in Torchon, square medallions, knot-stitch and lacet stitch. All are illustrated with half-size photographs with full directions.

Book No. 31 is a book of "spiders," showing this antique design in all its many variations in yokes, corners, edges and insertions. In all, there are **twenty-eight** different photographic illustrations with directions—six different spider yokes, sixteen different spiders and six ways of turning the corner with a spider.

Book No. 32 contains **fourteen** filet crochet sweaters, in light and heavy threads, every style shown by photographs on a living model, both front and back views. Every stitch is also plainly shown by photograph and the different motifs are pictured on diagrams with complete directions. Pond lily, wild rose, iris, spray and poinsettia are among the designs shown for long or short, sleeve or sleeveless, belted or unbelted and open front models in cream pink, light pink, blue, light blue, cherry, red, dark green and lavender. The handsomest sweater book ever published.

Free Offer No. 8591. For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you any **three** of the above books free and postpaid. Please be sure to give the number **of each book wanted.**

Free Offer No. 9702. For two one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you any **seven** books free and postpaid. **Please give number of each book wanted.**

Free Offer No. 8963. For three one-year subscriptions at 50 cents each we will send you all **thirteen** books free and postpaid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

You Will Laugh, You Will Yell, You Will Scream at "The Blunders of A Bashful Man"



Premium No. 8221

You need this great book! You cannot do without it! For chasing away melancholia, dissipating gloom and banishing trouble you will find it **better than all the doctors' "dope" in the world** and it has the circus and vaudeville **beaten a mile.** This great story is the **world's champion funny book** and you must read it because it eradicates wrinkles, improves the complexion and by its laughter-compelling mirth and irresistible humor rejuvenates your whole body. In this screamingly funny story you follow with rapt attention and hilarious delight **the mishaps, mortifications, confusions and agonizing mental and physical distresses** of a self-conscious, hypersensitive, appallingly **bashful** young man who stumbles on through a succession of **astounding accidents and ludicrous predicaments** that will convulse you with cyclonic laughter causing you to hold both sides for fear of **exploding** from an excess of uproarious merriment. As a fun maker, rib tickler and laugh-provoker this **great story** "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" beats all records and **you will miss the treat of your life if you don't get it and read it at once.**

Given To You! For one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you a copy of "The Blunders of a Bashful Man" free and prepaid. **Premium No. 8221.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Refined and Stylish — Will Fit Any Wrist



A Stone for Every Month

WHERE is the girl who does not want one of these handsome and stylish bracelets? Set with a perfectly colored imitation gem denoting the month of your birth—with two tiny flashing white solitaires nestling in the dainty filigree design of gold—all of your friends will exclaim **"My, what a beautiful bracelet!"** the minute they see it. Filled with enough real gold to give it lasting wearing qualities, yet it feels light as a feather when worn. And you are assured of a perfect fit because it is **self-adjusting.** It will fit **any** size wrist. Here is a list of the twelve different birthstones and the month represented by each:

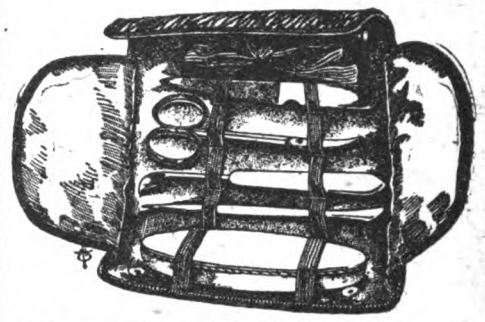
No. 8353, January, Garnet: **No. 8363,** February, Amethyst: **No. 8373,** March, Bloodstone; **No. 8383,** April, Diamond; **No. 8393,** May, Emerald; **No. 8403,** June, Agate; **No. 8413,** July, Ruby; **No. 8423,** August, Sardonyx; **No. 8433,** September, Sapphire; **No. 8443,** October, Opal; **No. 8453,** November, Topaz; **No. 8463,** December, Turquoise.

You can earn one of these handsome gold-filled birthstone bracelets free by doing us a small favor as explained in the following offer. When you send for it **be sure to mention number of birthstone wanted.**

CLUB OFFER. For three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you one of these bracelets free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to give us the number of stone wanted.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

5-Piece Manicure Set In A Roll-Up Leather Case



Given For A Club Of Four

A PRACTICAL and beautiful set, containing everything necessary for the proper care of the nails. It consists of a 4-inch **flexible** polished steel nail file, a pair of 3½-inch polished steel curved nail scissors, a 4¾-inch cuticle knife with Ivory white handle, a 4-inch Ivory white nail stick, and a 3¾-inch nail polisher or buffer with Ivory white top. All these articles are neatly contained in a moire-lined, **genuine black leather case,** measuring 5½ inches wide and 6 inches from end to end when opened. The case rolls up as shown in illustration, and fastens with two snap clasps. In this form it resembles a miniature pocketbook, and is just as convenient to carry, as it measures only 5½x2 inches and only 1 inch in thickness.



Although we offer this manicure set for an unusually small club, please understand that each and every piece is strictly **high-grade,** and regulation size. We know that every woman and girl who accepts this offer and earns one of these splendid manicure sets will be more than delighted with it. It is free on the terms of the following

Club Offer. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this splendid five-piece manicure set in a roll-up leather case free by parcel post prepaid. **Premium No. 8014.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

We Give You The Bag-Top —You Make The Bag!



THESE pretty home-made bags are all the go now. Their great popularity is due to the fact that as each woman makes her own bag it is sure to be **distinctive**—a little different from other women's bags. It is very easy to make and inexpensive. You probably have the material on hand right now—odds and ends of silk, velvet or moire, whatever you decide to use. The tassel on the bottom is not necessary but you can easily afford to buy one as they cost only a few cents. Or you can make it yourself.

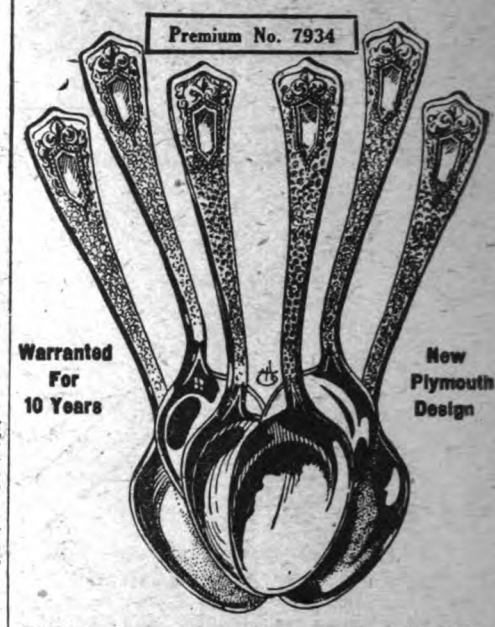
Use Moire Silk Or Velvet

The bag-top offered you here is seven inches wide, made of handsome oxidized metal with a very deeply embossed floral design. It is the "gate-top" style—that is, each side opens out in the middle so that it really has four sides as shown in the illustration. It is also perforated along the edge with small holes to take the stitches necessary for attaching the bag. The chain is fourteen inches long.

Our Free Offer. For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this handsome and stylish Bag-Top free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 9692.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons



FOR A CLUB OF FOUR

NO woman ever has too many teaspoons—especially the **"Rogers'"** kind—so here is an offer that will surely interest thousands of our women readers. For a few subscriptions to COMFORT secured among your friends we will send you this handsome set free. They are the famous **1881 Rogers' A1** brand which is guaranteed to be a **full standard** silver plate upon a genuine **18% nickel base.** Please notice the beautiful design—the new "Plymouth"—which is a splendid reproduction of the universally popular **hand-hammered** ware. You will have to see the spoons themselves in order to fully appreciate this latest fashionable pattern as our illustration does not do it justice.

We will give you this set of six Rogers' silver teaspoons on the terms of the following club offer. Remember—they are the **genuine 1881 Rogers' A1 brand**—the Rogers' **trademark** is stamped on each and every one. This protects you fully, furthermore each spoon is absolutely **warranted for ten years.**

CLUB OFFER. For four one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this set of six Rogers' Silver Teaspoons free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7934.** **Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

SCRIM CURTAINS GIVEN!

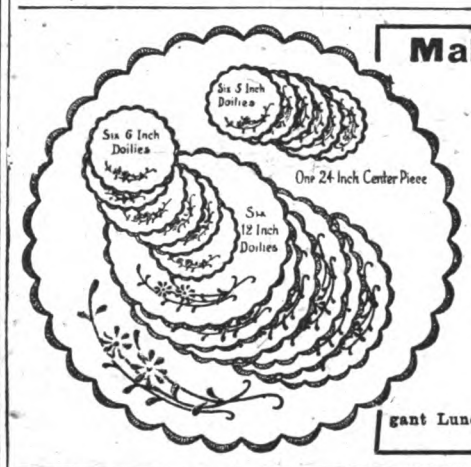


THE price of cloth has advanced tremendously within the past few years, but that does not prevent us from offering these stylish Scrim Curtains for the ridiculous small club of six. We make no money profit on our premiums — that's the reason. They are full size, each side piece measuring **2½ feet in width** and just long enough so they will hang a little below the window sill. The top piece or "valance," as it is commonly called, is **1 1-8 feet wide and 2½ feet long.** The insertion is a 3-inch band of Filet lace. The color is White or Ecru—whichever you prefer. These Curtains are all the style now, so don't miss this wonderful opportunity to secure one or more of them absolutely free. And be sure to send in your order **at once** as our supply is limited.

Given To You. For a club of only six one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you these stylish Curtains free by parcel post prepaid. **Be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 7756.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Make This Handsome 19-Piece Luncheon Set



We Will Give You The Patterns

ONE 24-inch Centerpiece, six 12-inch Doilies, six 6-inch Doilies and six 5-inch Doilies of the simple yet elegant design shown in our illustration. They can be made of the usual white material, such as linen, Butcher cloth, etc., worked in shades to match dishes used in serving, or of colored material to match decorations in the room, with the flowers embroidered in orange, with brown centers, green leaves and stems. Use buttonhole stitch for the borders, all-over embroidery or satin stitch for the flowers, outline stitch for the stems, and either satin or lazy daisy stitch for the leaves.

Special Offer. For only one one-year subscription (not your own) to COMFORT at 50 cents we will send you the transfer patterns for this elegant Luncheon Set free by mail postpaid. **Premium No. 8381.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

26-Piece Table Set

Yours Prepaid For A Club Of Seven



WE have in the past made many offers of table-ware, but this is the first time we have been able to offer **a complete set of 26 Pieces** in return for so small a club. And please don't think that because we **are** giving this set on liberal terms that it is plated on a brass base and consequently will change color and have that "brassy" look just as soon as the plating wears off. On the contrary, it has a **white metal base;** therefore each and every piece is the same color all the way through and will not show signs of wear, even after years of constant use. As shown in the above illustration, there are 26 pieces in this set—**6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Teaspoons, 6 Tablespoons, Sugar Shell and Butter Knife.** Each piece is **full regulation size** for family use, the handles are handsomely **embossed** and the blades of the knives and the bowls of the teaspoons and tablespoons are perfectly plain and **bright polished.** It is only because we buy this set in large quantities direct from the factory that we are able to secure it at a price that enables us to offer it as a premium for so few subscriptions. It is by far **the greatest value we** have offered and **we guarantee every Set sent out for a period of five years.** We will send this 26-Piece Table Set exactly as illustrated and described to any address upon the terms of the following special

Club Offer. For a club of seven one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each, we will send you this 26-Piece Table Set free by parcel post, prepaid. **Premium No. 7397.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Stylish Bead Necklace



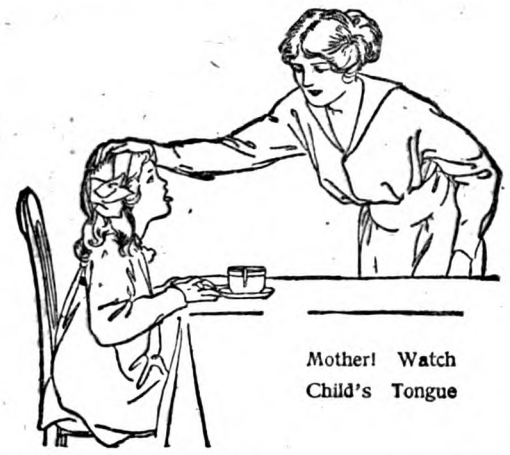
Jade, Coral, Amber, Blue and Red — For a Club Of Two

THE great popularity of these new style necklaces leads us to make this offer to our women and girl readers. In fact, there seems to be a veritable CRAZE for these beautiful, large, odd-shaped beads, which come in different colors to match the costume, and of generous length, so that they hang well down the front of the dress. They are not strung on string or wire but are fastened together with tiny, glittering, silver-colored rings, which form a pleasing contrast with the rich, subdued colors of the beads themselves. Some of these necklaces—which, by the way, retail as high as $5.00—are enormous in size, others are quite small; we picked out a medium size, thinking it would please the greater number of our readers. It is 30 inches long, two of the beads are larger than the rest, as shown in the illustration, while at the very end and serving as a pendant, there hangs a large, handsome, oblong-shaped bead an inch and a quarter long. The smaller beads in this necklace are each five eighths of an inch long and there are forty-two beads in all.

We will send you one of these handsome and stylish necklaces—your choice of **red, blue, amber, coral and jade**—upon the terms of the following offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this Necklace free by parcel post, prepaid. **Please be sure to mention color wanted. Premium No. 9232.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



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"California Syrup of Figs"

Delicious Laxative for Child's Liver and Bowels

Hurry mother! A teaspoonful of "California" Syrup of Figs today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. If your child is constipated, bilious, feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or if stomach is sour, tongue coated, breath bad, remember a good "physic-laxative" is often all that is necessary.

Children love the "fruity" taste of genuine "California" Syrup of Figs which has directions for babies and children printed on the bottle. Say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup. Beware!

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U. S. Supply Co. Box 29, Greenville, Pa.

Ceurage Killed Cowardice

By Isabel Gordon Curtis.

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Text—Let some affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small, tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two, pray, will be master? —*George Eliot.*

THE young stenographer rose slowly from her chair, slid a cover over her typewriter, lifted her hat from its peg and looked into the eyes of her employer.

"Mr. Wyman." The girl's chin quivered. "You don't know how I hate to say it, but I cannot work for you another day."

"What do you mean?" The man's question was like the snap of a whip.

"Exactly what I said." The girl began to draw on a glove.

"Is it salary? Because if it is——"

"No, sir. Do you want me to be frank with you?"

"Perfectly frank. After being my right hand for years, I cannot understand. What is the trouble?"

"You, sir."

"I——I! For Heaven's sake, what do you mean? Sit down." He pointed to a chair. "Out with everything that is on your mind."

"I will," said the girl slowly. "It is fair to both of us that I should. You know I came straight here from school, when you were a junior partner, and I was so delighted when you picked me out from the force in the front room. The rest of the girls envied me, you were always so considerate and kind. It was not wholly for salary I worked, it was to please you. After you married, I began to notice a change in you. It came gradually, but today——" the girl's voice choked. "Oh, sir, it is so hard to put it into words, you have grown so nervous and impatient and so hard to please and so—so—different that I cannot stand it longer."

"Good Lord," whispered the man, "has it come to this?" He rose and began to pace the room. "You have been frank with me. I will be equally frank with you. Home is hell! When I turn the key in the door, I know what I will meet,—nagging and whimpering about things I can't help; bad servants, unpleasant neighbors, tradesmen who cheat, dressmakers who do not keep their appointments, the kitchen boiler has burst or the furnace man has not come and the house is as cold as Spitzbergen. If I don't do my duty, night after night—my duty consists of appearing somewhere at a dinner, a dance, a reception or the theater—I am heartless, selfish, cruel! I end up by going, and it is morning before we come home. Ten to one my wife has driven sleep away and one of her dreadful headaches begins. Daylight often finds me playing nurse. Last night I did not go to bed at all. At last I left her asleep. She can sleep till night. I can't. So——I come down here and I take it out on my employees. I did not realize it had come to such a pass. A new leaf has got to be turned over," he smiled grimly, "if not for her sake and for mine, then for the people who work for me. There is no excuse for my cowardice except that she is such a delicate, fragile shred of a thing I have not been able to screw up courage to discipline her. Now——it has to be done. You are a brave little woman to speak up as you did. I honor you for it. Give me one more chance," he begged. "You have taught me a lesson."

Wyman stretched out his hand with a boyishly, eager gesture, which the stenographer had not seen for years. She gripped his fingers cordially for a moment then pulled off her glove and hung her hat back on its peg.

"I am ready now to answer that letter, sir," she said as she lifted a notebook. "You stopped at, 'I expect to be in New York next week, when I will endeavor to see you.'"

Poems Requested

The following poems have been requested by readers of COMFORT and sent for publication.

Waiting

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for wind, or tide, or sea;
I rave no more 'gainst time or fate,
For, lo, my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
I stand amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray,
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;
My heart shall reap where it has sown,
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own and draw
The brook that springs in yonder hight;
So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

—*John Burroughs.*

In a Rose Garden

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We will not care at all;
It will not matter then a whit,
The honey or the gall;
The summer days that we have known
Will all forgotten be and flown;
The garden will be overgrown
Where now the roses fall.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We will not mind the pain;
The throbbing, crimson tide of life
Will not have left a stain;
The song we sing together, dear,
The dream we dream together here,
Will mean no more than means a tear
Amid a summer rain.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
The grief will all be o'er,
The sea of care will surge in vain
Upon a careless shore;
These glasses we turn down today,
Here at the parting of the way,
We shall be wineless then as they,
And shall not mind it more.

A hundred years from now, dear heart,
We'll neither know nor care
What came of all life's bitterness,
Or followed love's despair;
Then fill the glasses up again
And kiss me through the rose-leaf rain;
We'll build one castle more in Spain
And dream one more dream there.

—*John Bennett.*

A Doctor Man

It's very often that my pa
Stays out all the night long;
They say it ought to worry ma,
'Cause it's jus' awful wrong.
But he don't care what all them folks
Say 'bout it, an' he can
Jus' sit an' laugh at all their jokes,
'Cause he's a doctor man.

"He talks to other wimmen all
Th' time an' ma don't care;
An' every day he makes a call
To see some lady fair.
Th' neighbors says he takes them rides,
Nen he laughs at it an'
Jus' keeps it up an' splits his sides,
'Cause he's a doctor man.

"He holds their hands an' smiles so nice,
An' asks 'em how they feel,
Nen women sneak 'round, sly as mice,
An' give ma a long spiél
'Bout how bad pa is, an' nen she
Jus' laughs and giggles an'
Tells him when he comes home, you see,
'Cause he's a doctor man."

Opportunity

They do me wrong who say I come no more,
When once I knock and fail to find you in;
For every day I stand outside your door,
And bid you wake, and ride to fight and win.

Wail not for precious chances passed away,
Weep not for golden ages on the wane!
Each night I burn the records of the day,
At sunrise every soul is born again.

Laugh like a boy at splendors that have sped,
To vanished joys be blind and deaf and dumb,
My judgments seal the past dead with its dead,
But never bind a moment yet to come.

Though deep in mire, wring not your hands and weep,
I lend my arm to all who say, "I can."
No shamefaced outcast ever sank so deep
But yet might rise and be again a man.

—*Walter Malone.*

The Night Wind

Did you ever hear the wind go "Yoooooo?"
'Tis a pitiful sound to hear!
It seems to thrill you through and through
With a strange and speechless fear.
'Tis the voice of the night that broods outside
When folk should be asleep.
And many and many's the time I've cried
To the darkness brooding far and wide
Over the land and the deep
"Whom do you want, oh lonely night,
That you wail the long hours through?"
And the night would say in its ghostly way:
"Yoooooo!
Yoooooo!
Yoooooo!"

My mother told me long ago (when I was a little lad)
That when the night went wailing so,
Somebody had been bad
And then, when I was snug in bed,
Whither I had been sent,
With the blankets pulled up round my head
I'd think of what my mother said
And wonder what boy she meant!
And "Who's been bad today?" I'd ask
Of the wind that hoarsely blew,
And the voice would say in its meaningful way:
"Yoooooo!
Yoooooo!
Yoooooo!"

That this was true I must allow,
You'll not believe it, though!
Yes, though I'm quite a model now,
I was not always so.
And if you doubt what things I say,
Suppose you make the test:
Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away from mother and all the rest—
Suppose you ask "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's true;
For the wind will moan in its ruefullest tone:
"Yoooooo!
Yoooooo!
Yoooooo!"

—*Eugene Field.*

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Positively the most sensational Flannel Shirt bargain—a rock bottom price absolutely way below the regular market. We were able to buy out a limited lot at practically our own price. You benefit. This is a bargain leader we may never be able to duplicate.



Flannel Shirt Bargain

Just what you want for every-day use. Made of excellent, strong and durable wool-mixed Flannel, double-stitched seams, perfectly tailored and full cut. Medium weight—just right for Fall and Winter use. Popular single breasted style, with large pocket. Pearl buttons. Collar attached. Expertly made throughout. **Color, gray only. Sizes 14 1-2 to 17.** State size collar you wear. **Order by No. CX411.**

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This is such a wonderful bargain we will send it without a penny down. Just send coupon and when shirt arrives pay the bargain price, **$2.98**, and postage. If not the greatest flannel shirt bargain, return it and your money will be refunded. Give name, address and size wanted. Stock is limited—order now. Send for several—you always need them.

LEONARD-MORTON & CO., Dept. 7444 Chicago

Send me flannel shirt bargain No. CX411. When shirt arrives I will pay $2.98 and postage, and examine shirt carefully. If not satisfied, will return it and you will refund my money.

Size of collar worn.....
Name.....
Address.....

Makes a Family Supply of Cough Remedy

Really better than ready-made cough syrups, and saves about $2. Easily and quickly prepared.

If you combined the curative properties of every known "ready-made" cough remedy, you probably could not get as much real curative power as there is in this simple home-made cough syrup, which is easily prepared in a few minutes.

Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex, pour it into a pint bottle and fill the bottle with syrup, using either plain granulated sugar syrup, clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, as desired. The result is a full pint of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for three times the money. Tastes pleasant and never spoils.

This Pinex and Syrup preparation gets right at the cause of a cough and gives almost immediate relief. It loosens the phlegm, stops the nasty throat tickle and heals the sore, irritated membranes so gently and easily that it is really astonishing.

A day's use will usually overcome the ordinary cough and for bronchitis, croup, hoarseness and bronchial asthma, there is nothing better.

Pinex is a most valuable concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and has been used for generations to break severe coughs.

To avoid disappointment, ask your druggist for "2½ ounces of Pinex" with full directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money promptly refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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Reward No. 9722

For A Club Of Two



WE named her **Dimples** because she is always smiling and so sweet and lovable—just the kind of doll every little girl wants to cuddle in her arms and sing to sleep with tender lullabies. **And her hair!** You should see her beautiful gold-bronze tresses falling in the dearest curls and ringlets way below her shoulders. As a rule, only the most expensive dolls have such lovely hair. You will never tire of combing it, and **just think**—you can **braid** it, too, and fix it all up pretty with ribbon bows.

Dimples also has a strong, indestructible body, with jointed arms and legs so that she will stand up or sit down, just as you please. She is nearly **a foot tall,** or almost five times as large as she appears in the picture. She comes dressed in a neat, simple, one-piece garment but of course she will need a lot of other pretty dresses and you will have just the best fun in the world making them.

We will send **Dimples** free to any little girl upon the terms of the following special offer.

Given To You! For two one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each we will send you this beautiful golden-haired doll free by parcel post prepaid. **Reward No. 9722.**

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

LOOK YOUR BEST. Make sure of smooth white arms, face and neck in spite of sallowness, blotches, freckles, blackheads etc. If you want to be charming and attractive—Don't pay 50c but send 10c at once for sealed Package, which will transform your appearance instantly. Warranted. **TOILET COMPOUND CO. Box 1927A, Boston, Mass.**

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157 J State St., Marshall, Mich.

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31.)

jewels you possessed on the bargain counter and any Tom, Dick or Harry that came along has been allowed to snap them up at bargain rates and he has thrown them aside like an old shoe when he wanted something new, and *he always wanted something new.* Better stay single, girls, than throw yourselves at a man's head and sink to the level of being his chum (he has a score) and being referred to by him as a "good sport." War has shell shocked the nation and it has practically destroyed all the old moral standards, which must at once be restored if our women are to be placed on their old pedestals and become again our hope and inspiration. The old respect, the old chivalry, the reverence for womanhood is rapidly vanishing. Moral values are scorned, and woman, as all through the ages, is the sufferer. Things that are cheap no one wants except to toy with and cast aside. The joy is in the chase, not the killing. When men were kept on the anxious seat for a year or so, with their hearts banging away at a hundred thrills a minute, never knowing just whether they were or were not going to land that wonderful queen of their dreams, when finally they did get her they appreciated her. Today they can go out and "chum" with a score of girls every night, and the chumming is often so raw that it soon knocks all the bloom off the peach, a bloom that no paint or powder can ever replace. In Japan, the film censor in a brief period removed nearly three thousand kisses from various American films. The Jap was horrified to see the way the American man and woman fussed and slobbered. The Jap did not see a single picture in which an American woman was taking off her husband's shoes and he threw up his hands in horror. There you have too much of the other extreme. When some ten thousand women petition the manager of a famous movie house in one of our big cities to open up a smoking-room where they can puff their cigarettes in content, you may know we are in a new world, a world in which woman, as usual, will be the victim and pay the price. Man is thinking cave-man stuff and woman is encouraging him, and that means the death of sweetness, purity, virtue and romance. It also means the exaltation of the most vicious sex instincts and a world in which wedding bells are a superfluity. There are honest, decent men who want decent women. Uncle Sam should see these people get in touch with one another. Uncle Charlie cannot do it. He will give no addresses and forward no letters. A man does not tell a woman "all of his life" and has no right to expect her to rake up the jazz spots on her past if she has any. There is only one moral standard, not two. Men and women must both live up to that standard—no letting down of the bars for either party.

——, MINN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

How do you think an army deserter should be treated in this community? Should we who had sons who lost their lives on the battlefields of France respect those who hid in the woods nearly two years and refused to do their bit, never once offering an excuse for not going, while the best class of boys all went? These deserters are now going where they please, having muzzled our public officials so that they don't bother them. They have never been punished for not going and have the face to think hard of those who refuse to respect them as of old. I know you are one man who loves to see justice done and not afraid to express your opinion on any question. I feel sure you will see, as we do who also love justice, that the deserter has surrendered his right to a place in the hearts and homes of the best class of people. Those who love law and order anxiously await your reply through COMFORT. Pay no attention to those who abuse you. Christ and His disciples had the same road to travel, and we are no better than they. With best love,

A COMFORT SISTER.

If the deserters you mention, dear friend, have not been punished there must be something rotten wrong with the officials in your state. There must also be something rotten wrong with anyone who would be such a moral degenerate as to speak to or shelter one of these curs. There ought to be enough ex-service men in your community to make life one round of perpetual joy for these contemptible cooties. The War Department is still hot on the trail of these rascals and will spend any amount of money chasing them to the ends of the earth. If you have not the courage to send the names of these men to the Department of Justice or the War Department, send them on to me, and the authorities will thank me for the information and the patriotic people of your community will not have to live, as they are doing now, under a cloud of disgrace. All you good people seem so helpless when a matter of this kind confronts you and you display moral cowardice in not taking action. You don't seem to realize that the government has hundreds of men rounding up these and other cattle of their kind, and is willing to aid you. The Government can't do everything, but it will do a million times more than it does if you will only help it and realize that it exists. We have some government departments in which men are employed who take a keen delight in doing skilled and dangerous work. These men, no band of politicians, not even the rotten cohorts of our notorious Tammany Hall, where the plums of political patronage are handed out to Pat and Mike and the rest of the boys, while we groan under their misrule, can spoil or swerve from the paths of duty. If you want one or more of these men to put these cowardly scamps where they belong, it is an easy job and you will be as guilty as they if you don't at once put the wheels of the law in motion. Law-abiding citizens should not allow the lawless to terrorize them and they should at once report all infractions of the law to the authorities and remember that if the State won't act, the Federal authorities generally will. Remember that you run no risk in taking action of this kind. Those who attend to these matters proceed about their work without endangering those who give them information—they know their business. Thank you, dear friend, for your kind and encouraging words. The Department of Justice has investigated 275,000 cases of real or imaginary draft evaders. It has convicted and sent to prison 5,000 of these slackers and 30,000 are awaiting trial. Those who deserted after being called in the draft are being handled by the military authorities. Uncle Sam will get 'em all in time but this is patriotic work in which all must help.

League Shut-in and Mercy Work for October

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

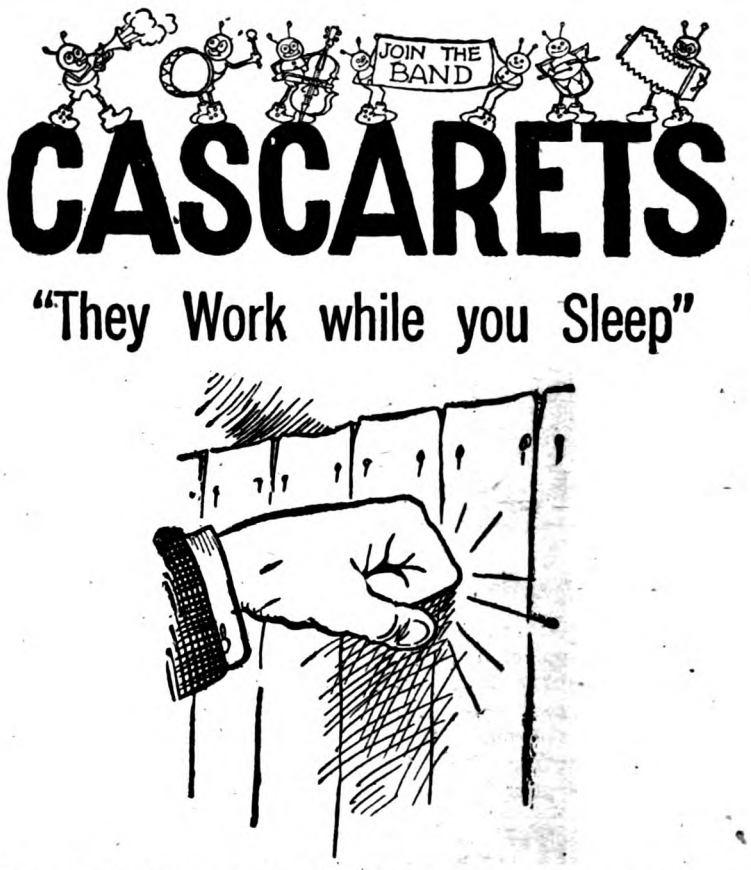
Written references from doctor and postmaster must positively accompany all appeals from shut-ins. Appeals unaccompanied by written references will be destroyed.

Mrs. M. E. Odell, Shuff, R. 1, Va. Widow, 65 years of age. Semi-invalid. Has son 22 years of age who is a helpless cripple. They are in need of second-hand clothing and any financial assistance you can send. Highly recommended. Give them a boost. Mrs. Lizzie Kendrick, Price, R. 2, N. C. Seventy-nine years of age. Confined to bed with rheumatism. Aged, sick and poor. Well recommended. Send her some cheer. Miss Sallie Satterwhite, Blairstown, Box 24, Mo. Crippled from rheumatism. Unable to walk. Tries to support herself by doing fancy work. Lovely character. Well recommended. Send her a dollar shower and cheer her lonely life. Mrs. Ethel White, Biscal, Box 128, Ark. Paralyzed and helpless. No means of support. Send her some of the sympathy that buys bread. Mrs. Mintey Bracken, Bee Log, N. C. Widow, 51 years of age. Alone in the world. Sick and needy. Do something for her. C. C. Williams, Stidham, Ky. Invalid for many years. Unable to work. Do not forget him. Mrs. Nannie E. Joyce, Shuff, Va. Invalid. Would appreciate second-hand clothing and any assistance you care to send. Mrs. K. E. Cross, Trinidad, 724 Stonewall Ave., Colo. Shut-in for over six years, due to a fall which injured her spine. One hand useless. Sick and alone among strangers. Would like to return to her old home in Lewiston, Maine. Who will help her?

We have had a bountiful harvest. Won't some of you who have reaped that golden harvest from the Almighty's bounty show your appreciation by sending a few greenbacks to these poor, sick and hungry brothers and sisters of yours?

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie



CASCARETS

"They Work while you Sleep"

Knock on wood! You're feeling fine, eh? That's great! Keep the entire family feeling that way always with occasional Cascarets for the liver and bowels. When bilious, constipated, headachy, unstrung, or for a cold, upset stomach, or bad breath, nothing acts so nicely as Cascarets. 10, 25, 50 cents.

Comfort's League of Cousins

The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family. Its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers.

Membership is restricted to COMFORT subscribers and costs fifty-five cents, only five cents more than the regular subscription to COMFORT which is included. The fifty-five cents makes you a member of the League and gives you an attractive League button with the letters "C. L. O. C.," a handsome certificate of membership with your name engrossed thereon, and the privilege of having your name in the letter list, also a paid-in-advance subscription to COMFORT. You continue a League member as long as you keep up your subscription to COMFORT. There are no annual dues, so after you have once joined all you have to do to keep in good standing is to keep your subscription to COMFORT paid up.

How to become a Member

Send fifty-five cents to COMFORT'S Subscription Department, Augusta, Maine, with your request to be admitted into COMFORT'S LEAGUE OF COUSINS, and you will at once receive the League button and your membership certificate and number; you will also receive COMFORT for one year if you are a new subscriber; but if you are already a subscriber your subscription will be renewed or extended one full year beyond date of expiration.

The League numbering over forty thousand members, undoubtedly is the greatest society of young people on earth.

Address all letters to COMFORT, Augusta, Maine, and they will promptly reach the head of the department for which they are intended.

Uncle Charlie's Poems Is the Best Crop to Harvest

The long evenings are here, the harvest gathered in. You have all you want for the stomach, but the feast is not complete until you feed the mind. Uncle Charlie's Poems, a gorgeous, silk-bound, 160-page volume of riotous fun, is the best brain food in the world. You will laugh, scream, yell, as you peruse its delightful pages. Read "How Father Carved the Turk!" and be happy. Among the laughs you will find a few tears, and an absorbingly interesting sketch of Uncle Charlie's life. This superb volume of fun free for a club of only three one-year subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Work for it today.

Uncle Charlie's Song Book Contains the Prettiest Harvest Songs Ever Written

Uncle Charlie's Song Book contains twenty-eight of the dandiest, classiest songs ever written. Every song is a hit and worth 50 cents apiece. Songs for all occasions—church, parlor, platform and joy rides. Put this splendid volume of song on your piano and it will fill your home with melody the year round. Superb pictures of Uncle Charlie decorate the artistic cover. Five dollars' worth of music for both voice and piano, free for a club of only two subscriptions to COMFORT at 50 cents each. Both books free for a club of five. Work for them today.

Snowshoes for Horses

In Norway, where deep snow prevails through the long winters, it has been found expedient to equip the horses with a kind of snowshoe. They are square in shape and usually measure nine and one half inches each way. One piece of pine is used for the main part and three slots are cut in its upper surface to receive the calks of the horseshoe. The fastening is done with a piece of rope, which is permanently secured, by staples, to the platform piece. On the under side of the latter, two cleats are nailed, to prevent slipping, and between the cleats a piece of birch bark is fixed. The smooth side of the bark comes in contact with the snowy ground, so that sticking and forming of crusts is eliminated. A shoe, made on the same principle, is used by the Norwegian farmers and has been found useful for men as well as horses. The idea might be followed by American boys as a diversion from ordinary winter sports.

UNCLE CHARLIE'S

Poems and Story Book, cloth bound, 60 cents each. Song Book 40 cents. Address **UNCLE CHARLIE,** care Comfort, Augusta, Maine.

"Pain's enemy" —I'll say it is!

WHEN you want *quick* comforting relief from any "external" pain, use Sloan's Liniment. It does the job without staining, rubbing, bandaging. Use *freely* for rheumatism, neuralgia, aches and pains, sprains and strains, backache, sore muscles.



Keep it handy

35¢ 70¢ $1.40

At all druggists

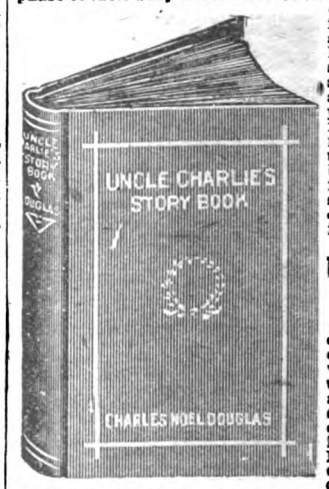
PISO'S

for Coughs & Colds

UNCLE CHARLIE'S LIFE TOLD IN PICTURES

Uncle Charlie's Picture Book Good as a Visit to His Home

Visit Uncle Charlie in his famous chicken coop and see how he lives and works. Big, beautiful, full page, half-tone cuts equal to photographs, that show Uncle Charlie and his charming assistants Maria and the Goat in every phase of their busy lives. See Uncle Charlie sitting in a chair for first time in nineteen years, and get a peep at his big son, mother, school and church, and see him as an actor playing many parts. **A beautiful, intensely interesting, artistic book 9 1-4 by 7 1-4 inches, free for two subs. at 50c. each**—one dollar in all.



Uncle Charlie's Story Book

Full of the most delightful stories ever written. You will laugh one minute and cry the next as you read these entrancing stories of Uncle Charlie's life. Read how Maria and Billy the Goat met Uncle Charlie; read "Lily Or Help Wanted" the funniest story ever written. 160 pages of mirth and merriment, pathos and tears, illustrated and **beautifully bound in silk cloth, stiff covers, gold topped.** Free for **three subs at 50c.** each—one dollar and fifty cents in all.

Also bound in heavy fancy blue paper covers for only **two subs at 50c.** each—one dollar in all. Ideal birthday presents. **COMFORT'S** greatest premium bargains. Work for them today. Secure one or both of these superb souvenirs of this remarkable man who devotes his time and talents to the service of humanity.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Note. Full particulars of how to secure Uncle Charlie's splendid **poems** and **song book** will be found at the end of the League of Cousins Department.



The Emporium of Bargains and Opportunities



Pithy Little Advertisements that are Interesting, Instructive and Profitable to Read, for they put you wise to the newest and best in the market and keep you in touch with the world's progress.

AGENTS WANTED

Sell Ingyde Tyres, inner armour for auto tires doubles mileage, prevents punctures and blow-outs, big profits. Details Free. American Accessories Co., Dept. 1110, Cincinnati.

Agents—Steady income. Large manufacturer of Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles & Pure Food Products, etc., wishes Representative in each locality. Manufacturer direct to consumer. Big profits. Honest Goods. Whole or Spare Time. Cash or Credit. Send at once for particulars. American Products Co., 2188 American Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

We Start You In Business, furnishing everything; men and women, $30 to $100 weekly operating our "New System Candy Factories" home anywhere. Booklet free. William Ragsdale, East Orange, N. J.

Sell what millions want. New, wonderful Liberty Portraits—Creates tremendous interest—Absolutely different—Unique; Enormous demand—30 hours' service. Liberal credit. Outfit and catalogue Free. $100 weekly profit easy. Consolidated Portrait Co., Dept. 14 1036 W. Adams St., Chicago.

Agents—Write for big soap offer. Quick Seller, Big Money Maker. Ho-Ro-Co, 131 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

We Start You without a Dollar. Soaps, Extracts, Perfumes—Toilet Goods. Experience unnecessary. Carnation Co., 131 Olive, St. Louis.

Agents—Make a Dollar an Hour. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending leaks in all utensils. Sample package free. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 463-B, Amsterdam, N.Y.

Agents: Sell Neverfail Iron Rust and Stain Remover. Huge profits. Big line. Sample. Write today. Sanford-Beal Co., Inc. Newark, N. Y., Dept. D.

Sell Necessities. Everybody needs and buys the "Business Guide." Bryant cleared $800.00 in July. Send for sample. It's Free. Nichols Co., Dept. 6B, Naperville, Ill.

Agents — Large Manufacturer wants agents to sell hosiery, underwear, shirts, dresses, skirts, waists, shoes. Free samples. Madison Mills, 503 Broadway, New York.

Agents: Reversible raincoat. Not sold in stores. Two coats in one. Something brand new. Saves price of expensive overcoat. Guaranteed waterproof or money back. Big seller. Emil Thor made $134 in one week. We manufacture and make to measure. No capital required. Sample furnished. Parker Mfg. Co., 617 Rue St., Dayton, Ohio.

Women—You can earn a good income selling Noral Face Pak, a new scientific complexion compound, to men and women in your locality. Standard with beauty shops. Noral line includes toilet and household specialties. Highest quality products insure repeat orders and steady income. Liberal commission. Write at once to Noral Company, Main & Second, Dayton, O.

Agents. Sell rich looking 36x68 imported Rugs, $1 each; Carter, Tenn., sold 115 in 4 days, profit $57; you can do same. Write for sample offer selling plan; exclusive territory. Sample rug by parcel post prepaid $1.39. E. Condon, Importer, Stonington, Maine.

40% Profit for Agents selling high grade, first quality Ladies' Silk Stockings with fashioned leg, Knit In hem, made of pure Thread Silk imported from Japan. Retail $1.75 per pair. Equal to any $2.25 stocking sold in your local stores. Order A Sample Box, Start Taking Orders. Three colors; black, white and cordovan. Sizes 8½, 9, 9½ and 10. Agents' sample box of three pairs in any size or color, $3.75 postpaid. You make $6.00 a dozen profit. Remit by U. S. Money Order. Bank reference. Encore Hosiery Mills, 1104 Franklin Bank Bldg., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED

Biggest Money-Maker in America. I want 100 men and women quick to take orders for raincoats, raincapes and waterproof aprons. Thousands of orders waiting for you. $2.00 an hour for spare time. McDonough made $813.00 in one month. Nissen $19.00 in three hours. Purviance $207.00 in seven days. $5,000 a year profit for eight average orders a day. No delivering or collecting. Beautiful coat free. No experience or capital required. Write quick for information. Comer Manufacturing Co., Dept. J-131, Dayton, Ohio.

Agents! Quick Sales! Big Profits! Orders in every home for our beautiful Dress Goods, Silks and General Yard Goods. Large book of samples free to agents. Write today for particulars. National Importing & Mfg. Co., Dept. P P, 425 Broadway, New York.

Guaranteed hosiery selling from mill earns $8.00 to $12.00 a day for our representatives, all or spare time. Credit. B. Weber Mills, Nicetown, Phila., Pa.

Agents—Steady Income. Large manufacturer of Handkerchiefs and Dress Goods, etc., wishes representative in each locality. Big profits, honest goods. Whole or spare time. Credit given. Send for particulars. Freeport Mfg. Co., 60 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sales Agents Wanted In Every County to give all or Spare Time. Position worth $750 to $1500 yearly. We train the inexperienced. Novelty Cutlery Co., 766 Bar St., Canton, Ohio.

Agents: Sell our accident and sickness policies in your spare time. Pay $5,000 death. $25 weekly benefit. Premium $10 yearly. Permanent income from renewals. Easy seller. Liberal commissions. Insurance Co., Dept. F 13 Newark, N. J.

Photo Pillow Tops, Portraits, Frames, Sheet Pictures, Medallions, Patriotic Pictures, and Portraits, War Books. Prompt shipment; samples & cat. free to agents. 30 days credit. Jas. C. Bailey Co., Desk T 5, Chicago, Illinois.

Agents: $40 a week selling guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Must wear 12 months or replaced free. Write for sample outfit. Thomas Mfg. Co., Class 119, Dayton, O.

ROOTS, HERBS & EVERGREENS

Earn $10 Day gathering roots and herbs. Ginseng grows wild like weeds; selling $24 per lb. Grow in your yard. We buy the roots. Free Book. Botanical 428, West Haven, Conn.

VIOLINS

Violins With Complete Outfits on easy monthly payments. Free trial. Write Miss Bertha Mardiss, Shawnee, Kans.

FARMS FOR SALE

Woman Owner Must Sell, Includes Cows, Crops, Machinery, Large quantity potatoes, buckwheat, oats, lot hay, 8 cows, poultry, harness, wagons, valuable machinery, gasoline engine, all tools, go quick buyer; 75 acres machine-worked fields, 15-cow creek-watered pasture, valuable woodlot, apple orchard; 125 sugar maples, outfit; 2-story, 12-room house, bathroom, maple shade, furnace heat; big barn, silo, poultry houses; quick-action price $3500, easy terms. Details page 30 Strout's Big Illustrated Catalog Farm Bargains, 33 States. Copy free. Strout Farm Agency, 150 BG Nassau St., New York City.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

Photoplay Ideas Wanted By 48 Companies. $25-$500 paid. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Producers League, 311, St. Louis.

Free Booklet of 65 helpful suggestions on writing and selling photoplays, stories, poems. Atlas Pub. Co., 316 Cincinnati, Ohio.

POULTRY

Breeding Stock. Hatched and delivered right. 23 varieties. Catalog free. Mammoth Hatchery, Box 204, Glen Ellyn, Ill.

FARM LANDS

Productive Lands, Crop Payment or easy terms—along the Northern Pacific Ry., in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. Free literature. Say what state interests you. H. W. Byerly, 14 Northern Pacific Ry., St. Paul, Minn.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

Earn Big Money: Small capital buys professional machine and complete outfit. Easy payments. No experience required. Openings everywhere. Catalog Free. Monarch Theatre Supply Co., Dept. 529, 420 Market, St. Louis, Mo.

$35.00 Profit Nightly. Small capital starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used, endorsed by Govt. institutions. Cat. free. Atlas Moving Picture 460 Morton Bldg., Chicago.

MISCELLANEOUS

Best pre-school educational system in world, $5 cash and 3c a day. At home. Send 10c for literature. 219 Monadnock Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.

Switches made from combings. The new way. Write me. Mrs. E. Vandervoort, Davenport, Iowa.

O.I.C. Hogs Large Prolific Kind, Farmer's prices. W. Ruebush, Macomb, Ill.

Cabbage Plants, leading varieties, 500 for $1.10; 1000 $2. Prompt shipment, Clark Plant Co. Box 108, Thomasville, Ga.

CALIFORNIA FARM LANDS

A Small Farm in California will make you more money with less work. Raise the crops you know about. You may prefer alfalfa and grain crops, or small place in fruit near some nice town. Ideal for dairying, pigs and chickens. Good markets. No cold weather. You live longer and get more enjoyment out of life. Delightful climate. Rich fertile soil. Moderate prices. Easy terms. Irrigation is crop insurance which makes sure profits. Hospitable neighbors. Newcomers welcome. Wonderful roads, schools, churches. Write for our California Illustrated Folder, free. C. L. Seagraves, Supervisor of Agriculture, Santa Fe Ry., 903 Railway Exchange, Chicago.

STORY WRITERS WANTED

Authors:—Stories, poems, photo plays etc. are wanted for publication. Submit Mss. Literary Bureau, C4, Hannibal, Mo.

PATENT ATTORNEYS

Patents—Write for free Guide Book, and Evidence of Conception Blank. Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Service. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 641 Ninth, Washington, D. C.

Inventors—Desiring to secure patent should write for our book, "How To Get Your Patent." Send model or sketch and description for opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 112, Washington, D. C.

Patents Promptly procured. Moderate Fees. Best References. Send Sketch or Model. George P. Kimmel, Master of Patent Law, 27-K, Loan & Trust Bldg., Washington, D. C.

Patent—Send for free book. Contains valuable information for inventors. Send sketch of your invention for Free Opinion of its patentable nature. Prompt service. (Twenty years experience). Talbert & Talbert, 4206 Talbert Bldg., Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP WANTED

All men, women, boys, girls, over 18, willing to accept Government Positions, $133, write immediately, Ozment, 104, St. Louis.

Firemen, Brakemen, Baggagemen, $140—$200, Colored Porters by Railroads everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 328 Ry. Bureau, East St. Louis, Ills.

Be an Expert Penman; Wonderful Device guides your hand; corrects your writing in few days. Complete Outline Free. Write C. J. Ozment, 53, St. Louis, Mo.

The Way to Get a Government Job is through the Washington Civil Service School. We prepare you and you get a position or we guarantee to refund your money. Write to Earl Hopkins, president, Washington, D. C., for books RJ 2004 telling about government positions with lifetime employment, short hours, sure pay, regular vacations.

Boys—Men—Become Automobile experts. $45 week. Learn while earning. Write Franklin Institute, Dept. C818, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

Ladies earn money crocheting, sewing, tatting, making aprons, and caps from our especially designed economical patterns. Apron and cap sets made $30.00 per doz. Material supplied. No canvassing. Send 35c for the patterns—returned if desired. Kenwood Pattern Co., 6238 S. Park Ave., Chicago.

Wanted—Girls, women, $135 month. Railway Mail Clerks. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept. C4, Rochester, N. Y.

Girls—Women. Be Dress-Costume Designers. $150 month. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. C851, Rochester, N.Y.

POST CARD CLUBS

"Splendid collection assured. Big Membership, attractive features, contests, etc. Six mo. membership 25c. List 10c. Popular Exchange, E-5, Windsor, N. C.

HELP—MALE & FEMALE

Earn $25 Weekly, writing for newspapers, magazines. Experience unnecessary; details Free. Press Syndicate, 451, St. Louis, Mo.

Government Positions Are Fine: $1400, $1600, $1800 at start, up to $2300, and $2600. Exams everywhere. Write Today for full information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box K, Rochester, N. Y.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES

Wanted—Men and women ambitious to make money writing Stories and Movie Plays. Send for wonderful Free Book that tells how. Address Authors' Press, Dept. 31, Auburn, N.Y.

PHOTO FINISHING

Special Trial Offer. Your next Kodak film developed 5c. Prints 2c each. Moser & Son, 2122 St. James Ave., Cincinnati, O.

For 10c we will develop and furnish prints from one 6 or 8 exposure film, or enlargement 5 x 7 your favorite negative 10c to show quality and service. Associated Photo Company, Sta. A. 15, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Special Offer—Your next Kodak Film Developed 10c and first six prints 2c each. Best workmanship. 24 hour service. Enclose money with order. Write for price list "G". Johnston & Tunick, 53 Nassau Street, New York.

Kodak Films developed, any size 5c each. Prints, any size, 3c each. This is not a special trial offer, but our regular price. Superior service. Locke & Co., 279 Ludlow Ave., Cincinnati.

Mail Us 20c with any size film for development and six velvet prints. Or send 6 negatives any size and 20c for 6 prints. Roanoke Photo Finishing Co., 228 Bell Ave., Roanoke, Va.

FARM WANTED

Wanted To hear from owner of good farm for sale. State cash price, full description. D. F. Bush, Minneapolis, Minn.

HONEY

For Sale. New Clover Honey, crop of 1920. Guaranteed quality. Carefully packed and promptly shipped. Sample 15 cents. Price list free. M. V. Facey, Preston, Minn.

INVENTIONS

Inventions Wanted. Cash or royalty for ideas. Adam Fisher Mfg. Co., 91, St. Louis, Mo.

HELP WANTED

Men—Boys Wanted. Railway Mail Clerks. $135 month. Write immediately. Franklin Institute, Dept C12, Rochester, N.Y.

PHONOGRAPHS

Build your own Phonograph. Big saving, blue-prints, parts price list, instructions free. Associated Phonograph Co., Dept. C-1, Cincinnati.

2 Wheel Chairs in September

568 is COMFORT'S Total to Date

I am sorry the wheel-chair subscriptions for the past month warrant the award of no more than two chairs in September; but I appreciate the fact that it is a busy season on the farm and I have no doubt that the number will increase again to normal, as usual, with the advent of colder weather and less work to be done.

The two September wheel chairs go to Miss Edna Austin, R. R. 5, Box 32A, Paragould, Ark., 118, and Mrs. Nicoline A. Henricksen, Box 525, Eureka, Calif., 63. The figures after their names indicate the number of subscriptions sent in by them or by their friends for them.

Edna Austin, age 15, is a helpless cripple paralyzed in all her limbs to the extent that she has only partial use of one hand. Her condition is due to infantile paralysis which attacked her when nine months old. This COMFORT wheel chair will be a blessing to her and a help to her mother in caring for her. Mrs. Austin writes that she would have bought the girl a wheel chair long ago but has never been able to spare the money for it. She says that when she saw COMFORT'S wheel-chair offer she found her first means of obtaining this much needed comfort for her daughter.

Mrs. Nicoline A. Henricksen, age 63, is a cripple and unable to walk as the result of the amputation of one leg above the knee about three years ago. To her neighbor, Mrs. Curtis Major, is largely due the credit of having obtained the subscriptions for Mrs. Henricksen's chair.

Do your best, my good friends, this month to make up for lost time in helping on the good work of our Wheel-Chair Club, and God bless your efforts.

Sincerely yours,

W. H. GANNETT,

Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain that for each and every 150 one-year subscriptions to COMFORT, at 50 cents each, sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they would be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID WHEEL CHAIR to some needy crippled Shut-in and pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

Wheel Chair Is Much Comfort to Crippled Girl

Vernon, Ala.

Dear Mr. Gannett:

Received my Wheel Chair in good condition and am so well pleased with it. It is so much comfort to me and takes so much worry from mother in taking care of me. I thank you and all good friends who helped me to get it, will have my picture taken in it right away and send you one. Sincerely your friend,

Maude Odell Smith.

COMFORT'S Roll of Honor

The Roll of Honor comprises the names of those who have sent five or more subscriptions, or a dollar or more in money, to credit of the Wheel-Chair Club during the month previous. Following each name is the number of subscriptions sent.

Mrs. S. C. Austin, Ark., for Edna Austin, 79 subs; Mrs. Curtis Major, Calif., for Mrs. Nicoline Henricksen, 40 subs; Mrs. Lester McDonald, Ark., for Edna Austin, 34 subs; Mrs. Carrie Blum, S. C., for mother, 21 subs; Thomas David Williams, Ark., for Edna Austin, 20 subs; Mrs. Ella Sherry, 18 subs; Mrs. Dora Moore, Va., for Lettie Moore, 13 subs; Fannie Mitchell, Ky., for general, 12 subs; Mrs. Nettie N. Camron, Ky., for Mrs. Sarah A. Dowdy, 8 subs; Miss Gladys Howard, Ill., for Gladys Allen Howard, 6 subs; Irene Darr, Wyo., for Mrs. Joyce, 2 subs and $5.00; Mrs. E. L. Meetain, W. Va., for Edna Keeler, $1.00 cash; Dr. W. R. Graham, N. C., for Jesse G. Cockram, $1.00 cash; Mrs. Leo Schauf, for Edna Keeler, $1.00 cash; Mrs. Ed. Dean, Calif., for general, $1.00 cash; Miss Mattie Fate, Ark., for general, $1.00 cash. A Comfort friend, Texas for general $1.00 cash.

Puzzling to Many

We have often wondered, considering what some doctors think they know, that they ever can be overcome by death, and having been thus overcome—where they go.—*Portland Express.*

Unexpected Message

Fancy a husband getting this message? He was a traveling salesman and got this "wire" from his wife:

"Twins arrived tonight. More by mail."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Appropriate Advice

"Bill went all to pieces and what do you think his wife said to him?"

"What did she say?"

"'Bill, collect yourself.'"—*Portland Express.*

Gave Him All He Asked

George—"If you gave me only the least hope, I—"

Gladys—"I have given you the least hope I have given to any man."—*Portland Express.*

To the Point

"Where are you going, mamma?"

"To a surprise party, dear."

"Can't I go, too, and Archie and Edna?"

"No, dear, you weren't invited."

"Well, don't you think they'd be lots more s'prised if you took us all?"—*Buffalo Commercial.*

Well, That's Some Help

"How do you like your new boarding house?"

"Oh, the rooms are fair, the table is tolerable and the gossip is great."

He Would Find Them

Irate Business Man—"You book agents make me so angry with your confounded nerve and impudence that I cannot find words to express my feelings."

Agent—"Then I am the very man you want. I am selling dictionaries."—*Life.*

The Yanks 'll Warm 'em

Berlin's clothing commissioner announced that satisfactory substitutes for clothing will be available this Winter. What would seem to you to be a satisfactory substitute for clothing in the winter time?—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

Must Have Known Him

"Where are you going, old top?"

"To church."

"Ta, ta, pleasant dreams."

Another Sense Called For

Doctor (politely, but looking at his watch with obvious impatience).—"Pardon me madam, but my time is not my



own. You have given me all your symptoms in sufficient detail, and now, perhaps, you will kindly—er—ah—"

Husband (not so polite).—"Maria, he doesn't want to hear your tongue any more; he wants to look at it.—*Stray Stories.*

Warned

"I'm going to get a divorce. My wife hasn't spoken to me for six months."

"Better be careful. You'll never get another wife like that."

Worth Heeding

"Think twice before you speak," said Hay.

"Select each word and weigh it.

And when you've picked just what to say,

In most cases do not say it."

—*Portland Express.*

Alas, Such Is Fame!

"There's a fine picture of our minister in the paper today."

"And what was he cured of?"

Made a Trip Worth While

Mamma—"I thought I heard that young man kiss you good night."

Edith—"Well, did you suppose he came all the way out to Westbrook just to hear me sing?"—*Portland Express.*

Rather Rough on Father

Willie—"Am I descended from monkeys?"

Mamma—"I never knew any of your father's folks."—*Portland Express.*

Mary and Her W. S. S.

Mary had a little book—
It grew and grew and grew
And when 'twas full she got a bond—
Was Little Mary You?

It followed her to school one day,
'Twas quite within the rules—
It coaxed the other kids to pay,
Which shows that they weren't fools.

When Mary dons a college cap,
Her bond will help her through,
The Kaiser'll be in—Halifax;
Invest—or so will you!
—*V. W. S. in Kansas City Star.*

From the Barnyard

First Rooster—"What's the matter with Mrs. Brahma?"

Second Ditto—"Shell shock. Ducks came out of the eggs she was setting on."

—*Kennebec Journal.*

The Bold, Bad Thief

He stole a kiss,
But I'll be blest,
'I she his crime
Tried to arrest.
—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

"That's petty larceny," said she,
"Ten more he did demand;"
"Of course it's larceny," said he,
"But I should call it grand."
—*Portland Express.*

No Kick Coming

The oysters in
An oyster stew
Have always been
A trifle few
Throughout our nation.
Tradition says
That caused a row
In former days.
Quite so, but now
It's conservation.
—*Kansas City Journal.*

Some Are Born That Way

"I refused more than one man before I married you."

"I don't doubt you. I never did have any luck."—*Portland Express.*

Did It Naturally

"How you do stutter, my poor lad. Did you ever go to a stammering school?"

"N-n-no, sir. I dud-dud-do this n-naturally."—*Boston Post.*

Keep the Grindstone Turning

To keep the home fires burning I keep
the grindstone turning.
My nose I have to hold thereto. I find



No matter what transpiring, or how I
am perspiring,
My poor probosis always gets another
grind.

—*Tennyson J. Daft.*

You Gotta Show Them!

The reason they wear their skirts
so short,
E'en though they look like fury,
Is that the girls no doubt believe
All men come from Missouri.
—*Portland Express.*

Forgiving Wife

In a case of assault by a husband on his wife, the injured woman was reluctant to prosecute.

"I'll lave him to God, yer honor," she said.

"Oh, dear, no," said the judge. "It's far too serious a matter for that."—*Lewiston Journal.*

Comfort Readers Praise "More Eggs"

We wrote to about 2,000 Comfort Magazine subscribers asking what they thought of Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic. The most enthusiastic answers were received. All told of wonderful increases in egg production. Some said they wouldn't do without it no matter what the cost. Read some of the letters which Mr. Reefer has received from among the 400,000 users of his egg producing tonic. No words or evidence could mean so much as the *experience* of those who have used Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic for so many years. One Subscriber wrote:

"Got 117 Eggs Instead of 3"



E. J. Reefer

—thanks to Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic

Many Comfort readers tell you what Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic has done for *them*. The same opportunity is now given to all other Comfort readers who raise chickens and who want to get *more eggs* and *more money* from their flocks.



160 Hens—1500 Eggs

I have fed 2 boxes of "More Eggs" to my hens and I think they have broken the egg record. I have 160 White Leghorns and in exactly 21 days I got 125 dozen eggs.—MRS. H. M. PATTON, Waverly, Mo.

Gets 35 Eggs Instead of 5

I have used Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic only two weeks and can see a great improvement in my hens. I get from 30 to 35 eggs a day now. Before I got 4 or 5 eggs a day.—MRS. W. T. JOHNSON, Box 95, Pelican, La.

Makes Hens Moult Fast

I would not be without "Nore Eggs" if it cost $10 a package. It has hurried the moult for me and all my hens are now laying their full capacity. — JOE MARTIN, West Plains, Mo.

8,988 Eggs from 125 Hens

Since using the "More Eggs" I have got more eggs than any time I have been in the poultry business, about thirty years. Since the 15th of March to November 16th, I have marketed 740 dozen and only 125 hens—MRS. W. S. DEAHL, Exline, Iowa.

Gets Quick Results

The "More Eggs" Tonic I received of you is wonderful. I was getting only 1 and 2 eggs per day, and in less than two weeks was getting 12 and 14 every day. I am recommending it to my neighbors. — Yours truly. MRS. S. L. JETT, Bentwood, Ark.

Banker Endorses "More Eggs"

Some time ago I got from you "More Eggs" and it now means MORE EGGS. I am now fully convinced of its utility. I have 14 pullets and 14 hens one year old, and the first 10 days in December they laid 11 dozen eggs.—Yours very truly, F. POHLAND, President, The Citizen's Bank of Ashland, Oregon.

1,368 Eggs After 1 Package

Last fall I bought a box of your "More Eggs" Tonic and would like to have you know the result. From January 1st to July 1st, my hens laid 1,368 eggs.—A. E. WHITE, Scranton, Pa.

"A Godsend"

"More Eggs" Tonic is a Godsend, writes Mrs. Myrtle Ice, of Boston, Ky.. and she adds, I was only getting 12 eggs a day and now get 50.

Gets 100 Eggs a Day

I have given your "More Eggs" Tonic to my chickens for about two months. It is the best I ever used. My chickens have gained from 20 to 100 eggs a day and are still gaining. I cannot say enough for your "More Eggs" Tonic.—LORENZO BURCH, Hamilton, Ind.

You, Too, Can Get More Eggs

These are but a few of the many, many thousands of letters received from enthusiastic users of Reefer's "More Eggs" tonic. What they have done, *you can do*; you can make layers out of loafers. A few cents worth of Reefer's "More Eggs" tonic will give you a bigger egg production from your hens than you ever thought was possible. Reefer's "More Eggs" contains every element that goes toward the making of more eggs. It is a concentrated tonic — not a food. It is an efficient regulator, aids digestion, stimulates egg production, builds firm bones and muscles.

A Wonderful Guarantee

of Absolute Satisfaction or Money Back

Merchants Bank
Resources over $1,000,000.00
Kansas City, Mo

To Whom It May Concern.

This is to certify that Mr E J Reefer has deposited in this bank Ten Thousand Dollars Out of this special fund this Bank is authorized and does hereby guarantee to return to any of Mr Reefer's customers AT ANY TIME within 30 days the total amount of their purchases from him. if the goods purchased are not entirely satisfactory in every way. or if Mr Reefer fails to do as he agrees

Very truly yours
J.A. Sivers
Vice-President

FREE

This $1.00 Package

I have convinced over 400,000 poultry raisers of the value of my "More Eggs" tonic. If I haven't as yet convinced you, its merely because you haven't given me the chance. I *want* to convince you; in fact, I am more than anxious that you may know, not from the experience of others alone, but from your own experience, of its great advantage in increasing the egg yield of your hens. Will you give me this chance to prove to you its great merit? My *free* offer is made in the sincere hope and with the sole purpose of getting you to give me this very opportunity. I know what your verdict will be when you once try "MORE EGGS"—but my great difficulty is to get you to *ACT*—to get you to decide *NOW* that you will give "MORE EGGS" an honest and fair trial. Won't you do this—won't you do it when, in your own interest, I offer you a package FREE, just to show you what I can do for you in making your hens lay more eggs? Why doubt? Why delay? Others are getting more eggs than they ever dreamed of getting; you can do the same, and eggs today, you know, represent real dollars.

Results Guaranteed

Read the letter shown above from the Million Dollar Merchants Bank of Kansas City. Your absolute guarantee of satisfaction or *your money back*. So you can start using Reefer's "More Eggs" Tonic—see what it will do in increasing your egg production and bringing bigger, BIGGER profits — then if it doesn't make good on your hens it won't cost you a cent. You run no risk.

How to Get the Free Package

Fill in and mail to me the coupon below. When I receive it, I will send you two $1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS." You pay the postman upon delivery only $1.00, the price of only one package, the other package being *FREE!* Keep the extra package; or, better still, sell it to a poultry friend so you can get your money back and have your own package for nothing.

Send No Money

$1 Package FREE

E. J. Reefer, *Poultry Expert*
3047 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Mr. Reefer:—I accept your offer. Send me two $1.00 packages of Reefer's "More Eggs," for which I agree to pay the postman $1.00 when he brings me the two packages. You agree to refund me $1.00 *at any time* within 30 days if *both* of these packages do not prove satisfactory in every way.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Just Mail This Coupon Don't send any money; just fill in and mail coupon. I will immediately send you two $1.00 packages of "MORE EGGS." Pay the postman upon delivery only $1.00, the extra package being *FREE!* Don't wait—take advantage of this free offer TODAY! Hurry your hens through the moult, get eggs sooner, and more eggs all winter. Yes, more eggs while prices are high. Reap the big profits "MORE EGGS" will make for you. Don't let your neighbor get the advantage of you—you, too, can have plenty of eggs to sell when the price is highest, if you'll only act *NOW!* Send today!

E. J. Reefer *Poultry Expert*
3047 Reefer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

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